

would diminish as any other passion, platonic love included!

Today sun, the usual Archive work, a 12 laps run in the field out and some more talking with the real estate agent, a nice guy from some Arab countries, probably Syrian. There had been other bids and I always placed mine rather high till at the end I have bought the cheapest apartment in the whole county for 600.000 Swedish Crowns. I really only based my calculation on money and did not absolutely want to borrow any money from any institutions, that was in fact the last offer which will require me to save allot in the following months, nonetheless I have anyway organized my circumnavigation of Europe starting and ending in Krakow but going clockwise rather than counter clockwise as I first thought. I really need this new flow of blood particularly now that I do have financial possibilities to do so, which reminds me when I was still supported by my family and did many of such travels in my teens, indelible memories. So now my base is settle, the bunker where I will storage my bounties, I have really made from the start a most of my new economic situation, investing every single penny and knowing exactly what I wanted from them after ten years of being quite broke and a bit of a slave, which I think did really good to me as some sort of a cultural revolution where Chinese were forced to work the land but then became capitalists. Let's be aware now no too speed too much, let's be agile but keep up the health. Certainly allot one can do with a steady income and being used to have little commodities. I will travel with the lightest of equipment, making occasional stops at friends, dear friends or just interesting people I wish to film and interview, a tour de force...

It is rather a mortifying atmosphere with the icy wind blowing over the first autumn snow and Nordic darkness slowly suffocating the days. Truth lays in the day light; I came here in the beautiful summer, I left with the beginning of the autumn, I have returned during a brief Indian summer yet I ought to make sure that I will be gone by winter in four, five years time when my kid will be fully independent. In this time I will do more and more continental trips and reestablish me there. There is no way in such a psychological gloominess that the weather and my wife overcast on me, there is no way I can bring out my bright side. I took the first step today buying the small, essential apartment in the ugly South of town among the other immigrants. It was surprisingly rather charming, also the nearby center was indeed pleasant among all the rough factories and harbours. As my ancestors took shelter in the mountains and never got refined as they were always ready to leave, I will also keep rather spartan outside while my inside, something fully portable, will be a total refinement. For now I will keep rather gentle and calm with my wife, until the transaction will be all completed in a month time, then the already precarious bridge will fall, this after again she was rather demanding with even though I have left her almost everything and just took the minimum to have a little space of my own. I do not want to have any obligations, just like a transcendentalist poet. I am on my way now to listen to Girilal, my Russian musician friend performing, I might be able to film him and thus include him in my small documentaries.

A quite beautiful day, the atmosphere being completely frozen, a stop motion of the autumn before the winter really sets in. I was anyway home being most joyful in the updating of my project with all its new extensions and then left with my kid by my wife who went to the hairdressers. I sort of pity her and wouldn't harm anyone if I could but I feel that there is little to say after all this obstinate arguing. We were picking cement from the veranda in the afternoon, she tried at least to talk a bit but I feel my mindset is now towards being left alone in solitary... What is my faith I don't know. Later I took my bike to Jacek for his thirtieth birthday, this as a present going by the lake where I use to bike my son in the old days when he was indeed connected to nature. Now he doesn't seem so much any longer... I wanna recuperate that poetic, it is for me an imperative!

The Indian summer is certainly here cheating the spring flowers to bloom and then die in the frost. It certainly beautiful the weather, reminding me of the winter in my native village where the weather can be like that continuously and there are no months of darkness (there might be violent storms but those just make us more respectful of nature and are soon contrasted with a most glorious sun shine). My ancestors have always lived in most spartan conditions, always aware of their precarious situations of runaways hiding on top of the mountains and I feel myself will reenter this state soon, as state though that is accompanied with much poetry like that of a shepherd roaming with his flock and I have many a sheep now that my life project, my flock has come to a full maturation. I thus feel that my mission here may be some what accomplished. I came here searching how to start my project and I have now, after ten years I have totally found it. I am then ready to go back, and the going back, like for Ulysses it is a equal long journey. It has certainly already started with my going to live in the Southern suburb of town among the immigrant community, with whom, like Pasolini did with Southern Italian, I sympathize. On the way to the library today where I was going to drop the weekly cult movies I get from there, I met a Senegalese man asking for a church where to find food to eat. He turned out that Yuru, that is his name, has worked as a sailor in central Italy and has been for two years without any work. I bought him an hamburger and we sat on the staircase of the fruit market to enjoy the sun and talk about life. Afterwhich we went to the library together (all the emancipated people turn up to concentrate there and around that moder center) and I helped him with some keywords to find a job... as Franklin Benjamin said in his autobiography, writing skills are really indispensable. I am now home, my wife's home, seating in front of the window and not interacting with them. They spent this marvelous day inside and just now, as he got dark they have ventured outside. Rather than protest to their disconnection to nature I have now resolved to withdraw completely. I believe that this will make them at least more sensible and what they gave for granted in having me around, they will seek in nature (a nature that here is really either a museum or a total abominable battle field).

