

restarted an account where to place all the videos of my presentations and ate the leftover pancakes with Myrthe while uploading. We then got ready to go out and enjoy the nice day, biking south and discovering a very nice property with old buildings and dikes. We sat by a small river close to Dell to eat sandwiches and then biked on to Galdermalsen which was not as pretty. Also on the way back we just biked on the main road but were soon back to Culemborg where there was a big market with musicians and people we knew. back home I updated my Website and then prepared a red beat salad with goat cheese. Later we watched the news showing a new earthquake in Central Italy and I did my drawings.

Yesterday I updated my project, did my tai-chi and then finished doing changes in my thesis. I then sent everything to Stina and moved around some classes I will have before Christmas. At lunch I ate some old cuscus and then read some Seneca in bed before dismantling the inner walls of the chicken house and making quite some fire wood. Myrthe's father came quickly over and later I took a small walk by the river even if there were way too many unleashed dogs and did not feel comfortable. Back home I did my drawings, watched the news and prepared a pasta for me and Myrthe.

Yesterday I was up early and updated my project and did my tai-chi before taking the train with Myrthe to Den Haag. She has some holidays now but we both worked on the way there me fixing up the Stoics 10 commandments and coming up with the term stwoicism, a combination of stowing and stoicism. In Den Haag we first went to get me a vaccination in preparation for India. It turned out that also my basic vaccinations had expired already ten years ago so I renewed them for the upcoming ten years plus I got a shot for typhus. It was all very expensive but luckily later I had Camiel museum card and we went to the a famous painting museum in the city. I briefly met Sharon Tamar and got in the museum feeling not at ease with so much luxury, particularly now that I am writing on stoicism. Myrthe felt that but then we were happy back together and I took her to a Lebanese small place to eat a oven baked role. After going a bit around the non-charming city, we got back my passport with the India visa and checked a few lighter cameras for me to bring on the trip. We waited for the train back in the library and later at home after a salad I bought an apparently good compact camera.

Yesterday Myrthe and I took it easy. I updated my project and went with her to the vet to give yet another expensive shot to Nero. Then we drove to the dump to empty the stuff I collected from the chicken house and later we found a cute Jewish second hand with many nice things to buy for kids. Back home I kept updating my project and did some training with my new weights. Myrthe cooked some scrambled eggs and in the afternoon I read some Seneca and then pulled the leaves up in the garden and cut some more wood for the fire out of the chicken house old walls. In the evening I made my drawings and we watched a nice Polanski movie while I sewn small hooks on my camera pouches to lock them when I will travel.

Yesterday I did a quick update and hit the road with Myrthe to Belgium. It was quite a long drive and did not feel so happy when we reached a natural reserve in the Ardenne. We started walking on a quite monotonous landscape and even ended up along the road but then I looked at the map and made a plan to go down in a small valley. There it was really beautiful walking by a river getting increasingly bigger. My shows got all soaked wet but we decided to continue, eating only nuts and peanut butter sandwiches. On the way back Myrthe was fast although a little tired. It felt like walking in the savannah and managed to reach the car before sunset. The way to Myrthe's brother in Maastricht was supposed to be short but there were traffic jams and took longer. Ivo and Karen were nice however and we got some good Mexican food and got into nice chats.

Yesterday I woke up in the cold Maastricht house and updated my project seating on the side of the bed. I later joined Myrthe who was babysitting the kids downstairs and soon we got ready to go to town. We got some butter bread at the backer and had a pleasant time strolling with Biek and Meis. I mostly took care of the latter, using the trolley and showing him the beautiful river views in the old city. After a warm chocolate we got back home, gave the kids a sandwich and put the small one to bed and the big one in front of the ipad. Myrthe slept and I made my drawings before setting off alone walking on the hills on each side of the valley and returning in time to make a risotto wit whatever ingredients I could find in Ivo and Karen's household. After eating we drove home with a bed-net we got from them.

