

Chinese scholar, I should take great care of the details. For this I have already decided and had my father-in-law to agree that we are to make the ways for the machines in the forest and we are to mark the trees we want them to cut, mainly pine trees that obscure the forest and remove variety, the pine trees that society much likes.

A fine winter day, lightly frozen. I have escaped all the bureaucracy of applying for a job, I took a break today, a needed break and after the morning physical and mental gymnastic and the housewife work I went down to Jacek and took a walk to a hill exposed to the sun, so rare in this time of the year as no rays touches our dwelling anyway. I have updated him with all the attempts to get a fixed job, something to fulfill the conservative mentality here that wants everyone engaged officially within society. He showed to be a true friend as I think he sincerely wants our collaboration to continue. We then came up with an easy plan, a documentary involving the people protesting against the political decision to change an infrastructure in the city. Latter in the day we met a student from the old University where I was teaching, a native Colombian who has traveled the world. It was really refreshing to hear all his adventures and many stories, really refreshing for this captivity I am now experiencing, a captivity that was at first really joyful since I knew I just had to keep on enduring it and make something out of it but now with all these prospects of change it is really disturbing. Maybe it is me and my spirit which is always set to proliferation, but I just don't like these sedentary, sudden changes. I either like the life of a missionary in the new world or of a monk in his monastery. I take things softly for now, I made a point with Jacek that we shouldn't suffocate with work, that is great to achieve all doing little and all that Tao teaches.

What a fantastic day with my kid, no wind and an overcast of clouds, yet it was his wish to go on an adventure and I really feel myself I needed it and he needed it to get in touch with the environment and learn from an open book. A what an open book full of different discoveries and explanations, all very unexpected and nourishing yet it feels that it is really this pushing the boundaries and getting in the unexplored that was the real reward, the novelty offered by nature and certainly not the pretentious novelty imposed by the pretentious artificial, such as the mall we ended up to look for a pair of sandals for him, what a disgusting and diminishing experience after so much joy along the coast and through a natural reserve and into an Arab neighborhood shopping at their little bazaars. There are various reality and those have to be accepted as long as there is no abuse and so forth, but certainly the fact that one has to walk through all these bright shops of artificial lights with much pretentious half naked pornography and so forth, and one has no other choice, that is rather an abuse. Luckily I can endure and nourish through that anyway, this by being cynical and thinking of the counter situation, my work presented in the intimacy of a forest, the proliferation of a human being engaged with his existence, taking care of his inner garden to then deliver it entirely to these pilgrims willing to reach it and purify, gets surprised and eventually themselves reflect and react on their own existences. There is no direct motivation, no explicit manifest but the work itself. Jacek is so restless, he wants to approach this and that, go here and there, get somewhere, yet I feel that in my hiding I can go much further, I anyway second him, for now and really don't feel like going anywhere by keep on with the ordinary flow.

Rain and wet snow as forecasted by all these warnings about the global warming caused by humans abuse of their natural resources, nothing really that single humans can control... but anyway, we keep living modestly without any dark preoccupation about the future ahead, nor all these politicians and wars and economic crisis. We keep living our intimacy being most laborious within it, taking breaks as well, going with the flow and exploring throughout our existences. Today with the kid I went to the army museum, it was free only this month and we took advantage of it, yet I don't know how much I got out of it feeling much overwhelmed. I guess it is either when you have someone authentic explaining you the history of a particular place, or you yourself make a discovery and try to read through it, that is probably the time I would appreciate history, I am not sure about these pretentious museums, I never appreciated them and I also had time to wonder about what is my final architecture going to be. I wish it to be more like a church requiring really no infrastructural support. I had this amazing experience in Perugia, in the heart of Italy, some years ago in a church, gigantic but totally empty, a space to be beheld, filling you with the same space within. I am now starting to conceive the outcome of my project as an inner garden where all these botanical species from life are presented while the outside is the actual landscape, the forest and no other interventions such as outdoor gardens and so forth. The garden is really within and the landscape outside will be preserved just because it has secluded a soul. I wish I could start working on it tomorrow, lay the first stone and be the happiest man. I guess there is still some time in the world, some struggle in the artificial, hopefully in the nearby future I can get more concrete, save some money for the bricks or better a machine to make them and move on.

