

upper to observe the sun and evaluate how to position my cathedral. Walking back to the empty house I felt a bit melancholic but in the evening I was invited for a chat with Dino and Chiara. Meantime the heater kept warming my bed.

Yesterday I slept well without stove and updated my project even starting an article for a journal. The sun was shining outside and I did my tai-chi before beginning to dig again the foundation of the barn. I did not feel tired this time and had all the energy to keep up all day with the usual breaks of the neighbours coming by for a chat. None of them helped me though as they were all busy in the forest picking up the last wood. At the end of the day I got a message from ██████ that they will be visiting me today and I spent the evening cleaning and even showering in the coldish air. I then went to Marco to finalize the drawings for the renovation.

Yesterday I woke up very early, updated my project and went out to pick flowers and wild radicchio for ██████. I then did my tai-chi and started digging again the foundation of the house. ██████ came at last and ██████ felt like back in his parents house in the mountains. I showed them some of my fields and he even started picking wild grass onion. ██████ was always on the watch out and later we tried to go to Mauro's restaurant by the church but it was full. We then came back to warm some of the lasagna ██████ brought me. I warmed it up at Chiara's while Giorgio and Dino got their knees checked by my generous stepfather. It was nice to seat with ██████ in the sun and eat the lasagna. Later they had to drive to Bologna and I kept working on the foundation and later on the earth I spread on the corridors I made in the steep garden to secure them from collapsing. In the evening I went to drink some tea with Gianna but forgot to turn on the bed heater.

Yesterday I kept up my work, updating my project, doing tai-chi, writing a section of an article and then digging. I was not really hundred percent in shape and I had to eat several times to actually find the energy to load and unload over a hundred charts full of stones. I also had to secure the terrain where I was throwing them, excluding the big ones now laying next to the house. By the end of the day I was also removing twenty centimeters of the middle ground but then took a definite break and went home to cook and later to Gianna for a tea.

Yesterday I took a little break from digging. I did update my project, do my tai-chi and keep writing on an article but then went down to Schio to do some grocery also for Gianna and later meet ██████ in the industrial area. She was at a factory to replace her kitchen and we had a drink together before she sat off for Pordenone, yet another distant place where ██████ has to now work. On the way back I checked how the prints for Hasselblad are turning out and then picked up the pipes for the big stove. Back in the contrada I watched the news at Gianna, getting moved about all the people killed in Belgium after several suicide attacks. The rest of the afternoon I dug and dug getting a bit irritated about old Rino always criticizing and not seeing the titanic effort I am putting. In the evening I went for a delicious pizza with Marco mostly to discuss how to move forward with the ceilings in the barn. Myrthe also stroke me again proposing to go to the festival where three years ago I pushed a guy under drugs trying to get on her.

Yesterday updating my project but then switched to put the new pipes on the stove. There was a lot of metal cutting to do and demolishing the old connection so most of the morning went away. Meantime Gianna kept bothering me to take her to Sant'Uderico for grocery. I knew she wanted to buy alcohol and made her promise she wouldn't but by the time we go there I went inside the Pizzeria to connect to the internet and clarify with Myrthe about the concert while Gianna in fact bought grappa. Back home she got drunk and I did quite some work excavating. Daniela came to help and together we managed to level quite nicely the earth floor. The sunset was a nice one but the night quite cold as the plastering I put on the new connector for the stove pipes did not dry. A bean soup helped me keeping warm inside at least.

Yesterday the sky was very blue and after updating my project I decided to go immediately for a walk. I then drove to the beautiful Contrada Alba and went up the Branzome mountain. I was off course completely alone and looking down the cliff towards my native highland and then towards the Sumano mountain was really enchanting. Later I went home and put the stove pipes up and kept working on the barn, now making a 120 centimeters hole in the middle to maybe one day dig my Archive. It was quite late when I was done showering and cleaning the house. I rushed to ██████ and was only there very briefly before going to the nice couple who sold me the stove and get a lot of old bricks they once took from an old house in demolition. By the time I was at the airport to pick Myrthe, she was very tired and I guess also quite disappointed with me here.

