

Bozzo del Lino, January 2025

Life could be so easy. Breaking it down to the basics. As long if you can ignore the shit that goes down around you.

Spending a month in a small house outside a little village at the coast of Liguria, cuts it down to the fundamental. About after a week I felt totally fused with my surrounding. The tasks find me easily to get things going and all is more like a natural doing than a task, like in an everyday life as I know it from my city life.

Splitting wood, harvesting tree resin to make antiseptic creams, cutting small a tree that fell over the path after a storm, finding solutions to transport the wood to the house without carrying too heavy or having to walk too many times. Looking for herbs in the wild to cure my cold, keeping the broth from one cooked meal to season one other. Watching the lizards, sunbathing on the drywalls – while I do the same in a comfortable wicker chair. Watch de islands off shore in different moods, lights, mists and clouds. Harvesting prickely pear without piercing my skin, thinking of recipes for the ripe bitter oranges growing all around. Listening to the many birdcalls, without barely seeing them. Recognizing traces on the path as the plowing up, only wild pigs can do.

These days the sun is beaming all she can in the cool january air. Looking down to the ocean, it reflects like shiny glittery gold all the way from the horizon to the shore, only interrupted by the small islands Tino and Palmaria. Too bright to watch it clear. The mediterranean sea, the biggest grave I probably will see with my own eyes in my lifetime. Tousands and tousands of souls been taken by it and still, its a human made catastrophe.

Gunshots tear me out of my thoughts. The second Espresso was too much I can feel the light pressure in my forehad only too much caffeine gives me. I wished I've brought my sunglasses. For some reason I didn't trust the need for it, up north when I packed my bags.

Leaving the house to go down to the village isn't a daily task. It just gives me the chance to not only dig up my skills for the edge of civilisation, rather brings back my instincts of surviving in urban areas. Someone broke the part of the public toilet where one can throw coins in a slot. Tangled wires are hanging out the wall, despite this the screen still works and surprisingly enough the mechanism which gets the doors to open, is still functional. Only the coins, end up laying in the casing in the wall or are stuck in the part of the device that is made for giving the impulse to open the door. Only that now, they are accessible to snatch out. I couldn't believe people are still throwing coins in to use the toilet, which is one thing but not taking them back out after doing their business? It's an invitation for me, lets call it the punker-instinct, to collect the coins and spend them in a treat. Found money, has to be spent in a treat, my firm believe, if possible shared with a friend. One day it was enough for an espresso and a pearjuice.

Returning back from the village gives me a kind of impression I'm all alone in the forest even though its not even 20min out and the closest neighbour is like a stone's throw away. I can still hear the waves from the ocean and occasionally cop sirens. The later sounds kind of like a bit an overexciting noise. I will never understand how someone actually put such an effort in it to create that sound like it is. For me it sounds more like an announcement of something extravagant than the arrival of so-called authority. But well. Being here slid me into all sort of routines. How I place the little cup on top of the Bialetti coffee pot to preheat it, while it is still cold from the night. How I walk up towards the forest road first thing every morning to pick up the wildlife cam I placed at dusk. It became like a ritual to check the footage later on the day to see how the forest was so vivid while I was deep asleep. Wildpigs, badgers, housecats..... but today it caught me off guard. In the early morning hours, the sun wasn't up enough to throw shadows but daylight was already bright, the footage shows a hunter. His rifle was packed up neatly hanging off his back and he checked his phone. First I wasn't even sure if he noticed the camera. He walks past the tree where I installed it, and disappears. Three seconds... four... I hold my breath while watching it, thinking next thing he must remove the camera. Maybe even take it, who knows. But just a moment later he appears again, slenders off, heavy-footed with his eyes on his phone, up the path and gone.

During the day, wildlife is more audible than visible. Rustles in the rosemary bush, flapping wings of invisible birds leaving the scene when I appear, noises in the thicket that I assign to lizards. Only sporadically I discover one, just before it's gone. But today late afternoon my quite idyll was interrupted, well not really interrupted but diverted by a call of a buzzard. Better three of them circling above my head, dicing down occasionally, and finding their way back up into the sky. A spectacle of showing, disappearing out my field of view in the next moment. They just stayed long enough for me to recognize the shape of their tails and pattern of their feathers to figure out which species they are.

Slowly the earth turns eastward and lets the sun hide behind the islands off coast. While the rays shine through the atmosphere at the appropriate angle onto the earth, the individual rays of light are scattered and deflected by the gas, dust and water particles in the atmosphere and make the sky turn red. I've spent the whole day on the terrace absorbing all the noise during the different times of the day. The dripping watertap, car engines, bird sounds, the cracking branches under the feet of a person taking their dog for a walk, leaves in the occasional breeze, gunshots, distant honks, leaves slide over the concrete floor, the waves of the ocean... contradictions could not be bigger.

It's time to harvest the resin before it gets dark, the cream will heal all sort of sores.