

after a long while Lamin came out of his room (I did not bother to make little noise as once again he came back late the other night). He had a bad breath, totally shaved and with his large and muscular chest uncovered he wanted clarification about my one month notice to leave. I explained I want to rent out a bigger part of the apartment. He went back to bed in silence and later tried to help me with the installing of the heavy door making just a mass. It took me really an effort not to tell him to stay and have pity on him once again, but now the investment has been done and another investment was, as a matter of fact, done once more today. I rented again a van and went out to buy more wood and equipment for the realization of my project. I spent again very heavily, but this is because I want to be serious and serious do things although I always check not to pay too much. I have now allot of building material and my savings are all invested in it. Hopefully I can get this thing properly done and rent all my apartment but my room for a higher price which will provide me a minimum of allowance when I will be once again unemployed.

When I was a teenager I remember praying every night the Blessed Mary to bring me a girlfriend. I then lost any interest in girls and got into cultivating the arts until Davide got me interested once again (he is such a talented Latin lover... I will meet him in a month to hear more about his affairs world wide).. Anyhow today I was really quite in my building of my studio, my door mainly, much manual work. I did not want to cheat with materials and so forth and just carved out the door socket manually. I worked hard core until it was time to go to Iveta, a Latvian doctorate student, to watch an Olmi movie about fiances which really related to her sociology studies. She was pretty open and we talked allot, maybe too much. She is really beautiful but again I found myself totally cold and in control, without any expectations till now I just want to get back to my living cell and suspend myself to the world around. Much nice work ahead!

I am seating now for the first time writing on a new laptop, I mean I bought it used but it is one of this very thin ones weighting only one kilo and two hundred grams. I bought unexpectedly, I went by bus to the commercial center to return a couple of equipment I bought to build the shelf which will host samples of my outcomes, then I found this offer in another shop and since I will have to get traveling in a bit and I really feel in my back the other laptop which is also without battery and can barely now render my videos, then, why not, I got almost subconsciously this other one. Still though I will not have an internet connection in my show room which has grown to be rather nice after a whole unexpected week of sudden heavy investments. Half of it is now my living quarter and half of it is the representation of such a living, like a mirror standing righ opposite to it. The middle of the room is empty and by the window now is the desk for production, as a suspended in between. Now I am sort of serious both in my sedentary being, limited to one room and to my nomadic being, which again require the consolidation of this base I am building. I only manage to build one long shelf on the living side, I will probably manage by tonight to build a second, symmetrical one opposite to the bed. I feel really proud in this small step ahead or to better put it, I feel satisfied of working manually and not so mentally. This morning in fact my head was a bit heavy, it was maybe too much talking with the beautiful Iveta yesternight, although I think she sort of started me in all this, since I had to arrange a projector for the film we saw together and that gave me the pretext to finally get started with my plan. It was sunny and quite windy today outside, another push of vitality this Indian winter as they call it since a last slash of winter can come back anytime (at least according to Iveta). Lamin on the contrary is totally silent, just went out again to eventually come back late tonight. He small niger in the whole house but my room... no more this kind of close sharing, I like my privacy at my age and with all that I have matured. Tomorrow I will get a lock for my door and later on start the construction of the dividing wall (Berlin wall? West Bank wall?).

In the metro now. It has been a long time since I have sat with a computer on my lap to write this Journal while traveling. Now I can and it is really due to the direction that I want to take in live, that of being on the move yet with a stable and solid base. It is somewhat a revelation I have got after the last year with Liselott, after all our traveling when everything that was left for us, in our social enslavement, was to turn to fetishism, to turn all our hopes into consumer commodities which I now reject in my plan of being free and without obligations of such kind but my spiritual undertaking. It was good for me to abstain in the last week from the over intellectualizing of academia. After a seminar on Derrida I was able to easily go over my dissertation plan, removing all the complications. I thereafter sent it to Staffan, my supervisor. I also managed to put a lock on my door today, achieving privacy at last although Ludmilla, my Russian little colleague, told me that the price I wish is too high for the location where my apartment is. Will see, I set the standard yet this made me think that I might as well get rid of all the intricated walls making Lamin room so small. There I will also try to create space wisely. I went to the gym later, there were allot of women scholars training but the atmosphere was far from social. Anyhow I did my beast-like training, boxing and breathing hard when lifting weights. All this listening to rock music although I prefer silence as I keep in the traditional gymnastic I do all alone in the empty dance room prior weight lifting. During the Derrida seminar I also managed to configure my computer. I am not angry with Derrida but all this deconstruction stuff is really the enemy I ought to defeat... if I will ever be allowed in all this impositions these professors have on us (just recently, the philosophy professor told me that my essays are very elegant but i ought to drop my main discussion and concentrate on "his discussion" basically).

