

other promising eternal love. In such a mood, sweet Myrthe took me to the airport, the main airport this time from where I am now flying to Malmo to attend one of the last mandatory course from the rotten discipline... I have not read a single paper and plan to keep my focus!

In Malmo, having slept at Jacek's place I woke up decently early and got some project update on in the kitchen after a fantastic and solar weekend with Angel Myrthe. We then sat off together for a long walk across the city and to his university, a boat constructed in an old hanger, a really claustrophobic environment. There I could finally seat and elaborate on my article, getting a bit loose and more speculative. We then attended seminars for this media and communication mandatory course. It was nice to have not prepared in any respect and still be the most active and responsive. At lunch we had a little sandwich and I talked to a few of the guys, kind people and less politically engaged than the previous ones. I certainly did show a bit of anger when one of my main professors presented his general overarching grand theory. I compared him to a general, beholding the battle from a hill and philosophizing while soldiers die on the battle fields because of his theories of war. He was humble in reply and also, finally, my new supervisor, Stina, wrote me to meet up... i am really curious to hear how she will respond to my writings... this will be very determinant to my continuation or interruption of my academic career...

Today was the last seminar day, it has been lighter than I expected. I have been the most active of the twelve students but now I shall retire and regain my energy via my active solitude, fully immersed in myself without the need of any "collaboration". Actually, of all the terms brought forth today, none befitted me. I mean, I already identified the human "ambitious", that of becoming immortal and I am already utilizing that discourse to bring forward the necessity of mortality and regeneration, this without the adoption of any high theory which, hopefully, will not be imposed on me. I am very eager to keep up with my article since I am left alone, Jacek, in his all restlessness, is now in yet another conference in England. I personally have no desire but getting down in my work, despite having had a very nice time with him, the two of us sticking together really like old brothers, basically doing everything together and almost imitating one another. Before seating in the kitchen to write I went out again in the little and gray Malmo to make more movie making of me picking the much trash that this heterogeneous population leaves on the ground.

I flew back from Copenhagen today. It was very easy to go out of Jacek's apartment and get on the train and across to Denmark in no time and on the plane to here. I kept writing my paper about surveillance only now putting my approach as the tale (this is my strategy now and I like to create such a contrast). I then went around town thinking to remove my wisdom teeth since I can now feel the cavity but my prices were rather prohibiting and I don't really have any weekend ahead to go to ██████████ and remove it for free there. It would be so easy to remove it, an easy maneuver but these dentists are just exploiting the fact that people cannot do without teeth. I also went to August later and made some rice (I have been almost foodless in the last days) and took a small nap prior writing on my paper again. I had to take a further break however and felt like at last going to this opening of the University of the Arts in Stockholm, driving there with August (he wouldn't have come otherwise). We had quite some fun running outside in the light of the evening, with the days becoming warmer and attending the rich premises of the University, exactly where his mother and me worked together a decade ago. This University and artistic research in general, might not survive that long but could allow me to stay next to my kid for longer time, in case I get accepted. This all depend on that and whether Myrthe likes it here. Now I will spend the night at August's place, Liselott being also out somewhere...

In Stockholm was a nice day. I woke up after a night on the side with August, in his apartment. His mother slept out and I felt pity for him to know that she has affairs and he is not involved. I have anyway recreated a sense of family and did not go back to a dating mode. Anyhow, I took the commuter into town and walked with all my stuff to the University of the Arts for some more conferencing. It is really easy to hang out with artists, talk to them for a long time. They are so rare in this world, I mean the true ones that really endure their practice through their life and don't let go to the easy criticism. They are shamans showing day to day people how one ought to cultivate their talents until a Cain comes and get rid of them. Such person was Beta who sang in her speech Fado music. Really inspiring and her research through practice was well articulated and had something to say. She is soon off to Ecuador... nice meeting these free Abels off and on. Prior the lunch buffet I stood by a sunny window to keep up with my paper writing. I feel strong and trained although tomorrow I will have to again confront the pharisees of the temple, my new academic supervisor. I am sort of indifferent, have no expectations. My writings is now introduced by an heavy immersion into technological implementations and their awful implications. I take the manual approach at last as some sort of way out, this without any generalizing theories. After keeping up a bit with the writing in the office with Roman who told me quite many things about his country at the verge of war, I went to the gym. Francesco was there with a painful back and I cracked the oxygen out of his spine causing him great relief. He was very thankful. Now home, with Myrthe waiting for me to Skype. Despite the great week together, we have not hang out so much, partially also due to the fact that I try to relax at night, without to much of this Skype (yesterday night I sat with August to talk to ██████████ he was well and fresh).

