

DIARY FROM MY HOMEPAGE 2007-2010

As I'm shutting down the homepage all this originally was for, I've designed this document not to lose all of it and have tried to adjust it well enough to be readable. This is just too much of a precious personal album of memories to throw away. A miniature window into three years of my life, filled with quite a lot of shit as well as joys. I've reversed the order to make it easier to treat as the long-running series it is. I hope something makes it a worthwhile read.

how it once looked on the homepage



visit www.erlingmark.com for the new page

FRIDAY 070720 - SOMETHING NEW

A new page up after about six weeks of active work with it. In the beginning and end - the most enjoyable periods - I was in the normal Niclaz mode so obsessed with working on it I some days could sit for ten or sixteen hours straight. The design took two days, making it work three, the front page two as well. The rest was hence spent on writing and first and foremost collecting - that really took a while. I'm happy with it anyway, and the journey was an enjoyable one I needed for many reasons. Now I'll take care of my body again, skip those damn ice creams, cookies, baklava and delicious pigs and only eat prunes. Almost... perhaps some lebanese wonders, too. I'll also get this damn computer healed so I can work on film again. Really miss that...

My urge to make a new homepage was born by three mothers: I wanted something a bit more up-to-date, better-looking and easy to update. I'm happy to say I feel I've accomplished all three - who knows how active I'll be with updating though. I'll definitely give my primary attention to film now and hopefully give this page a day every month or so.

Thanks to all of you that helped, especially Johan (if you appreciate anything I've done, he is always to thank in one way or another), Alec (intro photography among other things) and those of you who gave me ideas or early feedback. Hope you'll like the page and its content - and thanks for visiting. Now I need some rest and will dream myself away to a world where two dark, big, immensely beautiful eyes look at me like I look at them, for a long, long time...

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SUNDAY 070722 - THEY'LL HATE ME

Tried something yesterday I'd for long wanted - playing 'Pro Evolution Soccer' online. Even though I'm not even close to as skilled on Xbox 360 as on PlayStation2 it felt enormously fun and jittery. A contender was found, a french guy playing with his countrymen, and the referee whistled for the first time of what will become thousands, probably.

I scored after four minutes but only got a draw. The following games ended 3-0, 5-2, 2-0, 2-0, 3-0, two of them with challengers giving up before the final whistle. That fourth match I played some young Manchester United freak who left the game after 15 minutes, with me on the penalty spot looking to score my third.

Very fun experience for sure! I'll definitely buy a copy, get used to the 360, go online and then grow a reputation preventing me from getting any challenges ;)

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MONDAY 070730 - STUPID GAME OF LIFE



*" a feeling,
was it?*

Every now and again it feels like I, sometimes for just a minute and sometimes longer, completely lose perspective on things. Who am I again - what is this place? I've been so occupied by something that I, when it suddenly feels distant, forget what it once replaced. A woman spoken about, eyes glowing, calling, calling, demanding, arguing and taking all my concentration - and then none. The moment she feels distant is the moment I wonder what life really is - wasn't I passionate some hours ago? Why was

that? What for, exactly? And what was the meaning of this life again? The sense of something meaningful in this emptiness gets replaced by what feels like a clear view of how it's all just game I know I play. If I play it too intensively, without pauses when I question what I do, if I'm really on the right path and so on, this sudden strike of emptiness usually hits me sooner or later regardless of how happy I feel. I'm thankful it does. I'm aware of how little a project I put my heart into will change anything or make an impact, I know what feels big and cool today will seem mediocre pretty soon, and I'm quite sure that my affection, tries, investments and hopes for her probably won't give me much more than these emotional troubles in return. I'm still gonna try - what choice do I have? It's at least something, sometimes, and giving up is not at all as exciting.

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SATURDAY 070804 - NEWS FROM A SUFFOCATED BEING

I guess no one who knows me would disagree if I stated that I have a very controlled temper. Something that surely can influence me though is not having control, doing what I want to do. For the past months, quite a bunch of mischievous little bastardly problems have been biting me, some even eating me. Even if making this homepage, to take a good example, was a nice period of my life, what I really wanted and felt I needed to do was working with my films. A few scenes were shot but due to my seemingly unsolvable riddle called "computer" I haven't been able to really edit anything in about 15 weeks. It eats me inside, frustratingly and painfully. 15 damn weeks! I walk around like an apathetic, dying hospital patient inside when I have to take care of all the social responsibilities without having something inspiring to long to, wake up for, be energized with. Being suffocated, choked, simply takes away my glow - my passion is my fuel and I definitely don't like just drifting, waiting, losing time. And of course, a working computer isn't the only thing I miss right now. It'll come...

*" i want back
to my breathing
and loving y o u . . .*



While getting constant help from mr. Lyheden on solving the computer riddles, which now actually seems just about to be conquered (I don't dare hoping though), I've with my laptop managed to finish the section for my close friends. My precious... we like them! Also, I've updated with some new photos, added some images to the film section and altered some smaller things you don't care about.

Creative adventures the last month: Making this page, smaller parts of film projects, acting for Järpehag, cursing my computer.

Favorite tunes the last month: 'Dispehrse' by Esem («), 'Stay with me' by Clint Mansell, '1969' by Boards of Canada, 'Microessen' by Esem («), 'Every hair on your head' by Helios.

Favorite new film the last month: 'Perfume' by Tom Tykwer (»).

Brain activity title: "How does one dare to demand that much?"

An unforgettable moment: The friend request from lovely Kahlen.

The three I've been the most with: Maria, Johan and Erling.

I'll especially remember: The death of Ingmar Bergman. Expected of course, but sad, affected me. I read a lot, watched the tv segments, listened to radio shows, how he spoke about his life and when others told their memories of him. A special feeling. I'm sad the dream of ever meeting him won't be realized. Of the around 20 films of his I've seen, I'd especially recommend 'En passion' (»), 'Fanny och Alexander' (») and 'Viskningar och rop' (»). I consider his most overrated work to be 'Persona' (»). A skilled legend anyway - I hope his expectations of death were positively surpassed. Thank you for your gifts.

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SUNDAY 070902 - TIRED OF THE WAITING HALL

Last autumn was probably the happiest time of my life, and it all started with some decisions that things would change. I've been in limbo for quite some time now, waiting and waiting for the same kind of new

start I know is hiding just around the corner. To take control again, live like I want to live. For my computer to be usable so I can work whole-heartedly with film, for a decision on what way to go with the woman I just can't stop thinking about, miss, wish I was allowed to love like I want to. Very soon, it'll be different.



... is still standing here waiting ...

l i m b o

. a temporary state of souls awaiting entrance into heaven .

A couple of days ago I took a quite nostalgic walk from the gym. It was dark, a little cold, I had the same beautiful 'Stay asleep' in my ears as one year ago, the same feeling in my body, affection for a woman, actually even the same shoes. Last year I knew my life would take a new turn as I had a girl who seemed to become a girlfriend, a new roommate, new projects and a new job. It's the same story now. As I've been suffocated for some months I'm definitely not as happy today - but changes are inevitable and I welcome them. This past year has, at least emotionally, been like seven, and I wonder what good have come out of it. I've learned and experienced a lot, that's for sure. And God knows I've tried...

Creative adventures the last month: Auditioning narrators for 'A heart of blood', working with ideal pick Aaron, acting for Anna, attending a small audition as an actor, finishing a first version of the 'Inflection' script for a competition, nagging Johan, cursing the computer some more before getting "professional" help with it.

Favorite tunes the last month: 'Stay asleep' by Orange & Tusnelde, 'For years and years' by Helios, 'Satellite anthem Icarus' by Boards of Canada, ' / pt.2' by Esem («), 'Peacock tail' by B o C.

Favorite new film the last month: 'Sunshine' by Danny Boyle (»).

Brain activity title: "Soon... freedom..."

An unforgettable moment: The ten sudden seconds she completely owned me, and made me want to cry.

The three I've been the most with: Maria, Johan and Erling.

I'll especially remember: The adventures and emotional rollercoasters. A wonderful day in Stockholm, those jeans, the dress, those eyes, my childish lust for kissing, the fights, critique, perfection, all the thousand problems, smiles, the letter, phone calls, angry girl, sad girl, happy girl, feelings I should have, feelings I shouldn't have. What mayhem... high peaks but they sure takes their toll...

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SUNDAY 071004 - A MONTH TO REMEMBER

One month later, and life's a little surreal. I have a working computer again, months of inspiring projects ahead of me and, finally, the luxury to lose myself in editing of 'Gå mot rött ljus' I almost haven't touched yet after over two years in the making. Perhaps I should dance around in happiness... but I'll be calm and smile instead.

What's harder to grasp is the outcome of that other change I knew would come, positive or negative. For months and months, I've been otherworldly fond of and attracted to this woman I barely could imagine losing, but reluctantly were preparing to. Instead, I've for some days been lying with my fingers in her hair, striking her eyebrows, smelling her velvet skin and watching those heavenly eyes I'm now allowed to kiss and love like I want to. My girlfriend. Talk about surreal... I don't really get it but at least know I should try taking it slow, be patient. Perhaps I should dance around in happiness... but I'll be calm and smile instead.



. . s a m e h a n d n o w

On a less happy note I've been fighting with a damn stupid judicial system and learned a lot by that. Sweden is a country with a great solution to stop crime: ask the criminals "please". I've been an irritated, calm and offensively verbal guy, and I'm not giving up. Poor, poor habibti... I wish I could do more... Also, I've been answering tons of mail due to a radio appearance, have been quite creative and adventurous. An eventful month for sure.

Creative adventures the last month: Putting up a working computer system again, getting final readings from Aaron for 'A heart of blood', starring in a music video for Christian Kjellvander, being interviewed by Swedish Radio P3, making a new elenziah.com, filming the most repulsive scene I've done so far, consulting a little on a film, helping finish a new intro for our films.

Favorite tunes the last month: 'Agni, sweetie' by Tang Kai, 'Soft collared neck' by Helios, 'Stay asleep' by Orange & Tusnelda, 'The tiny greens and whites' by Mikael Fyrek, 'Dispehrse' by Esem.

Favorite new film the last month: 'The Exorcism of Emily Rose' by Scott Derrickson (»).

Brain activity title: "Let's just be honest - there's no way to make everyone happy anyway..."

An unforgettable moment: When she turned around, took an uncomfortable pause and said those words.

The three I've been the most with: Maria, Alec and Croner.

