

this great disintegrity of Sweden in general with all those immigrants now forever without an identity, probably just like me... although, even if I do not display it, I am working on one. For now anyway I lay most forgotten but I kind of seem to start to like it. I will continue and with integrity!

Just had a most pleasant day with my kid slightly sick yet really pleasant to have him home and play our soldier games beside having to wash all the mattress and sheets after he peed in bed. Really allot to do home but then again we had time for a nice animation by Pixar. I have particularly enjoyed how new techniques gets combined with all that nostalgia and quality and aura, really also what I am up to. I am now at a school meeting a bit destroying all the charm with all this socialist addressing... a bit detaching from family and community. Today a day dedicated to social networking once again in this capital of this small province. Just a game because really I don't have any ambition of climbing any society and particularly not this little one, just enjoying this isolation and the preserved purity of this peninsula, that is rather all, a nice place where to build one's nestle, as birds teaches us. Anyway today there were three encounters, a formal one with my friend Bjorn who, in his institutional position, was surprised about all my career drops by moving around, as I really care of that. It is rather my intuition that I follow most exclusively to mature my spiritual path which I believe coincide with my project. The second encounter today was improvised, my swimming friend Asmund. I walked on the other side of town to meet him but found him quite laid back and consumed from his work, work he does for other people not for so much money, like most social members consuming their existences without any direction within themselves. The third encounter was rather providential, an American I worked with long ago to whom I enquired moving here but got no answer from (he later explained that he just got a new baby). The job I abandon in the States, observing and learning from people, that is really his profession and I wish I could meet him again and keep working, together with my project that is a personal observation, keep working, meaning get a bit of a living observing society, learning from people and particularly people from the world... my kid calls for me, we are in a playground, his mother away to write a scientific article all weekend. A most quiet and sunny and beautiful day with my son. We didn't need to go far like in anything else we did not need to go far to find magic and get in love with what of local can be appreciated. We explored, observed and had fun now the evening, hopefully engaging without he bad feeling of being lonely and going into vicious moods, but keeping constructive and in love with my present engagements.

A day, contrary to yesterday, a day home again alone with my kid, my wife being in the countryside writing her last scientific articles. Again, contrary to my habit, I did not want to insist with my kid to go out, he is just recovering from a flu, and kept in playing at times with him and falling deeply into my reading of Lermontov whose fiction I really admire, particularly the savage mountain setting rightly balance with the bored high class of that time. I got thinking about the main character Pechorin, his lack of sensitivity, his easy engage and disengage with people and I guess myself has also turned a most impassionate person in this respect with all strangers but very, very few to who I am loyal such as my inner family and a few really dear friends which I esteem probably because themselves are small Lermontovs, have a certain Cossack spirit within them. I really hate the apathy of those I considered somewhat friends like Asmund and so forth. I hate meaninglessness and lack of a pursuit and gush how much that is lacking in those individuals to whom now I totally defier. I read through Pechorin that people with ideas are bound to act, else they turn mad in their chair. This has occurred to my dad, it was a good premonition. I have a great sense of responsibility for my son, contrary to him and contrary to him I do act, I do take on great ventures yet really being most careful about not abandoning my son nor my discipline. How much is to dislike of all these human enterprises made for the exclusive sake of vanity and pride! Let's hope that history will erase them all, all this corrupting persuasion to which America is the epicenter. Let's go back a hundred years or go forward or just remain in the present state, hidden and content like Epicurus once taught us.

Everything is most tranquil, tranquil it rains and as my kid is in school and my wife at work I go over all of my work, project by project in a most tranquil fashion, very content and without anxieties although really I have no material securities nor anyone who could really help me in case of a necessity. I feel very, very far like on top of a clouded mountain where everything is most silent and invisible, yet there I can envision, envision the landscape despite the barrier, a most sunny and clear landscape from which I can comprehend everything, what has pass and what is to come... back. I am completely naked now, I wanted it myself. I could have been dressing like a king by now yet I from an early beginning, have planned my life so as to concentrate on the production of spiritual goods. Life at times take me on the most worldly paths of human corruption but that very discipline which is now part of me takes me back to it and makes me abandon all the social advantages that I have so far accumulated. Periodically, like Saint Francis, I rip off those clothes but then time come and the game of society is played once more, for some time. Pechorin was seducing girls and then abandon them once they declared their love; I feel like I seduce ambitious institutions at times and then abandon them leaving much straggle within them, within their otherwise untouchable security of all their ambitious plans. I am probably some sort of spiritual terrorist while in society but in the nestle of my family, in all my concentrated intimacy with them, I feel most pure, knowing what they need and how to take care of them and how to nourish myself in such an isolation, such a silence, such a disconnection... and really that comes from me, probably a great source of charm and amusement when in company. For now I just test my re-entrance in this provincial society, I test by meeting and confronting at times some of their members, again with the great suspicion of a Zarathustra walking down the mountain and encountering all those people with their fetishistic faiths, with their unworthy idols.

