

In Venice at my stepfather's family apartment for the coming days. After so much North and so much modern architecture and technology this place is total paradise. We were so white this morning when we came and now we are fully bright, reflecting all the sun, even from within. My parents' place is actually rather close within the city, in the very intestine, there is no scene and no sun here but it is an excellent base and starting point for explorations. My son, I believe had much fun too, running and climbing trees on the tip of the city where I took them to enjoy the weather. How marvelous this all can be and what an escape from all the addictions which one easily gets from living in hostile weather. I guess here it is society to be rather hostile and compensate that but as an hermit like me it is just amazing. We got really everything, we have access to the most beautiful things. I made this understand to my wife who is generally thinking more pessimistically than I do saying that all this might one day be inherited by my sisters and so forth but I believe that we should just open and enjoy without poisoning the present with such thoughts about the future, about how much one should have in pension and inheritance. We have to make the best of the present, do not throw any moment of it, make it very worth it and be very faithful. There is so much we can learn if only we can overcome all the arrogance we acquire through media. It is sense my use of media is really to experience, to signify my experiencing rather than preconceive it. Will keep it up, servant of my family, servant of my project. I made clear to my wife that I am doing my work, I am even if I am not making any money out of it, although I guess it is very easy to say that I have been seating home all this time rolling my thumbs... can't recall a single moment that my hands and or my feet haven't been unoccupied.

A really nice day indeed started in a not so good way, feeling most captivated by all the sterility of my parents super modern apartment without any sun nor romanticism of any sort. Everything ought to be kept sterile and my son did not want to move out, playgrounds and houses are traps, sedentary traps, I wish sometime we would really be nomads and could be as much out. Once we were out the adventure started improving in and out this ancient maze, running after each other and charging ourselves on the sunny coast, I really feel dizzy in the inner part of town without any view. Thus we wen looking for views and being most free, spontaneous and happy, how truly memorable, what a relief from all the stress of our social captivation, what a magic like that arising from an old neo-realist film, the only hope of the raw misery. The spirit of life is back among us.

A rainy evening we spend home after walking all day along the long beach in an empty island. It was nice to change scenery a bit and explore although my son has been really a rebel and ran all the way down to the very end with us trying to catch him. His mother was really worried and he stubbornly did not want to move just like a mule. He starts to get heavy and these situations are really difficult, hopefully he will be more reasonable but I guess this is just a taste of when he will get to be a teenager, with his moods and strong willing. Luckily soon the mountains, a territory I can really show him, really my heritage, if the weather will allow it, his nature of a little adventurer will certainly enjoy all that amazing scenery and me with him, this really away from all this designed separations that society makes between generations... the playgrounds for the kids and the office for the adults. There, fro some time as in the woods back in Sweden, there in the Alps we will be one and most united. I am a rational person but I am very much unable to handle anything irrational, remembering my mother getting mad at me for nothing and so on. Now I think I have a better understanding of all this, all the complications that brings a person to such state and so forth. I like to be spontaneous and natural, get the flow going but obviously have experienced several violent interruptions from others, the serious, responsible grown-ups, or kids behaving like them, ultimately my two son's cousins jellingy at me because of a little joke we played out to them to try to rescue a tensed situation. Anyway, one tries to keep simple and keep on to easily enjoy his life, then all these people who likes to suffer and make things difficult are inevitable. It is hard not to be infected, this is something coming right from the heart of a society, a society who struggles to keep all its members totally secured... less securities, less struggles!

Waiting for my wife to do detailed clean up of my parents apartment here in Venice. My son and I did the most out of this situation after getting poisoned by some candies in the Christmas market. I try to be semi liberal but really one has to get poisoned in a new society in order to understand what is good and what is bad there, after a while one would no the right places to keep up genuinely. Anyway, we did our exercises even though the westerners see them most cynically. Now I write in my Journal and really this is one production I have developed out of this social waiting. My wife has been most critical with me about my work and particularly my dream journal and this journal. She finds that I am so bitter and throw shit on them and my friends. I am not sure. My intention is really to depict a human being and obviously it is not only roses and flowers, there are temptations, there is this Journal where he tries to regain his integrity, there are funny sides with much exuberance and ugly sides, tragic sides, most pathetic sides. I am not trying to be a saint, I am trying to make work out of life and vice versa. Really this is the kind of portrait one can conceive with modern technologies, I am trying to portrait myself and the reality surrounding me as some sort of a painted portrait, the palette is thus various, the light and the dark colors, warm and cold are needed to really make this portrait come out. My wife, my situation it what keeps me going yet I am sort of not supposed to manifest my thought, I am not supposed to reveal and yet I am rather discreet, always positive and happy. I believe in the future, I am optimistic although things might degenerate I am convinced that like this beautiful historical city of Venice also a person, if he keeps cultivating a culture will always be valuable and interesting even in periods of total recession.

