

talking the sophisticated language of their community. I talk no other language but that I assimilate and master through my continuous practice. For now things have worked out, I intuitively improved to the right scenario, showing my utility within my new family by taking care of all the natural work such as growing and preparing the food, looking after the kids and so forth. I am the natural priest of this community yet lets not declare it, religion is something so crystallized and yet so dead and empty for the great majority. The church might be empty and soulless but humanity is naturally provided with spiritual yeast, it is really society to compromise all this natural roles by superimposing their roles, fictitious roles which turns us to despise the surrounding and our very existence as no spiritual flower can germinate in these prefixed circumstances. Well, luckily there are always forgotten corners where the social machine isn't plowing. I keep it here in isolation, a situation I have myself created, a really necessary situation to give birth to something bigger and elaborated, deep and extensive, this knowing that every body else consider myself an idiot who wastes his talent here rather than in the epicenters of cultures, but it is really not facades I am up to producing, I am taking care of whole organism.

Today I was really reminded how terrible it can be to leave in this country property at the periphery of a rural city with no taste and where capitalism and self interest is taking place. Not only the large complex of shops newly built out of town really selling nothing (I was at a plant shops to get something for the vegetable garden and only found flowers) but really this total blindness of the working class now opting for a political party which has allowed everyone to get new cars and new kitchens. As a matter of fact I was just having a disgusting birthday cake bought at the giant supermarket to celebrate my brother-in-law in his newly built kitchen, basically like the picture of a catalogue where they bought if from.... how depressing, all the patina of time accumulated on natural material now totally gone and betrayed with the shiny inorganic materials. On top of this rather upsetting experience my father-in-law talking about the forest, the magnificent forest of our or better as he points it his farm, as a potato land where potato needs to be picked before they rotten implying that again these awful machines should come in and fuck up the forest, the beautiful terrain, compromise it forever... I will have a serious talk with his daughter, this shall not be again, at least this little corner of the most human uglified world can be kept poetic and nice with the kind support of sensible humans. So much stupidity to be faced nowadays in people really with no overall understanding, people without a thought who just see direct benefits and cannot seriously take in consideration consequences.

I am writing with the tip of my fingers all groovy after brushing away the dirt collected while cultivating the land in this warm beginning of the winter. I cultivate anyway even after all the ugly reminders from my father-in-law who shows himself to be very kind yet is getting rid of the forest and doesn't mind driving his tractor over the land. A whole society which is apparently free of conflicts yet might really have giant complexes inside. Anyway I am not afraid of a confrontation nor to express my opinion although really, knowing my nature I can indeed become nasty, loose my temper if provoked. I am already married to the non-violent approach, probably by showing others my humbleness bent down to pick few roots, probably something will be triggered. I know for certain that many are laughing to such a Southern doing everything manually yet they cannot understand the joy that derives from such meditative works in total harmony with nature, being most respectful and sensitive about it and about my own, my back for instance that has to be taken care of and not overworked. While going after every little bad plant to uproot I felt that this is really the quality also presented to us by Jesus with the parabola of the shepherds leaving his sheep to go after that one he lost. I think this is really the quality the differentiate and elevate a work, a creation, those who care about all of his sheep and look after them as a whole and with all his love. I can't wait to get more in Tolstoy although Jacek is back and wants to get into long discussion about our plans. We were enthusiast to find something to do, we worked intuitively yet now he got some criticism and he wishes to rethink everything. The main criticism was that such an idea to rescue the memories of the last war from the now vanishing survivors, is nothing original, yet I explained to him that really there are no original ideas and they all sounds really banal yet if we are confronted with their execution we can really astonish. It is really the execution and carry on of an idea that matters. To try to make the idea looking interesting we fall into abstractions e the sophisticated non-sense which so much characterized our contemporary society of averagely educated yet deeply arrogant citizens. Even if all the people of the county would become doctors, the percentage of ignorance and stupidity wouldn't decrease, actually it is rather the arrogance that this mediated education provides them that increase their ignorance by diminishing their willing of experiencing things directly and deeply get into the understanding of whatever process. I am actively experiencing the process of agriculture and can get some understanding (authentic knowledge) and the same goes for the active observations of my streaming existence... to hamburgers now (never ate so much saturated fat as in the country).