Everything went smoothly these days until I decide to go to the swimming pool and re-establish my old discipline here. Well I walked quite some kilometers do the nearest pool, an old pool with much chlorine in the water where I measured my speed as part of the project. Afterwards I was not really able to hold things, aside from dropping things while doing the dishes I even dropped my camera, the camera with which I photograph my activities, I dropped it in the library while renting a film for my kid, and it broke. It felt like breaking part of me although I have many more exactly identical cameras, I really tried to fix it even if it is not really reactive now and up to my second revision I had to press the button several times before it took a photo. Let's say the now the camera must have taken around 100.000 pictures, maybe less, but I will try to keep it up since commerce has for long moved forward and you can't really find a simple camera of the kind without a million additional features which makes the actual process of photographing really obtrusive. Let's see, I might try to go swimming in the main pool in town once I get my bike from the countryside or else I try running again although I was a bit unsuccessful there as I have really found a proper field for my measurements (too many hills and organic paths here, while the sport arena is only for private use... other costumes) and my left knee has been a bit painful after so much walking this summer. The good thing among everything is that, while I keep being ignored basically by all those institutional freaks (from which in reality I only want some money and involvement), my dear Jacek has returned from a long trip in the States. We have much affinities and much energies and we are both very direct, we answer each other immediately and , not the least, we are indeed talented... knowing how to draw and write and sketch ideas... we got skills, maybe not so useful for the consumer society as yet... our sensible, spiritual outputs. Yet we are two Byrons, we have courage and much willing of exploration. Aside from all this heavy social restrain which doesn't look so good as the economy recedes, we shall move on our adventures and spiritual conquests, maybe to his home country Poland as a start. The gray weather persists as a giant and warn our handkerchief suffocating us below, yet there is peace and time and space for concentration and envision of sublime images, memories of a blue sky and clear mountains, panoramas I would like to share with my son, places I would never detach myself from again after seeing how ugly can be the rest of the world, how ugly humans can make it with their greed, how ugly humans are in general. I keep out of humans for now, I have ceased my social boasting in this "petit monde" , what else to do? Get deeply indignant of their indifference? Fight them all in a duel? All those sophists, those teachers of rhetorics, none of them have showed me the least love of a father, they have all disregarded me despite my noble porpoise and the great effort I am undertaking. Well I don't know if that is the path to an absolute truth, yet it is certain that faith has brought it to me and I won't betray this spiritual path I have clearly marked in front of me. Everything else I do disregard myself and majorly these people preaching persuasion, people of no faith that make loose the faith of potential missioners of peace and love. I am now left here in isolation but there might be something, some purpose for my future existence, maybe coming from the most unexpected source. I thus keep flowing, it is one month I am back in this Sea Land and I am most industrious with my own work, risky business to continue that without earning any social credits... I take the risk and keep in my faith, with hope, living very lightly and decently, being of no weight to anyone (only a tenth of my wife's salary goes for food).

Today it seems that I got back to business again as my friend Jacek paid us a visit and we are setting up a studio together. Probably no money for a long time but at least some life, being a player, observe the world and humans... further insights to then, at times retreat and meditate faithful within. It is scary the amount of time and engagement for any of those initiatives, I will have to make sure that I will meet my priorities first and effectively before everyday I embark into this other enterprise which is more directed to society with a person I have a great feeling with. Let's see how it goes, step by step keeping high our hope and realizing things concretely, network with humans for real and getting away from this formal surface of academia, hopefully as the all continent is contagiously turning "academic". Now back to my work which I temporarily left aside today, swimming was no good and I got back to suddenly awake at night... gotta to keep on stretching and most of all "endure", endure reality and everything that comes with it and be cautious.

