

A journal at last? I was placing the constrains of my project based and here it comes (never mind my grammar, I write as I would talk to you who dare to venture in this writings :-)... an here we in the mist or better as Dante wrote at the beginning of his Divina Commedia "Nel mezzo del cammin di nostra vita"... in the core of my life I also begin this as part of my enterprise now that I am quite positive about what it is going to be. The journal is also indeed at the very core of my practice together with what I think is going to be a film about my/human origins ... it is warm at the core and cold at the edges where the methodical and super formal archive and website lay without much fluid, just them as skeletons rejoicing like the mouth and the tale of a snake. Here no, I don't even wanna see pages, the only interruptions are the new entries... how many I wouldn't know, I keep it open and whenever the inspiration come I at least have this "tabula rasa" where too pour my thoughts and again no worries about the grammar, it is a flux of consciousness an evolution of thoughts like a Zibaldone, the journal of the Italian Romantic poet Giacomo Leopardi (good bathroom reading), the Transcendentalists anyone of them (Thoureau and Hemmerson in particular), I like their confidential style and frankness, it is much of a conversation without having to much bother about formalities (these though are good practices that compensate and helps inspires, rituals of awareness particularly necessary in a society like ours where we have not much of a real duty or existential aim). I won't go back to what I wrote but I might come back soon with something more to say.

I am usually "mattiniero" waking up very early and trying to avoid any technology (film, computers...even books) in the evening, this to have better chance to dream and remember and start my day like a farmer going to the barn to milk his cows, my 18 cows (plus the 6 products I make out of it). Well, there in the morning "al mattutino" like these Thai-chi old Chinese men in the parks (now unfortunately much in a mist of pollution), or a monk awoken for his morning prayers (maybe a better metaphor)... to await for me though are also the news, the world news I scrutinize in search for casualties for project number 9 and the news I receive in my inbox. Here today I get this e-mail from a friend an "artist" from Sweden but with Italian roots. She kind of warned us to move to Italy, my beloved Italy... she warned us of the political situation, the right wing, whatsoever she is a leftist and I feel like Gandhi in the film they made of him in 1981 (man I am enjoying this being inaccurate yet flowing). Anyway, while everyone had their flags up whether Indian or Pakistani he had none and kept spinning the wheel to make his clothes. I feel very much like that, I keep spinning no matter the circumstances, when they will subdue me (I am almost 33!!!) they will subdue me, it is in God destiny, and I strongly rely on it (don't be shocked! I believe in believing, what is the matter, I know there is some ignorance that lays at the very bottom of this statement, this is why I am smarter than you, I am twice more aware).

Some months ago I met a curator of the Art Museum here in Boston, her name if that matters, was Randi Hopkins (probably one of these descendants of the English Puritans, the founders of New England which has far from lost all these moral values...). I kind of forced the thing through a friend of a friend who knew her and we finally met (probably also because at that time I was supposed to assist a "famous" artist, a dinosaur as my gay Greek friend Panagiotis calls them at the prestigious Harvard University). She was literally shocked of my work, a practice really because I guess it can't be frame within her/their curatorial conception of "Art". She couldn't digest my methodical approach, she said she knew some others and they all failed, disappeared. I really didn't want her opinion but only let her know I am in town and this is the kind of work I do, the kind of practice I conduct. This "incident" made me think about methods in general. It ain't nothing new Randi, folks have been adopting methods to construct, without them nothing of any worth esteem can be conducted, particularly in this individualistic time of history, you ain't got to get any slaves, you might as an "artist" manage some and for a bit of time and for a silly and incoherent result, no depth. Unplug the wire of these many small fake societies and everything is forgotten (maybe is also my case ;=). Randi, Jason, Arthur and the other boyscout of the sect will be total oblivion. That is also to say that in this realm of "vanity" much resources are consumed, resources that could be used to foment hardcore enterprises, in this respect I don't really dislike Fascist architecture, their de-ephemerilization, some sacrifice is always necessary for some accomplishment, and yet now is all down to pussies.

Waiting at the doctor, first time in ages and just thinking that if it wasn't for my back i would have kept it in that of Swede, our ideal farm, fully rennovated after many years of dedicated work charged by my willing of photographing the utensils I was using the to explore surviving practices. Replace the rotten timber stocks and fix them together, removing oil stains from the wooden floor and using the traditional painting techniques which my wife had the patience and research skills to prepare (a good symbiosis thinking of the years spent paintings with random chemicals in my early youth and no one, no book to instruct me). Anyhow much process revealed in the farm, much gardening much understanding and much the passion that was driving me together with the actual excuse of doing such work, the fact that I was building a photographic archive that no matter what happened it was going to stick with me. Is the doctor coming? Now my back can no longer afford weights, the iron I brought out of the barn, the time I took my kid to hikes and holded him, the moving from the city to the countryside which was really crucial and was to determine our years abroad and the expansion of my project to a single orthodoxy to a more articulated one, yet still an orthodoxy which now pushes me to explore the many multi dimensions offered by every day living... natural, societal, nomadic and stationary... here is maybe the doctor, I might suddenly interrupt my accounting much inspired by actual experiences... the old men back home told me and warned me, go on and experience before you have something to say, and this I did, I lived deeply and profoundly as a farmer and so deeply I also lived as an expat, a modern sailor. I might be at the end of all that, the social obligations, the kid's school and the pension.

