

Cologne and stopped in a beer garden just west of it. There I ate a salad and the children some fries before making it to a nice an warm lake to swim and have fun splashing one another and trying to learn the children how to swim. The last stretch home the children slept and I arrived that also my old friend Davide just arrived by train from Hamburg running away from one of his possessive girls. He then told me all about it while we downloaded the trailer of all the pasta and sauces and flours and cans we brought from Italy. For dinner Myrthe made us a nice lasagna and after eating we walked to take the children for an ice-cream.

Yesterday I updated my project baking bread and then ate breakfast with Davide before taking him and Silvester down the old dike and to the old mine. There we swam despite a blue algae making sure we did not drink any of it and then walked along the river back to town. At home I made a salad and after eating took a nap on the sofa and drew with Silvester playing on my side. In the afternoon we picked Livia up from school and then took Davide to pick plumbs up on the trees. From there we walked back to the river and then to do grocery with Silvester in the stroller. For dinner my old friend made noodles with veggies and we ate outside before in the evening watching "Harmonium", a cute Japanese thriller.

Yesterday I updated my project and then walked with Myrthe and the kids to school. It was little Silvester's first day at I felt proud but at the same time sad feeling that a chapter of taking care of the children full time now came to an end. He actually liked the class environment and we left him playing with his sister before Myrthe went to work and I did my tai-chi and then went home to eat the bread I baked with Davide. Later he sat off with the electric bike up river while I wrote an essay and then hang the laundry. After eating some leftover salad I walked to pick Silvester from school and then together we fixed his and his mother bikes with flat tires. We then got to bike to get Livia from school and she came back with her little friend Isabeau. As the children played I prepared a soup and talked with Davide. After eating also Myrthe came home and I drew before taking a nice walk with my friend down the river with the sun setting over it.

Yesterday I updated my project and then drove with the family and Davide to the Biesbosch where we rented a canoe and paddled through the cute blossoming channels of the swamp. It was fun to make it below very low bridges all the way to bigger channels. At last we reached a small island with a tiny beach where we ate some of the bread I baked before swimming despite the motor boats and Dutch people with their dogs. Back in the quiet swamp we immersed ourselves in the landscape with birds and the wild vegetation before reaching back the rental place. From there we drove Livia to judo and at home I drew and then roasted the rest of the bread in small cubes to be eaten with the leftover soup. In the evening Davide and I took Silvester for an ice-cream and then tried to watch the super talkative and radioactive American movie "Oppenheimer".

Yesterday I updated my project and then went out with Davide to get some salad. We ate it at home with some red-beats and then fetched Silvester from school and biked all together to the lake. The weather was gray but I anyway swam across it before chatting with Davide while my boy played nicely with the sand. Back home we cooked some falafel and steamed potatoes and after eating drew and chatted of Davide many incredible adventures. In bed I began to read of Orwell's memoirs of his living in a Parisian slum.

Yesterday I updated my project and then biked the children to school. I then did my tai-chi before getting the ferry with Davide across the river and bike all the way to the hills in Doorn. There we parked the bikes and walk through the beautiful forest to a big opening where we sat under a big tree with the rain pouring on the purple heather outside chatting and eating the bread I baked. As the rain stopped we kept walking to a big crater in the landscape. After trying to walk around it we had to walk all the way back up again on a long staircase. After crossing a meadow we reached our bikes and made it back to our village. At home I drew and then we ate some carrots and pees and potatoes before watching a bit of an American adventure film. Waiting for the children to sleep I chatted a lot with them.

Yesterday I updated my project, baked bread and drove with Davide to a nice small desert east of Osterwijk. Having crossed it we stumbled upon some beautiful wild horses who started chasing Davide or better the carrots he kept in his backpack. On top of a small hill grazed by the horses we ate my bread and talked for a long time. In the afternoon we visited the busy and messy Tilburg and then I drove my dear friend to the airport and made it back home. After showering I ate a salad with veggies and beans and finally installed myself in the attic to resume my work there and then as the children came back from the blues festival in town I brought them to bed while drawing and chatting. In the evening I wrote and then in bed kept reading Orwell's experience with poverty.

