

Another hard working day fixing up my son's bedroom and make a surprise to my wife who got home in the evening from her work field trip. She was actually rather upset for some small details on the wooden floor which I will try to fix. Otherwise the day went pretty nicely, the weather being pleasant and with my son playing much with the kid outside, kind of preparing for a evening party with all the neighbours in this panopticon like house. It has been a nice evening talking particularly with a nice couple from Latvia, rather intelligent persons without any particular education but really sensitive particularly when it comes to problems related to our building. The usual, with many of them trying to have new terraces and so forth without bothering about all the debts we already have. I really dislike all this debts and would personally try to pay them off as soon. Most of our expenses now go to bank mortgages, these swines.

A rainy Sunday spent inside now white painting the living room and getting most excited with my wife and agreeing, after a first morning grumpiness, agreeing on how to proceed. Long term planning anyway, some things we might be able to do and afford prior the winter, others will be just things to look for and begin processing. The main thing is to have a common vision and agree with each other. It just takes time to digest one another idea and come up with unified one. For me it was mostly a matter of getting out a little studio and I might in the end get such a possibility although it was hard to accept that one should get a private place within a family dwelling. The other I have just discovered is a food cellar in the basement where I can store the material output of my work, namely my paintings and drawings, while the office itself will just be operational, a small place to keep up with my production. Things get shape somehow and one finally get some space to deposit the minimum back up of such an intensive commitment, I guess this is at last what I was really striving for.

I sat again to work indoor today, fixing all sort of problems (e.g. a hand sawed metal plate for my son door and other improvements). In the afternoon I was a bit low in energy and I went out running twelve laps and really getting quite back with my vigor. After which I really wanted to go swimming with the weather getting finally sunny but my son was in worst of mood at school (I guess he hasn't sleep so much now that his mom is at home and she is really not observing any punctualities). We went for a little walk in the forest behind our house, eating blueberries, looking for mushrooms and even watching out for a big fox. It wasn't too much of a walk though as my son wanted to go back at last and I had an inflamed hip which put me in a sort of shitty mood. My son end up watching cartoons and myself reading the old book I took from my step grandfather library about the origins of our mountain people (his mother was also from there although his father who he never met might have been an African soldier). It is interesting to find that even without reading or knowing about all these that the Celts and the Germans did (e.g. burning cadavers etc.), I sort of already had imagined in my storyboarding of my Origins. I shall get back to it as soon as a bit of a studio is established in the apartment, not much but a desk and a closet which I now desperately need.

The day started quite heavily after a bad night sleep, probably due to my stiff lower back after so much sleeping on the floor. In the morning my wife (who I believe was also up at night) resolved to get the new beds without delay. I was then left alone doing work on my project now that I have customized a table using our moving boxes as legs and a door. Most importantly I made a back up of my entire project which will be hidden somewhere in this room, maybe a safe box in the wall. I kept feeling a bit of a shit and finally I did resolve to go out for a cold bath in my beloved pond, this time from the forest side. I was indeed totally refreshing, there is nothing better. Hopefully things will get settle, this period of transitions are really kind of destructive for me. Sometime I worry that this is too little of a place and I wish to be freer, but a bigger property wouldn't certainly help, to the contrary. Things are fine, but once this little base is consolidated I shall really be active and resume fully my explorations taking short trips and be on the road and then recollect here in this six square meters of my studio, my cell to recollect in tranquility life and the realities surrounding it. I shall thus be more of an Abel than a Cain as my biological father and the rednecks conservatives in the countryside are a great example. The world is waiting... (also the spaghetti cooking...!)

There is a bit of a growing anxiety growing within, I guess due to the commencement of my candidature next week. The bourgeois captivation in the household also makes me a bit frustrated but luckily now nature is providing me everything I always wanted. Plus yesternight I met Jacek and we were brilliant friends again with much to update each other with and much excitement. We really did quite a bit of road together in the last years. Anyhow, I got my bike back from him and rode home in the night and this morning I have used it to get my self an agenda for the many events of my above mentioned candidature. I stopped biking because of my back but now it seems okay once again plus our new mattresses are arriving tomorrow. I did not spare a penny to buy a very good one which keeps my back bone straight. It is a disaster to have the disorders I have got some years ago and this time I am ready to face the problem if it presents itself again as it sort of did now that I slept so many nights on a cheap foam mattress on the floor. Amazing how all these issues arise when settling elsewhere. Hopefully this place will do fine and there won't be anymore up rooting. The only thing though it is how people age here. One doesn't see exactly anyone aging properly. Also there is a hospital nearby, a terrible place. If it is the lifestyle that matters it is all to be seen but I am a great promoter of this, active and sporty with due exceptions. Today there was the lake again, a swim across in a bit warmer water and a chat with a mentally sick man, a Raskolnikov.

