

my work mail.

Yesterday I woke up very early, updated my project, did my tai-chi and was up to deforest the Vestige already at six in the morning. My chainsaw did not cut however and I had to walk back down to pick a file and a new chain. I then realize that the forest I thought of exchanging to build the Vestige staircase was already quite open. Home I also made myself some breakfast with the eggs I got from Chiara and was soon back up. I first tried to file the old chain but had no good result so I changed it and this time it went all very smoothly. I cleaned up the east side going cutting some big trees and also manage to get some big trees down on the west and then on the north. the latter trees went down on the street so I managed on time to clean the way before driving back down and eat some leftover lentils. As I left, it was very sunny and nice. I drove to my mother and with her drove to Venice with my stepfather's cousins. In Venice we went to see an ugly apartment my mother thought of buying and in the evening I called little big August to wish him happy birthday before following my parents on a fancy taxi boat organized by a local client to go eat at Harry's bar, a very fancy place with fancy people, quite a contrast with the very basic life in the mounts, but still a human experience.

The other day I managed to update my project before going with my stepfather and the old Venetian teacher Giorgio to row all the way to Murano. Once in the island I let my stepfather row through the canals and then crossed back to Venice going by the San Michele cemetery with a lot of waves and traffic. We managed, washed the wooden boat and showered. We then walked to visit a client and then back home to eat some boiled veggies and fish prepared by my mother. In the afternoon I took a small nap and then walked alone on the southern side of the city where I used to live as a student. It was nice there and I sat on in Santa Margherita to sew a string on my camera bags. After going to mass and listening to the beautiful preaching of Don Max, I met a nice couple from Mirandola who got really interested about my project. Later my mother got me yet another jacket and in the evening we ate in a small restaurant with their friends who later showed us their new small apartment.

Yesterday I woke up at a good hour and managed to update my project before going again over rowing with my stepfather. We went again over to Murano and this time I also row while in the city despite the narrow passages. After cleaning the boat and showering we ate a pizza at the nearby restaurant owned by an Egyptian client. As it started raining I took a small nap and let my parents leave the apartment. Once alone I got started working on my job application. In the evening I ate leftover fish and did a lot of pencil drawings (I forgot the pen in the mountains) with the TV on.

The other day I slept well and did my update and went out in the San Polo square to do tai-chi in the sun. I then walked to a small real state and got an appointment with an agent to check an apartment in the afternoon. Later I walked to the opposite side of town in the Castello area and ate a small sandwich I brought along before seating in a library to rewrite my thesis conclusion and send it to Stina. I then went to check the apartment and immediately fell in love with it, high up in a attic facing the sun and a canal. Later I sat in a cafe to send few more emails and walked back home where I warmed up some risotto my mother left and did my drawing watching a plain Hollywood movie.

Yesterday I woke up and cleaned up the house. I walked out with the trash and did my tai-chi at San Polo before showering and catching the ferry to the aiport. I sat a bit outside to eat another sandwich I made with the old left over bread. I then went in and started working on an abstract for a Russian journal they invited me to submit. On the plane I worked on my job application and on the train to Stockholm I submitted it. In Stockholm I walked all the way to the Royal library where I met Jacek completely devastated by the thesis he already submitted. I told him honestly to stop for sometime but he wouldn't listen. He was also under the negative influence of Brett who has no idea what to do in life. He in fact also gave up the idea of the house in Italy filled up of small other little plans which will lead him to nothing. I then left the library congratulate him for everything but not really willing to meet up again and took the commuter to Jakobsberg where I did some grocery and reached the room I am renting from the Chilean couple I stayed with in the winter. I cooked some pasta and talked to Eduardo who is now working at Scania.

Yesterday I woke up super early and took with Eduardo the bus and then the commuter. Once at the university I updated my project, slept a bit on the desk and then went to the gym, where I did tai-chi, boxing, weight-lifting, sauna and showered myself. I then ate the leftover spaghetti I brought along before seating two hours supervising bachelor students with their thesis. I was prepared and had good comments. Later I sat in my little office with Roman and revised the references of my thesis before sending it to the English proof reader. I then commuted to my apartment to pick the post, talked a bit to the Greek lady there and went all the way to the opposite side of town, luckily having Montanelli's history of the Greeks to read. Once in Jakobsberg I bought some more grocery and took the bus to the Chilean couple. I still had the energy to talk to them and cooked some chicken with zucchini and mushrooms while talking to Myrthe on the phone.

Yesterday I woke up at a decent hour, ate some breakfast and immediately sat off to the royal library. I walked there from the central station and sat in the new part where I updated my project. At lunch I met our new German professor Anne and ate with her my potatoes and broccoli. I then did a few drawings and went for a long walk all around the Djursgarden island. I recorded my thoughts, the shapes of clouds and public spaces before catching the commuter back to the Chilean couple's apartment. There I warmed up yesterday's chicken and later talked a bit with Eduardo.