I'll especially remember: There are almost ten "unforgettable" moments I'd say... but the last weekend beats everything.

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FRIDAY 0711102 - OLD AND CONFUSED

Whatever happened to October? I'm an oldie now, 26 centuries, well aware of the dementia fighting its way into the control center of my brain, but where did all those days go? On my precious, sure, on a lot of work nights, on all the daily little things I for some reason feel I have to take care of. When I planned this month, it didn't really look like it later ended up. That would have made me pretty pissed some years ago.

What I now feel I miss in my life is time to think, contemplate on wha'evah is happening. I don't have the same mental grip I used to have, mainly because I've been reluctant to sit down and really think things through like I normally did. Being too sure about what will happen does in many cases make it quite boring, why I've replaced an anticipating mind to a stressed and aching one getting more practical things done. In my life that leads to a confused little soldier who now once in a while starts to wonder what I'm fighting for, *why* and all those other reasons I've suddenly forgot. All days in the bunker - for what? It's quite a cozy bunker and I like to hang around in it, but wasn't those alternatives good as well? Better maybe? Didn't I prefer *something* before I switched from being passionate to loyal? It's like when I four or even five days a week some years ago ran around with my soccer team wondering why I wasted all those hours on something that surely had its peaks, but generally wasn't worth the cost. What was the meaning of being a skilled and well-trained (but still lazy) soccer player at the age of 24 if it certainly wouldn't give more than it already did? To quit was difficult and took a long time, but I'm glad I did. Sometimes I miss it - most oftenly I don't. I'm happy I tried.

*better try to .
. see things
for what they .
seem to be...*



October was bound to be special for two reasons: my girlfriend and the birthdays. That first subject is one I - and I guess you know this if you know me - would like to write books about, philosophic or poetic. An extrovert, artistic guy in love is a guy who wants to share the amazing gifts he's so lavishly been given. She's not with me there though, and hence her role in this public window of my life will continue to be smaller than I'd like to. Some people like secrets and even to be one - I'm not one of them.

With the magical 25th birthday in fresh memory, it was quite impossible to have high expectations of this one. Three parties all-in-all, definitely better than I'd dare hoping. Thank you all! And especially to you habibti - you made it magical this time. I wish it always could be like that Sunday.

Creative adventures the last month: Editing 'Gå mot rött ljus', filming the next to last scene, consulting on a theatre play (contributing with nothing), trying to be a success as boyfriend.

Favorite tunes the last month: '5th dream' by Alexey V, 'Generation Ex' by Kent, 'All I need' by Radiohead, 'Ingening' by Kent, 'Weird Fishes/Arpeggi' by Radiohead.

Favorite new film the last month: 'Hearts of Darkness: A Filmmaker's Apocalypse' by Fax Bahr, George Hickenlooper and Eleanor Coppola (»).

Brain activity title: "Why did I...?"

An unforgettable moment: Saying goodnight after Emil's party, knowing that my little plot would be successful.

The three I've been the most with: Maria, Alec and Johan.

I'll especially remember: All of the parties - mine, Emil's, Tess' and the release party. Wonderful moments full of comradery and laughs. And what a beautiful girl I have...

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SATURDAY 071201 - STRUGGLING IN SLAVE STATE

Another busy month that swooshed by, leaving with so many memories it could have been six, seven or nineteen. I spent hour after hour with editing, one day sixteen in a row. I fought illness for a week, that damn computer for a week, I had serious talks with more than one, I worked, lost four kilos, bought a huge bed, a Wii and some time not to rush what felt most important. In most ways this was a tough month - but one I needed. Sadly, december seems to offer pretty much the same theme. Well, I chose this life... and I'll rest when I'm dead.

Spending so much time on short films leaves a pretty peculiar feeling. Right now I have three films I'm editing; 'Gå mot rött ljus', a drama told in a more conventional way than I've done before; 'A heart of blood', a slow, audiovisual love story from a betrayed man's perspective; 'The perfect hour', an artistic, music video like love story. What the three have in common apart from being love stories is that they're very old and that I'm really fed up with them, as I always tend to become when a film takes a long time. Natural, of course, but working so hard on finishing films that will feel like they're three years old when they'll be released is... well, simply boring. They won't be favorites in my book, I reckon. I wrote the script for AHOB in february 2003, shot the first scenes for TPH around a year later and have been actively struggling with this want-to-be-mainstream GMRL for almost two years. They have elements I like and - perhaps that's what's necessary - will be important contributions to the Elenziah library, and that's my fuel. When I'm done with this shit, I can start focusing on the good stuff. 'A heart of blood' will become even better than I imagined it to be - but that was five years ago. I want and think differently today.

Still, I know that's a stupid thought. Planning films is most oftenly extremely joyful and rewarding - trying to make things work, blending it all together in my head, taking some new steps into unexplored territory, finding the crew I want. After that, the creative, so free and peaceful soul that loves to dream up this new reality transforms into a slave state controlled by all those guidelines the free one set - how else will it be done? I imagine it being like some overly naive want-to-be-a-father who becomes one hoping that all days will be filled with happy moments when his son loves him, they play, give meaning

to each other's lives - all that stuff - but suddenly end up with paying child support, driving a son that hates him to school without finding the right words to reach him. Wasn't it supposed to be fun and rewarding? Did I actually choose this crap? Yes I did, and if it is crap I'm the one to blame. Everything has its ups and downs. Personally, short films like 'Absent' or 'I give', which took several months to edit, are worth it for the few seconds where I think I made it, where it all fits. I generally hated both of them when editing.

*two fave
moments each
in two films
goodsecondssomething...*



In the case of the above-mentioned three it's really not that bad, but there are definitely moments when it feels like it is. At least it's something... but watching 'Ellen DeGeneres show' is too! I'm just one of these who has to create, no matter where it takes me. One day, I might create an alcoholic out of myself instead... but let's hope for that good movie - it will hopefully mean something better for someone than me being a wreck. I think I know people who'd like that too, though.

Creative adventures the last month: Editing 'Gå mot rött ljus' most of my free time, starting to work with musician Workbench, making the one minute trailer above, updating the 'Högre Makter' page and making a new one (») for our latest hit, acting in a sketch by Mike, cursing and getting my computer fixed again.

Favorite tunes the last month: 'Bleece' by Esem, untitled tune by Lackcluster, 'Somewhere else' by Christian Kjellvander, 'Craig Janney posture' by Johan Lyheden, 'Lonely guitar' by Workbench.

Favorite new film the last month: 'Darling' by Johan Kling (»).

Brain activity title: "Didn't I want something?"

An unforgettable moment: The "Brad Pitt in Se7en walk" to my work place... what an unfamiliar feeling...

Mest upprepade skämt: "Två pilsner - jag tar dem på kortet!"

The three I've been the most with: Alec, Johan and Croner.

I'll especially remember: Without doubt all of the blurriness during the constant forced decision-making. Sleeping or contemplating doesn't always help...

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FRIDAY 080104 - A WORN OUT CHAIR

I didn't like the timing of the past month - what dumbass put it there? Christmas, a New Year's eve, my beloved's birthday... and I wasn't ready for any of those. Once again tormented by illness, a girl far away and the pressure of having to edit my film, I spent most days indoors with my ass on this worn out chair, feeling, well... like that chair. In body, in soul. I of course did my best to make the best out of the best situations - I listen to my parents - but a party is no party without soul for party. In fewer words: I need a break from all of this.



" crawling, slithering, along the edge of a straight... razor... and surviving "

Really shouldn't complain though - it surely had its peaks too. Spending time with my family has been rare this year, and the four days of Christmas with my wonderful brothers and a bunch of new games were great. Very social, very fun, not very good timing. Both mum and Erling tried to prove that by

vomiting away an enchanted Christmas for everyone. Ended up nice anyway, but we all knew it wouldn't be like last time.

A lot of work have been done despite illness and the weekends, some of it pretty satisfying I'd say. Feels quite boring that I'll have to sit here all days editing for a long time forward, but with the nice job I have, my terrific friends and so much fun around the corners, I can only be grateful. *If only...*

Creative adventures the last month: Editing 'Gå mot rött ljus', tormenting Johan with sound mixing, learning complicated editing in Adobe After Effects, converting films, cursing my graphics card (yes, the computer is from hell).

Favorite tunes the last month: '[preview]' by Mikael Fyrek, 'Jus' around' by Högre Makter, 'Now the day is over' by The Innocence Mission, 'Somewhere else' by Christian Kjellvander, 'Flute fruit' by Sphongle.

Favorite new film t .l. m.: 'I am legend' by Francis Lawrence (»).

Brain activity title: "What's wrong, really?"

An unforgettable moment: The feeling after the crew split up the night of the Kjellvander concert.

Mest upprepade skämt: "Det är ju inge sånt - det är ju min morsa!"

The three I've been the most with: Alec, Sepp and Erling.

I'll especially remember: Christmas, the feeling of how we like each other, how natural and comfortable it is. The best there is. Also, how much I long for the moment *she* is a part of that group and feeling.

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SATURDAY 080202 - DO WHAT'S ON THE LIST

An adult month with its - yes, I cast myself again - main character running around on errands all days. That one - check! This one - check! For my home, for my new home, for my company, my special one, my computer, my feet, my body. I did more running around than editing actually. Even smaller roles like writing and training got leading roles in this film called january, with its biggest star being that habibti again. And spinach, lots and lots of spinach. I'm tenderly tormenting myself in this new quest to become irresistible, having lost about 5kg so far. One of many new year's resolutions I like always will take seriously...



yes,
i'm ready ...
still ready

yes yes yes yes ...

Re-editing 'A heart of blood' has not been fun but I'm getting somewhere, and 'Gå mot rött ljus' (pictures above) is waiting for its audio and then some tweaking. What a nice feeling to one day finish those... and that will be my fuel for tackling february's long list of have-to-dos. Those bigger, better projects are just around the corner, waiting for their master to come take control.

Creative adventures the last month: Editing 'A heart of blood', finishing a new script called '9732', editing 'Gå mot rött ljus', working with musician Jakob, planning 'Inflection', taking care of Elenziah business, reading a short story on Swedish radio P3, finding and purchasing new audio gear, consulting on film, setting up my new laptop.

Favorite tunes the last month: 'Today is a reflection of the past' by Esem, '[preview]' by Mikael Fyrek, 'Jus' around' by Högre Makter, '1979' by Smashing Pumpkins, 'Cell progression' by Xerxes.