I felt on the verge, in the middle of the night I felt I kind of wanted to give up on all we as a family have constructed, on the frame we have so far given ourselves. This is probably because I desperately feel I need to get my life project produced. I was really serious today with a warm wind making it quite pleasant, I was indeed serious to just give up and confine myself in a tiny apartment close to my new university. I then went out in the nice weather, jogging, at the lake and running. When I came back it was clear that it was just a dark cloud due to all the changes that are occurring. I felt our new home is indeed a nice home and the situation is totally enduring, it is actually quite a nice one in such a beautiful nature. I then resumed my work first in my vegetable garden where I have been pruning down all the wild trees and bushes to leave space to trees and bushes that will give me fruit one day. I then started on the last big wall in the living room, sand papering and so forth. Our new beds have arrived and hopefully I will nice nights sleeping and no more dark clouds for any physical disorder.

A rainy Friday night and I home alone my wife and kid gone to the countryside (they actually got stranded with the car and are waiting for the grandfather to pick them up) and myself painting the last wall of the living room while listening to some oldies. Yesternight it was great with Jacek walking around the city, we really developed a hunter way of surviving and being most active in that urban environment. I guess I would be also that in a natural one but I need to be free then to realize my work without all the conservativeness of the people around me. It will be probably happen one day and like a Celtic my work will be finally deposited in a holly natural site. For now I guess I am just building the bases although it is true that I have been rather in a crisis. Maybe it was all the settling back after much world exposure, maybe it is that the challenge is still too far away, maybe is that I got the security of a job for some years and that in the family we are now all under the rules of society. This I do not know but I have been prompt in refueling my faith, the faith I have in this life long project (I sound like a Saint Augustine now although myself I probably deserve the Purgatory). I am keeping up big time and the hope is there yet absolutely no intention to be glorified, just living my existence, softly...

An easy rainy day, waking up late and then meeting Jacek and Ivan to go to a festival in the dirty suburbs... what a magnificent place we have discovered; we step out of the metro and what we find is a great immigrant market filled with smells, colors and voices of many a country. This is indeed where life is in this lifeless province. What a blast to walk around and how well we merged in such multi-culturalism that is so much criticized. Well a kick in the but to the white puritanists who are just making the world an institutionalized shit, like the art institution where we ended up, a black hole of non culture in such a vibrant contest filled with nourishing dirt, a dirt that these Germanics can't seem to be able to utilize, or at least they might in fact do it through their supermarkets and so forth. I am really glad I met that flourishing of authentic culture and will look for more...

A night out at a big party meeting and getting to know new people beside refreshing some old acquaintances. It was really great to come back at dusk going over all the depression of being alone in an apartment, a depression that can only be compensated by media absorption and passive vegetation. In the morning as well, after finishing off all the household works I broke off from being a housewife and went for a beautiful walk in the old king reservoir with Jacek. This is where I used to bring my little son but now he seems not wanting to follow me anywhere and I sort of getting more and more in a state of independence from the family which got absorbed irremediably from my wife's family, yet what to do... I just keep up with the evolution and get ready for my first day work tomorrow.

A first a day at my work meeting all the department. How many years it took me to have a little spot (I got over being a Kafka, yes!), how many acrobatics but at last I have got an office, a salary, a position and a bunch of colleagues, intellectuals. And how exclusive it was as only two of us at last where the new researchers who are not employed via any already established topic, it is our own research. We spent quite some time there with the seniors and my two supervisors, the primary one, Amanda a really open person with whom I discovered to have much in common like living in China, what is beautiful of Chinese culture and Shanghai in particular. We are likely to have our meetings in the royal library and I won't have to go through the bowel of the city as today. The other supervisor is Staffan, a promoter of the arts and probably of people like me. He knew my old art colleagues and probably promoted my position in the first place. I am heading home now, the day is one of these very rare ones, the sky is blue and sunny and I am just really tempted for a swim.

