

was rather speeded, my knees responding good and being always ahead. Now I am seating in the corridor of the 15th floor, on the ground waiting for Panagiotis to open up.

I started the day very early, showering and hitting the road immediately the weather being sunny but still rather cold. I walked through a pretty run down part of Cambridge really now experiencing the dirt and misery of certain streets, feeling rather miserable myself in fact. Also, the conference didn't start until noon and just went from place to place to update my project and my presentation this avoiding to meet my old American colleagues with whom I broke up abruptly (it was a bit inevitable though since I have been back in the old office to photograph a wearable computer, the dream of the future, forgotten in a cabinet and covered with dust). Nick Montfort, maybe one of the few persons with whom I kept a bit of a feeling here at MIT, at last asked me to meet up and I went to his office to deliver him all of my films. They will be shown tomorrow, chronologically and for several hours, nothing else. I was rather surprised in the conference to hear this rather talk show like way of talking. Isn't there a meeting point between the American entertaining way of discussing things and the too serious and sophisticated way Europeans do it (this avoiding the enigmatic Chinese style)? The conferences kept on in this fashion through other panels, rather interesting in fact but never too deep or enlightening. As a matter of fact I felt sad, this because I did not hear anything from Myrthe and as I was trying to write her she got back to me in a long e-mail and caught on a chat. We have been for all section talking and exchanging our love, it was so beautiful, so intimate. Certainly a lot of love to be cultivated with my companion. Later I went off with some Italians, one of them a researcher with who we had discussed quite much. I have to say though that I am not an enthusiast of all these conferences discusses, all this mass media stuff. I am certainly more into cultural studies, an hermeneutics of culture, an inspiring preacher looking for the potential of conveying something higher and spiritual through media than vulgar gossips and sharing of fetishism. I will head home to Panagiotis now, I just wear a shirt and it is quite cold, so I will see...

A pretty good day, my day both screening my work, presenting it and listening to very related talks. I again walked over and probably woke up too early, feeling a bit overfed at least mentally but in reality finding the talks quite easy to handle and myself feeling quite fluent in talking and posing quite related questions. Several old acquaintances came over and I really didn't attend the seminars but that of some Dutch scholars based in my angel's hometown... just slowly getting to know them so I might be able to set food there or something... slow future plans. Later I met many interesting people at the reception all thanks to the showing of my project, some very brilliant an interesting like an Halifax Professor and a New Jersey teacher working with forgetting rather than memory. I am dead tired now but Panagiotis and James are watching a documentary seating on my bed...

Seating out in the terrace once again but feeling rather melancholic this time. I have got good reception of my work at the exhibit yesterday and my supervisors did not seem to have reacted negatively on my presentation but then today I have marched once more to the conference attended the speeches while updating my project and also had the idea of interviewing Nick Montfort. He was really open to that and took me to his lab showing me all of his machines, a collection of old computers in which he develops a bit of code to simulate famous art works. It was nice to let him talk since we have a bit of problems otherwise to communicate, probably having very different ideas. What gave me a bit of anxiety I guess, was later when I offered to scout my Swedish supervisor and director, Staffan and Goran, to the nice places I know in town. There were a lot of concerts and all was quite beautiful and alive but initially we had again quite some hard time talking to each other. It went better later when I took them to Little Italy, very charming in fact but then on the way back Staffan wanted me to be clear about my spending an extra week abroad. The fact is that I wanted to visit ██████ originally and I cannot be like them flying in and out over the course of a few days. I really want my independence and being able to seat and write, do my work and be filled of inspirations, communicate something and for now I feel I am compensating from all the knowledge acquired in the past months, as if I wanted to become ignorant again, mentally virgin. I have enjoyed walking over the past week, it has been a lot of work. What Staffan doesn't understand is that vacations for me are three times more work. I want to write to little Myrthe now, a bird at this high altitude is calling...

