

exploration which first took me through all the empty museum of the city center but then got me to explore more the authentic parts of the city and its nature, through silent forests and finally to the Danube, the river and all the traffic going along and against it. I really enjoy this natural and thus non-pretentious landscape and couldn't much feel any enthusiasm for the very historic center of the city, all that tourist comes and see. The life that is left there is pretentious and the patina of time is removed leaving only shining artifacts, architectures that leaves no wonder, also considering all those enriched class of society going with their fine car and clothes. The river and the nature lost in the fog, the old house revealing its bricks and the large boats parked on the riverside, the busy highway and railway cutting through the landscape, the small chickens bathing with their mother, this was authentic poetry, this was real whilst what is made pretentiously remain irrevocably fake.

In ██████████ office, it is evening and I am about to go out with my old friends, the old friends which are so recurrent in my dreams yet rather absent in my daily life. Absent, an "absent prince" this is what a girl once called me on a letter I just found in my sister's garage where all my heritage, my poems, my novels, my pictures, my letters, all of that is stored there. ██████████ wanted to check if there was anything to throw away but really that is my heritage prior the beginning of my project, an heritage really to the bones considering how productive I was, the enormous amount of paintings, pictures and diaries I produced. Today after coming back at dawn from Vienna, despite the great weather outside I kept it inside fixing up part of the data collected there, among the long walks and many videos and sidewalk trash, I had few notes of related works to update on my Website among which all that came after recovering an article about a Polish housewife, Janina Turek, who for half a century had kept track of many facts in her everyday life. I found the postcard she wrote to herself really touching and myself now feel very touched noticing, particularly here in the household of my childhood, noticing how time pass and yet how we now tend to get rid of it or simply showing its form and getting rid of its content. It is a harsh selection, very little of my grandfather's furnitures and so forth have been kept, those that were kept have been restyled with flashy colors and a modern tapestries. What to say really... I might be one of the few left that would let time take its course, that really like to leave things to mature, to age... I would never interfere against this aging which I so much value and yet everything gets polished, a varnish that is to bright to allow us to appreciate what is behind... well this is really the best scenario today as, for what I saw, all my effort of writing and depicting reality might as well end up in a box, might just be left unreadable, might just disappear with me even though really the point of all this has been to engage my life with something to love and to reflect this love to others. This transmission is becoming fundamental, during this trip for instance I had the opportunities of meeting many, just like a Zarathustra descending the mountain. They share their opinions and hopes and illusions and disillusion and I share them my doing which suspends my history and future into a constant concentration into the very present. This diary, as it was for Tolstoy, it is for me as a daily measurement of my moral fever, but also somewhat a reconciliation with a self which might just get lost in all that it is worldly vane. Should I just seat and wait for some sort of recognition? No, I just demand to live and be allowed to love, obviously this knowing that if I could just be allowed to take out all that I grow in my garden, this transmission of love would be greater, this also avoiding a celebration of myself as some kind of a hero which would certainly take me on the wrong path. I might as well struggle to be allowed to get things out or just let people in... either way it is really not for me to decide.

I almost suffocated with my friends drinking and smoking till late at night and then my little sister with her new nose talking about going shopping shoes. I really did, I really suffocated perceiving this mentality of a spoiled generation which can't make anything of all the natural beauty surrounding them but only pollute it with more artificial beauty. All I want is a place in this first beauty, I want to have access to it really, no properties just access and I think I do but not really my family up north. I seat on a small field on a most beautiful hills facing other hills with small sanctuaries sticking out like heads of turtle wishing to tan. This beauty cannot be recollected in any words, in any media, you ought to experience these hills with cherries and olives and vineyard and any sort of fruit. It is like that God has granted me access to an Eden from which he has whispered me to abandon and now he has brought me back to pick samples from it and include it in my sanctuary. I have never explored such place, I just saw it from the street and I just walked to it intuitively and what a marvelous present. This is really all I aim in life, an old house with fruit trees and vegetables and a hill with a sanctuary where to store my life of sampling life. I know what I want yet cannot expect to know how to get there. The little mountain I want to reach is now clear but the valleys and forests and street that separates us, these I cannot know. I wish my son and wife were here, I wish times were different, without all this ugly modern technology, the motorcycles running in the background, the chainsaws and the shooting of the hunters. Two hundred years ago people here were really poor and humble, they built and maintain this ever poetic landscape but many, like my ancestors had to leave, immigrate or just thought of really a better land but could have stayed. Really who stayed and endured got the best of all in the very long run. I didn't have the possibility to stay and endure my native domain and thus here I am enduring and cultivating the one within me with no claims for any materiality, this can come if humans will want me to execute it, I will be ready.