A rather exhausting day although I do feel mentally relaxed and stimulated after a whole day seminar on cultural theory. I have to admit that it is not really my style of philosophizing, being very empirical. It is a level above which at the moment I have hard time seizing but slowly I believe I can master. It is really a small group of us selected athletes of the intellect and I feel rather challenged in really learning as much. It might imply that I will have to travel back to what has got to be my little studio (I am sharing it with Roman, a nice fellow from Ukraine). It is my profession now and I do intend to take it most seriously. Meantime Amanda, my main supervisor got seriously sick and Staffan, my second supervisor, the one very much related with my former education and much of the network there, the mecenate of the arts and the artists, he will be likely to be my main one now. All to be seen but so far I feel quite glad, particularly after today we have been with Jacek to a super posh art opening, what a fucked up vanity environment.

A day home from work (I try to select out what is relevant and what is not when I can). I have been fixing my little studio here, now I have two and really I never had one aside from the time in China or the time in which I was a student and the studio was my dwelling. All the crisis I have been experiencing in all this moment of transition is really at last to think of a place where to deposit my life project and place where the meaning I could find in it, it is not spoiled by society. I have become rather relaxed in this respect and learned to accept my condition which is in fact a good one, a condition in which I can keep on cultivating but also in which, starting now, I can share the products of my cultivation. I was just today writing my first "official" paper for a small conference. Hopefully I won't have to deal too much with meta intellectuals, intellectuals intellectualizing on intellectuality. It is mostly a written presentation and really it will be the oral presentation that will matter. Meantime I have managed allot of domestic works but I feel really a bit stressed of being home and really like the fact that I have now a work to head too. I understand my biological father and how all the emancipation has devastated him making all his mental and physical talent most vicious. It is both a matter of work and a matter of luck that such emancipation can be avoided. I have been both for now but it took me ten long years to reach such a level and recognition (yet so much is still there to go...!). For now, 18 days away from my first ever real salary, all the money are finished and one does have to get inventive cooking with cabbage and what we have left of the Italian bounty.

Filling up my evenings with a bit of music, exploring my favorites oldies and beyond. This after working in the vegetable land uprooting some flower bushes to make space for some berry bushes, yet the process has just begun and there will be more of such late afternoon when my son is busy playing with Thomas, a nice Latvian boy with a really smart father, and I don't have meetings at the university. Actually for the records I was in e-mail touch with the head of my department with whom I am obviously not so confident. The fact is that he is fond of my old university in the States and I just forwarded him the conference announcement for next spring. If everything works out I could attend it, visit my beloved Boston and friends, maybe even make some tiles at the ceramic workshop at Harvard, do a little show, visit Jason and Brian in New York, ██████████ in Montreal and interview Steve Mann (my cyborg hero) in Toronto and maybe even make it all the way to Standford on the other coast to check the 80 years long lifelog of Buckminster Fuller. Well who knows, something to look forward. Meantime I really look forward to some reading to fully position my research... can't wait to get start kicking!

A day at the university getting boring and probably not useful introductions yet a good opportunity to socialize with my colleagues, mostly Eastern Europeans and Russian as from that is the main focus in the university. Anyhow, I was most juvenile and probably did not make that good of an impression to many but I was at least myself, most friendly and playful and engaged and alive, much the contrary from many of the other Nordics yet the Easterns seem rather good fellows with whom I can have some kind of a long term friendship. After some administrative work in my little new office I was mostly tired and thought of going directly home but then made an extra effort and ended up in a little Boheme opening at a small gallery in town. I there also made an extra effort to stay after the usual talk with old acquaintances and it was worth it as many where the new relationships that arose, including Rikke, the Danish artist doing very time consuming but beautiful stop motion animations and an Australian couple, fantastic people who have been walking all the way to Odessa and for some reason now lives in the woods. Anyway, really refreshing to get into other people lives after so much depth into one's own.

