

actually struggled quite a lot with the spray gun of the compressor attached to a long extension I made using a long branch. The set up was good but the gun got stuck several times and at last I just used a ladder and mostly focused on the inside. As the weather got really bad in the lowland I packed everything up and spread on the terrain the three packages of seeds I bought. I drove back home with a lot of rain and was fully soaked by the time I arrived. After showering with Livia I helped Myrthe's mother to cook potatoes, pees and schnitzels. August also came to eat but was acting quite strange. In the evening I tried to cheer him up and played in his room with the kids before going with Silvester to bed.

Yesterday I updated my project and then got ready to drive with Myrthe, her mother and the kids to Recoaro. I really did not like all the ugly abandoned houses built during the good days of the Italian economy but it was pleasant keeping it in the small city and eat a croissant in the nice central cafe. Later we drove up to Campogrosso and there I walked with August on a beautiful road behind the Baffelan mountain. At some point a German couple suggested us to go to the other side but it was very steep and foggy and I walked back while August kept walking forward. From the malga where we parked the car I followed the asphalt road down to the Tibetan bridge and surprised Livia and Silvester who just walked there with their mom and grandma. At the malga we ate some goulash and August soon reached us and also ate a dish. Later we also ate pannacotta and strudel and then I drove back to the contrada while Myrthe and the kids took a long nap. In the afternoon I cleaned the trunk of the tractor that got all wet from the rain of the previous day and then walked up to Rani, the Israeli who took some photos of the cube. Back in the contrada we looked at the photos but they were not that good. As he left I started planning our trip to check the Venice apartment but Myrthe got very irritated at one point. I then asked her what was the issue and if we could keep on enjoying the beautiful day but she was furious and began to insult me. I really tried to hug her and kiss her but at one point she really started jellying against me and I slapped her. She then ran out to the contrada as if I beaten her to death and in no time decided to separate and go to the Netherlands with the kids. I was quite in shock of the reaction and tried to make her reason but she got completely paranoid and I let her be.

Yesterday I could not sleep and I updated my project until finally I could talk to Myrthe over our last argument. In the morning after sleeping with the kids I drove with August down to Schio to file in all my financial data at a trade union. ██████ insisted on this and off course it was done for nothing since I own houses and terrains although they are worth nothing. We then drove to Bassano to catch the train for Venice after parking by the station. The ride was long and Myrthe wrote a nasty message saying she no longer wanted to be with me. The rest of the day I was quite shocked on how fragile human relationships are. One promise love forever, especially Myrthe and in one second at the first incident everything is over. Walking with August through the old city carrying heavy backpacks with paint I felt a bit better. At some point we stopped at a Chinese run fake Italian restaurant where he ate a salad. As the shops opened again I bought a new laundry machine for the Venice apartment and then went there after over two years to try to fix it. It was a total mess inside especially Elise's room with a full wall painted and a lot of marks and small nails. The furniture in the apartment were also all shuffle around. I then slowly began painting and fixing wherever I could. We also walked out in the Via Garibaldi to buy tools and do a small grocery. At home we ate a salad with mozzarella and an olive focaccia. In the evening we took a nice walk all around Sant'Elena and spent some nice time together even though the exaggerated reaction of Myrthe kept burdening me.

Yesterday I updated my project late at night and then just rested a bit on the sofa before resuming to paint the walls of the Venice apartment. In the morning an Eastern European technician came to check the continuous issues with the internet. After six years of calling the internet company to get help he was able to spot a problem with the telephone cable and also told me I have been paying way too much for the very little internet coming in. As he fixed the issue I repainted over all the southern facing windows after the sun completely disintegrated the paint in just a few years. As August got up we ate tortellini and later he helped me moving heavy sofas and closets. As we were done I painted the walls that got were these furniture were standing and then went out with August to eat an ice-cream and some focaccia. Walking around we had fun talking about things and buying a few presents for his folk back in Sweden. As everyone talked about a heavy storm coming the following day we decided to just go home to fetch our things and make it to the station. We had to walk on the other side of the city and then back but a Sicilian granita got us going and we managed to fetch the last train to Bassano. On the train I fell dead asleep despite all the drunk students celebrating their graduation. In Bassano I was enough rested to drive in the middle of the night up to our mountain nestle.

