

view. How wonderful and how simple without all that equipment and that pressure to consume most calories and bike most kilometers. I wish life to keep simple, don't get too complex and broad particularly with all these social networks kept alive in the fridge of our media. It really touches to see all these giant hotels and giant constructions built before the crisis now totally empty and on the verge of collapse. It is a lesson to keep rather contained, like a "malga", one of these small farms dotting these mountains. It is indeed nice to visit █████ again but I wish some certain of independence fearing some negative reactions with █████ who has become indeed a sensitive man but has his issues particularly when no one wants to go biking with him. Looking now forward to communicate all this surrounding mountain beauty to my son, this with fun and much imagination, making him and my wife most happy and with this weather it is indeed easier.

█████ was at work today and I was free to roam a bit with my family high on a mountain with a fantastic natural labyrinth carved on the lime rock by centuries of rain. I felt rather oppressed here as well. Probably I am no longer so versatile and I need to have my own space and be with my family. The fact is that the old generation hasn't really thought of it and all the western world has been taken over by their cemented properties. I will really try to be aware of it with my kids and certainly offer them their place. I also felt a bit detached by this landscape of my youth, almost feeling closer and more familiar with that up in Sweden, particularly looking forward to be in our new tiny property well located between the sea, the forest, the lake and the fields (aside from all the snob shit of tennis and golf courts). At least there we can be rather sheltered from all human speculative ambition. Today, running down the mountain with the pouring rain I felt that I might in fact would like another kid, our last chance. It feels that everything is so fucked up and a new life, in all this tragedy, a new life is a way out.

A day with the entire family walking in the higher plateau and in fact it was really nice following the slow natural tempo where no one stays really behind and everyone gets in communion rather than competing with all the accessories of any other less natural sport. The landscape was really a beauty after yesterday's powerful storm. We were also up in a distant relative small farm, alone in the mist of powerful flashes and roars hitting on us like grenades from the century-old war. It would be nice to have such a remote place to take care of. I guess I do have mine although it is a bit too crowded of neighbors and the parents-in-law are still governing. Things will come with time but it is really in this time that one can get all corroded. Yet I have learned quite a good deal of things and it seems like that the possibilities are rising. It is a question of faith and I do feel mine has a bit diminished, is it because of this social security with my new job? Is it some sort of a betrayal of my soul and talent? Hopefully it will be kept a medium but I guess the problem here is that so much time was spent in the last months with the relatives and the spirit of independence has also come a bit low as I can't really fulfill fully my practice. Just a few more days and we are off alone again.

A day with my family alone and my native plateau and the sun. I kept down my restlessness, at first thinking of maybe climbing a mountain but then went for a banal round walk starting from the very home and reaching an adventure park in the forest for my kid. I was really happy at once but then after an initial complaint from my wife and kid I got quite down. The situation got much and much better after all our psychogeographical walk which really took us through amazing forest with deers and raspberries and many people to interact with and food and ice cream and much joy, a family communion I was really looking forward, something we can really only reach when we are independent, with no others, in total intimacy. Well, this is really to keep in mind because, in fact all the causes of breaking up of this unity has really been outsiders, no matter how close they were from us, thus not only my very good friend Jacek but also our very parents. We ought to keep together as a family and have independent experiences, not always, but often, as often one ought to get in communion with others and this communion, this "rogazione" is far stronger than the social gathering at a mass. It gets you in communion not only with the others but also with the surrounding. Like a bunch of dogs we now dominate it, it is a territory that, after our circumnavigation, will forever be within our sentimental abyss. There might be some poison coming up in the coming days with all the amusement parks and so forth my wife wishes our kid to visit but today's experience has really made the week.

Night at the roller coaster by the beautiful Garda lake and one must acknowledge that the beauty of such a landscape is inherited by all the beautiful humans who have conceived in it. It was fun and this mighty weather made it much easier for us to enjoy ourselves. We might spend some more days by this lake although I was rather sad today living my Alps. There is no point in spending our leisure time but here down south, a sort of European Florida after the ambitious unification of the continent, yet a place which will not be forgotten as much romance can be rediscovered here. Anyway really the amusement park is a reflection of a society where one has to wait in line for a short ride without knowing what to expect... my ride will start very soon after ten years waiting. I am proud of this park though and what Italians have achieved with their own fantasy now threatened by the established one, the American colonizers of the globe killing all local initiatives. Hopefully this crisis will not have them to prevail but rather to get rid of them.

