

also really into fixing the Website as an interface where for few intimate viewers will be able to look into my opus magnum. Eventually my supervisor and few other interested colleagues will be able to do but the work will no longer be shared with any pig, just selected people. Other than that the day has been a sunny one. The sun was really burning my face while I spent some time outside reading Charles Chaplin's autobiography and being transported back in the belle époque of Europe and the States. Yet the wind was rather chilly and one certainly quite misses other places at this time of the year, no matter that is New England or South of Europe or China. I really wanted to keep up with the vegetable garden today, I might get later and hopefully my back will stay intact. I am just planting small fruit trees and berry bushes and little bending will be required in the future, hopefully!

A full day at a seminar, many theorist speaking for hours on, some of them being really inspiring and providing a bit of a moral direction to us youth, some other being really in their own dialectic, a really hermetic one. After hearing from all disciplines in the humanities (this was the point with this Cultural Theory seminar), I really think I can now reconfirm my specific interest in media, this after hearing my supervisor Staffan who was giving a very logical and understandable presentation using television and the televised Cold War as a case example. I could understand everything he said and look forward to learn more from him rather than from any meta-theorist avoiding to provide any specific example. In this case my point is that I want to be a humanist by being first a real scientist. I also had some nice discussions with other professors in my department a kept really most open minded as open minded they were accepting me. Now I am off to a small opening with Jacek, my brain has been properly fed and I wouldn't need more. The day is beautiful, the sun has set and I have got little of that, but the light of these thinkers have properly irradiated me today.

Another full day of being a listener at a high level conference, high level speaking engaged but I really now have heard out all the humanities professors and pretty much know who I will follow, namely those whom I could follow in their reasoning, those that have appealed me with their elaborations, elaborations that were not meant to sound eloquent but that were really a demonstration of their ability to think and retrieve issues that were already largely explored. Not only connoisseur then just backing opinions with other opinions but thinkers who have already reasoned using their own intellect. Overall I have also experienced a certain rejection for experimentation which is at the base of my philosophy and also a rejection to connect to any theory coming out of it. I had a chat on the train with my fellow colleagues and there is actually a spirit to be experimental... I am actually just now very eager to start showing again or at least prepare the path, initiate the process, at least a four years long one, but who knows. I am not forcing, just testing the ground at times for what is anyway doomed to happen. Now back home (it actually takes me quite a bit to commute), home for the weekend!

It has been such a fantastic day, almost like an Indian summer but still a summer day, started afresh running and taking care of my spiritual garden and then, then suddenly once again Liselott, after seating a whole morning with her tablet doing her social networking, then suddenly she was there upset, head in hands yelling at me that I am not talking to her, I am avoiding it even though really I was looking forward to come to the countryside, this psychological gloomy place where much has occurred, much blood has run. What to do? I have now packed all my things from the old country house, mostly consisting of my life-project back-ups, my artistic production. All is well packed in the car, if there will be a separation (it seems rather inevitable after all these recurrences), hopefully I can stay unite to my work, my very first and most holly engagement. I am certainly sad to have to leave, if I would have to leave (now she is off in the forest picking mushroom with the kids), yet this time is crucial and if something has to be done, it has to be done now since there are only two weeks before our apartment here in this red-neck country town will be sold. Things could be so simple and flow so harmoniously and I feel that certain people like those living in these hyper civilized countries, these people who have never experience real suffering they just fuss for nothing and there it follows all these angry feminism, all these human right fighters, all these silliness of people who cannot appreciate what they already have. Sobriety and no fuss is my motif. If the fuss start I am the first one to leave and sincerely now there seem to be quite a fuss against dark immigrants like me. Being in this place at the heart of their ethnic group, for me is really now a feeling of being out of place, a feeling I should withdraw or they will do it otherwise. Don't know how things will evolve... now they are heading back, I can hear them...

A better day waking up in the country with my wife and kid back to harmony, playing out in the windy weather with the geese flying south and then driving home our country bounty, the harvest of fruit (one really gets tire of all these apple and have to do something else with them like jam and so it is for all the plumbs which are rather tasteless and it could be really the case that the young tree growing over my son's placenta is in the end not a good one, will see...). Among other things there were all my old notebooks, drawings and paintings. Now they are safely stored for the first time they are locked in a small cellar, a prison like cell in the basement where I can now deposit this kind of material. It is not definite. I am probably learning more and more that nothing is definite, nothing what so ever and I am adjusting to this, accepting that fact that I will need to keep small and humble and that the time will come with time. It is certainly an improvement to be out here, our space has doubled and we are slowly working out all the comforts that we really did not have for so many years. Small comforts though, not luxuries, just the necessary comforts to keep us operative. Mean time my back has been stiff for a few days. Too much seating at these seminars plus all the gardening, will have to watch out and keep light...

