

library today where I work efficiently and even decided to announce a room for rent in my new apartment, this as I don't know how to handle to live alone and I could save quite some money. I met Jacek later and with Azul, a Japanese artist, we went around the city where in different places she cut his hairs and me documenting. We then ate together and I am now about to sleep on Jacek sofa after a walk together and much, much discussion... my head is a bit overworking!

I slept over at Jacek's in a tiny sofa and walk up with quite a stiff shoulder. Jacek and I talk and talk all the time and get so excited about things that we have now already plan to be in Italy together for Christmas and in Poland for the new year. He is really a quality friend with whom I am really trying to make more than a superficial friendship. Maybe this is my general problem, I always try to be really deep and profound in every of my commitments, something frictioning with the superficiality we had to keep up in society. Today I even started negotiating the renting of a room in my apartment. It was a Nepalese man who answered, he spoke Italian. After been working at the city library on my essay, I met him and he right away explained to me, very humbly that there are actually two of them. The other I met him, Krisna, he seems a nice guy, young while Ziban and his left leg limbed. They are unsure, although I have been very generous and agreed to host them both for a price which basically only covers the condominium expenses. It would be nice to have such exchange, having even a bed for international guests off and on. Off to the empty ex wife's apartment now...

I woke up with skeptical about me going to live with two Nepalese, sharing what was going to be the realization of my dream. I did decide to quit them and then, on my way to the university also decide not to rent any van but to move all my belongings this week with the many public transport to my office. This way I can select out much stuff. I then attended eight hours of easy lecturing, easy because these professors never make any personal statements, only repeat this or that theory from this of that theorist and never elaborate, never use this theory to understand reality. In this sense I can definitely see to be more sided with cultural studies people, aesthetic people not to mention pioneers ... I use old classics applied to advance thinking of our present and upcoming condition. All the academic positioning and disciplining is just seen from a Zarathustra perspective.. just small fanaticism from which I can shortly contribute but then the time will come and will disassociate and go back to the mountain. No one in the seminar wanted to go out... what a drag! People are so bored and in the end I thought really to go for these Nepalese who are more authentic anyway. I also planned to save 10.000 a month, two thirds of my salary so that when I am done I can be independent and eventually out of academia if I can't do what I want. The Nepalese will help me at lest covering expenses so that I can be more nomad and keep up getting a bit of equipment.

Another lecture day, quite exciting with much cultural theory and studies despite the fact that I woke up at three in the morning and after updating my project took many a bags on me to my office. Packed like a Nepalese then yet in the end I might not go for them as room mates. A guy from Gambia called me also, he seems more tranquil and it is the Swedish state to subsidize him (he is adopted by hi grandparents and registered saying he was six years younger), will see about that. I was pretty high spirit on my way home after talking to my supervisor who seems quite cooperative end enthusiast but then found out that my ex wife fucked up with the papers at the bank and my money to buy the apartment hasn't yet arrived... two days to go, will see about that too!

Today I woke up rather early, not as early as yesterday though. I did manage to get the updating of my project going and then took my little son to school in the cold and windy and rainy weather to then take even more bags all the way to my office in the long one hour journey I usually do with three different public transports. There I showed for the first time my project to my supervisor... "very rich and complex" I guess where his comments although his main preoccupation is that I now read the different authors of the fields I will be investigating (time, memory, art, media, archive etc.) and also make sure that I will contribute to the academic discipline that is sponsoring me. I totally understand and I am totally willing to comply. It is one of the disciplines I will investigate, my project being so much broader and myself being some sort of super-humanist who doesn't really care about titles and names and so forth, just play the game, for a while, till it last but being flexible enough to change to a new game when the time comes. Now for instance I will be starting a new life with the black guy from Gambia who I met yesterday. He is quite homeless and I had a talk with a welfare organization who can pay a bit for a room for him to stay. It is far less than what I can get with the Nepalese guys but I decided to go for the Gambia guy to whom I can also be a teacher (he is eager to learn IT stuff like programming and so forth). I will feel more at ease with him and I also feel I am helping somebody... solidarity is a good feeling particularly now that the school is taking care of my kid and my work is sort of done there... again, one ought to comply. They also advise me to have the black guy to look for some jobs and pay the remaining rent this way... he could work for me as well, not really a little slave, just soft things yet certainly could not afford to give him any sort of rights either, just a moderate help, not the slavery of the old white man putting much work on the aliens, nor the super-human-rightness of the new old men resulting in total unemployment... why these people have no common sense?

