

me up, We had a good conversation on the care and I think I gained her respect at last, being very skeptical about allot of people and things. At home I first head to a nice old hairdresser named Roberto who has been in business since he was eleven, really a rarity considering that everyone nowadays goes to university. Later we had some fantastic gnocchi with mountain potatoes and I later went off to the historical center where I bought Perec's novel "Life: A User Manual" (I keep referring to it in my thesis). I also bought a pair of shoes for the wedding, again those that Myrthe wished me to have, the Clarks, but in leather, which I like to take care of like a soldier. My mother also came at a certain point with little Anna but I kept walking and walking around the cute Vicenza while they were at the hairdresser, also preparing for Francesco's wedding. Later I had a nice aperitivo in the piazza with my mom and we made it home now to eat. Still some updating to do for now...

A nice day, waking up very early and updating my project to then take out the dog, do some tai-chi and then some training in the fancy family gym where, ironically, my room used to be. Later I drove to a commercial center to buy a network storage that I proposed to set up for my step father and also an external battery to recharge my smart phone, in case I am off on the road. I then drove the busy highway and reached Treviso airport that it was very sunny and warm. Myrthe came out and it was love at first sight, kissing each other passionately no stop. All the hardship of our distance relationship was suddenly all gone and forgotten. Together, in this state of pure love, we drove to Padua to visit the Saint Anthony big cathedral, finding a very nice and big space but rather empty. I was however impressed about the pilgrims there praying devotedly. We also managed to walk around it and after ten years even find the place where my old aunt Chiara runs a little hostel. She looked really fresh and we had a very nice long talk in English together with Myrthe. Apparently she also, like my grandfather in the concentration camp, was together with a Dutch. I also heard about my great grandfather, the one who died in Australia. She looked him up and he was apparently very rich, the only one who could afford a giant hat and was named after it. He had is own bank but after loosing everything (the war?) he tried to set sails to Australia to rebuild his fortune but he was placed in concentration camp, him as well like my grandfather. The most revealing thing however was to find Zia Chiara also with a dream, that of finding a place in the mountains, a really isolated one where she wanted to move. We are then all like that, like my father who wants to move to a ranch in Arizona... mountain death drive? We are now back in Vicenza after having seen this nice side of Padua and we are soon to go out for a pizza with family friends.

An okay day, waking up with little Myrthe at my side and having to sort of leave my parents' place at once to let Daniela the cleaner to vacuum clean the entire house. We then went off with Asia the dog, another responsibility that my mother got from my two sisters beside little Anna. We then ate a croissant before getting back home and making love to then get back to our work. I was extremely slow, feeling very out of focus but did manage an update. I also mounted a server under the office desktop so that my stepfather can back up his computer. This digital handicap of them is really also one of the big causes of the contemporary recessions, pls not allowing young people to take over with the new technology. In the afternoon I took Myrthe out for a walk in Vicenza. I kind of felt I wanted to go up on the hills or at least to the sanctuary but we ended up going shopping for Myrthe. Later there was also the opening of the drug addict son of my old art professor Etta Scotti. His paintings were obrobrious but the location wonderful; an old and abandoned church not far from the city center. I managed to get in contact with the organizer and then will see if anything could happen, like the installment of my tebah in such an spoiled holly place. In the evening we ate a Zio Gigi who told us how him, together with other tycoons have all moved with their capital out of Italy. He then showed us his art collection like a painting worth four times my little apartment and a fantastic Greek basso rilievo. On our way back it was stormy and we were alone in the parental house...

Yesterday it was the wedding of my dear bestfriend Francesco. I mean we did not really hang out has buddy for over twelve years but he still faithfully considers me so and thus Myrthe and I spent the morning preparing us for the ceremony. We first went out for a nice breakfast in the center of Vicenza where we even met my step cousin Stefano and his super cute son Sebastiano with which we played some football in the main square. Later Myrthe went to the hair dressed with my sister and I tried to make up some sleep since I woke up too early to update my project. I even managed to do some drawings before beginning to wash and dress up myself. We got to the city center with my sister and Valerio and we all looked fantastic. The ceremony took place in the church where Nonno Bruno's brother was priest and I was the witness, standing right in front, close to Francesco and Marcello, another old friend. Alessandro, the other good old friend who followed me around the world, later drove us with his beautiful 500 cabriolet to the amazing Villa Valmarana where the wedding party took place. The sunset behind the sanctuary was amazing and I felt a little melancholic but Myrthe came to the rescue and we discussed that one day she would love a place there for us. I met allot of Francesco's family friends and relatives, realizing that we are sort of quite connected being them either originally from my mountains or from below. Eating while surrounded with Tiepolo's frescoes was equally amazing and later I had to even take up the role of main photographer. Having no flash I got the help from the waiters to set up a proper light. After a tiny walk with Myrthe to the Villa Rotonda, enjoying the moonlight, I really celebrated Francesco with all my old friends, reviving all our disco dances and our craziness.

