

Lukerya was an unfortunate woman, at first beautiful and fortunate then paralyzed in the Russian country, out in an abandoned barn, this I read in one of the last portraits that Turgenev painted in his roaming around human nature. I should not lament myself the subtle misfortune that is affecting me, namely living in another country, in a place where no one is really to advance any foreign. I have really learned this, there is a family and a national pride, it is only natural for folk to help their similars. The fact is that I have understood this for a long time and I am mostly concentrated to realize my mission independently. I guess the only reason why I have to all the time attempt to apply to all these posts is that the family requires it, they require me to play the social game and I am , even though I have very little illusions. As a matter of facts I even think that this social game distantiate me a great deal to the family itself, as again all the opportunities for international exuberants like me are elsewhere, I would need to be constantly on the move. Yet now I really no what I want at least. I shall concentrate to ultimate the second of the six laps I need to accomplish to finish my mission. The second is really to complete 12 years of it, in 4 years have again a major exhibition and a catalogue, these two things I am aiming at, more approachable aims to second the ultimate one, which is still so far ahead. What I mean is that I will be very selective for now on and make a thorough presentation and preparation of my practice, in this way I will fully employ myself without any deviations into any other field such as literature or architecture, being my practice that but much more.

How a tiny drop of hope can set me up fighting again. Yesterday my Norwegian supervisor sent me his wife's comments on my thesis proposal. She happens to be a researcher in life-logging and blogging and gave me really reasonable advices. Thus, here I am after a day going back to my proposal and planning out my possible studies. The fact are two, two mountains which fill my spirit, the mountains of Norway which I beheld from a solitary hiking some years ago, prior to our departure to China, as somewhat of a fantastic landscape standing right in front of me waiting to be explored. Then there is the mountain of my research topic in itself, a depiction of humanity never before attempted, yet I cannot really claim this in the thesis... will see, I have no illusions, I just feel it would be a natural place for me and my family to move to, my wife, being tired of her commercial job, already agrees. Also the topic is most to my fitting, my supervisor's wife herself suggested to narrow my research to artistic life-logging, really my topic, my commission and not the analyses of all these confusing, commercial clouds of user-generated stuff. I will give all my best, two days left but now it is time to rest my soul and instead pack all my many drawings into envelops while watching a film which I meant to watch for a long time hopefully as enriching as the Ghibli animation I watched with my kid the other night, how nice these Japaneses explode reality with fantasy, what a catharsis reflecting into our own everydayness.

The first day of clear sky in ages. It is really true that one has just to endure to be rewarded, somehow... what a landscape. We were out by a lake with Jacek and Ivan and Brett (Jacek's girlfriend) and Ella (another girl), making fire and talking to each other non-stop, as usual filled with ideas. How happy is the life together and how sad is that we are condemned to live in society where one is driven to look at his own interest. All this applications I am writing for instance, all of those will sooner or later depart me from these true friends with whom I have such genuine talks but cannot really succeed in getting something to make a living with. Actually together there are indeed more chances for us to do shows and experiments and publications. I wouldn't mind to be teamed with them and do my own practice paralely, the fact is always to survive economically and offers are made to individuals exclusively, else we need to invent something and it might require extra energies, energies I am putting on my self-practice and my family. Mean time also my little son longs for his little classmates at school, we are sort of evolving together. While he will have to attend school from next year, I might have to do my doctorate, who knows. There are alot of possibilities I keep on systematically to apply for them, keep on knocking at doors, yet gently, without violations. The same process is repeating every year; we get settled in the fall and then in the winter we get unsettled within and start to look at other options, mostly with the illusion of finding something stable which never really occurs in the end. An half step back before you take a full step forward again, maybe this is what happening, we are certainly getting more knowledgeable and skilled, this I can definitively see looking at my writings. I have produced so much, right in front of me is a column of drawings which I put in monthly envelops... I guess I have to get in to visualize my work in order for people to appreciate it, I might take a first step these weeks rendering the final architecture, the metaphysical temple which I have formatted to host all of the work, an endlessly generated content throughout a life.