Yesterday I updated my project, cooked pasta and drove with the family once again to Osterwijk where we met Myrthe's father and walked with him through the forest to the meadows. THis time instead of the wild horses I found with Davide we found a lot of cows spread out in the landscape. After eating the pasta I made under a red pine we kept on our walk with the sky getting increasingly darker. As a storm sat in we quickly made it to our cars and drove into Osterwijk where the children had some hot chocolate. As the rain stopped we did some grocery and drove home. For dinner I baked some potatoes and aubergines and after eating I massaged Myrthe on the sofa and watched a bit of a Japanese film before going to bed to read the superlative account of Orwell trying to survive in the Parisian slums.

Yesterday I updated my project, baked bread and then walked the children to school with their little umbrella and a light rain. After making a drawing together Sam the baker stopped me to ask if I want to try to import some used bread making machines from Italy. Walking home I stopped at the skateboard field to do some tai-chi and then wrote an essay. For lunch I ate some leftover pasta and then picked Silvester up from school. Together we kept at the Swedish playground and then walked home with Livia and little Juliette. As the children played I prepared a veggie soup and after eating it drew, talked with August on the phone and brought the children bed. In the evening Myrthe and I finished watching "After the Storm" from the Chinese Japanese filmmaker Kore-eda.

Yesterday I updated my project, baked bread and then got the children ready to school. I even had time to write an essay and afterwards walked to the city center to get veggies and fruit at the market. After eating some leftover pasta I picked Silvester up from school and then cut some grass in the garden and drew before walking back to school to pick Livia and her little Indonesian friend Nalani. Back home I left the children playing and read some Jacques Ellul. For dinner I cooked the leftover soup with pasta and later went out with the children to get a Murray Bookchin book I ordered and a bag of flour. In the small square we met Renate who was seating with her big pregnant belly and I let Livia and Silvester play with her twin daughters. Back home Myrthe brought the children to bed and I finished to watercolour an illustration while listening to a rare and most exciting speech by Bookchin. In bed I read more of Orwell.

Yesterday I updated my project and then played with the children in the attic making some tags for them with the laser printer and drawing. As the rain ceased we walked with Myrthe out to the city center and from there I walked to the dentist to get my teeth cleaned up. Later we walked home all together. Back home I made some humus and we ate it with the bread I baked. In the afternoon I drew with Livia also drawing a butterfly while Myrthe went out with Silvester to get his hairs cut. Later I had some time to write an essay and record a lecture before eating some tortellini. In the evening I started reading the Lewis Mumford while the children played very nicely. Later I put them to bed and watched Francois Truffaut's "Stolen Kisses" based in Paris as much as Orwell's book I kept reading in the evening.

Yesterday the mosquitoes woke me up that was still dark in the camping. I then got in the barn to update my project but it was cold and I had to walk outside to warm me up. After some tai-chi the family also woke up and we ate some breakfast before packing and driving to the natural reserve in Rheden. I once visited with my Iranian artist friend Fatima and I really looked forward to see it again but it was full of cars. We were lucky enough to find a spot and took a long walk from there up and down the little hills with the children playing on the fallen trees. Lastly we walked down a road with giant beeches standing like the columns of a cathedral next it. It lead us to an opening with a nice café were the children ate a slice of cake each and hanged like little Tarzans on tree ropes. Having walked back to the car we checked out the hills blossomed with purple heathen and then drove back home. After unpacking I cooked some tortellini for the children and a soup for Myrthe and I. Later I was very tired but had the energy to draw and write.

