

## **THE RUBHA HUNISH JOURNALS – 50.000 words.**

Rubha Hunish is a real place in northern Scotland on the Isle of Skye, but it is also the ideal destination of a journey along different paths pursuing a frontier that moves continually forward, from the Alps to the Andes to the Arctic. The Author has actually travelled to all those places and visits them once more by means of this book, treading also through other, more immaterial, places.

Travelling is not only a motion inside a physical space, but also into the recesses of spirit, and this book - actually a journal deliberately disregarding any chronological and geographical order - is meant to inspire the reader to move forward in search of a final *terra incognita* that people can find only in their own inner selves. For, rather than a travel book, *The Rubha Hunish Journals* is a book that travels – a common journey with the readers towards the unknown and the discovery of Self.

The new 2010 Galaad Edizioni edition was amended, rewritten in parts, two new chapters were added, and an Appendix titled “And the journey continues” containing the bulk of seven major magazine travel stories appeared in major national publications from 2006 to 2009, included.

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The book is a "journal" inspired by the idea of a ship's log and works in circular motion. The unfolding of the "Diario" eschews any expected geographical or chronological order: a simple, but original trick devised to lead the reader forward, to a "*terra incognita*" made of imagination, lateral thinking, and subtle emotional worlds, where Sapienza can explore – as his contempora, where Sapienza can explore – what his contemporary *maestro* and friend notes as “the relationship between landscape and imagination”.

This idea sparks many effects: the narrative draws the reader into and across the open ground of an inner universe. In this literary and physical landscape, the author and the reader journey together in a sort of "dislocated" latitude, so that when reading one feels like being thrown off the trail of everyday thought processes. After this, the reader is ready to locate and recognise the signs of the literary fabric and the stylistic layers: they

really are like the stone cairns left by the writer-explorer on the coasts of unexplored literary regions, there to help the brave traveller.

It is all encoded in the subtitle: "*Short essays on the interruption of thinking while travelling*" so the first-person narrative, as most reviews noted, this technical choice allows for a straight line to the inner boundaries of man, their outlines delicate and fragile on the common ground of life. "The frontiers of our future are inside us", says the explorer with the pen/stick/boots: this is not a travel book, but it is certainly a book that travels in the natural world, just as his masters works - London, Melville, Lopez, Thoreau: because that is the single strongest *entità*, the biblical power of which encompasses all the narrow lanes where modern literature often struggles to transcend itself.

**LA VALLE DI OGNIDOVE/ THE VALLEY OF EVERYWHERE.** 42.000 words.

*La Valle di Ognidove / The Valley of Everywhere* is a novel-journey that unravels itself along seven greater journeys and through episodes which make up the story of Ishamel, a young lumberman who discovers that the very fabric of his job is the origin of paper, therefore books and writing. The discovery spurs him to travel and leave his own native mountain valley heading to "the Everywhere".

Ishmael then moves through real landscapes through space and time (the European Northlands and the ice of the Canadian arctic regions, the Italian Alps, the history of the great war; the history of Jesus Christ.) Once you get to the final destination, the access to "the Valley of Everywhere" is none other than an unknown destination that the reader has to make up on his own – making a choice, just like Ishamel did at the very beginning of the novel.

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Ishmael is a young lumberman, and is thrilled at discovering that the timber he handles every day is the very material from which paper is made. This gives him a new consciousness of himself and of the world in which he lives, because handling wood he handles paper, and since paper is the instrument to diffuse written words, he is one of the rings of the chain of progress through the diffusion of ideas.

Yearning to learn more, Ishmael leaves his native mountains looking for other valleys in search of one special valley, which is Everywhere. Like Everyman, the leading character in ancient "moralities", he sets forth a pilgrimage along the worldly miseries and the glory of nature to reach the one place that can be anywhere for any man and that he will recognize or choose as his own "Everywhere" . And through this voyage, which is a spiritual reminder of authors like Herman Melville and Jack London, he travels through Space and Time; reflects upon otherworldly and philosophical topics related to Man's role in Nature; delivers various suprising twists and turns, and will not give up his – and the reader's – freedom to explore and end a book with an open lead to the next level, a higher ground of consciousness.

### **LA STRADA ERA L'ACQUA/THE ROAD WAS THE WATER. 30.000 words.**

Engadine, Switzerland, June 30, 2007. Dario Agostini hugs his wife and son, waves goodbye and plunges into his kayak on the Inn river. He plans to paddle through the heart of the Alps to reach the Danube and then follow that road of water through the Balcans to the Black Sea. He'll reach Istanbul on September 17. It has taken him 504 hours in 80 days to paddle along 3860 kilometres through 10 States. A long solo journey on his water road. Dario might write an adventure book. But that is not what he has in mind. He takes daily notes in a journal, which is not a travel log, but rather a collection of thoughts, impressions, feelings. Bidding him good luck on the Inn riverside, together with his wife and son, there was also a friend of his, Davide Sapienza who is a poet and a writer, author of books about Nature and the Spirit of places. He would like him to write about the Spirit of waters so he asks Dario to text him daily wiyth just one word and one place name: and, when he is back home, he will hand him his journal. That is the genesis of this book.

In *The Road Was The Water* the main character is the Water that accompanies the man in the frail light frame boat and tells his story. What Sapienza did was a very cinematic job, an approach that allowed him to edit the traveller's journey, put them out of context, and forge them into the speech of the Waters from the Alps to Istanbul, Turkey. This is a story with no tragedy or disaster, no morbid secrets; just a quiet dialogue between Man and Water about stillness and continuity, and the Mistery that urges Man to tread along the paths of the world.

