

Still in the countryside that my mobile phone, always offline, is also running out of battery. I just took a bit of my equipment yet everything worked out and even in a rainy day like today I manage to be prolific with my project beside playing with my kid and taking in all the summer furniture. My father-in-law also keep a very rudimental Journal of what he does everyday and the weather and his physical state, likely neither I nor him will look back, it is just an immediate self-analysis or rather an accomplishment of our accomplishments as in the end he also ends up with all these written calenders. Anyway now still more relatives, there is nothing much to talk to, really not any carrying away passions but this also for the good... very moderate indeed!

Still in the Swedish bubble, among the most beautiful people on earth and so the nature even though the sun will soon abandon this part of the world. I guess I will need to accept myself as a little slave of these folk as I can't really succeed to any social position here but I have certainly skills in loving and taking care of things warmly, making them grow with much personal care, thus not the automations adopted here, another style, direct human love, which is really a ruin for society. Aside from that I have learned myself to adopt distance and detachment when out with this folk, keep my space and avoid interactions unless the situation is meant to be social. Now on my way with the train to the capital, another cave where to nourish my isolation, my being heremitic and yet ponder my life based on what the missions given by the project requires, this softly.

Too early of a wake this dawn and we my kid with a little flu we went wondering on one of our memorable small adventures through unexplored territory, he is now chilling off with a Japanese cartoon while I take care of my project and this Journal. Everything should be really depressing just thinking about it, really no social prospects in the horizon, yet I feel very content, keep the nature going and interact with the environment, very slowly and childishly. I might spend my mornings in the library or maybe just home awaiting and then the afternoons with my kid and taking care of the house and the weekend taking care of our farm all at due time and according to the seasons. There will be then maybe a season for me to collect the fruits I saw and distribute around the many things I take care of and love. For now just keeping up and getting intimate, deeply intimate after all the professional excitement to which I have so abruptly broke from, is that destiny that I never manage to any social profession but the ones nature has provided me with?

Still beautiful days here in this natural nestle, fulfilling all of myself with the caring of my project and my family. I usually get my son at school after lunch and we set forth exploring, in the many woods and gardens even swimming in the cold water and getting stronger in physic and spirit. These days one of my wife's colleague, a Turkish girl, is home with us and she seems really concern about my future as, despite her, I don't have a career, or a profession. It was no use to explain her my deep contentment in what I do and in my freedom, a kind and sometime hungry yet very glad wolf talking to a caged and stressed out dog with no ways of seeing how in fact I am very rich and wouldn't change for anything in the world nor would get obsessed for any of the social titles nor careers, all these certified intellectuals (PhDs) as the all the youth in the continent is turning into, becoming school students for the rest of their lives. Talking about being rich, my rich parents after two long silent years have written me a very long e-mail saying how much they care about me and so forth and how they are ready to accept me, acknowledging how different I am yet how in fact I do take care of my family and so forth. The fact is that I have no bad feelings about anyone, unfortunately ██████████ is very irrationally offensive and violent. I really miss my homeland, the highland were I was born, all the history, I really wish to visit and have my son to learn about them. Parallely even my biological dad tries to get in touch with me but I feel like I want a distance from his ugly moods, also I want a distance from all the misfortunes that he constantly attracts on to him, some how I see that like an Oedipus, many of my troubles started in the process of getting to know him, a man with no land whose fanaticism has driven him to such extremes, and as in the movie where a character crosses a river and can no longer cross it back, he has crossed limits and can no longer return, not even to me who has lost all his compassion for a man who has really decided his nasty faith as Lao Tsu says: "A violent man will die a violent death".

