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01 080, 080, 000
02 240, 000, 000
03 200, 000, 000
04 160, 000, 000
05 200, 200, 000
06 040, 040, 000
07 200, 200, 000
08 160, 160, 000
09 000, 080, 000
10 000, 040, 000
11 000, 160, 000
12 000, 240, 000
13 240, 240, 000
14 200, 200, 000
15 240, 240, 000
16 240, 000, 000
17 200, 000, 000
18 240, 000, 000
19 200, 000, 000
20 200, 200, 000
21 080, 080, 000
22 160, 160, 000
23 200, 200, 000
24 120, 120, 000

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*WARMER RGB = WARMER DAILY WEATHER, LIGHTER RGB = CLEARER SKY

Fig.181 Screenshot of a summer month with quite some variations of both temperature and sun. Months with high variations usually correspond to my time spent in the alps. There I usually make it to lower and higher altitudes corresponding respectively to higher or lower temperatures. If during a day in my village I make it down to the flat land to do grocery, there I could experience a great heat but if the following day I go hiking up on the mountain top it can even be cold. Variations can also represent a month in which I have been traveling from for example the rainy cold north of Europe to the dry hot south. Even so a powerful storm might occur down south especially with climate change turning the weather very erratic.

WEATHER 01

I keep track of the weather using a scale of RGB values. Every morning I use one of these values to label the weather of the previous day. The scale consists of 6 temperature zones characterized by 6 colors, respectively red, yellow, green, cyan, blue and purple. To these colors, 6 further variations going from a pure color to a gradually darker one are provided to map the weather conditions. For example, an autumn sunny day in Canada could be represented by a fully bright green which corresponds to the RGB value 000,240,000. A rainy autumn day following the clear and sunny day where the temperature keeps, however in the same range, is represented by a darker green 000,080,000. If in the following day I fly out to Porto Rico and the weather there is really

hot but a bit cloudy I am likely to use a slightly dark red represented by the RGB value 200,000,000. This scenario however is very unlikely since early on in my project I decided to avoid traveling long distances, especially with airplanes. In the first place I just don't like the idea of traveling comfortably seated. I rather walk and if I could I would walk everywhere and be nomadic. Secondly I just find all these accelerating technologies bad for nature. So if now I am obliged to make my seasonal migration to the alps with a van, slowly moving through the landscape and trying to stop and take walks and pay our respect to natural sights, just looking at the sky and seeing the amount of planes crossing it makes me quite concerned.

To some extent as a young man I just ventured out with planes to explore the world not for the sake of just being a tourist but for the sake of living in different places and trying out the American dream. I did not last long fortunately and all my later traveling was done in search for a place where to really settle and put my roots. I did end up in Scandinavia in the end not because I was thrilled about the economical possibilities there, on the contrary when I moved there it was still a socialist country. I just loved the idea of being in nature. Of recovering a place in nature I lost after my father left for Canada and I was left with mother and her new husband in a city environment. In this respect all this traveling was the result of a displacement. I belonged to a natural environment and was uprooted from it and the dominant urge in my youth was to seek it back. I searched for something pure and far from also the corruption my native highland underwent with massive tourism and speculative urban developments to host it. As others before me I was into going into the wild but could not differentiate between staying at a farm and really live the wilderness.

It was in Scandinavia in fact that after years of idealizing my living in nature I came to clash with the farmer culture there. I think I would have appreciated the old type of farmers growing their patches of land and being committed with it but I just couldn't get along with the industrial and profit oriented mentality that lead progressively to more and more machine-driven extensive farming. I guess at that time I could not differentiate between the different modalities of living in nature. I was content with the idea of living in a farm but perhaps what I sought was really a type of life that it is more possible in the rugged alps where the land is not accessible by the awful big

nature eating and profit making machines I experienced in my time in Sweden. I just wouldn't say that I have a romantic view and that big farmers have their feet more down to earth. On the contrary I think these farmers never have their feet down to earth. They just sit on their giant tractors or call these or that other guy with this or that big machine. I just think that nature, especially in very flat and accessible environments, is being kidnapped and is not allowed to grow back in its diversity, a diversity in which humans could recover a living modality.

To give an example, in Scandinavia I had access to a very old forest. Trees were high as giant columns and underneath it there was plenty of food I would gather throughout the summer. Wild strawberries and buckets full of blueberries and lingonberries and baskets after baskets of mushrooms. There were plenty of animals too, from mooses to deer but alas I was always alone in the forest and I often tried to ask myself why. The families around the forest would at the most bring their dogs in the outskirts and for a quick walk but there was no interaction with the wilderness almost as if the wilderness was more of a burden than something to live with. Oftentimes I was told why I would waste so much time for things I could so easily buy at the supermarket. The stigma of the community got very strong on me. I had to get a job and I had to live a regular life and eventually the forest had to be cut, not just cut here and there but completely cut. I was a wild man, not a romantic of any kind. My genes were all telling me that this was the thing I should do, roam around the forest and gather food and bring my little son along. It did occur to me with time and by accident to read about other people who dropped out of civilization and got into that sort of living but my point is that I was not conscious about this.

Simply it is not that as a young man I felt a dislike for all the suburban environment I ended up living in and as a result I decided to firmly find a spot back in nature. I just followed my nature and my nature brought me and kept on bringing me back to the wilderness and the people colonizing it kept on pushing me away and tried to normalize me, to make me also a colonist, to make me part of their spaceship enterprise. Eventually with the years I had to comply with this but I never managed to get normalized. On the contrary all my resources and energies went to a little place in a forgotten corner of the alps where I deposited my project and where I now a owner of land and forest not because I am greedy capitalist who wants his asset invested there

but because I understood this is the only way to at least try to boost nature back to its majesty and with it also manifest also the majesty of human nature, a human nature unconstrained by all the normalization on which every person has to undergo but a nature that is fully grown. This is what I like to bring together, a giant tree that I kept uncut no matter how much money I could make selling it and the giant tree of my own human nature represented by my project no matter how much money I could make putting it in the service of this or that corporation or institution.