

Exploring The Petrie Museum

Egypt, drawing, writing, photography. Thus at least three interests of mine that today all got their fair share of attention, not to say, development. What my difficulty with photography springs from I'm not sure; maybe it's because it looks so simple: press a button and voila, there you go; everybody who has ever tried it, though, know, it's a bit trickier than that.

Hitherto, drawing has never been my forte (not that it is now), and I have never done it for the sake of utilising a non-existent talent in order to show off something to someone. On the contrary: I draw for the peace and quiet, the comfort it creates inside me, and I would sooner burn my work than put it on display; although the latter may be because of the end result; it would just not suit me anyhow. Sometimes, even a brief glimpse of my own is all it takes to ruin the entire picture, let alone the feeling. Therefore I think it's safe to say that my former statement, that I would sooner burn it than display it, even applies to myself, generally. However, I never had any drawing ambitions other than personal fulfilment, which at the same time has always been the the incentive for drawing.

Writing, on the other hand, has always been different. For instance, I would probably not object if someone wanted to display something I had written and felt proud of. What's more, I have lately been fantasising about writing a best-seller in a mystical, fantasy genre – who has not?

As far as my interest in mysteries and controversies go I suppose it is hard not to fall for the greatest mystery of our time – Egyptian civilization. Today I asked an expert on the matter: what role did the pyramids play and what purpose did they serve, she replied with nothing more than a French shrug and its complementary facial expression – guess my level of disappointment, she was not even French! Possibly that just strengthens the mystery and just shows how little we actually know about our ancestors.

To go back to the beginning, the day began with a terrible nights' sleep, spoiling my morning run as a result of a much-needed extra hour of sleep. Not that it seemed to have made any particular difference as I am close to falling asleep as I am writing these very lines. Anyhow, I got up at six o'clock, had my breakfast, got ready and went down to catch the ten past seven bus to London.

Accompanied by Christel I found myself on the outskirts of London when things started to go wrong. An hour before to the gathering we found ourselves stuck in congestion. Fortunately, our trip had been strongly influenced by her female intuition, in effect this meant that we had plenty of time to get to the appointed place. Luckily, getting there in time is exactly what we did and it all ended happily.

Another successful London trip, and now, two to go.