

offer and the fact that we are nearby the sea. I wish really we will in the end move there in that naturally fantastic island with still so much wilderness and isolation which are to me so congenial.

At my son swimming pool waiting for him to finish his lesson. I am quite back to business meantime with my teaching, I really have energy to give but will see how long it will last, there are obviously crisis ahead but I am now stronger and more experienced to endure them and overcome them. Experience has really showed me that aside from these crisis, new things and meaning arise unexpectedly. Usually this time of the year, spring brings me something to survive on, after a winter keeping stoic and semi penniless. Anyhow, this small province where I have now based me and my family and my after death heritage, this province seem full of pride and prestige, unable to look itself in any mirror as the one I am producing with my work. Aside from the small surviving international community I am obliged to commute, be like a man at sea, a merchant of my art. I feel this has so far enriched me, a richness that the vane people in charge of the spiritual destiny of this peninsula do not see or just find too exotic. One day their pride will come less and eventually the politics dictated by institutions will at last tremble.

Let in the evening now and getting ready for my trip with my dear Polish friend Jacek, a trip once again to the middle East or better where the West and East kisses, right in the ancient Constantinople. I actually heard from my old friend of many adventures now, the one who drove me to this Nordic peninsula, the land of Amazons (just watched a old Hercules movie with my kid). He has been traveling over a year in Asia and really like the prophet says, traveling keep you from aging or better makes you younger unless it is commuting the same road over and over. There will be allot of traveling for me coming up, my project requires also that kind of life not to mention the dissemination of its philosophy, a human transmission which media fails to impose. I have been working extensively on a presentation of the project today, going back to when I was a young and prolific painter, to my performances and trips across continents and the suits I was building for the purpose, introducing the time before the actual project, going retroactive although I am usually proactive, yet thinking of it all this work should be part of the script I am writing about my Origins.... well will have to keep up the work till a first presentation at the art school next week and then the interview to finally get the title of doctor, all to be seen!

In Istanbul with Jacek after a bit of a flight in this hood merging east and west, really full of life, a cultural life, a life from within coming from the very inhabitants and not in the least from dictating institutions as in the Nordic capital. I guess my life work should be seen as an attempt to create a culture starting from an individual and his willing aside from all this pretentious socialness. Everything how to be seen but in general traveling get you rather flexible and enriches the well of our heritage from where we can later fish out much colorful substance. I notice this talking to Joshua, a Jewish American also venturing in the unfamiliar like Jacek and I. All from different backgrounds but very united and with million anecdotes to relate and much we have explored in common. In this sense I might have explored more the ordinary living in other countries, like old kind anthropologist. Life is good when it is moving, fuck all these self-captivated humans who are just getting more and more irascible, like Old Prince Bolkonsky, my Swedish country neighbor ██████████ equally Cains seeking for war!

Being walking all day under the rain with Jacek exploring the old part of Istanbul and eventually discovery very interesting and still authentic side of the city which is still far from being taken over by the corporation driven capitalism. Individuals still struggle of their own, maybe too extremely so. The afternoon, in the pick of our adventure when we were really in the mist of a very traditional and religious district, as the rain got more intense, we found shelter in an empty mosque. We spent many hours there dozing off and appreciating at least that side of tradition and never changing things. Anyhow, it feels we are rather North here of all the Arabic world as Scandinavia is for the Christian world. Things are not really calm though as up there, the waves break and there is much movement and stillness just comes at times, as inside a mosque.

"Vedi, vidi, vincit"... back from a fantastic, memorable 30 km exploration of the Asian part of the city recording all our discussions while scavenging and mapping the unknown territory, deep discussions like those philosophical intervals in Russian movies yet with much craziness to contrast all this hyper rationality, a playfulness which has really merged us in the alien Islamic environment. Intense, like tornado we went through villages, mosques, cemeteries even attending a photography lecture to then be sucked in a huge protest and then out again by the sea singing with Southern Italians and Turks and then across poor neighborhoods to make in on the very top of the city and from there absorb ourselves in contemplation... what a life, we even thought of a Walking School of Thoughts to countermeine all these sedentary rhetoric overimposing our generation. Later in the evening, when providence has brought us back where we landed, then we were in the highest of humors, singing opera and trumpets, very much enriched, very much purified, something to look again for, when the social captivity will again knock us down.

