

meaning awaiting in the change that we are induced to do. I feel most pure after all my walking and executing my natural intuition the rest is corruption.

It is being a very nice weather out and after solving all the daily issues with work and so forth, bringing forward the project and showing my presence I have talked to my wife and kid back in Sweden and organized, or at least started to organize our return. I then didn't hesitate to go out for a healthy walk to the healthy supermarket, just recovering my human nature, observing the world around me now that it is flowering with activities in the parks, which is really indeed were even human blossom. I really did the tour of all the parks of this part of town, this with the shopping bag and all my equipment along, really enjoying life in general meaning its manifestation of which I am an observant, an active observant, observation is my activity, although really I have to get some experience going to make it nourish. The office or studio environment is really the source of frustrations but then again, I can get most inspired at my return, after for a real experience. This is how I broke the ice today, and created an live experience to have actual findings and progress in our knowledge, empirical knowledge. That put all of the team at the same level, those that weren't there will just have an hard time. Now the potatoes are boiling in the pot, I bought little food but good food, healthy stuff and keep wandering about ██████ who has it so hard on himself. I am sure he would find healthy food for pussies and show his masculinity by sipping his masculine bottle of gin and smoking. I understand him a bit though and partially justify the fact that he got to be an alcoholic after and even while ██████ drastically separated us from him. That is also a social issue there, some characters, like me included, are just not cut for the social work, they need a mission, a mountain to climb, a challenge. I found mine and that is why I tolerate being in society, actually even letting myself enjoying it and having to keep it open in order for my project to get nourished. Even in Sweden I will have to keep socializing with other people and keep up my exploration of the world and avoid any prejudice or total closure. ██████ has just totally closed up to the world and hates most of it and seriously wants to purge it from all homosexuals, Chinese, Africans, Muslims etc. I also have to admit that I have my issues and like integrity and dislike when societies themselves, through the technical amplification, injects what is foreign. This is just something these societies will have to pay and confront in a latter stage. I do respect though individuals that are more like pilgrims who, following their intuition, has reached a site, has made their achievement. But what to do? Wars and other technically mediated violences need this kind of assistance and society has to organize to provide for shelters. Yet when the society do that for greed and allow such disorders for the sake of material enrichment, thinking in economical terms, then that has to be really blocked. The same goes for those provincial societies bringing in those renomeate internationals for the sake of their vanity and prestige. I will face this problem once I am back in beautiful Sweden where the mentality is much provincial and much weight is put on honours (particularly those gained abroad) rather than actual scars got in the home ground.

Somehow there are decisions to be made, decisions that requires common sense and experience and yet it always come down to the chaos of team work, a team without a hierarchy, whose members expresses their many opinions which is totally frustrating as outside there is a beautiful day and life is passing by in the same fashion. I like to listen to an order or give an order, I like to make straight forward decisions and no mingling, yet that seems not the case and I just have to let the team do as they wish and then pull them brutally back once all their energy is gone speculating and force them for a decision. I did that today in no time. I have let them talk for hours and went around doing my own business to finally get them down to what I was asked by our boss to do. Still the sun is up now and I might be able to go out and enjoy although my left knee is a bit in pain after much walking. Now it is much seating but at least I am in the director's office while he is absent, at least from here there is daylight and a window from where I can look out and no more metro station sickening neon light feelings. I have accomplished allot today and I might accomplish allot overall if I am just aware of time, aware that if I profit of it, little by little the result will be not only great but substantial and coherent, because a life time can indeed reveal an encyclopedia of things, this despite arguing whether the filters we apply to capture it are right or wrong. Most of the people would waste their entire life in this argument and would die without having decided for none or having gone from one to another. We must instead be determined and thoroughly consistent. We can always do other things once the old things come very naturally but we cannot go back and replace them. Obviously we can tweak them, particularly for the sake of the overall picture but we cannot remove a stone that was pace at the base of a construction, because of construction we are indeed talking, a willing to construct something noble, spiritual, meaningful that allows further reflections from those that encounter it instead of blinding and positioning us, the consumers as inferiors that cannot reach the magnificence of any work dictated by vanity and greed alone.... fuck them all! There has been an exhibit in town recently of a celebrity making flowers of glass and nothing else. Everyone told me with much easy enthusiasm that I should go even though it is expensive to get in the museum. I replied to these ladies that if I go, I go with stones in my pocket. I would certainly not go, nor even hope that the name of such person is ever remembered... is really a truth worth remembering this manifestation of exuberance? Or are we to reflect the fact that we are actually allowing it, allowing this artificial gigantic flowers to obscure the truth that wish to grow organically? This flowers are not sustainable and will need much maintenance and the use of valuable resources, put them out on the public ground and let them have their own course, let them be vandalized if the little folk request it, let them be respected otherwise... so much for today, I am out to the sun, possibly a beach!

