

boomer. After picking some bad quality clothes from the warehouse and eating with also my bored cousin Enrico, we went back to Vicenza to be with August and go to the city center where again Myrthe wanted to do shopping. I really have to get back to my moderate living after arriving back to safer Sweden tomorrow.

Where is home? Today I woke up next to sweet Myrthe. We slept in Giulia's room and got ready with our luggage to get a taxi. The airport is not that far but ██████████ preferred it this way. The driver, Andrea, was an unusual local who traveled quite a bit but got a sick son in the end. I did not like the working Italy; I feel more and more convinced it is too much of a contrast to do something unnatural in such a natural beauty. I felt glad to leave in a way, bring August to his mother. The trip home was actually quite turbulent and once at the airport Liselott invited us for a drink in a nice villa in the warm country. The reason for this is that she wants me to move closer but it seems a rather impossible proposition as the area in which she lives is unaffordable. I wouldn't mind being closed to little August, play with him and take him to nature and at the same time be close to the airport to pick Myrthe. On the other hand I might have to sacrifice all my work in my current apartment, loan money and get quite poor. These changes are most difficult. I am now passing my university with the metro after looking at the many photo albums I have from my youth, another bounty from the nazi extermination of the past enacted by ██████████

A day spent in my little room, feeling very quiet and ready to seat the entire day to both properly update my project using my old laptop as well as updating my Website, re-including the parts of the project in which I provide accounts on related works and people, all material stolen from the web and remixed. I really had to make an effort to tide up my desk too and I managed also to go over to the university to solve some bureaucratic things like signing the new contract but also filling in a report for the insurance regarding my stolen laptop but also shoes and voice recorder as I later figured thanks to Myrthe who is very attentive. At the end I also managed to go to the gym although I felt a bit weak but at least got going since the weather here is cold and rainy all of a sudden. In the afternoon I was also really diligent reading on the metro since i don't have any portable laptop anymore and coming back to still fix a bit of the Website as well as take a bath and talk to Myrthe on Skype, using a microphone and no camera, still with my old laptop. Now it is time to eat instead.

A day spent again in quite full discipline, updating my project and then reading about the art of memory and combinatorial art. I don't know how much I will be able to use of this rather academic reading but still it is a good source and all in Italian and mostly about Italians, my revenge against this German omnipresence. After running in my little park, with the grass all burnt by the sun and no rain, I biked all the way to a beach beyond my cute city of Södertälje. I felt lucky to live here after so much traveling but then had a bit of an hard time with the actual people on the beach, really quite vulgar folk. Meantime, while reading again in my Italian book, I felt a bit perverted, maybe after all the making love to Myrthe. Hopefully it will calm down. At home I sort of made an effort to write yet another article about another part of my project, and it is now accomplished but will have to do grocery now and still chat a bit with Myrthe...

A pretty good day, a coldish summer day lonely in my apartment to begin with, waking up at five sharp to update my project, even managing to rescue some of the movies I lost with my stolen laptop. I can't believe that the police knows exactly who did it but cannot do anything of the gypsies thieves living next to the ancient basilica... at least a sign warning tourists! Anyway, after some work done standing, with my heavy old laptop on a box, I went to the university. I did my proper training section which includes Chinese gymnastic, European boxing and American weight lifting and later ate my lunch box before compiling a first list of artists I intend to present for the San Francisco exhibition on self-tracking next year. I actually got quite upset on the fact that American artists like my old friend Brian, gets an extreme media exposure and was about to only select non American artists but then retained from doing so. I am now in my little office writing on my desktop computer and waiting to meet Jacek who is coming back from a solo hike. No one is around and the cityscape itself looks quite empty... I wonder how little big August is doing.

I went for a solitary ride today, I did not feel so good home alone. I think academic reading makes me totally depressed, they are so burecratic and correct. Anyhow, it was good to set out by bike and try out many roads to at last reach a lake. How nice was to bike in the little dirt roads on the forest at the edge of the water. At a certain point though I decided to walk and I also did some filming although it was a bit difficult with the camera bags and also me trying to record my thoughts while also recording myself doing so. After a little bit of dry Swedish bread and cheese, possibly to commemorate the death of the August's great grandfather, the stoic fisherman, I felt a bit down to see so much dirt left by the immigrant in the forest but also being alone without my love. It took me a bit of effort to overcome my negative feelings and bike even further out to Nykvarn to then make it back on the asphalt and ending up right at the electronic super store where I went in to check for laptops and actually found a camera phone that could allow me to combine up all my equipment, the video camera, the dictaphone and the actual phone I use to annotate my conscious and subconscious. I got it in the last minute and even got new pans and boots at a nearby mega supermarket, almost as if I am getting unconsciously ready to go for an expedition, as Jacek's yesterday night told me he did at the very north of Sweden.