Across the Baltic sea with the little family on an old Russian boat. Things have a bit chilled out yesternight after my wife got rather humble and told me that she doesn't understand all my talking about a separation. There and then I told her that, even though I have got a paid position it is absolutely not the time for me to seat back and relax. On the contrary I have now the chance to make something of my talent, of all I have so much planned and organized but if she doesn't facilitate my project then it is really problematic. I guess now she got this and hopefully I can set with my head in my work, else I would just set my head in total idleness as I have experienced since we have moved back to this safe moor. As a matter of fact today, a rainy and gloomy day was spent home finally giving a good and clean organization to my Website. On too of it I start to have quite many reflections that I wish to incorporate into it so it is quite much load of work that I have to deal with together with the restructuring (which is hopefully now concluded). Meantime there is a lot of life emerging around me, mostly consisting of Russians, which Marco Polo a thousand years ago defined as the most beautiful people on earth... mother Russia who, with its deep writers, have accompanied me throughout these years up North. As all these intellectuals seems to be rather keen to German theories and France poetry, I believe to be more keen to the Russia novel, which despite its being just a fiction, has certainly left me with many deep insight on our being human. To Russia then, the Italian Russia... Saint Petersburg!

Early arrival by ferry in the little country of Estonia, a country filled with history yet drained by half a century of communism just like the winter that has already set his foot here with a thick layer of snow. I have been much active during my visit having lost my wife and kid from the very beginning I took my way and shot many a movies of my urban scavenging. I probably went a bit off limit as I could not stop documenting myself documenting till at last the battery of the film camera died and I recovered my family up on the orthodox cathedral after a nice warm meal at an Hungarian restaurant. One really has to find the balance between living in a place where life is secured but there is no life, or living in a place where there is life but no security, Probably there is not such an in between, one ought to be traveling out of the established comfort and there maybe, in this constant commuting one can really find such a balance (I have just filmed myself typing in this Journal while seating alone in the cruise cabin... couldn't help it). Well, luckily one has distractions, probably it is a good thing to have also a life with a family which prevent a bit of the crazy undertaking one is drawn to with all the technical aids not to mention that I won't have much of a salary again now that my studio/apartment has been purchased, at least for the coming months, this also due to the fact that I am not eligible to any loans from any bank, no matter how small they may be, and for this I am grateful as I am totally loan free while all these Nordic people seem to be born with loans (study loans, house loans and many others... they are owned by banks and the institutions they get their salaries from!). I also managed some business today looking through all the nice craftsmen workshops (a bit too naive though), and see if there is a possibility in the future to produce some of my archive works here... one starts hearing around and all becomes a negotiation, I have learned this in China, just starting processes and never define any actual deal. I will be fasting once again tonight, can't really afford spending too much money but tomorrow a Russian meal will be waiting for me and so Saint Petersburg which in a way I have already visited through Gogol, Tolstoy and other great Russian writers.

I am now seating in the trafficked hallway of this Russian boat now leaving the impressive harbour of Saint Petersburg, harbour of many a human stories which somewhat I had already assimilated through all my readings of 19th century literature, whether an aristocrat on a droska or a bohemie artist walking the Nevsky Prospect or just a clerk searching for his coat, Saint Petersburg, spared by the Nazi, this royal city have been already within me for quite a time despite it was the first time for me to disembark here. A very wintery weather welcome us through the many iron cranes saluting us in an impressionist mist as the gloomy scenario of a orange rising sun. I did not feel the cold however and once again I have left my wife and kid behind and pursued my documenting of me documenting. At first I felt it was a bit too much to set up the tripod every time I had to execute a part of my project but then I got quite use to it and actually loved it to pantomime my own self using the tripod as some sort of a walking stick. As in won't be repetitive in this meta documentation and will always try to do it in novel circumstances, it will certainly not friction with my ordinary life. I am already leaving but something is staying here with the white river side walks of Russia... I am already thinking of a cruise next year from Saint Petersburg, around Europe and all the way to the Black Sea. It was announced at the terminal while we were forever waiting for the much tedious Russian bureaucracy, quite disarming but one coops with it and keeps patient. Tomorrow it is Helsinki and I plan now to dedicate to the little family. I don't think I will bring them along any more adventures, just visit familiar places together as my willing now is too explosive to set to work in the unfamiliar.