In the country, one of the last days and really allot has been done now that my kid doesn't need so much of my care as he naturally finds it with the environment around him, it feels that really one could do well without all this forced social construction which really deconstruct this natural settings. The technical media in particular takes us away from it very promptly. A friend wants to meet us in town and Jacek proposes a workshop in Warsaw and so forth. Well again I try to be balanced and this is really also what my practice pushes me to do, at times very concentrated and intimate, nourishing from isolation and at times nourishing from social gathering. The real scope in the end is again the construction of my vision and this really requires me to explore both the inner and the outer, nature and the artificial. My dreams, which in the country are really flourishing, are now preparing me for a trip, a week left to a short, intense trip south, re-exploring my roots and exposing the environment there to my now mature set of sampling. Then after the trip again some hibernation, reflections following observation like dough raising again once it has been manipulated. My wife is home with us now, she had overworked and try to take it easy, I will also take it easy and will soften all my love and care for this project..

Just had an evening conversation with my Swedish family and the topic felt on our neighbour, a most intellectual guy who probably had his ideals abandoning the city and moving in the country. Hi profile is quite similar, in this respect, to that of my natural father, he is unemployed and most of all belongs to the extreme right wing, meaning that he wants to get rid of people like me, dark immigrant, no distinction. This really touches me personally, those things, these sides of human nature start to befall on me now as never before I had such encounters, I just acted out of my genuineness but now I realize that many people surrounding me as deeper issues, they have narrow down the world to specific categories (my father said that he has done that through life experience but the guy has mostly lived in a little corner of the world as Anders, the Nazi neighbour). Some of these are good some of these are bad, they see things in red and black, it is indeed an interesting aspect of human nature and something really to expect out of the basic meaninglessness delivered by a society based on consumerism, although I sense that this is the case for the mountain village of shepherds, as one can find the figure of a poet there one can also find that of the xenophobic. It is inevitable although it is to say that really a certain life style, mostly imposed by the social and political surrounding, can really affect communities in different ways, can hide certain aspects as well as it can exalts other, this more or less voluntary. Europe is living a crisis, it is probably a psychological one, the peak was reached, it was believed that it was going to be there for ever but now, so it seems at least through our mass media washed minds, it seems that we are rolling downhill and China is taking the lead. I like to listen to other's people opinion, I am not afraid nor fear catastrophes, I am not that kind of prophet. Things might in the long run affect my practice, a practice that is immortal and disconnected with the circumstances. I keep up while people that so much worry about a thing that is soon going to strike them they will be stroke by another. Let's get back to our kingdom.

Seating on the floor while my son uses the long dining table for his exhibition. He is most skilled at presenting and displaying the small things he collects. Also the vegetable garden is getting most ordered and nice. Things get really nice when one has a place, in this case a physical space to show his love and care. Soon we will head back and then it will be mostly taking care of my virtual kingdom and perchance some of the opportunities that the concentrated society of the capital offers. While plowing the earth and getting in communion with my wife, we really fantasized about as living here in the future, there is allot of beautiful things we could do but really the question is to get the social hook to do so. We need to get somehow socially established before making the move here. I wouldn't mind this farm to be some sort of community, a monastery for humble, spiritual work... still some time to go.

Back to the city, the country being left behind with Jacek and his girlfriend who came and visited us. It is really nice to have friends although again I feel we talk to much, ongoingly, bleedingly, I would say and I somewhat don't like it too much. Jacek, I don't know whether because of his work, seems very agitated and wish to contact a million persons and start to do projects for free. I feel I am most content and wouldn't boost anything, I feel things should be taken easily with time but his ambition his indomitable. This, I feel, it is damaging not only my intimate relationship with my work but also that with my family and I really don't want that. I really have to somehow make him understand that I have responsibilities, I would like to give my conceptual input and so forth but I won't suffocate with work, I am already pass this stage, I am a samurai waiting for the right opportunity to execute my contemplated movement once rather than a Spaniard hitting with his sword here and there. I obviously need some ways of basic surviving which is already provided to me, naturally. I can keep up other games if the flow takes me that direction but I don't want to compromise others and particularly not for the sake of just doing. My grandparents already had their heart-attacks overwhelmed as they were of much work which brought to less than nothing, they built industries and lost them all, and with that also their health and children. Compromises only to a certain point and if really necessary!