The day started and I felt miserable. Turning on my computer I the inbox was empty and I got quite hurt since Myrthe was at a little party yesterday from Renate who is moving to Sweden for a PhD. I spent an heavy long hour till finally she woke up and wrote me, her words being like honey since I cannot really endure this distance otherwise. From then on things went well: I wrote part of a new Juridic article on the Virtual part of the project, warmed up last week spaghetti with my ceramic pan and walked all the way to a mall to look for a new laptop. I couldn't find one but the shop assistant started talking to me and at last he brought out the one I always wanted, with enough memory to store my Archive also on it. I bargain for a good price and could go down quite allot although I also got an insurance from him. When it was time to buy it, I did not have my credit card with me and had to go back home and biked there again to pick it. Instead of going directly back home, even though I had my new laptop with me, I decided to go down to the beach past Södertälje. What an amazing spectacle it was, the sun almost setting, happy Christian Arabs and the warm water in which I finally took a bath although still had to watch my bike bag. Now I am home ready to use my new computer!

Quite okay day, waking up and updating my project while also swiftly installing all my working tools on it. I did manage everything quite quickly and was ready to go to the university after also chatting a bit to Myrthe. Honestly I felt quite miserable again about keeping up a distant relationship, getting all the time so worry about her and so forth. I am taking it softly now without to much expectation and will see what time brings forth. I seek for the family life described by Tolstoy although this time I don't want to be under a wife landlord, I took the step to be the landlord now of a little humble domain. With these miserable thoughts in mind I went under a boiling sun to the university and arranged to get a new press release picture taken from the Turkish web administrator. He was busy so I first went down to Jacek and spilled all my sentimental problems to him, poor soul. We sat out in a park to eat a loaf of bread both now living like monks and pursuing the academic path, away from social life but potentially close to another kind of life. I then went back to the empty university to get the pictures taken but it was too late since the article from The Guardian, partially addressing my work, has been already published. I did a big laundry and washed all the apartments floor before reading it a bit. It was nicely framed and will read more tomorrow. In the evening instead I biked again to my beach and jumped in the cold weather feeling my body responding with a wave of heat.... I really enjoyed that moment, with the sun almost setting... so purifying. Now the last evening together before Myrthe's arrival and I should like to make it a decent evening, drawing and so forth.

A day with sweet little Myrthe reaching me very early this morning. I feel completely another person when she is around, emerging from all my worries and getting very happy together. As the sun was shiny and it was hot I waited for her at the Stockholm bus station and then we walked together through Kungsholmen, on our way to a beach, only however to be caught in an heavy rain which made us turn back and take first the bus and then the commuter to go home. Once in my nice and clean apartment we made very emotional love before falling asleep all afternoon. As she is still sleeping I kept up fixing a bit of my public presence on the Internet now that the I am becoming more "notable", as the official sites like Wikipedia wishes.

An okay day waking up a bit weird after having slept a bit too long with Myrthe yesterday afternoon. I was trying however to get things straighten from the beginning and go to the gym right after finishing to update my project. Actually the book on the old art of memories I am reading while commuting was quite revealing and today I decided to also structure in my memory the discourse I will develop for my thesis, this using my old grandmother's country villa as a medium. After a quick section at the gym, back home with Myrthe we were both a bit weak and all the intellectual work makes me rather sterile. We anyway took off with the bikes and went to the lake I visited last Saturday although Myrthe was quite low energy. After a bit of blueberries we went to the electronic supplies shop were I fetched my big camera phone, hopefully good enough to substitute all the devices I use with my right hand, which now have been hanging on the right side of my waist for six years. We also went to a gigantic supermarket to buy some nice sweet Swedish bread and felt in love again in the bench of a little park, before finally making it home.

