

wouldn't leave much more. I would rather go to secluded Russia later on with time and when my kid is not alone. Yet this last "free" but "penniless" summer, it would be indeed nice to organize an excursion to my native Alps, all the family united. This feeling I have to distaniate myself from Jacek and previously from Jason (both some Eastern European good buddies) is probably the fact that I feel they distaniate myself from my family, my project and generally speaking my intimacy.

Today I walk up with good intentions and had nice propositions about my staying here but then the frustration sat in again and sort of exploded when my father-in-law went around with his trimming machines once again as some sort of German soldier who really want to keep the noise going. Luckily we escaped to Giriral, a Indian Dutch musicians who grew up in Russia. We escaped to hi s concert and luckily got a bit of a counter balance, some beautifully performed folk Russian music in one of Linné's, the famous botanist from the enlightenment, farm in a ancient natural setting. How I cannot seek to turn this vulgar place in something as noble as that, in a such a nature. Anyhow my wife seems a little bit more comprehensible and maybe one day we will be able to at least set the trees for such nobility. In this gray summer weather we then moved to Giriral small house and celebrated his birthday, once again compensating the lack of an intellectual stimulus here (how true of Socrates to say that a city is required for that, yet I like the in betweenness). The conversation has seem to verge on the fact that even though there is some kind of cultural promoters here (even though with the total liberalization of the right wing they are becoming poorer), their vanity still have them to invite famous international artists overshadowing what is local ones, overshadowing any possibility of a spontaneous cultural growth without the imposition of the mainstream, the same goes from my practice which had a free germination in the virtual world now overshadow by giant corporations which diminishes any self initiative, even the most poetic... I really miss the culture of the people e.g. the park performances of my Chinese friends and so forth. That real culture should be promoted! How less frustrated would I feel if there really was an arena to manifest myself, to manifest and share the love of our existence.

Very very plain here, with little or no initiatives I can carry out. Today I was left alone with my kid in the old house and I took advantage of the rain (here I am otherwise expected to do work out in the farm, mostly painting walls and making it more fetishistic), I took advantage of the gloomy Nordic weather and finished to build up two boxes out of some old and disused furnitures (these hyper conservative people would never dare to give a new value to the old). These boxes will serve me to store respectively my drawings and my paintings, mostly some material output for the sake of my offspring. Meantime my wife dare to the lawyer to settle the division of the farm with his brother. We are not going to get anything out of this place, the owner will be still virtually her father, than her. It is just a big hassle to have these unusable and out of date properties, just an expense doom to rotten unless one give it a new value as I have proposed with everyone making fun of me. For now I just wanna get out of this small farmer mentality, I will in fact go to Russia in a couple of weeks as I diplomatically managed to get a free flight from there to Italy where my wife and kid will reach and we will spend some vacation out of the gloom, eventually in the sun other than the mountains can be also quite gloomy at times.

As an Iranian hairdresser leaving here once told me, one really has to be busy working to survive these weathers. For me it is also that I have to have a plan and a clear list of things to do and things to achieve. Thus today with my wife, after various irrational arguments, I went completely rational and we got to agree on several points, such as all the houses and windows I will have to paint in these coming months, the weed to remove in her little garden with spices, the strawberry to replant and few more things which will keep me busy throughout the rest of the month but will give me some freedom to be in Russia and then in Italy at the beginning of next month. The negotiations have been most delicate having to control several strings at once such as all the organization behind the Russian trip, with which I dealt this last week, ██████████ and so forth. Out is still raining although I manage to red paint quite a big part of the sun damaged facade, my wife is in her parents' house working with her laptop and my son with Maia, the neighbour's girl in my old tent, companions of many a long journeys across Italy and Greece before I landed here. I have got quite positive now that it seems that I might be able to renovate the attic of the house to finally display some of my work and store it, could be some sort of a pay back for all the work in this property.

Not much of a luck with the weather but again working and taking care of the old house and the garden really turns the day very smooth. As we are also busy with many deadlines (trips and moving the our new apartment) there are also many preparations to be done. My wife is working in the capital and I have to drive her back and forth through a landscape that really seem to me as a combinations of my childhood landscapes, the mountains first and the countryside after, plus the lake resembling my time at the sea side. As time passes one recalls these things even more and try to revive them particularly with our kid. My wife now feels like we should in the end take a pilgrimage to Legoland despite her tight holidays because of my going to Russia next month. We are thus going on a mission to two amusement parks and I don't oppose, I will be certainly able to sneak out of these private entertainments (where anyway I can get ideas) and survey more of the public sphere around them, maybe even make to Copenhagen and Malmo with all its immigrant outskirts (I better get in touch with my little network of foreign friends there).