It was going to be a relaxing day but again Jacek and I have been scavenging the unknown of this giant metropolis, marching as Roman soldiers other that there is no Cesar to push us but our willing alone, our mission of accomplishment, the mission we have self-created in the otherwise gray everydayness. And gray it was indeed today with much rain and storm and wind... I guess that, unexpectedly enough I might in the end end up to be a sea wolf from the mountain goat that I was. Of everything I have applied for really the only door that has opened is on the other side of the Baltic, anyway East, an East that has probably traumatized my genetic pool with my grandfather fighting in the Russian front during the second war world, yet a world in which I find much heritage, the heritage that, reading through all these old Russian books, a world that gives me much meaning even in the not so Eastern Scandinavia. I will give the most to the interview soon at the Finnish Academy, at last really the only door that has opened is that which deals with my project alone and no other turns like industrial speculation or criticism, what society mostly favors nowadays and really how upset Jacek and I can turn about it as cut-off outsiders, followings nothing of any trend as gender studies, politics and whatever other infected, artificial discourses institutions imposes, it is only us, individuals which with their consistency are in facts the biggest threaten for them. We move on!

Back in cold Scandinavia, wind and snow yet a certain peace, a quiet silence. I am back and it seems that much is all of a sudden boiling after Turkey such as a trip to Finland, then to Italy, then to Poland, then to Spain and then to Norway so far. This mostly because of friends, my little intimate network of old acquaintances, mostly Europeans. I guess this is my way of getting deep with my context, as I always do whether in the country experiencing the growing of my vegetable land, of a house and so forth, in cooking, in my spiritual practice, in whatever I encounter I try to go deep inside it. Traveling back here I felt really that I should totally panic as my future could be potentially anything and anywhere, yet I keep calm like a firm soldier before a battle. I am just positive that things will loosen themselves with time... now I ought to go back to the preparation of my lecture tomorrow, something that is really already prepared within me but I just ought to refresh!

A happy day lecturing and teaching, first showing the students my practice and then down in the basement doing improvisational theater and having much fun liberating ourselves from all theories, just allot of practice and discussion generated through practice. My back is in pain now after so much traveling but I feel rather happy to be active once again. I even got a short notice for one more interview tomorrow at a University in town. Again, if I will be given the chance at last I will be able to give an account of life logging practices relating to mine, yet who knows. Well, I am just trying to boast a bit before the Easter break when I will be able to get more concentrated now that so much has been accumulated. Meantime it is evening and the sun still shine although the thermometer doesn't go over zero degrees Celsius.

The back pain is almost disappearing this also thanks to the stretching I have learned in China, the best guarantee really would be to perform it regularly but now we are being most irregular once again with all these plans that cannot settle because of all these applications that are never really answered. I had an interview in town today and soon one over the Baltic sea, yet I am realizing that I am most successful where I can present my work as such without any additional layers or side turns to fit inside scholar disciplines. My work is what it is and can draw from all of them and none at all. The reviewers at the little university in town thought very inspiring but I guess at the end of the day I will result to exotic and broad for their department. The fact is that really I do not desire anything, I only wish to pursue my practice and that also requires me to play to a certain extend, the social game and thus travel and meet new people together with my being an household and staying in my natural surrounding. In this respect we are still considering where to settle and I guess the only point of reference so far is my wife's job which is stable. Things should be settle soon though, we will be patient and keep on testing possibilities!

Easter holiday and we are now in the country that the winter is breathing out his last blow. Beside that we had a nice afternoon in what might be at last our future dwelling in a rounded apartment building close to wood and water but also school and transportation. I was just checking from the outside when the old Finnish lady who has lived there over thirty years invited me to seat and have some tea on the sunny veranda while my kid was playing in the common. It feels with could be happy there although really it is not the best investment money wise. I am easily contented though, as long as nature is so close, a nature where I can meditate after my journeys to the artificial destinations of the world. Thus my base would be somewhat natural and in this respect my project would not pick up the artificial identity of this nation, as for instance if I would live in the middle of the capital where much is the sidewalk trash to pick and the public spaces to film. Space wise though I still wouldn't have an office of my own, everything would be still on my portable computer and really no material storage, there is time for that though and really if any physicalization will occur it will be here in the country where the family roots really are.