A very stressful day, allot of unnecessary anxiety after my ex has been waited the last second to give me the money due tomorrow for my apartment. I could almost not do anything and even broke one glass in a rage when time was running up and she seemed the most peaceful being on the world, as she wouldn't know the terrible result of having no money when a contract has been signed. After lunch I got peaceful again and picked up my kid early now that the landscape is filled with fresh snow. It won't last much as in my native Alps, here it is rather powdery and we had to add water to build a nice shelter for snow ball dueling. I talk allot with my kid and prepare him for his role of landowner, something that my splitting up with his mother and having add no more kids allowed him in these highly feminist times preventing the masculine warriors but also preventing the masculine nobles. The money came at last and I am now on my way to rent a van, tomorrow is the moving and I have quite much stuff, most of it as a result of my project (equipment to input and outputted material). I also talk for a while with ██████████ I could talk without her interrupting and scolding me. I became now a man, now only I met my biological father, it has been really essential for my last development although I see now thing no longer ingeniously... I am very much awake yet still pursuing my dream... what would he say now that I am studying with Marxists and I am hosting a black man?

The day started in the middle of the night. Snow had fallen non-stop and the van I rented yesternight was packed full. I drove before the city awoke to the University where I wrote a letter to my supervisor trying to suggest another co-supervisor. He wants me to play the role of the artist but on the other hand he doesn't want me to talk about my art. I sincerely don't really care about art or not art, many theorists have fully embraced technology in their everyday practices and these Swedes intellectual seem most concerned about it in their safe historicizing. After loading the van with more stuff I drove to pick up a loft bed for Lamin, my new Gambian room-mate who I am practically adopting. Before meeting him I went to the center of Sodertalje, my new town, a charming place but where only immigrants live, giving it bad reputation instead of seeing its great resourcefulness in such a multicultural variety. I there bought the rights to my new apartment from the son of the owner, an Hungarian man. We talked about how the country is changing and becoming far less lonely and then he brought me to the place. I really loved it this time in the winter weather with the wooden floors giving so much warmth... I will not change anything. Lamin came to help me unpacking, he was really happy about myself taking care now of him and told me that I will be like his father now. He has been exploited by his former foster parents who kept him without a crown in a small room the four of us (he came with a cousin). He was really helpful unpacking, really strong. I was skeptical to share my space with him but he revealed to be a nice fellow. He told me allot about Gambia when driving the van back to the rich North of town. It is so much nicer to live out of the vicious party party environment we had to face on our way back by public transport. Lamin and I are both religious I guess... no drinking, praying and being sober, hope we keep a good relationship now!

A first night in my new charming little apartment, a charming interior as the outskirts are rough and industrial with also quite some nature though. I have been from the beginning fixing up all my things, not really keeping everything in my room but also using up the many shelves and spaces the former Hungarian owner created before dying of heart failure at the age of 69 (he did not die in the house, I was told). Anyway, he had a rather good taste making all the door rounded with even a cupola between the kitchen, the entrance and the room I gave to Lamin. The latter has already moved in, he doesn't have a crown and Monday I will follow him to a welfare office so that he can at least have some money to do grocery. I just did it for the two of us as I am now taking my ex wife role who was also paying for grocery when we were abroad, but then I was the housewife. I finally have a table now and can resume all my artistic activities I made it clear to Lamin that I want peace and he will have to use headphones. There was some talking about bringing in his big speakers as he is now using my stationary computer in the bed we just mounted together (he was actually quite incapable to do it alone). He now basically have all my nicest stuff and I am left with a sleeping bag and my equipment, my only privacy is my room where I don't even want a door. I will have to go to the office for the Internet, this keeping me quite concentrated but also away from any self-destructing attitudes which all the crap on-line stimulates. I miss my son a bit but the time we will spend together will be qualitatively higher, hopefully.

