

in fact likely my ultimate driving scope and here at least I do have quite some space to prototype it although I have to be much patient and fight much conservativeness, from the non-cultivated surrounding, this machine cultivated countryside. I guess I am more a Brunelleschi than a Alberti, probably I would say a Palladio and his empty basilica, in my parents' city, would be quite a place to fill with my rational work. The Website, my virtual architecture, will host much of the theory, a theory in miniature yet much broad as the lives of artists narrated by Vasari, no personal anecdotes though which is I guess what made his effort so brilliant, only many a notes a small history of art from my personal sphere.

A pretty good day indeed, with a perfectly gloom weather out, perfect to finish up with the refreshing of the outer walls of this old wooden house where my wife's ancestors first moved in the 19th century. This after attending my son who goes to sleep late and wakes up very late. For security reasons my wife doesn't want him to be up in the attic alone and thus I spent a pleasant hour reading Plato and following Socrates reasoning about being passionate as a beneficial thing. Well, thanks to my passion indeed I have brought back to life this farm and might fully revive it all together giving it a meaning if I am not obstructed as I felt. I realize it is just a matter of keeping up, of keeping to serve and slowly be allowed once the personal capability and competence is shown. It is certain that there is a great lack of this "mania", these divine passions around here are really scarce although many hidden neighbours are actually architects, artists and academics (AAA, triple A). This place indeed attracts these characters (there used to live also an Hungarian artist across and one can really perceive that an artistic soul was there and gave spirit to the place he renovated from scratch). Maybe, like Gogol puts it in his portrait of an artist, up north they are indeed plants seeking the sun (in that moderation I guess is also a good condition). We were in town later to secure a loan for the purchasing of our new apartment. There I read on a newspaper that it seems that all the asbestos my father-in-law has on various roofs could be okay if not damaged. Later I explained my wife a bit of my plan for the attic and she seems at least open for discussion. I told her that in fact I do want to utilize it as a showroom for my project, to experiment the overlapping of these media languages and that my intention is to use it as an experimental room also for my doctorate, thus setting a time frame of four years also for the construction and experimentation. I also got quite some genius insights for the restructuring of my Website and how to condense all the encyclopedic information I would like to interface... RGB was the solution, several layers of depths artistic, theoretical, historical and technical to be presented in a sort of Biblioteca Laurenziana, a life project showing within itself all the phases from a rational renaissance to a theatrical baroque, all self sustainable though (well I guess now I am just cultivating my "mania" but it is really inspiring to look at all these great people from the past and their achievements... and so young they were, I guess allowed to work thanks to the pledge wiping out older competitors and so forth... but today the flower of youth is dried up in books or let grown through the artificial light of the mediated screens).

A sunny day and after the updating my life-project and building on its Website, I have been out working on my art work (at least so it seems), painting and fixing the house. After I have carved all the wood around the bottom so that the rain slide down without getting the planks to rotten, I am now painting the old windows white scratching all the color away. I wished I could have used some linen oil based color but my father-in-law gave me a plastic tank. The fumes I had to inhale and the fact that he is a total conservative guy (we had an argument as I wanted to make a little roof for my kid's bike among other improvements he categorically dismisses) really put me in a bad mood which is really not usual of me but this summer among this passive cows have been really an exception. My imagination, all the love and things I could do for the nature around are totally blocked by these two in-laws of mine with no culture, very good and harmless persons but just to see that I can't plant a tree in front of the old house as it needs shade and they can cut a tree to put a plastic fountain with plastic sculptures around it really depresses me. I had to really run and then eat my tofu and vegetables doing a bit of a fasting protest with my mother-in-law who again invited us to eat meat, meat and meat. No wonder so many get vegetarians up here... I miss my independence but nonetheless, sooner or later my wife and I will be the people in charge here and then why not, I could concentrate inside the attic and make my storage/show room. I will spend sometime now updating the Website, as I removed it from the Internet and increased its magnitude, I now have allot to write, many a notes (will need constraints there as well?).

