

development, I feel like a fully grown tree now. I visited Davide in his parents place and there we just kept talking about our million adventures as pirates of the world, him also having spent two years in Indochina, leaving every night with his hammock under a different sky, pausing all the computer based post production he so successfully accomplished back in Canada, giving up that worldly success and take time to refill his spirit with travel impressions, very much like his beautiful and most talented stop motions... wow, how impressed I was of the feature films he wants to do and how supportive too, so much that I wanted to follow him to Japan to help him this summer, maybe avoiding all the computer post production by building more mechanical stuff, the hardware stuff I have so much learned to build and made a workout of for a few years... It is early morning now, quite unusual as I always write in the evening but I guess I am traveling and all my discipline readjust to the circumstances and focuses more on what I can assimilate.

Wow, wow, wow... I couldn't stop nor I cannot stop to say wow. I flew today out of Treviso to Maastricht, to the Netherlands after so many years, having spent more than a year in this country but then brought by destiny, and mostly by Davide even further, to Sweden. This time I was here to meet Myrthe... I did forget her face and then, by the time I land and get a bus with a nice Italian fellow, my heart start pounding and I can hardly breath. Beside I felt I was overtired from all the traveling and the little sleep of the last few days. The station was way too big as well, I could hardly think of a place where we could have met and I stayed waiting and trying to calm down. When I less expected her she came and how beautiful she was. The center of town was just beautiful and she took me straight to her apartment, again also a fantastic location, an attic with a view to the Gothic cathedral. We kissed and laid in bed petting for hours, she covered me with kisses and much love to the point that I feel on the moon now. She then prepared a fabulous meal for me and I could not but impress on me the way she made food with her hands, all her graciousness, I feel certainly in love and it is something maybe I have never experienced, or at least as far as i can remember. She is off now to look after her nephew and I am supposed to walk through town to reach them for some time... I did not want to spoil any such state with any technology and so forth, I just wouldn't like this to end... I am off now, on my way through this fantastic city, also to see a bit of it in the day light.

To write in this Journal has been so far the only concession I gave to myself this weekend, this exceptional weekend with Myrthe here in Utrecht. How special, what a gift now I can hold on to afraid however of loosing it. She is really precious, the weather is precious, the food she prepares for me, the kisses she covers myself with, all is very special. We spent the weekend at her brother's house, the are in very good relationship and she was supposed to stay with his son Pepjin and I was supposed to keep her in her little nice room overlooking the cathedral but in the end I ended up staying and spending the night with her there... I don't think I ever hugged and kiss someone so much in my life... On my way back here in her room, while she deliver Pepjin to his parents, I felt like a zombie stunned with love, going back over the beautiful roads and places we have stroll together during these days, pushing the trolley with Pepjin and being most happy, genuinely loving each other in this land that I find so much more close to my own, with cherry trees already flowering and so much of a human dimensions as if all that I love is concentrated right here (all but obviously the mountains which are however severe and authoritarian... this land being somewhat of a shore to heal and be healed). How many impressions from life I have collected today, registering with my brain alone all that life is worth it, it's beauty but also the intimacy one can establish with another soul. Not so much about sex but rather hugging under the cosmos... transcend with the most innocent yet most intense love, all the miserable state in which worldly ambitions reduce humans to. At his hour tomorrow I will be already shifting out of this eden.. I really wish somehow this poetry can be kept.

At the airport in Amsterdam. It was quite quick to leave Utrecht and get here, I could have stayed but I had such a big luggage and quite many things to update after a bit of a break for my project or at least three loose days, in which I have mostly collected life impressions, looking a Myrthe cooking and preparing and taking such a nice care of me. Not to mention all the hours we spent kissing and making love, even in the middle of the night. We made love do many times and I really had to reactivate all of my sexuality which has been buried for ages. What I enjoyed the most however, was the romance, laying naked and sweat, hugging like we were one and telling in such intermezzos many a stories and having really a good time, not to mention the feeling of love, looking at each other faces and getting lost in the other's universe. I took her to work today. She walked me through the ancient cloister of a monastery and then I went back to her attic. She even left me the key, as I really a place I can get back to, a sign that the doors will be open for me. She really gave me full trust and myself to her and I wish that these feelings of respect will last and we won't, in this respect, hurt each other. After spending some time answering e-mails, among which one from Liselott to whom I have confirmed I want a divorce, one from Maria, an old artist friend living in Amsterdam (coincidence?) wanting to collaborate on a project and an e-mail to ██████████ in Canada to see if he wants to meet up when I am over there in the States, after all these e-mails I was able to make also based on the very positive beginning with Myrthe, I went to pick her up for lunch . We kept in the beautiful historical center of Utrecht and sat by the river to eat a sandwich. I really love that girl and the sun lighting her face and the wind shaking gently her hairs. We gave our last kiss several times in different corners of the Medieval alleys going back to her work. I then left many a small messages in her room, hints of my love for her but now back to a bit of the harsh life, that where one ought to fight in order to survive, ought to go on unnaturally, like soldiers of an artificial war. I am reading once again the book wrote by my grandfather's cousin, the account of the Russian retreat during the second world war and I get a bit close to such conditions, such struggling separations, brought about by technology.