I did not write in my Journal yesterday for several reasons, first I was much taken chatting with Myrthe off and on and getting quite crazy in love to the point that it was rather embarrassing having Panagiotis away and going through all these passionate interchanges with her. I also managed to talk to August on-line with my and his camera on, talking real time. It was fun and I felt like ██████ when I was leaving here and we were communicating in this fashion and he was showing me the stuff in his studios, playing with guys and doing funny things. I think I should get back to him but he did not answer to my e-mail asking him if I could have come to see him in Montreal. I am sort of condemned to keep up all these distance relationships but it is not all that bad, as Ermanno Olmi, the Italian film maker living in my village, showed almost ahead of his time, one can be much closer on a distance. I love the way in his movies he shows the tragedy of contemporary society but gives hope to people, this hope being namely "love". I think I understood that, ultimately it is "love" which can save us. The worst though, as I have experienced, it is to give a lot of love and not receive it back. Anyway, I also felt like I had to get work done and I was really diligent yesterday to grade all my sixty students. The fact is that, because of the perplexity of my supervisor, almost implying that I am not working enough, I felt very anxious. I have much I want to write also, topics which are particularly close to me like immigration and so forth, but on the other side I feel a bit of a block as the seniors start judging me and telling me that this is not the way I should write (I still did not make "academically proper" the theory course paper). I did in fact write to Staffan why in reality I wanted to stay longer in the States. Obviously my main reason is that I do not want to take such a long journey without a proper exploration of the local surrounding, for me that implies killing not only the nature I visit but also my own. The reason I gave him was instead that, as I have originally planned, I wanted to visit ██████ in Canada. Back to work now as I am soon leaving for New York City.

In New York City after five hours of bus ride with Audrey, my old Chinese Indonesian friend who took so much good care of August when we lived here. Almost two years I don't set foot in the big apple and it is nice to realize how many true friends I have in this part of the world. Brian House was there waiting for me at the bus station and off we were to Central Park and off I was interviewing him in that beautiful premises. How related the two of us are, quite much in the same line of thought. It was a bit hard to split from him again, we were never in a major hike together as much as we have always wished to do it and he is possibly now ready to have kids since, like me he has started his doctoral research. It was in fact a bit shocking for him to hear about Liselott and I separated. I was in fact a model of a person for him, being so much on the road with August. What to say, it would have certainly be nice to keep together and I want to keep together with August but all this conventional mentality hindering any playfulness from the side of the family was really a drag. I am off to Jason now, long time I haven't seen him and I guess we are even more friends, probably with Davide and Jacek, one of my very best and with whom I went through much adventures and stuff. Tomorrow is supposed to rain though, too bad, I want to head out and film but also my left knee hurts a bit, it was a long marching today with my heavy back pack across Boston to the bus station. I was really telling myself I should avoid to be exposed to big crowd where danger lays but in fact ended up in the place of the recent bombing. I did not get so moved this time, too many people and all photographing. Audrey was nice though but I really dislike to tell all these recently married couples about my separation, I am so constructive and optimistic and can endure so much that this feels really a somewhat of a failure, or at least it sounds so in their ears, bringing a bit of a shadow, but I do want to be successful in life, mainly I guess with my project, or positioning this project, this playful celebration of life as the main objective.

I woke up in Brooklyn today, Jason has a really great apartment comprising of three floors and I got the bottom one. There is also a terrace and an opening to Manhattan. Imagine how mashed up I had to live with Liselott and August and this guy has this fantastic place but I don't envy him not even his position in big institutions or anything of the kind as I think the substance can easily corrupt in such places. But let's start from the beginning. I woke up that it was raining quite heavily and Jason was already gone to his sister's graduation in Boston (Audrey will be also graduating in the same nurse school). I actually from the very beginning felt rather in need of my Myrthe and she was right away available to exchange love messages and erotic ones (we balance love and lush very well). After the exchange I felt rather good and could get quite a lot of work done (this in the second floor of the apartment where I finally have a table). I had quite much to digitize with all the walking and exploring I have been doing lately. It worked out though and later I was able to finally go out and walk through Brooklyn, over the bridge and cross Manhattan. The fact is that Brooklyn was quite a tough place, mostly black living here and it was not all that easy to film myself traversing. Well, I had a black jersey with a hat I found on the street, that gave me at least a bit of a rough look. By the time I crossed the lower end of Manhattan and reached the water, it was sunny and I also turned rather sunny within, enjoying to explore the city I though I knew quite well. I am back at Jason's place now and really ought to eat, because of the rain I was just smuggling some of his nuts here and there (he almost has no food and I guess just goes to restaurant a lot but they are not all that affordable). Finally also I will be able to draw tonight, away from all tele-communicating technology, in peace and alone with my discipline.

