

is from Roman Opalka painting since 1969 only numbers). I more and more consider myself a humanist, maybe even an amateur humanist, with yet a greater inside than the official humanists, since I am really experiencing directly on myself the different angles and modes of contemporary life, I am totally exposed to it yet I can retreat anytime to my shelter, this project where the data is collected or better not collected but more illustrated. It is an illustration as the encyclopedia was for the 20 years it was conceived. Who cares now if I should stick to one or the other palette of the ephemeral fashion. It is whatever palettes come to use to be able to create a most complete depiction, a testament of an era, it is really the work of a curator or a gallerist deploying a spectrum of different artists to make such large depiction.. this is mostly why these curators and gallerists totally freak out, seen such monstrosity. I am the curator and I do like to bring together this and that palette of art farts. Gladly I do not depend from these small worlds, which cannot genuinely conceive a human vision. Independence and fluency, just in case we might depend to them at times and we are required to speak their languages and refer to their small worlds of idols.

I guess the problem is always the same with all these scholars, curators and socially educated people in general... They don't fucking experience. They are filled with notions of notions of notions which do not have any base in reality. If we stick to an empiric philosophy based on experience we just might get alot of shit from them, primarily because we are practitioner, we get our hands dirty. In the long run though, if we are really to base our assumptions to actual findings directly based on our experience or reflections from others that also have directly experienced, the there is no possible confrontation that might defeat us. They might get their smoky eloquence in our eyes, for a bi though because we can soon hit them back we real meat actual meat, substance we have grilled through experience and no smoke of smoke of smoke which the artificial medium only enhances and never let disappear, disperse. If there has to be a confrontation it has to be to open the super sealed window of a technically produced culture and let what is smoke go out and what is worth substance come in. The window has no longer to be sealed and no longer curated by men without experience, whose only concern is the taxonomy of the presentation, who creates an Olympus of idols to venerate, an unreachable Olympus imposed onto us through the oligarchically monitored mass media, the main stream of idolatry. That very mass media holds us apart and we are unable to organize against it. We are instead dislocated but our own belief that a change is for the good and this is what modern technology facilitates. Yet the oligarchy is well organized and keeps nourishing and keep dictating the models for the world humanity to follow. This models are mostly corrupted and unworthy, models of dissipation and worldly interests. We need to create the worthy model starting from our own selves, we the little yet widely available, yet much hidden source of our ancestors. The models we might create might indeed be ignored but if there is any confrontation that will largely prevail, it is a matter of consistency, believe me. I am currently ignoring them in thei many cultural settlements and secured recognition within them... clusters of dust. What is the point of being on top of them? Worldly recognition, dust!

Rather than taking 1.000.000 high definition shots which requires unhandy apparatuses and much fiction to then select the one that mostly represent what is intended to be portrait, I take small low quality shots at given moments and then put the resulting compositions one by the other and that is basically how I resolved my issue. The latter is really efficient, there are not the strangles and frustrations of having to decide and being most confused and having to recur to subjective choices. It is already decided, as in classical music and in the metric of a poem, the measure and the necessary components for the overall compositions are set and the author has to produce within these limitations. Constrains, in this respect, are not an hard work, to the contrary they facilitate creativity. We shall, in the creative process, agree on the measure r measures to be adopted and the number of stanzas. Obviously this has to come through some initials attempts to understand approximately the nature of what we are going to depict and the right framework to be utilize for this continuous depiction. Technology has disrupted any limitation and even if one can achieve a constrain this is suppressed by a better technology, a larger canvas, an improved palette of colours with a larger spectrum. We are only left with one nature to base our limitations and that is ourselves, everything else is forced to change, as the artificial itself cannot change per se we have to keep on replacing it in order not to stagnate. We are condemned unless we opt for the organic and that again can only now come from within us.

Seating on a metro now with some thousand drawings which I am bringing to a homo gallerist to be evaluated. I was most skeptical again of such action as I never really have been acting or forcing this way. I guess now I have the lightness of my ever expanding yet formed database and some material accumulation which I am really ready to cut off if I have to. The idea was to store it for my kid whether all this work will be of any value to the future and see whether maybe it could bring me a bit of a living, not much, just sufficient living. I am willing to give a bit to speculation yet still I doubt that these connoisseurs can evaluate it for its potential rather than for the final result... the potential is that everything possible imaginable is contained in the box I am carrying, this is thanks to the power of time, time that brings us in all possible situations and moods. This the power of a unique methodology without changes over time, that is nothing new, it is the work of a rightful king managing his kingdom, his own selves what all due considerations. The kingdom is very prolific yet these fruits cannot be directly eaten for now. If Sweden is what providence has in mind for us, I might, after this Sabbath around the world to get a bit of dirt and rest, I might as well go back to farming for real as I did for six years (I am indeed serious in my intentions). To much for typing in my stream of consciousness... the metro has reached my destination... time for the vane homo it is just a matter of playing the game and keep the integrity even stronger.