Yesterday I woke up early and updated my project. After some cereals, I painted a bit and kept sawing my pouches in preparation for my trip while the little twins were here to play with Nero. Later we went to celebrate her sister Luca and talked to Peter and his wife, our adventure neighbours about India. In the afternoon Myrthe and I walked to the Jewish second hand store which was closed. On the way we also stopped to see some Toyota hybrid cars which would allow us to go to Italy spending far less and it would enable us to have also friend on board. Back home Myrthe started painting a small doll bed for her nephew and I did my drawings before going to Judith and Matteo. It was a nice atmosphere there and we played with their twins who were quite full of energy. Franco and Susanne also joined. Myrthe went off to a dinner with Cas and Petra and their friends while I started feeling not so good in my belly and stopped eating and went home.

Yesterday I woke up early and updated my project. I then went back in bed to hug Myrthe for the last Sunday before my long journey. Later we drove to Breda and reached her father's place where we ate a good pumpkin soup and sandwiches with Ivo and his family. They all went to celebrate their grandmother, the oldest living person in Breda, while I went to the Masbos to meet with Danielle. We had some mint tea and then took a walk in the forest with some rain, talking about a possible exhibition and our life projects. It was a nice talk also to realize how right I was with my stowing idea after hearing that she wants to live in a container. Towards evening I also joined the grandmother's party this time in a retirement home and photographed some of the many relatives before driving to Eli and eating some Indonesian food. She was really kind and gave me her old smartphones and a closet from her recently dead mother.

The other day I spent preparing myself for the long nomadic adventure ahead. I placed bags inside bags for different destinations and updated and backed up my project. Myrthe's father was also around but brought quite some negativity. Myrthe and I ate some tortellini and cauliflower and later we walked to the supermarket to get some yogurt we ate before catching the train. I ended up traveling with two suitcases and a backpack. At the new cheap-flight terminal of the airport I did some drawings and awaited for the delayed flight.

Yesterday I had very little hours sleep at the hostel since I arrived quite late. Nonetheless I felt refreshed and went to the university. I had lunch with Roman and we talked about politics. He seems to like me more as well as my opinions. Later I went to a short seminar about how the Danish industry is controlled by the state and after that I met Stina who had million comments on my writings. We also met the doctorate student secretary who nailed down June the second as my dissertation date. On the way back through the snow in the southern part of Stockholm I ate a very bad fake Italian pizza but managed to some drawings and went to the unusually empty hostel and talked to a Chinese Canadian guy.

Yesterday it was quite some snow again and sat in a mall while all the shops were still close and updated my project there. People seemed quite shocked of the news of Donald Trump winning the American elections. After the update I decided to buy a new and lighter phone to bring to India but bought it in a shop where it was quite expensive. I then brought it back walking in much snow and got an identical one for far less money. In the Royal library I met Brett who was quite stressed out about the new US president and Mikael who is trying to sell the villa where they live. After setting up my new phone and cutting the sim card to fit in it I finally got started reviewing the many corrections Stina had on my thesis. In the evening I ate at a small Thai place and back in the hostel I sat on the floor to saw an extra piece of fabric on my camera pouch to make it bigger for the new phone. Meantime I talked to a cool Spanish experimental musician living in Berlin and a Russian girl.

Yesterday I woke up a bit early and went to the university carrying half of my luggage which will go on a later trip to Italy. I then trained at the gym and got ready for the usual three hours lecture to the students. I was really vocal this time and talked with passionate words about the wasted potential of cinematic language. After the lecture I went to the royal library to do some work and later joined my Spanish musician friend at a vegetarian cheap restaurant. We had a common friend here in Stockholm, Bengt the famous creative engineer who also came along for some time before we got back to the hostel and talked about life.

Yesterday I was waken up too early but a Swed eating and farting in his bed. I then updated my project and went back to bed. Later I drank mate with Servando and talked a bit to some Chinese tourists before hitting the road with my big back pack and walking Servando through the snow to the train station. He told me about all his travel experiences and we reached the old town and later the bus station where we talked a bit more about life before we departed. I then sat in a café and later on the train and in the library in Uppsala revising my thesis and making big changes, now simply focusing on three chapters describing the past, present and future of life-stowing. In the evening I was a guest of my old neighbours Mervi and Girilal. It was nice to update each other and see how my exposure to the world has brought so much transformation and at least many stories to be told.

