

were all inspired to try to get a space for artistic experimentation, something temporal, avoiding to think of any establishment which is really what kills all that is genuine. At home [redacted] n-law has brought us our big furnitures from the country plus I also received my ergonomic office chair. I did not hesitate then to move the closet to the other side of the room and make the necessary space for another piece of desk where the computer with my old big monitor now is. I am getting close now to be fully operative, at least things have been moved around as much as I could, now there would be the walls left to demolish and rebuild but for those we need permissions and my willing there cannot help the progress. For now I just wish a weekend where I can get back to my intellectual activities as my wife and kid are in the country.

As a German soldier I have been non-stop working to finish moving around furnitures in my little studio, just working without thinking really, just one picture in mind: to get done with this little operation base of mine, also a stage now that, as part of the life-project, I will also film myself doing it. I also have to say that this summer I have developed a new artistic period of some sort since I all the time find myself filling cracks (e.g. with silicon in the old country house). Most of my work today was to fill in the crack of the furnitures against one another and the wall so that they sort of look embedded. When the slime was drying I moved down to my secret cellar a box I built this summer by hacking an old an heavy furniture. The box will be able to host all of my life paintings (and finally I can start painting again now that I got an extended table with electronics on one corner and a free space in front of the window light to paint in the day and draw at night). Anyhow, I really wanted to redesign the space so that I could really fit all my material production and eventually a backup of my virtual production. Amazingly the box fitted in one of the shelves and below I can perfectly fit other six cardboard boxes which can contain all my life production of drawings (at the moment I only have two). Well done then! I have been also abstaining from food since yesterday night. I have to say that I really hate to be home alone when there is free and immediate access to all the pornography that mass media can deliver, in this respect I miss China where there was a sort of a censorship but what the heck one cannot avoid hitting on all sort of temptations and get along with them. If just these where blocked... One more reason to stay off the mass media and emphasize that really my all undertaking is personal and intimate and only intimately it can be accessed (this idea already stroke me this summer). The fever for my project went down but I will for sure fomented and get full back in with more editing and updating of the off-line Website interface.

Mission rather well accomplished today having homogenized with white varnish all the furnitures I have been moving around in my little studio to be, my little industry. For the first time now everything has been laid out (it seems that really this is my style where I first lay out how the entire plan should be and then execute it with later adjustment and refinements). My clothes are now at least in order (they are also in the studio, a compromise with my wife but also really another way of seeing my stuff also as wearable, nomadic). My equipment is instead still not really perfectly set. For that I would need to understand the right order by using it in this 6 square meters and also eventually by constructing an additional shelf (maybe for exclusive the digital stuff as it seems, like my desk here, the subdivision in the studio is really taking that trend with the analogue on my right side and the digital on the left). This eventually will have to be ratified through a series of compromises, whether my wife want s the kitchen to be bigger (notice that we have already three tables where to dine and she is always thinking of furnishing not in terms of daily activities but in terms of special ones like having guests... she is obsessed with what others may think). Eventually the space will not be further truncated, it is like a small monastery cell for me, I really need this sober intimacy. I also managed to do some many pages reading for the weekly seminar... what the heck, many, or I would say the majority of this pedantic scholars are just obsessed with analyzes former texts and tediously repositioning slight terminologies, but I think now I can at least "orient myself" and find my references in whoever dares to analyze reality (e.g. Benjamin), provide meanings to it. I also think I wouldn't mind to read more classic discourses around virtue etc. My wife and kid are not yet home and I haven't left the house with all the adjustments I have undertook (and once you start you ought to finish :).

After much fine work, intense work of scraping and refurbishing the apartment all weekend long, my wife came back from the countryside yesternight being most upset that I took over a little space by the window, a space where I mean to be active, while the rest is just space dedicated to passivities like watching films and dining with friends and so forth. I feel like a persecuted Christian who cannot profess his religion (also noticing that all the output of my work goes down to a cellar... a catacomb). She on her side has been much unspeakable and rather offensive, screaming and so forth while I have tried to reason with her. She seemed really fed up and I really wonder if it is worth the trouble to be together now that our kid has grown into an independent boy who doesn't like to spend time with his parents (there is no talking with him about going on an "adventure" as we used to). I took the initiative today of going to the bank and hearing a bit about what would be if we divorce and I leave her this apartment to just go for a tiny one which is worth a fifth of this one. I need so little but I need it! I can endure everything but really I must have a mean to mature my passion, the love for my life project, what makes my wife so jealous and really also what brought us together in the first place (she was a good programmer at a good institution) and what kept us together (namely her parents' countryside, something I do not feel to belong to anymore feeling just a stranger among a very defined ethnic group who might kick the hell out of a dark guy like me and burn the output of my non-puritan work). It is a very sensitive moment but I don't think I will try to rescue it now as I used to all the time. My son is totally fine with it, he is just home here with his mom, the nature around and a quite big inheritance waiting for him (the physical one of his mother and the spiritual one from me). I feel like a Walter Benjamin escaping South with his manuscript which reminds me that I also need a good friend in case, like Gogol, something crazy will happen.

