

evening we ate pasta and fish in the restaurant of their hotel and the kids played quite nicely together. Later we also took a walk in the corso but the weather got really stormy and windy. After letting the kids go on some rides we slowly walked back to the car and then drove to the airport with Silvester asleep and Livia really happy to see her mommy who landed quite late.

Yesterday I updated my project and then drove with Myrthe and the kids up to the malga on the top of the mountain. Nero also joined us with Stefi on their motorcycle and I introduced them to Filippo who explained the dozen projects they want to launch there, including a sculpture park. It sounded like a lot of stuff and I just hinted that it would be good to have a direction at least for the art. Back in the contrada I cooked some tortellini for the children and then ate a salad. As they rested with their mommy I went up to the project museum to prepare the second floor for welding but Myrthe soon called me that Livia had a big tic on her head. I then waled back and removed it. After showering we drove down to check for some second hand clothes for the children and then to pick some prints I made to thank people for their help with the project museum. The rest of the afternoon we spent in the small town of Marano with the children at a playground and myself trying to find a way to send the shepherd the portrait I made of her. For dinner we ate a cheap pizza which was good but then also ate a not so good ice-cream. Before driving back up we stopped at a discount supermarket and back up I managed to draw before going to bed to read Orwell.

Yesterday I updated my project and then waited for the kids to wake up. They just kept on sleeping with their mom and I just walked up to the project museum to keep on welding bars to make the floor of the second floor but soon Antonio arrived with a heart surgeon and his son who studies architecture in London. I then explained the project to them and they were really fascinated especially the son. As they left and I resumed my work Anna, a powerful woman who has been siding for the project since the beginning brought a group of old people with their electric bikes to also see the museum. I then had to resume my explanation of the project and made everyone happy. At last I walked back down to the contrada with little done and ate a pasta with tuna Myrthe cooked for the children. Having walked back up to the museum I got to do quite some welding with only old Rino coming to visit and having to be careful about wasps that have made their hive in the metal bars. Back in the contrada I was very tired but anyway managed to cook some chicken schnitzels for the kids and some potato and spinach for Myrthe and I. After taking Silvester to bed I also slept a bit and then drew and scanned some drawings watching a bit of an old Iranian movie. In bed I read Orwell very interesting account of Catalonians.

Yesterday I updated my project and then helped Myrthe to get the kids ready to drive down to Schio for some shopping. After walking up to the project museum I slowly began to weld more beams and profiles to accommodate the gratings on the second floor. I also ate some leftover pasta and quite some apples before resuming the work with a bit more energy but soon with the rain setting in. I then quickly put all my equipment under cover and walked down the valley falling a few times on the slippery ground. At home I showered and kept a bit with Myrthe and the kids before driving all the way to where I used to live as a teenager near Vicenza. There I visited with Filippo and his collaborators a quite big studio of several young artists, most of them working in Milan and not really doing much there. As an hailstorm sat in it was nice however to talk to some of them and later also to talk to Filippo who wants me to develop the whole idea of a sculpture park on top of Mount Novegno next to his malga. The conversation continued in a pizzeria where I also tried to engage with his partner and his friend Giulia while eating my pizza. At last it got quite late and I drove back up the mountains.

Yesterday I updated my project and drove with Myrthe and the kids to Contrada Rossi from where they continued to Chris and Aelssia's restaurant and I walked to the project museum. As I got ready to start they also came walking since the restaurant was still closed. I then kept walking with them passed the hunter's hide out and behind the mountain where it was very fresh and the kids had fun jumping on some big rocks. Later I took them back to the car and then I finally got started with the welding of the last bars of the second floor. Later I began cutting the gratings that are too long to fit on the first floor but the two batteries I had for my grinder soon ran out. I then walked back to the contrada and ate some green gnocchi before showering and keeping with Myrthe and the children. After drawing I drove them back to Chris and Alessia and then parked the car in Contrada Laite and kept walking through the jungle to Nico and Caterina who had an evening speaking about astrology and eating vegetarian food. There I met a girl with my same last name and it was quite interesting to hear how much we have in common such as drunk grandfathers and extreme right wing fathers.

