

I have possibilities there, as those in Finland, but they are always not funded and there is so much to struggle in that society of “artists” who are not flexible enough to reinvent themselves. I wouldn't mind to combine the studies but on the other side I like the idea of doing research of what is related and not really of my own practice, this is what I am already doing on my Website. Thus I wouldn't mind interviewing my models like Erkki Kurenniemi and Steve Mann, people who has just tangentially to do with the art world , the art world comes to them and they are more driven by their own concept of seizing their existences. I don't mind in this sense to be a total conformist and really work as a research without all the crap around “artistic research” and so forth. I will just produce a book about the topic of logging life, its motivations and participants together with all the threats brought forward by international corporations. I could do this in a fourth of the time it is required for my doctorate everything is already in my head. Writing this post now I have probably come to the conclusion that, like an Epicurean, I might just as well live content, and in the dark, serving rather than imposing, doing my doctorate without any other fancies as everything Jacek wishes to involve me.

I ended up catching a fever today, one in a billion years, after all the walking around this beautiful Polish city, beautiful architecture but too poor too renovate all the decaying facades. I am staying in Jacek family house, it was built by his father who seems a nice man, a skilled theater stage designer with hundreds of stage designs in his back. The paradox is that in this country that is still rather poor, people can actually come up with ideas and realize while in the rich and civilized North there are far less possibilities for ordinary “artists” like us. The workshop at the museum is turning out well though and our team work was really efficient, Jacek being more skilled in preparing nice presentations and equally compensating each other in the direction of the volunteers whom, in the coming days , will participate with us in the filming of this city where there is still allot of the old life, monks and nuns, old street sellers and absolutely no immigrants... in this respect a society with a strong integrity and identity, still striving and thus still working forward. I will need to get some sleep though, I am sort of shivering and hopefully tomorrow it will be gone.

I am very placid today as my body is probably trying to recuperate from all my recent efforts. I am seating by the castle wall facing the river mirroring the setting sun which at last shone out in this particularly cold spring. There will be a night in front of us filming a district of the Polish capital with the participants of our workshop. I am keeping it easy though and try to gain back my energy although it might be something with my belly and for that my appetite is really low and as a result I am like an old man. I still haven't heard about my situation back home, with job and so forth, I am patient for now on top of this magical hill with a dragon cave and a stone radiating healing energies, all local believes but who knows.

I am now slowly liberating myself of the sickness, likely a food intoxication, encountered right from the start here in Poland, as with a girl with whom I don't really fit even though she is attractive. Thus last night and today many a miles I have covered with nothing on my stomach but much diarrhea which mostly came out during the night. Despite the conditions of weakness I have followed the march of my students here filming the cities from her many angles. The angle we explored today was that of the students celebrating the end of the Academic years with alcohol and much fun as the carnival of a neorealist movie, a reality that has long disappeared in the richer society with all its preparations of costumes and well performed spectacle but also much dissipation. I follow one student at the time to document its process but really I long for my solitary explorations, the intuitive following of my own willing or the willing I combine with my travel companions like Jacek. Anyhow the weather is getting better and so myself...

Today the weather got better and I got much better with my belly although it gave me quite some troubles at night. I actually consulted the Internet early morning rather than listening to everybody else opinion and with some bananas, the right kind of yogurt, rice, boiled chicken and herbal tea I made my day and got my energy back. I was actually in the sun all day filming the female students (there are paradoxically only female) filming around town, one at the time. Then Iwan Wilaga, a guy from Budapest also doing life-logging rituals came, he will spend the weekend with us and, although we knew each other from the Internet, we never met before, it was rather courageous of him. Daniel Wilson an old student I had from Canada, has joined us to help with the montage and we are now all invading Jacek big empty house, a small assembled militia and I am the shortest of these two meter tall guys. I better entertain the guests now and go soon to sleep.

Seating in my little room with the window open, letting all spring warmth of South Poland inside. Today we went out to Nova Huta, a Russian like complex, an ambition plans, an artificial plan which time is turning natural again, with human culture and vegetation managing to grow out of these cement hives as well and yet how beautiful the landscape in the part of the complex where they haven't managed to build, what an idyllic view despite the big power plants, a view turned so idyllic by the humble work of farmers and shepherds, people immersed into nature, often the victims of the real Cains, the victims of their own ignorance (a cultivated nobility might have in this respect made the right preservation of a territory which is soon going to be corrupted by the commercial speculation). Later on with a picnic by the river and we were most high spirit with a drunkard playing guitar for us and a little blind mole looking for her mother out of her hole (Ivan rescued her with a glass and placed it back into the hole before it was going to be squeezed). Nature and the city here, as probably everywhere, is just beautiful and what it is ugly are the results of the artificial impositions to it and the disconnection to it for the sake of our ambition.