The other day Myrthe was in the house and my discipline quite relaxed. I got the stove on and then got Myrthe to help me downloading the old bricks. She got quite soon tired and went to bed again while I had time to keep leveling the lowered floor in the barn and throw all the big stones on the paths down the forest. In the evening we went for a pizza downhill and could only hear August very briefly as he had no time to talk with all his new birthday presents and Martin playing with him.

Yesterday I slept way too much with Myrthe on my side and did not even start updating my project that she already wanted to go downhill to do gasoline. We actually explored the little town of Santorso which was quite okay if it wasn't for all the bad architecture of the last one hundred years. On the way back to the highland we stopped by my field and Myrthe laid down to tan while I started filling up the cars with sticks which I later used to reinforce the paths filled with stones and earth by the barn. The weather was nice and we even borrowed a pump to wash all the dirty floors. I worked until late and we ate asparagus with Gianna's eggs while the stove new pipes kept dripping.

Yesterday I woke up very early updated my project and then woke up Myrthe to drive down to Vicenza. We parked the car by ██████ and walked to the station, making only a pit-stop for a capuccino. The train was crowded but I found a seat where to sleep. In Venice we walked through the crowd to ██████ where we had some breakfast and then walked around with ██████ with the usual visit to the priest. Again through the crowd we reached the vaporetto stop to Murano and I offended a lot of those people cutting the cue. Myrthe was shocked but then got okay with me again and we had a good time eating at my stepfather's cousins. There were also the son and daughter of one of the cousins and I remembered that house by the lagoon I used to go to when I was a kid. They were generous and gave us a lot of food and presents for Myrthe. It would have been great to keep in the island with the sun shining but were sort of forced back in Saint Mark square to go to the priest and listen to the ceremony. Myrthe and I were falling asleep this time but survived. In the evening we were able to walk around and had a tomato salad back home.

Yesterday it was a happy day. I updated my project and then had breakfast with ██████ before he went again to church. Myrthe and I went off alone first visiting the nice Accedimia museum where I mostly enjoyed depiction like that of Carpaccio showing scenes from the Venice of the past. Later we walked down the zattere and met ██████ but went off ourselves to share a pizza and salad. After exploring the sunny and quiet area where I used to live we went to the more boheme Santa Margherita and ate an ice-cream. We felt quite happy and went around playing in the crowd and taking many photos and videos before going home. There we ate some of ██████ tramezzini and I made quite some drawings keeping the TV on for Myrthe where a movie on the last Polish pope was shown.

The other day Myrthe and I strolled around the myst of Venice feeling happy in the most solitary parts and quite disliking the crowd and the tourist shops. At noon we went back to ██████ dark apartment and had a small leftover sandwich before departing, me to the train station and her to the airport. It was really sunny waiting for the train and I updated my project before arriving to Vicenza and walk with an heavy bag to ██████ place through the city center. I did not want to stay there to long and I quickly did some Internet related things like my tax declaration and drove to Schio stopping in several small shops to buy things for the house like special silicon for the dripping stove pipes but most importantly I bought six fruit plants from a nice old man and had to drive with the trunk open. Back home I immediately went to Fabio to anticipate him some money for the carpentering work in the barn.

Yesterday I woke up that Fabio and his carpenter mate had already started marking all the levels in the barn. They were really hard worker and my task was that of bringing charts full of gravel out in the chicken field where Marco has illegally built a wall for his tractor. It was hardcore work going uphill with many a dozen charts for half of the day. Later the workers placed the rebars on the floor and around the house in preparation for the pouring of the cement. After they went I spent the rest of the day (now that it is spring they got much longer) planting the fruit trees by the barn despite Rino telling me that it is only gravel there. Daniela kept there doing her English home-works and the local priest, a simpleton, came to bless my small apartment.

Yesterday I tried to be quite regular but at last spent much time driving to do some Internet related work in Sant'Uderico and later in Schio to buy more fruit trees and maneuver. By the time I was up again I ate a pasta and some cabbage before actually planting the trees. I was a bit low energy but managed quite a lot working till dark setting stones around each plant and watering. In the evening I started writing in Italian for the first time after over a decade.

