

suburb, the little private sphere taking over what it was of the public realm.

I got back to my routine feeling deeply skeptical about all these opportunities, like master course where you can't follow up your own practice and exhibitions where you have to pay in order to exhibit and many more of these opportunities which really in the end don't give anything other than an initial excitement and a final bitterness. I rather keep up in the dark and be content and keep up with my production. If anything occurs, let it occur through my direct network of the people I know, as it occurred after meeting a professor I previously worked with. I will do a bit of a workshop for him but it is anyway a start and some money. The weather got cold again out and we are preparing for a week in Berlin. an anonymous week in the European capital of culture, or cultural trends because I really believe that, as in the case of Tolstoy, actual culture, the thorough mirrors of our time are produced in the province, the city being to hectic for that.

At the airport with the family ready to departure for a little weekend trip in the continent. I spend the waiting while reading Tolstoy which is in fact really entertaining with his account on battles yet I feel I wouldn't really like the life of a constant commuter, hitting the same route daily and/or weekly and/or monthly to go back and forth from work. I am happy at home with my work, my practice, occasionally I don't mind exceptions but really for me it is the living that is relevant. The going to Berlin will be a game, a going for a little war as one of these Russian princes leaving behind society and gaining their virility by facing the enemy, Napoleon, another mind generated in the Southern sphere.

A whole day in Berlin after many years when I was still lost devising my practice. I guess I find it all very small after living in Asia and also find allot of the human component wiped out or anyway threaten by a modernization which here is much more laid back. There was not really so much trash to pick from the clean sidewalk yet I got really excited of what is left of the old monuments, the vigor of the bronze sculptures and all the old hardcore classical architecture. I probably like more my northern capital its proximity to the end of the inhabitable world, its history untouched by wars and still the unsaturated potential although one must acknowledge that it is a small society and a very conservative one... I will conform, I am a bourgeois conformist, just wishing for things to take their natural course, season without all these artificial alterations and interruptions.

Today I found the most trashy and less desolate side of the German city. My wife took my son to pay homage to the mecca of fetishism, one of these corporate theme-parks. Meantime I was exploring the glorious plans of the empire which resulted in total destruction and this really makes me most careful about any such forced ambitions. In this respect my practice will keep up in all its flexibility and adaptivity but whether or not the outcome will be made physical it will be decided by the circumstances. Well, my wife who seems most annoyed to have an unemployed husband, or better a most employed one who doesn't bring home any money, didn't show up at our appointment. I waited some hours in total peace but then left for a random, intuitive exploration of the city. Again one always look for a height and a spiritual elevation to achieve and in my faith I actually found one even in this total flat and cemented environment. I am rather light but have much equipment balanced across my torso and around my waist, such as a phone where to type this Journal, the shape of clouds, songs and ideas, the video-camera I have used many time today to film the vanishing point of public spaces, a high resolution camera for portrait of new acquaintances, a pouch with garbage picked from the side-walk, my usual camera to photograph my activities, pen and paper to document my movements and a dictaphone to record my thoughts while walking alone. All under my dark coat. Still have to make it to the base camp, I better go!

It is rather cloudy and slightly chilly in the German capital but we have really enjoyed our roaming on the East side, still rather preserved and charming despite two authoritarian regimes. The good thing, I guess is that still people here are rather laid back, not interested in displaying richness, just trying to have a good life with real quality in it. My kid and I made many discoveries, we went with the flow and the flow took us to many a situations such as a football game with locals and a small opera rehearsal in an semi-abandoned church. We adapt with no difficulties with the locals... I wish I had such job and wander and be most happy without any inner captivity. I guess we should try for more as it is seems that now are going to sediment. Well, let's always be faithful in what providence might present us, that is the ultimate hope.