Favorite new film the last month: 'No country for old men' by Joel & Ethan Coen (»).

Brain activity title: "I might not like it, but this is how I feel... "

An unforgettable moment: When the two deadbeats calmed down in that Indian restaurant.

Mest upprepade skämt: "När kommer tigern?"

The three I've been the most with: Maria, Johan and Emil.

I'll especially remember: The weekend in Västerås. All the film talks, the night and the soccer, Double-Pierre, the cute girl, horrible 'Alien vs. Predator 2', apelsinglaserade rödbetor, the laughs and the cool lecturer. That little "break" I so desperately needed...

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FRIDAY 080222 - GOOD WORK

Taking the role of a guy spending much time on this thing called "film", I feel I have to give tribute to the 'Cloverfield' thingy. Superb teaser, wonderful poster, clever concept, totally right choice of storytelling and as a final product a nice experience to take part in. Thought it despite the appealing marketing would suck - as monster shit usually does - but this one really surprised me. Absolutely with a bunch of minuses, but a different and foremost impressive film in my opinion, skillfully and smartly made.



..respect

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THURSDAY 080306 - NEXT CHAPTER

In a new home, I'm pretty much doing the same things. Eight films at the same time now, and without an Internet connection for another week I feel very stressed. Taking care of the projects, my home and myself is already a little too much to fit in a schedule that need more pauses. I've lacked a social life at times, yes, and I've been fine with that. I'm tired of being tired though, and feeling lonely is lonely.

. what might
. these guys
. be up to
. this time?



Another project that suddenly took form and got filmed within two weeks of February was a new chapter of the 'En kväll med grabbarna' series. These stupid fags are still quite confused, bordering to most kind of psychic illnesses. Nice to make a film with the old crew again, playing the characters we're quite fond of now. Filming was tough, nonetheless, and I'm happy to throw the major parts of post production to Mike and Alec. This guy has the arty parties to focus on, you know. I'm starting to like one of them...

Creative adventures the last month: Editing 'A heart of blood', writing, planning and filming 'En kväll med grabbarna 4: Blod och eld', editing 'Gå mot rött ljus', planning two films, drawing a cover to the Elenziah dvd

collection, modelling for the cover of 'Gå mot rött ljus', being interviewed, filming a showreel for Gustav, writing on 'Hateseeker Murderchild', consulting on a couple of films, moving to a prettier apartment.

Favorite tunes the last month: 'Man of his word' by Marco Beltrami, 'Ready steady go' by Paul Oakenfold, 'Unavailable' by Johan Lyheden, 'Unbreakable theme' by James Newton-Howard, 'Back to where it all started' by Johan Lyheden.

Favorite new film the last month: 'There will be blood' by Paul Thomas Anderson (»).

Brain activity title: "Me and me... damnit!"

An unforgettable moment: The broken one in the couch.

The new thing: Constantly watching CNN thanks to the US election.

Mest uppreade skämt: "A bastard from the box!"

The three I've been the most with: Alec, Johan and Erling.

I'll especially remember: Four of them: the horrible goodbye, the first night in my new apartment, the Oscars and perhaps especially the EKM4 weekend. Working nights and filming days, with a crew that overall were even more tired than I was. Making comedy with zombies wanting back to their graves is quite the puzzle, for sure nicer as a memory than in the making.

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MONDAY 080331 - DIZZY BUSY SISSY

Two days after my last entry I sat at a restaurant in Örebro planning when I could allow myself to become ill - again. I was once a powerhouse, never ever ill. Sunday, 18:30 - not a minute earlier or my schedule would be ruined. I felt dizzy and about to vomit pretty much all the time, but as I was busy, enjoyed the company and was about to have a great evening in this city, I tried not to think about it. Some hours later and... well, I was at another kind of party. Let's just say it didn't smell very well in my hotel room, I'd used up all paper and towels and felt like I was sleeping nude in an igloo. It wasn't the fun I'd imagined. Perhaps I'd, leading up to this turn of fortunes, been too spoiled by having the luxury to spend time with people like Linus and Flippin' V. And watching crappy ice hockey. No heaven without a hell you know.



b b b bbb bb bb b bb bb bb bbblessss yoou (and me me me!)

Following evening I was lifting and pretending to be cured. I wasn't. Next day I was invited to speak and did so for four hours - ill. And so on it went, with new kind of curses all the time; head, ear, throat, stomach, nose. March was an entire month of plagues and I'm still not well - this is by far the longest period of illness I've experienced. Add to that my stress of having to finish projects and being without an Internet connection for over a month and I think you get a fair view of life of this unshaved, red eyed sissy. As soon as I'm up again, I want to start designing my apartment a little to name one thing. Walk again, visit the gym, don't be afraid to look in the mirror. Not feeling dizzy would also be pretty nice.

Despite of all mentioned above I've actually been very productive I'd say. Spending two whole weeks on EKM4 wasn't very well planned though - I like the film and had fun making it but really should focus on other more meaningful projects. It's finished in a few days anyway, and I consider the time on it more of an educational vacation than another job. And *meaningful*, what's that? I've invested time, heart and soul in worse things, one of which I just can't stop thinking about, leave as a failure. I wish I didn't bond as tight as I do... because I just can't forget you.

//

niceshit...



March's final five days consisted of one thing for me: cleaning my old apartment. Often with help but most of the time alone with my audio books, in a radar sight I'd never used before. Big thank yous to Joe, Earl, farsan and Pickis for helping me get rid of shit and being far better company than the old fellas reading.

Creative adventures the last month: Editing and in other ways working on 'En kväll med grabbarna 4: Blod & eld', editing 'A heart of blood', planning a very design focused film, writing on 'Hateseeker Murderchild', trying to stand up.

Favorite tunes t. l. m.: A secret tune by Brothomstates, 'Johnny Cake' by Harold Budd & Hector Zazou, 'Coast Off' by Helios, 'Draumur' by Hilmar Örn Hilmarsson & Englar Alheimsins, 'Reflected in the eye of a dragon fly' by Harold Budd & Hector Zazou.

Favorite new film the last month: 'My blueberry nights' by Kar-Wai Wong (»).

An unforgettable moment: The unreal vision at the bus 8 stop.

The new thing: Editing at work - I knew I'd get there :)

Mest upprepade skämt: "Det är upptläget...!"

The three I've been the most with: Johan, Alec and Mike.

I'll especially remember: The week where every day was the same: sleep, edit, sleep, edit, and all the time with a body that wanted to explode or die, snot wrapped in toilet paper, finished popsicles everywhere and CNN or NPR speaking to my dizzy mind. Pretty atmospheric, yep. But damn you, snorbusar! Ni kan gå hem!

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THURSDAY 080501 - LITTLE T WANTS TO BE HEARD

There's a little guy inside me you've all heard about. Actually, you give home to one of his cousins. You might call him "the soul", "the brain", "the inner voice", perhaps "the conscience" - I call him Timotheus. No I don't, but I anyhow try to listen to this guy, very carefully. He's with me all the time and I've taught him to speak his mind. All he asks in return is that I show him some frickin' respect or #x%#x%.

Yes, right now, little Timmy doesn't like the situation, perhaps especially with miss Why. He is sad, he is mad. It's all too fast, too up and down, shifting, he feels confused and ignored. I don't give his analyzing the same space, don't listen to his advice like I used to do. It makes him feel betrayed, hurt. Judas, he calls me, "you and your silver coins!" I excuse myself and beg him to wait for a while but he seem to have lost faith in me. Let's finish this first, let's finish that, blabla and bla. I'm sorry Timpy! And yes again: I'll realize what a dumbass I've been. I know I should listen to the guy, that he's been right before and that he'll make me pay - big. I'm worth another punishment. The thing is: he drinks excitement, eats freedom. So I show him the longest finger I possibly can as I don't want to sacrifice those, ignoring the risks and illnesses that come with it. I'll take my chances thank you.



? no, that's not an inner struggle, that's just an insane movie. yes !

April has been another active one as so will may. I'm working to finish off the three films that we'll premiere in the end of the month at a local cinema, a good goal to have while struggling. Elenziah night, lotsa people, ten minutes of slow 'A heart of blood', 19 mins of wicked 'En kväll med grabbarna 4: Blod & eld', finishing off with half an hour of 'Gå mot rött ljus' while the audience sleeps. If you've never seen me nervous - here's your chance. The feeling to leave that cinema with both AHOB and GMRL finally done with will be otherworldly. And I just love what's around that corner... if I get there, that is. I will.

Creative adventures the last month: Filming and editing the last of 'Gå mot rött ljus', drawing credits and up-touching 'A heart of blood', working on effects and dubbing 'En kväll med grabbarna 4: Blod & eld', drawing on the 'Gå mot rött ljus' dvd, writing a story for an "audio book song", making a trailer for 'A heart of blood' and a w. i. p. for a cinema screening of 'Gå mot rött ljus', planning two and consulting on tree films and one videogame, designing two covers (like the one above), writing on 'Hateseeker Murderchild', fixing and decorating my home with primarily own artwork.

Favorite tunes the last month: 'Metamorphosis' by Amusic, 'You and me against the sky' by Harold Budd & Hector Zazou, 'A thousand years and one' by Mikael Fyrek, a secret tune by Mosaik, 'Cli' by Workbench.

Fave new film t. l. m.: 'Zeitgeist: The Movie' by Peter Joseph (»).

An unforgettable moment: A crazy phone call that I needed to wake up. I can be damn stupid for sure...

The new thing: Closing a door way past due. I didn't like it.

Mest upprepade skämt: "Vi har väldigt hög kvalitet här på AP Fastigheter!"

The three I've been the most with: Johan, Erling and Emil.

I'll especially remember: The constant stress of having deadlines, the editing with NHL playoffs in the background, the phone calls, the battling and fixing, the blurry night of laughter and thoughts in the huge hotel room.

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FRIDAY 080606 - TRICKY WORD

Finished, and on new journeys so I don't feel finished yet - no breaks. And when is something really finished? I want to lose myself in the Euro 2008 to reload, but these enemies of mine known as deadlines still threatens me. New projects, chances not to let slip, people to mail, call and give a dvd to. Oh well... and it's kinda fun too, of course. I'd say May was the most stressful month of my life. Very memorable.



= some seemed kinda happy- *youmightsay* !

