

My boss is out, as a pirate, traveling abroad and fetching new treasures while we keep on devising new weapons for his middle size war ship which only work as pure representation. In reality, the pirates of our time play the same game as the Greek sophists condemned by Socrates, going around displaying the banners they got from foreign countries and so persuading the islanders of their prestige which indeed, if they actually take the trouble to investigate and now what is going on on the other side of the sea, they would really not bother but rather invest locally. Anyway it is really good to have a look around, experience life in different places and develop a certain understanding of them, their qualities and defects as Marco Polo did traveling as one of the first Westerners in the East, and as many others in the Classical world, just that today certain obvious, common sense understandings are not allowed... only scientific proofs are considered true and yet I do see the unhealthy consumption of America people comparing for instance to Europeans and particularly to Chinese to whom they want to give a lesson about civilization. I have understood that by simply going in other people's place being a guest and observe things I am not used to, consumptions that makes the nature within me revolve and then having to listen to all their moralism, how the world should be corrected and how my fat neighbour could as well start a farm and everybody would be happy. As much as I got deep to know them I want to move quickly away from them. This is one of my characteristics we things I don't find worth, I find contaminating of my and my family integrity. Probably a balanced place where nature can still be experienced and it is not only a place where nature is just a landscape, that I have never rejected. Sweden is certainly one although the nature there goes on a long winter sleep and there is really no life then. Yet in the forest I can pick my many lingon berries and mushrooms (still were humans haven't artificially exploited). We got away from our countryside place in Sweden also partially because my brother-in-law just wanting to make quick money and buying a 4 wheelers drive (another American corruption) had a big part of the forest cut down... there is no distinction between making war and such abominable thing of introducing such large machine in such an intimate place and cut it down... certain sacrifices have to be made though although the machine driven once are so drastic and brutal and unaware of differentiation and selection between for example what is worth to be kept or not. Anyway, Americans living in such a wild continent have instinctively created such awful technologies, and this has no stop it seems. In my native highland in the Alps the people use to keep half of the forest Holly and half for human exploitation yet even the exploited part was well taken care of by the human selection and their understanding of dependency to it and thus their great respect.

Just watched a documentary about graffiti artists becoming celebrities... I certainly respect few of those for their courage and persistent although now that it has become fashionable it is rather hard to distinguish the real ones from those that do it only to become a celebrity, I guess that is the main sucky thing and what also keeps me away from the art-world and other worlds but the real world. I just went off to a mission, also requiring much courage because it is indeed a long, long journey with much privations and very little or none existing celebrations of myself as a whatever being going for something hard-core the total depiction of a time spam, the core of an individual life which much intersects with that of others. I guess that if I was ever born in an urban landscape I would have also become a graffiti guy... so many gray facades erected by the establishment... as a matter of fact I did that to, throwing eggs filled with color at large billboards or all the work done in Vancouver as a student much absorbed in the urban fabric. Yet now it is a different "poetic" (although according to Aristotle it would not be considered as such)... it is me and this mission I have to endure wherever providence pushes me, wherever I will need to plug and keep on play, no demoralizations, it is part of the game! I guess that is a strange mixture of extreme heroism in a very non-extreme scenario like that of the house-hold (meantime my wife got to the gym really piss because I don't pay attention to her gossips). That is the thing, remove any desire of being a celebrity or hearing about them, removing temporal glory and anything that has to do with it and only put all our intelligent to eternal things, immortal enterprises and maybe just die in a dark valley somewhere on top of isolated mountains, alone like a dog, a most happy dog.... I have to go know and attend to my kid at the playground... Plutarch comes with me and even that time will be made worth it!

Back to work and writing, actually my work now for the time being has turned out to be writing about others, making experiments with others and getting feedbacks, this goes parallelly well with the experiment I am conducting with myself. It requires a bit of the same skills, really broad skills that are certainly not acquired in an educational environments where on the contrary they force specialization. Many specializations are indeed needed to create meaningful content resulting in a depiction of human nature which is not the blinding depictions we are used to but allow the viewer to immerse himself into it and there find broken pieces of a mirror which he can later use to reflect himself. Many of the depiction we generally consume are no mirrors but light pointed at our eyes. The mirrors do shine as well but from the sun and as we approach them something is revealed to us. I really find these mirrors in the classics. Every classic is a mirror as every classic does not need any electricity to be sustained, it is reflective and thus, when the artificial power shut down, the mirror are still there and the lights turns off. This selection is made harder now that humans have been to keep more and more of the lights on and even keep mirrors in obscurity. The mirror is a reflective surface with much depth. In order to make something reflective one must reflect, reflect himself and his surrounding, reflective most his reality and its fermentations, even reflect the very artificial lights as those take part of the real.