A jolly day despite the strong wind and the stiff back that like for Perseus of Macedonia who was constantly awaken by the Romans, really kills. I try to stretch, go up at 3 am and take care of my project and go back to sleep again, later usually after an hour of daily updating. Despite all it was a nice day out in the autumn sun with my kid playing soccer in a plastic field and jogging. I am slowly considering things and let time to decide, or at least suggests me what is right to do without going promptly into allot of action and work, useless work baring no fruits. I have started today to read Doctor Zhivago, to continue with my Russian authors. I seem to like it, really poetic and struggling even though usually I don't read books written after the advent of cinema this has definitely something to say, Pasternak, the author, has really experienced and tells us a meaningful story to further reflect on our human condition, this is real culture, I believe. The sun still shine, the apartment, our little two rooms apartment is now clean, vacuum-cleaned, and my kid keeps talking, we will go out soon and I might lay again on the grass with Zhivago, living myself a kind of poverty, some kind of fruitful recession while all around me all materialism flourishes, everything progresses but I do not.

Now that the family is gone to the countryside I am spending the weekend at Jacek's two square meters studio, our apartment being landed to my brother-in-law's family in the city for a marathon. Talking of which I did my own marathon today in the woods being a most sunny day, at last, getting some insights from within and feeling a bit nostalgic of my native mountains where this kind of weather is not unusual. I wonder when I and my little family, particularly my son, will ever be able to make it there, such sublime nature but how hostile all those enriched people who are now in the verge of a big economic crisis. Things on this end looks instead rather promising, never to the point that one is going to get a big employment or anything, it is just that now with Jacek and his network and my expertise and let's say our talent and vision (being both mountain boys)... we are kind of rolling forward in our ambitions, getting a step in society (in two it is much easier). We both keep nourishing from it and we know that, if things goes well, ultimately we know that what we want is really life, continue our exploration through humans, their cities and nature... pilgrimage roads and so forth. I will spend time now defining our business together, luckily there was Franklin Benjamin and his advices to prepare me.

Eight years today I started my project, eight continuous years and no interruptions, interruptions from many other things, all other things but not my project, the dedication. Much has been the road accomplished yet it feels like that at least in society I am always at the bottom... who cares. Luckily now I have a friend, a nice friend to play with, Jacek with whom I spent all this Sunday preparing for the launching of our company. No matter if we do shit and will never make any money, no matter, we will have fun, explore, play, interact ... Some life going, away from all frustrating academia and gallery world all the institutional world of intellectual predominance, ourselves finally playing our game and again nourish with our personal disciplines... now home I go that it is dark... the winter approaching, so it feels.

A pleasant autumn morning now turned rather grayish and without sun but the breeze is warm and there is much one is drawn to remember of his past. My wife is back to work and my kid back to school and I am back to my practice, as usual, expanding and growing slowly like a plant with many years ahead. I am not meant to rush nor I am concerned to loose the last train for professionists as my mother warns me. I put my dedication and take the biggest of risks, grow life to its full extend and see whether I will end up on a street or I will gain some respect and a voice in this sealed society. I will keep up and second the flow, things changes, particularly with these highly progressive times, yet things keep very much the same. I will keep on at this pace with all the responsibilities which I have now accumulated and to which I give regular care.... just like a good farmer, a farmer that loves farming, a shepard and a farmer.

Just spent an amazing day with my son in the natural reserve on the other side of town, what a fantastic place. Really nothing of the sublime nature of my native town and so forth. I really missed that from the beginning but then, once in the forest... what a fantastic place, protected from the wind and with blueberries and the soft ground and the scents... and the autumn setting in and leaving such sensations deep in the spirit. In the captivation of our social confinement which is particularly remarkable here in Scandinavia, now I know were to head and regain myself... much too explore and when you come to the edges what ugly sensation all these properties... and think that the politicians today are turning all public affairs to private companies... damn all them but let's not think about it... here allot is the nature before it can get exhausted.