It was rain again when I woke up in the black Brooklyn loft. It was very early and I managed all my work but did not really think to chat with Myrthe as we did that a lot yesterday but in fact we spent hours chatting and having fun and going from laughter to total love and even crying, wow, what a companion. I just nothing will come on our to separate us but I have always been rather late with my sentimental development somehow, growing a beard and I guess also hormone wise so now it is the time for real love, a love after years of battles I guess, like that of a retired soldier I feel, although I was pretty much adventurous. Well, at the beginning I was not, I took the metro to Time Square to do some filming, mostly picking discarded fliers in Broadway but then somehow made it to Central Park. I slept there on a rock when a little bird, a courageous bird moved me out. From then on it was a world of discoveries, turtle, fishes small cascades and the sound of an highland pipe performed in the bushes by a skilled Nova Scotia guy (somehow I mostly manage to hook up with highlanders). I was then training and doing my Asian gymnastic, also for the first time standing on my head without tree to rescue me (I want to surprise Myrthe for her birthday next week as she always stood on her head when she was little). Later I discovered the 3600 years old needle of Cleopatra, a full standing obelisk which I dared to climb over and feel the energy, and what a energy, I was shaking. Is this obelisk bringing the energy to the city? One more millennium and an half and it will be moved again... I felt good, maybe not the same now in the metro, I hate all this commuting and I still have at least one year and an half commuting to go to pick August at school until he will manage by himself. Liselott demanded that next weekend, when Myrthe is here, August will be with me and we both agree to go for the challenge, gush, I really love that girl.

A day with Jason at last, at the beginning being a bit weird feeling myself the European artist and him the American curator but at last finding common ground in cultural theory and him putting me quite comfortable asking all sorts of questions about my family and so forth. As he was out in lower Manhattan to his prestigious residency, I walked around China town, now also engulfing little Italy. At first I was not really likening such a brutal multitude in such an ugly context but then got reimmersed in my time in China... My eyes are closing now, we walked back via Manhattan Bridge...

I woke up rather early in the Brooklyn loft, a Sunday. Jason revealed himself to be a good friend, spending quite much time with me walking, taking me this morning to Prospect park where I was once already with August building a wooden shelter and exploring. Jason really took me to the nice areas, and I mean, the rainy weather and the blossoming spring and the trees uprooted by the recent storm Sandy, and our conversations ranging from our grandparents at war (both have written a book) and cultural theory stuff, made the morning really special. Too bad I have to leave him but really, since my separation I really got back engaged with my old time friends and I love it and now I know I need them. As I was heading to the bus station, my camera, the little camera I use with my left hand to take pictures of every object I use, the button of my camera stopped clicking and on the bus, aside from going through old photos to make a musical portrait of my Swedish relatives, I have been trying to fix the camera (I have a reserve camera but even that one had a not working button). I did manage somehow, with some old tape and so forth, ought to make it better but tomorrow I am anyway leaving the States and will be reaching my base. To get that project going is really important as it is the very fundament and base of anything else. Sometime I feel that the project started with Liselott and its destiny being quite connected to her, or at least the fact that I wanted to construct the photo wall in her country place, but usually now I feel more like that the trip and permanence up North provided me with the skill, and now, like a hero, I can make preparations to leave, or at least I am testing this with my small trips, yet there is still quite a way to go... Now to Panagiotis and James, we are good friends I guess by now and I got them a tea boiler from China town in Manhattan as they did not have one and drunk quite some tea...

I write rather earlier than usual today in my Journal that really started here in this city of Cambridge some years ago, this city of humanists in which I lived more as a bump, in which I have struggled, walking with a chart for miles across the snow with my kid to get some cheaper veggies. Well, now, this time I came more as an intellectual, or at least an academic in the big university business but really managed, this time unofficially, to keep up my poetry of survival, hitting the road covering perhaps a hundred miles on foot, feeling in fact like my ancestors, reviving ██████ who lived as a bump not so far from here, my grandfather retreating as a soldier from Russia and all those I imagine to be shepherds, hunters, smugglers and foot soldiers, people hitting the road and surviving in way that I like to do, in a way that charges me of good thinking worth communicating or better a good understanding of humanity, as slowly different understandings get now fixed in my brain and I would know where to retrieve them. The bus trip yesterday and the trip to come tonight have in fact a little distorted me. I felt really good this morning and got quite some work done but then, as I was retracing my New York walking I started feeling the symptoms of my rare headaches, the right eye getting totally blurry and took it easy. Myrthe I guess saved me and we chatted together, her being at her mother. I then was most diligent cleaning up, doing grocery and dishes, namely taking care of myself, which is really (and this will be my thesis) at the base of a good being also in respect with all others and the environment. Am I some very minor form of Saint Augustine at the time of the Empire collapse? Probably not but it feels that the times are changing and supposedly it is love one should care to cultivate, ultimately.

