

ultimating my plan and probably not even bothering about producing and polluting. If that is the case it will be anyway done by a professional infrastructure as the shows I had in museums, making use of machines and professional equipment rather than trying to craft. My work of capturing is a craft, the actual realization can be delivered according to the plan. I also start to have doubts about any personal realization of a physical building to host my work. I have doubts within the provincial context of the countryside with its people which are rather cultureless, living like happy animals. My goal is to complete the entire plan, produce all the digital content and delegate as a testimony to whoever may be interested about this rather authentic and consistent trace of a human existence (this assuming that someone, eventually some institution might be interested).

Today what a day after driving my wife at a small station at the periphery of the capital where I will be leaving for Norway with with his American Jewish girlfriend and her friend. I am all ready with my camping equipment but being penniless I had to accommodate all these people in the car, we are going to a friends' wedding in a family island and I guess this time I will have to skip to explore the wild mountains there. Yet I didn't hesitate today to take a full day walk in the surrounding of a wild lake nearby. I just followed my intuition and got in some interesting places recording my stream of thoughts and occasionally getting trapped in the wild... how all exciting it was and I now feel certainly less frustrated than the last few days in captivity at the farm. I really need this outgoingness and exposure. I am also very happy to have found quite something to do in this pure yet not so sublime nature like the recording of thoughts while walking. It seems that my staying here can really benefit my philosophical side also considering my upcoming candidature. Well, looking forward to some experiencing of real nature although my son is not with me left alone with his grandmother enjoying the country and getting spoiled. He is sort of autonomous now and I am not forcing anything. This way I get satisfied doing my excursions in full and he might or might not show some interest in the future.

This time driving all day Jacek and company to Norway. We were really happy through the Swedish landscape but then got across and found much being under construction here. The landscape is certainly interesting further to the North and the East which I will save for other explorations but I don't mind it in this respect to have kept it on the East coast of Scandinavia at the boarder between Russia and Europe. Norway is certainly just now getting well off with all their petrol but I am not sure culturally how interesting of a place it would be. The fact is that it is absurdly prohibiting with all it coasts, this silly financial speculations and distinctions. Well, I am not sure if it was worth the effort to come not so far but spending so much, will see... hopefully some new acquaintances to photograph and hopefully a real mountain to climb on the way back.

At Åsmund wedding in the Norwegian island taking it easy and socializing after Jacek and I went out with the boat to a bigger wild island and literally climbed a wall of rocks with a fantastic view on top... Really magical and sp the time with him. Anyway, aside from socializing with interesting individuals and healing myself and the sedentary frustrations, I was asked to sing opera during the naturally staged ceremony. I did overcome this and did quite well with Schubert Ave Maria modified with Amy Isaki's name, my friend's Japanese new wife. Aside from this I have been talking a lot with Panagiotis my Greek old friend with whom I enjoyed speaking so much during my time in the States. It has been a rainy afternoon otherwise but I guess worth the effort, if not for socializing and photographing new acquaintances and divulging my practice and getting inputs.

In a tent at the border, midsummer and a lighten midnight. Norway has definitely much to explore but I find it more conformable somehow back here in mightier Sweden, with its more tranquil plateaus, forests and lakes even if it lacks any dramatic landscape it is now my familiar landscape and I can't wait to take my family out here again, just with our tent and the small car, not at all with the fat caravans all the Norwegians have in the camping we randomly ended up in.

On our way back through the whole Sweden and stopped in Värmland with its beautiful valley and lakes at an art collective. No one was around and we explored the farm buildings turned into many a rooms for individual artists. Aside for the artworks themselves what a fantastic place with wonderful nature and scenery. It really inspired me and I now think that this is the sort of environment I should carefully look for to eventually realize my opus magnum. We later met the creator, a middle age Dutch man and really understood that the new blood has to flow naturally from elsewhere as no other locals would have really got into such an enterprise. I think I now have a bit of an intuition to eventually look for such a scenery so close to my native one and with a disused farm building of the proportions I already established. It my still be a long way to the promised land...