So fed up with the films showing, it was pretty difficult for me to concentrate on what was on the big screen this "Elenziah night of premieres". Surprisingly I felt comfortable there on the back row, often hearing the audience laugh when I would have hoped they would, be dead silent when I'd settled with just a little attention. They really listened, something I when editing actually can forget they might do. Some even cried. Strange feeling, that, perhaps especially to be appreciated for work I'm personally so sure about how I value that it doesn't really affect me what they think. It's very so-so, mediocre and flawed, with some peaks I imagine only I find pleasure in. Seeing a proud family and girl beside me made me very happy though. And felt more real. I'm looking forward to the next time. Big thank yous to Jakob, Sebastien, Aaron, Johan, Alec and everyone else who helped me.

From now on though, my heart will belong to the dutch national team instead more than film, as always when it comes to soccer championships. Hup Holland!

Creative adventures since last entry: Finishing 'Gå mot rött ljus', working with new musician Workbench and finishing 'A heart of blood', finishing 'En kväll med grabbarna 4: Blod & eld', editing and finishing a new film together with Alec called 'Understand this mess', starting shooting of an untitled HDV film with Aby, drawing a poster and other artwork, making an intro, a short showreel and other parts of presentation for the cinema night, planning '9732', working on an elenziahFILM update, editing and acting in a film by Anna, designing a webpage for Alec, trying to think and organize instead of sleeping.

Favorite tunes since last entry: 'Sisumies' by Planet Boelex & Mosaik, 'The rip' by Portishead, 'Peflet' by Planet Boelex, 'Diciasette anni' by Planet Boelex, 'A popup will popup' by Stud.

Fave new film s. l. e.: 'Brødre' by Susanne Bier (»).

An unforgettable moment: Some surreal seconds with a shadow, like stolen from the best of films.

The new thing: Obsessing about the Euro 2008 - I've seen and read everything I've found.

Mest upprejade skämt: "BEDIM!"

The three I've been the most with: Maria, Alec and Johan.

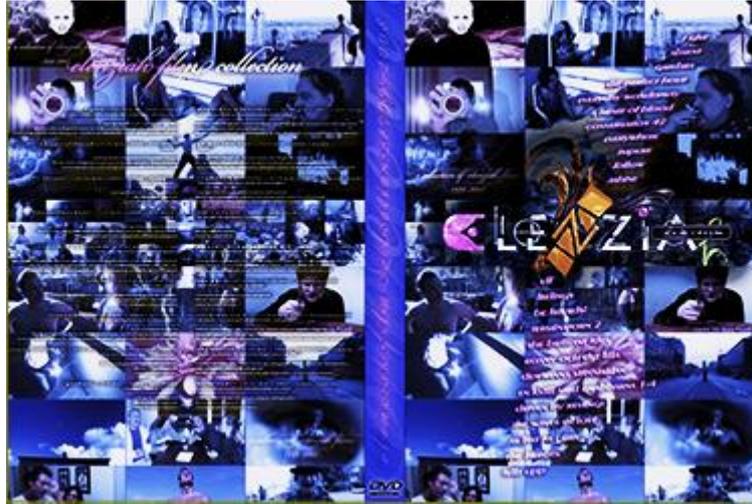
I'll especially remember: The premieres, reactions and everything concerning that night, the rush with the films, all the adventures with black pearl miss Why.

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WEDNESDAY 080709 - UPS AND SECRET DOWNS

A little more freedom, my dutch fellas playing like in dreams, travelling, having fun with my best friends. Yeah, june was a pretty one, with enormous amounts of stuff happening in such a short period of time. My complaint is that I'd need more of those pauses when I realize how to value everything. I like control.

In the film biz, I've almost finished shooting and is now in-head-editing a HD film that looks very good. It has to be put on hold though as my bigger project needs all of my attention, something that feels a little so-so. I wish I had time finishing everything else first, but now at least the films I've recently left behind are available for download. Only dvd production and a showreel left - and about hundreds of other things that comes with it. Half-done with those jackals.



. . one1 of **thr33** major dvd releases
in a barn near you veryveryvery soon , *nomaybe.no*

I'll end by telling you a secret: there's someone with lots of power in my life who wants me to be very secret with things, and hence I'm secret. A secret secret is that this secret has changed my life quite a bit lately, for better and for worse. Another secret is that this is the last summer that I'll... well, let's keep it a secret - a big one at that. Another life changing thingy-thing, but secret, yes, and one I've thought about for a long time. I promise that you'll be surprised. I also promise you that I hate secrets. Some secrets demand that I be secret, though.

Creative adventures since last entry: Updating elenziahFILM with four new films, shooting and starting post-production of 'Minguante', planning and scouting locations for '9732', acting for Ellen in 'Nattbadet', designing a cover for 'A heart of blood', writing on 'Hateseeker Murderchild', promoting films, eating lots of 'Piggelin' to create stomach fat (damnit!).

Favorite tunes since last entry: 'Remaking the pearl remix' by Lackluster, 'Between nothingness and eternity' by Mikael Fyrek, 'Somehow, somewhere, sometime' by Mikael Fyrek, 'Dom som försvann' by Kent, 'Endlessly cold within' by Mikael Fyrek.

Fave new film s. l. e.: 'Izgnanie' by Andrei Zvyagintsev (»).

An unforgettable moment: A tie between one dark, one light; shock and dream.

The new thing: Loving my home.

Mest upprepade skämt: "PEPE!"

The three I've been the most with: Maria, Johan and Alec.

I'll especially remember: The moving adventure, the feeling of watching the Euro 2008 with the pals, all the orange joys in the group stage, the Drömelvan hysteria, the damn russians, the four hours of laughing while being unbeatable at PES, the hints of a perfect life.

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MONDAY 080804 - AND NOTHING IS NOTHING

Misfortunes seldom come alone. If I'd written this three days ago, the story about the past month would have been something similar to a description of a hell worse than anything. Not only very warm that is - *if you only knew*. Yesterday, though, I spent most of my day at the hospital thanks to a soccer injury.

Damaged meniscus, no work for at least a month, eating painkillers instead of working out, crutch jumping like a Vietnam vet and sleeping like one as well, tormented by dreams of what happened during the time in hell. So to put it short: I've had a wonderful time.

As explained before, I hate secrets. Still, what happened during July will have to be kept secret as it mainly involves someone else, my precious secret miss Why, more secret than I'd even imagined her to be. I'll leave this subject with a lot of grief, some regrets, a lot of unforgettable memories and insights, some wounds. The lesson to learn is that things are what things are, that I know that better than I often give myself credit for and that nothing still is nothing. Sorry for always being this confusing in this blog...



On this homepage I've updated the film section with two new candy bags for you: a showreel and an entire page where you can now see most of my films in flash versions. I also updated the movielist to spice it up a little. Next up, I'll update myself.

Creative adventures since last entry: Editing a showreel, working on 'Elenziah dvd collection', making a dvd of 'A heart of blood', planning '9732', writing on 'Ingenting', fighting emotions, tiredness and confusion to still do what's right.

Favorite tunes since last entry: 'Eg elska hana (Marconi Union Remix)' by Always crashing in the same car, 'Ára bátur' by Sigur Rós, 'Transient' by Marconi Union, 'Góðan daginn' by Sigur Rós, 'Blunderbuss' by Henrik José.

Fave new film s. l. e.: 'Heima' by Dean DeBlois (»).

An unforgettable moment: When we both cried.

The new thing: Back to the old "women = no" life.

Mest uppeade skämt: "Building. Unit ready - building."

The three I've been the most with: Maria, Johan and Erling.

I'll especially remember: All the horrible days with decision-making, taking control of emotions, confusion and all in limbo, all those feelings, the fun tournament, watching soccer at the hospital with two teammates in the same small waiting room (one dislocated shoulder, one torn ligament), the praise, the insomnia, receiving a mail from idol Bola, the nothing and the other nothing.

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MONDAY 080908 - BOY N THE HOOD

"I am what I am", like E-type would have rapped it, and one thing I've learned is that the "all or nothing" approach that is said to come with the Scorpio sign fits me perfectly. Jumping around with clutches it felt like the right time to deal with the secret I secretly mentioned two months ago - cutting off my dreads. What once was a guy who considered himself having a certain amount of flair lost it all, one might say. At least until I two weeks later was able to walk normal enough to look like a gangstarappah, rhythmically dragging one leg after the other, hiding my shaved head in my hood. I feel you brovas!

Oh well, it'll be nice when I get some more hair on this head, can try a "comb" again to make it shine. The guy in the mirror is currently some unfamiliar Johnny Boredom I laugh at and call names. Some girls have already expressed how much they like this new look of mine though, but some girls can be very stupid.



So it's been a quite isolated month of insane creativity, a pretty nice one considering the circumstances. I needed this. Now it feels like I need to finish off all the have-tos to be able to take care of what has grown into something I want to focus on again: writing. Finishing 'Minguante' and '9732' comes first.

Creative adventures since last entry: Creating dvd menus and other material for 'Gå mot rött ljus', 'A heart of blood' and 'Elenziah Collection 1999-2008', planning '9732', drawing a lot, editing 'Minguante', planning 'Ingenting', writing a few articles, redesigning and making my home into an art gallery with an isolated film and game room.

Favorite tunes since last entry: 'Linja (Mosaik remix)' by Blamstrain, 'In every color' by Mikael Fyrek, 'Orphic Forest' by Abyssal Plains, 'My green is my yellow ver 4.0' by Mikael Fyrek, 'Lonely guitar' by Workbench.

Fave new film s. l. e.: None worth mentioning.

An unforgettable moment: My dead friends all around the floor.

The new thing: Adapting to this different life of re-building.

Mest upprepade skämt: "Att va' nära..."

The three I've been the most with: Johan, Alec and Emil.

I'll especially remember: The hiding, buying my pretty 50" plasma and building a room for it, the usual timing of lady M, the fixing, the great Olympics with all its drama, the dvd spreading, the Obama show, the apology, that very cool girl, the loneliness.

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FRIDAY 081010 - TUNNEL VISION (IN CINEMASCOPE)

For about 16-20 hours a day the last two-three weeks, my life didn't have place for much else than the '9732' film we were about to start shooting. Detailed schedules and documents of most sorts were written to be able to be as effective as possible, and both me and Alec gave it all to make this script able to come to life as we wanted it. He with his bicycle, camera and lists on what to get, me with two phones, charm and conviction. And with more invaluable help by others than comprehensible. We made deals to the very last minute really, with most of my best friends taking part in one way or another. Without friends, there's no point in even trying to capture a beast like this. And an adventure of this sort is something that just has to be shared: the ups and downs, pains and joys. I'm very grateful I did it with these people.



