

where I might one day even erect some sort of spiritual church. My eyes are now closing...

Late at night that I am writing about my daily event which now, back in my native country are always so dense. I have spent the morning rebuilding [REDACTED] website and organizing all the information of the various medical clinics where he works and so forth although the entire family is getting all in business together and will have their own studio where both my sisters should work. Well, that matter was rather quickly solved and at noon I have been eating with them and playing with my little nephew whom I cannot abandon by herself and as I am with my son, I feel very compassionate and keep playing with her although they say she is a bit terrible when she wants things, nonetheless she is very cute. In the afternoon I took off for a five hours long walk to my spiritual peak, the church dominating the city on top of the hill. On the way I met many people who asked me for money but also one, a black guy from Ghana who did not ask me for anything but to talk with me, or as he said to reshuffle. He was with his other unemployed immigrants friends then and I left for the church and a gorgeous walk across a part of the hill where I have never been, an ancient medieval road, the road of the devil they call it (two monks were assassinated there), yet what peace and what spring vegetation and the history and how so harmonious with perfumes of flowers and the singing of birds. How much have my heart cried for such a beauty, a beauty which is not really belonging to me as I do not possess it nor I can't easily access as I live abroad, yet I have fully inhaled. On my way back my friend from Ghana reached me again, he just had argument with his friends saying that I have a clean heart and they shouldn't have asked me for money. He saw through me and o my surprise I also found that he has a vocation, he is a welder who really wants to create but for now as to take up whatever shitty job he gets. I gave him some tips and made a vow to help him if providence will also help me to get a job. We both had no prejudice about one another and were both very similar in our circumstances. I also met another classmate from college, married to an English guy of Portuguese parents, with kid. She was really impressed about my doing and really said what I have already settled as a truth "you ought to persist in order to succeed in your genius". We left without exchanging each other contact, it is so much nicer this way, so much more of a surprise than following her news on her social media profile for instance, fuck these updates. Once at home, rather late, I just kept talking to [REDACTED] and my stepsister's young boyfriend, just all of nonsense to fill up all the time spent apart, as my real father during the four total days we spent together.

Still a sunny day here in that of Vicenza, this little sunny city where life can be so pleasant yet really people born here have no understanding of their luck and make things difficult to themselves. My very old friend Francesco, with whom I did my high school and quite many adventures (yet never out of the familiar environment), has settled in a very nice part of the city, by the hills. He certainly understood how it is worth living now that he has a sweet and very placid girl (I came up with the name for her, Gemma, and he went for it) and a most caring wife and what an ideal view and location from their house. Only a little land is missing where he could do some gardening... too bad that all modern urban planning do not take that in consideration. Meantime our house on sale in the other little city of Uppsala has got no offers. Destiny might as well bring us back there but hopefully this time I will be able to sleep at night as I was most disturbed there from the air conditioning warming us, the back pain, my troubles with my split parents and most of all the newspaper delivering guy who came late every night at the same hour (and in a wooden house that is certainly heard). I am out again with [REDACTED] now, who is back yelling at my sister's little girl. Her behaviours and all these reminiscences reminds me of when I was young and from here I can really analyze myself now (I did indeed inherit something). Really worth the experience going back to the origins!

Yesterday night I was shutting the curtains in my stepsister's room and found my grandfather's old pictures, the one that got under the flood that destroyed their house and killed my grandmother of grief. I was looking at him, at his youth, all radiant with beautiful energy and much up to joking and enjoying life. After two long years now he has been buried (he was buried by [REDACTED] in no time without allowing me to reach him), after two years I managed to visit him in the cemetery in the country village where my great grandfather Agostino, who was born in Brazil, grew up, rose a farm, became the mayor and played much music. I started crying already at the entrance of the empty cemetery and broke into tears in front of his family grave. The country all around was very green with uncut grass and the high trees were snowing cotton seeds. My son August gave me a little bear puppet on my way out of Sweden and I just felt I ought to give it to my grandfather who was really a father to me. Learning from my time in Jerusalem I have also made a little pile with stones, terracotta stones which, like the bear puppet, will be promptly removed as every poetic trace in this country. I did what my nature told me to do and I left with a lighter conscience. Thereafter I explored the village, it is called Grantorto as the big river Brenta was making a large curve there. There was a little affluent and I walk up a beautiful path which was obviously interrupted by a giant factory... these freaking rich Italians running over their own nature (much like the industries my very grandfather and his offspring promoted, it is farming applied to family driven industrial production). Anyway, myself a shepherd have been walking the other way and recorded my thoughts and the what is left of the public space and the ideas it provoked me and so forth. It was really an important experience, as the meeting of my biological father. In this case one can really see how the lords of a whole town (my grandfather's family in that village and my grandmother's family in the neighbouring one), how these ancestors came from the mountain, made themselves a fortune working like slaves and taking over the old and corrupted aristocracy to then become the new landowners and after a few generations be taken over again, now progressively by very exotic immigrants which were even presents there. The cycle is inevitable, yet I believe that the accomplishment of something noble and poetic might provide seeds to the offspring to prevent them from dissolution and give them at least a model to follow, even elsewhere and in other domains. It is too late for me to come back nor I want that, yet for sure I will keep on cultivating my roots and taking care of them along with the caring for my offspring up north.