Yesterday I woke up and helped Myrthe to pack the car to drive to the Netherlands with the kids and her mother. I also tried to talk to the latter but she was furious that I slapped Myrthe and I realize that we will never be able to see each others anymore. I also managed to mount the trunk over the roof despite the heavy rain and later we took a small walk with all the family together and were very sweet. Only Myrthe's mother was a complete burden unable to act in any natural way and I was sad to leave the kids going but not her. In the afternoon IU updated my project and later scanned my latest drawings. In the evening I prepared wursts and a salad and ate it with August. Later we watched some programs about some Italian athletes winning the Tokyo Olympics and I drew.

Yesterday I cleaned the apartment and the barn so as to host Florian and his daughters. Later old Andrea drove us with his old car down to Schio train station where we ate a brioche and jumped on the bus to Vicenza. The ride was long but got there on time to get on the train to first Verona and then Milan. Both trains were packed but I managed to update my project seating on the floor. In Milan we walked to a hostel which turned out only to be an apartment subdivided in many rooms. After leaving our luggage there August and I sat off like in the old days exploring the city and walking from right where Mussolini was hanged by the partisans all the way through Montanelli park and across the fancy Via della Spiga to the Duomo. From there I wanted to go down the road where my old dead friend Eugenio Segantini lived but made a mistake and ended up at the Bocconi university. After eating a granita we reached the Navigli where we drank a juice and ate at a buffet, the Milan aperitivo Eugenio taught me a quarter of a century ago. August liked the Navigli and like in a neorealist film we had quite a good time roaming back through San Lorenzo and finding a small Chinese place where we got our bubble tea like when we lived in Shanghai. Going back we were really happy and in the evening I just drew in the hostel kitchen and talked to a nice Moroccan engineer who showed me on his phone the beautiful land around his village.

Yesterday I slept deeply and spent the morning updating my project quite thoroughly and recording a lecture. Later I walked with August to the west side of Milan to see all the architecture built for the world expo. I felt really sorry for the beggars who approached me but had no money to give them. In Chinatown we ate a cheap soup just like the one we used to eat in Shanghai. August was happy and I even found him the milk based soda he used to drink when we lived in China. Later I took him to the monumental cemetery but my feet were very painful and in the end we rented a scooter to reach another new part of town. It was sad to see how little was invested in infrastructures and how much money went into these fancy skyscrapers projects. After walking through the so called "City Life" we walked to Sant'Ambrogio and I was very interested to detect the damage of WWII bombing which I also was aware of everywhere else in town. Back in Chinatown we ate rice like in the old days and then walked slowly and painfully with my swollen feet back to the hostel. It was quite a release to remove my old shoes and seat next to the bed to draw and watch a bit of a Sundance festival awarded movie. In bed I started reading the very nice book by the painter Carlo Levi about his exile in the poor and forgotten Lucania.

Yesterday August and I woke up in the Milan hostel and packed our bags. In no time we were out and at the station where we took an half broken shuttle bus though the decaying suburbs to the old city airport. There we had a croissant and a barley cappuccino and then sat on a table to chat a bit before a painful departure. I could not keep from crying seeing my big August making it through the gate after a summer working so hard together side by side and creating something most incredible together. Just as I walked out of the airport Florian approached with his big Landrover and his three girls. Together we drove in an awful rainy weather to Schio. We talked a lot but also managed to sleep a bit before doing some grocery and drive up to the contrada. It was cold there and I got bed sheet for the girls and Florian to prepare their beds in the barn. After drinking the tea they brought from Germany I cooked a pasta for them all. They really liked it and later the girls did all the dishes while Florian and I discussed about Myrthe who seemed to be fine and positive while I was in Milan but after talking to his relatives and friends got once again very angry that I slapped her.

Yesterday I updated my project and then got ready with Florian to go with him and the girls to walk the 52 galleries. It was fun to begin with but then one of the girls started to have soar feet and we had to stop some folk to get some plasters. Holding hands at last we met it to the Pasubio mountain cabin and there fed the girls pasta while Florian I ate the bread he made with cheese and some cake. On the way back we spotted quite some marmots and it was fun to crawl next to their holes and see they had babies. They way down was a bit knee breaking taking all the shortcuts down the normal road. Back home I talked a bit to Myrthe and the kids and later we ate some nice potatoes with cheese Florian made. IN the evening I went to bed to read Levi's nice book on Lucania.