Chilling out with my kid after the rain while he watches a Japanese cartoon once more (we got it from the library as we are not paying for any internet connection... just take what we get, yet being selective). The sun has come back and still very much in full gain of my intimacy, feeling like taking good care of my kid, my project and the farm. Let's see how long it last, I am rather optimistic that maybe something will come in the end and I will have some other means to keep on surviving, or better really fully living, very immersed in my existence, without the many securities of those social members immersed in their fictional carriers and drawing everything from it. Obviously if I ever have the chance and I can get some sort of living from my project then it would be a full success as I can really say that I am getting a remuneration out of my existing... who knows, one way or the other with time and much focus. Anyway here nature is treating us well, so much forest to enjoy and improvisation to make. The good thing is that I can go out and feel there is still more to explore, this is the good thing, live where one feels there is still much to explore and live, Italy is really great for that to as there is so much history yet here there is so much primordial nature and not so much of the bourgeois mentality (at least yet, although I see it coming) a bourgeois society which screws up really everything... the fucking bourgeois dream (a car, a pool, a house, a family)... on that instance the countryside of Sweden is much worst so I am really glad to have a place here where to repair as more and more those people start polluting around with their renderings of a perfect life, let's learn from America and see how much in the shit it is getting (one can also learn from ancient books but maybe that is too much to ask to the contemporary humans)!

On a shiny little Nordic beach walking the periphery of the city with my son to reach the train station and from there our country house where we actually lack water. I have taken care of my project, thus my spirituality and then of my physicality by swimming and doing Chinese gymnastic on my underwear by the shiny crystal water. I then wonder about all the education that society imposes and that one has to do in order to get certified and considered by it. I find that an old discipline based on the ancient ones that took care of the education of a person as a whole has to be considered. There were alot of teens surrounding us today on the shore and they were most vulgar and disrespectful towards nature, this much stood out from my execution of my discipline, a discipline I have opted as mine and I keep on carrying without the many modern doubts which make us shift from one thing to another without ever accomplishing anything. All these micro societies that humans create feels so wrong particularly for those that try to embrace the universe, that speak universally... All this specializations just kill them more and more.

Like a roman soldier was kept when not at war I hold myself digging in the countryside. The paradox is that the more this progressive and healthy regime invest in the transportation infrastructure the harder it is becoming to reach it. I really take a big personal dislike for all this monumental works, all this establishment of power and increase of stupidity following the dream, the chimera of a rich country, at least in its aspect as really much poetry and spirituality get lost particularly in the constant detachment of the people with their place as the infrastructures imposed by the state will also determine their lives, a life on the road to reach further and further away jobs.... wow, so glad not to be a fucking researcher nor a business man yet be able to observe.

Still a beautiful day digging my vegetable garden in the countryside, most peaceful now my soul had alot of dreams and feel rather heal. I can even stand my father-in-law now retired who continues his profession in his own house hold by always having machines on and digging cables and getting rid of stones by hammering them... well everyone has his game yet I wish they were less harmful to others but what to do if society addresses us in that way, most likely the way of technical evolution. Yet, acknowledging this from the very beginning and understanding that really something ought to be done manually not only to be beautiful but also to last... as a principle automations and anything that are driven by them will be disrupted, yet the taking care of one's own garden as St. Augustine suggest, is the only thing which could last for eternity.

Resting a bit after all my lingon berry picking (half a bucket now full yet worthless at the market price, worthful for me though). We took a walk with my wife and son picking selected mushrooms, the very best (we used to really pick everything) and there I got in the part of the forest where I knew I could find lingon, all those plants with red dots which will accompany my winter. It is a pity only to see all the human greet of those idiots now with a city job and leaving their forest to machines and basically erasing all the sites which one can create and discover, greet and power, better be a little isolated and out of the games, thus I keep although so doing there is much indifference from all the rest particularly for those who curate society and only select what has been prestigiously certified, good enough though because there are always good nature person who can really spontaneously esteem what it is worth.

After two years today I closed down all my social networks I had started to compell with my social games that brought me first to China and then to America. The fact is that now I have tried to use this network to get some help back in Sweden but it was really no use, not a single finger moved to give me a millimeter of help. If I recall I really felt in love with this land but everything got screwed once I got involved with the little artistic/academic/international society. I really enjoyed teaching yet what a struggle for a tiny stability... I was used and thrown many a times and that really damaged my pure love and dedication. Now back in the same situation but no longer all these social virtual clubs... all erased it, just me, my work (my discipline, my son, the farm) and everything I will need to do in order to survive. I now feel I know a bit of myself, I know ██████████ I know how restless our blood gets in society and how bad we can turn out, I know how beautiful we can grow things and love things... farming, craft-making, teaching, preaching.. but really no speculation, then we are like terrorists, we are like Jesus at the market place by the temple... we explode and leave. Let's see how things will evolve, hopefully with time, things to avoid and things to undertake, for now I just keep up, very actively, I guess that is the way to survive the social captivation for those that are gifted but are not given the opportunity to express it.

