

gets so excited about it and how sophisticated people in their closed environments are totally indifferent about my doing which really takes most of my existential effort, all my devotion together with that I give to nature (the family, the farm). I would like to be on a mountain now, I would like to be back pasturing up on my native highland as it use to be now the time to do so. I would have want my kid to go back there but there seems to be no way back for me, no one really there to host me but the very ones who took what was naturally belonging to my people now dispersed by all those conflicts, by the big powers showing their muscles. In 1917 the ancient village of my ancestors was totally destroyed and ever since the violence has remained among us, just like the violence now affecting Afghanistan really generated by the Russian invasion. There is still violence, my father, my mother. What to do but detach? Maybe I will have the opportunity of going back, maybe. I felt close to Ithaca, my native island, but now it is very far again, and we are still trapped in this cement prison and soon will be back to a primordial nature, beautiful but without any source of life for part of the year, and then again not my legitimate land as I understood. Just keep faithful.

Today we interviewed a very pious man, the priest of the Italian parish here in Boston, a Franciscan monk as I believe I am. I was really impressed at first when we asked him to photograph any item he kept that was of particular significance to him. He had none, no additional weight to his spiritual journey, just the very essential, himself and his spiritual faith. During the interview he did not have any memories to share either, yet he said some beautiful things concerning how we don't have to label ourselves with our particular religion but the main distinction is whether or not we are spiritual. After the interview I told him that I really appreciated what he said and he then gave me so much ethic insights that I had forgotten. He taught me how people have much to offer to others when themselves are very spiritually poor and non-cultivated within. He emphasized my emphasis about taking care of one self first before going out to others. He taught me about being close to my family and nature rather than looking at my career. I should be faithful and determined in that as well as keeping up the cultivation of the self that I have undertaken. I might have less to eat in the end but might be very fulfilled. In the church one day I might build I hope the community will make use of it, or just at least some youth will walk out with something and redirect their paths for something noble.

I agree with Benjamin Franklin and Padre Antonio, generous and good hearted people are everywhere and it is all the labels, religious and racial ones that makes all the fuss among us. We just brought all the toys my kid discarded prior hi and his mother departure back to Sweden tomorrow, we brought them to a poor Indian boy A.G. living with his grandparents. They were so happy and hugged us and kissed us and gave August, my kid, 10 dollars. They are spiritual and kind people spending their summer days in the playground with their grandson. All this with the surrounding American neighbors insulting each other, getting arrested (one just yesterday right at the playground) and all the shit due to their lack of a traditional ethic a sort of religion, meaning a common religion not all these micro religions, sects making them only more dissident to one another. All are paranoid about everyone yet among us expats we find hospitality and discover friendship, Cain and Abel? We will see what we will turn when the time will come to become sedentary, if we will ever manage that or we will keep being innocent and child like Tao, not angry dogs captivated in their properties. Anyway tonight my little son walk us up when getting something to drink. I then kept awake thinking of remaking the declaration of war by the fascist dictator Mussolini and add English subtitle making him saying to the Italian youth to wake up and stop serving the old and corrupted establishment, to start afresh. I wanted to post on Facebook to all my friends but felt asleep again. The morning ritual of my project smoothen up my feeling of revolution again yet somehow thanks to it I avoid to serve the establishment for too long, I leave it in the middle of everything like a terrorist.

My friend Alessandro, an old classmate from high school just arrived today while my wife and son anticipated their return back to Sweden and left us alone. He is a nice fellow, a bit spoiled, never had any big responsibility all his life so he is quite untouched and virgin. Nonetheless, throughout the years he was the only one of my old friends to seek me, first in Canada, then Sweden and now America. We will do a road trip together all the way across New England and back through Canada, maybe even passing to greet my father for the last time, although he is a real scoundrel with all this drinking and beating. I am a bit concern with the staying away from my family which generally preserves me from any exaggerations and keeps me on the right track. After the 2 weeks in Israel last summer now it is this 2 weeks around America, I hope I can gain something, I wouldn't mind just walking and purifying myself, be in nature... Canada... But then again look at my father. I feel a bit like an Indian native after a year in his proximity, I would really like to meet these people during the trip. Amen.