New years eve and 28 years of project to go. Time changes so many things, it feels like a big gulp to look back, particularly today after my kid to the hills up to a cross through a wonderful vegetation into a wonderful weather with a wonderful ancient village where people have certainly lived for century, if not on their stone houses in the caves on the tall lime rock. All that do not change, but really after that we were at the villa where my grandmother was born. The cows have been sold, everyone but her eighty years old brother lives there. All is decaying after almost 300 years, that lifestyle seems to have lost any sense, there is only Antonio, the only male brother left farming and yet he is giving up. How warm these relatives where though, so many questions and so eager to hear from me as I knew the world and they knew nothing. Contrary to my expectations they really showed their feeling of wanting to move away now that all the nature is saturated with houses and cement. I understand them, their blood is from the mountains like me, fro open spaces and this bourgeois settlements really diminish you and the space you wanna give to your kids. The cousin I was the closest to in childhood, Cecilia with whom I spent many a summers playing in the barn or on the fields while my mother was working, she wants to move with her husband and kids to the States where he is from. Despite the fact that I know that one should not have any illusion about changing for the better, that reality has to be endured, and despite the fact that I know how tough and rough it can be in the States, I told her to go even if her father is dying and feels like he cannot live without one of his many kids. It is also our situation, the landscape here is beautiful but some seclusion has its advantages.

In my native mountains at last, this after ages and now with my kid who is able to understand and appreciate the value of this great heritage. It was a really nice day and I stopped on a mountain facing a valley where my great grandfather fought. It is a road built on the rock with several tunnel, all pretty much hand made, what a fabulous place can even something terrible like war do. I guess what it is really missing in the contemporary spirit is conviction, once there is conviction there is also something remarkable. I have followed my parents to church later in the evening and the priest was really discussing this issue, the lack of faith. I guess it is really this, our doubt in providence which turns us so dull, which turns our existences so meaningless. That is at the base for why we should believe no matter all the doubts that the scientific truth brings. As a matter of fact, the further we progress into our scientific knowledge the further away we get from the contemplation of an absolute truth, the sun shining over us, as simple and pure as that. I wish something holly and spiritual to be realized, that is my vision, this architecture a space for contemplation of our being humans, of our nature of a human nature exploded into its different manifestations. I will strive for it!

A day with the parents. I like to discuss things with my stepfather and here is thoughts yet I am feeling a bit relented by all the family conventions, there is no sense of discovery, everything is conformed and even in this magnificent landscape which could offer a great deal of imagination things seems so settle, without any excitement, the excitement I am trying to convey to my kid. In this respect I do really want to keep on having something to achieve in life, even if only spiritual, even if I am the one to be broke and without a profession I want to keep up the intuitive discovery of what I see as providential, namely my life. Today we were going around and around a skiing on a small lap of artificial snow, there was nothing I could gain from the situation as we couldn't talk, there was no scenery to reach, I couldn't count my speed...saying that it was skiing for the sake of skiing. I put my heart at peace and luckily at least I had a goal, six laps and that was it for me yet I must acknowledge that after six years away from cross country activities I was still in good shape. I wanna keep this scape, yet my sport has become another, my existential practice which also involves some sport. At lunch my mother didn't loose the opportunity to criticize the fact that I don't have a job, if they could only esteem my work or try to help me now that it is really settled and I know what and how and where I want it. I will have to keep up the work, certainly a visualization of the final architecture would help me to explain it, at least to those that cannot really visualize and imagine in their own minds.

Not much time for anything but life these days, a life of total contemplation of this alpine landscape lighted by the sun. We were up another fort today seconding my kid's passion for adventure, what a view from all the valley and beyond, a perfect place indeed to survey all the natural borders of the dolomites. Really a pleasure to be in this paradise after experiences so many a hell around the globe. It may feel as Leopardi, the Italian poet living in his beautiful villa over the hills yet maybe feeling pessimistic because of his health and the cultural atmosphere... how to possibly be nihilistic in such a landscape though. If I will ever settle I wish I could still have something so glorious to behold, maybe a bit away, in some sunny yet hidden valley, for now I will just keep on trying to pay my regular respect to such beauty and transmit this solarly to my kid and get myself a kid again.