Seating on a third class like train on my way to a city, a supposedly very nice medieval city closer to the airport from where tomorrow I leave home. I hope my trip back to my native land has gained me back access to it, an easy access. Unexpectedly I really, really enjoy the time with ██████████ among everyone, I really loved the time we spent together late at night talking and roasting chestnuts on the fireplace. I can't really express myself freely with him, I have some sort of a block and a little language issue since I don't practice Italian that often. It was some kind of very natural thing as he was my real father and I was there to absorb all his reasonings and memories, I find it really vital and will, in the future, take this more in consideration, hopefully we will be able to spend more time together and myself in this beautiful land with all its colors (talking of which I am seating in a pack filled wagon with many immigrants of many nations). It seems as at least ██████████ seems to accept my life choices. He repeatedly told me that it is better to leave with some insecurity rather than with a full security, such as a state employment, and a very gray existence, with really no prospect for the future. I guess it is always something in between and loads of faith in oneself. Well, heading now to the land where my intuition took me, will try to make the best out of it now that I am newly dressed and reconciled with my history although experience tells me that even these situations are temporal, one has to work for it.

On the bus back to my sweet little home in this remote province of the world which so remote is no longer as it took me only a couple of hours to fly from my beloved mountains to here. He really feel somehow that there was indeed some overheating of the planet. My overall sensations now being for some days at the foot of the Alps is that really of an Arab land with an ever increasing desert overheating below, the desert of a progressively expanding and now to the point of saturating civilization governed by technology driven profit, a profit all northern Italian families are trying to keep within the household as it is natural to them but this really causes more waste and pollution. Here technology is for the people as a whole, a technology without which these people would be really miserable. My little son is few hours away, I can't wait to get back to our routine after the bounty has been seized, really sometime it is worth to compromise a certain stability and gain by exposing ourselves to other realities, still my condition allows me that. In the youth hostel in the beautiful medieval city where I spent the day yesterday, a youth hostel which in reality only hosts immigrants and Southerners seeking for work, I have found a collection of stories by Giovanni Verga, also a southern from the nineteenth century, who like Emile Zola, an author I really enjoy and in some ways the neo-realist film-makers, depicts the raw reality, the reality of the miserables. I guess I do also depict such a reality, the one I adapt myself to, also a reality of a non-hero yet it is more of non-victim reality. It is still the life of a most common human living humbly without ambitions yet the level of tragedy is more diluted, much more subtle, yet and probably omni-present without any levels of illusions, a true victim of our time or non-time. In addition what ferments from this raw reality, what is let to rise from it, is also documented as a manifestation of reality itself. This is particularly important in a time in which much is turned psychological, what is physical is mediated, as well as our experiences. Even though my philosophy pushes towards a direct experiencing of life the media are just everywhere to affect us, to rape us with projections of realities that have nothing or little to do with ours, this is unavoidable and an account of its effects is also most interesting along with an account of the various happenings of life itself.

A day, my first day back to the North still untouched by the winter if it wasn't for the darkness, one wouldn't tell so much of a difference. A day on the move, giving priority to the household, cleaning, archiving and taking my son all the way to his grandparents city where he is not afraid of the dentist then all the way back again to bring my wife the keys she has forgot there. Anyway, I don't mind all the traveling and I am happy to be of use if the others don't have to stress. Still reading and enjoying the cruel tragedies of Verga, narrating the common folk, the ones that all the other writers don't take in any consideration. In the end is really this what is interesting, reality a reality that despite the medium, the cultural delegates in their vanity miss to capture.

Circumstances got me a whole day without so much external responsibilities, my son being in the country. I invested it scanning part of the trash picked during my 10 days intense journey and later setting up proposals with Jacek to generate more journeys, possibly to India where we might do some workshops and thus some explorations. I was a bit reluctant at the beginning and wanted to keep with my project but then let go and got also working for other opportunities. I was supposed to leave again for the countryside but then again ██████████ in-law offered to keep my son also tomorrow. Hopefully all these seeds will bring some quick harvest as the harvest I have planned with my primary work is really far ahead to come, at least any social recognition. For now I act with what providence offers me and maintain my practice while undertaking the roles I am given. It is a good balance I guess, this as long as I am able to take care of what is intimate to me like my son and my spiritual garden... it is always a fine compromise and the method I gave myself really pushes me to one and the other direction, towards a natural intimacy and towards an artificial networking. It is a matter of being able to switch as technology itself allows us to. In all these sequence of alternating discontinuities I guess I do find my continuity, my integrity is thus generated.