A really productive day rethinking my Website as a grand personal encyclopedia restructuring many a things and making the whole enterprise rather ambitious. After a late physical exercise out in the park I was with Jacek making a proposal for a small show, a highly decorated, non-puritan small intervention. Later I had to travel to Uppsala to put the inner windows to our gypsy tenants. I met Sven Erik, a young man on a wheel chair and so his amazing antiquity collection in his apartment, a rather Boheme one but very interesting taste considering all the fakeness and naivety one is generally surrounded with particularly up here, hopefully our country house will turn like that one day. Then I spent the evening with Alan, my tenant, a muscular gypsy professional boxer. He hosted me for a sandwich and we had a long religious discussion and apparently now I do feel a strong need to hold on to my faith, keeping up with my temporal existence in a black tent in the desert. We both had a tough childhood with tough alcoholic fathers and as a result we seem now to both favour a peaceful life.

A whole day absorbing all the much complicated theories the academic philosophers had to vomit on us. I certainly got certain moments of illumination and those were mostly when I could refer certain philosophical reflections to certain examples but generally speaking all this meta talk is quite a dead end. In this respect a prefer those minor moralizing philosopher which seem to have a much more firm stand on reality, they keep their gravity, they keep concrete without debating other debates of debates, they just direct thinkers spitting out immediately what something makes them think. There has been much talk today about how philosophy got stuck into a passive mode, there is no action but I believe they are just looking too much within themselves. It is whole a big conformism they got caught into they say but really look how many forms of expressions and reflections media allows. For this I am even more eager to build My off-line Website, the interface of all my audacious action out of the conformative mainstream in which, as part of the action, I am back into.

A day home taking care of my life-project, of myself but mostly ending the restructuring of my Website, like an Adorno's Aesthetic Theory, a Benjamin's Arcade Project, a multi-mediated Zibaldone. I am not at all discouraged by the complexity of the theories we are being indoctrinated with. I wouldn't certainly learn them by heart as certain scholar might do, just get a bit of an inspiration. Along with this work I have taken the first steps in contacting a museum which in the fall of 2015 could host my 12 years exhibit. I was really concise, it is just the opening of a process which hopefully will not include any persuasions to which I am not and I don't want to get accustomed. There are also the smaller shows with Jacek... all to be seen and yet it was rather impressive my silence in the past years where nothing really was exhibited, just allot of work, meaning allot of time invested in processing my actual work, meaning the foundations of what may as well become something of relevance as it may not (I am so absorbed in the present that I do not make such considerations). For now I only have bursts to react against these passive scholars, safe in their limbo as I am probably safe in mine although it is also designed to play unsafe and outside. It is anyway interesting the fact that as soon as I have a platform to play within, I am actually pushed into further develop the communicative parts of my work, I am really a machine set to work and there is still quite a bit to accomplish at least to ultimate this stage.

Sometime I would just wish to lay in front of the sun without all this induced thinking. I actually did enjoy today a presentation of a German researcher providing actual data and from there drawing conclusions. A German among all this other incomprehensible sausage eaters, Tolstoy's recurrent definition, and as for Tolstoy I am also worrying about this forced philosophical indoctrination, which is nothing but to learn how to be polemic, loosing the object of observation (and the polemic discourse is destroyed with polemic discourse as I am now doing and I could endlessly do). The fact is really that I could already now set to work, accomplish my mission which is that of accounting on life-logging practices, but these old professors had to get the youth (and young I am no longer) through a quarantine and make sure that they get us imprinted eventually loosing the last vitality, becoming negative beings. I am sort of rebelling seeing them in a chair where they lay comfortably all day, a chair given to them by society. I will really try to detach from all this and use this employment as a medium to keep up with my existential mission... a silent anarchist, a rebel but of my own rules.