I grew different from all my relatives, even my very native landscape. It is maybe only an emotion but I have certainly developed and got accustomed to other places, places that are less human, tougher and remote in a way. To come here South it really feels this land is too warm and social, there is, in a way some sort of excitement which is much connected to artificial consumption, waste and corruption. I am not sure I could live with all this, I probably have within my nature a feeling for a calm isolation and engaging exploration of all there is out of this island. I grew different, I grew into something else, I could certainly re-adapt but I would lose with I grew into, intuitively. Today after this boring and meaningless skiing around with all the relatives, I had an engaging conversation with one of the few authentic locals left in this mountain plateau. He spoke the original German dialect, the oldest existing dialect, preserved in that little village well isolated village. He was really open to talk to me, we could have talked for hours with this ancient and still uncorrupted relative, still with his integrity and his identity, something I am trying to reestablish.

A day with my family, the last in my native mountains. I don't feel so nostalgic, they have been really beautiful, a really touching 360 degrees scene, yet something that brings a slight sorrow and a place where possibilities for me are very limited as I really have not inherit anything. On top of that the plateau is now totally saturated with chalets, and a spiritual architecture among these blasphemous architectures seems out of place. It was really something to build the triumphal arch in the very middle of the plateau. At that time everything had been totally demolished by the war, it was really an architecture out of the rational mind of a fascist architect and this without any conflicts with anything else but the surrounding mountains, also very imposing but out of no rationality, irrational, sublime and I actually really like this contrast, the square rationality of man on top of the sublime of God. In this respect my native country will remain for me a great source of inspiration, if anything will happen up North it will be really a transplant of what is most beautiful down South, an attempt to reintroduce a certain color and soul in all that iconoclastic puritanism.

Back in my parents' town after a long trip by car around the mountains to show a bit of things to my wife and kid. It took all day and really we haven't seen so much, these are places I biked when I was young with a tent and driving through them is a bit blasphemous, it is like an accelerated knowledge leaving little trace. In this respect I really enjoy living a place, getting absorbed, explore every corner, surrounded but this I can only do it on foot and not when I am trapped in a vehicle which is also impossible to park. There are allot of slavery in this technically mediated society of which my family here in the too rich North of Italy is an example. Tomorrow we will have to spend the day go washing the many cars they own, on Sunday we will be cleaning their shiny new apartment and so forth, nonetheless this remain an excellent place to explore a very hospitable nature and what beauty came out of it, now a beauty that alas, with all the artificial has totally saturated the landscape. Hope it won't be the case up North in Scandinavia although there all the premises new that socialism has been betrayed for wanting to try how it feels to be individualistic... all to be seen, for now I am grateful of all that I can experience and learn even in these crystallized environments.

A splendid day circumnavigating this beautiful Italian town, a really fine climate, no question about the quality of this place, a place that everyone I guess would really love to posses and in fact, walking down the hills many were the amazing private properties we had to cross and many the dogs barking at us in defense of such a privatized beauty. I guess it is really like a man who has a too beautiful wife and have to constantly worry and get jealous. In this respect I would rather go for something less beautiful or just contemplate this beauty like a wandering poet. Our face are red with all the sun, our soul is equally bright and all this just walking... No cars and no slaveries, all the slaveries that turns men so unphysical... So many pictures I took in the morning of all the procedures to take the family cars to wash... I would rather be manual and wash them myself... maybe in all these unphysical procedures is the origin of my frustration of wanting to make.

On my way away from this paradise from which I was band. How long will it take before I can be here once again and walk these golden hills and mountains crowned with such history and beauty? All these separations are small tragedies, the train and the plane which takes us so far from our nativity, the places we belong to and we maybe abandoned to seek for the identity they have lost just to find out later that they do indeed have an identity and we are probably the ones to have lost it. Yet in this state we can certainly value it much more and if ever we are given the chance to come back to it we will hold on to it as much and as tight as we can. Everything was so beautiful today at my niece's baptism, the weather, the landscape, the spirit and the relatives. I am usually the one who tries to keep close to beauty, I went away to seek a way to document it, to perfect myself in my art and now that I am ready I shall try to perform it even though my plan is rather large and global my native land remains a great source of inspiration, something at the source of my final meaning, the vision that so much get me going. I might manage to go back to it...as Lermontov to his Caucasus mountains although I am very well aware of all the humans complications to be encountered here, if it is not the weather to make things hard here as up North it his the Southern's temperament, in this respect I really like to live this nestle South as a Russian writer, so much is also for the other side of the family, the country house as the dacia to visit and not a place to stay, I have not enough power there, I rather keep it in my St. Petersburg.