At a day at the beautiful Garda lake collecting all the alpine water in such a fantastic landscape that one feels really inclined to just drop everything and move there for good if it wasn't for the fact that work can be quite tough at this latitude and one has to play smart. After a fantastic walk with my kid in an abandoned olive tree garden by the beach we were driving back up the mountains feeling really in love with the scenery and whatever humans inspired by it had constructed to the point that my wife feels, after much talk about getting a camper, she feels we should have our own little place here which made me most glad as these are really my roots. It could be a goal for the not so close future but it certainly something to look much forward. The moment could be also favorable by the low cognition... a bit closer than to a 1000 years of my history, the Origins, can't wait!

A last sunny day in the high plateau with the intention of making it a firm base together with our working base up North. We all had much fun in this short time and were certainly able at these altitudes to recharge of the bright sun and blue sky. My son in particular had so much to do and so many friends playing non-stop in the parks of my childhood. We have been looking for a site where to settle, a little base or even my grandmother's old and authentic stone house... will see, now back to Sealand!

Settled(?) After so much unsettledness, the moving away from this beautiful and fresh capital four years ago at last, so it seems, we are once again settled. It took us a lot of speculation, human speculation to get a step further up on the life quality. The feeling of disturbance I guess, in these last months is that I needed a place where to start sowing, my little place, a little land to commit to. I am no longer naïve to affirm that I did find one but there is certainly a lot of potential here where this city apartment is located (and how absurd it sounds!). There is a forest and a lake but more over a land for people to cultivate, 100 square meters that I can't wait to set cultivating after this long pause traveling around the world. I guess, as an adopted viking, I will spend the summer most sedentary and dedicate the winter for traveling and reaching life out of the sovereign darkness. I had a strange feeling down in my native plateau that it was somehow too warm of a place for me in the summer. I rather head to these Southern places in the winter and keep with my cultivated land in the summer, this is my feeling at least, as soon as I commit to it. And yes, fuck anything else, the other relatives' big properties and so forth. I rather be little and concentrated, with my tiny corner, tiny but my own, a place to recollect in tranquility, a small island where to hide my treasure.

A first day in our newly bought apartment, really immersed in nature, a really complete one, the only issue again will be the distance from my new job starting in a few weeks. Anyway, for now my duty is to "fresh up" the interiors as my wife puts it. She smells smoke in our empty bedroom and I have been cutting off all the wallpaper edges, it will take its time but eventually I will be able to make a little inner room for my work there and again this is what makes me go. On our way to the supermarket today I stopped with my son in the garden nearby and met the manager, an old man with diabetes who has been cultivating there for more than thirty years. He was rather a nice man full with humor this Karl Axel and certainly had a lot of time to show me around and tell me a lot about himself and gardening. Of the few lots available I finally chose the very first on the other side of the field. I will need to prepare for the autumn and show the other senior gardeners that I am good enough. There are already a lot of good berry bushes, really something necessary for the family, some real nourishment. What made me a bit dubious though is the state of these people who have sort of live my kind of lifestyle, in an apartment cultivating as a hobby. So far I just met elders in not so good conditions, this compared to the ones I meet out in the deep country like my wife's relatives. And yet there is everything here but I guess one can get lazy. I felt rather captivated today with my son in the apartment. Luckily he went to a birthday party of his future classmate and I went with my wife to the nearby pond. Nothing to envy to Walden pond! It was lukewarm and really pleasant to swim across, giving me all the vigor that I miss after I injured my back and stopped doing so much sport as I used to. It will take time but I will go back to it and get some physical training going, also with the field nearby. I really feel without that discipline I might get too weak of a soul. Speaking of which, I went to one of the many villas nearby to pick up my son from the party and met the parents of this Korean adopted kid. The father, Stephan, a Swede with some German blood and a background in the military, seem to have a successful company and quite some powerful acquaintances (including a couple of ministers and the king himself). I guess this is the profile of the rich people around here and myself, like a Gogol character, I am invited to hear their story and report it. It was pure chance that brought us here (the pure chance one gets browsing the Internet), I am certainly not too precocious to say whether I like it or not but it is certainly an interesting experience and hopefully an engaging one, engaging towards the land I cultivate and explore and engaging towards its people, rich ones and poor ones without any prejudice.

