

through there is also some leisure mostly with the family. It is true through that the times I have been most virtuous are the times I have been closer to the natural landscape and my own nature. I wouldn't mind in this respect to go for mayor hikes, get that feeling back in the sublime, be solitary and away from all these small societies, keep my willing and independence. I guess I just need to remember and remind myself of it, also resuming all the adventures done around my twenties when I was biking across entire nations. I guess now I will have the money to buy proper equipment and soon also the freedom to just go for these kind of adventures now that my kid has grown up. On the other side what fortifies me is to construct, build things but that is always a matter of having a space to do so. Having these two sort of natural liberations in mind I guess I can get rid of quite some unhappy frustrations, this my friend Jacek also should look into, everyone should and only by doing so we can value our inner virtue and get rid of the corrupting worldly ambitions, which, according to Leopardi, destroy the common good. Getting closer to nature then... for now I feel rather disconnected from the artificial although here in the country there is a big consumption of it and there is no limit (e.g. movies, newspapers, candies and other addictions which I try to regulate at least for my kid's sake).

The weather is adjusting a bit and today, Sunday, I kept it with my wife. After a slow start (myself always busy adding on and polishing my project from early morning), it was her wish to go to a small performance festival in town, which, given the provincial context it is really suitable. The performance we got to see though was rather plain, without vigor and self-referential (a middle-age woman, probably a famous member of that small community, erasing some photos with soap), anyway nothing vigorous nor conceptually sharp, just very predictable and plain (for now long I rather attend a classic performance from a talented and well trained performer as on the boat to Finland). Thereafter we were in high spirit though, discussed future plan (e.g. the country we wish to visit and thanks to the structure I gave to my magnum opus I know exactly where I wish to explore). Later we were in the old house I renovated at the beginning of my Scandinavianification, and sorted all our stuff. I am to throw things and just keep what is essential and some extra but Liselott shows too much affection. On one side I have already decided what is worth to be kept and remembered, I don't mean to make people responsible of any other of my traces. My existential finger print is all virtual, there is also some physical output coming out of it but really no one cares about it in the house and on my side again I feel only exclusively responsible of my virtual construction, a temple I see growing like the Sagrada Familia for Gaudi, hopefully the end want be so solitary and tragic for me and I will actually see the end of the work, then who cares, I can also die like a beggar or just retire to a peacefully and hidden life in nature.

At the in-laws in the country still and today with a little good weather I took my son to a natural reserve in the marshes nearby. My back got rather stiff again after all the moving and I can't really dedicate myself to any gardening for now. It will be walking and exploring and so it is also the complementary direction taken by my project. On the way back from the marshes I gave a lift to an unusual Swedish girl who has been out traveling the whole of Asia taking the transiberian and then through China, South East Asia and India... really a true fascinating girl with much to say, which is particularly rare in the area but I guess it might also be like that anywhere else, these real explorer of humanity. It is only after one reads the book of the world (both within and around us) that one can really write a book about it (not mentioning that any other books are accounts are tediously worthless). Anyway, Lisa was her name, she might as well settle down soon yet she will forever have something of a difference, a light in her eyes that might with time disappear and yet unexpectedly reappear. I long for a pilgrimage, Siddhartha at last might set off again after his intermediate life as a merchant. Yet in this respect for now I will be more a Narcissus preserving rather than dissipating, or just balancing the two. Anyway life goes on, more or less naturally and I am sure there will be times for these manifestations, more and more after I gradually delegate all of the heritage to my son (and in this Leopardi had absolutely no experience).