. . m a r c u s , m e , p i e r r e , e v a , a l e c , n a j a t .

Thanks to a wonderful team, beyond what I even dared to imagine really, I think we managed to get material enough for me to happily puzzle with in the editing room. Coordinator Marcus mastered the chaos brilliantly, the visual team of Pierre, Kevin and Alec worked like one and the same machine, makeup and continuity queen Eva took control over more than she'd been asked to without any complaining. Different strengths and weapons against the same beast, and with Erling, Croner, Billing, Ingalill and Anna as constant support, getting help from Lina, Emil, Anders, Lotta, Ann-Sofie, Robert, Mandana and Aicha the beast finally gave up. I also have to thank Louise, Bernt, Segersam, the guys at Cramo, Thomas, Janne, Saras Mackor, Andrés Måleri, Lena, Anderås, my lovely roomie Cecilia and the rest on the list of invaluable contributors. It may sound like bullshit but on a project like this, there are so many risky domino brickets - and you all firmly held at least one. Thank you!

This huge team - at least for us it was - of course ultimately worked to give actors Graffe and Najat the room to perform: the star we all liked and respected and the newcomer only I knew but strongly believed in. I can't come up with a negative word about any of the two. They performed excellently, in extremely different styles and with unlike difficulties to master, and were both a joy for me as a director, easy and friendly, with passion and without grumbling. You'll understand why that's admirable when you've seen the film. And as I see it, Najat has every quality to be become a star if she wants to. To waste your talent should be HARAAAM!!! Så jalla kompis!



. . m r . p e r . g r a f f m a n (with great eyes) .

Now I'm gonna take it slow with this one, be very careful, finicky. It feels very comforting that masterful Grefberg and his friends at Starbreeze does the sound and for some months, I guess it's me, them and Alec that will cook this soup, hopefully in a flavor that will surprise you. I might have set an extremely high bar this time making the expectations sure not to be met but that's... well, something I can cope with. This film is even more Niclaz than ever before and I know that's not the greatest recipe for success but... as long as it looks very yellow, that's at least something ;) And if you won't like the film you'll probably just fall asleep. Sleeping can be very nice!

Creative adventures since last entry: Planning, filming and starting post-production of '9732', planning 'Ingenting', editing 'Minguante', redesigning Elenziah.com with a temp while waiting for the big one, trying hard to get everything I wanted for the film.

Favorite tunes since last entry: 'Into dust' by Mazzy Star, 'Vertiphon' by Bola, 'Telescope peak' by Yellow6, 'Yumiko's theme' by Mikael Fyrek, 'Dispehrse' by Esem.

Fave new film s. l. e.: 'Unforgiven' by Clint Eastwood (»).

An unforgettable moment: There are like fifty to choose from but... on set the night towards Sunday - what a feeling to see us all as a team control that chaos.

The new thing: Having done a big film, and this effectively.

Mest upprepade skämt: "Gul? Gul! Pierre gillar gul! Kolla vad gult det är! Pierre? Ser du? Det borde vara mer gult!"

The three I've been the most with: Alec, Marcus and Cecilia.

I'll especially remember: How we all made it together, without sleep being quite clear and effective anyway, all the negotiating, the first scene and our open mouths, "bor jag där?", the funny comments from Najat's sisters, all the great 'Planet Earth' episodes I took pauses with, a wonderful evening with the beautiful and fun girl with french smile, skabb och Patriks mamma som dog på näsan, all the new contacts, the Stockholm adventure, the new editing world, the surreal feeling when it started to seem like we were done.

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THURSDAY 081120 - A MACHINE IN DARKNESS

Follow-the-list-living for the most part now. Very dark, very cold, a little boring and quite lonely. I work on '9732', take a break while someone else does their thing, work again. I write a little, design, write some more. Saw the whole series of 'Curb your enthusiasm', started from the beginning of the wonderful 'West Wing' I'd only seen when first aired, listened to some gangster thoughts in my mp3 player while doing the dishes. Think about my life, think about a girl, think about how nice it will be to take that break I need and instead write full-time for at least a month. I don't take pleasure in all my pleasures and I know I should.



I know what I need though, and I know that I really want to finish off both '9732' and 'Minguante' in the best possible way until then. So, another predictable month of darkness, cold, work, work, work, some pauses with my fake friends Sam, Leo, Josh, Toby, Claudia and Jed from the fake White House, some dishes and some thoughts. It's okay.

Creative adventures since last entry: Editing and working with the post-production team on '9732', planning 'Ingenting', writing a tune with friends Aaron and Fyrek, designing a website for SGA, editing a reel for Graffe, drawing some, updating this page with new design work, decorating my home, answering lots of questions.

Favorite tunes since last entry: 'The Resident' by Marconi Union, 'Vespers' by Bola, 'Somehow, somewhere, sometime (director's cut)' by Mikael Fyrek, 'Squib' by Bola, 'Telescope peak' by Yellow6.

Fave new film s. l. e.: 'Reprise' by Joachim Trier (»).

An unforgettable moment: The feeling after my birthday party.

The new thing: Being hooked on tv shows.

Mest upprepade skämt: "Waaa-lee! Eee-vaaa!"

The three I've been the most with: Emil, Cecilia and Johan.

I'll especially remember: The darkness, the election night and Obama making me rich, the birthday party I didn't feel for, the 'Club Bizarre', fighting with damn '9732' conversions, bursting out in singing "Ameno", trying to kill Johan with my trees, that familiar hole, the bleeding, diamond Tess, PES 2009 dominance, the super-messing.

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WEDNESDAY 081231 - AN A AND A B

Last time around, I had a bunch of new year resolutions: to finish the three films I'd worked on for so long (did), make my first "big" one (did), to move to a prettier apartment (did in march but is already bored with it), change the situation with Maria (yep), cut my dreads (yep), do at minimum 50 sit-ups every day (went to hell, also in march). Now the laws for next year are to write my book, get into better

shape and first and foremost: try not to be a moron, ruthless toward myself. I'm just such a stupid, stupid guy. Smart but stupid - sometimes insanely stupid. Probably so stupid you wouldn't believe me to be smart at all. It's pretty fun, and that's damn stupid too! Kattsnören!



When I sit down to sum up what usually has been the past month of my life for this blog, my stupidity constantly makes me surprised of how much I seem to have done. This time, I thought about the whole year instead and... my God and mighty lord in the heavens - when did I sleep? Not that I'm content, proud, happy or words of that kind I sadly seldom feel applicable to my life, but I can't complain about the amount of material there is to base stories on about 2008. I imagine there's a huge difference in what's interesting for you and for me but... this is my blog, I own this one (copyright ©). I also own my stupidity and other cool things.

If I'd been forced to make a film about my 2008, the core of it all would have been two variations of me walking to buy food, two months in between. The same walk, the same store, point a and point b, scene a and scene b. The obvious differences between them would tell the viewer more than I am able to.

Scene a, june, point a to point b: Two persons walking from their home, together through rain; one guy, one girl, one with blond dreads, one with goddess-like eyes. They laugh, she dwells on about a friend of hers, he's present, they smile, shine at each other, enjoy the rain like it's another friend. Both of them worry, know this isn't true. Wish it was, loves it, tries to convince the other of truth in the illusions. He knows he has to lead it somewhere.

Scene b, august, point a to point b: One person walking from his home; phones in his ears, a hood on his shaved head, the sun not a friend. Thinking blue eyes. Alone and not sad, sad and not alone. No goddess-like black pearls to meet with the blue, no reason or will to shine. Without worrying, with a calm feeling inside from having done the right thing, knowing the truth. Broken, free, alone in being alone. Other things to love. Smaller.

Walking that second time, I remember smiling about how the last time I actually took that road was with her that day - and that it just as well could have been three years earlier. Or three hours. Life's a little unreal sometimes, you know.



I feel the same way thinking about the adventures in filmmaking. When at home showing a snippet of an almost finished film for Graffe two weeks ago, the struggle and joy of shooting '9732' seemed like something 2007 or so. Working with the audio team on it, the juggling with musicians Mosaik on 'Gå mot rött ljus' and Workbench on 'A heart of blood' like two years ago, impossible to all be in the same year. And like wonderful times, too, much easier to appreciate now when I don't feel the same pressure. In any case, the first and second half of this year were like two different lives, and if the same amount of change will have happened a year from now, I'll be stupidly surprised again. Maybe I'll be a frog, selling drugs to fishes and singing the Honduran national anthem backwards seven times an hour. Let's hope not.

Creative adventures since last entry: Working with the post-production team on '9732', editing 'Minguante', editing and finishing 'The perfect hour', writing on 'Ingenting', finishing the website for SGA, starting on the official reel for Graffe, drawing and writing some, planning a may-be film with Stephanie, mediating.

Favorite tunes since last entry: 'Dance of the bad angels' by Angelo Badalamenti & Frank Booth, 'Chrysler' by Yellow6, 'Leaves fall like snow' by Yellow6, 'Deep chasm stroll' by Johan Lyheden, 'Street writing' by Yellow6.

Favorite new film since last entry: 'Zidane, un portrait du 21e siècle' by Douglas Gordon and Philippe Parreno (»).

An unforgettable moment: Hearing '9732' for the first time.

The new thing: Feeling a little more relaxed.

Mest uppregade skämt: "Mmm-mmm."

The three I've been the most with: Alec, Johan and Erling.

I'll especially remember: The plagued Christmas week in Åre with my wonderful family, tiresome SFF and the meetings, lovely C ill, Bulby's break-through, matte painting, the filmlike day with diamond Tess and our parents, the Segersam visit, the Graffe day, squash dominance, buying 360 and flying over 'Mirrors edge' rooftops, the leaning, Christmas messaging, '9732' buzz and joys, fighting Tele2, M being M, the adventure to Björnen with my bros, all the roast beef, buying those presents, Christmas Pro, cozy Spelradion, the superfun gaming night at my place.

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TUESDAY 090210 - NO PAIN NO BRAIN

To start off our new year the best possible way, your dedicated storyteller broke down in high fever and spent a few days in bed, not even able to get up. I got slightly better to meet another friend of the same kind: sinusitis, bihåleinflammation. It was severe enough to make this pragmatic fantasize about clipping out all of my teeth - that's where the worst pain was - and I had to do something as unfamiliar as visiting a doctor who gave me a lot of pills. For over two weeks, ten of these white fellas a day replaced agony with a blurry, dizzy mind I came to accept as my normal one. When I yesterday stopped medication I felt my creative mind coming back again, and instead started wondering how I've managed to function pretty normally during these weeks of constraints. Being a machine on autopilot, working without anyone noticing that there's no one operating, is what it sometimes is being adult, wouldn't you agree? To be driven by experience and not logics when there's no choice. I'm happy to welcome my brain back anyway - it's a very dear friend of mine who makes me happy and appreciative.