A beautiful day, it feels already autumn here and the light was really special, particularly in the forest behind the house where I have been wandering for hours, eventually picking some mushrooms and trying to listen to myself. Don't know really what will happen with Liselott the mother of my child, my companion for a decade now. She is always very fussy at home and now that I have this opportunity to publish academically my work, all her limitations that she has put on my project (she practically doesn't want me to publish it), all these limitations that in the last years have helped me to mature and finalize it, they now seem to be limiting. What am I supposed to do I don't know yet we do contemplate other options to make life easier. I do think about it rationally but she is all irrational about it and don't know if we could ever get to terms even if I am will to give up big portions of what we should share. I just want tranquility, to come home and find happiness, not stress and grumpiness. My son is happy with her, like Charlie Chaplin, the black and white silent movie comedian who grew up with his mother. The place where we landed is a beautiful one yet I don't have any such bourgeois ambitions, I feel more like a Celtic who only finds his vigor in missions (e.g. My subtle scavenging of unexplored places). I want to be able to communicate myself without all this fear of wounding out of silliness, silliness I call it as these hyper civilized people have never experienced real injuries and can cry out of nothing. All to be seen, one thing is sure though, that I am engaged only to my project alone, my soul which no society can take from me.

A beautiful Sunday, and a day for early reconciliations after all this tumultuous setting down. My wife and I, after all the ghosts of separations we inherit from the surrounding (we are just literally surrounded by people that easily marry and equally easily separate), got in harmony once again. That is to say that, despite everything my heart is really not obstinate and if people are nice to me I am nice to them and everything is beautiful once more. I guess that the moving and getting started brings always an amount of stress and crisis but it will work out I am sure. I thus will have to keep my practice rather hidden but this has allot of advantages also considering the amount of crap out there particularly on the Internet where everything makes a news and then disappear in oblivion. I would rather then have a more intimate communication of my work. I am getting forward in thinking about it and thought of a way today to include also my scientific writings as another layer to the Website, a third part of the research which now includes a technical description and the related works to which I am so fond of (particularly now reading Charlie Chaplin's biography). Well, for once again all my life seem to be governed by the meaning it can provide to my project which in his part is also adjustable yet it is now reaching some kind of a format. Aside from the thinking which is really now crowding my head as I am becoming a professional intellectual, we have been today out on an field trip in the archipelago... what a fantastic place to explore! There was an old farm with all sort of entertainment but mostly a flea market where we got all sort of items and for a few pennies. This is really a sustainable way and wealthy way of shopping. If we will ever have my wife family farm transformed into something, a flea market will certainly be there.

A bit of an exhausting day but nonetheless a good one solving all the practicalities, going to formal meetings but also meet Staffan, my supervisor with whom there seems to be a good dialogue. He seems very dedicated and we easily brought all the issues to the table. He has stressed how hard the competition was to get my place and how parted different opinions have been, whether or not to get an artist with academic experience. I might have to now perform this role and slightly forget any 'artistic' ambition. Not that I have one, all is saved till the future as I am constantly getting ready for the opportunity. I have started now to read a bit of what academia has produced in my field and many of these papers seem rather technical and some interesting critical view into it is totally missing, not even any envisioning. We see what we can squeeze out of this but sometime one feels that without guidance much more work can be produced, something relevant for our culture... all to be seen then (my kid demands attention now...).

A much pleasant day spent at home working full speed on my life-logging research. It is rather exciting now after eight years of silence, being always unofficial in institutions, to have finally a voice in a platform. I have a presentment though that my field and my voice will not be so reasonable among many pure researchers. I am verifying my research through my very skin, the experiment has been embodied within my psyche for many a years now and much conclusions can be drawn from it. I can tell a story, point out the trend through the history of media and speculate around the future scenarios when a life commitment will be delivered to future generations as some sort of an authentic testament to bring on and enrich. I have much to tell and narrate, many a points to develop and four years will probably do the job unless I am told otherwise and people (e.g. the supervisors) guides me out of focus. I certainly took many risks in my career but I do have something to say at least although I am not sure how it will be received within the departmented disciplines (those safe cows!). For now I keep on trying to combine living with theoretizing; I have been walking to the grocery to buy some vegetables and kept on uprooting bushes in the garden.

A most productive day at home taking care of my Website and really thoroughly revising, making it much simpler and giving myself directions to where concentrate my energies. Now, rather than writing much notes on top of each part, I have included a section where all my research papers are clustered. This, I guess, will motivate my writing of papers, hopefully on the subject. I am