Seating in the office and finally found the right focus, being more of a Napoleon waking up at 4am rather than an Einstein sleeping 12 hours. I got the focus right then and completed much that has to be done before the end of the afternoon which would allow me now to go out and get lost observing and filtering human nature in such artificial surroundings, actually in natural surroundings because many are now out enjoying the sun, particularly in a beach down South with allot of live black people, really with not much of a discipline like the Chinese in the parks in China, but just really making this thin strip of surviving nature, the beach, really alive. My belly is full so I might as well go there. I actually quite like to alternate social life in artificial environments and solitude in natural environment. I guess I always sought the latter but now really my exploration has expanded, now that I have really consolidated an insightful and on-going understanding of myself, which is, like Socrates pointed out, the very initial step, the know yourself. The sun might hurt me now but I might as well go and keep it in the shadow of a tree, protecting all my recording equipment, a little bag with a camera on my left waist, a larger bag with all sorts of devices (video/camera, phone, dictaphone and other important things) on a patch on the right side of my waist, and the professional camera (models that are now made accessible to everyone) in my backpack. Well, I am free to move terrestrially but I really, in these circumstances, have to be extra careful, thus I can't really go and swim unless is one there to supervise.... but where am I in the course of my life journey? in the middle? I was illustrated that with a volcanic island spitting symmetrically then going left the sea then a metropolis with skyscraper then a mountain reflecting the initial island. I sometime wonder where I am. I definitely got in this middle part with all the big cities where I have been living, particularly with Shanghai at the very peak. I thus wonder now that I am returning to Sweden whether I am actually returning after having reached the middle. This makes me wonder what is my Ithaca and where the Odyssey have really started and where it will conclude. Sweden is a beautiful nestle but I don't know if that is my Ithaca really, this mostly because, once I felt to devote myself to that land, many where the Swedes shutting their door in front of me, or better just not opening, not considering. Now it is again the same issue as we don't have a place where to stay in the capitol where my wife got her job and it seems totally difficult even now that we have the money. Should I just try harder? I keep testing, but I will also test the possibility of having my base there but then act as a viking, taking my bounty abroad, to Italy, to India... who knows.

Still a vacant hour awaiting for my boss to call us, after he has been caught in a train. I am quite glad I have devised a way to make use of these otherwise very tedious and inactive moments making the human soul most bored, inactive and stagnating. As a result of this I find myself sometime unwilling to undertake something. When I have a sea in front of me, or a mountain or whatever challenge I usually go ahead confronting it. Presently the challenges are very small and luckily I have the challenge of my on+going project, my mission to accomplish, a mountain to climb in the flatness of contemporary living. Yet I am not all that adventurous. A rather old American guy who now has cancer and I guess, as a result of this, is being most polite and helpful towards others, has invited me for a trip to an island for reach people on a small amateur airplane. I just didn't like the idea, obviously I certainly have the courage even if artificial heights frighten me and so is a man Blake, so devoted to other people causes and problems. Luckily it turned out that I didn't have to go and his lover is able to follow him instead. My friend Davide also offered me an airplane ticket to go down to Mexico where is now travelling on a deserted beach yet where many homicides where committed of latest. I have no problem going back there, I traveled all alone by bus from Canada to Central America without any precautions and almost nothing, this was ten years ago but now I am more calculated. My student Neha in Mumbai has invited me to go. There I would go, it is something I still haven't mapped on my project, the whole Indian sub+continent is still missing in the archive. I would go there but we need a certain preparation, I can offer my teaching and her school can offer lodging and travell expenses. There I would go, buyt again I try to minimize risks and expenses. The same went for this small exhibition I did a week ago at my friend Ivan. I realized that he used my popularity (very limited but potentially something) to boost his, his work is all about boosting and not really about the content itself which sucks. I made my little show, an exercise, nothing professional, nor official, it gave me insights, inspirations, it inspired but I would have wanted to give more and I couldn't as in the end it turned out that I just had an afternoon to mount and only a week notice. Anyway, I was ready and prompt but some support and some extra money would have made a huge difference. This I have to work for, this I have to keep alive and speculate and socially network, at least show my presence and show my results and experiences, keep playing the awful guy of social predominances.... will have to keep figuring out solutions for my final goal, my ultimate willing which is that realizing the construction I am working for, where each little brick has been individually elaborated over a life of moderate yet constant discipline.