Back to windy cold Sweden yet feeling that this Nordic landscape is now the most familiar to me. [REDACTED] have been most generous and they were much glad of the help I gave to build a digital profile to [REDACTED] for his business which is actually bringing forth all the family. It was a nice exchange and I brought home allot of precious gifts yet here I have to readjust myself to the smaller and poorer conditions, yet certainly more poetic. Talking of which we might at last end up back in our Uppsala apartment as we can't sell it and I might not get any jobs at last. I don't mind my kid growing up there close to his relatives and in a healthier, more provincial environment with much more space of his own. Again the going back to the roots which so much did not work some years ago as there was all this family mass which my biological father stirred up by reappearing in my life, the distress he gave and the distance to the capital which might be in fact problematic unless I get something to do in the Finnish capital, to compensate my solitary being in the province, it might work then... all to be seen! Meantime I feel I can't really stand to live so long in these concrete houses designed for the social beings, I can't stand these imposed artificial structure and I did love the anarchism and natural economy I have experienced in Italy where no one wants to pay any taxes and have a more natural way to do business. I feel a bit myself that I will escape they system as much and live my own rules, far more meaningful and particularly the only way to maintain an independent individuality and thus make my existence worth and be worth to others as a guy from [REDACTED] city I met on my way here, no matter the conversation one can really convey some real human nature insights after such a full immersion in its processes.

I was planning to spend a memorable Sunday with my kid but then asked Jacek for suggestions on how to reach the archipelago and ended up following him and his company to an unplanned adventure, breaking the intimacy that I could have establish with either one or the other and kind of spoiling the day. In these kind of adventures I always prefer to be coupled, it might work with larger groups but then we kind of have to be the same age and have already a plan. I really dislike when we are too many and everybody wants to do something different. Anyway, this improvised trip was rather a fiasco and I have tried to make it up by being longer with my kid after we managed to be alone. The area by the sea is really beautiful though and if we will end up in land (next week is the response to my work which will determine this), I will definitely come to miss the sea. What I won't miss though are all these commitments which I sometime find a waste of time, like the too many things that Jacek would like us to do, probably because he might not be able to proceed by himself, a bit like [REDACTED] who always requires someone to go and bike with him in the mountains, while me and the other locals from there are most solitary. They are anyway experiences but the point I made with Jacek today is that I rather have frameworks, a fixed time in which I shall operate and be most efficient, like the ten days that are soon booked for a workshop in Poland with him, rather than this endless rediscussion of things. I bet he must feel very frustrated though as he was rejected for everything he has applied for. In this respect I told him that no matter what I will feel content of the situation I am in, as long as I am able to keep up with my project. Who cares about prestigious posts which can only hinder you from doing what you are meant to do?

Today my kid didn't feel like going to school and I felt I needed to make up an adventure with him, right this morning I felt I really wanted to detach from anything that separates me from my family in general such as my upcoming trip to Helsinki and all the endless discussions and plans with Jacek who seems never to settle to anything. Anyway, this morning I have prepared with much love the food for the two of us and off we went along the lake, my kid with his little bike and after a little nap in the open he really wanted to venture far, and far we went deep in a small fiord where only the occasional motor boat where disturbing his quiet games of a fisherman. He is now dead asleep after my wife came back with the news (my phone has been off all day) that the Uppsala apartment has been sold and we will keep it in Stockholm at last. We have been much happy and hopefully our life quality will increase with all the nature surrounding us and yet still very close to all the facilities (train, school and so forth). At least this has been settled although it has been a bit of a risky business where we might have ended up commuting everyday and have the terrible time we had some years ago when driven by our romantic instinct, we moved to Uppsala, the ultimate city, where my life-work as born and will eventually be deposited after its death has many other death related thing in that spiritual city.