A short yet intense day driving first my kid to the royal summer palace and then my wife for grocery, nothing really noble about it but we had a bit of fun with the car that allows us to go out even in days like this of uncertain weather. I fell like I have removed all the kind of ambitions burning in all these artists I meet. They talk about society and politics and so forth but in the end I suspect that most of them want to act out of willing to get established, settle their thirst for ambition, make some noise. I like in this respect to be silent, I keep in fact silent and only when and if I will be asked I will have something relevant to say. I thus keep it up without much of an anxiety which may end me up in some unnatural situations as having to take a post abroad. In this respect I really feel that if I am given a chance within the family constrains that I have, I shall try to build up some sort of an economy to slowly invest in the realization of my project. I know I cannot do it alone and the time institutions help me, it is the time when I really get things done successfully. I will have to see as I guess it is also easy to loose sight of one's own meaning in the world while fully occupied doing business for others. Steps are being taken and they all have felt very necessary up to now, to fulfill my scope.

Snow and fun just as we were living on a beach and could run freely, my kid and I playing snowball after school, yet not for long. I am most disciplined at home with my project and the family duties. Now I make it to the library where I can suck some Internet and look for employment. I wouldn't mind going towards architecture, this is really where my project is taking me. What I would certainly would mind is to do something I don't like and would have to leave aside all the work I have done so far. I have an objective in my life, finish this project which is really a plan for a spiritual architecture, a sort of ark in the nature which destiny has provided me, can't I go this way? The roads towards the actual realization are indeed really hard although the joys and pleasures are great. I know what I want, I don't know how close I will get to it but I will do what I can. For now it seems that thanks for our engagement and mostly my wife's, the heart of our forest will be turned into some sort of reserve. This would be really an achievement, just awaiting for the details. The possibility are really many, yet I think I should really concentrate with what I ultimately want, the source of my spiritual joy, of my intuition, the meaning of my existence, all my love transmitted to humans to come, if I will ever be allowed. I might have to take a step back in my career, I might to, in the end, I might have to go for some minor studies and get more concrete even if this process again might make me poorer and take me away from my beloved wife and kid and the farm, at least for sometime. I have a goal!

Seating at my kid's kindergarten waiting for him to finish playing with a little girl in an isolated room. He seems to like it here as I seem to have adapted to the life of a housewife writing applications.... one application a day keeps unemployment away, as the sage used to say. I have been in the past setting to little constrains to what was offered to me. I guess that now I can start to value more my qualifications and try to get better positions, although really I don't have a super specific field and this make things a bit more complicated particularly here in this super progressive and specialized country, although at least here there are professional possibilities to fulfill the intuitive accomplishments of a person. I will keep knocking at doors as the bible teaches and again as the bible teaches I shouldn't really make life difficult for myself and my family unless things are really worth it. It is absurd how many of my previous friends here have gone for loans to go back to art studies. It seems more of a never ending illusion to go again to these master course hoping to get something out of them, at least the prestige. In my extended multidisciplinary I will keep on doing my work and dedicate some time to try to sell it, to make money out of it. It might be never ending but I certainly do not want to betray it. I am flexible, it is flexible, let's keep on playing this lottery.

Half a day spent applying, now concentrating towards the outcome of my existential project, the building and possibly looking into an education for management of cultural stuff even though really my project varies from the contemporary approach of doing one thing after another, consuming topics rather than deepening them. The other half of the day was eyes opening as Jacek came along with Ivan a native Colombian I met a week ago at his studio. The latter had so much nourishing human experience to narrate us, I felt really turned off in all his brightness, looking as some Aztec hero of some sort. Anyway we also talked about all the increasing tribal xenophobia in this country and how history is just doomed to repeat itself... might have to keep a foot out of this artificial boundaries although really why I so much esteem this place is for its natural resources and not in the least for all the artificial make up, anyway I am still somehow acting freely within the constrains I gave myself. The funny thing is that three of us where so intellectually and spiritually close even if our genetic background was so totally different, as some three biblical magi contemplating the same truth. I think we should form a group and call ourselves after the magi!