The other day I updated my project and then chatted with Florian drinking his special tea outside. We then drove with his expensive jeep to the cube and he really liked it and had a lot of tips on to how to pursue it. His main tip was not to use the cement mosaics I made in the past year but to have them print on plastic. Back home we ate a salad and then he sat down to think on how to brand the cube on-line. He made a logo and a website and thought with me on how to go to social media even though I kept out of it for years. Later on as he kept on working on the promotion of the cube I cooked some veggies with couscous. We then bought a website using the name "kubo" but by the time we finished eating we found that it was already bought by the very company where we checked if the domain was available. Later in the evening I tried to find a different name and then went to bed to read Carlo Levi.

Yesterday I quickly updated my project and then spent a last hour talking to Florian before he left to Croatia with his girls. I then drove with the tractor to the cube to finish oiling the top parts with my new telescopic pole. It went easy although the top part of the pole in the end bent as I was trying to put more oil on the roller. I also managed to do some oiling inside and then cut some branches of a small tree next to the road and positioned the camera there. I also used the earth of some molehills to cover the more rocky parts around the cube. Back home I ate the sandwiches Florian forgot in the kitchen and then spent the whole afternoon setting up a website and social media accounts for the cube. In the evening I ate some leftover rice with pesto and beans watching the news and then I went to bed to read the beautiful novel by Carlo Levi.

Yesterday I updated my project and worked some more on promoting the project museum on social media. Later I painted an old board to put in the near of the museum with the name of the new website. After eating fresh pasta with tomato sauce I read more of Levi and took a nap. In the afternoon I was not really in shape but anyway found the energy to start plastering the front side of the barn. There were several cracks between the rocks and in the end I used my hands to fill them. In the evening I ate lentils with barley and then put the plastering tools away and picked the big laundry I made with all the bed sheets Florian and his daughters used. After eating some lentils and drawing while watching TV I went to bed to read more of Carlo Levi's fantastic book.

Yesterday I updated my project and after video-calling with the kids I continued plastering the facade of the barn. I could then pull some strings to allow the grape to grow across it. For lunch Alessio invited me to eat spaghetti at his place and we had a nice conversation, getting to know each other at last without the kids constantly interrupting. In the afternoon I started plastering the west side of the barn using a ladder on top of the tractor shed and with the fingers getting eaten by the lime I kept throwing in the many holes. The afternoon was magnificent with a perfect blue sky and I tried to call August for the fifth time but no answer. After showering I ate the leftover lentils, drew and then worked on the promotion of my cube contacting the bunch of people who have supported me on social media during the hunter upraise.

Yesterday I updated my project and then got ready to woke up to the cube with the heavy sign I made to promote the webpage. It almost like carrying a cross but at last Vito came to the rescue and gave me a ride to the beginning of the dirt road. As I was securing the sign to the ground an old hunter with his wife came to insult me but I just let them be and finished by putting stones around the pole holding up the sign. Later I began the hard work of cutting all the many small trees that have started growing around the cube. The sun made it much harder but as I ate some bread and some tuna in a can I found the strength to pursue until Maria and her family came to visit me. She had a red dress and I got her to pose for me in front of the cube and inside. I also photographed her family and Vito and Manuela who came to visit. Later they gave me a ride back home and also gave me some zucchini with which I cooked a soup along with the few veggies I had left in the fridge. After eating I drew and went to bed to read Levi but fell asleep.

Yesterday I updated my project and then walked up the cube valley where I started freeing the path from the many small trees taking back the territory. It was quite exhausting to work under the heat and later I worked on the left side of the valley where there was shadow and the most small trees. I also ate two delicious tomatoes I got from Manu and some bread with tuna. Afterwards I made it up to the cube and kept on freeing the landscape around the cube. The heat was very intense though and at last I walked down also to ask whether any of my neighbours were driving down but everyone wanted to stay up in the mountains and avoid the heat below. I then decided to keep here some extra days and worked a bit on promoting the cube on social media. As I was uploading some videos my neighbour upstairs broke a step of his staircase and I helped him to fix it and secure the rest of the stairs. After eating some rice with the leftover soup I drew in front of the TV and then went to bed to read Levi's poetic account of his life in confinement.