A quite okay day, feeling very at easy and in love with my sweet Myrthe. We actually kept working through out the morning, me being very slow to update my project as I also had to deal with setting up my camera phone. After a nice lunch prepared by Myrthe, we got back to work and I received the LCD screen for the Visning part of my project to display the fables. It was a bit frustrating since it did not work the interface but I decided anyway to let it be for now and go out with Myrtina. We took a walk to the now sunny and warm Södertälje city center where I got a bag for my phone. I am now totally symmetrical like a cowboy, wearing one camera per side, then the trash bag and my big camera across the chest and my backpack with my computer and drawing equipment for a total of 6 portable parts (the first two being what I have daily one me). Now we are back and Myrtina is seating out to read while I try to get down to all the new technical configurations I had to undergo, keeping very calm and problem solving oriented.

Another okay day waking up next to Myrthe and then promptly updating my Archive prior biking down to the beach where we did some readings together as well as took a little bath. It was quite refreshing and we both enjoyed our readings till at last I have got an e-mail from Liselott saying that she was basically very upset about the article recently published on the British magazine where I tried to shift the focus from societal implications of lifelogging to private ones. I was already spending quite some time thinking about defining deathlogging instead but her reaction got me a bit disturbed especially after Myrthe also read more attentively the entire e-mail and started putting herself in Liselott shoes. We were at the nice café nearby the beach then and grew very distant from one another until we biked home again and managed to talk through the situation describing our fears for the future, not knowing where our distant relationship will end up. At last we were quite cute and reassuring to one another, ending up with making love and get back to our harmony together.

Yesterday we came back too late from Stockholm city so I write today about our adventure there. After waking up very early and updating my project I also woke Myrthe up to work on a transcription. I even managed to go out to my little park to do gymnastic and running and was a bit agitated being home since the day was really beautiful out. I then was quick cooking and preparing the pictures I later sent to my insurance to prove that my phone and laptop got stolen in Italy. We had to stop at my university to print and went to the city center later. We took a nice walk there, stopping at a little store where Myrthe searched for a dress to wear at Francesco's wedding next month. I was however more into filming and experimenting with my camera phone and we got into an argument seating in the grass next to a Catholic church. We did not rise our voice or anything but simply rationalized our future ahead made of allot of traveling and sacrifices. At this point Myrthe asked if I wanted to break up and later we were for some ten long minutes not a couple, since the main conclusion was that life would have been much easier then but when we reached a café on the observatory hill, having sat down we felt in our arms and cried, removing all our pains in our hearts, purifying ourself and our love. Thereafter we walked super happy and in love, not afraid of the future ahead, me moving to her, after August gets bigger and I am done with my research. After a kebab and after visiting the show of an old artist friend we walked all the way back to the south of the city to meet up with Jacek and Brett. We attempted a little picnic but it was dark and at last ended up in their place, playing guitar and attempting to watch a documentary about a wire man but at last falling asleep and making it back to our little apartment.

A sweet day, waking up and doind a quick project update to then go back to bed and caress Myrthe and finally come out to eat some food and bike to the nearby beach. It was very lovely there, small and intimate. Myrthe also really liked it and we were basically study all day, each on us with our work book, taking small breaks to go in the cold water. Reading all day like that with soft Myrthe on my side I also felt asleep and we were ready to bath soon after. As the sun got behind the trees we started barbecuing a bit of veggies, cheese and sausage next to an nice and young Arab couple smoking a water pipe. At last we went home and I will be drawing while Myrtina will take a little bath and keep reading.

A nice and pretty productive day, waking up to update my project and then going back to sleep for a bit with Myrthe before getting quite seriously to read the rest of the art of memory book. I feel solid now with my academic reading but I will have to read more before getting fully prepared to write. Before lunch we also managed a laundry and I did cook a lentil soup before getting back to the guest room and read more about memory systems and encyclopedias while Myrthe kept working and also checked for a new apartment in Utrecht. She is really trying the best also to accommodate me. In the afternoon we also did some grocery prior going to my little park where I did my exercises while Myrthe kept reading. Towards the evening I also heard from August. He looked very healthy although he claimed that he did not have so much fun in the last trip he took with his mom. I will now bath and go further in my readings or perhaps just close my eyes and structure my discussion in my grandmother's family villa.