Yesterday I did not sleep well and had last dream about August. I had to go up early to follow the pouring of cement on the much suffered ground floor of the barn. It was impressive to see such a big truck going with its arm over the house and pouring in no time the mass I have removed over the past two weeks. Soon after the job was done I went to Sant'Uderio to send the March file of my right hand photos to be printed. Back in the contrada I turned all the pipes of the stove to avoid the condensation problem and then got to work on the garden, placing a stick next to each tree and covering the tender barks with metal net to protect them from the hungry deer. I was a bit tired when I to drive back down to the industrial area to finally pick up all the prints for the exhibit and leave half of my salary to them. It was only then that I found a message from Liselott saying that August got his appendix removed while on vacation in Teneriffe. I immediately called me but he was suffering because he hadn't got any food for over a day. I try to tell him that I had the same problem when I was his age but the operation was far worst. I then went back to the Sant'Uderico pizzeria to use more the Internet and send my Italian number to Liselott who is now also without job. When I finally came home it was still light and I work again in the garden till dark. I tried to turn on the stove this time but there was too much smoke going out and had to leave all the windows open. Nonetheless I got used to spend the evening with low temperatures.

Yesterday I slept alright and updated my project before going out to pick some wild radicchio and explore further my property to consider where to replant a walnut tree I really don't want next to the barn. The fields were too nice to plant any large growing tree and I started exploring the pieces of land I have in the valley. The first part was a scary precipice and I manage out of it risking to fall but then the opposite side facing south was nice. It was were the previous Swiss owner had planted a lot of pine trees which had nothing to do with the local nature. I then started sawing down some of them to get the wood I need to consolidate the paths in the garden filled with the gravel from the digging. I also washed the fountain from the cement the carpenters had spread all over and ate the eggs I got from Gianna before continuing with the sawing of the pines. One of them got stuck on some old ones and it was quite risky to get it down as the terrain was all too steep. I managed and took some breaks talking to all the neighbours coming to talk to me. I also called little August in the hospital and felt sad we have so little time to see each other this month although next month we will have quite some time together. In the evening I ate some nice lentil soup and gave my some presents to the neighbours.

Yesterday I woke up and updated my project prior doing minor things like pruning a small cherry tree off course with Rino coming down to tell me how to do it as if I never did that before. Everyone was a bit sad of my departure and I was also in a very confused state, not really like to separate from my nature although it has demanded a lot of work. After heating up the lentil soup and giving a lot of laundry to Gianna to wash I sat off with everyone out to greet me. I first went to Vicenza where I stayed a bit with ██████ and little ██████ and then walked through the city center. It was hot and I had the photo panels also to carry but managed and sat for some time in the park before getting on the train. I was a bit sad to see all the old people and no youth around but Treviso was more refreshing and soon I was at the airport and ate a sandwich before getting on board. Just then one of the stewards, a tiny Spaniard, started complaining about my package of photo prints but it went through. While flying I kept updating my project and later on the bus to Stockholm I watched an okay movie arriving on time for the last metro.

Yesterday I felt a little tired when I woke up after all the traveling. I anyway went in Stockholm where I delivered my prints to one of Hasselblad's curator assistants. Later I gave my lecture on early cinema for the fifth time I believe and soon after I met Stina who was very positive about my work in Italy. Quite exhausted I took the many commuters all the way home and in the evening decided to cancel my trip to the Netherlands and stay here waiting for August to come back from Teneriffe.

Yesterday I woke up without any dreams and updated my project standing before getting to seat a long time on the metro. At the university I sat in the library to work on a paper for a journal and then trained quickly in the gym spending much time talking to Lorenzo, the English Italian secretary who is really fed up with Sweden. After quickly eating some tortellini I attended the seminar of my lesbian colleague and was fascinated to research about her priest wife who was also there and with whom she just had a premature baby. As my laptop ran out of battery and I could no longer update my paper, I went home to keep up with it and send it for feedback. Jacek also arrived and we took a little walk talking about his recent escape to Italy also to buy a house there in Lago di Iseo. In the evening he baked some bread and Brett did some humus while I did some salad for everyone.