At my in-laws after we have been to Uppsala signing the contract to sell our apartment here. I have been packing allot for the occasion and moved suitcase and boxes here, one of them filled with many years productions of drawings. Eventually in our new apartment, well located in nature but not too far from the city, in our new apartment there will be place for a tiny studio where I can finally settle my production and display a bit of it. I have been also to school today and did a good cleaning of all the equipment I brought during the workshop taught few weeks ago. One meets all this new students all the time that one really doesn't know what to do with them, whether one should talk to them and ask them how they feel or just ignore them as they are way too many to treat in such a way. I am really not the person that could ignore someone who might seek help, on the contrary I do my best and feel glad that my time there was confined to a period in which I could really give them all my knowledge and later leave, without keeping on being there and pretend, making up fake lectures and so forth, having no passion left as those academics with a fixed job. I don't know if I will ever become one but if I do I should really use what I have learned during my youth as a partisan, namely to base any on my theories on reality, a facing of reality which gives me the real energy and inspiration and true insights to be worth to communicate. How many articles and books are published without this essential premise just because they ought to be published for the sake of publishing? In the end these university that are now evaluating me for a position they might ought to play safe and give it to a less exotic applicant with a more conventional background and less expertise, yet the question remains whether is this person going to produce something meaningful that goes beyond a clever contribution to a closed discourse. These people have no common sense to judge, they certainly wouldn't use their subjective point of view but either some objective data and or the total opposite, be blinded by the prestigious facade that someone might put in front of their vanity.

Not sure what is happening to me but it seems like I am forgetting society and all its poisoning ambition. Just like Natasha in "War and Peace" which I am about to finish, just like her once she got committed to Pierre she forgets about everything else but her natural duty. I feel rather the same, don't have absolutely any interest in any prestigious position or the like, to the contrary I would find it most impeding and yet there are all these circumstances which drags me back to the game, off and on, like the upcoming commission with Jacek in his homeland and the applications I wrote after Liselott, my wife, got me to write. In reality she appreciates allot my work as a housewife but it is the mentality of [REDACTED] and her father which cannot accept the man being home unemployed, both rather uneducated people though who tend to put allot of work for their achievement, heavy work while I tend to be light and have thorough picture in mind for a grand result. Anyhow today was raining and I spent the day with my son August playing piano and sorting things in our old cabin. The fact is that paradoxically he gets to do all these spoiling things in the country such as watching TV in the morning, eating low quality candies and all the things I have educated him to live without, instructing him to distinguish good from bad, worth from not worth based on what is natural and naturally processed versus the bad quality of what is artificial. This distinction is not in my in-laws head, they are not able to judge the quality of something based on what lies behind it and in this sense I am kind of settled with the idea that the farm is theirs and we are just occasional guests with no responsibility. I wouldn't mind in fact to have a vegetable garden closer to our new place, something I can take care of without all the interferences of the in-laws, particularly the father-in-law whom, with his trimmer, is not able to distinguish a strawberry plant from a nettle (just ate a soup of that today). Now though we are back in the city apartment and I really have to keep the windows open, can't stand to be in such an artificial captivity (just spent the evening out with my kid playing pine cone fight).

A day packing and feeling that that is really my expertise, as a Viking or an Etruscan preparing their luggage to bring to the after-life, which is in a way what my project is about. I momentarily feel that I would rather live without any add-ons as all the official research I might end up doing. I am totally satisfied with my life and my project running on its background although, as my kid and my biological father, I also like to construct physically (for now my construction is only virtual), and really don't know when I will ever get a space to do that. I mean I have done it several time but always temporarily and then I thought of this tiny studio I might get out of our new apartment but there is so much against it, like from my wife side who can't conceive the idea of me having a few private square meters to play with. For me it would be something of a little sanctuary in the house which I would curate like a garden, but probably I might have to dream of it elsewhere, or probably it will still keep on developing within and it is not yet the time. I will keep on waiting for a sign...