My son again home in this autumn gray weather as almost he was the only one being showing solidarity for my miserable state which in reality is really enriching. Okay, I might not have anyone interested in giving me any hand whatsoever yet really I am not dependent from anyone in the execution of my ideal, at the end of the day I am the one who has to seat down and do the work, what do I say, through out the day I have to constantly carry on and carry on till a certain height is reached. I am, the work I am doing is really contrary to any other contemporary work, it relies on time and slow execution, on growth, on absolute methods... the results will come but they are set to come 28 years from now. In four years I might be able to do something consistent, to sketch a part of the final monument that is in fact monumental. I have to keep up and keep under cover and this doesn't get me any fancy. I have stopped boasting by now, just some random confrontations, some updates but no anxieties that no one is willing to get me public. I spread the work at gatherings, informally to people as I describe what I do and get acquainted with them and take their portraits as a totem to my final building. Step by step endurance while the stake, the material stake is too small and all dogs are biting each other's tale to get a piece I go wandering, a slow wonder, observing and ordering my observations, my daily samples in a most minimum container... what to say about all the smoke makers... unless the smoke machine is kept plugged they will keep smoking yet all that they smoke will totally disappear once this is unplugged. Back to the laundry and house cleaning now.

A very beautiful summerish day out. Things got back a bit to normal, my son to school and I going over my projects early morning as the now one week back stiffness keeps me awake, yet instead of laying without nothing to do but thinking I stand up and set to work to then go to sleep again before is time to take my kid to school. I am preparing a portfolio of works for the company I am starting with Jacek and got over some old pictures getting quite stuck home many memories are falling into oblivion, how vivid everything is and how much of that gets erased. Yet one feeling remains, the feeling for a place like my native mountains which I long so much for yet I am totally broke still for any approach. With the excuse of a conference in Austria I asked my parents if they are willing to help me with the travel expenses so that I can go visit them.. will see, their reaction, particularly my mother's are most volcanic, what a damn temper confining the life of me and my father to such Nordic isolations, cutting our way back when our willing of solitary reconciliation is exhausted. Really a damn character yet again we shall accept our nature and learn from those that are our similar, namely the persons that we grew up with and, in my case, my father who hasn't been back to our mountains for fifteen years and has really dissipated his great talent for his masculine fanaticisms. Although I kind of miss him, I miss his sensibility, I am sort of reluctant to get in touch with him after all his violence over my life conduct and project... really not with enduring particularly from one who has never given me any art nor pennies, just a calamity of tragedies while my stepfather in comparison is far more healthy and might be able to actually help... but my mother, God preserves me.

Another gorgeous day indeed, an Indian summer of some sort after all the winter premonitions. These last days of the weeks I generally spend with my Napoleon friends, basing our strategy on action, constructive criticism to reevaluate the contemporary landscape. Along this line of reaction against social stagnation, also a trip to my bourgeois parents, to my native land, a land native to many men of actions and plans and visions with a touch of storytelling and craftsmanship and mysticism into nature. The trip I hope will be with my son so that I can share with him part of my heritage, talking of which I will be in Vienna presenting my project in a cultural heritage conference. Anyway, some hope, just what I wanted along with my discipline.

One more amazing day spent with the family and friends playing football and talking about life and politics. Really not much done in terms of my project but got somewhere and felt I really now took a proper sabbatical.

A stroll in nature again enjoying the mighty weather, the autumn isolation and purity of the uncontaminated landscape, only modified naturally with time. Really beautiful today and then again the winter will come and settle the ambitions of those inhabitants of Sealand. Hopefully, even here the land will be preserved and only subtle and natural enterprises will be undertake... but what to worry about, obviously to see some people getting richer and stupider maybe. Well let's keep up the poetry nonetheless, despite all the circumstances.

Finally at a desk by myself after all this being with the family and meeting and keeping up the relation with friends. I really hope that this local network will help me out at last. Even though my work continues and will continue and there is much time to its end, some social involvement, some sharing the meal, some physical communion is essential yet rather though. Some money are certainly necessary aside from the determination and willing, they usually come, there is usually an involvement but it takes time and faith. It is during this time spent awaiting that things could go wrong and one might take the wrong path. This quasi-religious practice really prevents it I believe. I have settled my ambitions of being any powerful or successful, I will just do my work, continue with it. Today while vacuum cleaning the apartment I thought that I must take it most seriously, present it, promote it and so forth but, given my past experience, I need to find the compromise between boasting and being totally isolated. I need to show my presence, let society know what I am up to but don't create too much smoke as it is now usually being generated by all these event makers. My wife wants me to get started with any job, I don't refuse yet really I can't even find something to earn a bit of living... if they told me to clean the neighbor's toilette I certainly would... keep trying yet most importantly is that I keep taking care of my family and keep evolving and growing my work.