Today I did not go to the university. It is rather a crucial point but somehow, in all these sweating that is expected from me, I kept home building an extra shelf for my clothes, thus freeing the closet which will serve me as a bathroom. What i wish is to abandon a state of apathy, go to life again and report from it. I have in the is respect got rid of unnecessary obligations but on this respect it might be also that I am getting old and my attempt is that of keeping my spirit young, and I believe not in vane. After a full morning exhausting work; I went out in the quite pleasant weather with all the dangerous ice now melting and went to a small communality, another immigrant and emancipated communality North of mine, with a small art museum showing Daniel Peltz's work, the American old colleague who seems to appreciate my work and often shows it to his students in Rhode Island. He invited me to go over but one never knows with these guys. Sometime I really find a sort of rage within me, some sort of wild racist instinct for instance, and I can definitely see the cause... the several bites of rage I have got from my emancipated father. I could also go and see him in Canada but somehow something stops me, probably due to right all this transmitted hater. i don't despise it all together, one needs a bit of it in order to survive the contemporary alienation and not be fucked in the ass. What kind of days we live though with all these media prognoses about a dark future. I rather suspend myself in the present and make sure that I have the means in the future to suspend myself. I can live with little, I am living with little having spent most that I had for this little base I am now constructing. I was with August today, very briefly as he had a friend over. He is very tall and soon eight years old but still a young boy. It is quite sad to leave every time but eventually we will spend a whole weekend together suspending our social enslavement and be hunter once again!

It feels like my room with a view is in front of a river, a street where all commuters flow and whose projection I admire like African figures in front of the setting sun, and supposedly the sun will get quite strong at late hours as the summer approaches. By then maybe i will have at least the stuff in place, probably not still working though. As I was carrying downstairs to the cellar my physical production (drawings and paintings, once digitized are unnecessary to keep in this room meant for production), as I was freeing the room and making it more and more organized, I felt like a Viking preparing his vessel with his most important belongings to be burnt for a trip into the after life. All this I am building it is somewhat of an ark, a vessel I am preparing now all by myself. I manage to write about vessels today for my last philosophy paper due in some weeks. It was high time for me to write it though, waking up with certain insight much reflecting my existence. I wrote it whole in a flash without any pause. The teacher is not going to like it, he has already threatened me but it is okay, I wanna move forward. I am quite glad of how things are turning out. Obviously I too have my ups and down also during the day and particularly down after lunch when one feel quite lonely and regretful about things. Outside was nice though and I took a walk over the bridge to return some stuff at the second hand shop. The wind was bringing the spring but also pollution from the truck factory across the railroad. I felt quite tough having to endure so much, at least in comparison with my delicate professors. I came back home with some lamps instead, we went without lamps for over three months now. Good tobe lonely, the evening with now almost all my living experiment laboratory laid out...

My previous life was different. The sense of exile and the sense of being a foreign in the world is quite a dominant component of my life now. I perceive how people perceive me, how they perceive my country and the neighborhood where I have decided to live a simple life, at the margins. I am not part of the mainstream exodus, mine is intellectual and spiritual, but I am certainly conceived from the outside as one of this. It is nice now to be able to write on the move as well. i am seating on the commuter train now and I can also capture these insights. Yet eating I guess is also a problem with my days going by. Today again another seminar, again seating and here much talk about post-colonial theory and study, just another form of academic colonialism. I long for my little sunny apartment, that interior is really now a reflection of my intimacy. Mikale Goralski, who I met later today to talk about more performance actions (non-serious and non-rational talks), warned me that I have to get all sort of permissions to get a bathroom going and so forth... more anxieties which I want to free myself from society. I want the least to do with it. All these taxes and loans at the back and so forth. Luckily I have nothing to do with them, or at least I am in the process to get myself out of them. Everyone is also telling me again that I will not get much out of the apartment I am renting with the bad reputation the place has. All dirtying opinions stirred by the local media. Does all come down to these simplistic opinions? I will keep up with my plan anyway as I have always done, following the vision. Today it was again sunny and I did manage to walk a bit in the south of town before the meeting with Mikael and Henrik (they call us the Magic four although we are just three). Tomorrow is maybe more going to town but I really dislike all this moving on a daily basis. I want to be more fixed and if I move, I rather walk. The fact is that I feel one might stagnate to be just at home but then it is just a matter to get started with things and there is always a plenty to do. I feel like I will start to skip all these seminars and just be very strict for now on with how to spend my time.