This two coming weeks with Alessandro will be real tough. He comes here to me on an adventure but cannot really adapt to the environment and complains from the start. I took him for a walk this morning and at last decided to take the metro and go off with our nanny, another Italian who can barely walk a kilometer through the city without complaining... And she is a karate champion. There is something really wrong with this upcoming generations of Italians, good for nothing I would say. If their Mamas die they die, can't cook, can't survive and need continuous assistance at their age. I am better of in Scandinavia where you ought to be self sufficient. This is really the big impact on our environment, the non self sufficient part of humanity. I am not talking about living in the forest like Thoreau, but really small scale everyday stuff... Already if you can make it without a car in your everyday tasks is great. We did grocery on foot yesterday as I always did and Alessandro felt it was a nice experience yet he was tired in the end and complained... Something I do with my kid everyday... now I understand so many elders on automated wheel chairs, they most likely didn't take care of their wealth, sat at a desk all their life... I wish the nation would be conducted by a dictator like Mussolini imposing physical exercise and movement, then no big debts and crisis with all the pensions we youth ought to pay to sustain our rotten and medicine vegetating elderhood. Avant! Let's resist and keep up!

Waiting for the mayor of Boston to get out of a meeting for our documentary of what I now call the establishment. I am then thinking how it doesn't really only take talent to be worldly successful but also much acceptance of the most ephemeral aspects of our human nature of much corruption of our inner nature and now a days of the nature surrounding us. The first on the way to success while the later while successful in order to maintain and boost the acquired success. Anyway, an interesting human experience to reflect upon on this dark corner of the city hall now few days before my big departure around the great lakes of America with Alessandro and later home, Sweden the nestle of my ancestors, maybe for now I shall depict it like this but I definitely realize that I can't deal with these weakened Italians, those Southerns unable to be self sustainable, independent, genes make a really big different, I don't know anyone originated from my highland who can actually stand being down South, or better among Southerns after they with their wars have destroyed our intimate nestle. Many of the more intellectual youth is abroad, the rest has tattoos, are drunk and lost without their identities... fuck nations and any artificial human construction. Luckily thanks to those artificial apparatuses we can now regain an identity, get deep into... the virtual a promised land.

Just back from New York City were I took Alessandro with whom I am now in symbiosis. I guess I got to know him again and thus try to second him anything in a very daoistic way, I make him happy and don't keep stubborn but always ask him how he feels and if it is the case of taking a bus instead of walking. Thus we move along and we are both satisfied and content with little. Also we have the expectation of a great trip starting tomorrow around the great lakes with a due stop at my father who seems happy to meet me after so long a silent due to all his polemics, maybe really what got me writing this Journal. A beautiful day today and not much responsibility now that the family is in Sweden and I voluntary dropped the work of prestige to be poor again but rich within. The boss asked me again to keep working for him but I want to keep things very simple and fluent.. Still don't know but certainly my engagement is with my project and the family and the land while the rest are just a flow of affairs.

I explode any commercial/pretentious enterprise I am involved with. I could let go and just leave but always manage to put a bomb, leaving a project at the very crucial moment as soon as I don't find it any worth it, as soon as I recognize a level of corruption and vanity like in all these many human communities aside for those that deal with nature or our nature (farming, education...), those keep me responsible and respectful. I just sent my opinion of the day to my now former boss and with that, saying what I thought of all his establishment and little games of power I must have got him to loose 20 years and made him forever insecure... Time to get ready for my real boss now, my biological father, the second meeting of us in a forth of a century.