There is a great lack of light at this northern latitude at this time of the year yet I am quite optimistic, we are soon reaching the peak and then again light will reappear. I spent the day walking back and forth to a meeting in town, something organized by Jacek to get some partners going. The lady was nice but I am not sure. Jacek want to really get something going, at whatever coast, it seems while I am more into a sort of awaiting mood also due to may hardcore responsibilities, namely my kid and my project, a project for which I cannot burn out like an Amadeus, I have to try to preserve my resources to a certain extend, certainly not burning them all at once. We'll see how things turn out, my project now pushes me to explore also these social directions. All to be seen, I would only wish for once that I could fully concentrate at my project as my official profession and don't have to prostitute around or just completely separate the two and have a way to make some money and the time to keep on cultivating. When the opportunity will come I will be ready, this is what I only know for certain.

A day without worries with my kid home and some sun out, thus after the usual morning updating my project, we went out and as usual, discovered some new exciting things having much fun but also a great lesson for him to learn and discuss with me many things. My kid, along with my project, is really the natural recorder onto which I depose much thinking and history, my heritage and heritage that was interrupted with the wars and all the interruptions brought by the technical civilization. There is an amazing amount of things one can do cultivating his own nature rather than going to work for the social farm. I took my worries away although maybe I should worry and yet now feel all the worries of Jacek boasting to do so many projects and be totally packed with work, nonsense, the usual intellectual consumption which doesn't bring anything nor take to anywhere. I now more than ever value really much my time and feel rather reluctant to waste it, also even to leave my son bored in kindergarten when it is not necessary, I enjoy our productive freedom and everything that comes to it. In this respect I can really see that the person who has no natural responsibilities gets really enslaved while a person who has them has much freedom, this very paradoxically.

At the bank waiting to cash my last check from the States, this after been to a meeting with Herr Mauracher, an Austrian curator that Jonathan, the curator I met some weeks ago, has kindly organized. Well, I don't think it has brought anything concrete, I presented my project without boring him with all the many details and I guess he sort of liked it saying that it is very interesting and complex, that it is some sort of a contract with my life and no matter whether it will be recognized by art or whatever, the success depends only on me. Seating and listening to him I really felt he was repeating my thoughts but I might as well be wrong and something else might come out later. I thought it is through, there are so many deep implications and so much more to talk that an hour meeting is really insufficient. It is probably the fact that not until I can show my work in the right context, it is not until I get it out of the box that I can really be sort of understood and the scale of my engagement appreciated or repelled.

And how much are we to dislike our nature because society makes it so hard, at lest for them who wishes to exalt it for all it is beautiful? Today I was again with Jacek considering applications to write to the social comities, although I am mostly skeptical and see that in the process, once we will finally get something we will have little to say and our inquires will be most suited to their expectations. We move on luckily with other possibilities in mind than those offered by this highly societal nation which really looks to be fair also with what is most awkward and unnatural such as feminists, homosexuals and disadvantage those who maybe have a natural inclination to do something beautiful with real love and without all these constant polemics and hassles among stupid fractions. On top of this, to screw this beautiful day was my son running away from the dentist, will have to come back on and on until he finally will let her fix his teeth. What to say? We are seating on a beautiful rock by the water, everything being so beautiful, the usual social struggle ahead, we will just need to be patient again, let life and destiny take its slow course in the hope of an ultimate eternal reward.

A day of preparation before my departure tonight, back to my childhood, after many years back to visit the persons and places of my upbringing. If my project brought me away from them now it is also bringing me back, there is now a fine balance between staying and exploring myself, nature, my roots and leaving and get exposed to the social dirt. The project has really improved throughout these years, I believe now it has reached a final range of micro practices which occupies me entirely. This is my official games and all other games are only because of it. I don't wanna push anything, my baby is here to be taken care of and time, like a river which is constantly under my sight, time bring me things at given time. Obviously I could use one of these modern boats and get a big cargo of fish in no time yet this is not the point, the point is really that I really esteem this river and I mostly grateful from what it brings, I wouldn't exploit unless I really see that whatever opportunity is really meant for me. I trust in time although what may see that all others are really in the seizing with big boats, I am now mostly concentrated on my fishing and sorting whatever this river brings me, whether I seat or I walk along its waters, or someone offers me a ride or the weather invites me to swim.