Waiting out in the terrace for the potatoes to cook, not much to eat these days with the supermarket being far away and my bike in the hands of Jacek. A lot of sport though, this is an excellent place for it! Aside from my jogging around a field which I try to keep up every other day together with my Chinese gymnast, I can go swimming in the fantastic pond and have much fun with my kid (alas, he is off for a spoiling weekend to his grandparents). As the summer still kicks in, I was playing football with his Eritrean friends Joshi and Ruben. I really served as a model to the latter I guess, as he was really attentive about me and really helped out later in my new vegetable garden, planting raspberries from another abandoned lot. There is really all I ever wanted both in my new lot (mint, blackberries, red berries, gooseberries and even white grapes) and in this peaceful small part of the world while all the surrounding is just infuriating. I play with kids and enjoy nature most spontaneously and really this is the formula to keep oneself young and fresh despite again all these old and half-paralyzed people. One really wonders if it is really because they have so much available that they don't take advantage of it. Well, I guess this is the advantage of being slightly poor and with a contained garden to enjoy, too much property makes me sick and it is really sickening to see these landowners spending their free time cutting stupid grass while I am immersed in the variety of my wild garden, my small encyclopedia as this very project.

It takes always a weekend to reestablish the love and unity in the family after all the inhuman work required to survive in society. My wife and I had quite an argument trying to decide our upcoming future concerning our apartment and how it should be renovated. I always expect such a crisis for every time we move. I am particularly nervous then but one ought to go through it and after the argument try to create a peaceful home where to heal from all the ugliness of the social ambitions. As a matter of fact today I had to, as Tao teaches, I had to once again postpone my ambition of having a little studio all for myself here in the apartment. It will be instead a studio to be shared with my wife although she seldom maintains a constant discipline to require one but I haven't been obstinate and I am willing to have her in the little room I will create by building a new wall and moving an old one. My private intimate space where to deposit my life project will probably only consist of a closet, if I don't utilize the attic of our country house but I am still much undecided. The fact is that I grew really diffident of people, people that all of a sudden can decide to kick me out and destroy the love that I have put for their land as it sort of happened with █████ in-law and as it might as well happen with this very country where I am only an anomalous guest. I was very diffident today meeting the other farmers who share a lot of the land behind our apartment. After preparing my son's room for painting, we were barbecuing there but in the end they seem nice old people. It is funny though that the Chinese says goes that with a vegetable garden one has a long life. The fact is that my garden, I have discovered, belonged to a lady who just died of cancer. It is probably that people here are older and casualties higher. Anyway I have a lot of berry bushes and I can be more "erectus" than what I did ten years ago when I had no back problems. Now there is peace and harmony in the family and most of all willing to make things with love (much easier if there are no parents-in-law around!).

Loads of work today building the shelves for our closets. They were cur for us of cheap wood, ironically one owns a forest and have to use the lowest of material but even that it is a material requiring a certain skill and I feel I have well accomplished the purpose. It took sometime to discover the right method as with everything, but then it was rather a pleasure working. Now at least the clothes have a place where to reside... we never had so much space for them! Everything seems rightly proportioned here, our apartment, the pond where I just took my son's cousin to swim, my vegetable garden where I just did some weed picking, the forest and so forth. We are kind of lucky with the weather I guess but then again it is rather providential that I found all I always wanted concentrated in such a small radius. It is certainly quite exciting to be in this little island knowing the crap of the progressive world around us (and irony wants that all its promoters are in fact living here). We ought to see the winter though and hopefully society (e.g. the one around us but also at work), hopefully that want to destroy the romance. Settling here I really feel, like my wife puts it, I do feel I wanna put my roots. I am now seating with an improvised picnic table beholding the giant noble trees out of the windows... hope it is going to stay this way and if it doesn't there is nothing left but to fight!

My destiny as a painter, a vile one as another day was spent white painting our new apartment, painting over the wallpapers of the older owners, painting over all that they have witness to restart afresh. Really a palliative job as █████ who never wanted me to get in such jobs like my biological father, defines. I guess it would have been tolerable today if I could have taken a break to the lake but my son did not want to step out despite the nice weather. He kept under a pile of pillows, his dark refuge. Later it was much awful driving around to pick up the sliding Japanese door for our little studio to be built and for my wife horse riding lessons. I really dislike all this going around in the traffic, if I could I would really get rid of the car and just rely on my legs, doing some training to go shopping and so forth. Hopefully tomorrow a better day, my son has promised me the lake at least for some time!

