

nobility can bring, or at least a noble with a noble soul undertaking spiritual enterprises as visible year before all the homogenization that socialism has brought like today's snow blitz, yet turning the landscape not really white as in the latter but totally gray with all their "legitimate" raping of the land with much cement dwelling and infrastructures. Soon we will take refuge to what remains of noble and will probably be preserved as such...

A sunny day and a happy one with friends coming over and then out with August who just learned biking and meeting other friends by the lake in the twilight and then even some placid deers. Rather magical but I guess, trapped as we are in these cement cells, one really has to make a point to go out and really August of recent is the one taking us out while we discuss about all the buying and selling details of our dwellings, the little square meters of property. Hopefully things will settle soon in this direction yet it is an happy moment with all these things going on as the new apartment and my forthcoming interviews at the art academy. So little hope is necessary to make me going, even if in the end little or nothing will turn out I will have anyway got further with my project as I have decided to present it as such without any further presentation which would make me loose much energy and time.

Slowly harnessing for my Saturday interview in Finland which would allow me to officially continue my project for the coming four years at the end of which a third of it will be accomplished. Giving some meanings to numbers I am sort of assure that as it happened after six years from the beginning of the project, after twelve years some main publication will occur, a main sacrifice which is likely to exhaust me and put me in the need to eventually recharge with more real life. This going to life of the past couple of years has certainly refilled me. Today some students requested my supervision and again I was most sharp and inspiring. I am probably a bit stuck when it comes to questions about my mere practice, as why do you do it, to big questions as to ask why do you exist. In this respect, if I will be asked in the end to contribute to the cultural discourse, I will do so by bringing in examples of other practitioners and opening up the philosophical background behind the practice of knowing thyself, meaning the self and the surrounding which is really the foundation for the discovery of truth, or simply what is reality. Fortunately this cultivation of mine has flourished somewhat of a talent within me, if not a style that distinguish me, my identity. I am seating on a hill now, like a shepherd of my son who is more and more becoming autonomous and decreasingly needs us parents. The sun, as the light revealing the truth, as for now set.

There has been allot of energy conveying through me these weeks. Whether a student or a friend talking to me, people must have feel a great charm, probably due to the hope, or better the illusion of getting some sort of recognition out of my work and this can as well be not the case. Either way there is much going on now, many preparations for many trips and lectures and workshops and interviews not to mention the fact that we are selling and buying apartments and so forth. Well, I guess it is nice to feel such euphoria at times but I really look forward for some peace as a taciturn walk in the forest seeking to reach some natural elevation. Aside for this state of temporary turbulence in my soul I felt rather disgusted today of suburbia itself, all this artificial dirt which human stupidity causes, all these quick expansions only cause much dust, a quick enrichment followed by a long-lasting depression, I feel humans will never learn but I shall not interfere other then set an alternative, my very life-work emulating nature. I am glad, in this respect to move our base in the mist of nature and a cultural heritage site where the very city lords might live. In the nearby future I will limit any sort of boosting and let things settle until they feel stagnating and in need again of some kind of stirring. Either way my project will nourish!

A pleasant day with my student, letting them present their ideas and then discussing, without trying to sound smart, but only really trying to inspire them further and enlight the potential of their ideas. I guess this is a bit my quality and I wouldn't really be able to play any sophisticated games with them. I could easily be devoted to teaching but then the care to my own domain would probably come less. Yet there is much I could teach them and in fact we have agreed that the whole of next week will be dedicated to an hands-on workshop on physical computing. The use of their hands and the acquisition of a real skill will certainly make them happy as Henry Thoreau also mentioned concerning education. Rolf, my supervisor seemed also rather happy, at least of my input and I have tried really to be myself as much as I could and thus break any barrier between us (e.g. age and position). In that respect I have nothing to loose, I really came to this conclusion at last that really I should only act according to my intuition and be real and authentic without assuming any mask just to suit someone. I am most at easy in this way and also very open to dedicate more time and quality to people, as much as I am doing for myself.