A day that got me rather relaxed, after talking to the good nature fellow of my supervisor with whom we really seem in good accord. It felt like a psychoanalysis section where I was relieved by a bit of an anxiety and really felt he managed to put me back on track, taking back up my application proposal as the actual plan I will have to pursue in the coming 5, 6 years. Thinking about it is rather a luxury, and other then understanding that I should give my best, I should also consider that I should be patient and do things with time, starting by grounding my knowledge in this coming year, a year in which I will be probably suspended from the rest of the world. There will be occasionally some excursions outside, mostly around the Baltic sea, like for small conferences and so forth. Te feeling I got walking out of the university today and beholding the forest in the surrounding, was that I have found a shore, a family of some sort to which to retreat. Now it is weekend time and hopefully no more anxieties in the family, I guess I also need my privacy from them and it does take some time to adjust and show one's presence.

A rainy Saturday going around with the car to various storehouses in the area and looking to perfect our comfort in our small dwelling. It was mostly for furnitures where for instance have the big TV and o forth, the rest I will try to do myself by restoring older furnitures. The other technical thing I really need is a office chair and we found a really good one but it take time to order. Now really the chair is an essential equipment for my work and for my work I am also rather well equipped and that also goes for my stiff back. Anyway, the good thing is that my wife and I were most agreeable and constructive which is really helpful and really what I want from a relationship. After few weeks of semi-stagnation we finally went far without hesitations and decided how to arrange the living room (hesitation in this respect is most stagnating). Life goes on then. We have a small kid, Tom, the kid of a divorced Finnish lady nearby. He often comes to play with my son and I really have to say that I like kids and maybe, who knows, in the end we could squeeze in another one. I am no longer preoccupied with dividing up the inheritances and so forth. We have plenty and there are plenty of opportunities plus providence has placed us again in a comfortable situation and we should not laid down without making anything out it, so will see!

Another autumn day in the commercial labyrinth, making quick decisions about how to furnish our apartment and thus making it functional. This is really what I need to set my self fully under production. The boxes are getting fewer and fewer and eventually my set of tools will soon all be available. The back is still bothering me and I contemplating to give up all together the idea of a vegetable garden, contenting myself of what I already have and cultivating rather my spiritual garden by spending time painting and recording my thought and so forth. The countryside in Uppsala, my wife's native land might be sufficient in this respect also considering that we do have a small terrace here where we can have berry bushes and spices and maybe even some salad. I was painting an old armchair for my kid today and my back was really bothering after having helped out the neighbours with the chopping of bushes plus some carrying of stuff. Luckily my kid ordered (yes, ordered... he picked up this authoritarian attitude with me), he ordered me to come out and play with him and his friends. One of them had broken his underwear so I went out in my boxing outfit I used to use in China, and started a whole boxing school with the kids. My back was just fine afterwards and I am now sort of considering maybe to pick back up my gloves and join a gym. Well yesternight I was also watching a Scorsese's movie with a boxer from the Bronx, a disturbing movie but nonetheless I wouldn't might to train my reflex and get some more arms exercise.

I should have spent the day reading feminist articles today but I was home working hard on my Website, the interface of all my operandi. I did at last solved several issues and made the whole navigation rather dynamic and quite challenging now that I have added a meta layer in which I will record related things to the project. Other than this the weather here is really inviting to a most indoor life, with the cold and humid wind blowing and all the gray low clouds. I did though went out to run, a slow run but much refreshing. Then back home programming my interface and helping out Valdis, my Latvian neighbour who needed a machine component from Italy. It is indeed rare to find craftsmen like us left now that absolutely everything has been shifted East and the West is just the place for marketing and any other non-physical speculation. Well, I do keep up with my digital craftsmanship, really something I could do anywhere now that I am sort of disconnecting from this land as I am sort of realizing that I can keep here as in a fridge but my body can't really set to work physically in this nature, certainly being more appropriate in Southern shores. As for the mental work I guess it is an excellent place without so much pressure and distractions such as a nice and inviting weather. It is interesting in this respect to keep reading Chaplin's autobiography and his fortunate and very prolific production in a still wild California, still so far a place...