It is unusually late but being still alone with my wife and kid still in Sweden and having mostly accomplished my duties (both my immaterialistic and materialistic ones) and being a terrible storm outside, and feeling most bored I venture to watch a film, again even in these sort of pleasures I try to gain something constructive, but having started an American documentary about the war, a topic that really strike me since much of my culture have had a great impact from that event, and having listened to a most patriotic and fictional commentary from the American speaker I immediately swapped to something more authentic, an old fiction as I believe that old fiction are great forms of documentaries, yet I choose Pasolini among others and watched the Arab Nights. Terribly fascinating, despite a most disturbing and vicious recurrence of sexual intercourse, the costumes, the places, the stories but particularly the raw and cruel dialogues were really a dream or a whole night of dreams. I enjoy Pasolini and got deepen more in his thinking against consumerism and the new easy going generations, his respect for farmers and his vehemence against the bourgeoisie. I feel totally like one of the characters in the film leaving the secure materialistic richness and living for a life of charity. I feel indeed most disturbed by the consumer society, I feel much is lost but even though I have devised ways of regaining something out of my existence I feel I like my son to also gain from his life, though I don't interfere and only give him reasoning. After taking up Pasolini's cause, I wrote to ██████ who is just after Pasolini's generation but have allot in common despite him being a Fascist and not a Communist. They both have that sensibility and I understand them, they are both victims, socially emancipated due to their sensibility, yet this is because consumer society doesn't value these kind of rare people and they just turn as they turn, left in the indifference, in the total obscurity while the main stream rises its idols and get rid of every prophet, i am not saying those weirdos proclaiming catastrophes and so forth, I am saying those that are really most sensitive and have special intellect that easily sense the social and natural surrounding. I don't know if ██████ is now forever addicted and cannot return to normality, this is what my American neighbour said about alcoholists, his mother included. It is certain that this part of the world really facilitate certain states of mind and certainly do not arises much sublimity also due to the harshness of the natural surrounding which really reflects on the urban environment. The only way out I see for ██████ is to finally put his intelligence to work and develop a discipline, he refuses though thinking that it is an occupation for homosexuals as his Nazi friends declared. What to do? One has to make up a challenge, one way or the other.

One more e-mail to myself while seating at work, feeling rather satisfied to actually noticing to deal with real world problems and dealing with some very intelligent people. I guess I will miss all of this energy back in a more provincial country where people are very concerned and protective when it comes to their social role and the amount of prestige they maintain for themselves. I hope that now that I got my real trophy and more scars on the scars I already had almost inherited, I hope that now I can stand against such obstructing insolence and wipe them off, with a single strike and little fuss. Anyway it is all to be seen and I do open to maintain my relations with the human continent. This again is not really my choice, the nature of our specific social configuration (a very essential family unit comprising of a man a woman and a little kid) that very nature dictates really what are our options and what are really the very basic requirements. The latter requirements are also expanded by our actual characters, our longing for nature for instance which was particularly revealed during our time in the congested metropolis of China, and my very project which requires some everyday breathing, which again is nature and human nature to offer, for example just the fact that I really want my kid to be out and the fact that we spend afternoons and evenings alone, together. There are things I should do, parts of my project I should improve but I am convinced that the improvement, any improvement comes naturally with time and not really as a sudden thing, but something one observes over time with his experience of it and finally adjusts for the better, the simplest and more consistent of ways. I feel more and more mature and ready, seeing my project as my son who slowly can now formulate and presents himself and is now learning how to read and write and maybe in a ten years time he will have work. The same I think it might goes for my project, currently unemployed yet with people, very few, estimating the potential, as the face of a little kid, well educated and handsome face. This is what, plus I really need to do things well, no more small exhibitions in semi-professional places, at least I could but under certain conditions... I actually wouldn't mind to find an old factory or an abandoned church, but really permissions are needed because it just takes its time to install and share fully and accurately the love.