Another kind of relaxed day, my right lower back being stiff and preventing me from being any humble (e.g. kneel to the ground and plant). Luckily I don't have so much to relay on my body in the future, mostly on my brain now that I got funded to write about life logging and we did not buy a house. It kind of feel hopeless with the bourgeois house as such, or at least the neighbors going out and cutting two square meters of grass every other day... there is really no privacy but inside it. In this sense I rather be a wolf and live in a little cement hole with nature surrounding me, I don't mind that intimacy. The country seems to be otherwise all ruined by these small bourgeoisie couples fulfilling their idyllic dream. I feel that more and more, my dream is to attempt something even more remote, deposit my project in a nature that has not being corrupted and is not threaten like all this surrounding. Anyhow today after analyzing some related works for my Website, I was thinking for my small sister's graduation present. I didn't want to buy any stupidity (I am actually trying to throw as much stupidity as possible out of our domestic cosmos, not to the extend of being a Franciscan monk who only posses what he strictly needs but somewhere there ). I ended up making her a little painting, just a trace of me thinking and caring about her. After nailing an old canvas on the summer cabin and spraying a ground, I started with my son to throw all sort of food stuff like salt and starch and curry and again spraying and letting it cure a bit in the sun and then scratching with aluminum revealing all the various layers that have survived. Just like cooking then and this indeed was what ten years ago got me from documenting the process of my painting (I had some room in my step grandmother's place then after his man died) to documenting the process of living with the technologies at my disposals and the potential they offered me. In the afternoon I was doing sorting trash, doing the laundry and cooking for my father-in-law who really never got any deep in the process of living and like many other professionals never cooked or made his bed, while his father-in-law, living alone in the woods knows all of it, from fishing and cultivating his food and cooking it, to building his own house and so forth... I guess the later is more of my model, it is again a question of little money to start with, this time from scratch and after paying off some of the mortgage (can't relay on any inheritance).

My back is getting better although I abstain myself from any physical work. I have got anyway something to do today after Tatiana, my wife's friend from our time in Shanghai, told us that she can no longer host us in Malaga. Another passionate woman like many in ██████████ families, attracting so many tragedies on themselves. Better this way as I didn't really feel like staying in that modernized city and longed for nature, especially for my kid. I then found a village to the East, below Granada and the Sierra Nevada, places I wish to explore. It is no longer like ten years ago when I left for Spain on the train and improvised through out, eventually having to head back, this time I am much planned and cautious... with my responsibilities, namely my kid and my project, I need to hit a safe base at the end of the day. I was not so excited about this trip, but after some search and longing for isolation in the ancient Mediterranean, it might turn out good, a traditional, informal and non-touristic trip, just going to a natural sight and enjoy it like Pueblo natives in the South of the States. My backpack is only few clothes and the part of my equipment I need when exploring (the sedentary items are kept home).

Just made to the heart of Spain, made it to Madrid in the heart of the night with my heart, my family. The day was nice in the country when I walk up a sunrise (3 am) to take care of my project first of all and then of all the details with the trip, very accurate details else allot can be screwed. After driving the family to Stockholm where my wife had to renew her passport, I left my kid to say hi to his enclave of kindergarten friends and went to the field where I use to run to take a nap. I soon was awake by a dog barking on my face. Walking up in terror I did once again dislocated my shoulder so that I have undertook this travel in very bad physical circumstances although my energy was good particularly with the news of my University employment.

A day alone and then with my son around Madrid, looking for its character prior gentrification and t was amazingly easy to find in its minor, quasi pedestrian streets and the people, a generation that hasn't renewed itself after experience too much the well being and the downsides of post modernity. We met ██████████ today and I was amazed to find that in a day I know Madrid far better than my little step sister who has lived here for years and have only walked the main street. I am also amazed by the little sense of discovery of these young Italians, the educated and half rich middle class. Anyway there were some interesting natural sight were the dry warm climate had the pineta release a beautiful aroma and from where the mountains are visible. I was trying to communicate my discoveries to ██████████ but will eventually take my wife there tomorrow. She has been working these days...

At my little sister graduation in a private campus in the middle of the desert, a bit of an American dream fading away with all the crisis hitting these Southern lands. A nice place though with certainly much nature to explore like all the arid mountains in the background. I wish I had more means to explore but with my kid today we nonetheless took a sky lift to a natural resort right by the city. It is nicely dry here (not like the deteriorating humidity of New England). The heat is thus pleasant and I am sure there must be great places where to live, slowly like I guess the Spanish soul is, a bull dazing in the shadow of a tree and at times making show of its elegant masculinity. Too bad for all these financial catastrophes which has nothing to do really with the working character of the nation, just bitching speculations, the work of most dishonest greediness. What to do yet I really don't like nations getting too prosper, I enjoy their rather sober character and integrity and also the times in which all the social pre-constructions fall to give way to authenticity. I thus see the necessity for some sort of struggle as the war had been... Yet with all these terrific technologies it is now a different matter and probably it is those other virtual crisis to give way to a certain constructive rebirth out of all the block created by the quick artificial saturation of the previous generation.