As it is probably occurring again I worked hard on my project and when that phase was over I got into the worldly business but then again I am drawn into my project again, displeased with human nature and all this unnecessary effort, progress, particularly when it leaves the social sphere and blindly goes to superfluously persuade the ignorant masses. And thus here we are inventing for the masses and using science to predict their upcoming taste, which eventually fails to be predicted as in the end it is a bunch of people, not really dictated by marketing analysis but by their very own intuition, to be successful. Obviously, these people are mostly suppressed and or fagocitated by the larger establishment, corporations that with the ever more powerful medium at their disposal are able to better control, organize and I would say obscure, unless maybe they are so liberal and financially unlimited that they talent scout you down, but then you have to be there and by no means bring in or show any compromising content. Anyway, at the end it is always the intuition to prevail, no matter how it goes, I am positive, no matter how the corporation remixes and changes the cards on the human platform, the actual cards, those that really count, will be passed around unofficially and those will remain in people's heads even when the corporations manages to exterminate them. At least nature provides us with a certain number of these heads per human community. Impositions should just be ignored but the power of persuasion is too strong and the average person getting all excited about a logo, or a medal something carries, they get too stupid, blinded.... that is there only mean of judging. This is partially the game we are now playing, this is why we ended up here, in this very obvious institution so that we can get selected as in a Kafka novel, so that we might get considered by the captain of a castle or might as well end up being janitors (actually I wouldn't mind having to only clean and don't think of much else and don't have to contribute to any pretentiousness). I was in fact considering manual, physical work... I probably just don't like the fact that now a days it is too machine driven, it just kills allot of the sensibility, yet I wouldn't mind it. I might have to relay to machines after all for the ultimatum of my project if that will ever happen... from software to hardcore hardware.

Here at the ocean with a low tide, it is getting summer although the darkness remain. My neighbours just left me their kids to attend... they are really paranoid about them and certainly cant enjoy them so much, as troubles they keep causing. My kid is silent and play of his own, I don't have to worry much nor yell nor be neurotic. Being able to taken care of oneself without so much relaying exclusively on others. I am just wasting so much of my time now to help others, give them technical help. This morning again the Italian teacher broke in and invaded us with her presence demanding that I should put a video about her on the Internet. I am actually preparing for an exhibition but helped her anyway and that she wanted us for dinner and then she wants me to do more work for her and she leaves me such an awful kiss on my cheek. Fortunately we were to the sea right after but even those cold salty water could not wash away the smell of this lady, divorced with two daughters my age, none of them married and a lover with cancer. I wish I could avoid all these but it feels one is bounded and trapped and all these time consuming and to many degrees corrupting social formalities. I really feel the genes within me rebelling to all that, wish to be anonymous and independent, wish my life back in Sweden, the Swedes that were never subjected to any conquerer, the non-corrupted life-style described by Tacito in the German tribes. Meantime is a carousel of planes flying over us, tomorrow is my wife and son's turn. They will only leave me for a couple of weeks in which I will build an exhibition at a friend's place, a most dear man, Ivan from Spain, the only one really actually wanting me for a show... no other doors have opened but this opened by accident and I was really welcome in. I was walking with my son in a most cold winter day exploring a new path by a river and there we met his Italian speaking wife. The official doors have all kept sealed shut and communicated through a secure door hole. Movement is life yet to a certain degree... Neighbours really can refrain your movement work can really stress you...yet the natural pace will always keep you on the right speed.