I might have read too much of my ancestors struggle as soldiers but yesterday night, as the plane landed too late in the airport to take any busses, I decided to spend the night there, sleeping like them on the hard bench. I did manage to sleep and when I woke up I felt rather strong, the weather being really gloriously sunny with the temperature here being still below zero. I then took the bus and the metro to the University but felt asleep again and had to take the metro back. The first thing in the office was to write Myrthe... I am just crazy about her and I just feel so good. Everyone in fact wondered about my very relaxed face, in particular the Russian Ludmilla, who is probably in love with me. I was supposed to prepare for my seminar but instead I went out for a walk in the sun, under the blue sky, over a small mountain where Henrik and Mikael started calling me on my phone to discuss about some upcoming performance events we are planning together. At the seminar, I presented my work, being rather eloquent. I expected a total slaughter but all the department where quite constructive and helped me rather than demolished me, almost as if they respected my work and my thinking. I went through quite calmly in each and every question they posed me, explaining all that I meant without interruptions and even going a bit deeper in making further theories but never showing off. In the end I sat with my supervisors alone and they were also rather positive and helpful, lovely! Before leaving the university, I did check my e-mail but no sign of Myrthe which drove me a bit nut but she was quick in reassure me on the phone how much she loved me. Now back home to see the mass Lamin might have left or some letters... who knows!

The day went by... I slept out all the hours of non sleep of the last week of love with Myrthe and of traveling and then got into my discipline. One ought to be strong in this respect in order to divide the time for sentimental and the time for spiritual love. It is again all an experiment and I hope it will work just fine, all to be seen in the coming months but the idea of aging emancipated is not so appealing. I do want to have a companion of my side, a companion that values me and my operandi. After a morning going over my project and really taking care of it, I went to town to meet Maria, an old artist friend who actually lives in Amsterdam, close to Myrthe then. She had a weird proposition, she wanted me to go and live with her in her new apartment in the city and there make art. Rather weird indeed, as I am already doing such things of my own and I am most skeptical about such kind of collaboration but particularly of how cut out certain artists become. I feel I rather want to be more of a Mario Rigoni Stern, my relative in the alps, a writer respected by his community and dying not like a street dog, with no one really caring about it. I do want people around me and I do want to invest to people. Later I have invested many hours walking with Jacek, from a bit of a boring update of our daily lives to finally again reaching the usual good charisma together. I told him how aware i am of my work as he does not have any time to carry his art discipline any longer. It is hard and one can get easily engulfed. I also mentioned him the fact that I am not really seeking any kind of recognition, keeping in the shadow, aside and focusing on making my work and later now communicating it only exclusively through my dissertation work. I am on the commuter now, on my way back home. It is hard however to take a break from Myrthe, having my phone on me and writing messages to her off and on... one ought to be patient and maintain the focus.

I woke up really early today, feeling like I ought to get some discipline in my life once again. I then updated my project and went directly to work where I got a very nice e-mail from Myrthe, really lovely, really well structured, covering up all the small anxieties I had... she seems really helpful in this respect making my life lighter and more beautiful, I feel. Not really so Liselott who soon after writing to Myrthe called me to immediately pick up August who felt a little sick. I then went over there, on the other side of town and started playing with him from the start. It was really nice the time we spent together, walking around like good buddies, bullying around I have to say, playing the tough guys a bit in the style my biological father played to me the few days we were together... he comes rather natural. I even bought him a nice military jacket well fitting the colors of his eyes and hairs with all the shades of brown and green he has. Latter we met Mikael and Henrik with whom we have had a meeting at a museum concerning a performance we want to do together wearing our masks. The people there were really conservative, I did not give a hach, I took it really lightly as ultimately we just want to have spontaneous fun and the actual substance of my work is elsewhere. In the afternoon, after playing like crazy with Mikael crutches (I discover he actually resemble my grandfather Bruno and that is why I am so connected to him), August and I went in an Asian shop to then have a picnic in the market square and revive our time in Asia. It was a good nice time. Somehow we always manage to do memorable things together and he quite an adult in this respect, a kid with a character and not any random mellow Swede. We then went to the Cultural House, where I took the opportunity to do some drawing and let August read comics. Later again with met with Mikael and Henrik to talk to another guy from Latvia, a cool guy this time, about a possible gig there. i do not intend to put to much energy in to this though, I just take part and see what's up, enjoy the fun out of all this very conservative cultural institutions. Now we are on our way to my hood where August will spend with me three days, and yet I have still to fix up my dissertation plan and prepare a lecture for next week (sixty students!), will see how it goes!!

