

Fig.094 Photo of my father interacting with a raccoon. It was one of the first photos I received from him after twenty years apart. It immediately showed his deep love for the wilderness in his life as a lonely maverick in Canada where he moved to pursue his North American dream. He was not seeking to become wealthy but live like a native.

FABLES 10

After spending my childhood in the alps, I spent my early years as a teenager in a bourgeois environment detached from nature. Because of this separation I grew a stark twill to go back to the wild. Eventually I relocated in Sweden where I have learned to gather and grow my food, to fix my cabin and fetch my wood. At this time my father got in touch with me after twenty years apart. He was living in Canada and I soon discovered that we shared the same love for nature and for its people. In general however while I kept content with the small ecology I was creating, he was angry with all the political ideologies that disrupted his ideal of the American wilderness. His anger eventually unsettled me but I admire him for his commitment. Living for a while in an Indian reservoir he managed to befriend wolves and later put his life at risk crossing the Yellowstone national park in winter time. He had practically lived the life of other adventurists who sought to reconnect to the wild. My lesson however is that this reconnection to the wilderness can only occur at the social level, forming little tribes and with these tribes trying to establish links to the natural surrounding. This is of course easier said than done because children needs to attend school and parents need to go to work but my life is a demonstration that it is possible.