Today the sun was shining. We woke up very early despite going back quite late after Francesco's wedding. We wanted to make it to Milan in time to see it, before Myrthe had her plane home. We then walked a long way to the train station, carrying all her luggage and my equipment and then slept sweetly on the train, hugging each other no stop. In Milan we took the metro directly to the Duomo and even there I carried quite some luggage, not to make my sweet Myrtina suffer the walking. Intuitively we reached the Brera academy where we ate a nice salad in the late summer sun and then the Sforzesco's castle, under a marble bench holding and kissing. There was no way to see Da Vinci's last supper so we just found a nice place where to eat a quite okay ice cream next to the old and beautiful church of Sant'Ambrogio After, Myrthe took the train to the airport and I took a lonely walk all the way back to the main fascist station and now I have almost hit Vicenza by train, after sleeping a bit and updating my project. I will need to walk now once more...

A nice and productive day! I woke up decently late, making my little sleep of the past days and then I updated my project, avoiding to turn on my smart phone and getting lost in a myriad of little messages form all the social media sites. I will keep doing so actually, as I start feeling rather out of focus and not as efficient as I normally am. After the update then I also manage to scan the last family albums I had left and later I went to Alessandra and Valerio to eat. The television was on but the sun was shiny out and I felt quite restless and at last took my mom's car to reach the hills of Monteviale. After parking behind the villa were I used to paint, I took a very long walk on a small path along the sunny side of the hills. I recorded my thoughts while making beautiful films. There are obviously allot of beautiful sites there and I feel always tempted to quit all my struggle up north and just move down south but I understood during this walk that I should simply keep up with the complexity of life and safe this feeling for later. The time will come perhaps that I might have a little garden and fruit trees. For now I just eat what is left wild like the grapes from an abandoned vineyard I found on a very nice high spot. I am back home now and should shower and get ready for my parents soon coming back from the seaside.

A very surprising day in many respects. I was up quite early and helped out my mother taking out the dog and her expensive car to wash. Later I took the least expensive car and drove out in the near country to the village where I should have met the curator in charge of exhibiting in different churches in the city. The village was amazing and the cuator turned out to be a very intelligent priest with an inclination to art. We discussed very elaborately about my concept of tebah and he knew Hebrew so he was of great help. He also started to show me his very Asian like art works and took me to his studio. I thus asked if I could come back to have an interview with him but later we talked about my work and he seemed a bit concerned about my totalitarian approach particularly after I told him about the reaction of my ex. He understood though that Nordic people find it easy to show their naked bodies but not to narrate themselves. I still got some tips from him about possible exhibition places and in the afternoon, after dining happily with my mother and sister, I wen to see one of them, the Santa Corona Basilica. It was rather congested already with works but then I found the cripta and I knew that was the right spot to show my tiles of discarded objects found on the sidewalk. I thus spent part of the afternoon taking measurements and later I went to buy and send a book my father in Canada asked for. It is warm out and now I am home wanting to start thinking the arrangement of the tiles but little Anna is crying and wants me to play with her.

A whole day traveling. At first updating my project and taking out old Asia to the park where I also did some tai-chi and then later riding the car with my mother to the airport while listening to all her angry complaints about poor Valerio, my sister's husband. She is maybe a little glad and proud about me but will see how things will develop particularly with my attempt to connect to the local cultural scene, which, on a second thought, I found a bit too old fashion and unaware of all the changes occurring around us. On the airplane I was quit tired but I did manage to edit many of the videos captured in the last week. There a Swedish couple next to me and the girl was a bit curious and asked a few questions. On the bus instead I sat next to a guy from Bassano, also a doctorate student who could only talk a bout programming. After helping some Italian girls on the way to a hostel I am now on the commuter on my way to my home sweet home. Jacek is also approaching by train and we will have some food together.