Just moved to the tropical southern region of the Iberian peninsula, really way too warm and the Mediterranean sea here being to cold, the city is nice though (Malaga, native of Picasso) but it is too party oriented and I really wanna move out to the village I have identified down the Costa del Sol. We came here to meet Liselott's friend from Shanghai but in the end, after she turned her back on us in the last minute, we ought to make something about our time here. Live the natural life of these people is probably the way, taking a siesta break over the heat of the early afternoon and enjoy the evening. It is about midnight out and the streets are crowded with dissipations, good for youngsters, the eternal European youngsters who never wanna grow old and take any responsibility. Anyway, we are here because, partially I got responsible also in trying to document reality at large, immerse myself in its different pools which are now so well interconnected by modern technology.

In a village, a most nice one, very calm aside from nature the wind and the sea being most powerful yet giving the little family much energy and enthusiasm. To leave the city and find an accessible natural base was indeed a good move, we can get so much more, a better room and less perversions as all that is happening in the big city, particularly with the heat. I swam briefly in the ocean by the rocks where I had my wife and kid sheltered. It was really powerful and we are kind of really high of all this experience at the feet of some high mountains. It would be nice to explore such tropical landscape. We found really handy to come here and kind of affordable. Certainly the mistake would be to think to own something, better to rent, to borrow. Owning destroys the landscape thus killing both the spirit of the surrounding and the spirit within the owner who gets captivated. In the end, in all our traveling there have been things that weren't so nice but one learns to avoid them and at the end we always end up having a nice experience, this also trying to avoid the artificial and be closer to nature.

Back from an excursion to the caves in a village nearby. A beautiful site indeed if it wasn't for all the 'Nordic' tourists. The town was actually much better, really a picturesque site Nerja de Andalucia, with his small streets flowing down like small rivers in the lime stone, the white washed small houses of the center. My son and I had actually more fun exploring the caves by the little beach, getting birth through the narrow stone passages and really going into a different world as he always wishes. This to say that anything pretentious just kills all the poetry. I doubt I would want an entrance fee if ever going to build a site of my life work, I doubt I wish any such tourism... pilgrimages will be welcome though.

Just made it back from a long trip over the above Sierra and into the great Sierra Nevada, Europe second largest mountain chain, a really astonishing place. I already miss it, particularly the very top village where my kid and I went eating cherry in a field with the sea below and the tip of a glacier above. What a magic, I wish I was there for a long hike but I guess the time will come, for now it is family leisure and my hikes will be limited to the flat woods of Scandinavia. Yet I now know that wit a cheap flight I can reach Granada and from there go hike in such a sunny and wonderful spot on earth. The family leisure is costly and after much enthusiasm and excitement in our continuous discoveries which this region filled with variety offers, my wife seems to draw back and worry. Well, it won't be like that forever but this liberty is at time necessary in all our otherwise modesty, some vacation of the spirit, all directed towards positive experiencing... I will miss this place!

An easy day in this half charming town, an ancient town and still presently a town despite some occasional mostly local tourists. With my son we went down to the nearby Roman aqueduct, really magnificent and imposing. This really made me think how any cement construction of the same dimension and shape is just very ugly, probably the medium has to stretch to its maximum potential to be imposing and these Romans were using local rocks and the arches are still standing. The rest of the day my wife wanted to spend in a water park which was luckily close. We then went down a beach with nicely flat and rounded stone but very ugly condos making a wall on the side. I bought some local fruit (loquats and cherries) and local ham and bread. With a few Euro we could really properly eat thus avoiding to spend five times as much in a restaurant, we will have to be smarter in the future and plan our daily budget in advance. In the evening we head back with Televisions everywhere streaming the European football championship. One could not avoid it and I got to see the Italian team playing a very mediocre game. It feel like that whole nation needs some sort of a shake after so many decades of richness it feels that there are no longer resources after also the last batch of farmers went off to University and their fields were sold to some speculator. I sometime get really displeased on how my sisters have grown up surrounded with commodities and they are now totally dependent, unable to even cook their own meal and reluctant to any changes. My twin sister in particular is like a big matron who doesn't move over her golden chick, ██████████ of the golden eggs. What are they to do once he dies? I just feel I rather keep a distance as really I was always rejected by these family women nor any investment has ever come my way... Let's keep the independence!

