

me. We had quite some fun walking through the autumn threatened city and on the commuter to my office where he went for the first time. We had some lunch together and then he played video-games while I was trying to look after my writings inspired actually by my reading of the Odyssey to him (kids can really inspire and all my serious games, I would say, have started from playing!). I thereafter met Johan and Staffan, my supervisor. I could read from their eyes that they were quite concerned treating me very well. I have already decided however that I will go for their suggestion of focusing on only one theorist but keeping in mind all that I want to do for future projects (I now have on my Website a very fine chart where all my publications have been sort of decided more in terms of a Life-long commitment on Life-logging). So much to that... I could then leave with August for a small neighborhood where we visited the library, getting some nice movies there and a second hand store where I got a few toys for my fine art re-elaborations. We then even got wooden shelves at the wood store, having fun to cut them and transport to the commuter station. Now, the little wardrobe will become a little bazaar of several wonders, elaborations of my work. At home I taught August how to break eggs and we talked to beautiful Myrthe for a while. Then I sat doing a bit of work (I have so many exciting things now to do!) while August sat with his video-game, both of us constructing our Virtual worlds!

Today I did not wake up fully rested, I think because of both the much commuting and seating combined with the sleeping on foam mattress. A stiff back has been already catastrophic for me several times and I have immediately tried to solve the problem, deciding right this morning to rent a van and go with August to buy a "real" mattress, like those we still have down South or had before the North invaded with their cheap quality establishment resellers. It felt really so, we ended up caught in one establishment after another, with pretty much the same stuff, allot and low quality. We even ate at an American fast food but the sun was nice and I did not felt totally depressed as when I ended up doing these things before. I now have more and more the feeling that this place is very temporary for me, not in the least my home and not in the least I know what will happen to me. One thing is for sure, I know I like exploring the unexplored, push myself, even if cautiously, beyond like I did exploring the Berlin natural outskirts. I want more of that... On the way to return the van I took August to a recreational lake nearby to look at the autumn, it was beautiful and the feeling was really, I ought to build my mansion here but I think it is a wrong take, one ought to certainly build something in honor of such beauty and for contemplation purposes but it ought to be temporary and out of what there is there to be picked and utilized for the construction. So much has been established by man already... At home I spent time setting up the beds, the new mattress a Swedish lady recommended but I think no improvement has been done in this direction and sincerely now the only medicine for me seem to be to go to my little park and do my gymnastic, reintegrating myself from within...

A very sunny day, having a good night of sleep at last with the new mattress (or the late evening gymnastic at the playground). I had many nice dreams to but August and I had to set on the road soon to reach his boyscout group. We were quite nice to each other on the bus, the train and the metro where I was even able to improvise a nice story for him. We were quite early at the meeting place but the sun was so lovely that I waited until all the kids got on the bus. It is apparently August's first night out of the "family nestle" but he was very cheerful with his classmate Martin (did he take from me and me from my biological father?) while I was talking to the latter's mother, in English this time, avoiding Swedish all together and skipping the poor immigrant complex. I later took the metro alone till the university, since the weather was so glorious I did not want to lock myself inside. I did in fact kept out, stole a few apples in some gardens and sat by the lake to write down in Italian the stories I have told August in the last days. It feels at last that I am able to keep my dogmatic work but I have been able to compensate it with allot of more freer work hooked to do, as the former is some sort of legitimization of the latter. This has made me really happy and creative lately, including this open-ended playful extension to my close-ended game, yet without feeling any strong obligations to it. I later walked by the lake recording my thoughts and though the city picking trash from the sidewalk. I ended up eating just two loafs, a yogurt and a banana before seating in the public library and really doing good work developing further a diagram for my dissertation (I will not get into writing before it is very well developed and approved by the supervisors, this is again my strategy). I also started preparing for the lecture I will give about cinema in a month although the students' mandatory literature was very narrow and not at all a tool to understand cinema at large. This maybe made me a bit depressed (I hate these uninspiring Academics which are unable to brighten our understanding rather than locking it into close cages). I had to walk to the park in the rich part of town to get more sun and eventually do some gymnastics... I am now on my way home alone, on the commuter, commuting again, shifting from being a sailor rocked by transport and monk suspended in my dwelling where I tonight plan to paint on the wall the interface to my project... more creative energy (I might even put my apartment for sale on my Website then).