My day started very, very early taking the first train to work which eventually led me to explore a rough industrial area in the south where I might end up in case my wife kicks me out. I don't mind the roughness, the anonymity, the cancellation I would experience by moving there, known by no body, a total stranger. It is just a great excuse to develop my intimacy, build something beautiful within to contrast the ugliness and roughness of the outside, the rush of capitalism driven progress that also this shore of the world, this Arcadia is experiencing. I am heading home now and I sincerely don't know what to expect. I indeed at last wrote a resolution e-mail to my wife where I have proposed not to divide spaces but keep everything wide open (this also considering that she is anyway at work most of the time). Either way I will adapt. At last I have started to enjoy some of the readings for the continental philosophy seminar, particularly those of thinkers who were early analyzing the impact of technology on humans transforming from potential creators to actual destroyers. Everything from Benjamin to Heidegger is just something deeply intriguing me and I think I will definitely go that way also with a prospective on how technology can be utilized personally to reconstitute the human identity that technology undermines. Well, the focus is there, I have got determination, is just the others, the surrounding that is sort of blocking with their being undetermined towards a destiny (what has my wife finally decided? Stay or go? I am ready for both but might grow weary if this is postponed... ready for yet another switch, a technical one in some sense).

Still at home, my family's home after a long discussion with my wife yesternight, meant to highlight the issue with her (we did not buy a house hence we have little space) and lay out the possible alternatives (here she accepting my production at home or me having to live else where). She understood how miserable life would be without someone home in the evenings to wait for her, really she only has me, my son and her parents, the former who one day will start life elsewhere and the latter who are going to die. She then opted to still try the space compromise and try to tolerate each other. I had all the advantages to manipulate the discourse and take advantage of the situation, going to live in a smaller place with far less expenses, but I did not. Today was actually a rather inspiring day for two reasons. The first is that I started to film myself doing my documentary work (a documentation of a documentation, a self-reflection of a self-reflection). I was planing to buy a big and expansive film camera for it but my portrait camera worked really well (I have got this intuition waking up early this morning... necessity really makes human brain more creative). The second reason of me getting most inspired was the reading of another Jewish German writer from the beginning of the 20th century, Ernst Cassirer. His work was analyzed by my philosophy professor Hans Ruin, who, for the second time with his account (the first was on Nietzsche and how we should explore unknown seas), for the second time he brought tears in my eyes. Cassirer idea to turn technology back into a medium to regain our deteriorated soul is certainly in my line of thought and at last I have someone to support my theory, my whole work. Later I wet shopping grocery and furniture paint so that we can get more functional and have less stuff laying around (again free our limited space)! Now back to cooking and filming myself documenting the tools I use for cooking!

Fully ahead with my life enterprise, fully immersed now that one became two and two became three and six became twelve and twelve eighteen. I guess the full capacity has been accomplish and really the accomplishment in itself is really encyclopedic with eighteen on-going projects (inputs), six elaborations (outputs) and twelve meta-projects which I have now devised for the off-line version of my Website. Now that I am paid to do my work I also start involving others and six of these meta-projects will be to them dedicated. As I am told at work to refrain, be passive and only assimilate, myself like a graphomania of an Heidegger (beside he was also writing in nature, close to my Alps), I just set full ahead producing. As twelve years ago in Vancouver, when I first was going around like an homeless, filming myself, I resumed this activity and today I was out in the city and despite the rain managed to shoot myself conducting some of documentary practices. Rather inspiring but exhausting now that I try to seize more and I have to run after some results, leaving the comfort zone of my previous smaller enterprise. Well, what to say, I am up to thirty-six projects for a thirty-six years activity, that is fairly square, in a bit I will be sort of settle and hopefully my enthusiasm will keep on renewing with time, avoiding any monotony. As my wife and kid are riding horses, I went out for a peaceful walk, really refreshing particularly with my recording of thoughts which I must acknowledge, it is really an edifying mental exercise. On the way back, as I was filming myself recording under a railroad, I met for the second time a crazy man and really started thinking who was the most sane... this is were extreme rationality and irrationality meets.