Despite living without a brain I've managed to design, edit and almost finish a "Graffman showreel dvd", draw and write very much and work quite a lot on the '9732' film, mostly with the visuals. It now doesn't lack much more than its sound and I've, something that always happen, become so bored with it I most oftenly dislike its every aspect. Shit, crap and some lortig bajskorv is what it is - why did I even start with something this shitty? But I know how stupid I am, especially when drugged and hence extra confused. It's very much as I wanted it to be.



... think a little little little while longer longer there yes

Most memorable has been the fun, beautiful and changes with Frank and Cecilia though - my new love-yearning cat and my downright adorable roomie and close friend who left us. One has been running around into walls, wanting to sleep on my mouth and kiss all my friends, the other one settled with some girlish dances of joy and moving to the place of her dreams in Stockholm this weekend, with film like prequels and sequels to that. My mind may have been numbed and clouded, but my heart... yeah, go figure. Beautiful times.

Creative adventures since last entry: Working with the post-production team on '9732', making a showreel for Graffman, writing, drawing and printing a lot, designing worthless dvd/bluray covers, planning 'Ingenting', writing on a full-length film, helping friends with writing and feedback of many sorts, teaching Frank about life.

Favorite tunes since last entry: 'Cycle' by Yellow6, 'Threefold' by Yellow6, 'Graffman dvd theme' by Mikael Fyrek, 'If you see something say something' by Yellow6, 'Houses of glances' by Hans-Joachim Roedelius & Tim Story.

Favorite new film since last entry: 'The curious case of Benjamin Button' by David Fincher (»).

An unforgettable moment: Some long seconds from the dizzy cardgame with the angel.

The new thing: Hej Frank!

Mest uppregade skämt: "CAMEEEELLA! VA'ÄÄÄRE!?"

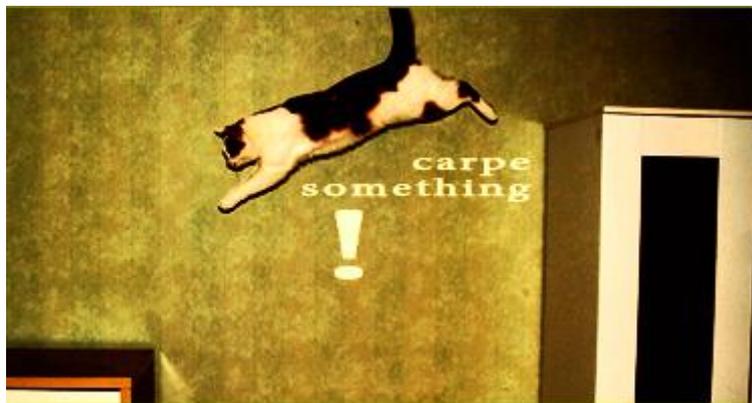
The three I've been the most with: Cecilia, Croner and Johan.

I'll especially remember: The guide, the perfect night out, chapter Frank, the ones with problems finding problems, "back with the crew Sunday", sinusitis hell, the soccer nights, all of the emotions, being half-awake on my father's birthday, the night with the teeth and warm water, that mailer, "väldigt fin frisy, fint hus, fina skosnören", the evening I got scared, trying to understand number one, the horrible messages, loving my friends, all of the film like scenes.

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FRIDAY 090327 - TRYING TO BE IDOL-PÅL

Not much comprehensible to bore you with this time. It might be a meaningless little game we all play in this world, but I've found it quite fun lately. My loving and ugly cat Frank has taught me how to carpe diem... or perhaps rather carpe momentum. No, not any carpe at all probably - but he looks content in an affecting way. Currently sleeping on my lap he also smells very much like his toilet, and when I mention it to him his eyes tells me "fuckit - I don't care". That's very impressive. Maybe I'd have a girl like Natalie Portman if I was as cool. I wouldn't give a shit about anything. Being fearless like Chuck Norris hasn't helped me so far but... I'm gonna continue on my quest to be more like my idol Pål instead - he looks like he knows every secret there is. Frank doesn't know shit - not even his own.



Below is a teaser for the crappy '9732' film I mostly wait for other artists contributions to. While I do so, very patiently, I struggle with minor details, try to forget it for a while and have fun with my friends, work on other stuff or try to shrink my fat stomach. Waiting or doing things half-heartedly has never been my cup of exotic tea though. But I am a loyal son of a gun.

I'll end with congratulating my dear lil' bro' Earl, now 25 long and hard years old. Let's always try to be as cool as Pål och hans badboll! Vi måste ha något att drömma om och kämpa för du vet.

Creative adventures since last entry: Working with the post-production team on '9732', finishing 'An apple away' (formerly known as 'Minguante'), creating a '9732' teaser for my sponsor, drawing some, writing, designing a logo for a film company, wrestling with all of the rendering slaves.

Favorite tunes since last entry: Secret tune by Yellow6, 'Inlandish' by Hans-Joachim Roedelius & Tim Story, 'Shoulder to hand' by Helios, 'Another world' by Astral Projection, 'As it were' by Hans-Joachim Roedelius & Tim Story.

Favorite new film s. l. e.: 'Seven Pounds' by Gabriele Muccino (»).

An unforgettable moment: Writing on the napkins.

The new thing: Seeing light in the end of the... is this a cave?

Mest uppregade skämt: "PIN-ED! PIN-ED!!! Nej det blev deed igen."

The three I've been the most with: Alec, Johan and Croner.

I'll especially remember: The better feeling, rendering weeks with Alec, the praise, the lame kisses, stoopid Frank on Facebook, Champions hell, the date-date, my new funny fan, updated M, 'Left 4 Dead' and 'Resident Evil 5' killing with Johan, the electric dinosaurs, feeling too much, "har du doubts?", Vakanskris, the strange new one, the job visit, Oscar night with my peeps, making everyone hate me in 'Street Fighter IV', "DRA AV MIG HUDEN!", feeling sorry for my soulbro, the train sms, 5-7 + 5-7, Vanilla coke narcotics, the strange girls, ITAS night, SVT play friends, "skid-åke-ning", Laura, Erling's laughing parties, the Stockholm adventure.

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MONDAY 090518 - WE HAD THE SAME DREAM

My parents once produced a brother to me they called Alexander, like that Macedonian gaylord you know. Being such a good guy I, apart from helping out with renaming the poor fella, tried teaching him about the hard life right from the start. To keep him from getting spoiled, we didn't give him any food and I took the great responsibility of tormenting this little blondie, both with my strong hands and skills in various video games and then laugh at him so he'd go berserk on me. He still hasn't managed to kill me. Obviously, we had very fun.

Without any kind of approval from my part, he's now grown into a hairy adult, paying the bills and cursing "error compiling movie" just as I do. We've also grown into having shared interests and other unfortunate similarities which, as most of them concern creative journeys of sorts, lately have made us sit in front of dual editing computers at my place, fighting the same visual flaws and errors. We work, sometimes all days, sometimes alone and for shorter periods, one being dj, one cooking, one cleaning and one chasing Frank. Or take a complete pause to hang out with friends or watch Juve together. A different kind of life for the both of us, and necessary to make this '9732' premiere we look forward to happen soon. He'll be mighty 20 years old when that happens, for all of his talent at this young age probably receive job offers from New York or a saloon in Cameroon and... well, I of course just want to salute this little one for a job well done, and officially thank him by showing you how to recognize him behind glass doors.



About a month ago there was another birthday child - my film list hit ten. I celebrated this by checking some stats: I'd seen 1768 *different* films between 990417-090417, almost one every day the first year. As I have an experienced radar on what might be good and not I had an 5.78 average rating. It's been worse lately though, I watch less, see more interviews, documentaries and stuff or re-watch my favorites, just like any other elder.

Also, I've been dreaming a lot about a close future I hope for. Of a relaxing summer without deadlines but with a lot of writing, of the next big thing, of living at the gym, of kissing the girl I shouldn't kiss. While working these days, a common dream more able to realize has been to flee away to the world of 'Fallout 3' I've been visiting for almost two weeks now. Before that, it was seven wonderful seasons of 'West Wing' that mainly filled the pauses. One has to love and be thankful for those gifts.



After lots of complaints about this page not working in crap browsers like Firefox and such - "your homepage doesn't work" - I tried to make it very ugly but working for everyone, and failed. Seems like a complete redesign would be easier and... no. Next time I update this, I'm hopefully something of a free man in many worlds though, with a high level, reputation and perks that will help me get rid of that curse.

Creative adventures since last entry: Working with the post-production team on '9732', finishing the showreel for Graffman, planning and working on stuff for the '9732' premiere, planning and writing on a secret project, writing on 'En kväll med grabbarna 5', planning 'Evida sekunder', writing on other stuff, drawing quite a lot, finding right words.

Favorite tunes since last entry: 'Discordian thoughts' by Amusic, 'Come with nothings' by Helios, 'Nothing ever happens in Tunguska' by Marconi Union, 'The girl and the robot' by Röyksopp, 'Zithertrak2' by Lackluster.

Favorite new film s. l. e.: 'Knowing' by Alex Proyas (»).

An unforgettable moment: The bus ride and the words.

The new thing: Fighting two addictive games again, 'Fallout 3' and 'Football Manager 2009' we've started a dutch lower league in. Damn these narcotics! But I have it under control (as everyone else would say).

Mest upprepade skämt: "Vi kan inte leva så här! Alex! ALEEEEX!"

The three I've been the most with: Alec, Croner and Johan.

I'll especially remember: The new lonely freedom, the idyllic afternoon with Cecilia and the Graffmans, feelings of closing in, dizzy adventures, the night with the phone call, mr. Adolf, the irritation, the wonderful match with Earl and Lunkis, Tess and the familiarities, "let's see what's there...", when he lost it, M sleeping again, helper Gun, even worse situation with Vakans, the shock at Stadium, the crazy coincidence, same wrong things said, a happy squash dad, the offers, the day with the cooked food and wonderful girl, having free hands, the pimping, new work places, all the CL evenings, the time of accuracy, the dutch and italian classics, the renders, all those words.