I am writing that the sun has set, getting now the day drastically shorter but nonetheless keeping very bright, with the blue autumn sky and me at first getting really busy with ideas to get down for my project. I could not even talk too much to Myrthe so many dreams I had and so many things I felt like doing, not the least adding to the diagram I am now making for my dissertation, my own project as the main example to be analyzed throughout the various chapters (I really wonder if that will ever be allowed). At last I did get on-line with Myrthe and we followed in love more than ever looking at each other faces lightened by the windows of our rooms (sunny here, rainy there). I hope she won't grow tired of my solitary escapes off an on like yesterday, enjoying nature and taking a bit of a break from computers. I felt good though about taking a bit of a break, this afternoon as well biking out all the way to Tumba to return the films I got for August at the library there. Well, at least it was a good excuse to go out, be in nature for some time and honor such weather. It was brutal to see the big and beautiful forest they have cut down to make space to a new residential area, this in conjunction with the beautiful ponds there. Almost in Tumba I found a pile of abandoned things, likely belonging to a family with a small child. They were throw on a ditch and there were police signs too. I took some toys and an half broken rack to dry my clothes. So packed I arrived in Tumba and got more stuff, having found a nice little Asian shop where to get tofu and other Asian products. After more grocery I took the commuter back but not all the way since they are making reparations and I found a way to get the shopping bags on the back wheel and bike home across the bridge. Under the bridge I picked more stuff discarded by the railroad workers and got home quite packed with also a brilliant idea of cleaning up for good and clarity some parts of my meta projects so that now, with the later commercial implementation, I will have eighteen inputs (the Archive parts of the project), and eighteen outputs (six of them more personal, six other more public and the last added six commercial and reaching out to the other on-line platforms). In this way I will avoid the very deteriorating and mentally disturbing job of retrieving stuff from the other sources and remix them as I have been doing for the six meta parts off the project which I will now happily remove! Now the apartment is also upside down like my Website since yesterday night I also started implementing it, adding wooden skirting to the wall I built in the entrance and beginning to reproduce the interface of my Website on the wall over the little bed in my studio.

I have been working extremely hard today, a bit reversing my work flow starting with physical work first and ending up doing all the computer work later. I guess I could not do otherwise since my room was quite messy now that I am reproducing the interface of my Website on the wall ahead of where the Japanese futon bed I have ordered last month should go. Meantime I have taken apart the bed I had constructed exactly a year ago. For me it was almost like constructing my vessel away from the island where I have been confined for so long (or where I had return after an attempt escape around the globe). Anyhow, now the pieces of that first precarious vessel will be utilized for the construction of a more stable and worked out vessel, possibly ready for a longer journey. As I was moving around things I also managed a laundry and started to restructure my Website too. It took me a whole day and a bike ride out to the city to finally come up with a very pleasing interface where both the 18 inputs and the 18 outputs of the 36 years project are now visible. Meantime my on-line Website got totally hacked with all the pages displaying commercials. I wonder who of my enemies managed that.. I mean it cannot be a technical ignorant like Lamin although the style seemed that of Goralski there is only Liselott, my Chinese boss Bob and Filip who are upset with me and have the capabilities to hack. The costumer service was also very surprised... I am actually totally fine with it, it is like a sculpture out in the public and ready to be vandalized. On top of this, I had a very bad impression of the gray winter in town with all the ugly immigrants. I mean, I sort of like those fishing but had a really bad feeling about those in the main-street hanging out the shops... I just can't help it. I even saw the very first beggar there... a beggar among beggars. Now I am home, the Website re-uploading and Myrthe to talk to, eventually while doing some carpentry work.

I felt very negative about the world since yesterday night. Maybe it was that I ate only a plate of lentils the whole day, or maybe because of the approaching winter, or the stagnating situation at the university, or more Website getting hacked and Myrthe being so drawn up by her work... I don't know. I have tried to improve and be better, building up on my Website, going to the gym and actually feel very good till again I had to attend a two hours seminar on media and power, still having eaten to little. It might be also that I have now finalized my whole operandi, which in fact allows allot of playfulness but I still have a bitof trouble deciding myself for how to visualize the 18 outputs of the project, now that I at last thought about them. I am going home now anyway. Will have to eat something then, the little I have in my fridge, tofu, broccoli and potatoes will do then tomorrow it will be a fist at the department conference, then Thursday and finally Myrthe and August on Friday... I should be happy just for them ;)