We left the country today to get back in the city and I really felt I do find the countryside experience reviving but I really need the city with its human life, obviously not that of the ugly machines, an ephemeral life, but that of its people. In the country I can see my plants growing while here in the city I observe the human dynamics, observe actively yet not so much interfere, at least not for now as it is a most great disillusion every time I do so, every time I face greet and power games and nasty (yet very subtle) behaviors... I thus will abstain and see what will happen.

I try not to play the social victim and get busy taking care of the house and all the small issues to it related. I am even looking for works here and there yet really try not to get a full time fully immersing things as that will certainly damage the family situation... some silly part time thing with not so much thinking involved or just something strictly related to my discipline which takes my constant engagement.

Got back to some kind of disciplined routine also now that my kid really likes it in school and I can keep it longer taking care of my work, yet really no prospect of earning any money, my wife providing the essential for us to live. I feel though that despite the situation I should really go for my intuition and as going for anything else that the project I am doing as never ever succeeded, for instance most likely work for the ambition of others. I have much I have established myself to do while being totally unemployed and avoided by society, which really I might have myself induced as I think this isolation, this intimacy is the requisite of a spiritual creation. I might just as well get into it although again my chances in society, particularly this highly civilized one that requires university certificates also to be a cleaner of public bathrooms, are really blowing off. Yet the potential of something really great, based on the daily execution of my project, that remains, it remains also very much in the hands of providence which I shall thank as really only in this miserable conditions one can get much valuable created, humble conditions without any possible arrogance.

Seating in my new corner, always a dark little corner yet with a little view of the darkish condos mirroring repetitively the one where I live. After my morning discipline where I most effectively take care of the daily maintenance of my project and after taking care of the house I feel somewhat idle. I know that the answer want come by desiring something outside, a new job, a new education, yet I require a little hope, I am sure it will come, I am sure someone somehow might consider me for something but for now I have to keep up with my project... I would really like to get hands on, start constructing and feeling glad yet money is always a bit of an issue and what I am expected from my family, which I am currently taking care of being left at home. It is certainly impressive how the social employers wants all of you, your freedom, or nothing and for us, sensitive creators is always a compromise as no longer society gives us so much of a charity to live on as it used to do with the spiritual apparatus, the ecclesiastics. Talking of which I am now reading Saint Augustine while also finishing up with Benjamin Franklin, the latter a most successful fellow really needed by the circumstances of its time (not sure if a Franklin today would be needed in such a saturation) and the former who looks for his eternal rather than his temporal success and redemption. Among Augustine much blessing to God I am trying to reflect upon things such as his intolerance for anything but the truth. I am actually fond of classical epics (he seems to later despise them) as they reflect human nature and I was in fact thinking that maybe a way to continue for now is to try to embrace the career of film director. Also Augustine is not fond of marriage, I understand him, but I have to acknowledge that, probably in a more Nordic and Lutheran mentality here the engagement is less demanding, more independent and luckily my wife and I don't base our relation into material things although I see that her goal is the apartment in the city etc. and I sometime wonder if that female desire in her will ever settle and she will ever be content.

Cooking the pasta after a day off with my kid to the swimming pool... finally back to our previous good discipline interrupted by all these years traveling, I will catch back but really I got back with allot, rather a complete man now fully equipped for my life mission. Talking of which we were latter at a presentation (this to meet my old colleagues) of a famous American artist Andrea Zittel, if that matters. She also through the years tried out different experiments such as disconnecting from the imposed measure of time and making her own clothes from triangles and so forth. Well, rather similar in many ways to my work other that I do not frivolously jump from one thing to another such as making one week experiment... 36 years, beating any conceptual constrain, marking my skin, engraving the rock with my continuous caressing it... got to get back to the pasta.