In our old wooden house at last, completely alone while the rest of the family is in the newer and modernly renovated house of the in-laws, captivated by the rainy summer weather. I personally spent the day inside the old drawing room resuming all the components of my life projects, particularly the most sedentary ones like painting. Thereafter I have commenced to order the dusty attic in order to find some space to store the material output of my project, mostly for my children as really I only take full responsibility and I can only fully have control and order what I store digitally, all the rest requires way too much compromising with the social surrounding, particularly since I don't own a square meter and even in this wide land of my wife it is a struggle to claim some space. I was rethinking today of all that I poured on Jacek while driving, the fact that we both have no physical space where to not only manifest us but also where to produce our stuff. Well, I guess I will keep on for now being patient about it and chisel my work virtually till the opportunity shows up again. For now I was looking a bit at the profile of my future supervisors and I got a bit skeptical about their speculative way of making theory without basing it on any practice, just building on well formulated and eloquent writings... will see how I will fit in that one...

Spent the day freeing our old summer house from all the furniture and things that were drowning its interiors. A giant furniture was really suitable to store all of my paintings. I really thought then that my believe in my life project would have made me carry up the whole furniture after I chopped off the locked doors but it was too big and didn't make it through the stairway door to the attic. I then sawed in half and realized that it was all I need to store a life worth of paintings. Meantime my kid has been playing freely with Maia, a neighbor girl and I hurried up cleaning all the wooden chips and freely for good the three rooms we are going to use here below. I really liked working with wood as it is so renewable and can be moved around and readapted. Outside there are two decaying warehouses which I contemplate. It wouldn't be bad to retain their style and use at least one of them as the starting point for one day prototype the whole of my project which is currently only stored in a small memory card in the camera pouch always around my belt. It is actually quite a thing to be home in the country, in a home that so much breath nature and so much has breathed time, another feature of wood I guess.

Refreshing the farm with new paint, like the old days with all days ingredients, mostly the red copper based pigment for wood and lime for stone. I wonder how certain people have the tendency to homogenize everything, painting walls and streets with the whitening lime as in traditional Greece. I guess at this point I don't mind some colors and variety although I appreciate very much what tradition passes over to us. I wonder though if in the end I will also end up like my father-in-law who gave up painting the doors with tree tar and just uses a black synthetic color (for that matter he no longer uses lime for the barn big rocks making up the lower wall). The issue obviously is that when switching to the artificial method the natural method can be hardly reestablished and this I really wonder sometime as it will be my turn once to make certain decisions here, not because I am the owner but because I will be the only one left with the experience. When painting the chimney column up in the attic today I have even figured that I could covered with some forty five portraits of new acquaintances. I is amazing how to get me going I need to fulfill my artistic vision and it is equally amazing how, certain decisions in my artistic method can completely affect my upcoming future. For instance the fact that a gallery show is so hard to put up, I thought that some home made interventions might as well do. In this sense I found a meaning to keep it close to the country but then Jacek wrote me to follow him to Kalingrad in Russia for a workshop. As I did never explored Russia (although that is a very isolated piece of it), and as I made my duty to be explorative and fully nourish certain parts of my life projects dealing with representing human surrounding, I couldn't refuse but anyway made really sure that everything is super plan and we are fully covered (I just had an argument with his Jewish girlfriend who had been very pedant to share the Norway trip expensive but was not in the least considered on how much I served her by driving her around and being very punctual in picking them up and driving them back). Now time for Chinese stretching and twelve laps of the garden.

Today, after an early morning start updating my life project I got my right eye suddenly flickering and my sight totally blur. I for once understood that it is the headache I get once a year. After mixing some lime paint I just opted to lay back in bed and after about an hour half asleep I was again better. Before getting back to work I took my son and the old dog of my right wing neighbour for a walk. It is a straight road passing in front of the farm where the railway used to be. We just took it simple, followed it and eventually found some small wild strawberries on its trimmed side. The same strawberries that the famous botanic Linné, living in the area some hundreds years ago and with very recurrent headaches, used as medicines. On the way back I was contemplating the clusters of buildings making up the farm and finally decided that, if I am going to utilize one of them to host my life-project at its completion, I shall probably opt for the bigger warehouse most to the East, keeping the entrance in the North and the back with the large glass with all my month walks engraved in the very sunny South. In the rest of the afternoon I have finished to paint the chimney columns upstairs and already told my wife my plan of prototyping the column of acquaintances... she might have to just live with that.