The summer feeling is really back. I was walking around the old apple tree garden that the wind was quiet and evening sun setting, how lucky I suddenly felt of such a natural inheritance, really invaluable. This morning, a very slow morning, I also felt that going to settle in a little apartment might be the end of our game. Now that we are fixed in a city we might as well go on for another adventure and buy a decaying house and strive to make it valuable over time, as we did for the countryside house where we spend the summer. We might spend the winter in a little room of this house and might spend years to renovate it but I think that at least this game would keep us alive, would give us meaning, it is pure folly, I know but then again our short existence has been built on these follies, like moving here and get a kid and take over the farm and travel abroad. All these follies might distinguish us at the end of our lives, when confronted with God with might as well show how we have invest the talent he has given us. Whatever mission providence might call me to accomplish, I am ready. I am only waiting for a sign!

A day still getting excited with Liselott about buying a wretched house and keeping up all the work outside still pruning apple trees and carrying in our stuff from our old apartment in Uppsala. When can get really exhausted to overdo the same work continuously, I rather do a little of this and then a little of that and be constant but Göte, my father-in-law, I guess expects the work done all together which also means a painful wrist. It is really something to be owner of its own property. On one side I really see how much money are wasted in in complex buildings where really no sacrifices can be made to save some money as for instance turn off the heater on the staircase (how unnecessary!) and so forth. Well, we see how this transaction will go, the situation would be ideal this time as the house we are thinking of getting is logistically well located. It is really wretched though but Liselott and I already did the magic once renovating the old farm house that had served as a mechanic workshop to her father. I feel that in the country people can be really ignorant throwing away a genuine piece of furniture to replace it with some fake wood one bought at a superstore like IKEA just because it looks good, but not only it is fake but it also smells a great deal. Well, then we would have to research and give time to changes and go for authentic things best if self-produces or self-renovated.

Another day in the country really healing from all the artificial captivation of the city. It would be nice indeed to be able to live in a house with a garden to take care of, it is so naturally simple and so much a part of our human existence. Probably again the privation of it results in weird urban cultures. Today it was really traditional to the point that we went to church and did not really get stimulated by the superficial discussion of the priest but really felt the effect of the singing, I have even cried like a naive Russian in front of a painting. I felt good and really at the point point all my collected state of irritability relinquished. I kept reading the second volume of "War and Peace" and rejoiced to certain discussions particularly that of Prince Andrew reflecting that in order to be a real general one ought to be absent minded and free from any theories. I find the same a bit carrying on this life project, I oughted to maintain a certain state of ignorance without which I could have not be a practitioner, yet I would not be too far, if I wanted to, to further develop my intellect, I am not doing so to maintain the creative spirit, and yet again also keep that under control with some intellect, a balance in a way. I have discussed this with Girilal, a Indian and Dutch musician in front of our old place here in Uppsala. How much smarter this truly provincial people can be. We have talked ongoingly for hours, he is in the same situation as me eventually getting to be one of these Doctor in the Arts, as I might turn out in my predisposition of playing the social game dictated by society and thus nourishing parts of my project.

A day looking around houses and places where to live. Humans' ambition has devastated the land and there is really little untouched by urban planers and their machines, we might as well settle our ambition and take care of the nature that is left, enjoy it. I am home alone with my wife today and we really came to that decision, live modestly and immersed in a nature away from all this evil which in turn cannot bring but more evil.

A most disgraceful April weather in the city. I think it might be wise in the end to move our family base at the borders with a natural reserve, it will allow us to grow fresh and me to cultivate the part of my life work that are most intimate and solitary. Those parts that are more about facing society and the urban contest can be in this way kept for my raids abroad exploring the new while here it is a natural exploration of the old. It might work this way but I am not sure and obviously the configuration can keep on changing according to the offer yet I am also content that in the end it seems that I will deal right with the whole of my work and not only parts or topics inspired by it. There is only a week and a few days before my departure to Finland and I am not really preparing any presentation as the work itself already provides it. In this respect I am also glad that I might have to go away to disseminate my work, here the situation might be still sensitive with my wife who is wounded by it and the little provincial society which is really reluctant about any individual's willing, at least its politicians and the heads of its many institutions because I believe that the everyday people are really curious and interested about this authentic effort while they much despise all the pretentious efforts that these very institutions promote. This very fact motivates me to keep it independent, institution free yet with the liberty of entering them, scan human nature and then dismiss at once, back to my nature.

