

back because Francesco and Elena had forgotten Emma's food. We had a very nice lunch in the rustic malga with barking dogs and many small kids with who I played and made a video. Things can be so poetics and I feel so sick about the dry and rational academia, making people not only unable to act, as Nietzsche would say, but also unwilling to live. In the afternoon I was alone with beautiful Myrthe whose face and body have been so beautifully touched by the Southern shores. We bought some food and local products to bring home to the Netherlands as she is such a generous heart. Now food and later maybe some choir at the main church, an experience I have longed for.

I finally managed to do some proper project update this morning with the rain hitting hard on the highland to then help my stepfather with his computer presentation and eat with the whole family. Myrthe went out with Giulia and had fun and so had August with my mom. The afternoon was instead a bit dull as we went to the military caves at the edge of the highland and it was too cloudy, we were in the middle of it. Afterwards we were with Francesco a his parents' and finally also met shortly Alessandro, the other high school classmate who has followed me around the world. This before we proceeded now as a annual ritual to the Bivacco dell'Angelo, the Stern owned cottage up on the Zebio mountain, having a lovely time with my father's cousin Stefano and other family friends among which Barbara, a girl from Vicenza now working in Tanzania and with a good adventurous attitude.

I don't mind following at times my stepfather in his rather extreme excursions. Today, ferragosto, we followed him all to the Valsugana valley. I was rollerblading like them while Myrthe was biking and my mom and August were further ahead. It was not all that easy to go for so many kilometers and often I made use of Myrthe to get an extra push. The valley was just amazing with many apple trees and grapes of which we ate some, taking it easy and loving one another while Giulia and my stepfather were much ahead. We time we all reached the lake and almost had a fight first with some driving youth and then with Giulia who was rather upset of the idea of us swimming. We actually wanted to stay longer in such beautiful destination, most certainly a place where I would live but had to go all the way back, making again everyone else wait with all our slow procedures of kissing,, filming and stopping to eat and appreciate the landscape rather than speed through it. In the evening we stopped in the town of Enego for food with a rich Venetian couple as well. Myrthe, August and I were however out dancing in the square where a mime was performing many a old hits... Now to bed as tomorrow is Myrthe leaving... I start loving this place...

I woke up very early and took Myrthe down to the airport that the sky was most blue. I wonder how she felt about my native highland, probably a bit too harsh in some ways, probably the valleys below, with fruit plantations and gracious towns and lakes are more appealing, even to me perhaps although this roughness (they say it is because this highland was always conceived as a temporary place from the defeated barbarians), this roughness is very much part of me, it is an exterior roughness while within, as for my project I feel I am more of a Swiss clock maker, doing precision work of some kind through the winter weather. The summer, this summer coming to an end, has been particularly free, yet much based also in building and cultivating relationships with Myrthe, August but also my family here and in particular my mother with whom we have been so long in bad terms. She seems to like Myrthe allot, taking her more like a real daughter and not as an antagonist, like Liselott in a way. We were fine however without her today, my focus being completely on August, driving my parents expensive jeep on the high mountains and going again to the usual labyrinth carved by the rain in the lime mountain top, really amazing. I have managed a film there too but what was in fact worth a film were a group of old fellows singing old songs at a malga where I bought cheese for August and Liselott. These fellows and the rough atmosphere were from a totally different age, how can they still be alive? I am amazed to see in fact how, despite everything and all the pessimism around, tradition keep up, young people are still speaking dialect and making cheese, old ones are still getting drunk and singing. I wish I could drop every social engagement up North and come here in these mountains to just build a church out of the many stone rocks, just to provide an example and dedicate myself in something constructive. The temptation is big! The highland now shines of gold, just the last reminder of the golden heart in which I am born before moving again in the cold brain in which I have ended and from which I am trying to retreat, slowly...

Once again a long trip to the airport, flying out of the paradise, it felt after the impressions collected in extremis, going yesternight to eat with my parents up a slope from which all the highland of Asiago could be contemplated. It was quite an experience, beside my uncle Gigi and the malga old owner and his assistant, two genuine Cimbrian locals so much reminding me of the Northern folk. The crazy rich lady from Venice was also there but we had to travel today and left August and I early driving down the road filled with night frogs and seeing the fancy fireworks from the window of the apartment, also rather overlooking the highland. Today instead I have been talking quite much with my mother driving us to the airport. I certainly sounded quite professional and my esteem about me must have increased since I helped out so much my stepfather with his video editing. I actually almost cried leaving him with all his good words saying that our presence was really precious. Plus, coming to gray and not so hospitable Sweden I felt the usual shock. Liselott, beside, wanted me to spend the evening with August while she goes out party, I have agreed in good terms and spent a nice afternoon running around the garden with August despite feeling rather stuck and just willing to be in front of my laptop (I have not used it however so much during these vacations). Life resumes now with allot to be considered and love to be given still to August up North, Myrthe in the center and my parents down South. I kind of want to visit them mid September next month already...