Back in silver cold Sweden after having abandoned once more the golden warm mountains of my native land. I should feel rather melancholic, in all this progress I do not really appreciate. I think in a way I am a bit in the same situation of my country, not so technically evolved, seeking for quality, spiritual and very social and solar at times. Looking at the mall in front of me I can still envision the beautiful mountains I just left to be back in the no mountain landscape and yet the only mountain here is the one I have conceived in my soul, the one which should host my work in many years to come, just like a humble sanctuary on top of a hill. On the plane I was reading Rossellini's thoughts about his neo-realist films shot after the second world war. They were really touching as much as his war trilogy touched me... following the character without a script, improvising, painting cinema but more over deepen reality... I guess I am not following any characters but myself throughout life and yet I use a rigid method of documentation..

After a first attack of great melancholia reviewing the videos taken in my native sunny country, I got back to my practice, my work, what I made to be my scope in life and felt reassured about being here in this remote land where my instinct brought me. I have prospects here and I shall work for them, day by day I shall keep up my practice and keep on trying to establish it. Here there are prospects while I am sort of skeptical at the moment that anything could mature back home, namely because of the mentality which in terms of what is spiritual has crystallized into the old and now almost meaningless culture, a mentality which is also violent enough to make me stop pursuing what I am here rather free to pursue at least socially. Also here, where civilization is moving, always going North, here there is a rather strong lack of the spiritual apparatus that is so present back home. Here the technical and hyper-modern civilization is flourishing and there is nothing non-speculative to reflect it. I might only make excuse to myself, but I am really acting out of my intuition, my feelings and rational possibilities, opportunities that I have listed and now try one by one. I guess it all comes down to establishing my practice in society, getting official credentials and enough merits to be part of the game... not easy when something has been discovered intuitively and it is not part of any trends, and it is a discipline of its own which makes use of several expertises, which can be seen from many angles. I guess these are what I am trying to collect over time, a sort of universal knowledge to be able to completely realize this mission.

Two more applications sent in today, the latter improvised, A Swedish scholarship for a residency in Egypt where the revolution has recently occurred... how can I show my courage and increase my merits otherwise if I am not really taken in any consideration locally? Well, who knows, I am not trying to be a Roman general seeking to celebrate a triumph as in Plutarch, I am just trying to look for paid and career possibilities as this is what my wife wants me to do. The other possibility is just keep up at home with my own spiritual practice and the care of the family but again the bourgeoisie mentality do not allow that, everyone has to suffer even when suffering is not needed. Anyway, hopefully things will keep simple and we won't accumulate any slaveries, such as high loans and bills and so forth. An action accomplished with little effort is a great accomplishment said centuries ago Lao Tsu and really this Egypt application was of this kind as it easily related to Rossellini, the neo-realist film maker shooting in Berlin right after the war has destroyed. Half a century ago he was following a kid roaming the ruins in search for food, now I am set to roam even that reality also as a documenter yet filming from my various point of view, collecting media traces to be later interpreted and analyze by the viewer, on one side immersing myself in that reality and on the other keeping on reporting. It is nice, fundamental I would say to have prospects, to have a bit of dreams to nourish us, to keep us going. One has to be very inventive and flexible and determined yet also ready as it is likely that none of them will come true... presently I am just seconding the concrete opportunities which, with my background and practice, I can approach. I am trying to make something of the natural heritage that was given to me, this honestly, yet I am trying. Meantime the hours of dark are shrinking and the sun now appears, even for some minutes it appears on the hill covering the view of our apartment, the plants all extend their necks to nourish from that precious light, a light that in this darkness I create within, as a candle burning in my deserted soul.

Late in the evening after a day making plans for the future, still writing applications and looking with my little wife for a possible place to invest our money, money we got in the first place making a small and smart investment at the collapse of the social regime when everything turned capitalistic and suddenly everyone ran to buy instead of share. There is a possibility for house to