At sea! Seating in a little corner of a very sealed and commercial boat, a quiet corner after being out in the wind, now inside observing the magnificent archipelago out of the large porthole. I wouldn't mind to be able to open it, even slightly and lay myself observing as we pass through the many small island. This trip is a test really. I might be able to get my title oversea and in that way I will have to commute several times and the boat is rather a romantic and gentle way to do it, although really the Nordic romance can sometime turn into drunkenness, which is I guess necessary as a pretext for them to find a companion. My little room in the very bowel of the boat was in fact taken by some fully tattooed and already drunk devil, I have already changed to another cabin with apparently a much calmer companion. The boat moves slowly, I can see each and every house at sea and yet it will cover a very long journey, will see where also my patient consistency will take me, eventually much of a journey will be covered, a journey with my feet marching the terrain and my hands experiencing through all that there is worth learning. People get certainly on this boat to get lost and don't really reach any destination to find anything as I am attempting, but then again it is only one of the possibilities I am trying to adapt to if they ever get true. For now I might as well aspire for a little island...

A whole day fasting and abstaining after a nice trip on the boat appreciating all these skilled musicians and respecting very much the power of the sea which made me feel so small and vulnerable, not mentioning the wind and the rain which I went out early morning inhaling after keeping the night in the sealed cabin. The day in the Finnish capital went rather idle because of the cold rain and the luggage with the suite for the interview tomorrow. I made a small rehearsal but then mostly spent the day wandering between malls and museums, I would have preferred an empty church but the beautiful ones in this town were closed. After almost three years in the evening I met my great Russian friend Pyotr, how long it has been without him and yet we are friends as ever even though we don't really share any 'professional interest'. We have had many adventures together mostly walking and in nature, all very memorable times, even seating in his student apartment ten years back, drinking tea and enjoy all that good motherly nature of this Russian as if I was in hid grandparents dacha in the steppes, a mystic place I wish one day to explore (that is also according to my spatial scheme of exploration for my project).

A second day in Helsinki, this time without rain and some clear sky towards the end, which also marked by interview at the academy and my meeting with many old friends, really now feeling that here I have a great platform and things are actually flourishing... Nothing of the provincial establishment on the other side of the Baltic ocean, not to mention that beside this intellectual stimulus here I also have some great models like Erkki Kurenniemi, who, among other inventions and explorations, have consistently taped his life and surrounding. It would be certainly stimulating to have a connection with such energy but we will see as I think I might appear to overqualified and knowledgeable for the academic people here, who were I guess rather shock of my doings. Nonetheless this one would be an unpaid position in a poorer country but I guess it is right in these kind of circumstances that culture can ferment... Not the handsome Saul but the mediocre David indeed. There might be more struggle involved but still again it feels there is more of a platform here although much of it is based on a highly philanthropic projects, the artist rescuing society and only messing things up as a Russian young count trying to establish hospitals and schools in his villages... will need to put up with that.

On the roof of the boat back home, the sun deck with an open horizon to relax after a decent walk with Pyotr who didn't in the least shared my enthusiasm for life and still seek to be happy by changing his reality, move to America where I told him how things really are. He is quite settled now with a girl and everything and is an excellent housewife who like me has issue finding a role in a foreign country. Yet I did really invented my role while he kept on changing University and being my age he still hasn't finished. 10 years went by our first meeting at our Master program in Sweden. He was really closed then and with our influence became really open to life but now he being with gloomed back in and there was no further planning of me taking him to my native country or as I hoped one day vice versa. I guess he has hard time to put up with my bright side when I seize the crowd attention and tell stories and joke in the most highest of spirits. He also maybe see all my results and progress comparing to his very little ones but I guess his main issue is that of my biological father, both have a great disillusion and do not act, never in the end they will reach the America of their dreams.