I am writing an e-mail to myself using my secret Internet address, secret because about a year ago when living in China my wife didn't want to put up any longer with my project, particularly my collection of dreams and thus hear I am writing like a hidden Jew (Ann Frank) with the Nazi seating right in front. To make it less dramatic, I have just removed anything to do with my name, kept out of any publication of work, removed my constructed identity like in a Pirandello book, yet again it is not about me, the identity I want to construct about me "the greatest (and most vane) whatever", it is about doing the actual work, the quest I felt inspired to accomplish. Now I am in the seal technological castle, the Kafkaian castle of society, awaiting for my social position yet rather to get frustrated and end miserable I use all these interrupted waiting moments as precious opportunities to construct something real... my family now is calling, to much of a risk, my kid came along to our office...I mean this artificial castle where everyone dies of cancer... soon I will take him to a natural one and there we might only die of hunger, a better death! uuuh... I have managed to save this journal entry...

Updating my website, finally after much thinking, an integer part of the project, the raw archive itself, the exhibitions, this very journal, the films on my origins, the virtual architecture and yes, a website. While the first three are static and keep evolving the last three are dynamic and are not really changing/evolving (now I have been interrupted again by little August and my wife coming home, need to resume after settling them in front of their interfaces until it is time to dine, me being the cook...). Anyhow, as probably already accounted, the World Wide Web presentation, the website will force me to seek exploring and experiencing all the identified parts of the earth, within the WWW this is what I deliver a WWW reflecting its WWW context, even though the next step right now seems going home to my origin, probably settling, if that is the Will, a base, a life or a non-life yet the mountains and sea and history is all I really need, strange counter tendencies that provoked my uprooting, yet now I do feel that like Ulysses, I myself have the treasures I sought and can go home to my Ithaca... fighting ahead? I will try to keep out of much things, will try to establish a certain stability from where to consolidate my practice as it seems that only my connationals now can appreciate my doing and help... was it this Baudlaire(?) French poet writing in his diary "I Fiori del Male" about national recognition while being in Belgium? I recall something, yet I wouldn't know, Epicurus in this respect taught us to live in the dark to be happy, I do believe him and do not seek any temporal recognition even though this is what the society of the spectacle pushes us to do.

I have started writing this Journal backward, well not like Leonardo Da Vinci but only placing every new entry on top of the old ones so that it facilitates the digital writing (don't have to scroll to the bottom of the Journal nor I do have to deal with history, I just place a new layer on top, a new evolution of my dynamic thinking). As use to read Leopardi's collection of thoughts randomly in the bathroom maybe it should be done the same here. I also thought of limiting the number of Journal entries to a number (e.g. the total number of days in 36 years is 13.140) yet I do enjoy the immediacy of opening this document and instantly writing on it.... talking about records I have estimated that by using and photographing 76 objects a day I will have 1.000.000 pictures at the end of the project to display on the photo wall, and this without forcing it, is actually the daily average now that my daily activities got more complex and much is the multitasking in order to have my project surviving as a constant background and have life going... obviously, since I take in the eyes of other people the luxury of doing this project (hobby as they defined) I have to show even more that I am actually helpful and this is what I do and what I am naturally inclined to do, I serve the others, I would help an elder and an old kid or an homeless... I clean and do the shity works.... I serve..."help and you will be helped, love and you will be loved"...(not in the Danish Lars Von Trier case where the heroine is fucked in the end)... I do see though that one can gain allot by giving, I see it particularly with the less alien situation of being so much with my kid who gives me so many insights. Anyway, I keep my faith and my ignorance but I like it ;-) I see a way out!