And my visit to the capital of contemporary culture is almost coming to an end exactly after a decade from my last visit. This time I have been really walking throughout all of its corners and really found it with much energy, an energy coming from below, fro, the dirt which is really characteristic of certain spots of the city. This energy from the dirty really motivated me in my mission while I am usually demotivated from the mainstream and polished culture coming from above. I recognized some of the anonymous heroes and decided myself to keep anonymous and hidden, a silent legend taking no honor, no pride and no vanity. I think I have found a way, a way which is not to be corrupted through all circle of the pretentious elite, detached from reality and thus astray in their language. I will keep my base among the base. This culture, this spiritual energy is really needed, it is the manifestation of life itself which the ruling structure silence and allow only through certain, now totally corrupted and saturated channels. I might have found my way yet again I will have to confront soon with a society that is particularly controlled, for now I guess my practice will be only free in the virtual realm.

Back to the provincial North after some time in the heart of the continent. It was rather inspiring for sure yet I do like the fresh and cleanness up here, particularly of the natural surrounding. My kid was home today after he spent the last part of the trip sick (probably due to some Indian food). After much catching up with the daily work I took him out to the water to feed the birds with a loaf of old bread. It is rather pleasant although I feel a bit stressed. I guess it is good now that he is off to school and I can work my things out in the morning and we can spend time together after work. I haven't heard much otherwise of any jobs or commissions... no news on the social end but much enthusiasm to keep it up!

Back to normal, taking care of my project, the kid, the plants, my body, the house and so forth. The day is very intense already as such yet I am still fulfilling my social duty and apply to all these opportunities which are likely to take me away from my natural duty. We shall see, it might as well be that nothing serious will come up although my competences now, after many years are rather serious and who knows. I must admit though that I am a bit sick of the small society here, I didn't make it here for them, it was for a sense of being back to nature, something I have been greedily consumed after so many years of detachment when I was taken away from my natural environment as a child. I don't regret that though, I am no romantic in this respect as I have experienced how stubborn can the local villagers be. I actually like my situation now living very close to both nature and the city in total anonymity yet with friends here and there which I regularly keep up with. Not to mention that I also have the time to strengthen my culture (I am almost done with the first volume of "War and Peace" by Tolstoy which really makes my life meaningful being so close to mother Russia and being myself into epics). I guess what screws things up are all the expectations for all the reviewing of all the applications being sent regularly. How bored these comity pedants must be. I just live on my day and enjoy my virtual/spiritual construction... this Journal is only to affirm it!

A day spent first taking care of my wife's car, washing and polishing and scratching all the small spots of rust and repainting them, then shopping grocery for the coming weeks and finally with Jacek organizing some art works, at last some exposure to the real world. Here in the fake world, in this hyper civilized bubble, I am, meantime, not going anywhere with my applications. I have been refused to any national jobs and marked as "incompetent"... they want hyper specialized folk and this is not what I am and not what I want to be really, as much as broad and truly interdisciplinary that I am, my many taxonomies and modes that I can master and fluently switch to. It is rather sad to see how pedants are taking over, folk that has little energy to transmit, only notions, I guess I will stick away from scholars as suggested by St. Augustine and Buckminster Fuller. The issue only remains to have a certain financial autonomy of some sort and so far I have not succeeded but it is still early to say... I don't need much nor I should get obsessed about since it can easily comprise the freedom I have now to create... as the fable goes, better a starving wolf than a fed yet captivated dog.

Another day spent in building on my project and all its contouring discipline. I am basically improving its mechanism and anyway awaiting still for any responses from society, if I will ever get any, for now only the ones where I don't get a penny have reply, all accept me. The afternoon got milder and I was out with my kid and had much fun like two buddies playing football with an empty tank and strolling around, it was joyous indeed I think really that I would like to keep it with them, despite all the humiliation of being kept unemployed by this very conventional and efficient society which want nothing to do with anything too original not even if terribly conventionalized as my practice. Still some time ahead then, keep on the subtle struggle and one day I will reach some sort of summit from where to behold my path, at least for some time...

A nice day with the family at last in nature walking the beautiful coast and releasing all our small conflicts, becoming natural once again and gaining unity and future prospect. It is really necessary to regain this communion, it is just hard perhaps when the weather is prohibiting and we are stuck home with much technologied. Luckily there is my project to remind me to manifest also that aspect and get some outdoor activities also going, a good balance I would say.