Experience equal having something to say for real. Then yes, the carrying of this project in general, a life experiment, it really nourishes with thoughts and beautiful metaphors, which the system now is able to accommodate, and thus here I am again writing on the on board journal after some preparation for a coming up show at my Spanish friend, imagine, at his apartment. A true friend and a true Christian. Then I spent my time now, or at least of what is left of my time after the natural duties of the family and so forth take most of it (but then again this is a great experiencing which is also systematized and make everything more authentic!), then I had some planks I have collected from the street, after I dismantled a rather new and OK bookshelf that consumerist Americans use and throw. An Italian American old guy, Michele, who I judged already from his garden to be a really good old man, he has helped me with the cutting (a most loud machine) and then up in the little apartment painting and using the mini projector which another good friend, my Greek friend who happens to be an old friend from college in Sweden who got a teaching position here a friend I like to talk to and listen reasoning, a very discreet guy with good taste, Panagiotis's projectors then where used to get brailles of the casualties selected from the news, one of my projects, marked. As I was going over over each little dot to then put a nail I really thought about the stars metaphor of the growth of humanity and yet look here I am marking all these deeds and more over will use nails, like in a crucifixion... this only occurred to me because I am rather financially poor... if I was spoiled and reach then, for sure, no discoveries wouldn't have been made. Just buy and buy and let others do the work as in the case of contemporary idols... let the others work for you. I had a bad night sleep probably just because of all the meaningless discussion I have to under take with my team. I wish there was some sort of hierarchy and obedience but it seems rather the contrary... much contestation. Yet, I do have a great sense of responsibility, and a sense of duty and a sense of time and a focus, but dealing with others, particularly if insubordinated, it is a whole different question. The fact it is that I am totally detached... I can quit my leading position right tomorrow if they want me to as really I have a spiritual farm to take care of and again one realizes, soon enough, that even though you are willing to devote yourself for the sake of others the others are not being serious with you and only keep you for the time being a "permatemp", always a temporary worker. Well, well, it is just to keep up with faith, at least in the growth of our spiritual gardens which indeed I am experiencing with much joy and this is really irradiated to others, unless they prevent it me to take care of it and then I can get really awful, at least within.

I generally don't like the idea of any additives, sun-lotions, butter and creams in general... I like it dry and raw yet again here I am on an early Sunday afternoon after much fat waffles from the neighbour and luckily avoiding sun lotion by supervising the kids under a tree in playground while a water pump keep spraying and the American consumption keeps unrested and no one there to criticize it from the very roots which are technically dependent and has never so much experienced or maintained a natural discipline. Only now it seems but it is whole a most frivolous new age of romanticism which can be blown off by the first threat. Yet here I am in the mist of it enjoying such lightness of being although my duty of documenting and reflecting hasn't certainly decreased to the contrary, the lightest the experience the hardcore is the documenting probably as a sort of compensation for real life, a further verification of existence. My kid, grown in a total unspoiled environment where everything has been explained to him and where the exploration of it has served him as an open book, my kid for now is happy and most sensitive. He doesn't require to be reproached or locked in a room most hysteric and with paranoid parents. He got a bit of everything, no orthodoxy in this respect, yet I think what he most got from me explaining and showing him the world is reasoning based on observation and being able to content himself and be happy and give out his happiness. We sometime share the secret that one day, when he is big we will build the church together in his grandfather forest. He is a good constructor, maybe nothing will happen but I will also leave him with this inheritance. Maybe he will be father of many as the pendulum over his wrist indicates. Maybe he will be the father of a little nation and maybe the struggle we are undertaking now will serve as a sample and give meanings to such a small nation. I am sure he will love nature after the naturally respectful treatment he got at least from us... society being a different discourse... That is why maybe again socialist Sweden.

My wife and son just left for a two weeks in Sweden to explore our possible return there and I am here, on the other side of the ocean, in the new continent working as usual and more than usual since I have finally decided to exhibit and my wife has sort of approved the configuration and public presentation of my project which only shows a geographical selection. The actual making of the exhibition took really little work, I am just presenting sample and the fact is that I have always been ready and when the time comes I know exactly what to do and how, yet these times comes seldom, I would actually say at the right moment when it feels that things are rather mature and ready to be shared as the fruits of a garden are. I guess I am not so good in processing and refining those fruits, it is mostly time and experience through time that suggests how to present them and the actually combination and proportion, a balance proportion of different colors. Then again now I really consider these, by now 18 cultivations of mine, like 18 different colours of a palette with which I can compose, also having a final, grand design in mind which is slowly being realized and won't be ready till I get old. Yesterday I was looking at my little son embarking with his mother, I have looked at his eyes and wonder what the future will bring us. We are kind of pure and diligent folk yet I guess we have been out in the world getting some dirt, sufficiently enough now he have the nourishment we needed and found ways to get more in case our possible future in a most beautiful Scandinavia gets too sterile and isolated. I accidentally come to read the life of the Roman consul Marius, this written by Plutarch and there I find a most beautiful account of the Cimbri, the invaders of Italy, their Nordic origins and there defeat and possible sheltering in the Alps. Many people have disclaimed our ancient legend that our folk from the two highlands over Verona and Vicenza are the same Cimbri coming from Scandinavia which in an ancient map was also called as Peninsula Cimbrorum yet it is right below the valley there that the Cimbri fortified and that is where they waited for their brothers, the Teutons. It is a great material for the script I am illustrating on our Origins, the new blond man and the ancient dark, the beast turning civilized and the civilized turning corrupted... allot of interesting points from where to fantasize up to when, the more we progress in history the less poetic we become since facts are better recorded...this to culminate in my 2004-2040 total recording.