I haven't even gone to work today, my boss abroad I decided to be home and take care of my garden. I have already taken care of his automated field, just like in one of the parable told my Jesus, when the land-owner comes back from a commission and only finds one slave to have actually taken care of his fields. Yet, being this a metaphor for the spiritual fields I would rather say that the taken care of the materialistic fields of our worldly lords actually impoverish our own. I have really noticed that, although one really tries if he can to keep taking care of his own spiritual garden while working for the predominant magnitude of the little lords' properties. It is again part of the game, and by taking it in this spirit, it is really an interesting exploration. Likely there are little hopes in small things that most always turn out rather vane but the actual encouragement they give is great. I have an appointment next week with a young curator who welcomed me rather openly, even though right this week I was really thinking of doing without all that small crowd... but then I dreamed about him and how much he liked my work and then I also saw this documentary of graffiti artists which really made me daring and most of everything it seems that we are rather soon to leave this place as my wife already got a job interview with the Swedish television. I am adaptive yet I realize that we all need expectations, we shall not rely exclusively to them, we shall keep up with our work but the very tiny expectations we can gather here and there can really help us out, encourage our challenge particularly in the contemporary context with much of the emancipation surrounding every individual. We shall definitely cultivate a couple of good friends with whom we can appreciate each other work. As we might be leaving as we might be dying we really try now to do what we haven't done and value this context to the most... maybe this summer a trip West, maybe through the Midwest were I spent a happy year of my life as an exchange student or the Far West were I was really in doing street performances and living in the spirit of the people there, a semi-homeless and nomad traveling with my work and beginning to think right on this, a systematic way of capturing my proliferation. Ought to fetch my kiddy to scholly... hopefully he is up to take a walk and explore together once again our sweat little town...

Just found a seat upstairs in the modern part of the building were I work, the Mecca of modern technology, yet this should have been emphasized more by the building itself with more geometrical purity such as a very distinguishable perfect square as the Mecca is, but I guess it is the result of team-work which always result into a compromise of concepts and turns weak. There are other buildings from the window that I am contemplating, there is more the work of nature reflected by the design of an architect facing all the physical constrains that today are replaced by artificial and thus volatile constrains, mostly aimed towards security while really the design of an architect has to aim to a challenge... the Chinese skyscrapers, the Fascist architecture, a Buddhist temple on a cliff... those are all challenges and therefore grandiose and worth to be remembered, they actually don't need any fart to remember them because they will always be there, elevating our spirit, subjecting our arrogance, inspiring. A skyscraper among skyscraper is just conventional, and so it is a mountain among other mountains. I am more of a average Mediterranean looking guy and might end up among the Swedish giants... yet I come to think that there are really no mountains there and the construction of a mountain would mean allot as it meant in the Viking age where kings were buried and mountains erected on top. I sat on with my kid in the top contemplating...looking out as I am now looking out but with an ended view. A mountain were there are no mountains, the place is there, in the heart of my wife's family forest, an abandoned forest used only for savage machine exploitation, a mirror of our souls. My dream is to elevate a rock monolith seating in the middle, the Badger Mountain and there bury the archive (disclosing or not disclosing it?). I might fail, the granite is unbreakable and so the Swedish regulations and so the neighbors like my brother-in-law, I assume. Since providence seems like to bring me there once more I shall pursue the idea as premature it is no more and indeed now I also have a plan to even take me away from Sweden and keep exploring the parts of the World I still haven't explored, this for the sake of my project... and thus the hill again will be more of the hiding place of a pirat/viking. A Spanish artist once presented a work where he been sealing a prehistoric cave with cement, the entrance was very big and it really stroke me that single picture he presented... will think of a structure ... nice hope though... instead for hoping for a gallery show and so forth, here I am hoping to get back to nature which is totally opposite from the pedestals society erects for the champions of vanity, her temporary idols, the Olympus that is being constantly reshaped. y doing that I just literally collapse such an artificial construct... We will see, again I don't wanna force anything in my life but this.