Another beautiful day and I was out running in a little peninsula on the frozen lake filled with the golden sunlight. I was then home recovering my application to Norway, this really took alot of time but then again, as the Chinese proverb goes, a tiger is only a tiger when he faces another tiger. The topic is challenging in the University there but also the landscape, the mountain, the philosophical mountain which I had predicted as young man thinking of my spiritual journey away from my native island into a beach and through the artificial of the city and than through the land to the mountain at last from where I could symmetrically return to my native place. Well again, a rather mystic vision of my youth but who knows? Who can say about our destiny and so forth? I am in state of illusion and disillusion, I keep in this limbo, but I certainly give my best when I have a vision, a mountain, a challenge. Will see, I have applied to many other smaller and silly things, art, fashion and flat landscapes.

I woke up really early today and finally sent this application for Norway, I just ran short of references, being myself in many places and other people too changing their positions really often. Now I am getting more into an artistic phase trying to visualize the building resulting out of my life work and texture it with the very life work that I am generating. Until I don't get it out I think that people will not really get my idea, understand the massive work behind it. Obviously I am now guiding them through the building but one day they will do it themselves and make up one of the infinite combinations that this memory theater can offer. It is, I guess the ultimate way I wish my work to be communicate it, it is my Zen other than I am not really sure I will actually physicalize it, but to have the plan ready, this is my goal. Prior meeting with Jacek and Ivan at the school where I used to teach, the school that got us all here, I took a walk in the surrounding forest. The weather was nice and how productive I was recording my thoughts and interpreting the tiny clouds in the blue sky and filming the tranquil suburb. Well, again just a matter of keeping on. Also at school I met my old colleagues, they had a few minutes for me, they are not evil like all the students portrait them (I guess the students had to many expectations coming here). Jenny, a Swed of German descendance, really open her heart with me and latter revealed me that her brother, my age, got suddenly leukemia and he is dying. Yeap, things can be so sudden and if we are not lucky we must feel lucky not to be unlucky. Who cares about all these posts and jobs, I will keep up with the process but really life is short and we shall make the most... the final satisfaction is not the pension ahead, or the holiday... I guess my wife is starting to dislike the secure position she got here, hopefully I will get something...

A far more relaxing day running in the little peninsula on the frozen landscape and the usual household and project related work followed by a first attempt to better visualize my work. Well my technologies run a bit behind but I can certainly manage to at least render the idea of what my project could become at the end, I am certainly moving forward and then again from one thing another may arise as in everything, one has to be patient and endure. On my way back home in the snow fall today I was really considering the dilemma of whether we are to endure life or follow opportunities and thus let the Odyssey continue. My principle is to go where it is natural to go. If the social context makes it unnatural for us to stay, why stay? Well, I guess to apply is also some sort of a test, testing for the favorable direction. Then again if we stay, we anyway have to still walk the path of our lives, with still many decisions to take ahead. We can wait and see but never ever relay on all these future expectations, we shall make the best of our present and obviously yes also worry about planting for the future, about trying to speculate on our inborn talent, I guess.

Work is certainly required to get things done, even when it comes to displaying the results of our solitary work to the public, all of social networking is to be done. It is my second time into town today to the gallery where Jacek and I will have our show in the fall. The thing I was afraid of, blending our work together in such a small place, that thing got resolved today, the galley had an extra little room where I could have my tiles of things picked from the sidewalk, about 500 I estimated and I will need to certainly look if this is doable, having myself no production money. All it is needed is a precise figure. I had myself an hard time to decide whether I should blend in several works or just present a single one. The temptation to mix up is big but I am also evaluating the purity of things by themselves and this also bring me to think about how to also isolate more the pieces in my final architecture which I am now trying to visualize on a computer rendering, I guess these things requires some experiments...

Today with my team we did a workshop at my kid school with the toys his classmates had brought. I didn't really prepare anything but I was rather a good film maker directing them to decide a plot for a film which we later shot and edited at my place. This really made me think that some sort of immersion in the work is necessary. I was later reading the intro to Chekhov, the Russian story teller who was also claimed to be a rationalist but had a later development. Well, I guess that in our modern positivism, I also started out with a most rational depiction of reality yet later got into capturing it using more human means such as this Journal that is really getting involved with my psychological states and so forth. Talking of which, my first story I read of Chekhov told of a promotion and this is really what occurred to my wife today, she got promoted and will have a formal contract, her first fixed contract and she is almost forty (well, for that respect I never got a post). It seems then that we might get a house at last, I might still be traveling though, but at least I might get access to a space where to at last store my work and fabricate it. The would be really an employment if one also considers all the home improvements required. The fact is though that if I want to get some real production going I need some money to start with and I have none... will then have to get in business somehow...