While scanning my drawings tonight, as we are soon leaving the apartment for Christmas Holidays, my son and I watched a film by Ermanno Olmi, a semi unknown Italian film maker, a neo-realist who happened to live really close to me in my native village in the alps. I just happened to find his movie in a library in the heart of the city and we watched since tomorrow we anyway have to return it. I really much enjoyed, it was a great coincidence as it was really about the separations of two fiancées caused by work opportunities a little what was going to happen to me under my wife guidance who wants me to get a profession. I really think now I want to be deaf to opportunities, the ocean of opportunities. My aim, my project has become the constrain and what helps me to select and evaluate them. An essay was required to apply to this art management program at the university in town, I could get some subsidies if I am enrolled and I want have to travel much and suffer the distance from my family and particularly all the misunderstandings. In the film in reality it is the distance that allows the two lovers to get more confident in one another and fall even more in love through their letters. I am not in the least tempted about the distance which all this opportunities brought at increasing speed by the media, allows. Obviously it would be less responsibilities, freedom and so forth but I enjoy my constraints, they get me really efficient and productive. Well, the essay I wrote today was just on Tehching Hsieh, a Taiwanese illegal immigrant who did a series of hard-core one year long performances in New York City. I tried to make an argument there that these emancipated people with an aspiration, me included, either becomes small terrorists like Dostoevsky's Raskolnikov, or like Buddhists monks, thus taking the way of meditative suspension from a Kafka like reality rather than that of a violent intervention. Anyway, I am really not sure if these snobby art people will like this but this is sincerely my poetic and my interest which is really culturally close to all these non-celebrities, yet great legends I am slowly discovering, people who, through their effort, bypass all cultural establishment and become immortal heroes of humanities, or better immortalizers of our non-hero condition which is really our unmasked human nature.

The first day of Christmas holidays. One is inclined to look back in progression at whole the past Christmas, at the spirit that governed them. It is fascinating to see how various they have been, how unpredictable whether dining with a South Korean family or in a dark hotel room in Malaysia or on a natural reserve in Costa Rica, or just exploring the other side of my natural family spending some time with this or that aunt, or just simply climbing up one of my native mountain in a gorgeous day with no airplane noises in the sky due to a general strike. Damn the train who first got into my native highland and thereafter brought war, and damn the airplane who brought us so apart... there is always a way back but it seems so temporal. Yet could can probably nourish from this temporality as we have done without so much rigidity. All the world around us gives nonetheless signs to be rigid. The economical crisis seems just an excuse for all institutions to take the full lead. I might end up homeless and with little to live on, I like the challenge while everyone is putting away is social credits and becoming total individualists, it is really a pity to see yet despite all these changes I never feel things comes to the worse or that I should react and worry myself as all this was my duty. I rather feel they are just stages of human nature, generations that goes for certain ideals, that changes their mentality and experience in full what new technologies can provide them. I don't feel in this respect oppressed as all of my intellectual friends. I eat and can manifest my ego, this is what it counts. As soon as I wont be able to eat and wont be let to express myself, as soon as these symptoms arises, I either have to change strategy or at least show that I am trying to (as now when I spend most my days applying for actual positions). If this does not work then I guess there is something other. It is fascinating anyway to see how much a person can survive with so little, I keep surviving without any social rights nor a salary doing my work as a house-wife even though that race has extinguished, it is no longer part of the social mentality to have a person home with the kids taking care of the house (I call this quality!). What is ahead of me I do not know, I keep faithful and content of the mission I gave myself this without being a burden to either society or nature, all this social rights are really consumptive. They would certainly call me a parasite of society while it is really the social member to be a parasite of nature, sucking from it non-stop. I feel more like a squirrel, I keep it collecting in the few trees left while many rats go to feast down the drains yet this time the drains are clean, sterile and packed with shiny plastic food while my acorns are filled with rat shit. No one is left responsible of them anyway.

In the bedroom in my parents-in-law country house, celebrating Christmas and feeling a disappointed for all the increasing pretention taking over even this festivity when one should be most raw and authentic like Jesus getting born out in a barn. I wish there was something authentic, there would be a handmade gift, some homemade food, some real experiences to share... all of it is far extinguished, we seat silent in front of the TV eating artificial candies and enjoying the fake stove with a fake fire burning inside. There is no spirit, these people work for their free time of passive humans, nothing is gained nothing is given yet and most certainly they do leave their foot print on nature with their artificial consumptions, a nature they have few meters from their houses but have never even investigated, and the nature is so beautiful and yet they want to be done with that, feel not responsible for this heritage and either give it to the machines or make it a fully protected natural area where no branches can be picked. Are those really humans and if so where is their common sense? How come they cannot reason out of what the social regulations are telling them. And think that on top everything is becoming totally liberal, economies decides and there is no longer any selection and obviously what is going to be with this culturally uneducated people without a guide? They will betray all the qualitative achievements of their country to enrich themselves of the barbaric quantity. In so doing they will also get rid of what they suspect the real barbarian is, us immigrants and all other cliches made popular by their liberal leaders. Anyway we just watched an old film 20.000 leagues under the sea, based on Verne, this to rescue my kid to watch one more pretentious Hollywood cartoon, quickly made to fulfill the market. This old film was good, the philosophical discussion about not sharing the secret energy of the first invented submarine, not to share inventions with other humans just because they use it for evil purposes that I really enjoyed thinking how it much anticipated atomic power and so forth. In any case by watching these oldies one can always read the mindset of they time they were written or shot. Tomorrow the service... Why is the priest not in anyway inspire to open the eyes of these consumers?

