

Back to what I consider my "work", my profession, just trying to live modestly and keep up with it even if no modest remuneration is yet occurring. Well the spiritual remuneration, that one is always present and great. I am really considering whether I should exclusively focus on this production of mine or whether I should start up other things as that with Jacek, which is really an extension of my own just directed to society. Well, I am personally very willing to move on and get compensated by society by doing more social work, although really I would have allot to do just starting from my own project and with a little bit of incentives. Now I keep on with my cultural survival with most minimal means, which actually makes it very much authentic, so then again I really try not to force anything. None of the dinosaurs professors I used to work for has answered, then good, I have tested that way and I tested other ways to such as attempting to get a whatever job. The no answer is just an indication to keep trying, maybe somewhere else, maybe with my own work. In my evening pray I always ask for guidance and I am really positive about the existence of a destiny. I am accomplishing my natural duty, this I am. It is now a matter of time and meantime I am reconnecting without any demand to the local society attending venues and so forth yet being very careful not to loose track of my work and end up like the Polish sculptor of a Balzac novel who ends up a critic (Jacek?).

It is rather wierd that most of our natural duties are delegated to society and so that we are free to get enslaved by it. I break the chain at times and when my kid feels for it and doesn't want to attend school I take him for a walk in nature where he can wonder, I can explain him things and get in constructive works (he is building my church now out of wooden sticks while some mute kids play and gesticulate all around him). I should fear very much my social condition, totally exposed to calamities, no securities, no savings and yet I am strong still, still resistant with my project' my discipline evolving, nature evolving. Don't how long it will last, how long I will last, just making most of my existence, no anxieties ... a poetic of the ordinary generating such an extraordinary realm, yet still a long way before it can be communicated fully in its magnitude. My wife today warned me: no risky companies! Maybe another sign that I should push forward only with what I have, my work and not so much of other confusing boastings that turns really bad all the time.

At times I might feel like Pechorin the Hero of our Times, who gets in a new relationship but kind of know already how it is going to evolve. Well, I am now in the process of getting into business relationships again and feel more knowledgeable of human nature, of its vanity and this I write before I finally answer a "Professor" who has finally considered me after I mentioned that the reason of my inquiry is a collaboration with a most prestigious American University... well, well. Anyway, my collaboration with Jacek seems proceeding rather well, at least there we don't have formal barriers and should be totally frank and explicit to the two of us. We have great ideas and finally put them to word. I realize that he is the composer while I am that inventing the lyrics, might work well like in the case of Lucio Battisti and Mogol, songs really much within me. This with the warning of my old professor Ernesto Luciano who once told me that an artist can only work alone. I get his point yet the artistic part of me stay within the boundaries set by my project and thus I am free to collaborate without feeling any frustrations and provoke things that actually enriches it. Well, now that I settle my worldly ambitions I might as well answer the Prof. Rolf.

Freezing is getting and here I am enjoying out with my kid after a day of indoor, finally a bit of very fresh outdoor. Sometime I wonder how things would be if now I was living in my mountains, if the weather would be as tough. Looking back I can only remember amazing days, both in the winter and in the summer, amazing and super memorable days. It might be that one day I will be back, but somehow all that time that was attempted it was a rather cold reception, paradoxically. Today the day has passed writing and preparing work with Jacek, thinking of our interventions and entrepenuring... at least hope to engage ourselves socially and do something meaningful. I really hope we will succeed with our poetics, our critical interventions... either total death or total life can be expected from beings like us. For now I give much time to things and keep open minded while keeping narrow minded with the execution of my project, a nice compensation.

The air was fresh today but the weather rather stable and so all we went to a forest on the other side of town, very accessible by public transports. What a forest, what a magnificent nature with much to offer, bags filled with what they call here 'kantarelle'. We were they only one picking and a Chinese woman. And then grilling on a rock over the lake how magical! What a pain all this social injustices, all those colonizing societies with their fat butts. I want to keep small and enjoy nature as a whole, enjoy the sense of primordiality I can smell in it, the most ancient scent of time. Who cares if the world is so little a planet, it is still the epicenter of life, a most unique and fortunate existence out in the universal abyss. Nature is so infinite and various that I am taking really a dislike on those human settlers surviving of artificiality and particularly those showing it off. Few days ago the CEO of the computer revolution died, very young and mass of people went out to thank him yet I still wonder what he did to humanity, accelerated their extinction got everyone stuck on their flashy applications running on portable devices, traps, traps that prevents actual authentic experiences... now back modelling clay with my kid.