Home at Tatiana, the old friend from here who we met in China. At last, at least she got to host us and saved us an expensive night at the hotel. She is yet another woman who got on herself allot of problems as several other people from the beautiful South like my aunt Francesca who married an old and rich Englishman who soon died, leaving her with an inheritance that she soon managed to spoil with another man. Anyhow it is the first time in days I can seat on a table to write on my little computer, in this sense this time in Andalusia was indeed a bit of a vacation also from several more sedentary parts of the project. The nomadic parts of it takes me elsewhere, to the parts of the world I haven't yet explored, the urban parts of it because really now I know how to access a fantastic nature like that I can find in the mountain chain here, the Sierra Nevada where I could probably come back for myself, walking and looking intimately within me, my thoughts. For this though I will need some preparation, lighter and more durable equipment for instance. I will look into it though and I might also look into be alone, keeping Jacek and other company only for my urban explorations although I really long to introduce this fantastic, spiritual nature to my kid as the time we were in a village up in the Sierra and we went eating cherries from a tree and he wished to have in the future this place for himself... small poetic moments to long for.

Back in green and rainy Sweden, quite a contrast to the ever sunny and burnt Andalusia, with its dramatic landscape where it feels the ancients found their courage and determination. Here it feels we are mostly playing safely indoor, in this sense a good base, an harbor where to retreat with the foreign treasures and recollect over them, sorting and securing them as I did partially today after driving through the homogeneous landscape between the low-fare airport and here. Anyhow, I felt it was rather a pity to leave Andalusia without a solitary exploration of the high peaks, which I so much respected as soon as I saw them. My spirituality needs to refresh though some natural challenge. There will be my Norwegian old classmate's wedding and seeing the weather here my wife decided not to follow. This would allow Jacek and I to pay homage to these Northern peaks although we both belong to rather Southern ones. Let's see if we can squeeze in a challenge but the time seems good since they are busy celebrating midsummer here, a festivity which, being a foreign, I have very little to contribute to without feeling alien... it is my kid tribe, I more and more feel like a maverick, whom, given the circumstances and my nature, will keep independent, ready for a shift if a shift is required by providence (as in the past, as some sort of readiness to set for a journey to sacrifice what is most valuable but then be enforced).

Spent another rainy day first in my in-laws' house, in the elegant drawing room, updating my project after so many days on the road. Later I was in our old wooden house, the one we have restored at decade ago. All our stuff is now there and I did not hesitate once again to throw all the unnecessary. I feel like I want to keep a good quality of all that is necessary, mostly stuff that is made to last like hiking and outdoor equipment in general. I think that as soon as I will have some kind of a salary this fall, not only I will set to be more of an outdoor guy but that will be some what my style. This will also require quite some research and experience in getting really the most suitable stuff. The world is really an open book and I wish to read together with my own self. For this kind of compactness and cleanliness I really would wish to define my own little space and don't mix up with all the stuff that for instance my wife keeps (mostly any kind of scrap as female magazines and so forth). I leave that open though, I guess it is good to have those balancing forces within the family... a bit she throws and a bit I keep.

I am now settled in the drawing room of our old cottage, the one we spent so many years renovating, the one that has seen so many generations, many happy and many sad moments but above all many ordinary ones like today. Aside for updating my lifework today I have been fixing all the registrations for courses and symposiums I will need to attend this fall, once my candidature in cultural theory will commence. I expect a intellectual overdose with all the thousands of compulsory pages and discussions. I think my brain will indeed be able to handle it and will get soon trained as the muscles of those athletes selected by a coach. We will be in facts a bunch of well selected candidates with somewhat of a profile, some experience, some road already under our feet, something to tell as the profiles I was reading of what are going to be my professors, my superiors as it feels the environment will be highly hierarchical, but military practice and discipline is really something I don't mind. My natural father also would have been saved if just his father would have allowed him to join the military. Somehow in the family we really need an hardcore discipline not to get lost, probably the same discipline the mountain environment has given to us shepherd unable to undertake any sedentary physical job without breaking our backs. For this we have to relay to our mental faculties and our mental endurance. In the afternoon my wife and I have secured our loan at the bank, luckily a very small loan which we will attempt to pay off as soon. The few money I will have left will be all invested to experience life at its essence, to purify myself walking down some pilgrimage road.

Again a day updating my life work after much scanning and again rinsing up our load of stuff, taking the initiative to throw away the superfluous. As for my things I am pretty much done. My clothes are now well selected and occupy only a closet. There are still piles of my wife's and son's clothes, hopefully the former will take courage to dismiss her forty years worth of stuff. Funny how what I find worth keeping is only a little memory card which I believe will not exceed 72 gigabytes of memory, the minimum tangible materiality. I believe in the future I will keep up