My wife and I chilled out at home and I went to the public library in town to get the second volume of War and Peace. I am really into the book now and really enjoy all these discussions between philanthropic and nihilist characters. They can be certainly be of use to reflect all the force philanthropy typical of this Nordic society where my not directly philanthropic project is neglected. Anyhow, I was on my way home through the old town and met an old Spanish colleague, also a very original creator who had to struggle to get his thing going and has now succeeded to work in a university on some other research project which eventually does not match his original vocation. It was really easy during our long walk to discuss with him and share our ideas and opinions. There is also a certain esteem and open mindedness and broad cultural view which made us even more at easy. Well, even in this small capitol there is always something to deepen, places and people to re-explore after a time. Who knows how things will work out, for now I enjoy a certain variety, combing the familiar with the unfamiliar which I am slowly familiarizing within the frame of my life work.

The cold wind is really making itself heard yet nothing I have so far heard of anything concerning me, my service to society. Probably men of virtue are not really sought... Prince Andrew, a character of "War and Peace", concludes to go back to his social duty after his country isolation while I haven't really concluded anything, I follow the flow, make inquiries when I ought to make them and await, a very active awaiting, rationally depicting reality in its various facades. The happy mood is alternated with a more melancholic one but I guess something is maturing and something is coming out of this subtle daily struggle at least according to my past experience and the periods of my life I have already undergone. For now though there are absolutely no responses and I do sometime wonder how is this indifference for what I consider a noble mission will affect me. I keep perfecting and have everything in order for the time in which an opportunity will present itself and/or ultimately the time in which all of my life-work will be delivered e.g. at my death.

I am turning rather indignant of the situation. On one side I would be willing to play the role of the housewife and keep up with my "artistic" activity but my wife, affected by the general mentality and her father, pushes me to get speculative. On the other side then we find a very conservative, hyper specialized and mono-ethnic society which doesn't want anything to do with any sort of exoticism particularly if non-societal, spiritual and driven by a single individual with his naive faith like mine. All it is left it is to go out of this Nordic island and find something eventually back to my native country. Well, it really feel that this is really the lesson. We have been victims of much liberality, European societies and the media they then started to adopt have pushed their youth to exchange and when that was accomplished they have drawn back. In one word they are not taking any responsibility and the lesson has taught me that really any benefits and esteem can only come from my own country. I am now considering some options to eventually find my way back, if that is ever possible as I crossed the sea on foot when it was frozen and now the ice has melted and I have no boats. This time year though has helped to consolidate a solid base for my wife and kid now that they are both off to their social role and my natural duty in this respect, comes less. It is some sort of a struggle but I guess things go back to their natural belonging and I am quite positive now I have nothing to say here. The indifference of these people have really made me feel that I do not belong here even if destiny has brought me to a wife with a land and there were some initial strong feelings of patriachism. There is so much they could have profited from my spiritual plan, the life-work I was delivering to them... is it really the end?

I might as well get rid of my ambitions and at last keep close to my nature, a nature that is now split, my new family here up North and my old family down South. There are still opportunities, not really to fuel my ambitions but just to get some income, this is all I am demanded. These opportunities that would match my spiritual undertaking are actually too exclusive and for people who are generally filled with pride and vanity, really opposite of me and yet we society consider us at the same level Dominicans and Franciscans alike. I guess really my monastery is my home, nothing is missing, not even the duties like today taking my kid out in the spring and explaining him about the creation of the world, giving him some concreteness in all the junk he absorbs and let go astray but an education that is really not guiding their students just letting them at a lost, a real extreme. I was considering that really I ought to create my own "polis", my own world for me and my family to come, where we become once again independent from the power of the state, where virtue is maintained. Our countryside would be really the place and the cult I am creating could really give it the right credential. Yet really the creation of this cult cannot depend on the state, it is against the society itself as any ideal toward the creation of a community. I became really skeptical of society and any such construction although I also no what it is a community with problematic father like my own and like old Prince Andrew of "War and Peace" who also despised any religious teaching and morals. I guess I just have to keep up very faithful and fear the very tool I am using, the telecommunication that can detach me from my very nature. I thus relay on nature and what it will bring me.

