



Fig.094 Photo of my father interacting with a raccoon. It was one of the first photos I received from him after twenty years apart. It immediately showed his deep true love for animals in his life as a lonely maverick in Canada where we moved when I was little to pursue his North American dream. I also sought in my youth for a wilder and uncontaminated nature moving to Scandinavia but eventually settled for a more familiar and human nature back in continental Europe.

#### **FABLES 10**

After spending my childhood in the alps, I spent my years as a teenager in a very bourgeois environment completely detached from nature. Perhaps because of this separation I grew a stark transcendentalist will to be back to nature and eventually did so by moving to Sweden. It was while I was learning the crafts of the countryman, growing my food and renovating a cabin and making my own wood that my father got in touch with me. He was living in Canada where I also lived as a baby before I was brought back to Europe. Despite being many decades apart I discovered that also my father had a great sensibility for nature and for cultures living in nature like the first nations. He felt very angry about any political ideology corrupting the natural environment. He kept burning with rage and while I also shared his identical indignation towards the destruction of the environment and the later introduction of ideological thinking to try to cope with what is let with it I think I was able to keep calm and peaceful because I

actually had the opportunity to work on my little ecology and build my little Indian tribe of children I constantly at every opportunity bring back to the wild and teach them to learn from it.

While learning to live in the wild, my father has been a great example of a person loving animals and the forest. Living for a while in an Indian reservoir he managed to befriend wolves and later put his life at risk crossing the Yellowstone national park in winter time. While feeling at first shocked about my father's ideas, I slowly saw in him the attempt to regain a state of lost wilderness beyond all the gender, diversity and other trendy ideologies so enraging him. As a Ted Kaczynski he also was furious of the idea that all the wilderness was on its way to extinction and all that the media and the people talked about where social issues that were important to some degree but compared to devastation of the natural habitat and the inexorable uprooting of autonomous human communities from it are mere trifles. Thanks to him I understood that I am also somewhat of a European first nation who lived until his generation up in a highland which the beautiful gifts of modern civilization, a wild war first and wild urbanism later totally destroyed.

Unfortunately my father found it convenient to convey all his feelings in wanting a more dominant authority to preserve the values he saw corrupted rather than taking a step forward in thinking instead of getting rid of all types of power structures, whether left or right so as to recover the state in which humanity lived prior to industrialization especially in Southern Germany where our ancestors, or at least part of them seem to have come from. If my father turned out in the end to be a wounded wolf unwilling to be helped and very aggressive towards anyone coming towards him, I think I am still somewhat of a wolf myself but I did manage to keep straight without getting mortally wounded. While I did my adventures and I can tell I proved the wolf inside me my concern now and in all of my thoughts is not related to me. It is only and exclusively related to the nearby future and to what will be not only the nature of the environment but also the nature of my children. In a way I began to see the two as intertwined. It is clear by now that any form of centralized government cannot do anything about the environment. Green policies are made, a green industry is encouraged and then in no time these very policies and industries are scratched because

there is a new war and there are new politicians now focusing on solving in an authoritarian but in fact populist way most matters.

In all my perplexity for authorities and big nation-states I came to realize that only people can make the difference and with people I mean not those who sort of semi-willingly comply with the system and keeps on whining for more right, with people I mean those who obey their own nature and and in creating their own autonomy can truly bring a difference to local environments, can truly create the diversity that is needed to keep it alive. If all forms of governance in the world would gradually wither, or people would get ready and all forms of governance would suddenly wither, I am sure that the solution to all the giant environmental catastrophes we are facing would also wither. We come into this world and grow up with the idea that the few centuries of modern nations has been the norm since the beginning of time while in fact they are but the product of the industry and the capital and greediness that are generated with it.

Only by experiencing the corruption that the modern state brings to society and or to the self, only by finding in the wilderness a remedy to it can a person discover that it is somewhere in between the wilderness and modern civilization that the ecological solution lies. It is in the dismantling of everything to being to be naturally sustain, in the downscaling and the returning to a more municipality based life as that of the medieval town with their autonomy and their direct contact with nature that life can resume without the need of exaggerating all this in thinking as a primitivist. Already Tolstoy experienced this in his days and already anyone who had the sensibility to return to the wild so as to come back to civilization to advocate for a return to a more familiar nature, the nature of the towns, the only places where a face to face and sane democracy can be in fact practiced.

Anything bigger than a town only amplifies the insanity with which even the most noble and philanthropic agenda is implemented. In a town there can be a natural type of surveillance, there can be a common goal like the building of a cathedral to serve the rituals of its people, rituals which can be very well non-religious or at least do not have to follow any monotheistic type of religion imposed from far away. In a town foreigners can be welcomed and fully integrated and become an acquaintance of all others. There is not such a feeling of alienation. Of course nowadays when no one really live their

towns but only to sleep to then the day after rush to work in whatever direction dozen of miles away secluded in a little office than all the spirit of the town goes to waste and certainly towns can become more deadly traps than any other city.

In the democratic town then I realize there is the natural habitat of humans. Plato would say that a town shouldn't be bigger than a place where the scream of a person could be heard. I think this could be in fact a good scale. With the town I also began to envision a network of solidarity between towns as an essential component to non-competitively share resources and also allow fluidity of people without borders. So if humans were animals, or if humans want to be animals and be back as part of nature so as to also put an end to environmental crisis, towns would most definitely be their anthills. Anything beyond that is a place where humans are set to grow dissatisfied and where nature begins to falter unable to sustain the growth of any large urban habitats dangerously boosted by the industry and its evil capital. In this respect I think my father was wrong in claiming a more authoritarian regime because even if an authority like the father of fascism Mussolini wanted a return to the agricultural towns and a withering of the middle class in the end it all resulted in building more cities and industries and lastly going to war. Similarly it can be said of Mao and his China and a cultural revolution bringing millions back to the country, the same millions that later built monstrous metropolises breaking any of the carefully balanced boundaries that the traditional Chinese towns maintained with their natural environments.