Yesterday I updated my project and then went once again to the university to supervise my two new students as well as Carina, the teacher with multiple sclerosis. She was quite angry with the students but I was patient and could get some good ideas for everyone out. I then had a bit of a boring lunch with the English Italian secretary who is really into anarchism and so forth and got a Bakunin's book from him to read. I then went home reading through his historically dense writings and soon dismissed it to take care of my own small republic. I managed to make for Stina a course description on Seneca and start working on videos with classic music presenting my photos of society. Later I took a walk with Jacek in the cold and gray Swedish weather while August and Liselott got again stuck with an airplane flight now in Madrid.

Yesterday I took it easy in the apartment. The weather was terrible and I kept working on my laptop but it was nice to take breaks and talk to Jacek. Later we ate a little egg and walked to the supermarket under a bit of rain. Back home we kept working and towards evening we went to check a few openings where we met some old friends. Walking back to the metro we were just in our crazy mode making loads of jokes and farts. At home we made an asparagus risotto.

Yesterday I spent most of my day at home, again with a awful Swedish weather hitting outside. I updated my project, worked on my thesis and on my Juvenil writings, bringing them bac on my Webpage. Only in the afternoon I took a walk with Jacek enjoying a tiny bit of sun and reaching the rich center of the neighborhood where we ate a pastry. Back home I kept working and then ate some friend potatoes by Jacek experiencing Brett's awful and frustrated mood, constantly wanting full attention and lastly closing herself in her room.

Yesterday I woke up rather early and updated my project quite a bit also fixing my Website. I also helped Jacek and Brett to clean the apartment before Liselott arrived with sweet little August. I then forgot about them and played with him also taking a little nap and going to the mall in Täby to buy some grocery and an ice-cream. Back home he did his homework while I updated a bit my Website before we went out to play football and enjoy a first glimpse of spring here. At night we had a lot of food and watched an American comedy before I medicated the three wounds resulting from the operation.

Yesterday August slept till noon and I worked hard to update my project and my Website, feeling now I have all the various parts of the project well defined. I also managed some tai-chi and soon we were out with some food through the old railroad to the beach where I took a small nap and we discussed all the many properties that were stolen from our ancestors in Brazil and in Italy and should have now been August. We then built a nice little house of straws. August was very good arranging things but we both cut our fingers and walked to the town square filled with super rich people. There we ate a cheap ice-cream before walking home and let August catch up with his homework. In the evening we played more football.

Yesterday poor August had a tough day. At first we drove to a nice clinic where three female doctors had troubles removing his stitches making him bleeding and suffering. I was there and he almost gave up but at last with the help breathing he managed. I later took him for a pastry and then to school. Back home I updated my project and did some tai-chi in the coldish sun. Early in the afternoon I packed a present for August to take to a classmate's birthday party and walked a bit by the lake to later finish some updating of my Website. Towards evening I went for a bike ride despite the cars and the dust and in the evening August came home with his mother. She was worry that August will miss a year of school and I start to deeply blame her within me that she cannot even take care of herself.

Yesterday I woke up way too early, possibly because of my bike ride the previous day getting my back stiff. I was then tired and took August to school and updated my project. It was sunny out so I walked down to the sea again enjoying the crystal clear and solar nature from a cliff before sleeping on the beach where August and I built the shelter in the weekend. I then walked back home still tired and ate some leftovers before going back to sleep. Liselott and August came to pick me up to go to the hospital were August was diagnosed with dyslexia. On his 11th birthday he then got appendix from me and the latter from his mother. It was nice however to know how open minded they are here, giving all sorts of facilities to follow August without forcing him into the typographical culture in which the Germanic states are into. Luckily August will be able to preserve his oral heritage and genius. After a little ice-cream I talked shortly with Liselott about the apartment situation and then played football as well as stick fight with August till sunset. In the evening it was Myrthe's turn to be distressed from work and wanting a coach to assist her.