

get a little house... not a romantic idea though like that of ██████ far from everything. We are looking for something we can ourselves maintain and improve somewhere close to a school for our kid and close to a public transport for my wife, ironically also close to the city University where I might get to conduct my project from the autumn. If all this happen, I wouldn't really like to move away from the city, I would rather focus within it. It is somewhat true, like ██████ once told me, that plans make a couple really enthusiast and united, this also goes for me and Jacek, and really after he told me that all the adventure started... first the move to my wife native city, then the crisis and then out overseas... I know wonder what this other move will bring.

I keep on being inventive and laborious on many fronts, now an application for a fellowship in literature where I try to sell life-logging practices as some sort of cultural artifacts, then a minor application with Jacek and Ivan so that we can produce, in smaller scale samples of our on-going projects, which, interestingly enough are so related, although I am probably the one more intensely into them. Meantime there is a total silence outside, the on the street and blank is my mail box, I don't mind what so ever, I keep on in my acknowledged illusion of my possibilities within society, I keep on knocking at different doors and making different introductions of myself based on wherever I am knocking. I made that part of my practice, while on one side I produce, the other side is promotion, trying to get an official support, which, so it seems among contemporary humans, it seems the only way of being heard, considered. Yet again considered among a crowd of professionals, I don't despise the simple communication of my practice where I just roam around, meet normal people from all walks of life and perform my practice, share it with them. Well, will see where all this knocking there will take me, hopefully not far from my nature, my family, my project. I just try to work with it, there is allot of knowledge that I have accumulated, I have really edified a culture of its own and really I will need to present it somehow. Probably the official opportunity can boost it in this direction, yet my updating of the Website I am conducting as a sixth part of this project is already manifesting this, much slowly though, a progression that like an organism, has a violent beginning but then a subtle growth. I strongly believe in this subtlety, in seconding nature rather than boasting it, now I believe I am seconding the circumstances, will see where that will take, but I am much faithful.

A Saturday, windy, cloudy and cold yet no complains. I kind of like it here actually, even if I was totally free to choose now where to live I wouldn't betray this spacious remoteness where technology seems more at hand, more of a natural need for humans to survive while in Southern places, where the sun shines, it seems more of a form of corruption, something for me really hard to digest. I have my vision here and I might have concrete possibilities. I spent part of the day today driving around my wife and son looking for a place where to invest our money and buy a house. Well I have to say that really things have to work out first of all practically, the place has to be close to school and to a station but really the places we have been looking at where not. We keep looking, keep up the discussion and mostly also make evaluations based on whatever "employment" it will be offered to us. I don't mind the apartment in town where we work and the house in the country where we have our leisure, particularly now that with a car it is very easy for us to bridge the two. I like the distinction and feel a bit worry about any mix up such as finding a house too far from work, in a future where I might have to go take jobs elsewhere. I guess we can keep the countryside, my wife's family farm, as our stability while the rest keep on being speculative and adaptive... wasn't it the Old Testament mentioning to keep on living in the black tents, in a semi-precarious state yet in great touch with God? Meantime my application proposal for a doctorate in literature is coming along pretty well. It is allot of work and allot of thoughts and knowledge accumulated over the years, something nowhere else to be found with such a significance... I guess this is what it comes of basing knowledge on the maturation of an actual practice, but alas, how long still will I also have to keep this knowledge under a tent? At least for now I have realized that I need something more profound that environments exclusively dealing with trendy aesthetics... my practice survives nonetheless. I certainly wouldn't like to end up like this Polish artist from Balzac's Cousin Bette and reduce myself to some sort of art critic spending his time at venues without producing any significant work. My activity is underlined, I am working for an ultimate action and I am always ready to make a temporary execution of it.

A rather pleasant day, a silver day, a black and white day as in a dream. First the beautiful Christmas choir in a beautiful church, over a beautiful frozen lake, where little figures, like in a Dutch painting, where ice-skating... how spiritual it all was and how much I was moved by all the singing, just like a naive Russian in front of a painting. It really made my think that, even though these Nordic people do not show directly their spirituality, they are really discreet but in reality have much within as one of these candles at the window of a landscape that it is apparently dark and inhospitable. Then the initiation of the selling of our Uppsala apartment, our romantic withdraw close to my wife's roots which costed us a great deal of misery trying to hold on to our jobs in the capital. Then the ride back and the shopping and the dinner home, simple, only one plate and one fork each, without all these habits and procedures which makes life so difficult and do not give anything. Now home, again immerse in the present and slowly figuring out the future, with no expectations, no anxieties, all very natural progressions.