A beautiful sunny day and already some leaves falling on me laying in the playground after yet another adventure with my kid, just like in an Italian neo-realist film, "Ladri di biciclette" with Ricci the unemployed father and his son around Rome. Anyway we made it today on top of the highest mountain in town, thus making our achievement daily. My professional career looks instead rather dark, I know exactly where too go and what to do, just that much is the sacrifice and little or nothing the social recognition, a recognition given to trendy persons living in trendy places doing trendy things, all the social exuberance and resources seem focus on them, on these fake idols. What to say, abstain and continue within these settings, provincial in many ways but still desaturated like the old America once upon a time...though too many laws and bureaucracy.

A Sunday with my family without forcing my wanting to go to nature, I followed my wife's willing and we got in a nearby neighborhood where immigrants, mostly from Arab countries, lives. I felt really much like them, their colour, probably not the same upbringing, not the same education as many have in mind money, cars and big bubs. I see more and more how, somehow I need to get started, how nice it would get a studio and get moving producing my work, yet that is also an investment that requires an initial support but from where? All my curators friend and art theorists with their tongues out for the super established international pop-stars want hang on me, or at least they might try but then anyway the museum at last will refuse me and so forth. The fact is that the work is being carried easily in a corner of our little apartment, yet some experiments might be needed, some getting closer and concrete to the actual form. I am basically making this huge plan, scripting it and barely receiving any attention... yet what happens if I turn it physical, even just prototyping it, throwing some stuff out, making a bit of the magic happen so that I can then arouse some interest. All this may require more time and networking and keep on trying to get some kind of job.

Today rain and quiet. I have been going through each part of my project as usual plus cleaning and doing all the necessary domestic duties which took up all morning. I feel pure and should really make the most of this state before I will engage again in society and corrupt, again with all the necessary games to survive it and with all the comes from its exploitation of our inner selves. I am concluding today the reading of Franklin Benjamin's autobiography but read with a certain skepticism all his exhortations to industry. Well I guess, as he addresses himself to those that at that time had their own shops/farms. Then I do agree, industry and frugality in ones own natural activities yet what about industry and frugality applied within the very corporations that are overtaking all self initiatives? Working with industry for the sake of the commercial colonialists? That I really don't know as now a days, so it feels, they are taking over and the self aspiring to develop with love something of his as to either resist or just give up to the work of aunts, most fetishistic ants. I will persevere and thanks God he allows me and the time I work for these commercial sects I always cause great troubles!

Another day with absolutely no news from the outside world regarding my own condition yet another day of fulfillment, going through each of the eighteen routines of my project which gives me a certain completeness, I say a certain because there is also the communication aspect of it, my willing to divulge my doing. There is a website for it and I am carefully going through it once more but there are also other predisposed output with which I wish to communicate my commitment yet society plays a big role in this, how much they really allow to manifest my manifestations. Anyway doors are being knocked, the game is being played yet the response is very minimal. On one side those that are supposed to curate these manifestations are filled with pride curating "prestigious" people for "prestigious" institutions, this is very much the case in this provincial setting which actually favors my very methodical doing. I guess the struggle will always kind of stay within me, even though there is contentment in doing I really need to physicalize in order to share. Let's see what that will bring me into doing next, after meeting all the old acquaintances which might be able to help.

Just kept with my kid today, home with an heavy cough, not too bad though so that we could go a little around the city and make always new discovery. We first headed to the public library to find a better variety of classic books. I always go for the Everyman's Library collection of authors, but somehow I got in love for some tie now with Russians, also being in Sweden they are really appropriate. As I walked up the staircase of the round library my eyes immediately fell on Mikhail Lermontov, A Hero of our Time. Believe it or not I am already half through it... gush how much I like pure storytelling from these kind of areas, that is really my Far West, not the Indians and the cowboys but the Cossacks and the Russian troops of the 19th century... I should really visit those Caucasus mountains one day, get in touch with my old tavarich Pyotr and maybe even visit the places where my grandfather fought during the Russian campaign. I really needed something authentic in its way, something real and away from the fake surrounding... just felt that on the metro all these people dressing persuasively, all these mobile phones, fake songs and all