On the train to Uppsala to be with my kid in the country prior his operation at the dentist. I have been up since early in the morning resolved to send in some applications to get my work out. Generally I have been keeping it quite much to myself in the last year possibly because I have been developing it but now I am sort of ready for some confrontation with the public. Well I guess the other reason really is that I haven't had any extra money to do anything but at this point really I would know how to present my work rather cheaply, then what has been lacking is the right opportunity. I say right because I have been most selective and it is only with the influence of Jacek that I am pushing out some proposals at times, even though really they are likely to be all rejected and I should maybe stick to the principle of being offered rather than offer, yet even so people need to know somehow about my work and probably these festivals and so forth are good platforms, probably. The other option could be to do public interventions, attach my existential traces to urban architecture, old factories or abandoned churches, just need to keep my eyes open and make the magic happen. I feel that Jacek is also very much struggling to get something going, but it feels that he wants to do it through our collaboration. I would certainly offer him some of my time yet I don't wanna feel overwhelmed and right now many are the works I have to keep up, no anxiety but I have to give them the proper time, so it goes for my family and our little farm. I have rather big responsibilities and now what I want and sometime also give a try to things although I am becoming most reluctant to engage my time in something I do not see profitable.

A bit hectic today, at least within the circle of collaborators, intimate collaborators I have created. Potentially, there could be some opportunities approaching, again opportunities I am most interested on because really my project would benefit. I would be able to confront new people and environments and really, so it feels after so many attempts, really here the doors are probably not closed but they do not certainly let you in either. The people here, those in charge of their clubs, clubs they think so prestigious, they might open slightly their doors to answer you slightly but then the doors are closed again, hermetically. I am okay with the situation, also because really home in my base I am mostly to work intimately and the other work is again to prepare for my explorations abroad in the unsafe and unfamiliar, this really like a viking setting back and forth to his Scandinavian island with the bounty he has seized. It is certainly an amount of courage involved, I could live in peace and tranquility but there is something, something really not within me but within the people who surrounds me and their legislations and so forth, there is something, and this something may also be the potential nowadays or being able to plug and play in other realities. Will see, I not only have time to conquest but also space... the fish is ready, my kid wants attention, it is a dark evening in the country and we are alone.

A beautiful day, just to windy to turn on a fire in the forest yet in the end I managed and all the family, my wife and son, were united to barbecue our sausages, a really nice experience in these Nordic countries which is really prohibited in any southern land where there is the sun and here really the natural replacement is indeed the fire. In the mist of all our communion ██████████ in-law turned up saying that he was going to have a company to cut down the forest because it was to old and it was all going to rotten. My wife and I have been always against this and my wife was really upset and couldn't discuss no more. I was left alone with my father-in-law and tried to reason; I finally understood the problem. There is a valley in the forest where the trees rotten and I thus confined the problem and proposed him to be more specific and have the company to drive their machines under our instructions on a road which goes to the valley and only cut there and plant again trees that do not rotten in the marsh but actually diminishes it. Anyway, all to decide, giant compromises to be made yet it is important to keep the discussion open for the children of the future...

I didn't have such a nice night sleep thinking of all the issues with the forest which was going to be cut, yet finally my dear wife had a sparkle of genius and found the right alternative we where thinking about, a possibility for a forest that take care of itself with the right interventions (I already think though that nature do take care of itself). The problem can be really also apply to our society. While a natural forest has much variety, society, like an artificial forest is clear cut to the ground and seem to grow homogeneously and it is also treated in the same way. This is at least what it seems in the eyes of the poor and miserables, because in reality human nature will and will always bring forward varieties. Luckily then we might have the opportunity of giving the issue more time and look more deeply into preserving the forest without the artificial intervention a most catastrophic intervention. The other extreme could be also a pain in the ass, that we might not be able to use the forest at all because the authorities says this and that. Anyway, in this case I believe in knowledge, we must be competent in the subject, it is our responsibility but also our passion to grow nature with love and turn this into a beautiful farm, where love manifests itself. I don't know whether the day will ever come and I will be able to even have the opportunity to construct my little spiritual temple, to realize my life work... who knows if that time will ever come, yet the traces of our love will be visible, still at least visible to some generations to come at least. Maybe a very few of them will be affected yet at least some sort of transmission, at least some can occur, I strongly believe so.