Still applying for a position, spending the last four days writing a proposal concerning life-logging practices. Well, I have listed all my knowledge and insights on the subject after all these years of logging my own life. I have no illusion of getting any research fellowship, I just test the ground and see if I am somewhat mature and if the academic world is recipient on this existential subject, something that is really marking human culture in this mediated century. I keep on my way and even if my professional career do not seem to progress I feel I do make progresses myself. I have been indeed advancing during these past years abroad and now I could even think myself to be more reflective and go over my practice through some theory. Not up to me really to decide as many anyway are the balls in the air, balls that off and on may nourish the different ways I wish to manifest my practice. With my Polish tavarich and my Colombian companero we are now moving along to exhibit together, aside for all our other attempts, easy attempts though, things that seems possible, not the impossible... again just testing the ground before we proceed on this frozen lake with mane plaques to cross...till maybe a stable land, at last.

I am still on this mission impossible, trying to get in a monastery, one of these academic circles which at least would give me some bread, even though I can't complain whatsoever about the little monastery I have created for myself within our little family. Probably brad is not enough, I might need the discussion which is necessary to confront and mature my spiritual undertaking although I am aware of Saint Augustine's warnings about academics and academia in general. The fact is that, keeping my focus, I am planning to use that position only as a medium, not the final purpose, just a medium which would allow me both financially and credentially to move on, also in respect of the structuring and formulating of all the knowledge gathered in this time based practice. I will keep it on this time, I will insist, for the sake of an experiment I will try to get in, submitting my theories, disguising my practice, a practice that as soon as it is revealed it seems to scare the hell out of all these conformists... and yet what I am trying to do is really to conform, although the overall challenge is indeed out of every conformism.

A day out, first alone in a city library keeping on planing a proposal for this possible fellowship and then with Jacek and Ivan. We finally got a show in an Architecture Gallery, the three of us. Hopefully we will be able to concentrate and move on from this exhibition. I guess I am the one among them to pull the reins and insist to focus. There is always a tendency of going astray, doing impossible things while I would rather do one and really good. Now at least we have a format, a space, time and a topic. We will see how much it is achievable by writing. Franklin Benjamin in 1800 was claiming to achieve so much with his diplomacy and writing skills. We will see, as far as taking care of my project and my family, I am now an application machine, although really this application in Literature has been really intense and energy taking.

Just met an old supervisor of mine from prior the beginning of my project. He also works with life projects but temporarily, after he exhibits them he jumps to other projects, the exhibition for him is a way of cleaning up and starting anew. He is now 60, the age I have planned to conclude my project. We had allot in common, other than he has been rather recognized in the last twenty years and got allot of commissions. He was not at all rejecting the way in which I have developed my practice, going more and more complex and probably out the minimality required by contemporary art. He probably understood me, it was, after so many years, a good confrontation, meeting the master, a born master. He expressed his difficulty to do art with other people and I also have to acknowledge that difficulty, that continuous compromise and negotiation. He was really shaken by the monumentality of the final architecture to host my project in 2040 and I had to explain him that I can keep on living a servile and miserable life, I can keep on enduring only if I have that great vision, that final goal to look for, just through that I can reinvent. What will be left of this old proud artist? His poetry of time, if it won't persist through his work will persist through the persons he has inspired. Anyway, another conclusion is that really, in this new generation where spirituality and art has even less support from society, one has to have methods in order to keep up producing else, the artistic intention gets dissolved with the mundane necessity of social survival.

