

oriented crap people he was, how he stopped appearing in the public scene do to that, I felt a bit like him, willing to retire and compose, keep composing the poetry of simple life, leave every ambitious and boasted attempt, or just go slowly with it, seconding!

Flying now from Amsterdam to Stockholm to pick up little August after several weeks apart, quite challenging. Anyway, it was extremely sunny and blue sky in Utrecht today. Myrthe and I kept in bed a bit long and woke up to have breakfast together and getting some work done. I felt quite dizzy in my head maybe with the idea of all the upcoming traveling around. So many disruptions to reconnect with... I will probably take it more easy and look more carefully next time into some real adventures, elevating just like the days of walk in the English countryside but also the bike ride with Myrthe yesterday. Work is really quite a prison and if there is not such prison we tend to anyway create by ourselves, this by exploring the technologies we have at hand and the means we have to pursue them (here it is some of the McLuhan I am reading). I come now to realize that my joy and contentment in life comes with the fulfillment of my project, what I have devised to manifest myself and yet it is constantly society to hinder it, to provide a constant disillusion... I ought to keep up with my illusion! Ahead now I have a night at the airport before tomorrow Liselott (hopefully, one never knows... she might have started reading my project on-line) will deliver August to me and we will fly together to the sea side. Somehow I miss my native village in the mountains and possibly in the coming vacations I will try to go there in fact. Myrthe is turning out to be a great life companion, very supportive, my carrier as I just read in McLuhan, women used to be for the man who had to be free to hunt. She doesn't seem to want any kids either (she just stopped the pill now and got some sort of operation to prevent this for a few years at least). This could provide us some freedom, will see! The issue is not really having babies but rather the fact that society makes it mandatory for them to become sedentary beings at its service (I did struggle for August not to go to school so much but there is nothing one can do...). My resentment seems to be more and more with the educational system now...

On the plane with my kid, almost crossing now my native alps and feeling quite energetic after a night spent at the airport terminal. I did sleep a bit on the empty sofas and managed to work quite allot. It was impressive as I was working to see on the super screen my supervisor Staffan. It was a documentary about his father, a choir director, apparently famous nation wide, of whom I had no idea. He recently died and that also explains Staffan openness to the arts and to my project. Also, much of his interventions in the documentary where emphasizing the fact that Erick, his father, was always on tour and barely at home, resulting in a divorce. Well, I did spend much of my time with my kid and allot of my work has been conducted with him and with the participation of the people closer to me like Myrthe now. It is not a straight forward participation but there is always an element of playfulness and involvement from my side. I have been ready allot today too, getting a bit more calm about my future. I do like to read and will do my work. In fact I do feel relief that I won't have any courses to teach and I can fully concentrate on my readings and writings in the remaining years. In a bit more than an hour I will be together with my mom and little [REDACTED]. I wonder how that will go. Five years ago it was a catastrophe and August and I head back to Sweden the following day. Then August could not speak any Italian and it was in fact quite a challenge but now it is very smooth a thing, traveling with him and not really with his mom who could never cope along with my family (Myrthe, I guess, will do better... all to be seen).

At the sea side, the North East, Italian sea side, the Northern Adriatic, a really calm and beautiful place on earth... Barbarians have been fighting to settle in this paradise. The now fully integrated blend of Roman Longobards local, possibly fail to understand how lucky they are, how shit and hard life can be in other parts of the world. They complain rather than work hard to keep hold of this fantastic land. On the other hand the more technical life, quite of a dissonant in these parts of the world (as Gandhi would say), makes them dislike such a fantastic reality and new Barbarians take over (Chinese, Africans and all sort of other people but also the Northern Europeans coming now only for touristic leisure). Nothing one can do in this respect being everything controlled and governed from above. The mentality, on the other hand, is quite mellow. I did cope with my mom today, following all the instructions to be normalized such as getting the sleepers for me and August and so forth. The beach was excellent, I felt really on vacation although one is under the strong family paradigm here. I went to swim all the way to the inflatable marking the limits for the boats. I used to do this every day when I lived in Venice, at least from the month of April but then the cold Northern lakes and all the back work blocked me. Now I am sort of getting back with my back, no longer have to carry August, no longer heavy weights in the country... just seating being a the problem but my little step sister [REDACTED] really helping me out in this respect. She had allot of back problems when she was growing and now she became a full back specialists and massaged me and identified the source of my problems (namely with a nerve in my butt). In this respect I need the whole of the reference points I have now distributed around Europe to succeed, my full network... Ought to go now to build a sand castle with my son and maybe film some more... just got restless not to have worked so much on my project, feeling not used to leisure alone and a bit unable to pursue it as I would like to in this completely new environment... new for my new sort of documentations as I spent allot of my young years here, growing a passion for my art and leaving all the girls and fun behind...