I started a day with a bit of a painful head, something I usually get once or twice a year, mostly for the little food, little water and bad air but then I went out to run in my little garden and all disappeared. I was thus ready to shower and face Stina, my new supervisor. She was kind to me and very positive recognizing that I did allot of work although I felt I did not want to share it immediately with her. I will use the weekend to polish it. I also show her the video-game I have created and we discussed about additional budget which makes it more exciting. In the evening I went back to the University of the Arts but did not really like from the beginning some of the artists talk like a guy from Belgium breeding chickens and making a religion out of it. Luckily I met some nice people, like my old curator Björn who told me that other curators are looking at my work (although they never pick me). There were also some old friends of my old supervisors (half Jewish guys) and I really took a stand from them when it came to this worshipping of a one theory god (it is then in fact a Jewish thing). I also hooked up later to other people like a professor from Montreal and a Portuguese philosophers with which we could talk allot on our way to an opening at Candyland, a gallery where I had a show many years ago. I then realized that my disappearance from the art scene has in fact created quite an appearance; people I barely knew had all sort of made up stories about me. In the end, with Eduardo, the Portuguese and Ramia the Egyptian I took them in really beautiful parts of town and it got too late for me to go home so they hosted me in their apartment although she got into a fight with him because of racist issues she perceived when listening to a naive Swedish artist doing work abroad.

It was supposed to be a working Saturday and in fact I woke up early in Eduardo nice and central apartment and sat by the sunny window updating on my project and working quite hard on my writings. Much later he and his Egyptian American friend Rania woke up, we had breakfast and we were soon out enjoying the sun. The argument they had yesterday sort of disappeared and we got all the way to North East part of town to enjoy the first real spring day. It was very nice by the water despite the wind and I even met a Dutch couple I photographed, very open people. We then walked over the beautiful Djursholm and got to a café where we finally ate some real food. Eduardo and Rania kept talking and I kept talking to them, sort of really matching well among international people. We soon got out again and went over to the Modern Museum which Rania wanted to see. Luckily I sat with Eduardo in a café as I was really raging about all the mainstream shit these vane provincial curators bring in. I became totally intolerant and it will be a question in the future if I will be able to keep up with art and so forth (although I guess now I am more into craft). At last we went back to Eduardo's place where we had a Portuguese risotto... did not really like it but the guy was super kind, being him also my age but not so much experience like me although he has been here in Scandinavia for years and had quite some relationship with Nordic women. Lastly I took a walk to the commuter station nearby but there was allot to wait and I got all the way to the Central station with Myrthe now waiting for me to Skype.

I woke up that I was really tired inside. I am probably like a shaman who, after having being among the tribe has to be by himself, hopefully somewhere in an elevating nature. This morning I had my paper to finish and while looking for newspaper articles to use as reference I got disturbed by all the pornography which made me masturbate also out of distress. I will keep it to that and hopefully Myrtina will come here soon and one day I will have access to a more purifying environment. I tried after the paper writing to bike to nature. The weather was nice, the landscape also quite nice but quite fucked by all sort of highways and railroads and constant exploration of the trees. Purification via exploration is a bit impossible here... It was nice though to feel the spring air and see the lakes at the distance, a little boat would be also nice. Back home I was talking to Myrthe and try to get a few things going. After a rather sentimentally cold weekend, being quite busy, we melted or I melted into love again although it is clear that I am not a good social member in the long run and tend to be rather independent from society. I have now set up a blue screen I have got in the Netherlands to photograph my old devices... ought to do it and clean up the mess before Myrtina comes over for Agostino's birthday.

I woke up after another night with basically only a few remote dreams, as almost all my faculty to remember has been temporarily burnt by the scientific side of me that is so much emerging now. It is emerging however only to bring forward again the artistic side. Today, in fact, after biking a bit in the sun, I went to meet Mauri and told him what I thought about doing all these simplistic models with my data using his algorithms. I still could not just tell him that I am not interested in his approach but at least we sis not set up a further meeting. Still I was quite mentally burnt and the atmosphere in the department was not the bet either with allot of carpenters renovating the interiors and most of my colleagues there. I have avoided them for so long now and once again I went out with my food and sat on the top of the little monolith in the middle of the university. I then got home and latter to the center of Södertälje to find a green screens for my photographs. I found a lid. I then sat at the library and took me a while before I got my focus back but really managed to write, this time resuming the account of all the parts of my project. Beside all the weird conversations and weirdies around me, I was able to regain some sanity. I will keep it up now before Myrthe arrives on Thursday. Now I am home, still quite hungry though and almost feeling I have too little to eat...