I have much I would like to contribute to this open ended Journal, for now again is loose and unformatted although the tendency as it seems with me is always to put it down to some format, a geometry suggested by nature and reflecting the other geometries as the proportion among the elements of a classic building. Anyhow this is the tendency yet now I am challenging this endless that I do not see growing and much is coming to my head that I should annotate here as many where the actual attempts to output my thoughts while undertaking this 36 years life challenge. Well, there has been many attempts, among all a dictionary of concepts in which I positioned my thinking but that was soon substituted by the more proactive recording of thoughts... there is something inhibiting me from doing anything retroactively, it is probably the fact that I would strongly find it artificial and not be satisfied with it, I can only get into processes and keep up with them and stay within them not to go back and literally destroy them feeling their falsity, processes long processes even in the ephemeral realm of virtuality, a soft martyrdom, a silent and unspoken emergence of actual substance among the giant towers of smoke erected by the small human societies. I do enjoy this confidential style, more and more so, the pretentiousness is removed, my public is probably a future generation (a bunch of tedious and bored scholars or maybe some potential heroes I hope), I am likely never to meet. Yet words and communication is essential, I do not present myself or better my practice as belonging to any of the human defined societies, I present it to everyday humans surprised by my doing (why are you taking a picture? what was that? and me introducing my practice and later asking to take their portrait picture, their funeral picture, the columns of the ultimate building... a good exchange, they seem satisfied). These people I come across like a Zarathustra walking down and up the mountain, these people have their own beliefs, mostly their own idols (now currently in a business relationship with Colleen, an American of Hungarian descendants whose religion is "social media" and particularly certain sop operas... what the hell! where is sophistication taking our potential youth, was Socrates right in condemning those that learnt how to write and so forth?)... yet I think they might just be left to wonder... but what is Alberto doing? ...or better why is Alberto doing?...which obviously might reawaken the existential question that turns them human again ... why is Alberto being? why am I being?... oh surprise, surprise!

"Prima il dovere e poi il piacere", in this sense I put first my natural duty, what my nature has given me (e.g. my son, my project, yet not really any roots/parenthood unless maybe as it seems I will become a Cultural Heritage specialist back in my own country), than the social duties, those that I must accomplish to look after the former ones and as Stoic not really much time left for pleasure, unless it is a pleasure from which my natural duties can nourish. Anyhow, now that I have unmasked myself here in this Journal, I wish to point out that I do myself wear masks, I like to experience them, even though they usually don't last for so long, I am really allergic to being artificial but I do take them up and wear them and I am indeed very fluent to improvise their languages for that time, but then I always tramp on this masks and come back unmasked to this site of mine, this place of reflection a broad depiction of our human nature, a proof of existence ("I depict therefore I am" as modern Cartesio would put it) and thus a base, the missing base to construct, the missing fundament that the ephemeral techno-society hasn't provided us is now for me established and I can go on... "schermato", made fun of, as little Noah set of working on his Arch, a database of what is going soon to otherwise extinguish, probably in my case samples of inner and outer reality, samples of being in the core maturation of my existence. Anyone, like Siddartha in Herman Hesse, I do, after much mysticism, I do pick up the shoes of the social worker, I do fulfil all my responsibilities and the fact that my existential practice is running constantly and nourishing in the background, removes all doubts, I go for what nature and thus society tells me to go for, this daoistically, meaning without really forcing but "assecondando", seizing what the current brings forward and going where it is most natural to go, back home? or just back and forth? I will account you on that! Now back to my duties...

People here are getting used to me and my son, an integer part of this American village. Out doing Tai-chi regularly, regularly going out at the park... fully living and adapting to the neighbourhood as it is no longer the case. We bring life yet these people that are used to it and start enjoying and nourishing from our presence, these people who are to confined in their artificial role and cannot bring any life (I would rather say the contrary), these people again do not realize that we are not forever, we haven't got a chance, we will leave and interestingly this void, this sudden absence could make them at last induce them slightly to some thinking. Many are the ones that have experienced that throughout our existential journey, we have lived with them until they gave us decent means to survive, they grew used to us, to the radiant life we brought, they cut our means and we were gone, only an heavy void is left in them, in their meaninglessness at last a possibility of a meaningful insight. I am now thinking of all the directors, curators, professors but even the very parents, the parents unwilling to sacrifice themselves for their offspring. We have revitalized their long abandoned garden and they told us it was a silly and childish game and thus we had to set off playing their roles, just another game but much uglier and unnecessary. So it seems here, in the American dream of freedoms and values, totally spoiled by radical consumerism...anything for the sake of the capital, this cannot last. The country is becoming like a stepfather to their sons, fatherless sons. This father is being totally unfair (not an Ulysses of Ithaca, a fair father to his island), it favours some and unfavours others (my issue with my stepfather), but where is this crisis coming from? In America it is easy to spot out, the difference in races and their illegitimate appropriation of a land, but in Europe, what about the European fathers detaching their responsibility of their sons, releasing them to collapsing society and look after their semi-immortality? Anyhow, I will be a rightful father of my kingdom, the practice I am conducting (my virtual kingdom populated of many sons), and my family struggling with the bigot society.