33 years of age... am I crucified Jesus, a condemned Socrates, a Dante leaving for the underworld, a Lao Tsu confining himself in the desert, a defeated Napoleon escaping the cold North after having conquer it or a Roman after many years of German campaign willing to retire back South? Or am I simply like a monster, as my wife today called me after reading this very Journal she found in the trash bin of the computer I left to my kid? A monster just repeating exactly the footsteps of his "bad" biological father who had abandoned me exactly at the age I have abandoned my family? I don't really now, I do feel I am following a path, a spiritual one, a path of intuition and thus a path closer to God, something these civilized Swedes can really kill you for. I certainly cannot keep it too long in this country, a censorship has fallen on me, I have some years had here but Liselott has had enough and doesn't really like the idea of letting me come and look after our son has I used to. She promised to sue me as some sort of Galileo who will have to in the end eat up all his words... these liberal facade of these people just mask how deeply fascist they are, there is no trace of compassion within them although today it was unusually beautiful with the snow, the really cold weather but much sun. I took Lamin for a walk to the nice little center of this peripheral industrial town, his African constitution did not survive the chill and I was soon left alone exploring the harbour.. what a blast with all these industrial architecture, all left rather unused as giant dinosaurs of another age. I feel good despite of everything, I even feel better. In the room I have now for me (Lamin keeps coming in though although he is quite discreet), I am splitting it into basically half; one side for production and one side for exhibition with a small storage for my backup and clothes (so then I guess three areas as I am obsessed with numbers). I am more or less a father to Lamin, I do have some compassion, buying some food and keep it with him but also tell him when it is time to leave me alone with my project. I am still hesitant whether I should or should not have a door, as a nightmare the newspaper delivery guy has reappeared rushing up in the middle of the night and disturbing my dreams.... will have to comply, now I just feel safe that I could rescue my spiritual and financial capital out of my ex wife who, despite I did not ask for any more money than what I had (I would have otherwise be a millionaire now), she is probably going to sue me and keep on persecuting me, just as a revenge for this very Journal keeping.

Lamin is always watching TV and playing music in his room, it is all in Gambian though and this tribal stuff fits really well the broadcasting, not really affecting me, to the contrary I have managed quite much in my small room, sorting all the clothes in the closet where I now store my life-project in an old wooden box without locker, really my only valuable possession. Today I walk up after a very nice night of sleep and felt rather rested with many beautiful dreams to report and the blue sky out with temperatures reaching far below zero. I will not buy a metro card this month as it wouldn't be worth it with the Christmas holidays coming up and a small conference in Copenhagen next week. At school I was most efficient setting up instructions for Lamin to babysit my kid at least once a week, to repay me for the money he owns me. The welfare system will only pay part of his rent, we went there today to secure this payment and make sure he will have little money to also eat. These people are really well treated as they not only get free education but also two meals a day... thinking that I have been unemployed for do many years and never once used this system although I have been living with basically nothing... good though to be independent and don't create dependencies. It also worked out good at the University. My supervisor still hadn't read the letter I wrote him last Friday saying that I basically did not go along his decisions and wanted to propose another co-supervisor. I ripped off that letter (cutting my thumb) and wrote him a much nicer one where I basically complied with his choices, being very much of a Daoist, following the course of things, his impulses and what he wishes from me. I then took a long walk to reach Lamin and from there went to pick up my kid in the eclectic neighborhood on the other side of town. It takes me one hour and twenty minutes to go there and as much to go back but I use the commuter train as some sort of salon where to do my reading and today it happened to be Chuang Tsu, an old sage whose quote I found accidentally on a modern academic reading. I am not sure I am following the way of Dao yet this project as a whole with its many branches it is certainly a tree which is reaching its giant state by being of no use and yet in this way might in fact become sacred, thanks for this uselessness... I might not even mention it in my thesis, I just do whatever I am told do using other people forces to direct me, thus really without much boasting and this is really the secret for spiritual growth. I had a nice time playing with my kid, mostly fighting in bed, also there using his forces and so forth. I did not meet Liselott but look forward to meet him again although I also look forward to just spend some time home, taking care of my garden, my life-project and its growth. I am also now not so sure whether I want to go to Poland after Italy, but this is mostly because I should be with my kid. There will be a time for traveling, more of a natural traveling going far using terrestrial transportations (where this is still possible), yet I need to be with my kid until he is independent enough.

Today I got also waken up by the newspaper delivery boy... damn these overly civilized countries with all these ways of intrusions. I then stood up and work till I had to go and sleep again. Later in the morning, not to pay for the metro ride I did walk quite some kilometers to a station across the bridge where they is no ticket control due to renovation. I really have all my money invested but will eventually receive some at the end of the week for the bedroom I am renting to Lamin. In the afternoon at the university I have attended seminars on Eastern Europe getting quite irritated with people looking into excluded "high-art" and quite delighted with an American professor giving an history of Euroasia with many a maps, I really like that kind of traditional humanism with in depth accounts. Jacek was also there and I was feeling a bit at the loss concerning my Christmas holiday. I would certainly like to spend sometime with him, cultivate our friendship but also have to think of my kid and the constrains my wife had put on me now that I have to take care of him three working days out of five and I taking me three hours each day to go there and back. She really has no mercy in this respect but luckily there is Lamin. I would love to have my son over in the weekend...just wonder if she will ever allow it... so much propaganda against me as I have tried to have some discipline in the family to contrast all the dissipation which was really heart breaking when it involved my kid. Anyhow, I am now sharing my mantel with this African boy caught by the cold weather, we will go ahead from here.