Just in beautiful, terribly beautiful Italy which really explains all these ancient poets, artists and wars to actually get settle here. The spirit is so filled and the light, the light and perfect mighty weather is really inviting, this really if you don't have to struggle for work and so forth. I guess it was this really beauty and promise for a even higher beauty that brought me as a teenager so far, yet now really I wouldn't think it could be possible for us to move back. These days also the whole country is on the verge to collapse, yet I believe that it is really in this state of desperation that the southern genius highlights. After I landed early today I took a walk in a random city where the bus took me on the way to my parents, a typical Italian city with a nice elevation to conquest after going through the usual showing off of the city center which was very crowded with well dressed Italians but many immigrants, immigrants with families, kids who can get granted the citizenship. Well, the country is really far from any racial integration but the change is dramatic to the point that most of the shops around the station, not so nice a place but very central, all the shops were mostly Chinese. What to say, I myself can certainly readapt to the Italian costumes, yet I can as well dismiss them and keep on living my life of subtle yet active observer, a life of adaptations even if with this psychological crisis affecting all people in the continent, unhappy people who lost the contentment of physical label, these people are was more turning tribal and accusing the outside, the foreigner about his discontentment. I anyway now have ahead some probably depressing time with my captivating family here, enriched to the point of stupidity, a sudden enrichment of all the middle class at a cost of a gigantic public debt. Let's see what it will come of these days in this place where really one cannot doubt that God exists and Evil in some sense.

Seating in my stepfather monster car waiting for him to get some surgery equipment. It has been a delicious time together, he has been really showing me around, we were in magnificent Venice where he showed me every little detail of every small street. I am really grateful and feel very lucky of such heritage and to have restore an access back to my real culture, I will do my best to conserve and nourish this relation both with this amazing environment and history and my old family. I really think it is good as it is, as long as they are open to host not only me but also my family back in Sweden to which I really wish to transmit all these.

One more beautiful day in this mighty, beautiful land... what a sensation, and what a sensation to make it to the church on the hill dominating the medieval city and from there beholding my native mountains, never so close. I got really moved, why God can be so grateful and humans have to be so disrespectful, at least certain humans because really few others, under these charming natural circumstances are really reflective of all this love. On top of the hill I was thinking how one could really content himself of a land kissed by the sun but then again times are changing, my intuition brought me North and here, after half a century of peace and security, here there might troubles on the horizon, at least this is what my stepfather acknowledges, there is little responsibility for the country, the usual problems of politics for the sake of politics. A farmer , given the chance to work this land, would really much love it yet I firmly believe that humans have to experience the other side to really enjoy and be grateful of their side. This, in my life, I have done somehow and I will strongly hold on to what I have been naturally gifted with. I will take these gift and really try to elaborate them with much love and not only conserve them, as Jesus teaches us, but also turn them even more fruitful. A few weeks old baby, my sister's newly born daughter is now sleeping on my side, life, genuine life without all the unnecessary tragedies, humans' fabricated tragedies.

Another rather nice day, I mean really gorgeous outside but mostly spent indoor to prepare for my speech tomorrow in Vienna. I am actually just about to get on a night train, very well dressed after my mother took me to get some clothes, it was nice we talked and I knew what to get, things with a substance, leather and wool, things I really longed for and like a Jew in a concentration camp who was few seconds to choose from a pile of shoes myself, once the opportunity came, I knew exactly what I wanted, let's see when the opportunity to execute my project will come, tomorrow anyway it will a presentation, ready as always, this time adding some finesse to better communicate it. I am traveling light and already thinking of exploring through the lenses of my project the whole of the Austrian capital.

In Vienna, probably for my third time and again at a conference, and again as an outsider who kinda fit in the community as in other communities, but it is not really part of anyone. The journey north-east went okay, with on old couple from the South snoring and the Austrian police breaking in in the middle of the night. I am now waiting to present and taking advantage to rest my limbs after my walk across the bigger city, a walk picking trash on the sidewalk and exploring public spaces through the lens of my video-camera. It really feels indeed that we are on the other side of a wall, the Alps. On the other side it was sunny and here we are in an awful humid shadow till the sun will rise again. The city is too imperialistic, I will have to search for something more human, any search bring its finding.

Another cold day in Vienna yet with unexpected achievement. I am now seating in one of these many branded fast-foods recharging my camera battery and resting after my psycho-geographic