One ought to fight I guess and around me now seems a bit more careful and considerate about me now that I put up my demands. The day was spent carefully painting the 150 years old windows and keeping up with the amplification of my off-line Website. I kind of got into researching and reading into art history and getting a bit of an understanding. It does seem that we are living a kind of mannerism in the old and established media but the new media has still to emerge as a cultural form (renaissances of this kind are never celebrated but posthumous). I have also read about the distinctions between the master's shops where the young artist inherit from the old and the academy where the youngs imitate the shapes of the olds but do not inherit the substance... hopefully this won't happen to me now that I am becoming an Academic. Yet I am very aware of this and probably that is the reason why I have removed my life-project from any public place and will conduct it privately as some sort of alter-ego, while playing the role that was assigned to me by society and earning to maintain and develop the project as the studio/storage/show room I am about to construct. In the afternoon I did a bit of the Website and then directed the climbing plants going on the side of the entrance to repair the sun damaged walls (an Aikido move of directing the force that already is). The fumes of the color makes me dizzy (or is something else?), a sacrifice of my brain cells as one of these poor Indian kids getting high on glue (I am not getting high though). At the end of the afternoon I also manage to squeeze in a bit of guitar playing but it is not going anywhere... need a master (Leonardo too, in his many interests, was a good chord player and instrument builder... too much of my historical referencing). Also a reminder now that a kind of financial security will come, a reminder to avoid selling my talent to devil as in Gogol's story, and or becoming negligent like Sebastiano del Piombo after his Papal commission... just have to keep investing and use it to finally realize my idea (feeling a bit like a Giulio Camillo and his memory theater at the moment...).

Easy day now that the weather is pretty acceptable, things can be endured and one can be out washing the dishes and all the tedious things that get indeed really tedious with the bad weather but are rather acceptable, pleasant as a matter of fact. It is really what I thought, as I told my wife several time, life in the country is really nice after my birthday, in this core of the Nordic summer when there is heat and the first fruits to enjoy. As I sometime look at a year with its seasons as at the cycle of life, I might say that now, after all that I have sowed in the spring, I am sort of beginning to enjoy these fruits, also feeling a bit hopeless but then getting some sort of reward. It is for sure though that here I just have to be under my father-in-law non-explicit dictatorship, that is the way it is. Maybe, when my turn will come I should learn to delegate an area to my son and let him totally free within in rather then interfere. They are in fact these interferences that blocks young people in their pure love and devotion. Today I was cooking dinner for him (I now very seldom step in their house, if not to fetch some water and b with my kid who is obviously attached to all their spoiling behaviour with which I can't complete), I was cooking (fish is fine on Friday and I can skip their meat eating), being his housewife... thinking that this is the most civilized country in the world, well I guess this is only how they project themselves but like in everything there are more positive and negative sides. One has to be patient and still await for these fruits to come at maturation. Meantime I have succeeded making the Website mechanism to work so that it will feed directly from the Archive thus closing the chain. In the evening I was mainly with my kid, trying to get him a bit out of this close domestic situation, be his teacher and show him a bit around the few wild bushes left, where much is to discover including some small berries (the wildest the most authentic).

A nice day, a summer warm day preparing for some informal dinner with friends, nice friends. My wife, who really finally sets to work when guests are coming, made our old house really precious, feeling the effort of renovating it was really worth it. Girilal my Dutch-Indian Russian old neighbour, the musician, has been a really nice guest with whom one can have very intellectually stimulating conversations... As the saying goes one should really often be in the company of these people rather than the fake cultural producers only filled with airs. An Italian couple from my parents city who are settling in Stockholm, also came to visit, they were indeed really impressed with the place and it is in fact really impressing the big farm seen from the ascending boulevard. They were impressed with my project but it is hard to communicate it if I don't have things to show them... One more reason to build the showroom and be one of these particular landowner from a Russian novel

A relatively easy day, the weather being calm and so the soul after the cure of the small social gathering yesternight. Today, I believe I sort of solved the architecture of my Website. I did spend quite some time testing different solutions till I finally found what I believe to be the simplest. In between I was filling up the windows crack with silicon and helping out my kid and her cousins to make a short pirate film, they are now waiting for me outside to shoot the second part which is actually a bit demanding with all the filming and the editing but I guess they learn something and keep occupy actively with media rather than let themselves be passive consumers. I guess this is all where my teachings aim to: emphasize active media production for young individuals which are often to become passive media consumers, showed them that the reality they fins so boring and try to escape, can be changed by them and become a fantastic world with their final production in the end that does not have so much less than the ones imposed by the main stream. Let's get to work with part two then!