It is probably one of the last weekends I will be able to type on my phones without gloves. I am now in a park in the center of town, walking to save money and breath some fresh air. These friends, Italians, are the few that has answered us and even invited to dinner. They have something, some pathos probably left by the Southern culture. Here these Nordics don't know anything about direct solidarity. I feel now like a craftsman in an Asian street showing his wooden artifacts and awaiting and awaiting for a buyer. I keep crafting, keep articulating my design yet not really any reward. As I look how things went in the past it usually takes time, periods alternates. I hope that in the long run I can endure this, with some money I could move along, produce some of my work, prototype my ultimate dream... I keep thinking of cycles and tell myself that something should come... just had two nights in a raw waking suddenly , hope endurance will do. Now the wind makes me shivering, I do my work and yet Poor Richard in his almanac specifically warns not to live on hopes... but then what?

Back to week day and the usual taking care of my Archive, my Ark prior the great flooding or just the extinction of life itself only reviewed by humans in their devices, just a projection of existence. Anyhow, after cleaning the apartment I went picking my kid at school right after lunch. He specifically told me to do so after he feels so bored and agitated in his very crowded and noisy classroom. We went for a very nice walk along the lake exploring old as well as new territories. Allot of nature to enjoy in intimacy yet also clusters of bourgeois properties screwing up the properties and among them a group of young skinheads which reminded me that I am only here as a guest, a servant who can't make any claims, just have to accept like Phaedrus the fable writer he had to accept his condition, yet be forever remembered. No demands of any sorts, just doing what nature tells me and trying not to boast no more particularly with all this mediated communication that has really become a barrier to communicate, paradoxically. Now feeding chickens with apples we just picked... amazing how the Swedes would let them go rotten otherwise and how the Chinese would storm them and leave not even the branches... extremes.

'Prima il dovere e poi il piacere', before the duty and then time for leisure. I again personally give priority to our natural duty rather than that dictated by society yet those is really not the case for all the civilized humans and obviously by doing so I am excluded to any of their privileges when their time for leisure comes, namely holidays and retirement in total dullness. My leisure is and duty are actually rather combined and probably this is really the right balance, avoiding extremes of much overwork and much over leisure. Anyway despite this considerations my kid and I found a summer day in this progressively cold autumn, we had it really nice again sheltering us from the wind eating and taking car of each other (I was cutting his hair with his Swiss knife). Also enjoying Doctor Zhivago, that's it fully enjoying and give the time to it. Generally speaking that is the great issue nowadays; no one has the time... no one but very few had time to meet and discuss with me after my long journey abroad... I give time and yet also again like in a novel one has to give time to get into it and this is the case for my slowly progressing epic work, few have the time to really approach it yet if they did I guess it would stick to them like the indelible truth of a classic. I find much truth now in my soul reflecting the sun reflected by the pond where I am seating, like a Narcissus who has long ago rose his head and got much aware of his surrounding yet keeps an eye on himself... this is really what is worth remembering.

Just back from my evening socializations using my wife's metro card. Sophisticated talks about deconstructive art and criticism of criticism that becomes endless, yet I do manage to succeed in my goal and construct out of this general tendency of deconstruction, taking photos of those I meet and stimulating my thinking. meantime also enjoying Pasternack his poetic descriptions and reflections on the shift from aristocracy to socialism. Probably now here I am living the counter experience of going from socialism to aristocracy once more and the reacquisition of personality and eccentricity (in my case very sober and poetic). Meantime my wife preoccupies about buying a bigger house and so forth while I am sort of very content of our essentially and would not like to compromise my freedom. I would rather have more outdoor than indoor but unfortunately humans, our contemporaries are again getting aristocrats... just all of them tired of these functional beehives from which they can suck the flower of a still genuine nature.

Stood up late at night preparing a video of the final architecture to host my 36 years project to be presented in Vienna next month. A cold day today and, since the circumstances seems rather favorable, I have pushed it a little; after almost two months finally I am meeting the people at the castle, the Kafkian castle, meaning the English Professor who might give me some work or at least some possibilities to continue... speculating with their affiliation, the usual story. Anyhow, I feel rather progressed but I don't want to loose sight of my family, my kid. I found him most bored today at school, totally flattened on the carpet with all these neon lights which I really dislike. I feel pity for him and would like to have him also out for an adventure as he particularly became fond of. Yet it seems always a compromise between the social and the natural work, a natural work that is so simple, a seconding of life, also for what regards my practice of keeping track of my spontaneous proliferations.