Back in the land where providence brought me to plant my seed and yet wish to be at sea again, over the high boat, as over a mountain contemplating the endless ocean, an ocean I most respect and wish to be contemplating again. In this respect I don't mind whether I might at last have to, like a merchant, go across the sea and back to keep on developing my practice, even though that would imply again not having much of a financial security, as getting a job here, in the land of total security and high establishments. I will again try to keep a balance between my sedentarism and my nomadism, and try to keep them both very natural, sedentary and cultivating and being close to nature while nomad and traveling slowly if I can and doing much exploration walking and meeting new people. Meantime the situation in the school is most lousy, the students, these young people are getting mostly depressed of all the intellectual talks of the scholars, transmitting them no energy, talking about being playful but at all times leaving them most idle and inactive, with much theory to think of, a theory that do not allow them to develop their talent, gosh how frustrating and how much I feel myself that one cannot be just a teacher, one has to charge with experiences and then he or she can spontaneously make them learn and mostly, as it is my case, by making also the very students experiencing without so much crap. Anyway tomorrow I will try to impart them all my skills and so forth... we will have fun and learn! Today, to save the situation, came a doctor who works with patients dying of cancer. He was inspired by experience, guided by his very spirit and enlightening all of us teachers and students. He gave us some practical tasks to solve and we felt all eager to go that direction but then again our poet/professor drew back. I cannot but wash my hands and give the students all I can without conflicting with them. Yet it was amazing how this man was totally driven by passion and at last admitted, when I was praising him, to be a believer, this very much shocking our atheist professors. I guess to be a believer means a great deal to actually behold life within ourselves. Those who not believe in fact will behold but darkness and much misery. He also, with all the patients he has assisted, admitted that the way we day corresponds to the way we live, so let's take care of our lives and most of all, as he mentions, let's cultivate our existence, which lack is the cause of all our social disorders as he stated. Let's introduced the spiritual monks in society, let's keep up with the spiritual practices! We are all to die and we could all make a big meaning out of it!

Being working all day really intensively first with the students to which I am teaching electronics and programming and later doing all the home related duties including cutting my son's hair. I am very diligent and precise in this respect and understand that this period is only transitional and eventually I will be left alone once again with my project alone and some bitterness due to all the conflicts I have to withstand all human environments where I cooperate. I am certainly not the one causing any of those and never really criticize the authorities, just keep independent from them, implying that I might not always have abundance of food and money and no professional security yet I so much value my time and so much do not wish to sign it out with whatever devil of an institution. I do my best and know quite a big deal although ironically I do not keep up with the knowledgeable people who really don't know anything concrete but their own sophisticated abstractions.

My wife's birthday and after a day teaching at the art school my son and I had celebrated with a dinner and a nice cake and presents collected in different places and at different times always foresighted as with my life work. I also got some first bit of money today which I soon already invested in upcoming experiences like my trip back home and others which should eventually enrich me and bring more again. I am not afraid anymore to loose anything nor jealous about anyone with for instance a stable position. I know the value of my undertaking, enjoy the freedom and the variety that my semi-precarious position brings. It will be what it will be and when and where and how it will be meant to be, no boasting, I keep it up and when it is mature it will drop of its own... as an old Russian general would say: 'Patient and time are my best warriors!'

In the country and I feel more relaxed in the spacious rooms away from the cemented confinement where I spent most of my life. Likely we will now move to an open area where the access to nature is direct and we might at last enjoy more of it, at least our son who seems very eager to be outdoor playing. These coming weeks are actually very crucial in that we will have our future revealed such as where we are going to live and work for at least some time. To have this short term stability we really had to not only hard work but take some degree of risks like living in China and America. This coming month also will be rather packed with journeys before a probably quiet summer preparing for the winter.

I spent the morning in my paradise, the garden where I wish to deposit my work in my wife's family forest. There are allot of small oak trees to defend from the animals eating their tender branches and allot of pines infesting them. In this I really much favour what it is noble, although all the slaughtering of the machines are really demoralizing. In this I would really like to define my terrain of action and don't allow any unnatural interference as the drastic one of the slaughtering machine. Life in the forest is really nice nonetheless and the expansion of the bourgeoisies' village a real shame. Talking about bourgeoisies, today with my father-in-law we been emptying the attic of our Uppsala apartment, on sale from tomorrow... the upcoming bonfire would have been a good excuse to really get rid of all of the stuff. I am anyway only a guest of the earth and more over a guest of this country and will only demand a little room where I will have full control for now and this eventually is what I am trying to negotiate with my wife about our new apartment, an apartment immersed in nature where I hope to cultivate my intimate self and don't get the feeling of captivity I experience in the city. Much patience for now and a sort of interior peace, free of any ambition to climb the mainstream, knowing that the real heroes in today fully mediated society, the real heroes can only be partisans, fighting unofficially and authentically as those described by Tolstoy in his last volume of "War and Peace" or at least this is what I felt today after working in the forest and laying with that book. Anyhow, I do feel a great peace for now, a most contemplative peace which doesn't draw me to desire anything but its endurance... I am far away and a future of little means do not scares me but very much feels me with contentment.