Today during the Christmas service after spending the morning out pruning the apple trees, I have realized one thing about traditions. All my friends, all youth in general view traditions as bad impositions but I could tell that really today singing at the guitar playing of the priest I feel that tradition maintained the authenticity, it gave it back to us humans so used to pretention, we were reunited, our many prejudices were broken and the priest without any direct accusations and the story of a poor Mexican boy who was given the Christmas flower, gave us much to understand for those who have ears to understand. I felt particularly happy today, this beautiful farm we can enjoy sporadically, the sun light and the prospect that maybe I could be able to keep on working on my project and build things, work out my skills to make it for real, share the love which the screen itself doesn't allow me to do in full. I look forward to it, I will try yet nonetheless the meticulous planning continue.

Taking a little break from my discipline now that all the family is on holiday, yet anyway I try to be selective and choose in this passive relaxation something fortifying such as watching a film on the last Samurai and their disciplined values and their way of taking things to perfection. I do have my discipline and yet I have to be flexible and try to maintain it as it does not bring me an income. There are not such figures left. Society thus pay their soldiers and their priests but they have all loose any meaning. I think I live this dualism, a monk on one side and a warrior on the other, as ██████████ I think I, myself is not cut for a life without a meaning and luckily I did had possibility to find it, to construct my armor, develop my equipment and master it and now perform it for real. Without this I would have ended up a drunk and a waste like ██████████ who has so much potential but has never mastered anything, partly because he did not have so much of a chance, partly because of his strong prejudices and particularly because he missed the traditional settings, a culture from which to learn a meaningful discipline. I guess that has been the great crisis for everyone, as shown in the film the new technology has taken over and made the traditional discipline obsolete. Disciplines are now seen as something bad, particularly after all these nationalisms. I think they are really humans saviors as long as they do not invade someone else's freedom, they are self-impositions and not impositions to others. We have been living decades without an existential meaning yet I believe that my practice is an example that really disciplines are possible, a tradition can be restored, a flexible tradition, a fast evolving one, which yet engages ourselves, which form ourselves, gives us virtue and scope, gives us integrity and a personality, things that are very much lacking within the social way of being or better vegetating. We need to "exist", live out of this vegetation, we may as well let be yet then the spirit of life will completely slip from us.... they are looking for me (I am locked in the piano room all alone).

Still applying and rendering my portfolio one day before our departure. I use to only apply for a single thing and await with providential confidence to the answer, well it did serve me in the end to develop further without any affirmation in society which would have meant my stillness. Now I do have a plan, the plan is ready and I need to sense the entire territory and see where it is possible for me to go in order to realize it. Our talking about realizing the actual building, what I can leave to the future generations? Are we talking about realizing physically, giving reality back to the real well formatted and contained? In that case I would have to try to get handy, actually it feels more a need, I really wish to get going and construct, create. It is the joy of life overcoming all negativeness. As a matter of fact I believe the reason why all these so called contemporary artists are so polemic is partially because they are not allowed to create in the first hand. Society makes it really tough on one side and on the other we are not able to conceive our limitations the natural limitations so much expanded by technology. I believe our only nature left from which to find the a right measure to this limitation is ourselves. My limits all come from my nature and that is really also what gives proportion and authenticity to such kind of enterprises. I have certainly have abused a bit today, the computer has been on for hours and it is now getting crazy with the cursor moving randomly around.

A day spent traveling and begun with my wife preoccupation that we cannot afford such kind of trips yet it really turned out that we don't spend much at all and are treated with most regard here. I really appreciate now ██████████ and wouldn't compromise our relationship for nothing in the world, particularly after experiencing how tough life can be and how poor, while here really there are all the staircases to elevate the spirit and all the pools to deepen it and this is provided by nature itself. I will do my best to keep up the relationship, it is always worth it in the end, an exchange from which my son can also much nourish from. So many discoveries to be made away from all the mediated life we were experiencing up north as some sort of addiction with nature there being sometime less inviting. Hopefull things will work out.