A fantastic day and I could not really resist, me and my kid waiting for his mother to finish working and go to the countryside, waiting in the most beautiful island of the capital, a real pearl considering all the cement based development affecting the city. It might be a great place where to live in the future and in fact we explored it and found beautiful forests and wild beaches. We sat on a hidden one enjoying the spring and cooking on a small fires, real cowboys. What a life! Life at its height... the poetic of life really. After running around a small village by the blue ocean and walking a sunny valley we got back to the neighborhood that was the start of our exploration. I really wish that would be our base, I was really talking my wife through it later, there is so much purity and variety and freedom there, my kid would certainly enjoy it. On top of all this today I got selected for an interview at the Academy in Finland, just oversea from the island located close to the ferry, I wouldn't mind to be a sailor and spend the evenings cruising and come closer to Russia, a Russia I have so much experienced through its great writers. Well, at least one knows what it is worth to fight for. Now that beautiful nature rests in my soul, a soul seeking a place where to rest.

A day in the sunny country seating outside without freezing after seconding agin nature here and prune the many old apple trees. Things are anyway moving forward, I might finally start to lecture again and I got back to my good old Russian friend living in Finland to arrange my time there during the interview for the research position at the academy. It feels good in the end that I might deal with my own work and move forward making it physical, aside from developing the actual theory around it. This rather then do completely something else only for the sake of money. Interesting enough there are recurrent period in which one ought to sacrifice his spiritual discipline but then some hopes emerges again, always on this threat, this precarity as the precarity of a nomad following his intuition.

Another pleasant day spent in the country pruning trees and grafting them with the branches of an overgrown apple tree garden from a nearby house. It used to belong to an old man who really had an understanding of what is good. He had a perfect existence with everything he needed in his garden but now he is too old, almost a hundred, and lives in the country. The man who rents his place have certainly not that poetic and everything has overgrown being myself the only one left to rescue such poetry. Eventually my garden will also overgrow and I will be gone eventually some young fellow, unrelated to me, will save it or just everything will die but some of the spirit will remain to be caught some future sensitive young person who, like a poet, is willing to rescue what is disappearing. Meantime it is my kid's birthday and he is playing with his many female cousins, I am very much part of them and their games while the adults have really little to say. Well, like Epicurus I guess, it is good to interrupt a generally stoic life and get some pleasures without so much restrictions, so I eat the creamy food of my mother-in-law and watch TV with my wife, yet again still trying to make selection when possible and in fact we watched a nice film, almost theatrical for its stages and speeches. "The King's Speech", ironically the film about a stammering king who was helped to prepare his speech now that I am also rehearsing for my fifteen minutes speech which in a month will decide whether I will move on with my career, just like one of these counts in 'War and Peace' advancing of a grade in the old military.

Seating in my little corner of my wife family forest that the sun is setting. Few years ago I used to be very engaged and manually sawed my own wood till the law interfered and said he didn't want me to cut his trees. Anyhow, we went abroad for some years after that fight and now with a Japanese saw in my jacket I came back to it and started cutting the small pine trees that like weed suffocate the growth of a noble species and make the forest quite dark. I have, in a way, got back to my duty, nothing planned, it is just a natural call, something I feel inside as much as for my domesticated sheep, the apple trees I carefully take care of, one by one. I am also very happy to get some blood going, mind, it is only something I plan to do casually yet regularly, a nice metaphor for my database which is also a forest growing and which I am in a way only seconding in its growth. The country is alive now and for three fourths of the year there is much to do, much love to give and much to prevent as the ambitions of the in-laws to get the machines to take care of their property, I guess some sensitive poet to contrast them was almost necessary, as sent by providence. Anyhow, I can now master the country and even though I don't live here I can certainly keep on preserving and improving what is natural and authentic of it.

At the art school today finally getting reinserted in the faculty. Both students and teachers seem in need of an inspiration, rhetoric per se is killing and I might be able to let them face reality. I felt straight away they needed to go out, I have proposed it to my old supervisor and really I have nothing to loose if I am turned into a clown. Later home I did my American taxes which were rather easy and later we went to see some apartments in my beloved island which is strategically well located so that my kid can go to English school, my wife to work on the other side of the bridge and myself take the boat oversea if I will ever get a position on the Russian continent. My wife was visibly distressed of the place but I have tried to judge it in terms of the experiences it can