Another full working day in the countryside now taking particular care of my son as I am about to leave and honour ██████████ back home in most trouble Italy, for some time. I took him to the forest as in the old days of our "romance" and yet this time we were far more efficient and started working on a whole castle made of trees we previously chopped to free the monolith where ideally one day my life work will be deposited. Anyway, we went as far as erecting a three meters high staircase and the project will continue through out the summer, thus giving us something to do and take any trace of boredom away and feeding our spirit for future plans and taking care of the forest having fun while learning. Time has passed thus and later on we were quiet mellow of exhaustion, him playing with the neighbor and myself packing his little clothes which I will bring to my sister's baby. As I mentioned there seems to be a bit of an economic crisis still down there which is partially good to teach them once again to be humble. The nasty thing about it is really globalization which is killing all these small and family driven companies, these mainstreams erasing with their predominance any other intention and the Italian peninsula inspires many such individual intentions with its mighty weather and wellbeing. I am here up in the very North of the civilized world and despite the isolation humans are committing the same mistake, betraying their natural poetry, yet the abundance of natural resources here makes it a different thing for now.

Still in a very absorbed and meditative state even after flying across the European continent back to my native nest, or anyway close to it, down the mountains in the more corrupted yet still highly pleasant flat land. My son was really sad of my departure, he is not usually so, but I was kind of touched and that made me also feel like I should not really exaggerate with my travels but try to be short and light. While waiting for my plane I took a walk around the airport enjoying the sun, observing the nature blossoming out of the asphalt and recollecting my thoughts in my dictaphone. I actually met some young Italians on the plane and found them really smart, it is really sad again that the country is collapsing, yet there have been another kind of Italian too, the one trying to make as much money as possible stepping over any sort of responsibility, one is my uncle and his time with the crisis is over. ██████████ too is no longer so certain about her strength, she probably understand that one day she might as well need me and this sense of insecurity at last makes the mother and son relationship much better (not to mention that I have been a fan of insecurity and rejection of the mundane that so much dominates these environments). ██████████ instead seems rather warmth hearted and we have much to share, I mean as for everything relationship, I am now trying to make an effort and visit him and the family quite often. ██████████ my twin sister's daughter, is instead growing and we have played, trying to be most natural with them and drop and hypocritical mask that is so typical of these wealthy societies, particularly towards relationships that are not really needed. Meantime in Sweden is bonfire yet how beautiful and green is what is left of nature here, a nature preserved by a belle epoque which is once again disappearing after it shortly reemerged, hopefully some poetry will be gained once again but humans, it seems, are doomed to fuck up. Walking the streets of Vicenza, this little medieval city, after so many years abroad experiencing directly the world and reading much of the passed world, I feel I am now most inclined to right judgments and opinions, I feel I could keep up the virtue of the place if I was given the opportunity of administrating it, if I would happen to be part of some sort of nobility once again.

Been spending all day, a beautiful sunny day in the Venetian capital walking with my Cicero, ██████████ who has of late discover the passion for his aneshors' city and read much literature and treasure hunts revealing all the many hidden allegories of relieves and paintings on the streets and in the churches, what used to be the public realm. I am probably more interested in another kind of exploration and always avoid museums (because that is what really these churches have become) yet I did enjoy all the many explanations he gave me to solve those many mysteries. Strangely enough I have not such encrypted way of expressing myself in my art, they are rather natural flows where really the actual reality is somewhat missing and have to be interpreted and I somewhat felt missing an authentic representation of the old Venice, something that would tell me about their way of living and their psychology, things that came just later with trends like vedutism and realism. Much is thus missing from these century to give us an idea of life then unless we might be able to reflect it through all these religious artwork and say that they were in fact much religious and yet with many internal and external conflicts. I am not sure I have appreciated so much the paintings of Tiepolo but did like Pianta's wooden sculptures representing different vices and virtues of human nature, they gave me much to reflect while really not so much I have felt from many of the paintings, I couldn't appreciate the general plan and the overall ambition, I just saw many as compromises between the commissioner and what was proper too paint despite that their technique was very advance. I personally do like more the biography of the painter than his paintings. Anyway, somewhere in a church I read that new wine has to be put in a new barrel, I felt that really the city and even the nation might now be a saturated old barrel. I have nothing against, but when a Venetian owner of a fashion store asked me why do I live in Sweden I guess my unheard answer was really that there there is still space at least natural and physical space