A first day back in Sweden, the summer now over, so it feels with the gray weather and the rain but despite everything feeling good, happy to be in my dwelling. Today I woke up with August, we have been wrestling in bed quite a bit as I don't like him to stand in front of the computer playing video games continuously. I actually slept quite long and so Liselott who came home at seven in the morning from a night partying. I played again with August and felt good being outside, feeling his tanned skin and in a way feeling a bit of the taste of my highland which at this point must still be so shiny and bright while I am here up North, seating, tailoring my project... as much as my father in Canada, also a Penelope of some sort, sawing leather patches. For as much as I long back, I find myself rather tranquilized of the situation, the split situation technology and my very willing amplified by it, has created. I can now be with August every other weekend and visit Myrthe and my parents in the other weekends. August seemed also quite happy of our week in the mountains as he was telling his Ethiopian neighbours about it in the garden. As I got home, I also made sure Myrthe enjoyed our first summer together; it was indeed a nice one. I now like this alternation of solitude here in this remote suburb and the going to my beloved ones. Meantime Myrthe also keeps me a good company chatting on our e-mail accounts. After years now I even restarted my social networks, almost feeling like a hermit going back to society after isolating himself in the desert... will see, I will try to keep positive and accept the expansion of the network!

I spent the day in a most disciplined fashion, waking and really trying to remember my dreams, going out to train both at the small park for gymnastics and outside in the parking lot running but also stretching in my room on the wooden floor. After updating my project and eating, I went to the university interacting the least with my colleagues and this time really concentrating in reading a book at the time and scanning all the annotations. I did manage to meet my second supervisor Charlotte and she suggested me not to attend any further conferences almost perceiving that they have been too much for me. I feel in fact that I should "decelerate a bit" and reading is in fact quite relaxing and a good contrast to constant production. The routine has thus resumed in all good intentions. I am going home now on the commuter and wish to do a bit of biking despite the weather being a bit cloudy and windy, just with a bit of sun still giving a bit of summer illusion.

Today I have been working very hard right from the start, indulging into sleeping and remember dreams (I have been a bit behind with it in the last months of constant moving around), and updating my project and its meta version, the Website with all its increasing references. For it I am trying to set up a working structure to, so that i can progress gradually. I even when stretching out in the little park (the only intimate nature in the surroundings) and got to the university. There I kept reading and scanning my annotations from the McLuhan book. Finally I have moved to the library and chatted with beautiful Myrthe who always cheers me up. I am really trying to get work done before chatting with her although I have been missing my little angel. In the library I at last had internet on my laptop (this fascist IT department makes it ever more difficult) and could start associating pictures to the scanning of other authors' essays. It is getting quite nicely packaged. Once back home I took my bike out like yesterday and went exploring the surrounding, finding again a quite amazing nature although at times too wild, particularly in the natural reserved with as much as many storm fallen trees (how extreme these policies with the exclusion of human intervention in such reserves). I at least recollected my thoughts, recording them and eating a few berries. Now home and willing to shut all technologies down to concentrate on my dreams, again.

Again a day of work, waking up, going to train and jog, updating my project and moving on with my research work, the Website which I take good care in pimping as well for instance by adding the autographs of the people whose biography I select. Despite my taking care of my body, my lower right back keeps hurting... too much seating and looking down with my head I guess and or the biking. Anyhow, my spirit is high and I went to work today meeting allot of my colleagues. I feel good that I will now have to work on my dissertation and I know what my work is about, I know hoe to proceed without all the unexpected events that occurred last semester having to deal with more people at conferences but especially the students and the more conservative professors. Just my thesis ahead and my supervisor invited me to start writing now, avoiding all external things like conferences and so forth. I will set forth then! Meantime I keep receiving at home notices for Lamin to present himself in front of the court, don't know what the guy has been up to... Thinking that I also had him to babysit August, and now I am here with him waiting for his mother to come and open for us. We have been playing outside and enjoyed the last bit of the summer eating ice-cream, small wild cherries and a slice of watermelon.