Yesterday I updated my project and then biked with Myrthe and the children to school. It was quite crowded and I was happy to leave and have some time to do tai-chi and then to write at home. I also managed to make quite some phone calls to help Sam with some Italian baking machines he wants to import from Italy. After a salad and the bread I made I picked Silvester up from school and biked along side with him back home where I drew and hanged a laundry. Outside it felt like summer again and after picking Livia up from school I made it with Silvester to the Swedish playground where I met up with Marco and his in-laws from India. The mother-in-law seemed very nice and sweet while the father kept on denying everything I was saying and I just gave up talking to him. Simon also arrived with Olivia and Filippa and it was nice to meet up and discuss about the one thing we have in common, unemployment. Back home Myrthe had prepared some Vietnamese rolls for us and we ate before I want to the attic to answer the accountant about some Swedish saving accounts the Dutch tax authorities discovered, accounts that have been closed for years. Later we kept a bit more outside to enjoy the weather and after taking the children to bed I wrote.

Yesterday I updated my project way too early and had to go back to bed. After biking the children to school I did tai-chi and ran along the river. Back home I did some writings and then biked to the market to get some veggies and then to the Arab shop on the other side of town to buy fresh yeast. At home I ate some salad and then biked little Silvester from school. As he played I drew just on time to fetch Livia from school and bring her with her brother to eat an ice-cream with Aisha and baby Kai. It was very hot and after eating some noodles with veggies I kept the children outside to play. In the evening they could not fall asleep but I anyway managed some more writings and later in bed I read quite a bot of Orwell.

Yesterday I updated my project in the middle of the night and had to go back to bed. After biking the children to school I did tai-chi and then went back home to write an introduction to my project. Later I used buttermilk to paint the lower part of the attic window so that the neighbours cannot look at me and me at them when I work. After eating some sweet potatoes I picked Silvester up from school and biked to the lake. It was windy however and it took us some time to reach it. There we played several times in the water and in between I read some Mumford. Marco also arrived with Jade and her Indian grandfather and I even got to meet Daniele, another Italian who grew up by coincidence in Schio. As Silvester got hungry we biked back and at home ate some pasta Myrthe cooked for us. Later I brought the children to sleep and then drew and in bed read more of Orwell's time as a waiter in Paris which reflected Mumford description of working in a mine.

Yesterday I updated my project and got the children ready for school before going to do tai-chi and run by the river and weight lift at home. I also managed to write one more essay and walk to the biological supermarket to get flour and veggies. After eating a salad with beets I picked the children up from school with the van and drove to the lake. There we rented a board and with the children on top I canoed to the high and fresh water far out of the crowd. After diving and having much fun the children played by themselves and I read more of Mumford fascinating historical accounts on technological development and then we made it home to eat the rice and veggies Myrthe had cooked for us. After drawing, the children went to bed and I wrote and then watched Mumford's long fascinating documentary on the city and its ugly development.

Yesterday I updated my project, wrote an essay and then biked with the family to the lake. It was very foggy and there was no one there but I either way dared to swim in the absolute calmness all across. By the time I crossed the lake back the sun had made it through the thick curtain of clouds and the beach started populating with hundreds of visitors. Hanneke also arrived with her family and we ate the humus I made with the bread I baked. Later I had the kids diving over and over again with their classmate Moos and his sister. As I was putting Silvester in the water he got a bad cut in the back of his foot and I had to bike him home and put him in front of the television while I cooked a soup. In the evening we all ate and then I drew and wrote before going to bed to read of Orwell back in miserable London.

Yesterday I updated my project and biked with the family to the station. From there we took the train to the south of Utrecht and made our usual walk through the cemetery and up the old railroad. It was very hot and Livia was not herself with diarrhea and new teeth growing in the back of her mouth. We then stopped at a playground and ate the bread I made with some cheese and cherry tomatoes. Form there we managed to reach the Wilhelmina park where the children had fun climbing up the tall rope structure. After they ate an ice-cream we walked back to the city and stumbled upon some small concerts. At last we made it to the small party of Christina who got to become the leader of the master program in Myrthe's academy. The students were mostly Asian parvenus and the teachers strictly female so I just focused on the the children and soon made it home where we ate the leftover soup with a small pasta. In the evening I felt deadly tired and just managed to draw and then read Orwell in bed.