Another beautiful day spent my kid out grilling in the sunny frozen nature and then to exhibitions with Jacek, at the end of which it seems we came to the conclusion that maybe at last it is time for us to open a company together, a business marriage which would allow us to get into action, actions that are so much needed in today mortification of the west. I think I have pretty much decided, we should begin talking courses and understanding the procedures avoiding my previous mistake of totally relaying to an accountant. The world is mortifying and all that is creative is turned into theory... I really feel like going into business and these months will be really crucial...

I don't think I am experiencing anything kafkian, my frustrations are limited and come as part of the game I am playing within a life I have decided to live in society, as a regular person. I watched another film by my neighbour's Ermanno Olmi about a guy going in the city to get a secure job as a clerk, which is something that ironically my wife just got. It was a very touching movie, really intimate as the crits describes it. Ermanno himself was working in the company and shot the film during the weekend selling his family house to finance it. I think I will myself finance the production of my project, I want a little factory in its basement, I can manage but I do obviously need the capital and will have to grow it with time. I will do the last round of applications but really, ultimately is the getting busy working on my project that I want, this is happening in many fronts and when it comes to exhibit I really have little hope without a penny. I was thinking maybe that friends could prepay for instance my ceramic tiles of discarded objects before even producing them so that I can actually get to do them. The winter for now is at is most and I am seating on the kitchen floor now that my son and wife are almost asleep and I am about to get on my usual evening duty, drawing and writing like a Chinese elder practicing his crafts... I really find that, no matter how society is becoming once again dictated by commercial powers, nature will always offer us individuals prompt to craft worlds of their own, in this respect I find all this social responsibility manifested by all these artists groups rather phobic, how can they expect to change the world? The world isn't changed by any such activities, these very activities which are now so trendy actually rob and obscure the really humble creators who could actually manifest with his sensitivity so much more and without so much shouting, a very intimate and gentle reflection of reality just that shown in Olmi's films, still very much meaningful for us today, still clerks facing the lights of our computer screen.

Today another beautiful freezing day first out running then a first attempt to render the building of my project then out to pick my kid at school and off to an island together on the lake with the moon shining behind us, really amazing, a winter worth enduring. I thought we should really get something close to such a landscape. Back at home I got again for some hours frustrated over my obsolete hardware which can't render my building. I can't be fussing like an old man, I have few money ██████ gave me a Christmas and they will be used for a faster machine, I need some updating, my project thus, not to end upin twenty years with an obsolete machine. I am really thinking now a days in term of production, a small factory I could have at our future premises to produce the physical outputs of my work, as for the virtual ones I can take care of them in my small physical place... Just the virtual needs to be able to process all the tiny bits I have collected. My wife was against, she doesn't take my work seriously perhaps but really it all started with her telling me to apply to positions and this coming cycle of applications will require me to demonstrate my skills... I have all the sketches ready, it is time to get closer to the execution.

Last night I was probably to excited for my new computer which I got today from a boy living with his mother and an angry dog in the ugly suburbs. I felt pity for them and understood why he is off to Turkey looking for an identity that these urban developments cannot provide them.. what a punch in the eye, it seems that there is no way out, at least here the state will keep on building such ugly systems and I guess my building would be really significant to demonstrate the opposite, a self-generation over time... this I am now trying to learn how to render, hopefully the computer I got without so much blinking, spending my last penny, will afford it!

My wife refused the secure job offer at last, maybe Olmi's film about the boy becoming a clerk affected her. She said that she really thought she might have ended up in depression keeping up there. On one side this is true, on the other she is gets too seriously into things and cannot detach, endure the work for the time one is required to. Perhaps she is not to blame, it is the work in our information society, a result of this widespread telecommunication possibility. Hopefully it will be my turn now to get a job, hopefully at least one of the dozens applications I have sent will work out... some time ahead for that. Meantime I am preparing a video through my spiritual building, I go through tutorials and so forth but generally I think that what is really needed is to be able to find instructions and execute them correctly.