An exuberant day, started a little sad... perhaps too much love making turns me so high and low but really the Mediterranean weather is most healing. August and I had breakfast in our little apartment, the apartment [REDACTED] rented for us and my sister's family that is joining tomorrow together with Myrthe. We been on the beach today digging holes like Roman soldiers awaiting a war and risking to get bored and idle and ready for an uprising as much of the European youth is nowadays. I dug allot both for August and little [REDACTED]. August was particularly a hard worker while all the other Italian boys i have tried to involve in the game with much of my charm, soon got bored and left us with the small digging enterprise. I did avoid today to do any filming and saved it for tonight. August will be my camera assistant and we will document a bit of a going through the town. After much swimming and training today (I did manage to stand quite properly on my head), I will take August for a pizza as a small treat prior we set forth documenting. The mood is really high and do wish to preserve it. Still a bit of sour blood in my veins thinking of all the intellectuals I have to deal with but I think I found an argument there and that is a Eastern like discipline for our youth to be educated more like music composers and less as critics... for an healthier and more spiritual continent at least. To the pizza now and to the filming since tomorrow early morning i will pick up Myrthe at the airport!

My love Myrthe came today. I was really punctual and I have been actually waking up very early, managed a pretty thorough project update and to drive [REDACTED] very expensive car some hours away. Following my mother's unclear instructions, I even got lost but luckily, with some sense of orientation and global positioning technology (the latter more confusing) I have reached first Davide's house (I still have not managed to check my e-mail as I have tried to contact him). Later we drove smooth back to Lignano, this summer resort mostly invaded by Austrians (it used to be more mixed with Italians in my days... is the crisis or they too go further and less regularly on vacation?). We had a nice time with little August and Myrtina who brought us all allot of presents and was very thoughtful. August is always on her and we manage all the things we would not really do with his mother like being in the water or bike out and far like we did later in the afternoon after sleeping. He was a little wining in fact my boy from the beginning but I do want to avoid the midday sun and take a proper "siesta" to then appreciate the latter part of the day more... just a temporary routine for this climate and mentality (probably quite much affected by the former). It is quite true that the way we move is the way we think, I have learned this motto when I first met Myrthe at the body movement workshop in Berlin after much seating at the conference... let's keep moving. The biking on my sister's [REDACTED] expensive race bike was really relieving (I ought to make use of such fine luxuries here among my reach parents...). We reached a little ancient cloister with amazing frescoes of fine details inside and the cicale singing on the trees, very intensively while they insect bodies were all stuck on the trunk on their way up, something to learn for my fable project departing easily from reality as contemporary humans nowadays. I brought my two loves, August and Myrthe, to the place where a light blue river from the Alps meet the sea... I used to perform there, film myself scribbling in the low tide and paint and I was now back there after over a decade and this time also with a third love, my art, all three loves very nomadic then, orbiting around my precarious existence (yet faithful in what Providence has to offer!! this is the way to sanity and spirituality!).

I just woke up from the siesta, we just woke up, Myrthe, August and I like a little family. The two are really physical with each other, like two friends, constantly on one another. Outside, from the terrace the weather is most nice and hot even though it is quite late already. All sort of foreigners, Austrians, Slovakiens, but even some Dutch and Ukrainians, are enjoying the swimming pool, feeling most free and relieved, forgetting to think, removing the level of their Cain being, which is so typical of wintery weathers and I guess these seasonal economic recessions hitting societies once in a while. Despite the recessions [REDACTED] are doing good, they stand up to the standard and [REDACTED] (I should now stop calling him stepfather and call [REDACTED] biological father as I used to). [REDACTED] was really efficient and organized today to get the three of us out with the bike, again by the swimming pool blue river, and there rollerblade, holding August by the hand. The latter has not been rollerblading since his school in Shanghai three years ago but slowly regained his confidence in the very gorgeous nature of the river side with all the incessant cicada buzzer. It is interesting to see how I try always to mediate among the willing of the family components but [REDACTED] is more determined in his willing, take the family out to rollerblade, designing their daily lives for the good, keeping them most healthy at an age in which my biological father is bent down by severe pains. I am slowly recovering from a trauma I believe and getting back to my youth... Myrthe is really helping out in this respect being most malleable and open. There are kids and the brother-in-law hanging out with me, getting ready for a little birthday celebration, [REDACTED] and I turning tomorrow thirty four!

