



Fig.135 Picture of a small exhibition I made in the barn of our mountain village to experiment with the physical realization of the various parts of my life-project. Interviews revealed that the audience was rather neutral about the panels of casualties; none of them could actually read braille and I guess the work was overlooked. On the other hand if someone who could actually read braille was invited to recite out loud such a long list of casualties from around the world, at least some of the audience would be rather affected and a level of katharsis could be reached in the otherwise frigid souls of the viewers only trained to analyze society with their brains. In this respect once my project gets to be performed it can create not a mere mirror of reality but an intense dramatization of it which could unblock the audience and turn it more emphatic and attentive and grateful to their otherwise dull experience of the same reality in the real world.

NEWS 03

In an exhibition context the resulting panels where the news of casualties are embossed are completely in the dark. They are only readable through touch and as a performance, I have envisioned a blind person to read outloud the otherwise indecipherable casualties. The only light comes from the screens of drawings of ideas standing on the opposite side of the news panels. Thus, while these panels contain tragic content, the drawings display ironic content, creating a remarkable contrast. This contrast is however the same I find checking the world news websites. There, news of casualties emerge from a gossip-saturated and fake-news oriented media. Important news are dug below dozens of other news speculating on sex scandals or the like involving the main

protagonists of first world countries such as the United States. Nonetheless typhoons, wars, suicide bombs, hurricanes and other forms of more or less natural calamities, strike the earth more or less regularly and unexpectedly.

Now I do not conceive that there is a god punishing humans with such calamities. In fact, reading a lot of mythological accounts, especially on the great deluge that affected pretty much every civilization in the planet from the aboriginal people in Australia to the Inuits in Greenland, the reason why their gods sent such a devastating calamity was that humans were simply too noisy. It wasn't because humans were committing particular sins but it was literally that they made so much noise that the gods couldn't rest. We are certainly approaching a very high level of noise and the media that is now accessible to anyone just makes it much louder. Journalists report on some issue and the issue is reported on by people who turn themselves into journalists or even more popular than journalists they become authorities. It is enlightening to think that the father of fascism, Benito Mussolini was himself a blogger of his time, writing in the more alternative newspapers that can equal the social media platforms of our days. In these heated debates certainly evil is born and the need to calm the debate altogether with a powerful figure.

For that matter I do not part-take in any debate. I am not siding for war or against war, I side for the total elimination of the states that generate war. I side for the diffusion of power, a power that in the hands of few is the source of so much calamities. I side for a peace that is not the peace of a stagnating state maintaining is subject silent and repressing any form of personal initiative. I side for the peace that naturally emerges from people being left alone engaging with their own local environment, siding up with their neighbours to improve their lives and be active and participant in the micro cultures that can emerge from such an approach rather than waiting to be called on a mission or to cover a post high up in the social rank established by governance or its corporate engine. I advocate for this sort of peace, a peace that in my view also reduces the level of calamities and for that matter casualties that power generates. Where there is a high concentration of power there is obviously noise. People are noisy because they want their rights to be up in the rank, Those who are up in the rank are noisy because they have to device a propaganda of agitation so as to divert the attention of those who

are below them to other issues which in turn culminates in new wars and struggles.

Obviously majoritarian democracy is not either a solution to reduce the level of noise and the calamity that is strictly related to it. Of course if I say I wish for power to be diffused I do not mean that we should go back to oppressive forms of patriarchal or matriarchal. Even within the small ecologies there should be only those who have more experience and can serve as guide to others until these others need them but generally mutual aid should be always the key denominator. To be coherent with my principles I have always refused any position of dominance. To begin with I did so unconsciously. Relatives offered me to run their companies and I literally and rather aggressively escaped. I think what made me escape was not so much the notion that power corrupts because I did not have that notion at that time. It was the fact that I wanted to be left in peace with my poetic practice that always saved me from becoming a man of power. My poetic practice with time culminated in my life-project but it is not just an art project. It is a way of being, of being free and being out in nature and savoring the blue sky and the sun and the rain and the green grass and the snow.

What I wish and what I have always wished for my children is this sort of freedom. Thus if I am offered a position in the capital city I may be tempted to accept but within a few months I would run back to nature as it is said of pygmies who have successfully finished their universities and got their positions in the bureaucratic apparatus but suddenly ran back to the jungle. This need for peace and being in nature is not a form of irresponsibility. It is labeled so by people because they only see their duty in life to be wage slaves and pay for the tuition fees of their children and secure them a position in society where they can dominate others. I find this a supreme form of irresponsibility in thinking how detrimental centralized power is going to be not only for the people these children will command but also for themselves and the environment they will contribute to pollute in the attempt of maintaining this giant system afloat. Yes I am labeled as a good for nothing which reminds me of these trees in ancient China that could grow so big because they were too intricate to serve for anything.

I am of no purpose to power and yet I am able to keep on growing, of doing my work and serve the cause or rather the course of nature and suggest to others to do the same. When doing

this however I realize that I can easily upset the feelings of those who are instead completely drunk with power and in this drunkenness they cannot contain their rage, a rage that may or may not one day infuriate against me. But this rage of some power-lords who may one day hit me is nothing in comparison to the rage that I am prophesying, the rage of nature who will strike with no mercy against them and their palaces in a most unexpected form. Yes in the past I have been rather physical in trying to disengage myself from situations in which I was inclined to pick up a power-role but now that I grew old I became formidably useless and even if my trunk is crashed to pieces I think my roots will still give some sprouts but honestly I do not care as I never think of legacy so much but the one I left to my children and to some of the few and more sensible people who have stumbled on my project and that is find your peace in living according to your nature and take good care of it and everything will be well even and especially under the storm that will inevitably hit the palaces of power and their lords.