A day visualizing my ultimate goal, the building which is supposed to host all of my life work. It was really frustrating from the beginning but then things started rolling and I actually got quite far. I will leave my wife and son to the countryside while I will keep it here in this creative momentum which I don't wanna spoil. It seems like that the artistic execution, this virtual painting is taking place in a couple of days while the actual preparation of all the components tool years. It was probably not the case of the old masters, particularly from the Western tradition, maybe it is rather an Eastern way... Ten years meditating the crab before the Chinese painter can execute in a few strokes in front of the emperor and actually this painting is for these emperors to get their subsidies eventually. The fact is that really I wish this work to speak for itself, without so many explanations and criticism which brings to nothing, to no creation, no rejoicing, no magic, a magic I felt really seldom e.g. At some shows but particularly watching a film or reading a book or being inside an empty medieval church. All these feelings of beauty are there chiseled. The virtualization really brings me a step forward thinking of issues such as the importance of he light in a space, I can see that finally visualized and I can tweak with things, in this sense computers are really great and I can't wait for them to get more powerful and the softwares less problematic. It took me certainly some time before I have moved this direction and then again really progresses are made when a social rejection is experienced and the creator is left alone. If we give him the glory he might as well fill himself with pride and keep his position which he thinks high but in reality is very low... talking of altitudes I really long for Norway, is that the mountain of my destiny?

In the countryside after at least a month. I was going to be home in the apartment working but then I decided to go for the country, I rejoice of my time alone but somewhat I also try to keep the family some company. Today it was again rather sunny yet everything around was frozen and I took my kid for some sledding before fetching his mother at work and drive all the way out here, where everything seem really fixed and stable. A stability that is certainly missing for us although I guess at least I seem to have an interior stability. My wife anyway keep on talking about buying and stabilizing, I guess I could go either ways and make the best either of a nomadic situation or a sedentary one, or both as I think will be the case. In the last four years now, around this period we have also been waiting for answers to decide our future. In China we were possibly going to Australia but ended up in America from where we were possibly going to Italy but ended up back in Sweden with all the securities of a job that my wife (it seems to redundant to keep on referring her as my wife, so be it!) seems to dislike... securities! I kind of seem to start liking this building up of opportunities which a state of semi-insecurity provides. It is really fantastic to see how, if one is dedicated will always have something. Olmi, in his introduction to the film "Il Posto", also mentions this, no matter how hopeless modern life can become, by enduring there is always some unexpected home flowering... I guess one just needs to be open to love, dedicate oneself to a certain spiritual passion and with faith it is true, things will arise. The lesson can be also drawn from Chinese philosophy... endure and settle your ambitions, don't intervene and everything will be fine. All these games I am playing really, I would do well without them. I guess though they provide illusions (to which I am somewhat disillusioned) but they also set me to progress with the communication of my work (e.g. the rendering of the building).. all human experiences which I can then later reflect upon, stages.

I spent the day inside here in the countryside beautiful dining room at the end of the long table preparing again for the rendering of my mausoleum (I start call it like that although it is really a monument of time trough a person rather than about him), a spiritual building I might one day be able to construct on this land, although really I don't own anything nor it feels that society can really accept such thing starting from the very society around me, my wife really mostly skeptical about my work, not at all understanding my vocation and not at all accepting any criticism or anything that has to do with her such her the writing of my dreams and this very Journal. This obviously in the last two years has got me quite hidden, it is not really me to hide away things, obscure pieces of my self-manifestations which are in no way meant to harm anybody but only wish to reveal the patterns of a life. I am trying to be positive and optimistic but all this oppression, this censorship I have to apply, this reduction of what I really can become... all this is tolerable because of my poor state, things might change though, it is not for me to decide but really it is absurd. On one side I could be the perfect housewife, most precise to take care about the family while on the other I am told to push on with my social ambitions, which given the nature of my work, just drives me away from anything conventional. I will just wait and see, keep my head down, charge within and if a possibility presents itself I will take it like a samurai catches a fly.

A nice day at last, fully exploited, waking up very early to work on my project and then out with the family to the frozen lake with the many activities that wonderful location had to offer. I was skating with ██████ in-law to the opposite side, then grilling hot dogs and finally sledding with my son and his little friend, son of my wife old friend. Real fun! Then back to Stockholm doing the boring grocery and washing the car and facing the incognita of our future and so forth. I have tried to tell my wife not to worry so much, to be happy and understand how lucky we are anyway but she feels old and with no roots. I wouldn't mind to move to the country for good but we need a plan and a job not to make things miserable as the last time we tried.

In the studio with my friends applying for trip expenses to Istanbul where we will walk for a whole day and record our dialogues. We will see, mean time my wife is not having so much fun at