Yesterday I updated my project and then drove the tractor up to the project museum and started filling it with all the wood planks and material I had inside just on time before Anna, the triathlon champion bought more of her costumers on their e-bikes to check it out. The architect also arrived and as the guests left I pushed all the gratings up and he helped me to position them on the last floor with quite some fear of falling again. At last I went up to test it and it was quite a sensation. Back in the contrada I download all the material from the tractor and then drove the family up to Filippo's malga. Only her colleague Valeria was there and the weather was gray and cold. I then ate a warm soup while the kids ate cheese and salami, Myrthe a crostata cake and for the architect a beer to thank him for the help. At home we started packing to leave for Abruzzo and I also burnt quite some crates I brought from the museum. For dinner I cooked small gnocchi with quite some leftover veggies and wursts. After eating I cleaned up the apartment and went to bed with little Silvester.

Yesterday I got up in the middle of the night and got the family installed in the car to drive down the mountains and pass the flatland all the way to the Apennines mountains. The kids were really good and we had some fun listening to music and stopping for some croissants at a gas station. In the Marche we stopped at the sea side and took a bath with the kids in their donuts. The sea was too agitated but then found a quiet waters behind some rocks. Later I walked to the car to pick some fruit and veggies and cheese I prepared and we ate under the umbrella. I also got to follow some exercises on the internet to get my neck less stiff but it got much worst an in the end very painful. The drive to our Abruzzo village was in a lot of pain I felt hitting my neck at every curve. At last we reached the old and quiet run down town of Scerni were we got installed in a nice narrow house with vaulted ceilings. Finally I could rest my head in a pillow avoiding any movement and then updated my projects while Myrthe and the kids went to do grocery. later I walked with the stroller to pick up some pizzas on the other side of town but found they were fried. I ate mine but the kids and Myrthe did not like it.

Yesterday I updated my project and even had some time to edit an article I am writing for Morris' blog. Later I took a walk with the children and went to the pharmacy to see whether I should buy a medicine to decrease the pain in my pain but in the end only bought a natural cream. We also found a nice supermarket selling local products and bought quite some fruit and veggies as well as sandwiches. Back home we got ready to go to a wild beach I found on the map. We left the car on a dirt road and walked through a natural reserve to a beach covered in rounded stones. It took some time for Livia to get in the water with us but at last she did so and we had a lot of fun with Silvester very good at floating and Myrthe regenerated after months of work. Later I also walked up a pick they called the small Normandy for the shape and then we made it back to the car and drove to Vasto where we explored the old and empty city. As nothing was opened we drove to the beach below and gave the kids some ice-cream while I drank a lemon granita which soon Silvester took over. The little one also had some diarrhea but was ery happy with her sister on the sand beach where we spent quite some time jumping the waves. After another diarrhea attack we made it home with the phone taking us on small dirt roads through the olive trees. The kids slept like rocks and at home I cooked some pasta with pesto for them and with aubergines for Myrthe and I. After taking a walk to the local playground we went straight to bed.

Yesterday I updated my project and then walked with Myrthe and the kids to do grocery at the local supermarket. In the end we drove to a bit of a depressing beach with however some sand for the kids to play with and the sea. After letting them jump the waves we ate our sandwich and then I took a walk on the half run down lido. Back with my family I let the children bade again and then we drove to Lanciano, an old town up a hill facing the Gran Sasso. It was nice to explore it and its mixed origins with some Norman touch to it cradle of several musicians perhaps also with some Norman blood. After getting the children some ice-cream in the Risorgimental corso we stopped at a playground where the kids played while I tried to do some tai-chi to fix my posture that got really messy with the neck pain. Later we explored the other side of the old town and got some focaccia and some pastry in a small bakery and later sat on a path at the edge of the city to eat them. On the way back to our house in Scerni the children were very cheerful and we just ate some melon before I managed to shower, draw and then go to bed with Silvester.

Yesterday I updated my project and later explored the town market with the family. It was impressive to see the amount of Chinese merchandises and generally the great lack of young people in the village. Later we drove to Molise where we found a nice beach in a forest. After giving the kids something fresh to drink at a bar there I built a shed using the many branches brought by the sea and later swam with Myrthe and the kids in the high waves. In the shed we ate some pizza I bought at the market and then swam again this time by the rocks where the waves where less intense. After picking some shells with Livia we swam again and then drove to the nice old city of Termoli. There we checked the Svevian fortification and the old town within before stopping at a cafe to feed the kids a sandwich. On the way back home I accidentally took the highway south and we had to make it to Apulia before being able to turn back. The kids kept either way awake and at home they ate a leftover melon and cucumber while Myrthe and I ate ate spinach with tomatoes and mozzarella. After doing the dishes I heled Myrthe to shower the kids and then went all to bed.

