



Fig.092 Screenshot showing me on a summer night sleeping over in the university campus of a small English town. After escaping all the conferencing I had to attend I explored the beautiful surrounding nature taking long days of walk. Later in the evening I even escaped all the social gatherings with my fellow students to take my time to write in my fable-book and look after the other parts of my project. As can be deduced from the screenshot, I used to write in bed but later took the habit of writing directly on a desk so as not to disturb my girlfriend and my children.

### **FABLES 08**

The nighttime writing of the fables has to some extent counterbalance a lot of my other writings. In some of these writings I demonstrate my skill for improvisation which is however a rather oral quality and differs from much of the other writing I do as part of my project. Writing my dreams or my journal or this very book my sentences are drier and more descriptive. Writing my fables I am fully letting go to all the formalities of writings; I just set myself as if in a trance. It is not a stream of consciousness I am referring to here but rather a stream of subconsciousness. Also generally speaking, as many writers like Alberto Moravia, I also prefer working in the morning. Writing in the morning means writing on a blank paper while in the evening this page is saturated with the events one absorbs during the day. Yet for me the bedtime writing of fables is almost as a starter to all the brain liberating dreaming of the sleep time. It retains an

oneiric element which also reflects the dawn of the world as it is often depicted.

Oftentimes then I am very tired when the evening approaches and feel like just taking it easy but have to give it an extra push to draw my ideas and write my fables. Getting in the habit to do so however made these tasks quite light even when life is packed with other activities such as having to take the children to bed after cooking for them and baking the bread they have to take to school the following day and talking to their mother about her day of work and so on. Having got rid of all other forms of entertainment such as the television, I started to actually look forward to my evening work, another intimate moment I can have doing the more creative and imaginative works of my project. In this respect I often think of a day as a representation of my life, with a very prolific youth laying out in all its creative explosiveness the path I later followed throughout my adulthood. As the prolific morning is over I am more into ordinary tasks and if I do work on my project I do so by filming the landscape or either way collecting data. It is in the evening that things spice up again and I am able to get yet another burst of creativity.

I am then under the impression that as the end of my project approaches or even after my project is ended I can provide an additional meaning to all my creative existence beyond the very descriptive and dry words I am typing just now. At times I also feel that if a day reproduces my life, my life reproduces in turn the history of humanity. It is interesting in this respect to point out the belle epoque in which my project started. Everything in the world seemed most prosperous then, friendly treaties were being made between countries, borders were being opened, new technologies offered to solve all the misery and starvation the majority of the world population was suffering from. Right in the middle of the project the world began to crumble again. Treaties were broken, life became miserable even for these people who never experienced any misery or never even thought to experience it.

Such a new wave of misery came to some degree to hit my own family. Food had to be rationed and so the heat of our dwelling and all the minor expenses that before appeared to us as trifles. Believe it or not in this new and more frugal dimension we actually turned happier and cozier. Generally speaking the little culture we were able to cultivate in the intimacy we have been forced into provided the greatest and longer lasting heat. What I

mean to say is that the creativity I have been putting into my project has not only gone there but has permeated in all our little ecology, with all our family components also dedicating themselves to small creative practices. So if in reality life can be quantified as miserable and shitty because the thermostat has to stay down and there is only but the same slices of bread to eat everyday and anything else became a more or less unaffordable luxury, not only creativity make us endure this but it makes us enjoy it, it makes us nourish from it as an essential poetic component without which this warmth would disappear.

To this end what people find catastrophic and what politicians are now monetizing on to acquire more and more absolute powers to me and my family has become a wonderful opportunity to be really cultivating our own selves something that no successful artist could ever do as he or she would have to keep on going to many places and mingle with many museum directors and gallery owners keeping up with all the pretentious odyssey being a celebrity implies. Relegated to a domestic setting the ambitious artist seeking for glory and immortality would certainly die out. In search of poetry and intimacy however it is the ultimate destination. No matter we don't live out in a farm of some distant mountain overlooking an endless lake, no matter we live in a rather plain environment and not in Doctor Zhivago's cabin, there is this heat that our constant engagement with our creative self generate, an heat that worldly success would in fact blow out at once.

I would dare to say then that the more possibilities there are to be successful, the less is the poetry a person can convey. In my life I think I have searched for these sorts of situations like a magnet and I have escaped any situation that on the contrary forced me to become career oriented. Somewhere I remember reading a passage by one of Herman Hesse's mystical stories depicting a poet, a poet whose drive was in fact that of disappearing and not appearing as all other artists seek to become the divo and diva of their days. My nature I believe draws me constantly to this haste towards the evening, the haste towards this moment in which all turns into a magical effusion. Like a sun that is setting, no matter where it is setting it can provide extraordinary emotions and it is this ultimate set of emotions I think I am very much drawn to.