Playground again this time on a sabbath with my phone off line avoiding all the boring and unnecessary formalities with the neigh ours who wants me over for their fat dinners or demand help to get work done for their ego in other words folk that is never really content and quite much complaining and cannot enjoy simplicity as now seating below the shadow of a tree typing and being most absorbed in waiting for my kiddy and really detach from anything but my willing of freedom which coincide with a willing of total slavery for the sake of my project. I was in this respect wondering how I have been so close to sacrifice it as Abraham was set to sacrifice is only son Isaac we almost did the same by going for business and social life but then rally somehow it feels that always circumstances have brought at least me back to my project alone and nature, the farm in Sweden and my beloved child. A propose, as it seems it might be leaving for a month now with his mother and even stay longer in the farm with in-law. I like the idea, just have to make sure that they don't get him too much into vices such as the usual on-going TV and candies. Obviously yes, moderation in everything... So this work experience was also good to demonstrate that I can indeed by a leader of this society and get good results. No poetic attitude then but really much engagement and willing to accomplish. Obviously there are always difficulties to overcome... A neighbor here is a chiropractor and we went for a visit, she says that I am very flexible but as far as my middle back problem that prevented me from farming and swimming as I use to, she tells me it is only seating I have to avoid. I actually noticed that myself and always have an urge for excursion whether urban or natural, yet now that my kid is small and we don't have a car to go out of the city, they are mostly semi-urban and semi-natural. He will probably miss my natural landscape of my native highland but there is much else to gain and more meaningfully by being able in the farm to really connect to the real at least of the sedentary dimensions. Then we would also need excursions out, be nomads once again for some time in some of the places we haven't been. When I look at a plant now or I look at a colored person, I read and understand so much more, this is really fundamental I think for any type of manager... a manager of a cultural work, a manager of a house or of a nation needs to have had and reflected upon direct experiences and really no mediated ones unless to boost the first ones. Mediated knowledge per se is just arrogance... yesterday I presented to the chiefs of a big companies the results of observations done with users rather than coming up with a design ourselves we looked at reality and there we had something concrete to talk about and really without conflicts... Thus all this imposed social learning of mediated knowledge is just keeping people in the cave looking at projections... luckily because if everyone was really to be awoken and aware then what? Society for sure would totally collapse!

I just got back from the swimming pool with all the family. It is a rather cold spring outside so it was most pleasant to go and release some frustrations. That's all people would need really. It was my first time after a year almost of pause, no swimming due to the back problems I had and my fear for the sleeping disorders that followed, waking up a 3.29 in the night, a minute before the guy with the newspaper delivery came rushing in the old wooden house where we decided to live, close to my wife's relatives but still having to commute every day to the capitol. If really fortune wants it we can go back to the perfect situation where everything started, living in the anonymous capitol of Sweden, closer enough to nature and to the urban environment. It is really a matter of fortune though as even what has just happened today, a day after we bought tickets for my wife and son has shown... there was a big volcanic eruption and flights are cancelled. This was the same when we had to move to Japan some months ago.... an earthquake that stroke a nuclear plant and got the radiation level very dangerous right where we had to go and when we decided to. I guess we never really force things, again we just explore possibilities and see where it is most natural to go. Obviously it is not natural to be here as we are not Americans nor anybody wants us here in this time of recession. I read of Aemilius Paulus, brought by luck to conquer Macedonia, the land of Alexander the great in only a few days and how misfortune was awaiting him on the way back when suddenly his two sons died right in the safety of the household. I guess one should never attempt his fortune so much just because when this is achieved gains can equally turns unfortunate. A deal of courage is totally necessary to accomplish great things that will be the only ones to last. What is not accomplished with a set of courage becomes vane and dissolve. I mean again we might consider all these trees that are cultivated in fields by machines and their tasteless fruit that people stop eating and what grows spontaneously after being exposed and survives. What actually manages to survive is actually what has strength, power, energy and real taste and nutrition. We thus need some venturing, the feeling is great, our life is at risk and we have a sense the fulfill us within, we are clear of our life and of our mission, we have a mission and the mission is great yet we must consider the strikes of fortune and misfortune, we must be sensitive to them and consider them. This does not apply in the vegetating life of the social cultivation where most is predicted and yet even there people have the feeling or at least the security they know but even there things turn screwed.... how would have ever said that this and that? The fathers act most responsibly within society but then their sons just go astray and things get really wrong. The few sons that manage to escape and survive, those will be the new patriarch for a decaying society that was met with fortune and just got declining more and more. America keeps declining visibly and no one can do anything about it since everything is now governed by corporations and the willing of the people cannot in any form get together to face them. Much is the waste, much the speculation until natural resources are available yet things are not right, there is no common sense and understanding of the real values to fight for and get the community together. I guess, as Lao Tsu said some 3.000 years ago... just keep it small and simple and no one will bother you and you will feel content... but then again... is the neighbor sooner or later going to fuck you in the ass? This is why, moderately, I keep up my social and technical expertise!