I guess my father-in-law does not dislike me polishing his farm and I don't mind doing necessary work to keep it up yet I do mind taking as an actual work from dusk to dawn since I have my life project to get going. I thus like to make a variety of things during my staying here and progress systematically with all as today. Yet I really have to admit that some idleness and captivation combined with the chaos of a temporary situation such as we encounter every time we move to another place, all these factors makes me rather frustrated and it really takes me an effort not to fall into idleness and vice. These very situations I guess got me into drinking like one of these German folk described by Tacitus combined with the sexual vices of the Romans. In this respect I really feel in a good halfway which maybe leans me more to the latter although there is no greediness for luxury within me and I am generally quite chaste and much laborious if I can fulfill my artistic view, which I really need to keep on nourishing. Anyway all these mass media are crowded with pornography and I really try to stay away from them and just have regular access but not the constant access available with these smart phones (my wife, who works with these personal station for passive media consumption, gave me one but I have now put it well away... what a distraction, not to mention that she wakes up and goes to sleep with it!). The catharsis of all these might be to have another baby (what we are called to existence for), without worrying about having to divide the family inheritance (for now I have just planted an oak tree which in hundreds years might give shadow to the too sunny facade which I am now painting with iron based red pigment). ... talking of which, I just discovered that my father-in-law has been hiding with new metal roofs older roofs made of asbestos, totally unhealthy as they decade and get damaged ... what a nice inheritance and at last am I really to be egoistic that I just try to do something naturally beautiful with my project, my life? Far better this than any moral philanthropy really polluting the world (as these Nordic people delivering petrol and weapons to the rest of the world yet keeping so peaceful and putting themselves as primary examples, just another race with his good and bad sides).

I am rather freaking out in this obsolete farm. I am no longer the young man that twenty years ago landed here filled with illusions and put himself to much hard work. I could withstand such work because I had that illusion that one day I might have been able to deliver here my treasure ("Love is where is thy treasure" said Jesus which I am currently reconsulting to get some further address in my life). The illusion is gone now realizing that the conservative owners, my wife and her father, are stopping any of my initiative, even the most poetic and subtle one such as planting a little oak tree. What the heck! Why would I waste away my time painting their toy house, making their properties more beautiful and nothing more? There is not a lake here to bath (I wanted to make one in my illusion/plans) and nature has been slaughtered by their farmer mentality. I rather be a shepherd but where to bring my flock if all the surrounding has been totally colonized by the machine work and bourgeoisies' fake properties. The purity of this place is gone, I have learned much from it but I kind of wish to fulfill my mission, get out of this island where I might be turned into a pig and forget about it. If I hold on is for my kid sake as I would feel much hurt to think of him fatherless as my case. I wish we had no money and no properties and would be more of a united nucleus. We are currently without an apartment, a month to go before we can get out, a month of basic slavery.

Today, after prohibiting my son to eat a whole bag of bad quality candies bought for him by his grandmother and after hearing from my wife how bad I am to make such fuss, I finally decided to sneak out and packed with all of my stuff I have been walking through all the natural reserve, a big march which couldn't go any longer for the high weight of my essential equipment, my cross. I guess I will need my first salary to really have the proper gear and to go to a proper destination like maybe Island next summer. I am fine to leave my kid at his parents, just find it a pity after so much effort to grow him up genuinely that his cow grandmother over spoils him (nursing in a hospital with stroke patients she might bring home the same tendency of dosing medicines to them). Anyhow, afterwards we been at Åsa's place. She is probably my wife's best and oldest friend living with Marcus in a small family farm where they have built a rather modern and quite nice house. I sort of liked them even though they are not super brilliant, but I guess these are the people one starts to enjoy with time.

The wind was rather powerful throughout the day and I kept it in the old country house enjoying the comfort of a roof to take care of my life project, do small home improvements and play with my kid, things that I would have been denied if I would have been out camping particularly in this Nordic climate. Anyway I definitely feel like I wouldn't mind spending the summer more actively, hiking and in the open air, yesterday I was feeling very vigorous after my escape and today my energy is going away from me, particularly when my father-in-law is around and I don't want to be out facing the bull (one bull per farm). My mother-in-law has been fine with me today, I excused myself and did not absolutely made a fuss about all the artificial food she buys and so forth, just let her be in her innocent world of plastic flowers.