Today I woke up, updated my project and right away started searching for a land in Italy. It is clear for me that to find something at the Lago di Iseo in Monte Isola was the ideal spot since that very island has inspired me my whole project and yesternight, after being reminded of that while talking to Jacek, I did find some good terrains. I even took the steps to call the agencies but the one land I found was sold. I then went to the university and could not stop thinking about it. I did go to the gym and felt good because now I have a beautiful image on my head and I can just keep that as a concrete objective, one single focus, a land in that paradise. I could not write on my thesis; outside was also quite sunny. I came home instead and felt asleep reading Ferdinand Cheval's autobiography, which, coincidentally, I just received. I am sure now he made a tebah out of a mental architecture he built while walking over thirty kilometers everyday to deliver mails. Later I looked at a forest for sale... it could be nice to plant an arboretum there as the lake micro-climate would really allow much. I also helped Richi to fix a bike but we failed as the tires would not inflate... now I am off for a run instead, happy that this Journal is becoming again my mountain diary, the diary of a dream.

An okay day, waking up with some dreams at last and thinking about my land. I was rather focused updating my project and later also did some extra writing on my thesis after reading the short and enlightening autobiography of Ferdinand Cheval. Maybe still inspired by him but particularly by my aunt Chiara and her instinct to draw back to the mountains, I pursued now my search for a land in the Iseo Lake region. I then called an agent there and the funny thing is that on one side he was quite against building on the land saying that all Italians do so, and on the other he told me that if he was me, I would stay in the Sweden, particularly after having being here this summer. He obviously does not know how dreadful it can get in the winter months but anyway. Hearing him I was at first discouraged to take any action. I thus immediately set off to town where I picked my t-shirts from Joakim, the organizer of the exhibition I have just took part to. After that I finally decided to go for the Italy project. I thus went to the bank to fix a few things and later stopped at the public library to buy all the necessary tickets to get to the Italian lake. After contacting the agents I went to a meeting with August's teacher. My little son has problem reading by I sort of tried to explain to her that in fact he is just a left brain guy, knowing all this languages, building amazing virtual spaces and doing good in mathematics. Liselott was okay and she asked me about me moving to an apartment closer by, not knowing that I need some stronger plans to uplift my otherwise evil spirit. I need to think mountain as she did not allow me! In the afternoon I went with August to town to meet with my old Colombian student Maria who needed help for an interactive installation... rather confusing stuff. I told her we could work together as I also need to develop in that direction. Later we ate sushi with a very silent Åsmund who was otherwise very friendly to August and now we are heading home where August will meet Richi for the first time... two Italians... more perspectives for my little son anyway.

The day started again with me looking up all sort of possibilities for my Italian land. I spent hours going over laws of all kind saying basically that you cannot have a camper there and one has to go through all sort of procedures to get things straight. I am only seeking to have a little house where to place the tools and update my project and eventually cook but it can be very tricky in bureaucratic Italy. I don't mind the idea of living in a sweet wild back to the origins in a complete landscape and able to cultivate all the cultivatable... not like here. Meantime Gary Wolf in San Francisco, asked me to keep working on the art exhibition for Quantified Self in six months. I was however obsessed all day about my land, not really about the architecture that I might not be able to build but simply the land, as a first step to make my small rituals. When August woke up I got straight into building his virtual world and it took some time before at last I made a pasta and convinced him to come out. The weather was totally dull though and the landscape again quite uninteresting, really inspiring me and encouraging me to go for the Italian adventure... once stuck in Siberia the hero makes it back South... "Back From the Wild" sort of. I hope I will manage though but all is possible and my intuition strong, bringing quite some vitality back within me. The idea of moving to the Netherlands maybe got me a bit dull or at least the idea of a bourgeois life. With August we did make small discoveries like a giant dead fish and lastly, avoiding to spend money, we made home where is back to construct his video-games and I am about to think the San Francisco exhibition.

A nice sunny day waking up that I felt a little unmotivated thinking about the future despite the changes that I am attempting to undertake. I anyway update my project, did my research on how to keep a forest in Italy (not as simple as here with all the permissions needed) and then woke up August to eat breakfast and then run to the station. This time we took the commuter down south and got to the little town of Gnesta where we took a pleasant walk by the lake. August and I got quite friend, talking how, if I get a little land in Italy, he can then come to spend his summers there and help me. I really wish this to work as only then I think I can communicate him my full heritage, particularly with the nature I never head and the mountains right behind. After some bread with pecorino cheese from my mom, we observed a goose with a broken wing left behind by the flock and then went home to get some ice cream and finally take Richi to see Södertälje. It was quite beautiful up on the old village and downtown. We even walked all the way back and August ran. He is now playing games and I will bath, quite happy of my choice of attempting once more to be a patriarch, this time under less control from people above me, like my father-in-law (maybe the Italian state will take instead that role).