Yesterday I woke up on Girilal and Mervi's sofa. The latter also woke up with me and I did a light update of my project before walking out in the minus ten beautiful winter day and reach the swimming pool where to meet August. Liselott brought him an hour late but I did not get angry and tried to make the most of the time outside. We only had a little time to swim but had fun playing with the inflatables. As August got a little moody, we showered and walked slowly to the city center where we ate an hamburger with fries. He then wanted to go to the cinema but I first took him to the castle to see the setting sun and playing snow balls. It was much fun. The movie about a comic character was also okay and we ate chips and popcorns before heading back to Mervi and eat a pomegranate while watching her very first documentary about barbers in Portugal.

Yesterday I woke up again on Girilal and Mervi's sofa and started working a bit in the kitchen but then Mervi came and we talked a lot. I later walked to the supermarket where I used to do grocery eight years ago and got yogurt and cereals for August and I. Also Girilal woke up and we talked. He also performed one of his amazing instruments with his beautiful voice but soon August got quite bored and we had to leave, me carrying a huge backpack and him hunting pokemons. We made it to the other end of tow and we were having some fun in the playground but then he felt a little sick for too much spinning and wanted his mom to come and fetch him immediately. She lost her work but seemed okay with everything and I didn't bother talking further with her. I instead took an early bus to the airport where I checked in my backpack and got down to updating my project and draw. On the small plane to Aarhus I watched a bit of Eisenstein's Ivan the terrible and later took an expensive bus to my hotel by the train station. In the room I could finally appreciate some privacy.

Yesterday I woke up in the Aarhus hotel way too early but kept it up and updated my project as well as worked on my thesis. I then went down to the gym for some stretching, showered and got out to hit the museum. I first went to the wrong one, the big and famous Aros but was redirected to the kunsthalle. It was nice to see that they chose all the banners and printed material outside with my images although I did not receive a penny for it. There was a nice Spanish technician who got me started to install 11 years of my life but it was strenuous to do the work alone, having now also to nail the velcro. After eating a sandwich with the staff, things went very slowly for me but the luckily I got help from a talkative Danish guy. It was rainy outside when I left and only had a few Danish coin to buy some noodles, a can of tuna, a can of beans to cook in my hotel room using the tea boiler.

The other day I woke up again very early, updated my project, went to the gym then to eat breakfast and lastly to the museum. I was a bit disappointed not to find him on sight as we agreed but then he showed up and we both worked hard putting up several more panels. For lunch I ate some kind Jamaican chicken while talking to a nice Polish guy working there who has previously dealt with archiving. In the afternoon Meric, the Turkish artist presenting next to me showed up and my assistant was all of her. I then had to install the last part high on the roof all alone. In the evening I finished everything and went to my hotel room skipping dinner.

Yesterday I woke up very early, updated my project and ate at the breakfast buffet. I then left the museum walking south across the small city and to the sea. The water was so transparent and the beaches so beautiful that I kept walking for hours. At last I crossed across the forest and reached the bravely but too expensively constructed Moesgaard museum, a field sticking up from a hill with a museum below. I did not visited the inside however and only wanted some inspiration for my cathedral in Italy. At last after a small loaf of bread and an apple I stole from the buffet I walked all the way back through the beautiful forest and met Lasse, an old man who has photographed for four years the same landscape. I later was walking back and almost reach the harbour but Lasse came by car with his dogs and gave me a ride to the city. After trying to change some money to Indin rupee now that they abolished big currency there, I took a small nap and then updated my facebook profile cleaning up all other social media traces and only focusing on it. After doing some drawings I showered, packed my things and went to the opening of my show. There I got an interview from a TV station and joined the staff to a restaurant. In the evening I talked to several people and had a good conversation with the local art academy dean. I couldn't stay up too much like others who got into drinking and went back to my hotel.

Yesterday the alarm woke me up and I took my backpack and bag to check out, have some breakfast and go to the Aarhus station to get the train to Copenaghen. The ride was long but beautiful as the sun shown over the fiords and many bridges. From Copenaghen to the airport I was with a South Korean artist also participating to the show in Aarhus. We soon split and I got to my terminal to get my flight to Bologna. I was able to sleep a bit on the plane and got the bus to the city. I first did not really like it so much to begin with but once off the bus I was very impressed by the city and walked around it, even though I carried my heavy bags. Only in the evening I took the train to Venice where I met with ██████████ and we ate some local food. He complained a lot about ██████████ who does not allow him to integrate himself with local people as he saw I did in the mountains.