A nice sunny day to begin with, waking up quite early and going to the north of town to see the exhibition place that Mikael Goralski hooked me up to. It is again a very traditional Swedish environment, a very cacophonous one indeed. Anyway, while waiting for him I sat in the sun of the old garden and started to at last write a first chapter of my thesis, this time introducing the development of the art of memory. I was very fast and lucid... hopefully not wasted work once again as I did a year ago for my former supervisor. I was thus a bit frustrated to be inside the old fashion exhibition place with Mikael but did wait for an old student of my, one of the most talented, who in fact turned out to be working as a hearse, picking dead people form retirement homes. Well, I should consider myself lucky then, being able, still for a few years to write about my own art. I did so in fact on the way home by metro. Once home I ate a nice pasta from my love and then we took a little walk to her favorite second hand store. I did not like the stuffed atmosphere there either and we biked out later, Myrthe to the beach and myself to inquire on the possibility to print some t-shirts for the exhibition. I went to a rather industrial place with a big and friendly guy explaining me all the procedures. We finally decided together to go for an easy direct to garment print using ecological textiles... an easier approach when printing single motives. Back at the beach it was too windy and we ended up at home where my love helped me selecting the best of my drawings and I sent in an application for a fellow at TED, which a senior fellow has suggested me to apply to... one of these other alternative environments for real knowledge to be discussed.

A good day, waking up extremely early to update my project and then wake up sweet Myrthe who took the commuter to the airport. I took her to the platform and gave her a last sweet kiss before going back to my updating work after which I was in contact with a Chinese seller to fix the problem I got with their LED panel to display my fables in my showroom. The problem was not solved but there could be a solution ahead, will see. Before lunch I instead biked to town to meet Olof, an old art teacher who introduced me to the graphic workshop here in Södertälje. It was a completely empty environment, only with him there, an old man with all these obsolete techniques. I felt pity for him and got home with a small piece of copper and a needle to see if I could engrave one of my drawings to later print a t-shirt... too hard work killing the creative act really. After some rice and lentils I went to the university and enjoyed to keep up writing the historical chapter of my thesis. In the end it again turned out to be divided in six main epoques or centuries. Damn these scholars who will tell me that it is too broad and inappropriate. The good news however is that Rolf invited me to give a seminar to the new university of the arts that he is leading, which is more than an honor and a promotion, possibly a way to make extra money. In the evening I went to the gym... seating all this time I really feel my belly getting shabby, a feeling I hate and wish to really work out. Now I am back to my commuting routing, riding the train home to maybe cook some pasta, bath and draw.

A good day, waking up and updating my project, again standing with my computer on a box and later feeling quite inspired to bike again to town and try to find ways of printing other stuff than t-shirts for my exhibition. I also gave back the tools I got from Olof yesterday to make my drawings on copper for dry point printing. It was a bit cloudy and rainy but I did manage to seat in the library a bit and among some old Arabs write more of my dissertation, getting quite inspired and really going into the core of my passion. Hopefully the Nordic scholars will respect that... At home I ate and kept writing before contacting sweet Myrthe and at last deciding to get all my t-shirts printed in the Netherlands since Renate is driving to Gothenburg next week and can bring them to me. After the chatting I went to do a nice little run in my park and now I will spend the evening preparing the files for Myrthe to deliver to the t-shirt printing shop.

A quite exciting day, waking up, updating my project and later fixing a few drawings to send to Myrthe before she went to the t-shirt print shop. As I was standing all the time by the kitchen table with my computer on a box I finally got a back pain but did not mind it and kept up the t-shirt business as well as immersing myself in the writing of my thesis. I got quite far writing about outsider artists and death drive but I am afraid that academia will turn me down once more. This time I don't give a heck, even if they kick me out as I really believe in what I write, I really feel it! After this long immersion, I went to the university where I relax up with some more writings and later went to the gym despite my back pain. Now it is Friday night and I am going home, all alone after months with Myrthe and August. I might as well relax though, scan some hundred drawings and watch a cult movie that I can't really watch with my two loves otherwise.

A very productive day, waking up after spending yesterday evening scanning all the drawings I have done this summer. I did my update, standing despite my back and then kept up writing the historical chapter of my thesis. After eating some salad and shrimps, I have started cleaning up the closet in the guest room to make space to Riccardo, the student I will start to host from next week. After which I have resumed painting and spent the rest of the afternoon scanning all the trash I have accumulated in the past five months. I did so playing in the background Pasolini's Mamma Roma, a quite nice portrayed of old days Italy. Now I am sort of done and it is almost evening. I will take a simple walk to the supermarket, throw the garbage in the recycling, buy some simple food and at last end this simple day gone buy without any shadows, clean and relaxed.