Another summerish day in this charming Polish city which is still struggling and for this very reason is still much alive and not super polished and dead like the many other cities of the richer West. In the bunker (the museum where we are working is thus called), in the bunker now the students are gone and we are left four editors supervising four parts of the filming each. I really enjoy to have my duty and have to work alone on it without all the discussions, compromises and negotiations, just me selecting and editing the films we all shot in Nova Huta yesterday morning, expressing my craft and skills during a limited time. After the work, while the others had things to do, I took a walk to the highest peak of the city. The nature was anywhere beautiful aside from where humans has intervened with their machines corrupting the entire place culminated by a mound which required a ticket... no view for me then and I went right back to the national museum where they have inaugurated Rodchenko's exhibition. Paradoxically I found this Constructivist photography from the 1920s Russia quite uninteresting, okay, the diagonal angles in which the photo were framed and so forth were certainly a novelty then, but the exhibition lacked a overall format and the content of the pictures was rather propagandistic signing the death of nobility, a nobility which I have discovered in the top floor. There were some fantastic Polish paintings from the beginning of the 20th century, again screwed by all the pretentious arrangement of some ignorant or too clever curator (in this respect I am quite glad I can stay away from that kind of "art world"). We then went to see a painting studio of a Polish girl, nicely pimped paintings but nothing really more yet the music a band upstairs was improvising was quite something and Jacek joined them at the drums, giving us a taste of all his pure talent, and yet all these talented people are kept struggling. Society should place real skills and talents on a golden platform, what the hack!

One more day editing in the museum bunker and I really enjoying associating through the hundreds of clips that were assigned to me from our city explorations, well it was fun till my weak computer got too overloaded and the process became less immediate. Later in the afternoon Jacek took me and Daniel to a nice burial mound behind his house, this time a public place without any artificial pretensions surrounding it. We then walked to a concentration camp and then out eating yet I couldn't really get totally synchronized with Daniel who, like other American friends, seeks some kind of main stream success and try to stick to it without really worrying about the content, without a main vocation to pursue. Although Jacek and I are really excited about a little show we might do together (a room each), next year, I am sort of far from the idea of making art per se, I find it rather absurd. In this respect I only see art as one of the different outputs I can deliver and really I am very classical when it comes to exhibiting.

Yet another day editing with a little bit of shopping for my kid, preparing to go back to Sweden. I guess I will miss all this friendliness and engagement of the Poles and I am sure I will be back here and keep up the conversation yet I am quite happy to go back to my remote place, a place still not quite contaminated where the air, the water and the earth are pure. Here there is much dirt, we have been swimming in a cave filled with water (I have been swimming as Daniel didn't feel like to), yet all is so dirty and people keep polluting not only the environment (recycling is out of the question) but also themselves with all the cigarettes and beers they get through daily, again the national culture. This place must have been gorgeous back in the days, when the water of the river was clean and people could bath inside it and breath the pure air, now it has a long way to go to clean up again and change the people's mentality (everyone still aspiring for their own car and so forth). I wonder though for how long Sweden will be still a model for other countries now that the whole economy there is turning towards profit alone, I will be always ready to reconfigure and move if that will be too much the case.

On my way out of this beautiful city, beautiful and yet made so ugly by modern ambition and its abuse. I come to think that modernity is more suitable for those remote places as Toronto in the cold of Canada or Dubai, in the heat of the desert. It always breaks my heart to see all the beauty of the past civilization raped by modernity. The old civilization was really dependent to nature and maintained, I saw pieces of it today when I took my walk out of the museum, away from the pollution towards the hills. I wanted to get to the river below them but it was practically impossible to do this improvising through the least trafficked areas. Several times I have been trapped in fences, a few times I have managed to cross them and at last I had to follow the main polluted way. This experience might reflect the struggle of an individual growing up here and ending up following the main gray flood of humans, this at least in the city as in many other Southern city including Vicenza, the Italian Krakow, where ██████████ live. In Sweden at least I am free to navigate although even there human properties are obstacles... if it wasn't for me and my wife the family wood would have been clear cut and the resulting mass left by the machines would have been impracticable... back there now.