In Helsinki, landed with the boat in this Baltic shore of no real winter nor autumn, an in between status which I do want to get over at least with my wife... together or not? staying or not staying? For me really the question is if she accepts my life commitment to my project or not because if she doesn't and yet she wants to keep being with me we end up like this Finnish day of undecided gloominess. I am no tempted to leave and start a new life as a bachelor but I just want to proceed on my spiritual path while she seems to have reach an arrival point with all the bourgeois comforts, indulging in the constant small pleasures, artificial pleasures which I have always tried to avoid as they spoil any chance to be in touch with nature. Today I took them for a short walk along a shore which I had already explored in the spring, but they were most mortified and I just let them go and stopped at the cemetery to shoot some films, thus resurrecting from their mortification in my lively excitement to create and explore. I guess there is something with the weather, I am not sure and I am not sure what to do as I do not wish to force anything, hopefully an answer will come of itself. Now they set back the disco music on the boat, it has been rather a torture not to have a single place where to be in peace... I made nice videos of it through and i guess all I am left to do in this Russian party atmosphere is to just montage them.

Back to the pearl of the Baltic, Stockholm, a really fine and secure and mighty place indeed and with my son we actually felt a bit back in love with it crossing from the ferry terminal to the center of town, walking the beautiful park that monarchy ha managed to preserve in a silver nice weather. It really takes a walk to get reunited with the landscape and the people with so easily defamiliarize with... this effort is really needed and periodically. Too bad I have to play the role of the bothering old fashion father to promote such natural and beneficial activities (one certainly do not need a family psychologist to solve things). Later my wife and kid went to the countryside and I stay in town to attend a lecture at the Modern Art Museum, in the little island where I conceived my photographic prints in the old graphic workshop. Well the lecture was from a professor I sort of found rather interesting and so was the topic, August Sander's photography. The latter was certainly being a strong reference in my work but to listen to the lecture and find Sara Danius, the "Professor of Aesthetics", so pessimistic and narrow about encyclopedic work in general, didn't really excite me nor it did excite me the museum environment where the curator has only chosen a non-representative portrait of the German humanist who actually attempted to depict the whole of the society of his time. Why then all this cynicism about such heroic attempts driven by individuals? Why such a skepticism to the point that the final statement was something like that any encyclopedic attempts are doomed to stay unfinished? Well, it is all to be seen but I think the min problematic was sort of missed, the fact that certain humans are inspired to embark such projects as some sort of symptom that the subject they document is about to extinguish... the people of Germany as well as the animals and plants in the Noah's Ark. They create Arks and Sander did in fact manage to bring his to us. Well, now another weekend alone and I will try to catch up all the work left with my encyclopedia, my Website.

I spent the day going all the way south of town, some hours away to see the fantastic work of Gustaf, the guy who walked with his Australian fiance across Ukraine. I took my journey then to see him and his one year work documenting rituals around a tree. It was really worth it and also the fact that I met a humble girl going to visit her grandma at the cemetery, I really appreciated such simple things one encounters in even a not so ambitious journey. Now that I am reevaluating who is really a good friend I found that Jacek is really one. I spent the evening with him and Brett, carrying in my heart the dilemma of what I should do with Liselott and I think now I will start to consider myself independent from her yet maintaining my responsibility towards my kid. I am becoming a pervert in these bourgeoisie isolation, I need to regain my status now that I can, be a human of the world without all these Cain appropriations of titles and so forth... these weeks are very crucial till I get my base at the end of the month and the transaction is completed.

In the morning I had quite a good time writing on my first official paper as a doctorate student. It took me just a couple of hours to write and now I am just embellishing it and fixing all the technical details. In the afternoon I was with Jacek visiting the forest cemetery in town. I heard much about it and I was expecting something really elevating but aside from the fact that it has been nicely inserted in the landscape, I was not personally that touched despite the many thousands of plastic candles distribute around it. Probably it was all these cars and the vicinity to the city and the fact that the actual architecture was a cheap reminiscence of the ancient. In this respect I really long for authenticity, something with some sort of a patina that has been the result of struggle conceived through spiritual devotion. Now I am on my way home... where is my home I do not really know nor who is my family. What I have for sure now is only my life project and commitment.