My 34th birthday... twelve years spent moving at the margins of society and really finding myself caught in the epicenter. Certain experiences like waiting for the full moon to light a road on the warm and flat ocean, can only be experienced at certain latitudes. I felt overwhelmed today by the relatives... with my sister's family we went out on a rischeau, cruised the little peninsula through a bit of the traffic and got back to eating. Myrthe was most lovely playing with August in the pool while I was drawing and editing videos. I helped a bit [REDACTED] with some minor computer issues he had and then finally went alone to the beach with Myrthe and August while most of the relatives went home to face a new week of work. After my Chinese gymnastic executed in the crowds (no wonder they do it early on in the morning), I swam and then bathed with my two loves, kissing and hugging and eventually at last swimming in the lunar reflection... later, late, we went out for a birthday pizza and I am mostly asleep now!

On the beach now, towards the end of the afternoon, typing on my phone while seating on a fresh trunk brought down by the river with the melting of the snow. How wonderful all is, now wondering how dreadful other places are like the harsh and wild creek in Vermont where Panagiotis and his boyfriend are building their farm. Well, in this part of the world where his Balkan ancestors came from, I guess it made more sense, the problem being possibly that many a tribe wish to ultimately settle in this paradise and fight for it. I would not mind retreating in Northern Italy, despite the backwardness! Anyhow, today I wished to avoid the pretentious beach experience and with Myrthe and August we biked again to the river estuary. I built a shelter, like one of these shelters Jews build to commemorate their nomadic past. We ate under that shelter and almost made love while August was set hunting for jellyfishes. It is a dog beach, I guess, but I love it and Myrthe seems to love everything I love, making this alone an excuse to love her allot. I been mostly with August this afternoon picking clay, making my whole body of clay after Myrthe, my body now feeling almost adjusted to the sun. This morning also I have prioritized my project than making love to my baby and got quite far in writing and conceiving my essays together with images taken now with whatever camera but mostly using my video camera and the optical zoom, covering up all sort of kinds of documentation and getting back to my original schemed of total documentation.

Today the sky was again very blue and the sun again hot but dry. I slept with Myrthe while August was sleeping in the small bedroom of this little apartment (now I am writing from the terrace and have to keep an eye on him swimming). Somehow I felt I needed to get an Internet connection to update Liselott about him but could not find one in town while I was looking for a place to buy some milk. When I got back [REDACTED] was really agitated and explained that Liselott have been worrying about August and freaked out receiving no answers on my mother's phone. This affected August quite a bit and the mood was quite low on our way by bike to the dog beach. Myrthe was very nice, she swam with August while I was fixing up our shelter. We ate and took a siesta together inside it, under its shade. Later we went for crabs with a little fishing net I got for August yesternight. We got a few of two kinds, the red and slow from the sand and the black and fast from the rocks... all worth a film which I might shoot tomorrow. The clouds were mounting in the horizon and I felt it was going to rain soon, but I feel that this kind of precocious symptom might be something I got from my time abroad, in fact it is still sunny and I should be more optimistic from now on.

I gained all my vitality back today... at first I found on my way to write to August's mother (I have to go down the beach to find some free Internet) that the bike Myrthe has used so far had no front wheel, it had been stolen overnight and I took it to a bike store and replaced it myself with an old tired, being myself rather handy and saving some cash. Later we went again to the crab beach, this time filming while fixing a our sun shelter... really a work of art. We ate the usual sandwich we made in a small supermarket and then took a small siesta before setting ourselves again to film hunting crabs. August has been really improved both with swimming and biking but also constructing, not only making very good knots reinforcing the shelter, but also amazing sand castles to host the captured crabs. I also made a video of me swimming, this to remember the time, exactly in the same spot, some twelve years ago, I was laying on the sand and making scribbles with my hands and feet while Manuela, a university friend was filming. This time is Myrthe to help me out allot... she has been cuter than ever and really "natural", like August and I can be. Sonny, a dancer student I had from Gothenburg, was really concerned to see my conservative parents-in-law and wondered how me, so natural, could go along with such conservative people... I have been warned of Swedish conservativeness also when I was about to leave the Netherlands ten years ago, from an Italian who had a Swedish girlfriend... and everyone conceives them so innovative an progressive, well, all that is compensated by redneckness... viva the Southern shores! I feel I might mentally degenerate up there, ought to be careful not to turn like my biological father!