Yesterday I updated my project and then walked to the valley below the cube and worked intensively cutting the tiny trees growing next to the forest with the sickle and with my gardening scissors. I also got to talk on the phone to a rich local guy who is planning to relaunch the cultural scene in Schio. Later I continued cutting down bushes and brambles. One of the usual old hunters also came to check on me but later the daughter of the woman from Rimini who came to live here also came to visit and she was very thrilled. After wrapping up I even got invited to drink with her and her parents an nonalcoholic beer and I told them a lot of stories about the region. They were very impressed about my knowledge and after departing I tried to talk to Chris and Alessia about the possibility to combine a visit to the cube with a meal at their place but they were not so open anymore. Back home I ate some pasta with zucchini Manu brought for me and then I started cleaning up and getting ready for my departure from my beloved mountains and the cube.

Yesterday I closed up the apartment and jumped in the small car of a retired teacher who took me to Bassano train station. I guess I impressed her telling all the thinking behind the cube she thought to be quite random. In Bassano I was right on time to jump on the train to Venice and update my project seating on the floor. In Venice I took a walk ending up in ██████ neighborhood at the fish market and after buying a cheap screwdriver, screws and a label maker I crossed over to San Marco and then to Castello. In the apartment it was really hot but I immediately sat to work bringing all the unnecessary items students have accumulated through the years to the attic and then drilling holes and setting up a mirror, a jacket holder, a toilette paper holder and an holder for sponges in the kitchen. Later I went out again to get a melon, yogurt and a small screwdriver with which I was able to turn a TV closet into a kitchen closet. After eating the melon and the yogurt I drew while watching "The Boys from Fengkuei" a very nice old Taiwanese movie by Hou Hsiao-hsien.

Yesterday I updated my project and as I was going out to get some more things for the apartment I met the neighbour below. She then told me how bad was the American girl we tried to help last year and the offered her husband to help me fix the apartment. I was condescending and nice but at last just went to the hardware store and then to eat a few croissants. I was planning to have breakfast at the waterside but Florian called me and kept talking for almost an hour about how good my cube is. He then wanted me to buy a domain with the name he chose for it but I gave it time. Back home I fixed the curtains and painted more spots, removed a door and set back up the curtains. After eating melon and grapes I managed to also fix a blinder that has been broken for several years. At last I cleaned everything up, showered and walked to Rialto where my old university friend and Davide's former girlfriend Betta was renovating the apartment she just bought. There I met after twenty years Efram, another university friend and talked to a cool but quite thorough designer from Parma living in Paris. Together we ate some melon and cheese and then went out to drink on a pier in the Gran Canale. As I did not drink I just chatted a little further and walked home in the desolated streets in the middle of the night.

Yesterday I woke up at sunrise that I was still quite tired and just gave a last clean to the bathroom before walking with my heavy backpack and my soar feet to the train station. Venice was nice at such hour and I even saw ██████ rowing by himself but we both went our way. I arrived at the station just on time to get the train for Verona and sat on the ground to update my project. Once there I managed to walk across the beautiful city switching to some shoes I found in the Venice apartment. I did not mind the heat and I stunned about the beautiful architecture but also the river Adige descending with great power down the old stone bridge I was standing on. Back at the station I ate some kebab and then got on the bus to the airport. It was packed there and I felt quite tired but killed some time talking to an Italian guy and his Dutch wife working as in restoration. On the plane I managed to sleep and it was nice to rush through the airport and see both little Livia and Silvester waiting for me. After quite some hugging we drove to a fast food and ate a burger before driving back home. I did not recognize it with so much vegetation. After unpacking my backpack I took Livia to bed and told her about the cube and the barn before she fell asleep.

Yesterday I updated my project and then took the kids out on the path next to the railroad to pick blackberries. They were really crazy for them and ate them nonstop. After walking by several bushes we reached the harbour and from there walked back in the old city where I got them a bread stick. From there we went to the supermarket and then back home where a guy was checking how to isolate the old cellar under our floor. I anyway made toastsies for everyone and ate a salad before taking Silvester to bed. In the afternoon I drew and then went back out with Myrthe and the kids to pick more blackberries. At home we ate a chicken soup with noodles I made and then the blackberries with vanilla ice-cream. After playing with the kids I took Silvester to bed and kept reading Levi's magnificent account on misery of Southern Italy under fascism.

Yesterday I updated my project and then went out with the kids despite the cold and gray weather. We reached the chicken zoo with Livia going very fast on her walking bike and Silvester getting much better with the scooter. After eating some blackberries we played in our bush in the little forest there and then went to the market to get some fruit and vegetables. We had a flat tire