Today I was supposed to start writing my dissertation and I did work hard, waking up with at last some dreams but also a stiff back (the back really makes me have a light sleep and remember).. I then sat forth stretching, got a little better, updated my project, chatted with my big love Myrthe, finished writing some essays as I am now really taking good care of those theoretical entried in my Website. At lunch I ate yesternight pasta on the stove and again sat pimping the theoretical part of the project with pictures, somewhat now functioning as memory triggers to my different thoughts ranging really on everything (despite my supervisors telling me to concentrate but I like to be a bit of a Joyce or newspaper reporter). I did even went out to stretch and got the idea of compiling a DVD set called "lequattro stagioni" as 360 are the total films I made in the past one year since I started, from when I left Liselott, the family, and became a sortof hermit here and finally with the spring found Myrthe. A nice narrative not really implied in the videos but I think a crucial one. Anyway, the DVD boxes would be mostly addressed to people lie my old and inspiring Professor (and he deserves a capital "P" although he has no PhD) Francelanci and so forth. Meantime many wants to connect with me over the social network I have resumed, particularly the professional one. Later, despite the back, I went out with the bike twice. The first time I came back with a kit to fix the wheels for a bike for August, just in case, for the weekend ahead together, and even a whole printer which will allow me to scan all my drawings automatically without any longer putting them in one by one manually (a quite frustrating task which coasted me almost a whole evening every month up to now). The second time with the bike I brought back some footages with my camera, some mushrooms for my cabbage Polish meal tonight but also a tick which I have easily removes (plus I guess the usual berries in my belly). Reflecting about it, rather than doing like the other young immigrants who build their identity around expensive car and nice clothes, I at least invest in bike and nature... not really a prodigal son then!

Today was again very diligent, waking up and going out for my gymnastic and jogging despite the back pain which I have tried to sort out with stretching. Later I did again more sorting of my essays before actually commencing my dissertation. My head was a bit heavy however and I only felt clearer after being at the university and having my lunch there. I did start writing my dissertation in the afternoon as my supervisor wished but felt a little too media oriented since there he wanted me to start. I ought to be careful and revise before handing anything to him. Anyhow, later I picked August and got in town with him. What a pity to see him so totally bored about school... society, expecially when it functions, is indeed quite a boredom. I did tried to reassure him saying that there are cool ways around it. After a sushi we went home and in fact looked at a documentary about people in the Artic, quite inspiring. Tomorrow then, rather then going back to town and meet sick Mikael how really wants a picnic and so forth, I lunched the idea of a bike ride with camping included. Will see, my back got worse and I still ought to fix the extra bike...

My back was worse than ever today but I did manage to stand up and, not seating but standing, update my project before August woke up later in the morning. The big issue today was again to skip all this social meeting up I had to do with Goralski and company, so I did in the end with Myrthe's support. I basically don't have time more to place anyone else in my private and public life with my project encompassing both. Any more additions gets rather suicidal. I am now in this phase then of cutting off unnecessary engagements, in a mountaineer style typical of my family (particularly mother and grandmothers). We had fun today however, August and I walking to the little beach on the other side of the industrial harbor. He was very tired and felt so wounded from the beginning but now he is full of energy. He spent times in the four natural elements and that is what it takes (after a long disincubation from school and the video-game anti-irritant of it). We even lighted a small fire a bit more in the forested coast even though I forgot all the food at home (this since I originally planned to bike there but August did not want to). Now the boy is bathing after a big taco dinner and I managed to get the internet cable of my Archive server, through the door... such a simple thing apparently but what a work... slowly things take their place!

I really had much fun with August today, waking up with a sudden summer sky out of the window and him being most energetic. I even skipped all the computer related stuff I usually do in the morning and just hanged out with him in the apartment doing small things, actually managing quite a few thing like fixing the door of the dividing wall so that it can close now. Then Liselott called a few times and she really wanted August back. Jacek and Brett too wanted to take a walk together so I met all half way with the commuter, left August to Liselott, whom, with a Coca Cola in her hands, took August, with such a fantastic day (probably one of the few ahead) to Ikea to buy a new "Kitchen". Anyhow, I went with Jacek and Brett to the little ski mountain where I used to go with August and from there did a little nice walk in places I really new like my pockets. My back still hurt a bit but we found a nice little park where to picnic by the water and I had Brett to crack me like my stepfather did a week ago. We also managed to grill but I did not dared to swim because of the back although the water was really inviting. I felt quite depressed in a way riding the commuter back alone. Luckily I found on line to cheer me up and exchange love effusions... Now I am totally much better! I certainly know now how Liselott feel one Saturday without August and how my father must have felt... like a Kazak wishing to teach his son the art of golden eagle hunting, feeling proud of him and vice versa... unfortunately society does not allow such tribal stuff, or at least both parents have to believe in it!