I woke up okay today, few dreams though, like when I work too much, without letting my imagination go. I had some issues still with my Website, regarding the new look and I quickly decided a line of action. I promptly executed it and got soon satisfied with the outcome. Right after I went to the department conference in town, ate my breakfast and spent my time during the talks to further edit my Website, including the projects I had previously excluded after the restructuring, this time combining them with the ones I kept, mostly combining my production about the project, with my production of productions relating to the project. With this I felt satisfied and ate some lunch to then go out by myself, for a little walk in the cold sun. There were more hours after that of presentations. I poor Polish guy, Lukas, got totally opened up by the rest of the department (these people know how to bark). I felt allot of sympathy for him and took him on a walk before dinner up to a small mountain overlooking the city. He really enjoyed and actually admitted that he has to walk daily because of a genetic disease which kept him already a year hospitalized. We were a bit critical about Swedes, the way knowledge production is conducted with an extreme political correctness for what has already been produced, making new production barely possible. Latter we were back with the department and ate Lebanese food talking about the Second World War particularly in Poland, having myself already learned quite allot through Jacek. On my way back Johan, the oldest Professor who liked my writing style, was also there and I felt quite relieved to confine him my preoccupations with at least not being able to address my practice in my research. It is amazing to find this older generation far more open minded that the generation of properly trained academics following it, that of my supervisor and the philosophy professor who are giving me such a hard time. He agrees that I should have a second supervisor who was more into artistic research and that Staffan was trying to keep himself in his comfort zone by not allowing any such exchange. I felt quite liberated in fact and now I am on my way home, a bit dry emotionally from such a day, not at all wet like in these days spent out in the dirt of the metropolis and in its semi-natural outskirts... I miss these days!

Taking part to department conference yesterday was rather distressful, mostly because all the forced seating caused me a stiff back and little sleep as a consequence. I spent the early morning updating my project then and latter got to the university gym. My mood changes for the better at the gym, I will try to be more discipline and train like a Roman. After the gym I had a two hours supervision of three students. I started quite charged and in English but had to soon switch to Swedish and talk to them in really simple terms without any of the "inspirations" I so much like in teaching. While speaking I simplified allot their research plan although I am not the most qualified person to do so since so much I have to learn from my own thesis work. I only drank a glass of milk for lunch and attended another doctoral meeting with the supervisors. It went okay, also there speaking in Swedish. My supervisor was rather happy, maybe still with some alcohol circulating in his veins from yesternight's dinner...., I really like these kind of Swedes but will see how my situation will evolve. It seems that at least in Swedish academia, there is allot of contract making, also when it comes to writing. At least I can follow up to some of the processes. During these days I heard very little from Myrthe and nothing at all from August... tomorrow I will reconnect physically with both and I ought to make the due preparations (still have allot of planks fro the shelves I am building in my bazaar closet).

I woke up again very early and quite excited about all the work I have set up for me to do with my new Website, which, with its architecture, has laid out in full all my operandi, taking me back to physical production. I was actually planning to mount the shelves in the wardrobe yesterday but Liselott that again August felt sick. Well, I knew he was not but went all the way his way, just to spend some nice time with him. In fact we did, first at home cooking and taking it easy. I actually found a little bounty of clothes, bed sheets and toys in the compound's trash room, stuff that I can certainly reuse particularly for my Webshop. I am writing from a McDonald now, August was hungry after I took him to the history museum and it is really the place we can wait for Myrthe who is coming from the airport and with whom I will finally relax, putting a bit in slow tempo my frantic production or at least all the restricting that has occurred after I started exposing myself to the world thanks to her (it was only this summer that I have resumed my public presence on the Internet). With Liselott it was totally the contrary, hide everything and not make use of my talent, the talent providence has given me and the talent providence will ask me back at the end of my days to see what I have made of it... so far quite allot, possibly not like my biological father who has wasted it and not like I was going to do living with Liselott... hiding in the ground waiting for my lord to return...

An easy going day with my little princess bride, waking up and updating my project, this time also rescuing the photos that I mistakenly erased coming back yesternight with the commuter and squeezing my body against Myrthe's. The mission as accomplished and I even managed a small laundry with the stuff I found in August's compound yesterday, this before going to bed again and making love to Myrthe. After a late breakfast we went to the supermarket to get a bit of extra ingredients and latter had a quick salad lunch to then set off for a bike ride. We went again in the direction of Tumba, a place I have already explored but this time tried to go next to the railroad, a more direct way. The connection between two lakes was really beautiful and we sat to contemplate the beauty but then found that it was blocked and had to go the way I had already explored, getting really indignant about the construction sites, with all the fake villas made of plastic bricks and the cut d down forest. We were however in a little nice café in the small community of Ronninge were another PhD student I knew was with his fiancé. Once in Tumba instead we had quite some fun to pick fifty percent off old sweaters that Myrthe and I can use together when she is here. Latter we saw a bit of a concert from a Gospel like church and got out a bit wondering about this spectacularized version of religion. Now we are home, I have cleaned my studio and we are sort of ready to watch a little movie and eat oven cooked autumn roots, like those I used to grown years ago...