Another day at work "refreshing" our new dwelling with my son around and both in good spirit to the point that I think really I will miss him from tomorrow, when he is starting his primary school. This is really the time in which both of us are finally fully engaged in society after so many adventures together and so many a test in different schools and jobs. Here at last we have found, really at the last minute before our mandatory engagement, we have found something really genuine, a place in nature. "Love nature and you will be nature" as Saint Augustine would put it. My wife seems really quite stressed out when she gets home. I am actually fully engaged in the home improvements and she is rather upset for the mess we leave but then in the evening everything chills out. We just got back from some shopping of a real wooden floor for my kid's room (it is apparently colder there in the winter) and some fluorescent green color for the white walls. He wanted it and I really supported him as I do like character in things and not this lavished puritanism as in the churches up here where all the decorations were washed away with white. In that respect I am also reading a scientific account written by a priest from my mountains some centuries ago, basically showing that our people are in fact "Alleman" meaning a big mixture of people, barbarians coming to Italy in different times and then retreating after a defeat to the Alps. I am sort of disturbed by all the raising of nationalism around me, obviously I am the black lamb even though it would sound weird to explain to them that we are all the result of a big human mix, what to do, especially with my redneck neighbours in the country. Anyway, after much carpenter work here and having discovered my natural dimension, I feel someone a nice feeling of kind of belonging to this place. Today we took sometime and learning from yesterday's bad energy (as a Chinese would put it), I both went running and swimming with my son who was rather open for things today. Well, just a matter of keep up the poetry and don't screw it in society!

Really an exhausting day working on my son's bedroom. At first my wife was at home in the morning and I sat to work there immediately postponing to update my life project till she left (I avoid to there with her not to make her angry about my "private writings"). My son was his first day at school and came back completely angry and exhausted thus there was no last swim in the lake for me as he just wanted to be home. I have been painting fluorescent green his wall but I am not so convinced of the result as the paint is not really covering (the ground paint though was really well laid). Later I try to work with my son putting down the expensive wooden floor we bought for him. We have been singing and so forth but he really misses his mama who is out taking a field trip in the mountains with work. It is rainy out but hopefully some nice weather will get me back on the shore, this time I wish to test the swim suit I have borrowed from my brother-in-law and see if it really keeps me warmer now that the autumn is setting in... well it is to say that in one way or another we did manage to get our summer this year as well but how much carpentering work for me and ten more days my career as an intellectual will officially begin...

My son's room is almost finished, at least I am on top of the job with some hammered fingers and sticks in my palms due to all the floor laying. In the afternoon, despite the rain, I have squeezed in a swim with the wetsuit I borrowed from my brother-in-law. It was rather clumsy, it is quite popular up here not to care so much for the quality of personal things but they rather care for the quality of public things. After I picked up my kid at school I went straight to buy more equipment to finish off his room and then even managed to get a wetsuit for me so that I can swim when my lovely pond gets colder. I just feel so vital and handsome within after a bath in nature. As the mountains were my religion back in my native alps, here it is the lakes, water that my ancestors haven't seen for over a thousand here if it is somewhat true that they originated in Scandinavia and took refuge in the Alps after their Italian defeat (notice that there is not a single pond in my alpine island). I also took my son for his horse riding lesson but it was a rather tedious experience, exciting at first, with the horse Rufus being a bit disobedient... I am so not used to the care of domestic animals. Anyway now even my kid got a wetsuit from me and we can enjoy the pond together!

At last the floor in my son's room is done, rather properly I would say with all the necessary spacing and all the details well taken care of. It is just a first intensive step to make this small dwelling both functional and charming. I have also started to download some movies for my son, not the main stream ones that are for rent or for sale but those that only can be found through the disappearing on-line communities (they are drastically being replaced by societies). Despite the rather physical effort of sawing and squeezing all the planks together, I have anyway went out running my laps right behind the house (I hear that there used to be a lake there and luckily it is kept open without any privatization of the ground). I also took the wetsuits with me and went swimming with my son. It felt good with this extra technical skin, really necessary for a dark "southern" like me even though more and more, deepening in my origins through some old books I find that at least some bits of my ancestry might have been quite used to the cold waters. Well, a little bit more than a week left before my work as a researcher will start and still quite a load of work to do in the apartment. Also Jacek wrote an e-mail wanting to go again out for a weekend, this time hiking but there is way too much work and I rather invest it this way. I will keep him as a good buddy to explore the unexplored urban spaces of distant countries while here I will be playing the sedentary one and if I have to go hiking in nature I will go alone and feed on my recordings of thoughts.