A good active day waking up again Napoleon early, going over my project, quickly translating Alessandro son of a bitch CV (he demanded me to do so this polentone), writing an assignment for tomorrow pedagogy course (this without doing any reading) and keeping up the writing of my project's descriptions. While chatting a bit with Myrthe (electronically), I managed a laundry and also to sweep all the staircase. I then went out in the spring sun and did some running and tai-chi to latter come back and eat some stakes and cauliflower. I even managed a little nap to wake up again and do allot more writings including an essay for my Juvenil section which I have been pausing now for some months after all the troubles it created me with the Accademics. I basically came out with a nice new grand theory "shitifications", inviting to become pieces of shits to get out of the technological creature in which we are trapped, this however with a bounty which will enable us to fertilize it from its feet. Later, feeling rather hurt of seating in the chair I made to myself, I went biking to the mall and got a gym ball (the Portuguese philosopher I met the other day told me that it can be a good option to seat on it instead) and also got some hiking boots for August birthday (I seem only to buy him equipment for him to become a man). Now I plan to finally photograph my old equipment, still polishing my Website, this rather unconsciously knowing that also "directors" from this or that institution will soon take a look at it...

I have been rather smart or just lucky to find a spot here. I mean, I have been complaining a bit with the winter weather, the factories and the immigrants all around but in fact it is a good location. Today, after working hard on my Website uploading at last all the images belonging to the last trilogies, I took the bike and literally pushed myself in the unexplored, following the road I once reached both with August and Myrthe but have never explored. It was indeed very charming with the infiniteness of very blue lakes and the sun and the sky and the warm breeze and the strength within me going fast on the bike made all my spirit rejoicing. An hour later I was laying in complete solitude on a deserted beach of a camping. From there I later went through a small but intense natural reserve and reached some amazing small little houses which really made me consider to sell everything and move there. On the other hand later, I reached the little city of Järna. There was allot of traffic but the main street was nice and a total hippie town in fact, with biological shops and haven baked bread. The house were in fact very expensive there and that is why I feel just happy where I am, in this liminal and constantly temporal situation, on my way to leave but in fact staying, a precariousness which makes life so poetic and poetry possible.

A productive day, I guess thanks to all my work out that gives me such a renewed energy and freshness. These beautiful days have played me a little trick since I felt so strong being by my own and most disciplined but then got quite wounded about the way Myrthe treated me, not talking to me the entire afternoon an the announcing she had to suddenly go out. I did not want to talk to her today although she is now on her way to me but then revealed my feelings and got beyond. Poor soul, she is just keeping up her way of being in her tribe while I am playing a bit of the fanatic. Somehow though the issue is that on one hand I do like my freedom, being able to travel far and on the other I do not like the idea that one day I would have to travel continuously to meet August and so forth by moving back to the Netherlands. Nor I woul like to keep up a long distance relationship. On the other hand Myrthe has nothing more than being a social creature, practicing no sport or having none of the hobbies which I so much try to cultivate. In other words, it feels again that the main difference is that I am producer while she is a consumer and, in my very disciplined production, I see consumption as a sort of surplus... Although I also managed to turn consumption into production, my dream is that of nature some how, or at least, this is what my trip yesterday suggested me. Anyhow, today, in this state of mind, I got really productive, both cleaning the whole apartment and the windows (as ██████████ always does) and putting my archive in order, particularly focusing on the meta project, removing all the outer perspectives which are now included as part of the Virtual environment. I even managed to go out for a run in the sun and latter went to the university where I still I am waiting for Myrthe to land...

A laid back day with Myrthe on my side after a nice riconciliation. I woke up rather early, despite having made it back quite late and updated my project. I then went back to little Myrthe and we spent a lovely two hours before going up again, shower and eat lunch. While Myrtina was working a bit, I biked to fetch a package of the boxes I now use systematically to archive in the Origami section of my project. The pick up place was rather far and through all the big heavy infrastructures nearby the apartment. At home Myrthe and I managed some quick grocery and made it home on time to pickt the metro to the university where I had a supervising meeting with Stina. She was kind to me and really careful not to force any view but really only try to guide me. Interestingly enough, she thought that I should write in a more autoenographic fashion, less objective...basically artistic research I guess or whatever she is used to. After the meeting I then went with Myrthe into town where I dropped her to go and pick little August. This weekend will be a celebration weekend for him, his 9th birthday and we will start with a sushi dinner tonight before the actual little party tomorrow.