Waiting for take away pizzas by our old Uppsala apartment where we spent the day cleaning now that we are renting it out for the last time before it is completely sold in three months. It was quite a job but I did like working side by side with my wife particularly now that we don't feel so very welcome at her parents (his father has kept us without water). Anyway I guess old people have the social and economical security they need and don't necessarily have to relay on the young ones. It is also a bit the more contemporary culture of this advance civilization to let go its offspring to society and don't be so much of an organic transmitter. It might be also the Germanic race as described by Tacitus, who knows yet it is getting mixed somehow although the diversities are kept apart (we are a little tiny exception). It feel nice anyway to have ones own independence and also keep away from much judging. Everyone takes up its role... Pizzas ready.

Still in the old Uppsala apartment, my wife having a migraine and myself spending the day entirely with my kid, getting in good terms after being in a small lake bathing and barbecuing back home. Things are a bit upside down public relationship wise with all the conflicts with my wife's parents, Jacek who has got any money yet from Poland, Markus who doesn't want to take his kid to the amusement park Legoland (my son's ultimate dream) with our kid... In other words quite a disaster yet being a family alone and kind of on the road like a Mary and Joseph with no place to go, is quite poetic and quite natural too I would say. I wouldn't for this matter I wouldn't mind another kid, a little girl according to the pendulum over the wrist.

A third day in the old apartment with my wife going meticulously through every detail as the place was ours. I guess she has this thing of cleaning before any guest is expected and the process can be endless as when we renovated the country house. I fell lucky now not to have a house to share with her but a more practical apartment, it might have turned out quite frustrating to put such a perfection in things that are anyway going dirty again. I personally am very constant in cleaning although maybe not so precise, yet I do try to keep fresh every day rather than super clean once a year... I look forward to some more time on the road or more time in a house where I can curate my practice (for these days here I have been mostly without my equipment). Anyway I don't mind variety and today I have removed all our remaining stuff from the attic. I really like to remove and keep only what is essential. I have to compensate with the other family member who keep everything, all their consumer products and artificial fabrics making much dust. I don't mean to be manic as the Nordic farmer keeping the outer space around their farms most clean and the inside more stuffy. I just carry own for now with all my life work in a little memory on the side of my belt and nothing else, I am more and more concentrated to carry out the work digitally without any material accumulation... If it comes (e.g. a major exhibition or the realization of my Memory theater) it will come.

Back and forth from the country house to the apartment with all our stuff... how much stuff and how much I would like to live with a fourth of it, be able to redesign living with the most essentials items yet without exaggerating. After weeks here without running water and modern comforts (with the exception of electricity), I really see certain advantages of for instance having the fridge (in the whole days here I use to bring all the food up and down from the cellar), or just to be able to shower (I guess I could manage better with the washing if the cottage was nearer some pond as the old houses were before the introductions of wells which really had folk moving inland as my wife's ancestors). Well, I look forward for things to get settle so as to go back to my discipline which also involved running and so forth while here I feel a little bit trap like a housewife under surveillance, but it might as well be only a matter of settling things after many years living independent and elsewhere. Talking of which my wife is now worried about Bob, my Chinese old boss which kept on renegotiating things while we were there and never facilitated her to the point that we had to go in and out of the country every month to renew our visa. We are now moving close to him, in an apartment, not in a villa by the lake as he has. I made him paying my Swedish taxes estimating the money he should have paid me to work for him and she now want to settle the account. I guess there is something one has to face just like a Roman general after a triumph in a foreign land (the misfortunes Plauto was talking about after the fortunes). I would have personally had someone else to judge the matter and decide what is fair or not. For now I keep it cautious of my enemies and wait in my tranquil hide.

Today it worked out a little better, I guess the running I do as part of my life project does its good. It is Saturday and all the Brunberg family is at home, some cutting grass, some cleaning the kitchen while my role for the day has been that of keeping up painting red the old house and entertain the kid who is otherwise quite left alone in these working days in the country (no leisuring like the divorced lady renting the cottage in front). He certainly found a friend in me and keep on coming back for new interesting things to do. I wish I could take him around and show him for example the Alps, maybe even exploring new places, but for this I will need my salary and even then I will need time (I guess the willing will be kept). I am still holding off from Jacek's proposals to do more workshops and so forth. There is an upcoming one in Russia for three days we could lead together but I just don't like the going there and rushing back, or just the fact I will have to leave my kid and wife in our new place with the latter who might have to follow up her work. The workshop could be fruitful to socialize and gather more new acquaintances but it