Yesterday I woke up in Venice and ran to the train station where I met with the organizers of the festival for Fondazione Cini. I knew already from the beginning they were quite unserious but then we reached the foundation and I saw how cool it was so I immediately called Jacek to come over and also give a presentation. There was first an old lady talkig about magic lanterns telling about the struggling lives of the performers and then I introduced Jacek and people really liked his work. For lunch we went out to eat with some coolguys developing augmented reality applications. Back in the foundation, an ancient monastery in San Giorgio, I first listened to the old director of the Venice art academy and then gave a talk about my work. People were very impressed and stopped me later and I made quite some friends. A Chinese student promised he would get my work in his father's museum in Quindao and a lady working also for the Moma proposed to exhibit together. Anyway it got dark and started raining so I rushed back to the Rialto apartment and ate food some leftover lasagna with Jacek, later discussion about what to do in the mountains.

Yesterday I woke up early with Jacek and walked under the rain with my stepfather's umbrellas to the Venice train station. I brought many things in the backpack to leave in the mountain apartment. On the train we helped two black couple who were unjustly fined by the ticket controller and then walked across Vicenza to pick ██████████ small car and drive to the Tretto region. We first stopped at Angelo's. He played some trumpet for us and we did some drawings for him. As a payback he offered us some alcohol he made using the recipe from the old Gerolimini monks on top of the Sumano. Later we drove to contrada Alba, still very beautiful despite the rain. There we were about to check Jacek's barn but met Roberto, a guy originally from the place who advised us another house. We then arranged to meet the owner the following day and drove to my place. Gianna was happy to see us but Miele was impossible. He kept jumping on us and we had to boil some water for a pasta at her place since our gas was over. Afterwards we took a walk down to Val Ortigara and stopped at Mauro for a barley cappuccino on the way back. In the apartment we made a lot of smoke to get the fire started and in the evening we went down to Adriano for a pizza. Daniela followed and fall down on her scooter breaking the brake.

Yesterday I woke up very early in Santa Caterina and stood in the bathroom to update my project. After Jacek woke up I emptied the water system and we drove to contrada Alba with the sun at last. There we met the owner of a house and we inspected it. It was spacious and well positioned and Jacek seemed to like it. We then took a small walk and drove down the mountains to Vicenza managing also to fill the gasoline and wash my mother's car. It was warm to walk across the city and we found a train back to Venice. The latter was covered in a cold mantel of fog. ██████████ were nice and I took them to the parking lot chatting with ██████████. Back in the apartment we ate some small pizzas they left us and then took a walk over the temporary Salute bridge and went inside the church to look at the many candles going to waste. Back home we showered, packed and ate a salad.

Yesterday I woke up very early once again, updated my project and cleaned the apartment following my mother's instructions. I then woke up Jacek and off I went alone to catch the ferry to the airport. The ride through the laguna was not bad and also the plane to Abu Dabhi. The man next to me was a cool Venetian who gave up his career to run a bed and breakfast and travel the world. We talked quite much and he gave me some tips on how to deal with the graphical presentation of my work in my thesis. Later I walked to my gate checked a bit with a young and gaysh plastic surgeon from India and took the flight to Bengaluru. At the airport it was very smooth. I also changed some money and a driver arranged from the university was waiting for me even though it was three in the morning. There was no traffic though and we easily went through all the ran down suburbs to reach a gated yet also un down residency where I will wait for Davide.

The other day the phone woke me up and I got ready to get a ride from the university driver. The Indian sun was warm but quite dry. The traffic terrible and so the buildings. The university was in fact quite okay and I got introduced to an Italian curator teaching there. I also talked to many of the Indian students but felt sleepy and only ate rice and cooked vegetables not to get sick. One of the organizers there gave me a ride to get a phone card and change 2000 rupees in a supermarket as they wouldn't accepted anywhere now that the demonetization of the country has started. I also got some grocery but on the way to my apartment I realized that I accidentally took the wrong bag and the sim card I got from a student was also wrong. As all these issues got fixed in the evening I took a walk down the road to a more rural area but it was dark and there were too many bats and dogs.