What an explosion of construction now that I have cleaned out all my savings and set up the one room enterprise! It was a beautiful day was again today, as beautiful as eight years back one Liselott was about to give birth to August, the same transition between winter and spring. Even here mother nature can give us such beautiful presents. I then worked in the terrace, as the sun came out of the roof in the late morning (I would like the sun earlier as i do my computer work). I felt rather melancholic though about not being able to be with August in such beautiful days but we are anyway enslaved to the system now (I am much less so, as I do take time off from it but diligently work when it is required). In the terrace I have fixed the door frame, working like a joiner with a little knife, perfecting the match. I then walked out after a salad and went to town. I have to say that I don't feel alienetade in this town, it has its charm despite the immigrant majority. It is probably the commuting here which makes me feel so down and particularly I think all the seating at boring seminars. I really miss Luciano, my art history professor. What a brilliant man, stirring your spirit with lectures leaving your mouth open, inspiring you both to love him and hate him. I did not know then the rarity of such persons and the rarity of the beautiful landscape I left. I certainly did find other rarities around the world, which I also miss, as I will probably miss certain rarities here. I was about to write happy birthday to my father today. I do miss certain rarities of him but again there is this block after all his insane violence. This Journal is really the substitute of the e-mails I used to write him daily. I guess he did influenced me quite allot the few days we were together in twenty four years. Here in my enterprise I have no Internet to write to him nor to call my family in Italy. I try not to take decisions but listen for decisions, for now I took this step...

After a night filled with dreams it was Saturday. Lamin came in in the morning from a night partying and I did not want to anyhow break the Sabbath and start carpenting in the house. It was sunny out and, after adjusting my room door (it took me really allot of sandpapering to make perfectly close), I went out. I did not want to make some much filming or do any major adventure but I ended up exploring a whole shore on the opposite side of the water. It is a rather industrial area but very beautiful nonetheless. One gets really disappointed with how politics from above are conducted. This people, the decision makers, have certainly cut out a big area on a map, where to put their industries and even a large penitentiary. I first I just used my intuition, like an hunter walking with my tripod across the field of snow, leading to a beautiful old villa with ancient oaks, but what a shock to find a penitentiary there. I have been filming all along myself conducting various part of my discipline, but then, when I was on the opposite side of the farmstead, I realize that the access was prohibited. I then kept up across a forest south. The way was really beautiful following the river, with an amazing cottage overlooking the water and the sunset (such place would be ideal for my Virtual building). I ate some frozen tortellini and carrots there, being rather late and luckily found a way to go back outside of the penitentiary but then again I was in an very large hunting reserve, all fenced up, those animals (the hunters with rifles and their fences), awful but beautiful at the same time, at least to have been double trapped there once. I had to walk all the way to the station on the other side of the bridge. I did not want to extend an already six hours long walk! There is always an adventure out there, one just ought to push out of the familiar. I am rather impressed how little daring people are in general and particularly my colleagues. From the comfort of their chair thy might put up all sort of fuss and critics but this sapere aude, this daring to know, to know is really something else than this arrogant attitude, one need to go and experience the knowledge, feel it on the skin to really deeply understand. The rest, all other theories, are just steam doomed to be blown out (hopefully so that the sky gets a little clear). I will be presenting my project soon... just getting ready of the critiques.

A full day working first on my project, waiting for Lamin to wake up. He sleeps like a black lion my African room mate. In the end in ended up helping me yesternight erecting the wall which will separate us, leaving him all the apartment but my room, this if he will be able to get a the welfare to pay me more rent, as for now he just cover the bills and my idea is to be able to get some extra money so that I can survive in the future if I will not have any job. This is to guarantee not only my existence but that of the project (quite the same thing) and my responsibility with August, who is still young and in need of me (this weekend is at the birthday of his cousin's Wilma). Lamin gave me a good end from the start today but then got very easily tired. I took him to eat some Kebab at the nearby pizzeria filled with drunk Swedes (I love drunk Swedes, they are really more human with alcohol in their body... otherwise very unnatural). To no avail though the kebab helped him, he was very lousy in the afternoon, very distracted with his two phones, Skype calling all the time from Gambia and a soap opera from there which is certainly the fruit of Muslim and dictatorship propaganda since it depicted a black catholic priest trying out with a married woman. The soap opera is still playing and my tolerance not really well disposed, hopefully the wall will do but I am not so sure. The fact is that after he got tired he became really sloppy and repeatedly left big marks on the beautiful and seventy years old wooden floor. Laziness and sloppiness makes me really intolerable, despite all I can tolerate, I will have to be careful then as really it is no prejudice that certain types might really fuck your apartment up. I still have to write a paper for tomorrow as I got the highest priority to the wall (next week I will be gone to Berlin).