As Ivan Turgenev, myself a hunter shall relate in this Journal of all the worth-telling people met down the path of life. I want express so much of an opinion but I guess this insights to my nature and to that of others is particularly interesting and can e used as samples for reflection. Today, for instance, another Kafkaian day applying for a post and starting to have a veil of doubts that even that would bring any good (I am, as said, playing the role that I am requested to play by the social circumstances). Anyway, I was at the library after taking care of the house, the project and of my body, out in the chill running but really enjoying it. I was at the library where I connect myself to the World Wide Web and try to get some opportunities going by means of writing and submitting applications. This time, an old and rather handsome man I had already spotted before, came demanding me to help him to connect his laptop as well. I notice he spoke English before and I addressed him so and managed to fix the problem on his very old machine. I immediately took the opportunity to make his acquaintance and photograph him. His a German mechanic of Mercedes cars who moved to California and married a Swed who died some years ago. He claims to be in Sweden only to be with his grandchildren but I am sure there is something more. The fact is that he was soon into a dating site and also proposed me to look for a woman there. Other than keeping on asking for my assistant, which I try to deliver with the most professionalism, he also starting talking aloud about his view concerning the Muslims invading the country and so forth... there we go, another person, an handsome, brilliant person who seems now quite neglected by society and got into this kind of xenophobic and conservative views. Strong views of the world which may really affect you too. I was off talking bad about the Swedes and off with all many prejudices even though, I seem to gather that he has been traveling in more than 76 countries and know 4 languages as I do. I left the library that he had a virus on his computer, like ██████ going in all these "illegal" sites. Jacek's father, again the same kind of redneck. How to go about them? The redneck, I am sure, reside in all of us. As long as we have possibilities and prospects there is little of that but when these lacks then, this is the result. Yet again we don't have to expect them from society, one ought to have a base to cultivate, a spiritual base which in case of no social prospect he or she can address to. It is maybe easy for me to see at this point, will see in the future... my kid is stressing that he wants to play...

Stuck home with my kid who doesn't want to move, just seating on the bedroom floor building his mandalas of plastic bricks. I don't blame him, the landscape is completely frozen outside but it would have been something to go out. Meantime my wife is again spending the weekend writing publications for her previous job. We were again considering and reconsidering the near future. The dilemma seems always settle or not settle? I have a sense that we are going to live a temporary life, at least if I keep on following my vocation trying to sell it. This really is an international game, a game that requires a great deal of flexibility and readiness. My wife, I guess wishes a house and so forth, even though we already have a house in the country and we would have to take a loan to afford it. I think of going where it is easy to go. An apartment in the city perhaps, at least as a base which can be easily rented and anyway can be easily managed and would allow us to quickly access the city metro. Or maybe we should just keep the apartment we own know in my wife's city... who knows and again who knows what of all these applications I sent will work out. Notice that all these applications, at least the paid ones would require me to be elsewhere. We keep on, one day we might need to put all the cards on the table and readily decide the next move. Meantime I content myself of this monastic cell, this nomadic tent and realize that any property would turn us into barking dogs. In this respect I am always trying to find the moderate way.

Who knows? Who knows? Who knows? Again the days go by thinking and rethinking all the future possibilities. Yet again, how to go about them if we don't even know if we are going to have a job and where it is going to be. I guess we will have to act accordingly and this respect expand or not our living space and our family. So many will be the cards on the table though that it is hard to evaluate anything. I guess by going around and looking all these different living places, we are just testing and preparing ourselves. The bigger the place, the further we have to go away from the city center and I don't wanna go that far remembering how tough it was the year commuting from my wife's native city to the capital. Who knows? I don't feel it is up to me to decide really. We throw darts and get a little better every time yet will see if any stability will be reached at one point and those darts that have hit a center will stop falling after a while. I guess it is the nature of our humanity now sailing the ocean of possibility which electronic and telematic information offers. I actually try to filter as much and select. The filters are friends how sends me or tells me about certain things, certain services. I am not in any mailing list myself and I am very specific to a region and a topic when I search for a paid possibility (beside, even with that I now know how much I am professionally worth or how much to make it so). It is all a big gamble and sometime I regret that the figure of a father taking care of his child is not present in our society. Our elder masters, in this sense are totally irresponsible, well, I guess they are force themselves to be opportunistic in order to survive in all this very temporarity which digital media has created... the virtual, my virtual spiritual garden has the potential to be more stable than the physical.

A lighter day, still not a trace of sunlight, I guess the last trace I saw of it was back in Italy, but gentle reader, please, don't get me wrong, I love the silver stillness of this landscape, its tranquility is curing me and sets me mostly at work, which is the reason why I came here in the first place, to realize my work. I am now writing and writing as part of my practice I try to fit my work within different frames so that I can eventually move on with that and get the right social credentials. My wife, probably seen that I was so much dedicated to writing applications, gave me home access to the Internet, meaning that I don't have to go to the library anymore, I can be comfortably seating in the apartment, although really I most productive, training, shaving, vacuum cleaning, doing the laundry, taking my kid sledding and cooking this all aside my actual practice which is mostly taken care in the morning and in the evening leaving the day rather free. I have been rather disturbed by getting through Jacek a proposal for a job in California. It would suit me rather well, but the simple idea of moving again with all the family and changing my life perspective really disturbed me. I feel like I wanna keep concentrated although I also do other things, but these things are on the side and mostly done to spark some life, get some human experience going. Today I also finally understood that achievements can only be made systematically. This does not only involve my practice but also what I do to sustain it, all these applications and proposals I write, no matter how humiliating they are. If I have several out and don't put all my hopes in one, I actually feel good and don't mind all the "quasi-assured" rejections. Blake, the American man I knew from Boston, the man who tries to do good deeds with everyone almost as a saint, he offered himself to proof read my applications, all done really professionally then to the very detail.