In the countryside, my most beloved countryside where I really wish to die and engrave my life work. Such a peaceful beautiful autumn day also a very promising one even though just the day before all these catastrophes occurred; our rent was suddenly doubled, a teeth broke eating a chestnut (re-evoking the autumn poetic)... this all to remind us how easily we can be washed out, wretched in an island without anything, poor and beaten, yet, as a Greek story goes, our intelligence, our philosophy should get us reestablished in whatever community at whatever circumstance. I am testing the later, I am keeping up with the work and at times find people who understands and can appreciate my poetic. Rolf, the professor I have tried to get in touch with very passively, I lately contacted more actively after a dream I had, a shaking dream and a sensation within that stimulated me such a unusual boasting. We finally got to meet in the school where we once taught together, where a decade ago I sat most humbly while my wife was pregnant and we lived in a van and there I arranged in a mosaic all my thousands pictures ordered on the floor, a sacrifice that was maybe repaid. But anyhow, I left, we went traveling the world, we came back enriched and now it is thanks to this richness that I can continue to work and be attractive to the market... so I guess the moral is just to continue and continue. Rolf was really flattering, he promised allot yet will see how much he can help me out in the end, he is certainly in the position to do so. I also spent time with Jacek today at the park with my kid who I kept out of school in the afternoon, not to have him too bored there. The two of us are really creative and have allot of solid ideas, allot to discuss to the point that our heads break and we can never stop. We know get together sensing the terrain... again generating much life and great illusions which might get in reality concrete.

A nice autumn day and nothing really much accomplished here in the beautiful country... Just impressing the beautiful landscape and again reporting subtly as the family is around. Also we watched a very nice old Swedish film showing life in the 19th century with all its misery and joy, very instructive for the film I am storyboarding about my Origins.

Still a refreshing autumn day in the countryside, taking my wife out in the forest picking plenty of mushrooms, alone for the first time now that our son can be with his grandparents and cousins, everything working so naturally nice, they take care of each other and there is always work to do with seconding nature such as picking what it so generously offer and thinking of the winter and spring work to help her producing in the summer (e.g. plowing the earth and pruning the fruit trees). I am also advancing in my knowledge, infinite knowledge of nature. My romantic naivity is long gone, I know how hard and tiresome it can be to eat the same apples and the same potatoes yet so sparkles of genius, the most genuine genius, the one humans have to survive and improve their everyday life, some sparkles often come. I have moved forward studying grafting which will allow me to have more variety of apples in our huge apple garden which produces very standard fruits. I have also decided to seize this refreshing period and extend my son and my staying here at the countryside for two more days. I like so happy and close to his roots, it is really rejuvenating although it seems harder to approach the country from the city now that politicians have undertaken so grandiose projects and turned everything upside down, probably indebting the country and certainly making increasing the train fairs. Why humans never know when to stop? Why they reach their perfect condition and always break through it and go fancy, blinded by power and vanity?

As I am writing the weather is most still covered by the autumn mist. It would be silent if it wasn't for a neighbor trying out the engine of his racing car. I would really never think of leave out in the country unless totally isolated and in full control. People with their machines can be so ignorant, they can step over any poetic work or more just dissuade any poetic attempt. Also we are in the middle of nature and are being fed with the worst can food, also something very paradoxical. I think my place is always in between, something like the suburb of the suburb where I can fully exercise my work. My son is also home in the country with me now but the day is turning a little dull surrounded by these museums, many rooms stuffed with heavy furnitures and totally unusable. I am actually using one as an office but really don't think that people are glad at me. Frustrating accumulation all placed in boxes, just a big disorder which all this abundance of space allows. I wonder if I will be ever able to take my much ordered works out of their boxes and give them their proper space as I have already conceived or else I wonder what will people do when they will find my project in a box... discarded maybe?