As it is usually the case with me I am getting more and more unconcerned with my social environment, presently academia, and place all my concern in my existential mission alone, my life-project, my family, myself. Today, which is by the way ninth anniversary of my project, today it was a very simple lecture about media, which I enjoyed and could very much relate to. Secondly it was a lecture on Feminist theory with Ulrika, a woman with which I very much sympathize, despite maybe the fact that it feels that she belongs to a group and there might be a set of prejudices, in this respect, for the counter part like an ascetic and much conformed male like me. Despite that, I like the way these girls put into actions their theories just as I put into action mine with all my devices, yet without anyone around me to encourage me or indoctrinate me. As for this I think to be very much an autodidact always getting into things just out of intuition. For this I really much dislike all the readings they force on us, I guess it is something they are forced to do now that the rules in the continent are getting quite strict... crap regulations! Other than the school today I have been driving through the South of the city to pick up our kitchen table in a lager. What a damn traffic now that capitalism has erupted. The entire experience of the city is just lines of vehicles shooting at each side of our peripheral vision. Djursholm, the peninsula where a bit of providence landed us into, is like a little sweet island in comparison, an georgic arcadia, preserved by all speculation but the complex where we live (the rest is just old villas where the rich city speculators live and that explain the preservation). Is it so hard to make theory and culture? Look, I just based everything on my empiric observations and what a proliferation of the two. Why are humans always drawn to make things harder, to suffer (e.g. with all these articulated readings from Academia)? Maybe just as a guarantee that we are actually doing the job we are paid for but in so doing, believe me!, they ain't gonna get nothing out of us, our talent just farts away. Jesus in his sermon of the mountain was all totally right, what are all these worries and anxieties? I keep hard on my faith, my main responsibility, the healthy pursue of a life long mission.

It is nice to be in the country despite all the suffering that are connected to this place, the psychological and physical pains to keep this heritage alive. My dreams and illusions for this place are now rather dimmed. I have set myself in production and the base of this production cannot be but the three square meters of my little studio, three square meters but very intimate ones and in a most anonymous context where no one is to interfere and demand, it is in fact my little domain in the world, my factory of dreams transcending any rough reality. We are now in the country to finalize the sell of our apartment here, a big odyssey started with a romance to be closer to my wife's roots, a decision made with the heart and yet a very impractical one which had has to roam around the world for quite some time before we once again found the stability. Maybe now we are indeed stabilized and it is amazing in this period of life to see how much we have accumulated, how many treasures which we can only now bring forward from many different places where they were precariously stored. This goes for material stuff but also very much all the culture, the real human culture we have confronted, meaning not all the boring theoretizing of scholars, but the actual culture flowing around the world, something one has to seek, the spirit of humanity, something continuously threaten and never safe, never static. I am just capturing evidences of this, an ark, a relict only meant to keep on inspiring and producing, something to be brought elsewhere in a not so distant future when this spirit will be probably all gone and like an explosion this small capsule could once again spread the seeds of life. They are waiting for me now to dine my parents-in-law... I must go even though just now my heart would indulge to keep on in this intimate, spiritual and daily confrontation.

Really much me, after a successful sale of our apartment in Uppsala, my wife and I drove back to the capital with the car packed full. I was kind of supposed to get some reading done and I started with Walter Benjamin which I really much enjoyed after more then a decade I read him the last time (he is very concrete and do not seek scholar pretentiousness!). Well I irremediably fell asleep (I meant to actually!) after waking up at five today and updating my project. And again in the afternoon, instead of doing my official work as a scholar I kept on updating my Website, organizing all sort of related works and writing about the authors, my constellation! Paradoxically I even received my first loan today and yet I feel I want to keep up with my research and don't stagnate with all that the elder scholars tells me to assimilate. In this respect I am trying to be very Eastern, doing things not only selectively but keep my very focus in mind... if there happens to be some theoreticians that could facilitate me in mission then all my devotion would be for him or her, if not I do not plan to waste my time getting frustrated. Beside I was also out running in the park beside the house, a big green field that really I am the only one to use and keep alive, like the people of China and their parks where everything is put to function for mental and physical self recovery (how much I miss them!). I also managed to bring in all the pieces of furnitures we brought over from the country and install a few things like a nice lamp over the kitchen table. This to see that for me theory and thoretizing should always come after a day work... all these theories created in closed spaces by bored people should be abolish and communication would be a happier one. Well, our little apartment at last is becoming really functional, my little studio is also taking shape... it really took some time and much of a crisis to adapt to this contained reality but I think it is for the good. As I am trying to sense providence for the meaning of all these I do feel there is something behind it.

A really hard working day again this time doing all sort of things. I was first at the university very early in the morning making copies of the readings for next week. I was actually quite impressed later on, in the metro on the way to cash my first salary, I was impressed again about Benjamin's illumination, really inspiring and acute observation of the new technological area. I would concentrate study thinkers like him, free of rhetorics, just straight to the point with examples and comparisons. I was even in town meeting Jacek and Alex, an organizer of art events. We