

Fig.064 Screenshot showing me going in the southern Indian ocean after a long walk. Leaving the cold climates and rediscovering southern climates has helped me to recover my physical health. Despite not actively seeking to do sports, I simply keep on the move, rebelling to the idea that one day society is doomed to board a space shuttle and leave mother earth.

HEARTBEATS 04

It was at the age of 16 that I won a scholarship and spent a whole year in a small town in Wisconsin. There I attended a high-school and experienced almost military-like training. The wake up call was at five and we had to run for an hour in the freezing weather. Then there was weight-lifting on rotation. The actual hours of school were just meant for resting before the afternoon training in the swimming pool which lasted until the evening. Needless to say I was a little fart among all these Prussians and Russians blond giants who had no mercy in bullying me. Back in Italy and for several years I spent a daily average of three hours in the gym. As a result at the age of 19 I had so many muscles I could not even reach my neck. I began to take part to bodybuilding competitions and came to represent my region at the Mister Italy final. This experience got me face to face with the vanity and decadence of the entertainment industry. So disgusted I was that unlike all my friends who later ended up quite bad with steroids and the like, I pulled the plug and never stepped foot back in the world of the spectacle. Soon after this diminishing experience I began to fully dedicate myself to painting and writing. Traveling also became my way to discover not so much foreign countries by what it means to be human.