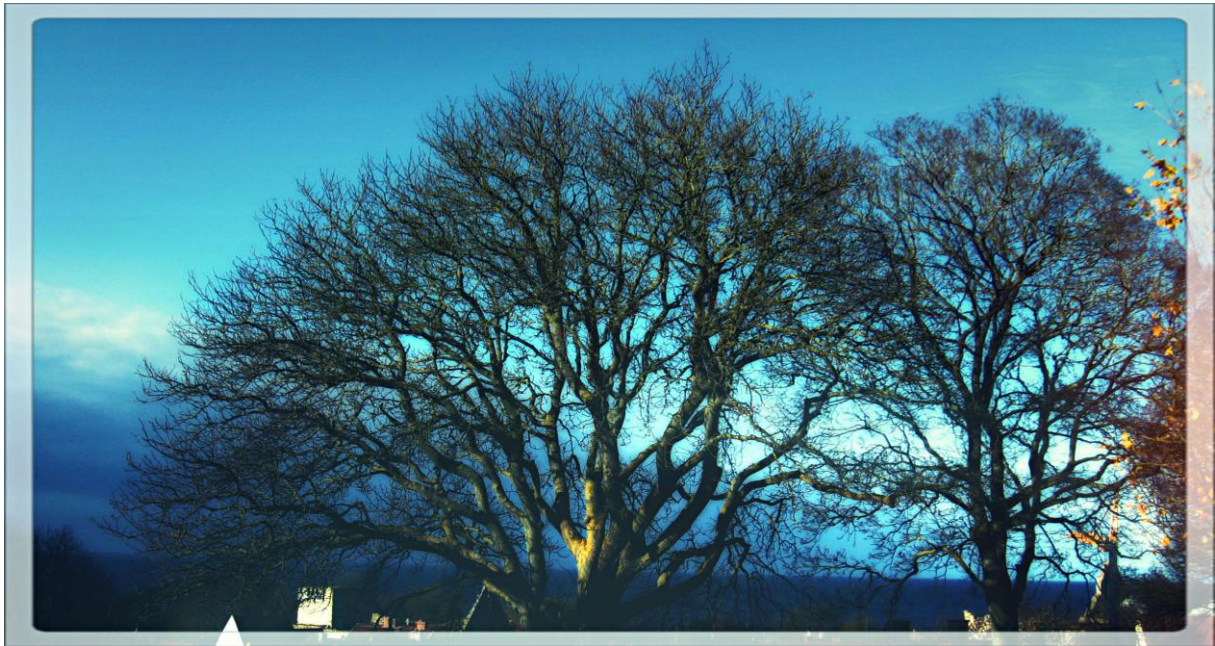


New horizon and home again



Dear U.,

as it usually happens in life, as soon as you decide to stop torment yourself with hard decisions or uncertainties, and let go of it, then it starts to happen – the way that you put your energy into it in the first place. Now, I did complicate my statement with first sentence! I wanted to say, well, I gave up of Stockholm and here I am, writing 4th letter from Stockholm, actually from a place called Vallunda – one of the northern municipalities of the city. Local folks say, a place full of Swedish & Viking history. I met Vesna, my host, a very nice Serbian woman, and we will go tomorrow to see this Venice in the North, before I take my evening plane home. Speaking of airplanes, I woke up on an extremely windy morning, I was scared how will my flight look like. It was so windy that people barely manage to stay on their feet boarding in to the plane. Taking of was bumpy, yet not that bad, but the landing on Arlanda airport was awful! – it felt like I'm on tumble dry program! I got out of the plane totally under stress! I said goodbye to my very nice companions in Visby. It was not only that they were a good companions, but I also learned some important lessons considering writing – they are all novelist, except me, and so they did encouraged me to try to write a novel too. I always had a feeling this is a really big responsibility, and you cannot make mistakes, but coming from them, I learned I should be more relaxed and just go for it. Beside my fellow writers, I also met a very interesting Hungarian

woman, Livia, art historian, working in a Baltic art center in Visby and had a good time chatting with her & making traditional Swedish apple pie. For the record, it was delicious! So for a moment I was a bit of Swede myself! Also, I had a very interesting communication with Lena, coordinator in Baltic centre, and I felt mentally & emotionally connected with her. I said to her that I will miss her – it is always important to say what you feel! Strangely, how sometimes you can develop good friendship with someone, or at least a good start, in a very short period of time, and then you leave to continue other journeys and stories in life. But this doesn't mean that connections you established and people you spent time with are less valuable, even though some of them you'll never meet again. I did played this game – asking myself a question, just like I did asked you: will I see this person again! Intuitive answer was: yes! – maybe ones or twice, and maybe maybe someday it will be some good cooperation. So, it will take some time to find out am I right. I mentioned I will write about grey varieties of the Baltic sky, but new pictures always cover up old ones, like new adventures make us forget the previous ones. But, I can say that there is something special about the light in the North for sure. It is never regular blue, or grey, or what ever could come in between – it is difficult to explain, because you just simply stare in to the light, enchanted. Maybe this was the reason for having a very strong need to play with photography; like it came, somehow, very naturally to write in English – although it is not quite regular one! From this perspective, I can maybe say more about lights in Stockholm – especially crazy orange color of the sun reflected on closeby buildings (with also very lively colors!); How my thoughts were somewhere over orange clouds, how short it all was. It was sunny maybe one hour or less, yet magnificent. But that special gray base was constant. Here. In November. They say that summer can be really beautiful, both in Stockholm and on Gotland, and surprisingly warm – or just, let us say, regularly warm. The rhythm of Visby was calm and peaceful for me, this observation goes for sure with the atmosphere of the island, but Stockholm was not that different, it's just everything is bigger. I had only four-five hours to see the city, so I could say it is really interesting, but to really feel the place you need to spend more time. Stockholm was like a dream, and Visby – reality! Last part of my letters obviously had to stay for post festum impressions. I am home again – although nobody trust me when I say probably for longer period of time. My friends are expecting

from me to go to some other place soon. Maybe they see something that I cannot! Coming
back
home brought some health problems for me – high blood pressure and strange type of anxiety.
I am
thinking of how this absolutely different perspective of life and climate in Sweden may have
affected this problem, or it was too much of emotions to handle. I hope it will be alright soon. I
had a
lot of emotional stress last year, but being surrounded by different types of beauty can also be
stressful; also this feeling of constant *let go* of people that you connect with. If I could have
you all
here in one place, that would be perfect! But I learned to live with the feeling of missing dear
people, especially after my sister and one of my oldest friends left Serbia. And now, I feel that
I am
also in the constant “state” of traveling – sometimes in my thoughts and often for real. It is
like
a snowslide, when it starts crushing down the mountain, there is nothing to stop it.
I learned some important lessons by gathering my impressions. You were also a part of my
journey
through these letters – and had your piece of North and Sweden that you like so much. And,
like we
learned to say, we won't say goodbye, but see you soon.
Hugs!
Jasmina