I was almost giving up today about moving to the North of town. I am going to have the next years financially covered and we could have got a house in the South of town for the money we got an apartment in the North. One has to really decide what he wants, an apartment in nature or a villa in a suburb with only villas and no nature. As far as for my project I will probably benefit more from the first. Of course I want have a place where to produce, but the physical production can wait and in this respect my project will keep on being homeless, or just virtual to better put it. Liselott and I are in good terms about it now, after being tempted in the morning to call it off. We now have a plan based on saving and paying off our lease for a lighter future. The interesting thing now is that I have got in the system at last after many years of independent work and also exposing myself and my family abroad. Nonetheless today Sweden was beautiful with all its green and blue sky and the pure landscape. My kid and I were out bathing n the lake although it is still terribly cold. He has been actually sick with his mother during the time I was in Poland, we never get sick but this time we were all put to bed at the same time. I am probably likely to drop the artistic doctorate research in Finland all together. It is not going to bring me any money (likely just expenses), it might compromise my new position here, and thinking about it I don't want to write about my own practice but just write a book discussing the topic at large. I can still exhibit, yet outside of academia, likely in Poland, the China of Europe where culture is fermenting while here North it is a good place to reflect and analyze about it... in this island across the sea.

The day has been warm but windy and the kid has some kind of eczema under his nose that makes him most irritable. Nonetheless after a slow start we went out to a nice café talking and discussing about our upcoming future. Many positive things ahead but I guess I don't really like so much changes although in the end we found a peace of mind to move in the north of town and benefit from the nature there. Liselott even wishes to have one more kid (the daughter which by swinging a pendent of our wrist always show up). It is her last chance and I guess she feels she really need a break from her commercial work which is somewhat a source of stress to her. The stress is a bit taken over onto us, we all the devices and innovation she brings home which it feels creates much disharmony as the movies to be watched at night and all the related technical problems causing much frustration and so forth. I will try to prevent this in the future and make sure that all will run smoother. Eventually things cold run a bit smoother when we are settle and we will have at hands the way we can manifest and release ourselves such as a little colony, a land nearby our apartment where I could do some gardening. For no I feel like reducing my ambitions and be closer to the land although there are much traveling ahead and a certain instability (the exposure to the unfamiliar) is also a component of my project (extreme sedentary to extreme nomadic).

A day on the beach making up time with my son, making it up in a qualitative way, being much together hanging on a wild tree bent over the water. I like being wild with him, break all the blocks accumulated in our technical living and just be total monkeys. In this respect I would like to e closer to my family, skip artistic career talking me abroad and so forth, but if there are any explorations to be done, I would rather do them together with them. In this sense Jacek with all his burning ambitions is really a danger at times, he is insatiable while I really consider if things are really worth it and there is really a meaning. I felt a bit exhausted in Poland hanging out the students and so forth. I felt my meaning and motivation were starting to lack and I regained them through solitary explorations. I would like to have a very conventional life, I am now becoming a professional researcher and I would like to follow the most conventional path within it and excel in that. All this talks about artistic research and so forth, aside that there is never any money into it, it is just a big masturbation... in this sense I would rather do a plain exhibition.

Again a working day scanning all the trash collected in my last trips and packing one more round (hopefully the last one) as we are moving out in two days. I am always very punctual in this respect and have things ready even earlier than they should, this also when it comes to preparing for my death, leaving my life work as a testimony of my existence. No matter what today I also officially resigned for my position in Finland and will concentrate on the one here in Sweden. I don't give a hack about the prestigiousness of the former position, I just find it rather absurd and limiting to have to write and discuss about one's own art. My motivation are far wider, they encompass philosophy, religion, technology and just a bit of it is culture (not even mentioning that only a small portion of it is what they define as art while I am more into literature as an art form to provide human meaning etc.). I don't mind to shift away from that world and be technical, learn and perfect a technique as i have always done throughout my education. There are a few months ahead before my doctorate, the initiation of my book about experimental life-logging will start. Hopefully there will be fine days, I get really frustrated in the apartment here, I need to do things, get my arms to work... we didn't get a house at last (we have several in the country though), but it seems I might get into gardening again, a good way to use my muscle and live in a long harmony.