Back to modern modernity, a modernity that has become now again connected to nature, but however connected there is always a transparent layer subdividing it from it and no matter how thin and transparent this is becoming we are more and more sealed into the artificial, none of these layers can be opened, just like a condom modernity cannot be exposed to nature, the illusion of a one nature is there but in reality the natures are separated with separated intelligences and the single human has to now face control from all of them imposed unconditionally, although it is probably easier to second the natural intelligence than the artificial intelligence, the boring and still stupid artificial intelligence... it might get smarter yet now it is way too warm in this room anyway. It or better she might not act out of moral resentment and just suddenly stop the heating in the winter day or burn the sinful humans inside it... the temperature is constant, and in accordance with the present standard, yet slowly people consumes in here and slowly burns out with cancers infesting them as it seems. All these lights and artificial apparatuses really make me loose my lucidity, I find my head most cloudy at times, my physical and mental practice keep me solid and also do not allow me to get too involved with all these technological enthusiasm and progressive spirit. Just around this technical mecca I see and experience the results of such mindset, the abandonment of the intimacy belonging to each individual. This intimacy, the secret garden, the real flame of life and the real and only love we can communicate, this is lost. Some people may indeed hide it as I do, and cultivate it metaphysically but the fact that they are visibly gray and discontent, that they are most irritable, is a sufficient proof of their letting their existences go, like a fruit tree that has not been taken care of and it is overgrown with much fruit on the ground and now roads and a parking lot fence against it, the very things that have discourage the taking care of it. There are indeed those threats particularly in such capital oriented society were it is profit and no other values to dictate. These threats are there and we shall not be ingenious, we need to arm and prepare. Play also our social role and do not exclusively absorb ourselves in our gardens which society can anytime run over with their technologies. We need to arm ourselves of these very technologies and comprehend them and make use of them rather than trying to lock them. We need to learn the enemies weapon and be prepared for the bulldozers the corporations will send eventually as depicted in the American book "The Grapes of Wrath". There are people out there who wants to take care of things and make things growing with love. They have no shelters, even the traditional shelters like monasteries and institutions have been undermined by corrupted by a profit based mind-set which defeats any prospective of constructive growth of natural things for the sake of numbers, ephemeral economics always playing at the edge of what is allowed and controlling in their voracious fagocitation, now controlling and dictating modern humans.

There should be something now conflicting with my practice resulting in a bit of disorders, which I try not to let them subdue me. Probably the work and/or the coming movement back to Sweden where I first experienced such disorders, I don't know. I woke up again at 3.30 as I used to for a period after we started living in the small town of Uppsala, the city of the dead, or at least a great place where to die, really peaceful as shown by the many burial grounds and spiritual enterprises undertaken there throughout history. I take this early awakening as the "mattutino", the morning prayers of monks and don't loose time in placing myself to work, which is some kind of a pray. My awakening today was really crowded with dreams, I might have a deeper anxiety inside me which the surface doesn't really show. A new bridge has collapsed in the water below and a kid has drawn. I guess it is again another period, yet I have to acknowledge that our moving to Italy, or our planning about it didn't really affect me even though there were many insecurity there and the ground and mentality of the people is really much unstable. The fact is that I could have an employment within Europe and fly back and forth but I want the family to be united. The family has always acted has a great natural constrain for me and what I do. Thanks to it I really believe I did not go astray and I became also responsible of my creative doing rather than just fucking around, going from one vane project to the next. This is only the type of masturbation that people are not really able to distinguish from the actual making of a creature that is autonomous in the long run, after a great deal of responsibility, yet a most natural duty of supervision and love. "I guess that the real dilemma is whether to ejaculate and refrigerate or just keep on cultivating kids knowing that even they will be refrigerated" I just wrote to Nick Montfort, a Professor Honoris Magnissimissimus, in other words a rotten "poet" with whom I had some kind of discussion about just doing the freaking work and stop consuming all the resources on curatorial and archival bla bla.... the e-mail was not sent though, I just keep it for myself, I just use to mature... I am not sure about confronting yet.

Detached and attached, at the same time. Certainly detached to the materialistic aspect of things, as one of those good old Romans, like Gaius Gracchus, the champion of the people, who was actually after his garden when circumstances got him to play politics. I am rather attached to my existence, to its proliferations that I try to cultivate rather than to block for the sake of the exhibition. I will certainly end up with a giant jar of many jars of different kinds of jelly, an Encyclopedia of jellies, some of them still eatable yet my main goal is to have a goal, a noble goal, have something active to do, the presentation comes naturally along and it is not the mean that makes me decide upon things. I had a discussion with a young curator today and he was a bit at a lost of me deploying both facts and fictions, the raw reality and what happen to my subconscious... the duplemont, being in and out doesn't seem to be accepted in the defined sectors of human culture. Yet it is the possibilities that we have today that should dictate how much we should attempt, how much we should play in our games and the mediums we should employ when playing them. I have this game I am playing everyday there are different tasks I have to do, according to the different situations of everyday life I have to accomplish one or another mission. It is not me being complicated, it is modern life offering such possibilities and such variety. Life is not one and the work, as a reflex, are many if we are really true to our time (the motto "One life One work")