Stormy weather out but I did manage quite few things both relating to the countryside (mostly red painting the sun wrinkled walls of the old house) and bureaucratic stuff like cash in a check from my American taxes, ask advice about an unsettled loan with my old Chinese boss, throw away more stuff from the stuffy attic and take my wife's car to the annual check where surprisingly all the mechanics where blond and young girls. I am really curious in this respect to see what will occur to all this liberalism, the exotic immigrants allowed in this country, all the American like economy and so forth. I am just curious and do not make any accusations, on the contrary I find that different periods in history balance themselves out and so different regions in the planet. I wouldn't be surprise for anything, there are always many circumstances at the stake as much as for the life of an individual. There are obviously risks but how can one prevent to expose to them? There are certainly those puritans that do so like my neighbour Anders and my biological father but they anyway corrupt themselves in other ways and if the virus doesn't affect them from the outside it can visibly affect them from the inside... Just thought about Kaliningrad, where I am soon heading to, what a nice German city it used to be before Hitler gave way to his ambitions and it was turned to dust and to the Eastern enemy. Well, I guess moderation is always the key, open but not too much, also flexible for some sedentarism, as here in the country where despite the natural purity people anyway corrupt themselves with the artificial. No matter where then we will always be exposed (up North to the bad weather and down South to the bad economy), so what the heck, life is to be lived without paranoias.

Today it felt like another plain country day with gloomy weather but then the gang of kids (the neighbours' kids, my kid and his cousins) was around building a nicely arranged animal cemetery behind the house and collecting small frogs, all very nicely. As I was filled to my head with tasks (still allot left to paint and the windows will take a while), I asked for fun Ida, my son's oldest cousin, to cook for me and she not only did that but also coordinated so that the rest of the gang cleaned up the house, the woman work that here is totally missing with my wife always in the capital to work and too tire to do anything when I pick her up at the station. Anyway, as the Gospel says the kids are really fantastic in this respect, bringing back all the games and so forth we adults had to dig away because of other adults and their mentality. I wouldn't mind a girl in this respect who would help me out a bit when I am old as I feel my kid, despite the fact that I have helped him so much and spent so much time with him, I feel that with all the inheritances he has secured (the inheritances my wife and I couldn't in the least make use of), he will be off his tangent as every first born (e.g. Tino, my grandmother Angelina's brother, king in the family villa she left to him, thinking that she died so miserably). A bit back to normality with my wife for now that we are planing the escape to the Mecca of amusement in the heart of Denmark, where the legend want my ancestors, the Cimbers, to be from.

There might be a meaning to everything at last. As I have been really dedicated to our old country house again, after all the fuss (partly due to the fact that I feel like I need a space where to display my project and partly because, after these years abroad, I got out of practice and it did took me sometime to get the muscles back on my arms), after all the fuss I might in the end be able to prototype my church, the ultimatum of my project which will also embed the backup, as a small little chapel in the very house where I have been working so hard as a carpenter in the last decade. It was my wife to propose it after I made to her clear about my demotivation in coming here and getting so much work to do but really nothing back (it felt indeed as I was just taking care of their houses, their property but in this way, placing my heart here, all the energy that it generates will flow back in it). This will get my hand and head to work removing all that negative frustration of contemporary living.

Rain off and on but now we are sort of set to our new old life here and with my wife home things are a bit easier without all these interruptions to go back and forth to fetch her in town and bringing home all that work stress. I guess that is really what destroys living in nature as it occurred to us when we first moved to Uppsala and had to commute to Stockholm every day, we really hated it, the experience was that in fact of being a commuter on the same route... hopeless. Anyway, a personal effort is always required to overcome a certain tediousness. One has indeed to have a discipline and maintain it, keeping both the body and the soul to work. This not to stagnate, to keep fluid. I kind of got to like now the idea that we will live in the Northern periphery of the capital and we can easily reach the countryside in the weekend where I can keep on helping out but also get to make my little chapel in the attic as a compensation, this without any compromises, the interior will be like my secret devotion which in reality might take me years to realize and perfect. A miniature version of my final project, a room where life can be replayed, a fully decorated interior within an very rural exterior, an interior which is also meant to store a backup of my work, a repository of my life's reliquary, something at least to look forward, a invigorating challenge filled with decisions as many as these one have to take when climbing a mountain free style.

