



Fig.171 Screenshot showing me transporting the iron bars to the site where I have built my ark. While producing some emissions, this small size old tractor was the key to make my installation possible. It was a medium that served me in my physical effort not only of loading it and downloading it but also of building the structure by hand and transporting there also the tools to do so. In this respect, rather than judging my building in terms of how environmentally friendly it is, I have judged whether I replaced my human effort or facilitated it. In some cases I have been skeptical about the new Eco-friendly alternatives; they not only generate a new form of consumerism but in several instances they come to replace the human agent rather than enhancing it. Moreover I was able to work for decades with my little tractor, keeping a very old technology in the face of many who kept on upgrading their technologies, ultimately handing up with machinery that is too complicated to fix and keep on breaking. Either way my nature is such that if I can do without machinery I go for it, transporting things by hand on long distances, preferring to walk wherever I can and only when strictly necessary making use of a medium therefore using the medium as the medium and not as the final end.

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This work has come to signify almost the death of machinery such as my old diesel tractor and all the equipment which due to climate change has been replaced with electric equipment. Generally however I have preferred to do my work by hand using traditional tools and only later started adopting chainsaws and so forth to facilitate the building of my ark in the alps. I did so right in the moment in which this sort of equipment began to be limited by European nations seeking zero emissions. If I had waited a few

a few more years the building of the ark wouldn't have been possible and this very fact makes me wonder how humanity is getting more and more sealed into a spaceship of some kind which disables its human prisoners from recovering a connection with the natural world. If I had then to give an ultimate meaning to my life-project it would be that of attempting to break free from such a dreadful destiny. I love nature and being in nature and I love putting my energy to work with her. I just find it very rewarding and I am not against modern civilization because I am just very bored in it but because I clearly see it is destroying the environment and exhausting people.

I am therefore not literally a nihilist but from when I was young a rebel to the state of things. Only late in my life and in the midst of my project I came across, and totally by accident, people who feel like me and have put up their own elements of resistance in one way or another. Guided by them and by their writings I was able to identify the causes of my great dissatisfaction with civilization in one hand and my great natural energy boiling within me. Someone, in all my years attempting to deal with these energies I have ironically ended up living in one of the most civilized countries and a country I believe to be the primary example of what I came to identify as the ship-state. In the green Netherlands I ended up growing my family but really in fact longing for the wilderness of the alps putting all my efforts and thoughts into the ecology I set up there. While in the little nordic countries I have never attempted to make any effort towards establishing anything since it is completely saturated and there is really no wilderness left.

For as much as living up north I do not experience any pollution, there seems to be much invisible pollution in the air due to extensive farming. This pollution I am unable to perceive and I can only stumble occasionally on news warning about the level of nitrogen all the cow population of Holland and its intensive farming is causing. Certainly in the wide plains of this country I feel very awkward not to be surrounded by forest. I feel very awkward not to be able to bring my children to it and do make an effort to get there everytime we can. I can see and feel the level of neurosis among people leaving so separated from the wilderness but also so separated from their own human nature so much they have been regimented to just comply with the system. I am not sure I want to comply to any Bakunian prejudice on Prussian people and their inclination to comply with power and be lackeys,

but I do see a trend at least in people around the world getting more and more prussianized and accepting and even wanting to keep captive within these ship-type of establishments.

Now what I feel increasingly aware of is that if these more progressive countries want to become fully green and environmentally friendly they do so at the expense of poor and faraway countries. How is it possible that suddenly the Dutch neighborhoods are filled with luxury electric cars and luxury houses completely refurbished in a sustainable fashion? Is this the model for sustainable transition, tossing away millions of cars god knows where and getting much bigger and heavier and faster and luxurious vehicles overnight while taxing those poor devils who cannot afford them and struggle to keep their only little vehicles they might only use like myself and my family to reach the wilderness? Something seem to be utterly wrong and I am glad in a way to experience such an absurdity, the absurdity of highly sedentary folk who believe they have found the solution of the problem when the problem is really their sedentarism, their middle-classness, their bourgeois comfort they cannot think of reducing but is in fact greatly enlarged by the so-called ecological transition.

Well I get to witness all this like a little slave who has to live in ancient Rome but is in fact longing to be back in the provinces. I think if I was left there or if my partner would agree to grow our children there and if the bureaucracy of Rome would not reach it with its mandatory taxes and schooling and so forth I would just live my life picking wild plants and berries and mushrooms and keep my little field or kill one or two wild boars so as to keep their out of control population down or maybe not even that. To be sure I would just let nature and the forest and the mountains tell me how to go about. I am not over-romanticizing here, nor I am trying to play the native indian; the old folk from the mountains are dying out but all of them I had the great luck to meet they lived very happily in such fashion and I know I could one day give up the game of just witnessing without taking part to civilization and get back to where I belong and where all humanity belong. For now I am witnessing and perhaps the importance of it is that I can share my reflections with some and inspire even a small number to take action, at least as I began by starting to anchor oneself to the wilderness and then slowly work oneself back to it and out of the ship, a ship that is either taking off into space or will be sank fighting a fierceful battle with other ship

in the strive to colonize the last resources on the planet they are so much plundering.