A good day started very early though. I was quite focused in updating my project and later still mingled around the internet to find more information about how to settle in Lago di Iseo. Myrthe was actually upset that I did not involved her from the beginning. I think this has to do with me wanting to go for something rather masculine, at least this time attempting to set the bases of the land I want to dedicate myself to rather than having a female boss like my Swedish ex. Later in the day I made a few phone calls to understand if I can have a small mortgage which I can pay off in the coming years as well as if I can build a small cabin in the property. Both inquiries got a positive respond. I even managed to run before eating a salad and go to meet Stina, to get supervised regarding the two chapters I handed in. She was very nice and only suggested to move things around. She was even positive that I should be able to present a first version of my book already in the beginning of next year, being then the first of all doctorates to possibly graduate. After the supervision it was too crowded in my little office with Roman, his wife and his kid so I went first to the library to revise Stina's corrections but I was too tired and soon ended up in the gym. Now I am heading home, a last evening before quite some traveling to the Netherlands and then to Italy, possibly to make a little dream come partially true.

The day started way too early. It was in the middle of the night when I stood up with a bit of a stiff back and sat to update my project after which I went back to bed, as a monk after his early pray. When I woke up I was actually quite productive in writing part of the introduction of my thesis, putting on paper several pages of a thesis that is already in my head. I was so absorbed in writing that I realized that it was time to leave at once for the airport. I then ate a bit of the cauliflower I had left and took the metro and then the bus to Arlanda. I arrived very punctually but the airplane was delayed and I sat at the gate to study the plans of the land I thought of buying in Italy. It is a nice location, or at least a nice base to begin with, beautiful view, quite detached and obviously possible to cultivate with a large variety of fruit trees (my passion). It seems rather inconceivable to place any of my Virtual building there though but it could be a start... all to be seen next week. I did manage to get an idea by superimposing the plans I got from the agent on the satellite image... an superimposition I have observed for quite sometime now seating on the plane on my way to Myrthe.

A super warm and sunny day in Utrecht. I woke up way too early once again but did not get discouraged. I stood up and updated my project to later go to bed with Myrthe for some time. When I woke up she was gone and I did some more work, finally also being able to virtually navigate the terrain in Italy I am thinking of purchasing. Later I went to buy a pair of running shoes since I only have my mountain boot with me for next week exploration of the land, and I really wanted to do some outdoor activity with the nice weather. I did so in fact and went off training and running in my little park here in town, despite Myrthe being home for some time. Back home I made a salad but still felt hungry and so went out to buy some bread and a bottle of freshly made orange juice form the nearby baker and then went to the university library to keep writing my thesis. I actually was mostly reviewing the introduction I just wrote and I did go quite far. Tomorrow I will even start to write about my own project, my "material"... I love it! Later I went to buy some food and a black bodyguard almost beat me up because I was seating down and filming the public environment. He was guarding a coffee shop the pig and thought I was filming him. I had to show him all my videos and he was not even slightly in it. Now I am home and will cook while Myrthe will get home later in the evening...

An okay day, waking up in the sun and updating my project, having also at last very vivid dreams but then going back with sleepy Myrthe. After writing more consistently on my thesis, I had a video conference with Björn, my old time Swedish curator friend. He wanted help to find a palace for a Swedish painter to exhibit during the Venice biennial. Not considering really the virtue of this undertaking, I helped him out providing him some contacts through my mother and I also helped Richi out, correcting his papers on finance matters. I should be careful to keep my focus now though. Later in the morning I went again to my park here in Utrecht where I did my tai-chi and other gymnastic, feeling good. After a meager lunch I also got back to the library and started a chapter describing my own practice, as Stina suggested. Later in the afternoon I went back and Myrthe proposed a little bike ride. I did not really enjoy going through this busy town only crowded with students or student looking people... It was a relief to come out to the country but still what is this flat land in comparison with what my native land can offer? I mean even just in terms of exploring and uplifting one's own spirit, high up in a mountain smoking in the crystal blue sky. I don't feel like keeping in this land of pleasures... pleasures should only accompany life but not take it over. Now I am writing this and will soon prepare a salad to eat out with old Jason in my park.

An okay day started by waking up decently early and updating my project to later go back in bed again with sweet Myrthe and getting a bit of yesterday night bitterness away. I spent the rest of the morning keeping up writing on my thesis, mostly about my own project and also calling a guy who offered me to take me around Monte Isola to check some properties there. I wouldn't mind