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THURSDAY 090917 - FOUR MONTHS OF... YOU KNOW

Hosting a film premiere must be something like having a wedding. It felt wonderful, surreal, yet more of a final stretch than some celebration. You want the perfect circumstances, make everyone glad they came, satisfy with at least something. I already knew what I thought of what we were going to show, was certain that I've been careful with both what was to be played and with trying to minimize the chance of accidents. To see my family and close friends, old buddies I hadn't met for long and all of the involved in production meet and join in exploring what was being presented and having a good time, yeah, that was just an extraordinary feeling. I some days prior said to Alec that whatever rating our oldest brother and film buff Erling gives '9732', that'll be the only scorecard we count - if he liked it, we should too. He expected a pretty film he would respect but not like that much, would lack soul - but ended up giving us a 9. Well... even if he'd be the only one, that's enough for us.



Due to technical difficulties with the cinema equipment, we took it relatively easy with inviting people. I did what I could to make the cinema able to play our demanding film to satisfactory and got a lot of help with that but... nah, didn't feel like a success there. In many ways a very nice evening anyway, with 170 guests despite rain. I want to thank Nils, Alec, Johan, Sepp and last minute savior Pierre for technical help, and Croner, Tess and Mary for lovingly carrying this tired fella through the whole event. Two wonderful ladies in two very different ways.



The scheduled pause afterwards haven't really become reality yet. As I'm not finished with what I feel I *have* to do, I haven't started with what I *want* to do. I've enjoyed several of the adventures though and if it wasn't for all of the enormous fat that has taken me hostage, I'd be content. I'm working on it. Priority number one, though, has been a new elenziah.com prior to all the promotion. It sure took a while, I had to learn new coding techniques and of course wanted something that would work for everyone, be easy to update as well as last quality-wise. I'm happy with what I just uploaded, and even happier that I've finished another must-do.



Something completely different was the film depicted above - a project I didn't at all expect to involve myself in at a time like this. Thanks to talented Järpehag, Alec, the actors, how new it felt and the short amount of time it would take to finish, I gave it heart and soul for two weeks and thank my collaborators for that. Another kind of Elenziah film that will earn its fans. Or at least my mother :)

Now I'll continue my shrinking process in co-op with big little brother Sepp, release and spread '9732', edit a sort of dance film, write for some months and hopefully only say yes to very few other freelance jobs in film and design. Change focus, clear some distractions, try something else for a while - and then we'll see what options I have. Feels good.

Creative adventures since last entry: Finishing '9732', creating an Elenziah portfolio and showreels for it, working with the premiere and finishing material (for example a ten year recap) for it, writing, shooting and finishing 'Kärleken', photographing Mikaela, writing an article, designing and drawing some, writing a little on my novel, trying not to be creative (and failing quite miserably).

Favorite tunes since last entry: 'Feelings (album mix) radio edit' by Solar Fields, 'One-oh-three' by Xerxes, 'Phoenix Wright: Ace attorney cross examination (sudden interjection) OC remix' by Prototype Raptor, 'Bjeon' by URL, 'Open society' by Astral Projection, 'Temperature drop' by Marconi Union, 'True colors' by Ane Brun, 'This must be it' by Röyksopp, 'Left side drive' by Boards of Canada, 'Every hair on your head' by Helios.

Favorite new film s. l. e.: 'De Usynlige' by Erik Poppe (»).

An unforgettable moment: The flickering of horror.

The new thing: Less amount of pressure - a wonderful feeling.

Mest upprepade skämt: "KK ellör?"

The three I've been the most with: Alec, Johan and Croner.

I'll especially remember: The dizzy premiere adventures, U21 vacation with my best friends, the wonderful soccer tournament, weekend of 'Kärleken', the body part fascination, Hille, Ann and the others, the angle no one beats, all those nights, the sudden but classic Maria, the big screen, all the Seinfelds and Beck pauses, Mass Effect and yawning about the threatened galaxy, Sunday of resting, "puss", the scene by the sea, irritation over the wasted wonder, starting to be a part of that world I've loved, nine in a row, the cool mails, another horrible cinema competition, the dispute and the friends on Johannelund, Hyborian Adventures, the wonderful Klubb, Kvitt eller dubbelt-ägande, the demo morning, great 'Ordförande Persson', day of shopping, anniversary week, missing Fallout, the joy of entering a new chapter.

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SATURDAY 0901128 - WE'LL ALWAYS BE FAILURES

I've never tried having a discussion with my tv. Experience of life in general have made me deem it meaningless, doubt it would lead somewhere. I don't know if it could start talking or if some word might transform it into an albatross - I've chosen not to even bother trying. For me, that's quite an accomplishment.

I thought it was awful turning 18, suddenly being so damn old without feeling satisfied. Same thing at 20, at 25, 27 and now 28. Twentyeight thousand years and nothing has ever happened! In contrary to prior "celebrations", it didn't bother me that much though - I doubt I could have done much to control time and have, somehow, accepted that as a possible truth: I am neither Superman, Benjamin Button nor Marty McFly.



And if there's something I think I've learned these past years, it's that there's a lot you can't do much about. I've been so against - in my youth even *hateful* towards - intellectually lazy behavior of most sorts that I've had a burning desire not to treat anything condescending, not to give up on people or patterns others might judge "strange" or "sick" and that's that. There's logic behind everything. Consequently there are also cases where the effort just isn't worth it if the goal is to be of help or see positive change. There are good reasons to why most people don't dedicate their lives to learning cats to dance or tv's to speak. At the same time, we of course need people who struggle with similar ungrateful tasks or we wouldn't have made much progress medically, technologically, intellectually, etc. The difficulty hence lies in the balance - as with everything. If you've ever been painfully in love, lost or have had someone close in your life you've wanted to help out of destructiveness, you know how hard it sometimes is. And how crushing the powerlessness.



I've for long been a follower of the saying that "truth makes you free", that trying to see things as what they really are and be honest about it is, although sometimes difficult and demanding, the best way to live. It makes you pretty... calm, basically - you're hard to hit. I've accepted that the world is unfair, shallow, that we try to simplify or minimize what's often more nuanced. We adapt to survive, create meaning where there is none. I know that the friend I consider one of my best and have invested so much in might be totally uninterested or have another view on something about me that would make me feel disappointed or misunderstood. Sad but true, like so much else. No matter how I would live my life, some (or even *a lot of*) people would judge me a failure. I could have been richer, more skilled, famous, influential, have a more prestigious title, live more for others or start a family, have more children, spend more time on writing than on film or designing, or more time with the children I don't have. Even if I made a film or wrote a novel I'd consider flawless after years of heart and time put into it, there's many who'd yawn, consider it too *this* and *that* and think about what to have for lunch instead. If I could choose, I'd wanted Kubrick to make more films and care less about his garden - his mother probably wanted him to be less obsessive about his films and go out more, stop being so strange and cut his ugly beard off. I think Kubrick knew best what he needed, and his life was his to live - I'm only grateful he chose to make films that meant a lot to me instead of occupying himself with something that wouldn't.



A creative life open to criticism has taught me another lesson I consider important: if your goal is to achieve a certain reaction among everyone, you'll be disappointed. Generally you'll be disappointed even hoping for anything at all. It's pretty much as stupid as giving to receive or loving to be loved - it just doesn't fly that way. The same day I've several times received mails with contradictory critique: *A.* consider something my best work while *B.* wonders what happened; *C.* loves that the film is so silent when *D.* criticizes me for the lack of music; *E.* thinks I'm a God sent savior for writing a certain text about Christianity - *F.* thinks I should burn in hell for it. The conclusion, if any, is that people see things differently, and that there are way too many factors - taste, interest, prior experiences, tiredness, egoism, etc - to this than anyone can control. I can only try good enough not to feel like the one to blame if it's not appreciated. If I'm satisfied, though, I've learned that there always will be others like me. Some, on the other hand, will even hate me and think I'm evil, and I don't think there's much to do there either. We're all going to be disliked, totally misunderstood or judged as failures at some point, sometimes in awful ways. I once had a girlfriend who said I "wasn't artistic at all" and never cared about that part of my life, and I've been called both the clown that always jokes and the serious guy that seldom smiles. And thousands of other things. So far, no one has asked me if I'm from Mali.

It's a sad thought really, but what I think one has to learn is to show that very long finger more, to give up on things. And on people. I'm a guy who've always fought to get what I want, something I've been struggling with all my adult life not to let negatively affect others. At the same time, it's perhaps been even more difficult not to let close friends' agonies be mine, and to tackle them like my own. Often that's as insane as speaking to that tv - but I sure have tried. Almost every word with some. And to a certain extent, I just can't cope with a life not trying. That's another thing to accept.

Creative adventures since last entry: Editing and finishing 'En vit drake' for Maud, working on the '9732' release and other forms of pr, designing a completely new elenziahFILM site with most films available, drawing a lot, planning novels 'Eviga sekunder' and 'Ingenting', working on a secret project, planning the full-length feature, reviewing PES 2010, animating a logo for the ungrateful Jay-Jay, consulting on a few things, continually trying not to be creative (and still not understanding how).

Favorite tunes since last entry: 'White's dream' by Plaid, 'Dig deep' by Xerxes, 'Masato shuffle' by Plaid, 'Lady Jessica and Sam' by Hope Sandoval & The warm inventions, 'Pinpointing the problem' by Henrik Jose, 'Krossa allt' by Kent, 'Jules theme' by Xerxes, 'Taxmannen' by Kent, 'Abyss game 2 (emulate the past remix)' by SkyMarshall Arts, 'Leandi' by Mosaik.

Favorite new film s. l. e.: 'Downloading Nancy' by Johan Renck (»).

An unforgettable moment: The totally unexpected sms at Croner's place and how uncharacteristically angry it made me.

The new thing: Sinusitis 2 - The return of horror.

Mest upprepade skämt: "Mycket nu."

The three I've been the most with: Sepp, Johan and Emil.

I'll especially remember: Living with brother Sebby, the cool birthday and the tournament, all the audio books and walks, the day with the charming elderly, Alec being far away, the game night with knowing all about sis, happy Milanistas, the evening with salt and fire more should be like, the infantile moron, days with my favorite 'Blade Runner' world, becoming a legend in mediocre Pro, all the mails, the syndrome, the night of screaming at 'Punch-Out!!' for Wii with Maniche, the great party with Benke and the gamers in Stockholm, talking at UKFF, "familjens sigill", the alcoholic I just want to hug, the dizzy Söderling night with the boys, texting the wrong but right thing, the cool nineties guys, all the frustratingly mediocre films, the unconscious betrayal, being obsessed by 'Damages', the party in the castle, the uncomfortable job situation, the walk home with J, being constantly tired and featherbrained because of damn sinusitis again.