A Fri-day with little big August, waking up early, managing quite some work and then walking to town and getting in a storm of many sea birds (ought to check the spice) and meeting a Finn drunk but happy old man to the continue to the public library where i also did manage some work with August being busy going through the kid section. I guess we cut quite a figure together, walking as some sort of tough pair, myself with broken jeans and jacket and him with a military coat, both with boots. I wonder if I have not taken that from ██████████ from that very first meeting of ours. I found myself being very kind to August however, giving him small kisses and making things quite pleasant and magical to him like taking him to a science museum, a nice one with many experiments to be conducted, quite hands on and home made style. I was really active at first, also much filming but then my camera ran out of battery and I did manage to get some work done, also conceiving the last bit of my dissertation while seating on a sof, under a roof where water was puring (as part of an experiment) and my kid was playing freely... well then I guess I came up with my own little experiment with the addition that only one person at the time will be invited in my life and death chamber (my room) and I will be in audio/visual contact with them from Lamin's room, on a distance. After eating sushi and doing some shopping for more technology to put in my room, we ate some sushi (not that special) and came in my room again. I played a Western movie and set out to scan my drawings (I have hundreds and this is also maybe why my production has slowed in the recent month with also all the traveling). We then watched part of a very nice Russian documentary on life on the MIR space shuttle. It occurs to me that this is in fact becoming a space shuttle... As August was falling asleep I have exchanged some inflaming messages with my sweet Myrthe... I hope we keep it good minimizing any on the distance arguments, those are really awful!

A really beautiful spring day, totally the opposite of yesterday, rainy and gray and feeling rather down, not being able to work as I wanted to on my apartment (I just managed a shoe shelf, the hangers for my coats behind the small toilette to be and the hanging of the smoke machine). I was again in captivity, again a house wife unable to move with the bad weather out and a kid to be taken care at home. I did however managed to be out in the garden behind the house and explode fireworks (we got them from Mikael) and through cones at each other, August and I. It is amazing how kid makes you rediscover certain beautiful side of nature. In the evening we kept watching a Russian documentary out in space (also quite amazing the fact that once astronauts gets in space, all they seem to do i look down at the earth rather than look out in space... we get more narcissistic in this respect, like expats obsessed with their native country), anyhow I kept scanning hundreds of drawing (with the moving and traveling I got quite behind) and did forget to write in this Journal, but really I felt shit, particularly not hearing much from my beloved Myrthe. Today instead the weather grew super sunny and warm to the point that I took August in town and over a small rocky mountain overlooking the old city and beyond. We laid with on our winter jacket over the spongy grass and just appreciated the warm sun playing again soldiers. August impressed me though since he kept talking about me going back to his grandparents farm or having to meet with his mother. It is rather struggling to hear that and I have detected some tears in his eyes when he started to remember how I used to play with Ida and Wilma, how I was the only adult to spend time with them playing and making film. I bet they really miss me the girls but how to go back. I bet also Liselott now wishes me back. She looked really aged and skinny when I took them to eat some Thai noodles. I am very sorry for August and at last I came up with the idea that we should leave all these women behind and just go for an adventure the two of us, maybe Island or Scotland or the Alps, all places where he would know how to communicate. Something simple I guess. Overall we have fun together, this as long as we can be like men, roaming, moving. I thought of seating down with Liselott for some time and discuss over things but then, right then Myrthe started messaging me... is it some kind of telepathy? I went straight to the university instead, where I was planning to go from the beginning to solve some upcoming incubencies. I did manage to write an abstract for a summer school in England but first of all wrote to Myrthe... I spent the evenings thinking she took some sort of a break from me but wow, what beautiful e-mails she wrote me and how comprehensive she is. I just wish to fall in love without reservations and I wish for her the same. I guess my discussion this morning with August on the train on our way to town was really all centered around love, the love I gave to him, to his relatives farm and how this later was snubbed and at last given for granted. I guess there are in fact those who have much love to give, which could really construct a more beautiful world and than there is a great majority of conservative people hindering fro the most this, keeping the fake image and turning life so miserable. I don't think I will ever put my foot back in the farm until August will be the owner, it all in fact comes down to willing and to the sacrifice one accomplishes to pursue such willing (a willing now a days can be a very rare quality particularly in these socialist shores now contaminated by worldly ambitions).