On the boat to Helsinki once again, this time invited to participate to a discussion, totally unrelated to my doing but I anyway took the chance, after some hesitation, to go, at least just in case that city will be my professional environment (soon the answer...). In the morning I took my kid to his new school where our new dwelling will be, really a fantastic place with much natural surrounding and fantastic architectures which eventually will prevent any urbanization. We walked the beautiful forest and then to the school where in no time little August was playing with his new classmates. I then drove the car, packed full with our stuff, to my wife's work and took the boat while they are going to the countryside. I am seating in a nicer cabin now, still don't know my roommate but I feel just too exhausted to hang around the boat packed with people looking for fun. Hopefully the place we are moving to will be big enough for August to grow up, this considering that many of his classmates are suppositively very well off and live in villas. Anyhow, maybe it is just a stage and we might upgrade to something fairly bigger as he grows, yet, no doubt, the surrounding are most spacious and preserved, out of the speculation of the inland. I guess that to stick to nature is always a good choice ("be close to nature" as Lao Tsu taught).

In a club after a whole day in the city. There have been allot of celebrations, first on the boat bringing together all the Scandinavian society and afterwards the talks at the conference, mostly again philanthropic but I did manage to squeeze in my project and leave somewhat of an impression. I also managed to squeeze in a nice walk in the wind, exploring a spiritual side of the cit I didn't know, like the cemetery by the sea and other churches of various styles. In all the social euphoria though I have always managed to keep myself and be rather deep and open with the people I have encountered, just being myself and wanting nothing from them, but to converse.

Navigating back to the Swedish shore, to the nestle sheltered by its own remoteness and all its islands. The history of humans is terrible if one considers all the ambitions of different nations going over other nations as the Russians attempted with Finland. It was really beautiful today in Helsinki, and although I haven't slept so long after such a fruitful night with all the international crowd, I have again set myself to march around the peninsula and to a little island where I ate some food at last after so much fasting. Thereafter I passed by a war museum and started a conversation with the old guard telling him about my grandfather fighting in Russia. He immediately got me in for free and there among all the Finnish stoicism I felt how different they are from the Scandinavians who have been never deprived of their placidity and have in this respect, little to take in consideration, just like thoughtless deers in a virgin forest. In this respect I found many things left to be explored in the city, not only the coast line, which, with this kind of weather is most beautiful, but also the people, the Finns, the intellectual ones and their rather Eastern way of being. I also found that, at least now that they seem so cosmopolitan, it is an ideal place where to disseminate the ideas one so much mature in isolation. It is all to be seen anyway and at this point it is not up to me to decide about my "career", luckily though, any attempt to get some work abroad has failed and in this respect I will keep up with the gentle flow of nature, as this very navigation across this little sea, this Mediterranean of an infant civilization.

Back from Finland on the boat with Anthony, an English man of 70 based in Colorado but traveling around the world. Not a place he has not seen, what an open book and what a difference with other farts his age who has not moved an inch, neither physically nor mentally. Anyhow, it was really inspiring for me to listen his adventures in the dark cabin of the big boat. I really love this life style yet I am also drawn to report and further recollect my experiences, which also makes me rather responsible of the intellectual outcome I produce. I did photograph Anthony and included him in my collection of acquaintances even though my camera broke, it felt after I photographed a nice Belg couple who was really fascinated after listening to my presentation of my life-work. I thus spent the morning looking for a new camera lens (the photos it takes now are really blurry) and made to the countryside for my mother-in-law 60th birthday. Very nice atmosphere also made happier by the news that I might have at last got a full doctoral scholarship to write about my life-work and related. For this I might have to give up on Finland and keep my solid base here while still not falling into comfort but really make the most disseminating theories around my work already sedimented within. I have got the opportunity and I am ready, after so long a meditation. I might give up though to all that is art and artistic, keeping it as a side occasional thing... Had problems anyway for that vane world becoming more and more philanthropic. I will do my job of promoting self initiatives reflecting local realities! They are calling for me we are heading back to the city.

At the airport for Krakow, where Jacek and I will conduct a workshop for the next days. I woke up too early today and did everything too early so after fixing my camera in tow and being at the main library and restoring myself in the observatory hill, I ended up too early at the airport but managed to invest well my time and set down to catch up with the long list of drawing my life project. Things can be very tedious in our technical society characterized by either nothing to do or too much to do (and then things get hectic). As I well invested my waiting time at the airport (one would otherwise end up captured by all the artificial temptations on display), I think I have spent well these eight years of waiting for society to give me some sort of role. It might happen now at last, now that my life project is most set and goes off itself, a bit like my kid after all the time I spent with him showing and explaining him the world (ironically he is starting his social obligation this year by going to school). My art doing, either a meditative exploration of myself being sedentary or an broad exploration of the surrounding being nomad, my art eventually will keep up, it is what has inspired all my doing and what will nourish my scientific research. I come to a point now that I will have to decide whether I should quit for good with the stingy art world.