At my father place in Montreal, seating by the pool of his house. We haven't talked much over the winter I guess due to e-mails, meaning written form of communication which is often filled with misunderstandings and too immediate, probably like this very Journal at times although I now always composed at the end of a day like a wise man at the end of his life. Despite his past of a drunkard he is a sweet guy, most intelligent, he talks non stop and I thought today that really this project is a lack of my heritage which my father couldn't transmit me because he was cut out and went off to another continent as technology easily allows, now more than ever, but even thanks to that I was able to recover him at last although he still thinks that my project is not a work, he doesn't see all the labour I put to it and only find it as a form of expressionism without a grammar, he doesn't see a structure nor had never allowed me to talk about anything nor has asked me any questions as he knows everything, anyway a most intelligent man with the greatest memory.

Still one night with my father, maybe the last. It has been pleasant, we have scouted around an Indian reservation and then up the city looking at the raccoons, I might write a fable about them. My wife back in Sweden is concerned with my family's reaction back in Italy... I follow my father's suggestion, I keep quiet as an Apache but really my father is the spring of my offspring, he can tell me what it was forever obscured by my mother's uprooting and those like any sort of violence has always consequences. My father keeps talking but can be very aggressive, violent and explode against what is alien around him like Islamic taxi drivers and so forth, he very lovely and warm otherwise just like the Islamic guy I met in Jerusalem last summer who gave me his favorite shirt and was very hospitable... Identity really matters, civilization settles it too much, we need to rediscover it, that is the key to all our problems, let's allow the maturation of identity once more eve risking what we had with nationalism and dangerous technologies, at least lets address it towards spiritualism.

Waiting for Alessandro to check the Niagara falls after an incredible night spent in beautiful Toronto really a beautiful city with all that concrete modern and clean architecture where all the people leave fairly well with no discriminations. Here on the American side homeless and shit, my father is really rescued and well taken care of by the Canadian yet he doesn't let go his American dream, a dream that really was built by the very films he watched by the American dominance, the dominance that now is rapidly collapsing again with the very medium that made it so great now it falls and something else emerges yet something the white man can't take part of, he is excluded from it. Seasons and eras cycle, there is little to do but renew our nature and second it without any anxiety.

In beautiful Vermont after having going through all Upper state New York starting from the city of Buffalo which is now totally abandoned after the recession, all business dismissed what a feeling. And yet the nature of America, despite this great economic recession, the nature and those farmlands making use of it, these remains beautiful. They work with the concrete and not with the ephemeral and intangible speculation, smoke that any wind can blow away.

Back in Boston after hiking up Mount Monadnock and swimming across Walden Pond both spiritual sites of my hero H.D. Thoreau. In the afternoon I have solved all the practicalities, sent my drawings over sea and closed my bank account after collecting what was left a fist full of dollars really. Now time again for austerity, I have really missed it, I might use up everything single penny very confident that providence will help me and my good intention again. Deep in the social nature of humans and out again in mine, a very isolated nature longing now to reinforce its integrity.

Been picking and packing most of my few things, not so much carrying about my clothes and so forth but really about my tools, the tools I now need to keep up with my project. After a successful morning at the ceramic workshop finding the least procedural technique to transfer images onto tiles, I spent the afternoon creating these images by scanning a hundred collages of the things I picked on the sidewalk these last two months, months of transition but with allot of moving around as God himself has sent first Jaceck and than Alessandro to get me exploring and observing human nature around this continent, glad to leave it though and be in the old one and stick to tradition.

I was going to have a lonely and rather depressing night in front of me but luckily I paid a visit to Panagiotis, my Greek friend with whom I really like talking, meaning really dialoguing about politics, Americans versus Europeans and so forth. We are really rational in our discourses and I don't feel any embarrassment of him being homosexual. Anyway, the human dialogue is really a medicine at time, people with whom you can really talk are rare and they can heal the inhuman sickness of social emancipation and lack of a natural duty.

In society no, I wouldn't want to be alone, this days have been though with my friends gone and in this city filled with distraction and not really any trampoline for self fortification like a mountain or a lake or a forest that are easily accessible. The period of transition from one place to another, the switch of one's base is also most delicate with all this physical and psychological readjustment, I know. Well I guess that I don't wanna keep captivated but find my freedom and liberation in whatever mean the hosting environment offers (just crossing for the last time the Boston bridge with most peaceful sailors seconding the breeze underneath me). Hopefully this time we find our stability, doesn't really depend all on us though, society is going a bit mad with all the latest innovations... It just doesn't know when to stop and keeps accelerating and passing natural limits that at least our religion before prevented us from passing.