I pretty productive way, productive all the way I guess, even with the sun shining outside but my back being much better particularly after stretching outside and staying up on my head as Davide taught me. It is really fine to be home in my little studio apartment, managing so much but, alas, Philip, the Polish guy with whom Jacek has hooked me up with, decided at last to come to Stockholm, meaning to occupy the little room I so much looked forward to do my readings and paintings. The idea is that he should build the website service for applicants to master courses in Europe, to have an updated profile of the often dry profiles the universities themselves put up... will see, just thought of doing some extra investment for my future, this along with some savings and some pension, really the minimum to cover me up. I did also manage, I think rather well, some writings of my dissertation, it all flows out of me and I shall continue this trend. I am also most unresponsive on my phone, not answering all these people that when stuff for me, like Goralski to be part of his games and Mervi to build her website. I have been most correct in answering them all but now, particularly after my back experience, I do not. Back apart, I anyway could not refrain going biking today. I think the issue is that I need a higher handle. I mean, I rushed to town to get a drawing tablet to digitize my calligraphy for a part of my project, and then I have, for the first time explore the upper part of the river canal connecting the sea with the big Malaren lake (the same lake bordering with my former parents-in-law). There was much to explore there, very, very fine place by the water. In fact, climbing up something I think named copper mountain, I found allot of stones, certainly from a settlement. The way down was steep and a Swedish lady did not allow me to step on her property, damn her! Now back home with only a day left before my departure to Utrecht, this to enjoy with is left of this summer!

Life is so much easier with the nice weather, with my own space, waking up and following my natural willing, taking care of my psyche through my project and of my body through all the training I know have done really regularly in the small park, the only park in the harbour island where I ended up leaving like a viking. After the training I rushed to the university, had a meal there and met Roman, my Ukrainian office mate. He was nice a refreshing, a bit maybe down after all the time spent with his new kid. There was also a Belgium guy in the department for an internship. He was such a contrast to meet him with all the too serious Swedish academics (he was showing his quite illustrated portfolio but what can a Nordic philosopher professor understand about pictures?). Later I wrote quite much on my own dissertation... a few pages a day will not take the supervisor away unfortunately. I wished I could manage it all by myself and ask help only when I feel I do need it (while now it feels more like that I have to go through some sort of Academic censorship). Anyhow, I kept up the good work and later went rather early to pick up August at school. They were not there and I found them instead in a park. I tried to stay out as much as possible, the weather was so summerish still! I really suffocate in his apartment somehow (cement radioactivity? I do not want to think about). He was quite agitated and demanding after school, after being with kids rather than a variety of people of different age. He wanted to play video-games but I sort of got him out with little Tom to play water pistols. We had allot of fun although the game got quite war like several times (yet for sure a better anti-irritant than video-games). Liselott came home (just interrupted my writing to talk to the Belgian guy who I met again, Hans his name), she came home and was quite grumpy, declaring without any possibility of discussion, that basically I am no longer welcome to use her apartment to be with August after pick up. A babysitter will step in and I will only spend every other weekend with him. Hopefully she understands and he understands that he ought to be more active, enjoy all the nature around him... but I guess he will get that only with time. Now home for some hours sleeps before the Neterlands.

Getting on the plane, closing my eyes and puff, her I am in the nestle of the Utrecht attic with my love Myrthe, leaving all the stress behind, behind most passionate again and again until our bodies settles us down after so much love exchange. We were in bed quite a bit, I had to make up the night of traveling and I think I did. We also managed to go out only to find ourselves more in love, walking in the ancient small streets and by the canals, finding ourselves soon back home to love one another and fall again in deep, deep sleep. We went out for some grocery now, people here feel so relaxed and content with their bikes and their going out for a beer with friends, quite different then cold and formal Sweden, there is somewhat of a culture here.

A rather homy day, waking up with still a bit of sleep to recover from yesterday early morning trip, then making love and getting started with the project update with Myrthe on my side. As she