Amazing how really time solves everything and in the best of ways. I guess this is what is really making anything else so artificial, you ought to give it time (if you are allowed to). Anyhow, now that I finally decided to dedicate this section of the project as a real Journal and not as a scientific report as it was first conceived, I have struggled for a moment thinking where to place all the scientific descriptions of the various parts. I then let things pass without taking any decision and voilá! it came natural to place it in the website, it's syntax and formatting requirement is far more suitable than this stream of thoughts. BUT LOOK, with a simple key stroke (I press F5) and I can immediately time label the thought, give it more authenticity, a dimension, I will probably maintain that now and throughout yet I wish not to make writing entries to this journal a forced event but a natural one, no pressures of having to, although my brain is already set for duty, and in the end what is a Journal without a date? I will fix the entries below :-).aah let's skip the dates, keep it chronological, constant, unbroken!

Today is Saturday, taking it easy after being very diligent, being with my little family, eating pancakes, being very satisfied of my work, I mean my practice... I guess one really panics by looking at the news as I regularly do looking for casualties. The wars in the Middle East and the oligarchies, the super powers taking in over, or better stepping over. China for instance, we met so beautiful persons, as in any other region of the world, we picked its flowers, it is not about its people, its many people being diligent and much looking at reviving themselves with their daily practices and love for nature. It is about those Cains taking over, erecting their power which is also the legitimate consequence to defence oneseff from the other countries power... anyway the pancakes are ready now.

Just went out to the fruit market with my son, it is chilly out still and spring does not come as yet, it would be really a time for misery, the cement, the traffic, the emptiness of modern life, particularly with no money to go to the mall, the artificial life and the pervasive consumerism, how lucky I feel not to have to go that way, yet I can walk with a chart on one hand and my little son on the other and finally after crossing bridges, roads and other impediments to the human scale of the car-less ones (those who rely on their strength) we come to the market, an outside market of the semi-poor (no one can be really totally pure in such consumerism) yet still a place where life and exchanges survive, really the only place in this American decaying metropolis where to (just got interrupted from my little one ...) really the only place where to get genuine (a mean if you don't want to go to the supermarket selling organic food for to the semi-riches). Anyhow, being light, choose a bit of variety, sometimes here, sometimes there, sometimes to the fruit market dressing like an homeless, sometime to the supermarket with the wealthy white college students, sometimes to that with the first generation immigrants, sometimes in the expensive one in the neighbourhood...sometimes picking seasonal food sometimes not (just got even a coconut... I need to have my e-mail open in the background else my wife gets suspicious about my writings...can't wait to be a professional researcher, if ever society will grant me to be one, then I can use that as an excuse). Light and various then and no violation of the willing of others, given that they have one, yet I mean our sons need to listen to a certain extend they need to collaborate, so it always become a fine comprise between what we think is good and what others want to do. I guess my willing as that of my father and that of my son are really strong. My father had his televised dream of America and broke through to come year, going against everything and at the end breaking apart, loosing everything, not a family, nothing but his fascist ideology and wanting to murder half of the world (everyone but the white race). Me, myself I personally don't bother, I understand him as I understand this Polish girl in love with the Palestinian cause I met this summer... two extremes, a Raskolnikov and a Karenina, both a product of their time and circumstances. I was seating having this cheap but really good I could tell (I had my time baking and I know what is a good dough) slice and saw this unusual Japanese family with four kids, I love kids, I love every kid, the world should be more childish, ingenious, power and politics anything with the "p" should be abolished, but what to do? Someone hit you and you are going to hit and try to get stronger and loose your innocence... passive resistance, is that the key? So far I have been totally loyal and responsible to my Natural duty, the management of what Nature has provided me, a land for a while until someone told me it is his land, a son (pretty sure it is mine!), and my thoughts, my ideas which I cultivated and took to maturation and they gave rise to all this project of mine. So far this are my legitimate properties and I had devised set of sharing them rightfully and do not promote them as competitive but just let people stumble upon them, make the discovery themselves, and when you make the discovery yourself be sure it is the most richest and unforgettable. My project needs only a site (so far now it is only virtual), maybe pilgrims will pass by and have the time to contemplate it and forever after reflect on it. With this I do not mean a speculative property with angry owners barking like dogs, maybe there won't be any of that, only nomadic exhibits, temporary installations and disappearance again (the latter, as I previously said, being very necessary). The plan is what matters, that needs to stay forever on or maybe be forgotten yet the conceptual seeds transplanted into newer ones and affect our irrational mindset of consuming all our resources , without allowing any regeneration, I mean both in terms of the natural resources but also our very citizens of our "civilized" regimes no longer willing to make any babies. This Journal expresses many of my sensations, I share my little game with you until it last, until someone will step on it, I fear like a flower it is too beautiful not to be harmed (Cain!)... yet but that time a bee or two might have already got some pollen out of it...(I wrote this as my son watched two episodes of an animated sheep).