A quite dreadful day in a way as Sweden, the Sweden that has been so sunny and nice for the past days has become cold once again. Myrthe and I also did work quite hard to make August birthday a nice one, with much of decorations and so forth. We had a morning cake then Åsmund came over announcing that he was getting fired but nonetheless being quite happy and playful. We also watched the Lego movie that August wanted so much to watch but later, when it was time to get a little stroll out, he got really grumpy for over an hour and turned us also quite unhappy and grumpy. We then got home and he got back to his tablet while Myrthe and I relaxed on the bed and felt asleep. I could certainly make a decent life in Sweden but I feel it is probably not so proper for me and Myrthe to stay here beyond my doctorate studies... I had hopes but have to comply with the circumstances... one step at the time, the Netherlands and then slowly eventually back to beautiful sunny Italy on day... that weather all I need to keep being in Love!

A nice Sunday to compensate the low activity and indoor frustrations of yesterday. I actually organized well for this, waking up early and planning a trip for the little new family with the bikes I have fixed up in the last years. The temperature had dropped again but the sky was very blue and we took the metro to the little hippie town of Järna to then bike to Rudolf Steiner's inspired cultural center. It was a very idyllic ride going with the wind in a fantastic landscape with a fantastic architecture merging with the sky. Everyone was happy; August, who could get inspired with something he could also do in his country place and Myrthe who also went to a Rudolf Steiner inspired kindergarten. The nature was also idyllic and we all went down to the water (me guiding intuitively there). In a little cottage a little boy came out as from a Mark Twain story. His name was in fact Finn, and he climbed over the cottage to play with August, introducing himself in many languages including Dutch. Myrthe talked a great deal to him and we all went to the garden of the little house where he lived with his Dutch father and English mother. He showed us allot of acrobatics and later also how to hang from trees on a park. The way back to Järna was rather harsh against the cold wind but I carried August pushing him by the neck and taking it really easy, not to make him ate biking. We pretty much managed and all in the end were satisfied of today's adventure in the solar side of Sweden.

Myrtina and I had a long night of sleep, with allot of awakening and dreams. She felt worried yesternight about the future to come, having her to quit her friends, country and job to come my way. She might feel sorry at times and I have to pay to her extra attention. She left in the morning for the airport, with a cold weather and the snow that have come over night. It is indeed quite dreadful our neighborhood and the weather in general but it is a nice place to be intimate. August kept home today and I have been working on my computer while he was building his virtual realm, both master workers. ██████████ told me about a referendum for the independence of the old Venice Republic but who knows... I also heard from ██████████ and she wanted quickly a log form me, so all summed up, even though the Venetians will get there independence, they will still be governed by a bunch of incompetents. I latter did some food for August and I had him to help me placing all the drawings I had in many envelopes into boxes to fit within the Origami part of my project. We also managed some grocery and I have been starting to cut my paintings in four parts also to be placed within boxes. It feels like I am sort of preparing to departure, placing everything away. I latter went to take August to his mother at the Central station. We had very serious and rational discussion, as if he was by now a little man. I then wonder his behaviour with Myrthe and how come he is much more of a child with her... now back home with more cutting to do.

An easy day, waking up at a decent time and making it to the university after a decent update of my project. I had to attend a three hours lecture on rhetoric and totally improvised the speech I had to prepare, right on the spot. Other people were quite impressed about my skill to just tell a story without following the usual script, I guess it is a bit of a Northern European handicap, particularly of these highly civilized people. I was impressed later, moving to the library, how all the students (mostly immigrants) are all into scientific writings... a bit scary all this brain washing. Seating down in that environment, away from all my filthy colleagues, I could actually concentrate more on my own framework and come up with further solutions such as dedicating the Juridic part of my project to descriptions about each part of my project, going for what Plato defined as science then (the ability of describing each component of a cart). On this end I do not know about what I will do about my thesis work instead, it will probably end up as an Edition of the project and that's it, without any structure but the one imposed by my department. It will be in this way far less central to my project. Later in the afternoon I went to the Qidong classes directed by Francesco's Swedish girlfriend. They are rather boring and in addition I latter have to teach them Tai Chi. Francesco is actually a good students and learns really fast plus we have some nice discussion later about all his back pains and so forth. He actually wants to keep it in Sweden