A snow blizzard out and I have slept like a baby (I usually sleep like a baby when it snows), and now I even have small paper plugs in my ears which I can't remove (bee wax might be better next time not to be awoken by the newspaper delivery boys... my mermaids). My ex wife said that I could now leave her to start my new life but in reality I am just continuing my non-life, my suspension to the many events and so forth to which I only participate as an active observant. I have been in all day, my little alcove gives in fact a sense of serenity despite the fact that I am sharing it. I was cleaning up and organizing the few stuff I had left on the floor, mostly small components and really amazingly everything found its proper place. Now a whole wall in my room is free and how nice it was to realize that the wallpaper stripes already subdivides it in nine sections. In this way I can present linearly all my eighteen archival projects as some sort of a demo. In my quiet afternoon I also manage to finish up the writing of my new essay drawing from old historical examples to comment and criticize the imperceptible culture industry hegemony of present days. In my quietude now I will have to cook a bit and then do some sawing and fixing of my hand-made bed... what a non-life, how enjoyable!

At my ex wife waiting for her to give me the shift with our kid, surrounded with much snow out, with much of a public transportation jam. As I woke up very early today and did all I had to do quite fast I went to the University rather early and rather early set off to my kid with some old skies and a pillow I got as a present when I got Lamin's bed. As there was no ticket control at the station I decided to go to the closest station in the north of town and from there walk all the way to my kid, across highways, lakes and bridges, and islands but mostly across much snow. I did walk for hours but it was worth it. We had a nice domestic afternoon my kid and I, he doesn't seem at all concerned with our split now, to the contrary...

My ex wife came home rather late and I just felt quite exhausted thinking of having to go all the way back to my apartment in the middle of the night. I just then colonized the carpet and slept despite the fact that she is now refusing to talk to me (rather than tele-communicating concerning our kid)... what a vow she made and for so little a trifle... just wonder when really things will start happen to this over sensitive Nordics. Talking about North, I felt yesterday walking and seeing some geese migrating south this late in the year, I felt that I too made it North to give birth to my kid (my actual one and my spiritual one, the art I have conceived) and I too will one day have to go South again, migrate. I was thinking really much in these terms but today I woke up striving for a even more remote place, a remote place facing a southern sea, with a cliff like the southern coast of Island and Ireland (more Catholic perhaps and English speaking and both with many a storytellers)... also South of Europe but then maybe to corruption... who knows where to address my willing which I probably now identify in the building I wish to construct, or maybe will never construct to host my project, to provide him with a roof which for now it has! Now Lamin is here, I am testing him whether he will be good a babysitter, will see... I have already warned him that being him a black guy in a much rich and white part of town people might suspect him and my ex reject him. I like to stay here overnight though, being a housewife for my kid and his mother. I walked to the supermarket today and got them grocery and gave the house some love making an asparagus soup and so forth. I wouldn't like to give any money (I left my ex almost everything) but I certainly to spend them for love!

I really like my house, I now can do allot of things getting fully immersed without the stress of a woman (my ex) nor of a owner telling me what I should do (her father). I really learned allot though, I am manual factotum, always quite industrious, I really love it. Today, a side for an a bit of a late awake after being out with Lamin and celebrating at a Muslim restaurant (he was genuinely really happy about me taking him out and he really did quite a good job looking after my kid and playing fight all together with the little neighbour Tom), today, aside for walking to the center and to the supermarket for small shopping to improve the life quality (Lamin is without any money until the end of the month so I bought him provisions before I am off), I also managed more of my show room construction, partitioning the wall in six equal horizontal sections where the various samples of the project will be display chronologically. Aside for that I have fixed my bed, a mattress for guests, the noisy toilette and the entrance door, not to mention that I have guided Lamin in all sort of procedures, teaching him how to do the laundry, how to throw recycle garbage and much, much more. Well quite much one come about doing in these last few days left before my departure first to Denmark, then to Italy and finally to Poland a real tour the force which I did wish to do by train but it is mostly the fact that I have to take care of my kid and for some years now I will have to be quite rooted here, at least I got something to do ;)

Quite amazing how a person can spend a whole day watching African soap operas. I am not mad with Lamin or anything, I used to get mad when it concerned the education of my kid which