Yesterday I updated my project and then finished up an article I wrote for Morris in response to the quantified self movement getting all about health. Later we drove to San Salvo and found a nice wild beach there next to a small river. The kids had great fun in the water with Silvester now swimming alone in his donut and Livia taking her time to find the courage to get on a new inflatable unicorn we bought for her. For lunch we ate some antipasti with fish ad veggies at a beach bar and then I let the kids have fun in a little playground there before going back in the water to ride more waves with them. As Silvester got quite tired we to Marina di Vasto and had a refreshing granita and found a nice playground for the children in a pineta. On the way back Myrthe drove but took the wrong road and we ended up driving up and down the hills till we found a very nice small and hidden restaurant grilling a most delicious meat. After eating a full plate each we got back to Scerni and I got ready for my trip to Rome to pick August.

Yesterday I woke up in the middle of the night and drove across the solitary mountains and villages of Abruzzo. At last listening to three Barbero's podcasts about immigration in the Roman empire I reached Rome and with no difficulties drove around it to reach the Fiumicino airport. August landed there and so reunited we ventured into the awful Rome traffic and made it safely to the Termini station where we parked on a filthy street filled with trash and homeless. From there we walked down to the Colosseum suddenly entering the tourist crowd mostly made of white Americans. From there I brought August to the places we once explored when he was little such as the Pantheon which still had this incredible light coming from its round hole. After checking the Trevi fountain and eating an expensive salad we decided to make it back to the car, both having not really slept in the night. The way back across the Apennines was pleasant talking about his experience in a military camp and listening to some music and later after managing to drive by a bus on fire listening to a Barbero podcast about the Caporetto defeat which my Brazilian great grandfather Agostino survived deserting. I was quite cooked when I reached the tiny Scerni but nonetheless managed to drive the whole family to the seaside in Vasto. There August and the kids had a lot of fun swimming together. For dinner we ate a pizza at a small restaurant with only immigrants and then ate ice-creams and granitas before driving back to Scerni.

Yesterday I updated my project and then went with the children and the kids to do grocery. Later we drove with August to a nice stony beach at Torino di Sangro. It was way too hot and August just kept under the umbrella reading Asimov while Myrthe, the children and I got in the refreshing water now without any waves. For lunch we drove to Paglieta to eat at Daniela's parents but we took the wrong road and drove through the olive fields. At her parents we had some melon and insalata di riso in a table they arranged in the garage where Mathijn also improvised a music studio. We chatted for a long time and also arranged an hammock for August to take a nap. Later we also inspected their property and I was shocked to hear and see how much the olive and grapes farmers in the region spray poison even only to prevent the grass from growing. Later we greeted little Fioralba who woke up from her nap. The kids were really happy to play with her and I felt a little sorry she will have to be put in a tiny Dutch kindergarten. Before driving back home we made it again to the same stony beach and August got to swim this time and had fun. We also ventured out in the sea but there were too many strange fishes. Back home I cooked a pasta with cherry tomato sauce and pesto. The kids and August were so hungry that they ate two plates. Later I drew but Silvester kept awake a long time and in the end I went to bed with him.

Yesterday I updated my project and then drove with the whole family to San Vito Chietino but all the official parking lots where full of people going to the beach. We then parked on the road and found a way down to a shore with stones. There we set up the umbrella and then I walked along the bike path of the former railroad to get some slices of pizza and cold tea to feed the little army. After eating we swam all together and then I also played beach ball with August who was very happy. I made sure I had another layer of sun lotion on him but he once again got burnt in his shoulders like last year. We then kept under the umbrella dozing and then drove to Ortona and visited what used to be such a nice city destroyed by the Germans to prevent the Canadian troops to go through it with their tanks. After eating an ice-cram we checked the cathedral where Saint Thomas relics are kept and the Aragonese castle but in both cases all the aura was gone after the reconstruction. On the way back we drove via the highway and at home I cooked chicken schnitzels for the children and some peperonata. After getting the children ready to bed I drew and then went to bed discovering that the blanket I used was full of bugs explaining all the bites I had.