A day at school, sunny but windy outside, they say the dry climate in Scandinavia is no more and it will be more and more like continental Europe... one cannot escape its destiny! After a very clumsy start of the day, with allot in my agenda but my official computer at home and a new one being installed in my office (a very strict one where no programs can be installed without permission), I diligently sat reading the papers for next week. I am no longer rebellious about it, I just seat and read all of them, getting something out for sure although most of the discussion is by no means eyes opening and the arguments are never radicals like probably my own theories. I enjoy though the state of mind, a most relaxed state of mind following the reading, it is quite an edifying workout. Later I have been managing some programming of my Website, as I am introducing a not so formalized layer to it with a rainbow of colors providing a further background to the work but a without any forced regulations to fulfill them as half of my duties demand. I am off to a disputation party now, didn't even attend the actual dissertation as I kept singing opera with my Ukrainian colleague and the Greek technician.

A slow start today after spending the night to a disputation and more readings on the train getting quite stimulated now that they concern literature and its becoming more representative of the ordinary. I have quite a bit of things piled up to do, much expansion plans for my Website, boxes with furnitures to mount is the apartment but today it was such a sunny autumn day that I just went down to the beautiful small downtown of this very eclectic island pierced with amazing villas particularly by the water. Going up and down the hilly area I have got a special feeling of a place already residing deep in my soul. I always manage to bring something back from my excursions like an umbrella that I have later fixed, too bad my kid just got either in a home mode or a shopping mode with his mother and there is no more of our excursions. I am now on a metro to fix a new memory to contain my project, particularly now that it is structurally expanding, all rotating around this life project, life itself.

It has been quite strange to be home these weekend days, my wife did not seem quite fine with the apartment and all its confusion. My son and I were out looking for his classmates who were supposed to have an excursion by the pond but we went to the wrong one and came back that she was even more agitated, building a bookshelf right on my little corner which obviously caused quite a discussion. I have really tried to understand her, to apply empathy and wear her shoes for once. What I understood is that on one side she can no longer tolerate my "monster" (both physically as I am having a desk in front of a window and psychologically after all my dream diary and this Journal), on the other side I guess she doesn't want to separate (it is also probably due to what her family would think of her and so forth). A resolution (so it seems) came quite naturally when we started looking for a little apartment in the neighborhood. It is very expensive here and I would have to borrow money from the bank but in this way I can have a place where to work in peace and she can order the house however she likes. I really hope that a solution will soon give way since I don't like to keep things suspended. The most frustrating thing today was that the memory card I bought stopped functioning properly, what the heck, all these investments mostly of time as still much is up in the air with my Website. So thus everything for now remains, up in the air yet close to some sort of resolution. It also feels that one is doomed to be left alone with his fetishistic passion. I am thinking of [redacted] with all his sophisticated mountain bike equipment who has now no one to go biking with me and myself sort of the same. One probably ought to go to competitions, meaning conferences to meet people sharing the same passions... well the soap opera continues...

The achievement that my wife and I seemed to have reached yesternight just vanished in smoke. In the afternoon after some fine work with completing the structure of my Website, I went to see the apartment nearby that could have function as my office, well a very expensive little hole of cardboard in a prestige residential place. Just not worth all the money they ask for, three times as much than the one I saw in the South of town and much shitier. I then went home referring that to my wife and asking her for consultation. I said I could have forgot about my production and just content myself with a desk in the living room but there was no talking. As I went out shopping I found another hell of a hole out in the villas but she also started demanding money from me even though I would have to take a loan and leave in such conditions. At the moment I really long for that apartment of wood and brick in the industrial south, it feels so real and it feels that I can regain once again my sensibility, mature some poetic work again as my time in Vancouver. I think that this is indeed what I might end up doing, escape this comfort, all this surrounding eclecticism and the ever more bourgeoisie attitude of 'the family'. The rough South is my portal back or forth, either way. The train took me there and there is no way back. Paradoxically it is a really common attitude among [redacted] relatives to move on in such hardship, like mountaineers and really highly spiritual people with remarkable ideals, good or bad. My heart call me there, to a solitude and much reflective and industrious existence, no one longer needs me here, my contribution has been given. I have really tried to listen and don't force but the flow does indeed take me there, is inevitable.