Today again very technical work to fill in applications and get get some work done in this direction as some sort of Doctor Zhivago stuck in the winter and writing in his diary his artistic statements. I don't know how long will this last, maybe it is just a period, maybe, and I am pretty positive, there will be other periods in life characterized by other things. This afternoon I begun to supervise a Colombian student, he chose me to be his thesis supervisor, my first student after two years of absence from teaching. It is really a fine tuning supervision, we spend time together, eating walking and talking about philosophy. He seems really advanced in his thinking showing me a giant mapping of all his theories. I guess we have much in common the three of us, Jacek included. We are sort of heroes going for a quest, explorers of new territories and yet also very monastic when it comes to meditation and self-reflection. I guess we have given ourselves a task in a society which haven't provided us with any noble ones, this partially because, as in the case of Zhivago, societies in general cannot distinguish any genius, probably only communities can... in that case I guess we would have had our role of sciamans. In the long run I guess our natural inclinations brings us anyway to undertake our natural duty, it is just that under the social impositions, this is more complicated to manifest. As I said I know have home access to the Internet, I can actually access information anywhere as I am now using my wife's old phone, yet in a way I have always used the phone to type in information, notes of my ideas, the songs I hear, the shapes I see in the clouds... hopefully this constant access won't distract me. Through the phone we are also looking at housing possibility, in that way we can compare prices acquiring a general understanding. If a house in the end will be, I project myself as an Italian immigrant in Cambridge who I often saw taking most care of his house and growing to be a happy old man... I wouldn't mind that nor I wouldn't mind a garden, at last but then really I would have to focus on finding possibilities in town.

Finally my sweet little phone is back after I reinstated it and turned out to be all in Chinese, I got really frustrated typing things on the screen with my wife's phone in the past days. Today, after a fresh run and the usual project update, I sent in a quick application to the national art council (I don't expect to get anything from that as I miss all the credential, I am a foreign and I don't deal with hot contemporary topic). After which I felt frustrated to start yet another application, this time for doctorate at the art academy in Finland. The frustration was just initial because really in a few hours I got several pages written, it is a whole different thing when it comes to write about one's own project without any pretensions, or dealing with subtopics only partially connected to our main vocation. The same it went later in the evening with Jacek and Ivan, we are creating a platform where the three of us, given our affinities can manifest these vocations rather than coming up with something other... we had a really creative time and have much energy, also given the fact that again, our effort together really brings out our practices... we are starting to work intensively now.

The weather is quite pleasant out despite the constant overcast. I took my kid to the city for a dentist appointment and we really had fun going down the frozen hill or over the lake... there seems to be a summer also in the peak of the winter with many activities flourishing. At this point though my kid is really well inserted in the school system (it will be soon mandatory for him anyway) and I am trying to get somehow into business with my project or something related, inspired by it, no longer attempting to do other jobs but really art as life also turns into life as art, my art dictating my life and my choices. Well, I am really getting all that I can to this applications, I wonder first of all for how long the enthusiasm and the energy will last and secondly, yeap, secondly if anything will come out of all this. It is quite stressful although I try to keep patient and exercised despite the weather conditions (I look forward to fetch the ice-skates back in the country). Probably it is that we are still half settled.... I keep on having genius ideas about an old house we saw for sale... moving the garage, building extra walls and so forth... maybe that kind of work would give me a good work out, I really would like to set my arms at work, build my office and a garden... yet again all the jobs I have found where out of the capital, the capital being too exclusive, with too many politically contaminated topics such all these discussions on immigrants and so forth... I keep out and think that the main problem is really political decisions in general, I don't mind natural immigration but I do mind when politicians transplants thousands from one land to another, what I would define artificial immigration, the latter I really despise. We individuals should follow our intuitions, I don't pick up and defend either flag, yet what I really feel sinful is all these money that institutions with particular political view spend on these arguments, institutions that are on the contrary meant to sustain creative work.