I am fully immersed now, once again in what just started as a game and turned into a major work, as many enterprises in life I believe. Now it is again this old house, the planks getting rotten in the Northern facade. Other people in my situation might have only painted over them but I actually dug into the problem and really much considerate about the future I did spent quite some time to substitute them, just by the badly kept window that for years had the rain water pouring down in the below wall which I had to replace when my son was born (after and up to now that he is independent, it was always hard to get back to carpentering). Here again I could have cheated, and like my brother-in-law suggested me, just put some artificial isolation, but I did actually use timber. A lot to consider also for the construction of my little sanctuary upstairs (talking of which I am reading much of Michelangelo and classic Italian art, in the books resurrected now that we are moving to our own place after years on the road). I guess my principles still remain to do things naturally (meaning manually and without so much of a technical aid) and with natural materials avoiding artificial ones. A nice combination considering that what is actually exhibited is totally technical and untouched from me (e.g. all the miscellaneous of media I will adopt). My mind still fantasizes and got down to a concrete plan where each medium will show a year of work. Funny that in these days of no public commissions (well I had several opportunities for those but was never free to follow my sensibility and always dropped them), in these days people like me have the only option of develop things within their own domain. Maybe it is a direction and in the future I will only make homemade exhibitions (at least this is the intent with the very ultimate one).

Rain, rain, rain, a poet would stain his pure brain on all this rain has some sort of great flood (my little son keeps prophesying about it) and me building on this crazy enterprise, the ark saving all the species of human life in extinction. It was totally a wet summer but I guess these variations are needed to take care about certain things rather than others. I am now rather done with the red painting of the exterior walls, catching up against the inevitable cycle of nature. I am not so obsessed about making anything immortal, it is rather the more vulnerable thing of keeping up with such work of renewing and transmitting this to the offspring who will be in charge of it. Things should keep on renewing themselves and so their meaning, hopefully inheriting from the previous ones. The artificial aid can put a sudden stop to the process such as all the very harmful material that was used in recent generations. Our duty is thus not only to restore the natural process but also to take care of all that our previous generations have caused. Well I guess that in our decision making we should always go for the most natural options, and there are indeed a lot of decisions to be taken and obviously at times it is very unnatural to go for the most natural, for instance I did use some silicon in the end around the rotten threaten windows as bee wax or other natural materials would have been really hard to find and quite expenses. This month have been quite unique considering that in the last years I have been really hitting the road with much walking and explorations... well the rain outside make a good time to think about depositing all the pollen I have accumulated and this is I guess the beehive providence has assigned me.

A day with my kiddy now that his cousins got tired to play with him, my exotic kiddy. I just told my kiddy to do whatever he wanted and his only wish was to go to a big playland newly built in this provincial town. I was first there reconstructing my Website now that I got it off-line after all my wife's censorship with my dreams and this very Journal and after all the indifference from the public now that the big corporations are prevailing even there. In this sense I thought that I am playing the only war where there can be heroes, the guerrilla war of partisans hiding in the forest. I was to have a little shop with my own little production (my Website) and then these giants came and I lost my business. I am now a partisan without really any companions but I will certainly mention the fact in my official writing through my "social profession" of an academic (hopefully a very unconventional one). Anyway I figure that my Website make more sense off-line, as an intranet feeding from itself. It will take its time to develop though but in this way I don't have to worry about any resampling for faster on-line connection and protecting the content for the hands of pigs in case it will anytime be of any commercial value. Anyway after a first attempt to reconstruct the Website (it will take time), I played with my kid and we actually had much fun playing soccer and shooting with air compressed guns within the giant playground. Later we went in nature where I used to take him when he was little, at a viking burial ground, and it was pretty much the same fun although the weather up here is really terrible, particularly with a father with kid who wanna show him around and tell him of the world.