A very intellectually stimulating day with a seminar discussion in aesthetics where I was the most active of the students in confronting the professors, particularly Sara Danius who really stimulated me with her essay on Joyce as an his archival practice to provide with the Ulysses a complete picture of his time, a non-eventful time. Really inspiring conversations and like a baby who tranquilizes himself with the storytelling of his father I to got again in a nice state. Hopefully my intellect will in this sense develop. At home we had visitors from Australia, old friends of Liselott who came to the funeral of a close relative who committed suicide. Loneliness here is a pest and for Liselott herself could be rather tragic, I ought to be sensitive. I mostly played with their little girl and my son, they all like to beat me and I let them do so... Ought to sleep now as tomorrow is more seminars.

A seminar day in a small island with all the faculty. On the way there I was lost in my thoughts of independence. The cold wind did not affect the beautiful sun shine and an amazing walk through the little wooden houses of the park over the island. The seminar was like me attending the never ending sermons when I was little boy. I might understand more in the future, for now is just allot of seating and forced socializing but sometime something good comes out, like a nice chat with my supervisor Staffan still inspiring me with Walter Benjamin and giving me directions which I am really much willing to pursue. Intertwine with that is also my attempt to solve my future living and possible separation from Liselott. I cross myself and try to listen where I should go, feel others reactions but also my own feelings. I was criticized by my wife because I do not invest and I am indeed rather moderate but then today, after a further walk in the city after the seminar and more Chinese food with my colleagues, today, as my phone's battery was dying I might have found a little house by the sea, quite close to where I wished to buy the apartment. It would feel nice with a wooden house writing and looking at the sea with a fire place, as an Heidegger in his Alps. It would feel nice that I can always reshape the place as wood allows to but mostly that I wouldn't have to depend but on myself. This really gives me much strength and removes the weakens acquired through a bourgeoisie life. Will see but as Lao Tsu says I shal stay close to nature in my decision making...

These last days are being very hectic, waking up at before dusk and setting much to work, all for my project. Yesternight, coming back from dinner with my academic colleagues, I had the quasi brilliant idea of the cottage by the lake, to not only accommodate my production but also use it as a site for my family to for instance have a little boat and be by the water, which is really what Scandinavia is worth for. I then seriously set to look up all possibility by the water, and again trying now the sea since it is really what we miss in our constellation. I did manage to find a little place close enough to the water (at least there is a beautiful view), and close enough to the apartment (thus avoiding the city congestion of going South which I anyway face to go to the University). The good thing with this little cabin with the ocean view is that I would be able to make it bigger and more valuable, both culturally and economically, just a stage for the realization of my "Cathedral of Time". In the early afternoon I have been to the city to return to the library some old movies I did not have time to watch and there I bought a new memory for my life project (this time it turned out to be a particular one which is actually meant for traveling being very robust). I also bought an audio recorder for the interviews I intend to carry for the meta part of my project. Now after picking up my kid, I am off again buying a used video-camera (just an upgrade to my old one)... so again, everything in function of my life project and now that I am paid to write about it, I can also give it a bit of security...

After yesterday enthusiasm of getting a little cabin by the lake and going back to carpenting, I have got quite stroke by Liselott who was very hostile about the matter and basically did not want me to use the car to drive up and down there. I then suddenly left the matter aside and got back thinking about the little apartment in the industrial neighborhood down south. She already said that it is too late to go back but I suspect that, since she had previously this week engaged herself with the bank, she is just too shameful to just keep that meeting and reconsider. I then project myself living in that little cell like apartment, just like a monk but do feel quite down although I would be free to travel, have low costs and would be able to move elsewhere afterwards, particularly with the increasing xenophobia. I do have to admit that I miss the South rather terribly, the spiritual South with not so much purity but much more sublime nonetheless with its landscapes. Here we seat in the dark evenings watching TV while there I would roam at the light of the full moon reflecting on the mountains' soft mantels of snow. Somehow I always leave a place when the economic situation improves and this is really what is happening now even here with all these liberal politics freeing the possibility to get rich. As Jesus himself disregard the rich men he also disregards to repudiate. His exception is when we are after something spiritual but then I am just trying to listen, receive a sign to direct me in my choices, in the circumstances which have degenerated in the last months since I have got this position my wife and her father really wanted me to have, not because we needed, only because of their mentality. I would certainly follow Lao