Another day left alone packing, it is a good exercise indeed although I can't wait to be out of this concentrated residential area, be settled for once and the open spaces will do me good I guess. I can tell this unsettledness within me as I am not really dreaming much these days, I guess after being much on the road. Everything now is perfectly packed though and the upcoming future is sort of decided (no one can really predict all the changes yet). Maybe this is also what is kind of making Liselott sad, the fact that she is sort of confined now and doesn't see much of a hope for a change or better a growth being everything so defined. I can see the possibility for me to grow spiritually, wandering in the woods behind our new dwelling, cultivating the land beside it, and seating by the sea beyond it. I can settle all other ambitions for any worldly speculation. Ironically most of the money of what is going to be my salary will be used up to pay the mortgage. Some eventually will go to fabricate pieces of my project, secure new equipment and give a decent store to its material outcome (maybe a little studio?... something to look for, yet not just now).

A coldish spring at last. Everything is green here in the countryside where my son and have driven the last cargo of our “stuff”. It really feels that the stuff we accumulate is really filling up all the capacity we have. Up to a year ago we were traveling with a 21 kilos suitcase each and they were most full. Nowadays we have a carry that could contain dozen of these suitcases and it is also filled to the most. In this sense if we would buy a house it is only to filled it to the most, eventually even with more kids rather than allowing us more space. So happens to public infrastructures (streets, condos and so forth) but even my virtual archive (although I have now estimated that 64 gigabytes should accommodate all at the end of the 36 years). I don't mind, in this sense to have a limited framework. Here in the countryside I made mine only one closet where all my clothes are. I throw many away, renew my apparel and don't have to fill up entire rooms with bags of disused ones... selection then! Meantime my kid and I are all alone, the in-laws being down South to get sun burnt. These allows me to select the best for him and educate him with enriching and qualitative things. He is much into classical music (he just loves Strauss), can watch old movies and have already a developed sense to distinguish crap (mostly fake and pretentious things) from authentic quality e.g. in food, or even experiences as today going back to the middle of his ancestors' forest and keep on building his tree house on our little holly mountain. It rained allot though and we took cover under a tree... how magical and how sad the way certain humans (e.g. the uneducated brother-in-law) destroy such poetry by clear cutting with their machines all the spontaneous growth of nature. I wish the forest will be one day totally machine free. For now we look at the potential of what is to come. We free the noble small plants from those growing like weed around it, all this very informally and through time, just another long and light process, the recipe for authentic poetry.

The weather confine us at home, at least with my kid who can't really go out in the freezing summer rain here. One gets the kind of winter frustration of the city apartments. I guess that if I had my own space, I would certainly get some workshop and other manual production going. For now, today, other than playing with my kid and Disk-Joking my old collection of classical music, I have resumed my drawing of my ancestors' undertaking, as some sort of Vasari in his scholastic paintings (not to mention that myself will soon write an history about life-loggers). Now that we have all moved here at my in-laws, I try to keep my equipment most in order and packed on a shelf with stuffed animals and other decorative stuff crowding this domestic museum. In this respect one might say that the Swedes are really good in making most efficient the public space but when it comes to the private, for the little experience I have and comparing with ██████████ who hasn't got a single square meter unused, well, there is allot of room without a function which is really a drag considering how hyper concentrated people in the city have to live and what prices! Finances are just a big joke, I am particularly convinced of it now after being on the other side of the Baltic where the same exact product can coast up to a tenth and where people salary is obviously much lower... well no matter my salary I won't for sure be free handed and buy whatever without first considering twice. Ideally I will also start saving for my final goal, the 720 square meters where I plan to deposit my life-work, here in the country eventually, in the forest ideally where there is some sort of small natural ascension in order to appreciate the actual temple, not an ordinary museum then, more of a pagoda and a sanctuary.

Rain and cold and we keep inside, the country mansion being very spacious that there are always things to do waiting for the warm of the summer. I felt I was getting to soft with my discipline now that it is rather settled and it has also gained social support. I rediscovered some philosophy today, a poet from 1900 in particular, Giacomo Leopardi. Reading once again through his thinking I kind of gathered that humans should nourish a natural illusion in order to live happy and avoid decadence. He also referred much to the ancient Romans who kept degenerated once they betrayed their virtues for a lazy living filled with vices. I guess I keep up my illusions, my colossal tasks which in reality requires just a constant discipline spread through the day, in which