Is the secret to stay young and provoke always new ways to keep that fresh overlook on life? Well, it feels that the years traveling and now Myrthe and the adventures we manage to do with August are really working out. It is a good time this to reflect about the future actions, starting the new academic year. While I was building a castle with August I really felt I wanted to get the "star-your-master" website going, a way for young Europeans to read and write about the many master programs that often distance themselves from their countries and often to really learn little or nothing. Anyhow, we had a goo time once again on the do beach, with the tide going really low and the river flowing imperceptibly out in the ocean. It is Myrthe the last night and we are now about to go out for a pizza with [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] who we have barely seen (I guess that is her character). Myrthe and I are both concerned about our works in the education industry and I really wish for my autonomy and independence in the long run although this might imply exclusion from the platform of artificially sustained discussions... can't wait to get back to Sweden now and get some Schopenhauer readings going and keep the managing of my project!

I woke up very early once again, this time to have a little hour to update my project before taking Myrthe to the airport. Once again I borrowed [REDACTED] expensive car and drove to Treviso, getting a bit confused on the way but reaching the airport well on time. It was too trafficked to stop with Myrthe and we gave each other the last kiss with the cars honing behind us. On my way back I have listened to the local radios and found really interesting conversations from a guy talking about the impact of technology and a priest talking about the pilgrimage of Santiago in relation to the train accident that has just occurred there making many a casualties (all recorded as Brailles in a part of my project). It was very interesting and moving, these people, whether technologists or priests as something to comment about the now, something the Academics don't seem to want to expose themselves to (to preserve their positions? how pathetic!). At home I found August most glad with [REDACTED] and little [REDACTED]. We had breakfast together and then I cleaned up our apartment to hand over to [REDACTED] and [REDACTED] tonight. I was sort of tired, little food and little sleep, but nonetheless went to the beach and swam with August and took a walk to the center of the beach where they had cool Italian disco music and gymnastic related to it. I was not in my best shape but got me going and later I swam again and did my gymnastics while looking after [REDACTED] and August. The latter also today got an expensive bike, [REDACTED] insisted we should have got a bigger one and I got him the best, with the small holiday in my native Asiago soon coming up. I also went to a shop to finally fix my mobile phone's setting so that at last Liselott was able to talk to August. She won't be picking him up at the airport tomorrow and will have to go all the way to Södertälje, my home immigrant town. Back to the raw reality but also, at last, after a whole month, back to the magic environment of my studio... and at last I was even able to conceive how to squeeze in classic music and my own songs to the meta parts of my project!

Back to fresh and grayish Sweden, not that I really longed for it but I do look forward to go in the forest and pick some blueberries. I miss the Alps, being out in the sublime and I was landing I thought that maybe I could have got a long distance bike but on the other hand I do not look forward to the flat wilderness here. It felt also quite dramatic driving a bit of the highway to the airport with [REDACTED] today. The economic crisis, the traffic... it felt a country at war until the beautiful country fronting the Venetian lagoon opened up, so tranquil. It was a big pity that I had to rush up and down, for the sake of delivering August to his mother who cannot stay more than two weeks without him. Now I am sort of stuck here in the middle of the summer when Italy was so shining and beautiful and the mountains so hypnotizing, so inviting to be climbed. I feel like taking a flight and leave but I ought to do some reading... Maybe I could take myself and my bike closer to the mountains and combine traveling and reading. I don't have a bike however... It feels my life is filled of these escapes, escapes to attempt something higher, prove my courage. To August today I was reading the Odyssey he once again bought for himself (he went with [REDACTED] to buy a magazine at the airport). I read it to him in the States and now I am reading to him another child version, learning more things and reflecting also about my own life, where I am in the process of return. I would say that after many years I have in fact left the island of Calypso, or maybe I am in the process, or maybe technology has brought me back to it in the continuous forwarding and reversing typical of nowadays technology. Now I am at Liselott's place... she is out partying, possibly a new boyfriend!

I woke up that the weather was quite summerish in the Swedish island of Djursholm. Liselott did not come home, she has been out partying and probably now has a relationship. August instead played the big brother of Tom, our little neighbour also with a divorced mother. He slept at their place and I was up early this morning updating my project and then reading in the sun. It was quite productive in this way but really that apartment environment frustrated me on the instance plus the fact that I was soon to restore the scanning of all the underlining I did on the McLuhan book I am reading. This accompanied with images for the various paragraphs, working also as memory trigger in such a jungle of text. Liselott didn't have a working phone and so once again I did experience the frustration of being a house wife. It did not last so long and I was soon back on the road the late afternoon while August was with Tom and Ella at the swimming pool. It was crazy how much video games these kids play. Nonetheless I tried to bring them out and play with the nice Ethiopian kids. Tom and August were rather into shooting and soon an old lady came out to complain. For a one old lady six kids had to stop their outdoor games but I was rather confrontational. I felt good nonetheless and stopped by Jacek for a short update. I showed him my