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MONDAY 100301 - THREE ACT ADVENTURE

First a tired sinusitis plagued December I saw relaxing despite 80 hours of work per week. Long walks, long talks, social and adventurous and with a magical touch a Christmas should have. During work nights with audio books or *the innocuous*, with film work or with my family, the new PS3 and playing Mega Man 9 with my bros. A very happy guy. January meant more of a real pause, but for the most part wasn't. Spending some days in Göteborg for the big film festival with both '9732' and 'Kärleken' were definitely the highlight, a far more enjoyable experience than I expected. Screened in outsold theatres with around a total of 1300 visitors - all-in-all the festival had over 200.000 visitors - I once sat alone and anonymous on a '9732' show, open-mouthed and a little embarrassed: such a huge screen, such sweet sound, such a deadly silent audience taking part in solving the puzzle (or perhaps sleeping). Wonderful feeling. Very nice also to get to know a lot of new people, talk my favorite short 'Härlig är jorden' with Roy, joke and be called pretty by Vittorio Storaro, and taking part in numerous little unplanned adventures with other actors and directors. Film wise, I was hugged by old ladies from the audience who loved 'Kärleken', and some very warming praise for my fave '9732' which was screened on six occasions. Next year'll be a blast! Just look how charming some of the audience is in the clip below [video removed] :)

Since then, kind of all I've done has been to sit on my ass, primarily writing and planning. And with the Olympics as a great companion on the screen beside me or shared with my best friends, I've been like a machine gun full of ideas and inspiration. If I only could replace the sinusitis - pain, headache, fever - with a body happy from being at the gym, I'd be content. Thanks to a creative February, I have some warm waves to ride on the following months to get there.

I've updated two parts of this page that'd been forgotten for a while: the text section and reviewed films. Feels crap that so much is outdated nowadays but... nah, skitsamma.

Creative adventures since last entry: Writing and finishing scripts for 'Hateseeker Murderchild', 'Så söt hon är (jag tror jag är kär)' and 'Explosion', continuing on 'Viktigast' and my full-length feature, making end credits for very good 'Svarttaxi' and 'Rymdskeppet' and new ones for our 'Kärleken', designing a new front for this page, updating elenziah.com, reviewing a few games and publishing an old but good article for Spelbloggen, writing on 'Eviga sekunder', being interviewed by UNT, drawing some, writing a lot of personal stuff, consulting on several scripts and a musical, looking for the right actors, moving projects forward, trying to balance between what's rewarding and fun and what's necessary.

Favorite tunes since last entry: 'Voy' by Julien Neto, 'Monday paracetamol' by Ulrich Schnauss, 'Paradise circus' by Massive Attack & Hope Sandoval, 'A lazy smile...' by Harold Budd & Zeitgeist, 'Uncharted worlds' by Jack Wall & Sam Hulick, 'The song that never was' by Imogen Heap (Rymdlego mix), 'M4 Part 2 (Faunts)' by Jack Wall & Sam Hulick, 'The little things' by Henrik José, 'Legion' by VNV Nation, 'Bent out of shape' by Xerxes, 'Rubicon' by VNV Nation.

Favorite new film s. l. e.: 'Sebbe' by Babak Najafi (»).

An unforgettable moment: The second time in my life when there was no time.

The new thing: Having been the bastard for once.

Mest uppregade skämt: "SÄTT DIG!!!"

The three I've been the most with: Sepp, Alec and Croner.

I'll especially remember: The surreal adventures with the innocuous, that enormous screen, some great Olympic hockey nights with my bros, almost crying at the 'Sebbe' premiere and publically praising the moved director, when she called in the middle of the night, the hotel room with the soccer pause, laughing at the train station, how empty it all felt after the Slovakia game, the crazy birthday and the bathtub, the murder mystery, the Christmas present hunt that never was, long walks with cozy 'Emil-O-Rama', the talk with Croner on the freezing balcony, the man who preached about being a selfish and modern hunter without feelings, gokart with the family and dad I thought was Erling, a perfect evening with C, dizzy new year's eve we didn't want, game nights with Jay-Jay, fighting the NOD again, the insane inspiration, unforgettable hours with Barry and my ignored interiors, the new Sepp, when I suddenly got my ass kicked.

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WEDNESDAY 100609 - PASSIONATE LEARNING

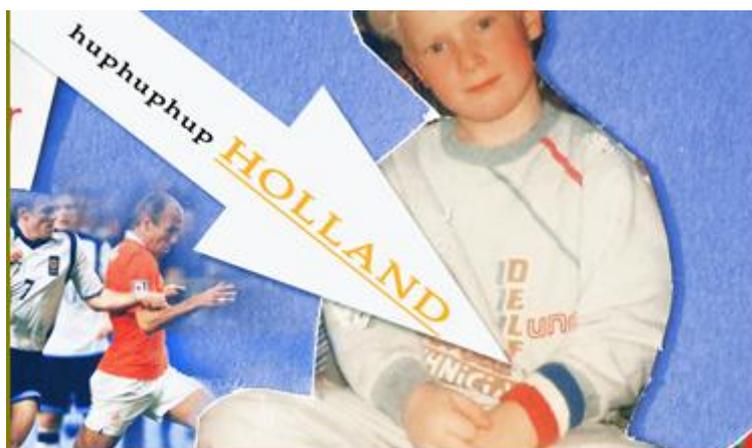
Exploration is for sure one of my favorite occupations. Me and my best friends have, thanks to screenings of our short film '9732', lately been checking out our world's biggest film festival in Cannes. We learned that it was more about having Gucci shoes than a great film, that French people are just as poor in English everywhere, that Stellan Skarsgård is tall, Marilyn Manson doesn't drive, Harvey Weinstein and Mads Mikkelsen walks around like everyone else. I've once again experienced being misquoted and learned what I'd already learned once again. New challenges of *live* radio and tv has given me a lot of new insights - one of them being that some subjects are more like gasoline than others. Not that I didn't already know that. It's really one thing to be open with my experiences and such that concerns me, like with film, yet a very different thing when it concern others that might not take it the same way I do. As if the pressure of live broadcast and audience like on Malou wasn't enough, I of course didn't want to waste the opportunity to mention a few things I felt important, and escape that

unfair role they tried to typecast me in. With over 100 mails and sms's that day, some supportive and some unfriendly, and a new soccer injury, a big and festering flesh cut that stuck on pretty much everything and made it hard to sleep, it wasn't a pleasant adventure, but another instructive one. Learning is bliss.



Another thing to once again have learned is that even though being-in-the-spotlight-adventures like Cannes have their great moments - laughing with friends, talking to great actors, directors or other people one like - I still prefer a less intrusive kind of exploration. A pause with my pals and a game like the wonderful 'Heavy Rain' beats any party. One often gives room for the other, though.

June and July features the World Cup of soccer, the talent days of Bergman week on Gotland, a lot of work and then shooting of 'Så söt hon är', our first big short to be filmed this year. I know that I will be immersed like a madman, and fear how such a wonderful event like the World Cup, worthy of having my complete attention, will have to be set aside once in a while. Damn you, distractions! It's such a struggle for me... I get downright irritated, almost angry, when I have to, say, take care of the dishes when I really want to read more about some Chilean playmaker that made me curious. And I know myself good enough to just surrender - the first week of the World Cup, I will not care or think about much else. My heart will be Oranje, my mind in South Africa. And even though I'll keep everything else in life running and seem normal - luckily I'm not childish enough not to - I'll contemplate on issues like whether Gregory van der Wiel is the dutch wingback of the future, or if Holland gets their revenge against the damn Brazilians this time - they'll probably meet in the quarterfinals. Hup Holland!



Finally a heartfelt happy birthday wish to my talented bro Alec, turning 21 lives today. Nowadays, you even finish video games! Where will it all end? Will you die Alice? Det tror inte jag, det är du för bra för.

Creative adventures since last entry: Working on pre-production of 'Så söt hon är' with Alec, continuing on 'Hateseeker Murderchild' and 'Explosion', being interviewed about '9732' for newspapers and on the radio, writing on 'Viktigast', talking with Malou on TV4, writing a treatment entitled 'Han trodde de var två' in hope to win a Bergman prize in July, writing scripts and working with narrators for a project with bro Fyrek, writing on yet another short,

writing on my full-length feature, reviewing a few games, drawing some posters and other shit, brainstorming with Jay, helping and not helping.

Favorite tunes since last entry: 'Request and reply' by DJ Polaski, 'In days' by an unknown artist, 'Prague' by Xerxes, 'Tenochtitlan's numberless bridges' by Harold Budd & Andy Partridge, 'Hexadecimal genome' by Bit Shifter, 'She dances by the light of silvery moon' by Harold Budd, 'Stay asleep' by Orange & Tusnela, 'Dead horse alive with flies' by Harold Budd, 'Marry' by Plaid, 'Prague radio' by Plaid.

Favorite new film since last entry: 'Biutiful' by Alejandro González Iñárritu (»).

An unforgettable moment: Some words at night on the bench.

The new thing: Understanding what I really want (and probably never succeeding in getting there).

Mest upprepade skämt: "MYCKET!"

The three I've been the most with: Alec, Croner and Johan.

I'll especially remember: Being French with Cron, Joe, Erik and Beata, loving Heavy Rain and obsessively trying to experience everything in it, magical M, searching the right lead, "du har väl inte kokat kaffe på sumpen!?", trying to accept the terrible I really knew, football matches with Sebby and Pippo-Lundgren, the damn jobs, the spectacular palestinian, seeing my old friend, the enormous Lumiere theatre with 2300 seats, a C from a film, watching all these Wallander films because of Nina, the phone call, the cozy gaming nerds, the horrible showing, my Nautilus adventures, all the things she said, back to Fallout, the Swedish gaming podcasts, the disappointment, a day with the happy one, the bar talk, the hugs, teaching and liking it, the wuss, the poster and the meeting, my injured body, that angelic voice reading my text, starting to use the World Cup as narcotics by reading all the news, watching the videos, planning my Drömelvan team, buying the FIFA dvds and watching them back-to-back, and on and on...

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thank you