I just met a most amusing guy, Francisco from Cuba, I think he calls himself an art critic, very different from the others though, even if he is a Theory Professor at a most prestigious university and well published guy. I mean the others would presumably ignore you but this guy caught up on me and we finally met for a long three hours discussion which mostly ended up talking about production and how an artist today has to turn to corporations. I am not sure whether he tried to convince me about this or whether that is his strategy and tries to justify it and shows it as the only possibility, i am not sure, nor I wouldn't know how to justify myself as for my strategy which is on one side that of semi self-preservation in order to carry out my vision till I am sixty and possibly accomplish also the construction of a site where to host it and a movie of my origins and the publication of this journal and whatever.... the most essential thing, the real priority is that the work itself, the multi-filtering of time continues and that needs me to have a decent amount of resources and be rather healthy. Thus if I follow his suggestions and turn like the examples he was listing to me, big celebrities all under drugs and most threaten by other issues, then I believe that whether I succeed or not succeed to be a celebrity, I would in anyway put myself highly in risk, I mean maybe not really myself but the project I am responsible of as my son. I thus find that a very uncertain strategy for my very case where the real challenge is really embedded in the actual work, in recording throughout such an extensive period of time and maintaining a solid syntax for later allowing comparisons and readability a revealing a sort of code in its entirety. As I said to him, I wear masks, I am now in my role of a common person, back in the cave of the everyday and nothing more fancy, nor any willing to get rich and extravagant. I already had a feeling and sense of it, i already saw the catastrophic results of capital within my very lineage, all destroyed, I already saw the consequences of much greed, I guess maybe not Francisco Ricardo coming from the most austere Cuba. Sweden, where I am soon to be living, even Sweden the model of socialism is taking up the capitalistic model. I have nothing to say really about that because I couldn't anyway benefit from its social model, being a foreigner (luckily!), but then again there I am a landowner and if the time will come I might judge, in a certain rightful way, the prospect of making such a land, a large forest with fields, a meaningful place. I might sacrifice, if that is granted, I might sacrifice my existence to make something of relevance, not for me, but for nature, a monument of human nature in nature, a monument to let visitors reflect about its possible magnificence thus not the temporal magnificence of a work of society which requires society to live and which is by nature fake. Francisco seems rather inexperienced, Sweden too is inexperienced and ready to betray its solidarity model, its political Christianity for the sake of trying for once how it feels to be personally rich... but yet personal materialistic richness is not only personal spiritual poorness but also social poorness and a great deal of ignorance, ignorance we impose on ourselves as a premise of our subduction to the corporative work, a work against nature... I will keep rather faithful for now!

Today my wife and kid are coming back from sweat Sweden where they had a fantastic time as it seems, with a bit more of a pleasant climate than the very humid East coast of America, anyway also a place where their natural roots are, where their ancestors' farm and land and woods are, a place we where sort of thrown away from when our options a few years ago just pushed us out and where now we are sort drawn back to, certainly with a bounty and much expertises, enriched after our prolonged exposure to the real world and its problematics but also really all the nice things about each of the cultures we have been exposed to, China, Malaysia, Japan, Israel and America and all the various combinations that comes along with it, thus also a little reconnection to Italians over here, which really makes me feel a great dualism within me. I guess, as myself in particular have totally adapted and assimilated these cultures, I guess there are many of me now and I am quite glad to set back our base to the country of the non-me, or where the me is really intimate, a most normal average person in society and someone with a saw around his shoulder, an axe on one hand and a bucket on the other, in rags, going in an immaculate forest. I also bring some scars back with me, a deeper understanding of human nature which is a source of sorrow, like all the greed within humans' micro-societies and the anger and phobias of the emancipated ones like ██████ yet the joy of the content ones, that is a lesson. Those few that take care of their own little gardens and see it growing without threats or at least that is their aim and their constructive willing which does not step over anyone, just a demonstration of their love. In my situation here it is a bit limited; I have my project, my son and other things to take care of yet not really so much other possibilities to be manual, for instance having a real garden and a little house to take care of as we will have soon, back in the Cimbric Peninsula, where the Cimbers, my most uprooted folk, seem to have originated (I have just updated the Internet Encyclopedia in this regard).

I just feel I need a bit of a day experiencing before I can ever start writing a new entry of this Journal. My wife and kid are now back and everything seems to work smoothly in the direction of Sweden, always been very prudent for any blow of misfortune, playing rather safely although obviously now we are more exposed due to our professional conquests. I even got a reply from ██████ I was most sensitive not to awaken his jealousy and only mentioned that we are soon to be very distant again and I will keep a good memory of him. He immediately adjourned me on his innumerable misfortunes, his beloved and most sick companion got in a very bad accident and so forth. I then really recall Machiavelli talking about misfortune as a river which men can indeed predict and solidify accordingly to prevent such catastrophes but I really now see how ██████ purposely build his shelter by such rivers. He likes blood and catastrophes to run down on him, he likes such inflictions, strong and violent inflictions while keeping it in that very same dangerous place. In the same respect I was thinking about Cesar, the great Roman emperor who really had all these bad headaches and was kind of force marching and taking his legions alone in such hardship, mostly I think, because of his headaches. Also I then start to think about my own back, that has issue and the behavior is rather the same, I would go on walking for the sake of overcoming the pain, yet ██████ stays in his shelter and do not make any conquests. He is the political kind who would really use much angeriness and violence of speech within the parliament but I wonder that very man in other fields, challenging fields and then I really come to think that a solution for us who dares and wants challenges in their lives, in a life settled by technology and society, can really be a spiritual constructive and long lasting, demanding mission of my kind. These could saves the oracles of humanity, those ever seeking souls, to find a mission, but they would have to put up with it constantly so not to start doubting it. I guess I would also start doubting my own practice if I was only to interrupt it for a single day, but no, every moment of my existence is confronting it. ██████ thinks all these things as shit, ephemeral shit, but they would indeed rescue him and on the contrary turn give him integrity of soul and even a pretext to dare in the physical world... many with much potentials are selected out this way.