I woke up today again before little Myrthe and managed amply a nice project update. We then ate a bit and got ready with our new 1980s sweaters to go out and meet Roman in Telefonplan, right in front of the art academy where I taught for so many years. Unfortunately I forgot my mobile phone at home and could not coordinate any meeting with him and his little family (they have a one year old kid). The weather was quite pleasant however and I took Myrthe to the nearby Aspudden where Liselott, August and I used to live after our world experience. I felt a piercing sadness walking in these places I so much shared with August, taking him to school through the little park with animals and walking to the small mountain from where we overlooked the water, all places we had so widely explored together. On top of the little mountain I proposed Myrthe do grill but the supermarket did not have any grills (it got too civilized now the place to light a real fire) and we ended up eating only a Christmas pastry with some nice black currant juice. We latter walked back to the bus and then slept a bit in the commute, despite all the immigrant weirdos around us. Now home. I had to fix my laptop having uninstalled the wrong program... Time to make some tiramisu now to literally pull ourselves up as the cake is meant to do!

I woke up again like a Napoleon today, getting up with Myrthe always ready to wake up as well as ready to fall asleep. She felt asleep again after a few hugs (almost if she was my little baby), and I spent quite some time updating my project with all the new features of for instance, interpreting a few of my dreams and saving high resolution pictures of my photographic project, a sort of Archive of the Archive. I also managed to prepare a warm breakfast for me and Myrthe, with the winter almost at the door. We then went to the university together where I placed her at the library before going myself to a meeting about my future courses. I thereafter went with the commuter towards town to pick up August again who felt again sick, this time he said for sure butin reality again he was not. I was just happy to have him with us for some days and I warmed up the food I prepared for the three of us before we ate it together at the restaurant. I felt quite proud of hanging out with such a diverse family heritage, really love it. After lunch, while August was back playing in his "Minecraft" virtual construction game on his tablet, and Myrthe was correcting her students' paper at the library, I confronted my supervisor in a meeting. The old professor Johan has openly told everyone about my complains, mostly of me having to do all my research through the mouth of one theorist and having solved it, mostly me being not allowed to use my project as the main example which makes total sense. I could not open the visual map I have created but could reproduce it a bit on the white board. Still he was a bit reluctant about me bringing in my project in the theory but at least I can now negotiate it. Latter I went with August to the gym and now we are on the commuter all together, like a little family approaching home... time to get off!

A day fully at home other than a short walk with Myrthe in the cold rain to the supermarket to fetch a pot to let her cook pancakes for us. August, meantime have been keeping up the construction of his Virtual world with Minecraft. Once at home I have got a bit demotivated since August laid like an apartment dog, bored and with nothing todo, without his Virtual world to be constructed. I felt a bit like him, myself also with my Virtual world, my spiritual kingdom under construction other that I also extended from the physical, giving me a break from the screen. I have in fact spent the day keeping up the construction of the little closet, putting up all most of the shelves and interwalling the work to play with August and Myrthe but also eat first pancakes she made, than a salad I made and finally a bread I had August to bake bread (we have not done in years) while I was with Myrthe in the basement to cut some more wood for a new shelves to order the envelopes with my month production of drawings. It was rather quite impressive to see them all set up, at least according to Myrthe. Now we are all in my room, all in front of their own screens, me writing on my Journal and getting a bit irritated with August jelling about all his real-time architectural improvement (he has become very skilled) and Myrthe working on her laptop correcting essays and preparing lectures. Liselott is coming now by car to fetch August and Myrthe and I will have to pack our backpacks to go to Italy tomorrow, leaving the upcoming winter for a short time and eventually getting some human sanity.

A day of travel with my little princess Myrthe, taking the commuter and then the bus down to the nice little city of Nvköping where we kept in a café to allow me my usual project update and then strolled around to the castle as I once did with Liselott and August after we escaped Italy and more particularly ██████████. This time we are sort re-establishing strong ties with them, going to spend a few days despite a wisdom teeth I will have extracted tomorrow from the old family dentist. Myrthe and I have been much in love all day, being most sweet to each other despite the rain. At the airport we ate some expiring half price salmon and slept all the way through the flight. Oncein Treviso ██████████ could not pick us up and we strolled for some time around the city with Myrthe liking it quite much. We hadto rush a bit to the train station and now we are on our way to Vicenza, hopefully with a nice warm meal expecting us at ██████████. Meantime I have got quite behind with my video editing of the small filming I make about different circumstances with which my project and different realities engage me with (about one a day)... ought to edit a