Yesterday I woke up early to quickly update my project and then drive the family down to Torino di Sangro beach where Mathijn was waiting for me and August. With his mother-in-law's tiny car he drove us up to the De Checco pasta factory where a gorge into the Majella began. From there we walked passed a monastery destroyed by the French army and then ascended the gorge picking all the trash left by the locals. Ascending the dry bed of a river filled with tough hornbeam trees we stopped occasionally to drink some water from the many streams finding quite some fox and wolf pooh and also a whole skeleton. On top of the gorge we walked north on a nice path in an old beech forest occasionally devastated by avalanches. In a steep rock we tried to seat to eat the fruit I brought and some nice sandwiches with mortadella and cheese from Mathijn's village. August was not that happy and kept quiet most of the time. I then got to talk a lot about Mathijn and his attempts to move here with his whole family. Back at the parking lot he even got a fine and on the way to Myrthe and the kids I was quite tired and sort of slept. Driving with the kids to our place both of them fell asleep and at home I cooked quite some pasta and gnocchi trying to suit everyone's wishes. Silvester however kept on sleeping and I just brought him upstairs. I had time to draw and then also laid in bed to read quite much of Orwell and the disgusting take over of the communists over the anarchists.

Yesterday I updated my project and then walked with Myrthe and the kids to do grocery. After some breakfast we drove south to Molise and made it to the wild beach where we went a week ago. There August helped me to rebuild the hut I made with Livia and there we ate our sandwiches with ham and a local sweet cheese before getting some fruit drinks at the cafe'. In the afternoon I wanted to keep more in the shadow of our hut but the kids really wanted to bade and Myrthe just wanted to read her book. I then ventured in the ocean keeping next to the rocks where the waves were less intense and holding both children on their lifebuoys. I also got to talk to a bartender from Prato keeping there with his children and tried to get his daughter to play with Livia. They managed for a bit but as they started fighting we wrapped up and drove to Marina di Vasto were we ate an ice-cream. After letting the children play a bit I drove home and cooked a pasta with fresh tomatoes and olives. Later I helped Myrthe bathing the children and after drawing i went to bed to read more Orwell getting more convinced about the radical difference between Anarchism and Communism.

Yesterday Silvester got me up crying in the middle of the night. As I could not fall back asleep I updated my project and then rested a bit before driving the whole family back to the Majella massif through really bad roads, so bad Livia had to puke a few times. It was very beautiful however and we met Mathijn and Daniela for a small walk up a promontory before seating under an old oak tree in the middle of the yellow fields. As everyone had their drinks I tried to spot a big red kite flying through power lines. Later we made it down to a powerful spring coming our of the massif. The water was very cold and pure and after eating the round mortadella sandwiches Mathijn and Dani brought along we got with our feet in the water. August and I even made it on a rock in the middle of the stream despite the strong current. After a small but deep nap our friends drove home to the their kid and I drove to Roccascalegna chatting with August while Myrthe and the kids slept. In the town we walked down the old city and up to the castle which was not that interesting in itself but was positioned in a very impressive cliff. After getting a bit of an explanation by a local guide we walked in the various towers and then around the castle. On the way back to our house we just took the highway and then I cooked tortellini for the kids and a salad with tomatoes and mozzarella and olives for us adults. Later I did not even have any energy left to draw and I just went to bed to read Orwell.

Yesterday I updated my project and then walked with Myrthe and the kids to buy some sandwiches to bring to the Punta Aderci beach. This time we parked south of the cliff and then walked quite a stretch to descend in a nice beach just underneath it. The sea was very calm and the water perfectly still. August was also quite impressed about it and we immediately got to swim to the small caves the sea had carved through the centuries in the rocks. After eating the mortadella sandwiches with the nice focaccia bread and the gambone cheese we kept in the shadow of an old hut someone else had built and then when the sun got lower we got back playing in the water. August had quite some fun playing with me throwing seaweeds at each other. Back home we showered and then I installed the trunk on the top of the car while talking to a local old man who had been working in Germany. For dinner we drove to the restaurant on the hills where we ate previously. We also invited Daniela and Mathijn so as to thank them for our time together and also to celebrate my birthday. We ate some sheep meat but it was quite hard and after some sort of brownie and birthday songs in many languages we made it home.

Yesterday I woke up in the middle of the night to bring August to Vasto. We had fun waiting for his bus and it was sad seeing him leaving to go back to Sweden. Back home I slept for a few hours before getting in the car and drive back home to the alps. It was also sad to leave Abruzzo in general but not so much anything in between the Apennines and the Alps all burnt by an extreme heat. After several stops in which we tried to feed the children we reached the Margherita garden outside Bologna. There I met Donatella, my young aunt. I was quite moved to see her after so many years and enjoyed showing her my family especially Livia who so much resembles that part of the family. After drinking a juice together she left with her scooter back to work and we ventured across the imposing Bologna. There Myrthe got me some sneakers for my birthday and then we got the kids some ice-cream before walking slowly back across the main square. At a