Back in the metro after a day at work, now heading to the site of my exhibition, or at least intervention of my project, a sharing of the products I have been naturally cultivating, an offering that is often taken for a sort of an unaccessible display as it happens in the institutionalized mainstream. I am only willing to share the love, there is no feeling within me that wants to show off, demonstrate my superiority or vanity. I am rather interested to construct, have that experience of bringing my spiritual cultivation back to the real, of confronting it and the others, but with a genuine spirit, then that is taken differently but as long as I am there I will show myself humble and devoted like a farmer who happens to have is vegetable garden on a mountain with a view but moderately intimate, moderately accessible and certainly impossible to confront with the gigantic and ambitious enterprises of the flat land below. The same goes for my products, substantial and even though they may be refined, this refinement comes from nature and can be always brought back and the process reversed and understood, this also given the mediums that this period of time readily offers. I keep up with no embarrassment of the extra weight I decided to carry on top of my existence. It is some sort of a light penitence but certainly worth to make me the right weight, to keep me reminded of an existence while suspended in the technical vegetating of the contemporary non-existence. I capture therefore I am.

Just stole a bit of commercial production force for the sake of artistic, creative yet spiritual production, a sort of sacrifice to the Gods which we often forget to accomplish. I am rather set now and off again connecting work with my enterprise to be publicly presented tomorrow, no much tediousness in the preparation, which is already naturally configured and just needs to be adapted, always ready then, either to manifest my industrious living or to die with a spiritual testament already composed. If others will blind you with all their medals and decorations that societies, the boy scouts groups making out society, have given them, show them the actual scars deep down to your bones. In this respect, I would see my outcome as traces, scars on my persona revealing a meaningful design and no medals nor decorations which I refuse and grant as heavy impediments for any type of growth or actual real exposition to the real. If I may have some I am ready to dismiss them right away in case as it is the case, I feel them impeding me... the scars no, I keep carrying them and have them under my ordinary clothes as much ordinary is the battle I fight, daily and constantly and for a life.

Back and forth the city, under the city speeding to connect my working sites and keep up with both. I guess it is a question of daring really, a bravery given by our own aspiration. Ivan, the friend landing me his studio and who first insisted that I should show there, he seems not dareful, rather laid back but daring is indeed the machete for further exploring our inner jungle and discover the inner origin, the hidden and forgotten temple of our spirituality, and what we show are only what we manage to bring with us from there. Once the sight is sort of spotted, responsibility and planning become really fundamental if we do want to establish an actual trade, many rather forget themselves in that temple and let the root grow back and never return, like mystics.

My phones battery, the phone I use to mostly communicate with myself than the others, the battery are almost dead now that I managed my escape from the socio urbanity and I have regained my integrity through hardship, namely walking all day with no money and little to eat and much discipline to capture my thought and the society I was encountering. Now I am on top of the city in a cemetery whose name is worth remembering Mount Auburn it is. I am here after a week without my beloved wife and son, a week of working for money which I still haven't seen but also a week in which I have been exhibiting a bit, a tiny bit of my on-going project. I certainly need money to render my ideas but even though I did not have a penny and relayed on things found on the street and so forth to prototype it, I guess I could for those willing to listen, I could indeed communicate and inspire. That has been accomplished. Those sensitive souls are mostly the ones willing to compromise a bit of their security and social status, all others are like talking to donkeys that do not want to assimilate. I have enjoyed the intimacy of being exhibiting in a informal space for friends but as soon as we move back and might have some stability I wish to take better care of this spiritual house of mine where I wish to invite my guests. I still have to figure how can that be accomplished, I know the measurements of the space, I know every exact detail but still need to figure out my compromise with society in order to be able to start producing. I hope this won't be impeding, a suffocating compromise, I am optimist. My gay friend Panagiotis with whom I have been walking up a mountain yesterday doesn't seem to understand my intention. In general he doesn't understand why one should put a seed to grow something, reject making versus the knowing how to make, and in fact injects his seeds in the ass of his boyfriend that fertile is not. I am more concern to give my bay a fertile ground where to grow and from where much else can grow. We do have that opportunity, I am now in charge of it and will attempt to give a meaning and a tradition to the land that was given to me after the forced exiled from my motherland. All winds are now blowing full speeds back to Scandinavia, back to the nestle were everything has originated, this, I am sure has been the design of providence and we are only to second her willing even in the future because, as we have understood there is always a greater