The autumn rain is washing away any reminiscence of the summer introducing the winter, nobody knows if it is going to be tough or mighty this year, yet for me really what it counts is the intimacy of the household and of my project, like the clock of a Swiss man confined by the winter in his cabin. The mechanism is quite satisfying, continuously engaging me with in different circumstances, the most various circumstances turns on its different modes. I should really be frustrated indeed about the non responsive society, how things move so slow and very little happens. Luckily, I really have to thanks the fact that my work do not really depend by them, at least not directly. It mostly relays on me and only because of it it can go on without interruptions. I was playing a table game with my son and that really reminded me how the wind of fortune can so suddenly change and one cannot really depend on it, yet only prepare oneself continuously work for it.

Woke up very early today and didn't start the day, as usual, before I went through all my daily projects. I then tried to move on with the daily bureaucracy, applying an filling all the social forms, anchors that totally binds you to a place and make you most retarded and unwilling for any sort of change, at least just the thought of having to go through such an inflexibility. I feel less and less bounded to nations nor any smaller form of organized society. Very few are there to help and if you are not belonging to their circle then forget it. The Professor who was flattering me so passionately for a week ago today on the phone, after I had to chase him, sounded so distant and cold and totally unpromising. Something may as well come out of these acquaintances, at least they know I exist, but what a Bolshevik struggle it feels now reading Doctor Zhivago and what became of Russia after the revolution. Under a monarchy I might have at least hoped for some kind of sympathy from this of that noble who could have really patronized my ideas but in this freaking society where everything is based on certificates. The above mentioned English Professor might have wanted me to promote me but just can't. Anyway, nonetheless I am still convinced that really happiness is to be sought within. My other attempts are just scums I have to keep on doing to get some cash flowing... just playing my role.

A morning home taking care of my project and the afternoon with Jacek planing our world invasion, coming up with ideas to get something going, something meaningful. We are actually getting somewhere, I believe. It is, as always, a question of time and determination, a soft determination letting time give the right shape to our proposal and then testing out in society. The thing is really the now, after both of us have their personal practice of recording ourselves, we move on and orchestrate social groups to depict their surroundings, to get aware about it and see its infinite potential. The writing is always an obstacle but together we sort of manage, yet I believe that we will be only able to succeed by actually approaching people, facing once again. I guess our philosophy is based on "confrontation" rather than pure rhetorics and nothing else, pure death of creativity... just thinking of all these fart without a drop of creative soul patronizing all the chairs society can offer. Jacek and I share a little rat hole, we seat side by side and do the magic, advance without theories but creating always new ones, to the point that my head really fatigues and I just have to take a break to my now very dear friend with whom much meaningful experience is being shared. At least there are still people of the kind, people with an heritage and a tough but solar background.

A beautiful day yet a working day with Jacek now leaving for Poland, evaluating whether anything can be made concrete with our ideas. All this possibilities to do things can turn really frustrating, that is also partially why our projects are based on us as the exclusive executors. How to relay on others, all this mass of individualists. Let's give a chance as well in that directions, being directors of larger portions of reality, involving others obviously for a shorter period of time and more intensive... just an extension of our on-going practices.

Weekend and the family home and I try to keep up with my work without so much affecting their routine. Waiting for the pancakes I kept reading Pasternack, reading more and more of it lately although too much seating made my neck really stiff and painful. Anyhow, beautiful discussions occurring in that modern Russian epic. I enjoy his reflections and compared them with my condition of a rather isolated thinker. I like how he considers the work of art as a life statement, as something one should carry out privately has a vocation, and in this way make it so culturally valuable, without pretentions and the fashionable ideologies which cause him great disillussions and from which, and only from which he can advance. I really feel the same, as building my intimacy and advancing based on the social disillussion. Really again I am not seeking temporal success, just thr basics to survive physically and exist spiritually and intellectually. The main stream culture imposed by the media will die with it eventually as soon as the cable sustaining them will be un plugged. What is a work without reflections and considerations, without a synthesis of the meanings it keep on bringing forward? I feel no longer interested in knocking anyone's door... all the mechanism is laid out, I am proliferating and nourishing and still somehow, faithful to my work, there as a kind soul feeding me.

A warmer current today and I took a walk to the center of town where my wife and kid were wasting such a magnificent midday at the cinema with some nonsense. I am really fascinated how people look for events and wouldn't go out to explore without a pretext. Anyhow I have my pretext of collecting and observing what the public space has to offer and it always offers something, something new and unexpected despite whatever prejudices one might have reality is always very nourishing and whatever is pretentious never. And that is the case of the busy tourist street in