Today I woke up after a good night of sleep, having left behind my work though with all the carpenting accomplished and with still work to do for a seminar. I then went straight to a department conference in town, in a gentrified old theater and then to the university. Sara, our Aesthetic professor, was just nominated the new director of the Swedish academy, so we had a small and very critical discussion about windows and frames followed by three bottles of champagne. This event really opened up the relationship between us and the rest of the students. I took advantage to ask Sara about her focus on systematic approaches by artists such as Sander and Balzac willing to map society. I told her about my similar interest but she was not so engaging and did not want to get in any discussion. I then kept the situation rather soft and after the seminar spent time collecting videos and printing songs for my meta project. Later I joined again my department in town for a restaurant dinner together. I actually enjoyed Jonas, my old cultural theory professor and Anne and Fredrick my colleagues. We kept our conversation in Swedish and in a non pretentious style, being all quite brilliant and talking like good all friends about everything whatsoever. I really needed it, discovering this human touch in people, I felt it was healing in a way. Johan in particular, he is sixty now and started out as a musicologist with an interest in Marxism. Johan had allot of nice anecdotes mostly relating to his many travels. I thought then rather important to be passion driven in one's own research. I will be presenting my art work tomorrow, for the first time officially... it is a struggle too to keep up the passion, one ought to cultivated particularly even more after one enters the secure zone of a working position and all that is expected, the representation one has to put up like presenting my work, my passion tomorrow. All to be seen, for now just allot of seating and flattening of my butt. I ought to stand but then, even then my knees might start hurting... I ought to be moving, walking or carpeting, be a nomad I guess now that farming gave me a bad back (or was it the moving to the farm?), and if I ought to decide, I ought to be shepherd (my 36 sheep of my projects, or the animals of the ark) rather than a hunter, like my father to who I wrote at last a letter which still I have not sent. Will I ever get back to him?

I am seating in an expensive restaurant, with romantic music playing on speaker right above my head... a bit disturbing yet I can make something out of it by pointing this out. I am waiting for my boss and the Dutch scholar who gave a major presentation at our department today. It was about Media and Life and obviously a sub-presentation of my project also followed. I also have to address the issue that since I have bought this ultra thin laptop (mostly to be more mobile and nomadic), it feels like there are not really any physical buttons, and this is certainly a bit affecting my writing, I guess, this lack of physicality. I anyway managed to go through a presentation of my work with this Mark Deluze and the academic audience. The thing that made me quite reassured today was the fact that Mark Hansen, another American scholar I met in a Copenhagen conference last winter, he is also an artist from the beginning and followed a bit my path. One certainly feels rather diminished, as some sort of an inferior type, when presenting once artistic practice which in my view is actually enhancing the theory, particularly when it is media theory. I got beyond the presentation though. I am now learning, not to read, to stand and talk when I present and not to look in the eyes of anyone in particular, but just turn the eye inward as I was looking at my own brain. it is a complex that I have managed to go through also later when a passionate pedagogue made an interview of me. I was able to talk fluently and passionately without being blocked by the camera. So the day turned rather well despite the fact that it did not started so good. I woke up in my apartment feeling rather packed with things, reading and writing to do and still allot of carpenting. I really wished this morning to have more time for myself, I felt almost incapable of putting the right care to my project, to myself with all these "obligations". I guess this is what Liselott has been affected with all these years, the work enslavement which blocked her from being with us, me and August. I am really aware of this and break, through my sophisticated tactic of self survival, I break through these conventional frames as much as I can, to then reimmerse myself in it. Now I really find that I do enjoy writing in a fixed place, it was maybe this being on the metro that was quite distressful. Now I will have to get some things through, article writing and a few readings. Then traveling and sixty students to take her of then the summer... and one year is already over, it did go fast indeed and I ought to make something out of it or else unemployment will follow and without any further resource.

A day again a little with an hard beginning and with a bit of a premonition that I was not going to make it worth it. I did manage however, from the beginning to start setting up the roof on the inner wall I have built this weekend and then rush to a useless meeting at the university. The meeting was with my second supervisor Charlotte and the other students, who I start liking, Erik and Rebeka, with whom we will go to Berlin to an art conference. At last, Charlotte, when preparing us for the conference (I really have no mental capacity for tht as well with anything else that is going on), she managed to squeeze in her own personal focus, or rather her obsession on the global dominance of the English language to which I am totally careless having already adopted it as a convention. Anyhow, it felt again that I have been driven out of my focus with yet another meeting but instead I got back to my little office in the poorer humanity department and got quite much done, writing a whole paper for tomorrow and almost finishing the paper on methods, getting now quite charged by the Italian autonomist movement, implementing then my original idea of self-sustainability with those of autonomy which is rather not a cut off with society but only an independence within it, in my style I guess now that all my original plans of farms and so forth