I feel quite finalized with the structuring of my entire project now that I have limited my platform to my own kingdom, building it privately rather than publicly, no longer sharing my treasure with whoever swine, just those that can afford the pilgrimage to come to what seem to have becoming my place on earth and this totally out of intuition and not really with any direct intention. After much painting of the windows (I was rather high with the ladder and really suffered vertigoes... what is one to do for love) and waterproofing the bottom edge of the house, my wife and I went to the bank and fixed all the practicalities to buy our new house. Even though our loan will be considerably small, there won't be much left every month paying the interest and trying to pay it off. Yet after my rebellion this summer it is clear that I will have my own space in this farm, a place where I can deposit my work and show it. The last money that will remain every month will go for that. The time here is almost at an end, it has been rather a readjustment, after many nomad summers abroad, it has been a readjustment to this rural life, a time this summer in which I did place my conditions. I never place any conditions for myself, I am always ready for the worst ones but this time it meant the realization of my life-project and really what I can get out of this farm is a place where to do it, having to sacrifice the exposure for fame, but that I sincerely much disregard. My motif is my vision alone...

Our last summer day in the country, my wife is coming from the capital with a truck, tomorrow we move in our new apartment (I will be actually off to Russia). I have to say that now that I got trained to be in the country and found work to do, I kind f like it. Even today I was taking care of the facades sealing them as the cottage was a boat, the arch archiving a sample of our human existence. There is much I could improve now but I guess this could be an hobby to look forward in the weekends. It feels that now after so much waiting, like a sculpture who has grown warn as there was no rock to sculpt, I do have a rock at last, a garden that keeps on growing as the one my mother-in-law has just built with green diodes and water effects, naive as probably my own inner garden which is also an evolution from the rational and in a way renaissanceal to a theatrical baroqueness to conclude it as well with light and smoke effects... some time to go for the first physical experiment, it really take years of much work and uncertainty but in the end something arises as things become meaningful. I am so much into the work though that I don't mind to do some explorations abroad and cultivate the other parts of the project. Mean time I helped my son and her cousins with two more films of a series they have created. Ida, the older, seems proud of the result and for sure this experience will inspire her future career. She wants to be a designer (I am currently reading some Bruno Munari making distinctions between artists and designers but I guess even the latter have become obsolete with digital media).

Today all the months preparations worked out as a clock and we drove with all our belongings to our new apartment and moved in a truck filled with boxes after signing out the previous owner, a Finnish lady who had lived there for all her married life. She had cakes for us and I wish I could have dedicated more time to her but we were a bit in a rush to return the truck and get me to the airport from which I flew with Jacek and his director to the heart of Prussia, Kaliningrad. I m now in a hotel room by the river with what remains of what was probably a beautiful city and has faced the brutality of authoritarian regimes. It seems another Nova Huta this place, with many cement compounds and so forth. I look forward to the sea where we are moving on Friday, that really looked beautiful from the small aircraft which brought us here, at least that has sort of regenerated after the foe. I have to say that in general one has to take this trips to appreciate what is awaiting for him at home, and the slightly bigger apartment we got (our son will have his own room) seems well located into a protected nature. For now I feel happy that I have gained my independence once again after the captivity in our dacha. For me our dacha will be more of a storage place, a storage even for my final deliverable (I have got an inspiration today throwing the trash on how to locate the final building with the glass wall facing South right in front of the old well which could be turned into a little lake...).

Just spent a whole day walking this place once so considered by God and for so many decades just abandoned to a hell of a destiny. A marvelous city completely wiped out and replaced with awful cement compounds, completely unkept, erasing all possibility for its inhabitants to cultivate some sort of natural interest. What a tragedy, nonetheless the very inhabitants who has to daily withstand not only the visual pollution but also all the awful traffic with old vehicles and much more misery, these very inhabitants, the new Russians seem fresher then ever. As Marco Polo once observed in his trip back from China, many of these Russian are really gorgeous people (other more resemble the harsh farmer type). It is amazing still how nature manages to blossom in such a hell, this anti-paradise of a land that used to be a paradise of a place with distinguished people as Immanuel Kant who never lived else where. Jacek and I were rather pioneering once again, the only foreigners I believe facing this human brutality. I guess the very adoption of the urban machine vomiting all this cement was rather the awfulness. There is a big similarity with what I have experienced in my year in China, all this projects that, if made of bricks and over a longer time span, would have been resulted into something wonderful, a brick house for all families rather than a giant stone villa for the nobles, or again cement should have been applied as time has shown humans, lightly with much glass... its heavy application was just too drastic and the result is a city that is not renewable causing much depression and some sort of unemployment. The city could be renewed though, the grayness could be painted with vivid colors as in the Netherlands but the money I guess are going once again to the few rich building their shiny and gated compounds... history is once again repeating itself in a new cycle.