It is dawn and I have been walking about 40 kilometers alone in the total wilderness to reach my wife and kid in the old great grandfather's cabin by the lake, considering that these two days were, according to the forecast, the only two spared by the rain. I have been really marching despite all the wilderness that at times have left me completely submersed up to my head in search for signs of this path going throughout the region. I haven't met a single soul, what is a dark southern doing here anyway? I felt indeed like a Petrarch, a poet lost in his thoughts while roaming the most deserted fields. It is nice to cut out these experiences from our sedentary living although really I still have some kilometers to go (I am just out of a messy natural reserve at a restoration point typing on my phone while the sun finally burns my face now that I am out of the woods). These experiences are certainly most restoring and I am glad to have them as part of my life undertaking, particularly after all the dissatisfactions brought by the bourgeoisie society (my father-in-law might be in the farm cutting grass like his beard at this very moment). Well I guess it is all to be endured that anyway one is to get his treats at time (my birthday is here). So far everything is working out and most importantly my call, my life-devotion is rolling and with some prospects ahead (namely my upcoming employment where I can write about it and the farm where I can prototype it)... Everything turning around it. Take that away from me and I would be totally lost! Back to walking like the happily imprisoned Count Pierre retreating with the French soldiers from Russia.

I look forward to have a place of our own, in a few week at least. I am rather fed up of the rainy weather and having to be me in my wife's relatives molding cabins without any comfort and with almost everything to look after, such the cooking of can food and so forth. We are now at my wife's old grandfather's place. A nice person who has enjoyed this cabin by the lake where he has spent his time alone fishing, poisoning rats and killing mosquitoes. As this is not really a Walden pond with Coca-Cola like water and water snakes, it might still be acceptable for a single person to be here but for a family, particularly one where is a single person to have to look after everything, it is, sadly enough to say, it is a totally insane experience. I really understand these Nordic people committing most barbarous acts even against their own family, it is really a Shining experience which I will really try to avoid, be much content in my little apartment without so much of relative engagements (just the idea of Christmas eve at my in-laws gives me a great anxiety). Hopefully I can stir our time and do something first of all less stressful, and secondly that actually leaves something. Anyway, first of all what I seek for is our autonomy. I was reading on old magazines from the old great grandfather about Gipses and their clash of culture with Europeans. I guess the clash is really much there for my case and in this sense to keep it in the zero culture of a cosmopolitan city is the safest.

A fantastic day my birthday, away from the swampy, unnatural location of the lake cabin where I really had quite a hard time, then to my wife's grandparents confined in a little apartment. I felt all my compassion for them now so old and close to death, my Swedish got worst after these years abroad but I have tried to keep up the conversation about their past as I used to with my now dead grandparents. I was really reluctant to everything this day, a bit like ██████████ in Canada, but then we went to the circus and I got all fascinated by such Fellini actors (there were indeed some old Italian clowns), and spectacles from all kind and all over the world. To complete the catharsis we had my 33rd birthday barbecue back in the now beautiful country (well located and with at last some fine weather). Some neighbours I really like, Mats and Vivianne, were invited... what a fine evening with them drunk and full with joy. As a present I got what I expected, a guitar... what I didn't expect was the very good quality and their effort to make me happy. I really have to be grateful and just accept certain difficulties. I ought to go over the clashes and be friend with these kind people who have no bad intention, go over my moods and show them my gratitude since providence has placed me here and I can be one of them, even during the bad times like this totally rainy summer, nel bene e nel male, nel bello e nel cattivo tempo the sun will come back.

Back in the country doing country work which would be quite fine if there would be someone like a wife doing the domestic work inside but I guess that is no longer the case and together with all the renovating out one is to look after the inside as well, cooking and cleaning. In addition I can't spend anytime taking care of my kid and educating him, giving him genuine food or teaching him something wise. At the moment he is just a sausage eater but I guess I just have to endure all this another week and other weekends to come. For now I am, whenever I can, I am keeping up with my project and study an my old art history book, finding much inspiration from the work of many Renaissance painters and architects. I feel sort of under surveillance though, but I guess it is Sunday and everyone is around working and improving the farm, something one seems to ought to do non-stop.

Rain! They say it is due to the global warming and summers will be more and more like that, extremely wet up North and extremely dry down South. What a prospect, anything in between? Anyhow, one should adapt to the conditions and manifest himself at its best. Aside for the rain I have been looking after my kid and did some cooking in my in-laws house. With this weather one really enjoys all the commodities and finds life rather miserable without them. It is particularly my case after I embraced a larger span of projects encompassing many a medium and situations. Before, with only my photographing of activities, activities and processes where really the focus but now that I am attempting to depict a broad portion of reality I do enjoy a certain lightness of being, a smoothness since all these processes that where first obsolete to me for me bourgeoisie upbringing are now reviled. I anyway spent the day restructuring my Website and going over my old art books of Italian art, a great part of my heritage I would say, where much inspirations is drawn. I find myself more interested by these works merging classical architecture, architecture is