Much work on my work this morning catching up with all that was collected during the Turkish exploration, much discipline getting everything in line and then the afternoon with Jacek at his little studio. I have some things working out at last with my applications but he doesn't and I have tried to motivate him basically to keep faithful and carry on with his work not really caring about the indifference and institutional rejection. Slowly, I feel he is getting somewhere although he still lacks the final picture, the vision. He did not, in this respect, determined a format for his on-going projects nor he has a plan to map out the tools he uses and the everyday circumstances when he intends to use the, nor for this respect he has any plan of the geographical places he is mapping. The time we were hiking in the arcadic island of Bar Harbor and I brought this to the table he was very reluctant and wished to keep everything open. I guess many are very reluctant about my regulated approach yet they don't know how much freedom it implies, how many directions it gives not mentioning all the discoveries that comes with it. Meantime Liselott is coming back home with some news about our future dwelling, a dwelling immersed in nature yet still connected to the city, yet preserved by its greedy tentacles thanks to its heritage, the ancient villas and the superb oak trees which I am also trying to implant in our family forest (one is growing in our apartment).

I went back running today after the Turkish overload. It really feels that overworking and boasting can be a threat to methodical and continuous work but I guess again my work consist of both, on one side the natural isolation I am experiencing here, which involves allot of meditative search within and on the other my explorations abroad in the artificial metropolis blooming around the world. In this respect I am not afraid of the prospect to live for now in a little apartment by a forest has Liselott just arranged for us. It is a good viking harbor from which I can quickly depart and approach. I just wonder the meaning of our countryside place then. Is it some sort of ultimate fatherland? A place where our family and our ancestors can find peace, where I should ultimately realize my spiritual sacrifice in its very intimacy, the forest that with Liselott we where able to keep virgin from technology and humans' greedy ambitions? I might need a storage place soon as some material output is coming out of the project, yet really all it counts of my project is what has been digitized and frozen as in a fridge of time. I could as well burn the material output, for now it is just ordered in the disorder of the attic of the red wooden house which I have renovated but has again become a site where everyone just dump their stuff. I am probably far from having anything like a physical property where to settle the work. I will keep nomad living in the black biblical tent, only secured by my connection with providence... all my life work lying on a small case around my waist, a portable philosophy indeed. Jacek also seems very excited about some commissions we are getting back in Poland, he asked me to start a company together and so forth but I really feel I have my direction although I like to contribute with him, he is truly a good soul to talk to and a great companion when it comes to adventures. Probably it is also that fact that now we are again moving and when we do so I have this inner thing of breaking off with everything and set out completely free from other than the necessary natural unit, me, my family, my spiritual work giving my life the rythm.

Spring snow but no complain. There is actually a bit of euphoria now that the family is moving to the north of the city, to the country, the noble country still untouched by the city progress and yet too close to the city to take any of that scary redneck like phobias affecting the deeper country as shown in the last years. Actually there seem to be allot more international there at least judging from the supermarket where we were doing our week grocery today. Things are a bit unsettled though and the routine is hard to follow now that so many events are taking place, yet I am sure the time will come where the non-eventful everyday will come back. For now much energy I give to the students who seem to seek my advise and surprisingly I have allot to reveal, allot to inspire after so much charging abroad, with my project and my autodidact formation... it ought not to be too much though and reduce myself like one of these many professors with nothing really to communicate.

A nice day inside with still the snow whitening outside. August had his little friends over, only his favorite friends and thus we could really had a quality party while the approach in this Nordic country is rather not to favor or select and it always ends up into this kids parties where all the classmates have to be invited and get a piece of sausage and hang around in confusion for a couple of hours. Contrary to this democratic approach we really invited August's very best friend which all turned out to have some Southern blood. Just males then, little males who might really have it tough in a society which keeps on boasting newborns and favors minorities. After all my reading a reflecting I really start to feel this a sort of extreme and get nostalgic about the good that