A nice day among all the workshop participants of mostly the Russian side really breaking the ice among culture and indeed having a deep cultural exchange. in the workshop Jacek and I led six groups in six different parts of the city to observe problems and coming up with solutions. We then followed them at their camp by the beautiful sea through the beautiful country. I am now with the other workshop leader in a sea resort, really something other then all the rush and harsh soviet city.

Experiencing, experiencing, experiencing a bit of this Russianized Prussia, a Russia that is slowly going back to what it used to be particularly here in this summer resort where we are based, a big contrast with the city this resort with all its eclectic villas that resembled just that of the belle epoque. Before our workshop at the youth camp, Jacek and I where along the beach and took our first refreshing bath then had a very nice section with our Russian students coming up for creative solutions to solve the many city problems. It has been very valuable for me to hear all their opinions, their stories and face the rigid system they have to face daily. They really have been going quite against nature these Soviets but what is natural is at last reemerging. I am having a nice time with the other workshop organizers and for once focus on socializing, suspending my regular discipline.

A nice day in the renewed Prussian town by the Baltic sea. After walking in the beautiful hit shadowed by the nature, Jacek and I have joined an excursion organized by some local curators to show us the initiative of a group of artist in an old German forest planted in the dunes. It was rather lousy, people with little culture doing interventions which where rather arbitrary and without any concept behind nor any possibility to survive. Along there was a Dutch Art professor, Rudi, with his nice family. For his work in only collects observations about natural environments without any interventions, so I guess like he was rather disappointed of what the Russian showed us but the experience was memorable and it is certainly nice to have a site where to bring visitors and show your doing, refreshing them and allowing the actual presentation to grow in quality. Russian culture has certainly to be reroot it after the Soviet uprooting and for this they need to look both back in history, in the nature and in the cultural development of other countries. As Doctor Zhivago I am now on a crowded train back in the Soviet hood, traveling in a crowded train through a country which is apparently kept uncultivated by all the few mega rich who has no interest but speculation.

At my parents in my native mountains and away from Prussia, a very disturbing experience which I now in a way already miss. If the Soviet nature was rather disturbing the country and what the regime had preserved not following commercial speculation was really wonderful (I suspect that as the city will get better the nature will be abused). Now I am finally seating at a desk in the attic of the mountain house where I spent my summers, a modern and charming cottage. It is a pity that all this economic recession will impoverish such promoter of beauty in such a beautiful place but on the other side, talking with my stepfather and hearing all his catholic moralism, I understand that there is now much a solidarity going on among the family members. The families that in their marathon to get rich were hating each other are now loving and taking care of one another. For the first time in decades my family is very close to my uncles family (both in the hospital and both bankrupted). It is really interesting to observe how humanity blossoms once more in this state of difficulty and insecurity. We shall always live in the black tent and be close to providence, fearing to upset it be gentle but don't prevent it. We shall keep on following the flow but be considerate, never exaggerate in both extremes(!).

Today I spent the day with my stepfather biking a very scenic bit of this beautiful land. He is very kind but can be rather monotonous in doing the same activities in exactly the same location. I am probably the same but don't need to involve other people. This land feels a now a bit too Southern to me and the people a bit too mellow with all their rituals of going for a "dolce vita". I am for now believing that a recession in this state of things where people have accumulated so much private property, I am believing that the recession hitting this society has come for their good. They don't want to pay taxes because they believe their system to be corrupted but in reality much of their richness goes to the superfluous luxury and now that the country financial system is in ruin, they are having a hard time to give it up. I should make it a point never to end in such a situation, yet it is rather sad to see how this way of being is diffusing up North where people want in fact to experience a bit of luxury. I somehow refuse it from within and it upsets me to see the state of public things (the forest ad fallen timbers blocking the way) and hear them complaining about it when they do all they can not to pay taxes. I will leave this to them but the problem, I believe will also soon influence Northern Europe and its sudden capitalistic tendency and economic ambition after a century of socialism. Jesus how much I want to be independent and just live my own life out all the families but my own. It is nice to go and visit them for a bit, pay them respect but keep on being free with the personal agenda (they want me to go biking again tomorrow, this rush just kills the all experience... ain't my way to experience).

After much sweat in the rocks with my stepfather, climbing with our bikes throw wonderful places which the effort of the uphill and the speed of the downhill didn't really make us appreciate, my little family, my wife and son reached us up here. It was so wonderful to be able to take them around, up on an ancient sacrifice altar on a mountain with some little climbing and much of a