A most beautiful day, with the sky clear of any clouds and a mantel of frozen snow covering the landscape. I took advantage of this to start pruning the many old apple trees surrounding the farm. It is a job which I am the only one left to be able to do, there is really no method to follow for this, one has to select the right branches to prune based on intuition and an overall intuitive understanding of how is all going to turn out. I love working outside and yet this made me reflect that reality any sort of nobility now can be cultivated by the single individual as any manual labor is so expensive. There is no longer, at least in this continent there is no longer the nobleman with his villa and his servant keeping the land most beautiful by means of hand labor. There are ugly machines which solve things really drastically, brutally conventionally. What is left noble is really from whom becomes a slave of himself. One has to be also very careful, overwork in the country means problems that one can carry for the rest of his life. One has to be most respectful and careful, almost like one of these farmers portrayed by the "verist" Verga, a little disgrace and it is the miserable end for everything, and life becomes unbearable. To avoid this I try to vary, also with the execution of my project I have enhanced a way which wants me engaged with different situation, weather exploring a new metropolis of Asia or totally absorbed in the countryside doing farming and so forth. With this I also try to be complete without any rigid scheme but only seconding the opportunities that circumstances bring forward... much improvisation and adaptation skills are required. I keep it up until that is granted to me than the strategy will have to be revised.

In the library again with my son and three hours to go before the dentist will extract a teeth that has been troubling him for the past eight months. One pays and pays these doctors thinking of getting rid of the trouble yet we are back from the beginning. Sometime I really consider whether the non-intervention approach would be the best... I only had troubles with two teeth, they were doom to fall and maybe that would allow the back teeth to have space where to push rather than now pushing all my teeth in the front... don't know really as I don't know what is good and bad to do with the forest. Overall I just try not to take drastic decisions such as clear cutting everything or keeping everything untouched and unexploited. Anyhow some time in the country is really relieving and we might soon get a little car to easily connect us and enlarge our plans with what we can really do, as for instance all the farming but also the storing of my work in a metal safe in the stone barn. I will have to make the right investments and really all my extra money goes to keep up the project. Today some of the money I spent to have a friend to buy two extra video-cameras from the States. Other than that I have really worked on these collaborations I have with Jacek and Neha, an old student from India who is now trying to be our agent there and sell our courses and workshops. As for my actual work, my project there is barely nothing, no prospect just now to do anything, to be represented by anyone, I will just have to keep up in the dark and keep content trying to avoid to see all the ephemeral success of everyone else, this demonstration of vanity which social media emphasizes. Friends I know directly may suggest me to apply for something or even better may invite me to collaborate and this I will go for but really all these million of remote possibilities, these are not for me. I am really looking in the end at what I want to gain and the ways I can do that. For now I want to have the freedom to keep up my project and for now the resources are pretty settled and I am of need in the family, although everything could change and there are little securities for me but much is the faith.

Back to the city today and less connected to the world as the internet I was sucking from my neighbour is no longer available. Anyway my kid was home and we manage allot as usual with domestic works and my own. The house now is pleasantly decorated for Christmas, a very necessary atmosphere in this Nordic weather, I really believe in what natural tradition brings forward in order to spice an otherwise miserable existence. ██████████ is also decorating his house of his father trophies, war trophies, a war I believe the grandfather I barely met really disliked. Yet ██████████ insists on forwarding them to me, although really for me they are the trophies of a perfect stranger who I haven't met nor heard about in thirty years. On top of this lack, a lack also brought forward by a technology which first sent my grandfather to war and then ██████████ to Canada and now him back to me through the internet, on top of this is the fact that I feel a great reluctance for him, for his extreme and racist views which makes one totally raving. I can close an eye to all his much dissipated life with alcohol, cigarettes, films and women which are already against all my principles of discipline and constructive and healthy growth. I could close one eye but for the rest and the insults he gave me once I revealed him my practice which for me is all my life, for that I feel much repugnance. Strangely technology doesn't let me be drastic with him, I can filter him but hi mails always appears on my trash. I could handle him and keep on being benevolent without wounding him yet now it feels that I have no choice and decide which party I want to belong to and the fact is that I like my artificial family better. This is absurd, yet all my feelings and affections goes to them, not to blood, to what really belongs to my upbringing and experiences. Now, too I am leaving in another fatherland and establishing myself here yet really pushing to have the ways open to others, others that have to be obviously open themselves and in no way threaten what we are so sensitively constructing, on the contrary it should be an exchange from