I get a bit stressed of recent from typing this Journal on the phone and so I walk, walk around the playground in front of our American apartment which I am about to leave for good, to Sweden, to a more natural isolation and less exposed to the sealing and immobilizing artificiality to which the American cities are an extreme. Yet there I hope I will be exposed once more to nature and the practice of surviving in it, farming and picking its wild fruits. A practice that today comes of no use, practically speaking, yet I want to keep up and maintain ad a base, a base through which we can maintain our common sense and respect which are otherwise lost.

Safe back in beautiful Sweden already in nature with my son, behind the corner, very healthy, dry, no humidity the terrible humidity of New England. There are lambs and horses and rabbits and our house is in the city. I won't complain anymore, will only endure.

Would really like to balance my time with some work for some money, some time for my kid, some for my project and some with the farm for all the family. Don't have any ambitions to expand really, nor willing to get obsessed in the social competition, I just keep it up naturally, gently, although the social mentality requires tougher approaches, speculation and as a consequence uglyfication of nature, both around and within us. It also bound our freedom, giving us unnatural responsibilities which our children will have to carry on their shoulders and thus we might really compromise our evolution. I keep moderately active in society, at least for now never boasting, waiting for time to award my industry.

Feeling like I got tired to see human stupidity and now wonder like a child with my child looking at all the natural wonders, exploring a nature that is very accessible here in a land where the winter itself makes unaccessible. Enjoy thus for this remaining summer what was probably the case for humans in more mighty lands such as were ancient civilizations prospered, later overcome by the technical process...enjoying and relieving a bit my soul, a soul committed to observe analyze and try, experiment and thus be able to judge.

Allot of new daily explorations with my son of this beautiful virgin land now at its most. Hope not to consume it too quickly nor to consume our romance with its preserved beauty by getting intrigued in society. I walk with my head down avoiding people eyes, no penetrations, keeping it as long as I can in a state of purity and innocence, being healthy as much, climbing hills, running down from them and jump in the cold waters, getting stronger once more after so long a captivity in civilization.

One day again very much disconnected to the social world and only much connected to the natural one with my son exploring the hills, the woods and the bays of this remote land. I take things with great calm, I am sure a time will come and will be busy again hopefully with the execution of my project or some teaching, anyway keeping up with the autumn approaching and a silver sky, a silver landscape with silver fishes and me also silver in the silver cold water trying to do motion and regaining spirit by thus daring. I once told my father that really only by some natural limits it is worth living. We grew up in the big mountains and now is the Nordic ocean, daring the limit strengthen the spirit and settle any restlessness, now to Mikael, a most crazy Polish man who became a friend by visiting us in China... Back in the mundane visiting a group show and see if any new acquaintances can be made and thus recorded as part of my project.

Spent most part of my day in the freaking tax office, what an awful experience... Hopefully with some patience it will get over and I won't have to deal anymore with all this stupid and diminishing democracy now more than ever increased with all the easy exchange that technology/progress allows. Anyway now seating with my son on the way to our country house after so long/ hopefully some relief.

Today a gorgeous summer day in the country house at my parents-in-law. So beautiful that really one would be an idiot to give up the place for sny other attraction in the world. Today I begun once more as I did seven years ago, I started uprooting all the grass of my vegetable garden, getting ready for next year. I can't believe my American friend Jason throwing my carrots away while we were picking them together and telling me I should go to New York and Shanghai and what was I doing here. Well, I took two years off and really spent time in these places, providence has granted me this, yet, ironically I there even got deeper into the natural and old aspect of their culture, their new ephemeral culture anyway being deeply affected by the economical situation drastically rising in China and drastically falling in America. I love this country and I am most content, it has provided me with everything and I should be grateful... Still allot of nature here left unspculated, hope they will keep this way.