Today I kept embellishing my article on the meta-heroes (some kind of a meditative and Buddhist like hero doing his mental mandalas via self crafted media) as an alternative to the destructive super-hero of the last century. I then picked my kid early for a beautiful philosophical walk, where I have explained him many a things as the good old times together when he was smaller and more willing for our little adventures. I would certainly stay with him if it wasn't for his mother who is awful arrogant, I lost all my compassion for her today at the lawyer she arranged to divide our economies. The old girl likes to certainly owns stuff, to play the small aristocrat, a total Cain. I will anyway attempt to maintain the relationship with my son and work with his character who is actually also going that direction but I am sure he will have something more to express in life.

A day now spent in school, like the dandy lover of █████ Karenina, I was my self able to solve with rigour and in a short time all my personal bureaucracy there such as buying tickets to conferences and books. I was also able to sort of make my article on the modern hero rather presentable in so much that there are also small vignettes and footnotes to decorate it. I even managed an interview on the phone, with a friend of a friend asking me what I thought about a new life-logging camera. I probably spoke for half an hour without interruptions, providing him with all sort of details and background information. I wonder if the guy will even mention my name in the article he is about to publish but I certainly gave him quite many information which took quite some time to come across with. Now I am heading home, or at least to the apartment where my wife and kid will live. I would have actually been rather happy to go to a home, it is really what I have longed for, a home for our family. But really a home is something I will have to postpone, not sure how many years ahead. For now it will be me living again in most temporary conditions, enjoying the wilderness of things as a hermit in the outskirts which I keep on hearing now, are quite a dangerous place to be with much ethnic crime (luckily still no nationalist type of crap but I certainly will have a foot out of this German peninsula cultivating my friendship in the more humble Eastern Europe instead).

It is dark very early now (what to they need this winter hour for nowadays? can't they have lighter evening instead?). I have spent the day finalizing my paper on modern heroes and then went to shop on foot despite the windy weather. Today I got really inspired to leave more as an ascetic, thus closer to my spiritual undertaking and further from all the worldly materialism. It was a bit of a revelation that came to me when concluding my article and ending up watching a picture of this Alexander Supertruper guy who left everything behind and after much traveling died of starvation in Alaska. How deeply the undeveloped picture of him before death touched me, I really look forward to read his diary as well as to get closer acquaintance with the work and life of other prophets. I am now building a small bed out of the door frame I have discarded after demolishing the apartment wall and some cheap bookshelves from the cellar. I will not mind the life of a Franciscan although I am now officially a Jesuit being in an academic environment. Aside from that I have really worked hard on the meta part of the project, really the soul of my work. As it is soon time for separation, I have started to be a real teacher to my son, a teacher of morals and principles. I most of all showed him that he has a meaning in his life, a mission to pursue and that is the farm he will inherit. I am explaining him how it is not really the actual houses he will be so responsible of, those are doomed to get rotten, it is rather the nature and the way his willing can exalt it, as I have tried myself to do but being not the owner I have learned in the end not to interfere. I guess, as destiny unfold itself, I guess my meaning here was to see after him and see that he had a farm ready to host him, to give him, by my renovation of the old house and the preservation of the forest, to give him a good example together with all the good we have appreciated being around the world as the Chinese gardens and their beautiful traditions that here are rather non-existing. As for me I think I sort of know what we expect me in the coming future at least. Instead of dying like Alexander in his youth, I did survived my mystic age. I then got back to worldly life like a Siddharta and now off I am to make a spiritual meaning of all. This is certainly what it was decided for me at least up to now, a totally unexpected plan, a new chapter I would have never imagined, yet it all thus make sense in the end.

Just so a film about Li Cunxin, the Chinese dancer who became so famous in the US during the 80s. Really interesting to see many connections to my life like a childhood in the mountains then the going abroad and the marrying of a blond and then divorce to pursue the difficult artistic career. I guess the difference is really that I had to invent my discipline from scratch as I had no one in these "liberal-times" to provide me with any (yet I did in fact always sought for a master to teach me and I have learned Tai-chi for instance when the opportunity arose ... my "laosh"!)). I have got some good intuitions today on my way to work, like that of really making my studio/living space a real production place with even a kiln to fire ceramic tiles and so forth. Without discipline, as it is the case for my natural father who wanted to attend the military Academy but was dissuaded by his veteran father, without discipline nothing of any artistic relevance can be accomplished. One obviously have to have a sensibility, else it just turn out to be another very talent but mechanical performer. One ought to be feeling and Cunxin I guess has his feelings deepen by the distance from his parents (he was taken away from them at an early age). That is I guess another component which modern society with all the medicines and social guarantees