Nearing my base, my one room space here in the Swedish suburbs. Overall, the door to door trip lasted exactly eighteen hours, this due to all the security checks and all the transportations to and from the airports. If I had the choice I would really take the boat or something, travel terrestrially and no longer embark on such a long journey for only a few weeks (and my supervisors were oversea only for a few days but then they might like the plane experience with liquor and other pleasures). If I was not exploring terrestrially I did however manage to explore the mind of the people traveling with him, meeting a lady grown up right below my mountains who married some half a century ago, an American soldier and moved with him to New Hampshire, an happy generation with work stability and a house to grow a garden, what a difference... I would never betray a land but I do betray a society that makes me betray a land because of their romantic detachment and only vision of conformism and quick enrichment through natural exploitation. It is very sunny and a nice dry climate here in Sweden. I did not have to go pick up August as his grandfather is there helping his mother setting back up the wall I had thrown down. Well, I would have had problems with this heavy bag to go to him and then home, so it was a bit of a blessing. I still don't have internet home though and it is a big temptation since Myrthe and I are in such a good feeling and get so inflated chatting with one another!

A very productive day despite waking up rather early due to my jet lag. I really went back to my routine, the daily update of my project and then later went to work with many things, mostly administrative being done. In the middle of the day I also started preparing visuals for my lectures tomorrow (no writings but just visual triggers to enhance and not replace my oral thinking). I soon felt asleep on my desk, probably for an hour, from which I finished my presentation and even went as far as fixing up all the equipment I need to show the students some hardware prototyping. I really enjoy teaching, sharing my acquired knowledge as much as I share my food and some money with Lamin who still has problem fixing his British visa to escape this country. Later I went to the gym and met another Italian researcher smoking outside. His name is Francesco, a good fellow who was also left by his Swedish girlfriend and has now to visit a therapist (I generally avoid that considering my practice a therapy). I am heading home now, quite satisfied with my worked out Self, although I did not eat a thing throughout the day (forgot my lunch box in the fridge) and talked only briefly to my love, to who I wrote a nice morning e-mail explaining the way from the airport to the city center, while I will pair up August and Lamin at a nice park, before we all meet (quite an ethnic diversity, very unique group in these civilized societies). I also wrote a nice and quite long letter of recommendation for Jacek today, hopefully he too will get his doctorate position and get out of the social enslavement.

Still a very early awakening with a beautiful but still cold weather outside now that days are getting so abnormally long. After my project updating I have been cleaning up all the kitchen, this without avoiding to get a bit of fits of rage for Lamin who does not seem to respect so much anything, just being very sloppy and I believe also quite lazy (the good initial intention is always there but soon come less). I guess it is not only a racial issue but also a generation and particularly the fact that he does not see a prospect in my apartment nor in this country (meantime I have given him more money to escape to England). I was then off to the university, feeling quite fresh, still benefiting from my American walks and mental relaxation. I am however keeping up with several readings and this technology of the self described by Foucault is really inspiring. I feel like deeping back in these old authors that are more belonging to my tradition, the ones that the protestants have gone over and left aside. At school I gave a two hours lecture, kept talking non stop, really coming up with interesting concept out of my visual scheme I have meditated yesterday. It is amazing how little and how little culture students have, I mean general culture, completely missing. Nonetheless I was very fluent, very eloquent but also very simple I supposed. I later had lunch on the rock with Francesco, the Italian guy I have met yesterday and Marco, a nice German guy filled with humor. In the afternoon I was shopping a bit of electronic equipment for my upcoming lectures. It was nice to meet August later, he seemed very relaxed and surprised me how much he took from me, being in his classroom letting small kids dragging him around as used to do with him and his cousins. There was some kind of small refreshment with cakes the kid had bake at school and I once again talked to the Swedish German father of August's friend, a man who must have been a military high in rank and who has made a bunch of money and yet seems quite violent in his discourses and talks about criminals and political parties. I am really tired now on the way to the apartment but try to keep awake... still the jet lag hitting. At home Liselott have put up a wall some decimeters away from where I had demolished. There was nothing of the transparency and glass opacity I had suggested, all that job with that ugly cement in vane... just confirming how freaking conservative and conformists are these people I have dealt with for years. I mean, it was a good thing to learn much from then, till I had things to learn.

Once again woke up way too early and getting things done quite promptly to the go to school and fix all sort of minor things (I am also now taking first steps to get permission to build the little toilette in my room closet), and talked to Myrthe, which is also very nice, I am chatting real time with it is like a flow of thoughts, very dialectic rather than me writing on her and vice versa (those correspondences can be very nice as well sometime, as small chapters of a novel, particularly after an adventure). I then six hours of teaching I have to say that the students were really happy and really liked my playful way of teaching, laughing hard and non stop, having really a good time. Outside it was sunny and the sun was warm and during lunch now I go up the big rock