Yesterday I updated my project and then walked the children to school. Silvester's little friend was not there and my boy cried when I left, reminding me so much of the struggle I had to undertake when August was little and he had to attend school from early on. After doing tai-chi and running I did some weight lifting and wrote before biking to the Arab shop to buy some fresh yeast and really filthy and half rot veggies. At home I ate a salad and then picked Silvester up and biked with him to the football field to play a bit. It was too warm though and I just got him some strawberries before biking home again. After drawing I cooked some veggies and after eating I first cut the grass outside and filled the compost bin and then wrote.

Yesterday I updated my project, biked the children to school, did tai-chi and then went back home to write. After eating some leftover veggies I picked Silvester from school and also brought home his little curly blond buddy Joes. I then let the two play and picked walnuts and then drew. Later Myrthe came home with Livia and I cooked a pasta with a romanesco broccoli. After eating I kept of writing and as the kids went to bed I watched with Myrthe the beautiful Pietro Marcello's movie "Martin Eden". In the evening I read of Orwell's life as a tramp going from one spike to another in England.

Yesterday I updated my project and walked with the family out to the chicken zoo. There the children fed the hamsters and I did tai-chi and then we walked through the suburbs to the city farm. The veggies were so expensive there that I just got some bananas and walked through the eco-village to the second hand shop and then back home. By the time we arrived Silvester had quite some fever and had to go to bed. After eating leftover pasta Myrthe brought Livia to judo and I did some writings. For dinner I made a soup while Silvester ate noodles and felt better. In the evening I brought the children to bed and prepared an illustration while listening to Bookchin.

Yesterday I updated my project, biked the children to school, did my training and then wrote. Later I picked Silvester up from school before lunch to make sure he felt well and together we biked back home to eat some pasta and the leftover soup. After drawing we went back out and I got him and ice-cream and then made it to the supermarket to scavenge for discounted food. At home I cooked corn cobs and French chicken for the children while I ate some tofu. Later we played some old Italian songs and watched a silly Italian comedy before the children went to bed and I resumed my writings. After Myrthe came home from a dinner with a friend we chatted and then went to bed for reading and caresses.

Yesterday I updated my project, biked the children to school and did tai-chi. Later I had a lot of time to write and then some Brussels sprouts before picking Silvester up and go with him to the supermarket. At home I cleaned up and drew and then picked Livia up to school and came back also with Maria's children who played nicely with Silvester and Livia in the playground behind our house while I read some Mumford and assisted them. For dinner I cooked veggies with some vegetarian schnitzels and fries Myrthe bought for us. In the evening I wrote and then finished an illustration while listening to Bookchin describing the American New Left he so much took part of.

Yesterday I updated my project and then walked to the Swedish playground where we met Fiorlaba with Daniela and her lesbian friend from Sardinia. After talking to them we went back home and ate a salad before I cleaned the kitchen and the bathroom and then drove with the family to take a walk in Buren. The little town was very peaceful and the sun still warm enough to have teenagers jumping in the river. After the children ate an ice-cream we drove to the camping where Sam and Maria have an old bus turned into a cabin. Also bobby was there cooking in a portable oven and I started cutting wood to feed it. Meanwhile the children played very nice together and in the end got to eat paella with myself being the only vegetarian. As it got dark we managed to leave right before the rain.

Yesterday I updated my project and then drove with the kids to Cas' cabin while Myrthe biked with her father despite the bad weather. We then all squeezed in to celebrate the birthday of both Silvester and Ivo's daughter. After everyone but me ate cake we took a walk in the forest. I tried to be very social and engage in conversations but Livia did not feel well and I focused on her. Later we ate toasts and then I took a walk by myself. On our way back Livia got a fever and I just put her to bed and then ate some Indonesia fried rice Myrthe and her father prepared. After Silvester fell asleep I tested a new version of the program August built to animate the various parts of my project. The rest of the evening I drew and read more of the terrible life of tramps in London as experienced by Orwell.

Yesterday I updated my project then kept with the children at home. As the weather got better I put poor sick Livia in the stroller and Silvester followed with his step. We made it through the old town buying veggies and some chicken bones I used to cook a soup for Livia. She did get better from it but then in the afternoon we went to Simon and she ate a cinnamon roll he baked and she