I woke up that I felt I really had to exercise. I would normally do so but there has been so many a travel lately and the August and my kneesa bit in pain, not a big thing but I try not to overwork (I guess it is just the long standing with heavy bags... I ought to put some muscles there). I did stretching in my room, the center being completely empty and perfect for yoga. I went out but it was raining and there were working setting windows on the terrace. Well, this is a good news, I might get windows at last and my room will be rather silent with an extra space, a third room together with the big room and the small bathroom (if they will ever allow me to build it in the wardrobe). I then went to work and did training there instead. It went well, too bad though that one cannot shut the damn neon light and open the windows. I later tried to do some work but could not resist chatting with Myrthe, she was on-line and I was actually rather down and boring. i hope I can be more inspiring, she is such a nice girl, writing such nice e-mails and I do want someone on my side, the right kind of person this time. I felt quite confused then but I also figured that it was because I did not eat a thing for lunch. Later I went to pick up August and the afternoon went by just wit all this commuting around. We went back to the city though and it was fun walking with him, buying a RGB lamp and eating Asian noodles. We then went for a rehearsal with Mikael, Henrik and Jacek at the film school where he is studying and had booked a room for us. It went rather well, I was reading my dreams with a gas mask but there was no interplay between us and probably that was all the point about it, us with the mask, like social individuals in their own worlds. I am now heading home with August, his mother being at a party, I will have to sleep over on the sofa!

A quite productive day, waking up earlier than Napoleone and at dawn (and nowdawn with the advancing of the spring is really early) and getting the train to work where I managed to finlize my lecture for tomorrow, the first official lecture I will give at the university, in front of sixty students. I feel really okay with it as it all stuff I have acquired through years of autodidact passion, through years of exploration, I hope I can inspire them but will see. I have also arranged some friends to take part to it such as Davide, soon coming to visit (I have covered all his expenses) and Mervi who was however a bit reluctant although in the end she will get a website for free. The first thing I have done actually today, as I got into my tiny office now crowded with books (i have no books in my studio but the very essentials), the first thing was to read Myrthe. She usually writes me quite lat in the evening, when I am already sleeping. How beautifully she writes and what an intellectual affinity we seem to have. We often also exchange storms of messages with our mobile phones and there we are just uncontrollable, promising love to one another. I really have a good feeling for my angel and wish our relationship is meant to last, even if it is so precarious the fact that we live so separated and our future is uncertain. Maybe it is right this precariousness which makes us also so much more linked. At the end of the day I really want a companion to trust each other and to devote ourselves to one another particularly after all the crap one ought to go through like a seminar today comparing Russian and Swedish television. The study was interesting and I really like the Swedish old professor about to retire but I just could not get the Russian researcher who kept stirring exactly the same thing, just with many more ingredients that had little to do with it (political stuff as usual). Liselott later wrote me that she wants more freedom and I should have August even more (Christ, I took full care of him since he was born!). The fact is that I have a ticket for the States, just now that there was a bombing in Boston where we used to live, and the ticket is for two weeks. There is the usual MIT conference but I also wished to refamiliarize with the city and visit my good friends... Jason, Panagiotis and possibly my biological father who actually never got back to me. It was however too expensive to change and I will have to be in the States for all that time, a good time for filming I guess. Hopefully I will be fit, I feel fit but I am a bit worry about my knees (too much standing with a heavy backpack?).At home, in my room, I have managed quite some work, hanging equipment on the prototyping wall and cleaning for when Davide will come!

I always feel rather sad living August at his mother, alone in that fireside that you used to be our family. The pain is no longer that piercing though as it used to be few months ago when I saw no other options but to separate, when I sort of let the circumstances decide for me rather than take any drastic decision. I am in fact very open for negotiations but finally today with Liselott we have signed the divorce agreement. I find it both right for her to start a new life and for Myrthe although to marry was never my decision and just came before we moved to China. Today I had, for the first time a lecture at my new university, a lecture with sixty students but I really held up to them very well, I have to say, never ceasing to speak for hours. I believe not everyone understood me or got inspired by my lecture, but some of them later followed me and we had a nice chat mostly concerned with holding up to one's passion and the master to slave relationship that is usual to working environment where the passion ceases and life becomes so unbearable. So things move on, more or less planned. Unfortunately my senior colleagues caught me in the corridor today and they involved me in one of their project too... I could not refuse particularly not when it is my Critical and Cultural Theory old professor, who is such a nice guy. I am seating out on the metro platform now, it is already time for bed or at least to do my drawings but life is a bit hectic with all these commuting, although I don't complain particularly today, waking up