Yesterday I woke up at a decent hour and updated my project seating on the floor then ate some muesli before doing a little tai-chi out in the cold immigrant ghetto. I had to wait quite a long time for Liselott to bring August so I worked more on my computer before preparing for him an omelet. he finally arrived and we ate before going under his wish to the mall of Scandinavia. There I asked in different shops all the details about getting him a toy gun for his birthday but it was not an easy thing and at last we went into the city to search in another shop. It was too complicated and we instead decided to walk from Karlberg across to Hornstull and all the way to Mariatorget following the ridge and revisiting all the places we discovered when he was little. After taking the commuter home to the ghetto we were really happy and full of jokes. We ate half a cauliflower each and with Eduardo ate chips and a pineapple and later some butter milk and cookies while watching a Japanese animation. Eduardo fell immediately asleep and his wife got really mad when she arrived home after being with her Jehoa Witness mother.

Yesterday I woke up and showered. I then also woke August up and we ate some milk and muesli before leaving the ghetto and reaching the livable and Swedish part of Stockholm. There we sat by the water to eat a mortadella sandwich I prepared and later got on the metro and walked all the way from the center to Karlaplan where August got some credits for his video-games. It was sunny and we walked back to the center where I got August an ice-cream. We then took the metro back to Karlberg where Liselott gave me a ride to the airport. It was good to make sure that she is doing the right things with the farm and so forth, at least for August. At the airport I made my drawings and on the plane I slept and then updated my project. Once in the Netherlands I took the train to Culemborg where Myrthe had prepared salmon and a soup for me. In the evening I heard from my parents who went to see the attic in Venice I checked a week ago and liked it. The good news is that they wants to support us and will get started with the negotiations.

Yesterday I woke up a bit too early and updated my project. I then ate some porridge with Myrthe and started preparing all the stuff I want to bring to Italy. I sorted all my electronics and threw away some. Later I went out to buy some clothes for little Eduardo and did some grocery. I then did some tai-chi and made a pasta with veggies before continuing sorting out my stuff. I also called August who was again alone in the house and I tried to inspire him to go out. I went out myself for a fast bike ride and kept working on the sorting of my stuff. Only late in the evening I boiled some potatoes and ate them with Myrthe who was fed up with work.

Yesterday I slept good and wrote an article in Italian about the situation as an immigrant and then took our van to the mechanic with Myrthe to fix a problem with the gearbox oil. Back home I had to present myself to my students for an online course and then updated my project and ate a salad with leftover potatoes before organizing our upcoming trip to Italy. After looking into a corrected chapter of my thesis I went for a bike ride going fast with my Bianchi through the spring landscape. Back home I started some more writings and did some weightlifting before showering and cooking some rice and lentils for Myrthe while eating the leftover pasta, watching the news and drawing.

Yesterday I could sleep long and updated my project before doing some tai-chi. I then ate some lentils and kept reading quite intensively Montanelli's history of the Greeks. I had to soon go out for a walk but it was windy and reached the mechanic where I picked up the van. Back home I did some drawings and then hang out with Myrthe who is totally devastated from work. I cooked some spinach and meat before walking to the supermarket to buy some ice-cream and blueberries. In the evening she worked on the sofa and I kept her company watching a freaky Australian movie from the 1970s.

Yesterday I slept well and updated my project before reading carefully again through my thesis and walking to the supermarket to recycle. I ate lentils and a salad for lunch and read more of my thesis before spending some time selecting apartments in Venice. My mother went down with the budget so the possibilities got far less and she insisted on newly built solutions in Murano. After calling August I did some drawings and cooked some cauliflower for Myrthe and I. Together we also started loading the car with my exhibition boxes to bring to Italy.

Yesterday I woke up way too early and updated my project but had to go back to bed. When I woke up I started packing the car, did some tai-chi and also went for a quick bie ride after feeling quite sick of calling real estate agents in Venice. When I came back I showered and ate leftovers with Myrthe before setting out with her driving to Mainz. The ride went smoothly and we were soon at Gilda's place, the old girlfriend of poor Florian who came visiting us in the mountains two summers ago. She was nice to take us to the Rhine and then all the way to the heart of the city which was surprisingly beautiful despite all the World War II bombing. Back in the not so nice neighborhood where she lived we ate some cheap Vietnamese food and had long and nice conversations about migrants there who seem to be well integrated and with a future unlike in Italy.

Yesterday I woke up too early in the Mainz apartment and sat in the kitchen to update my project. I then went shortly back to bed and was ready to walk out in the beautiful city with Myrthe. The market was astonishing and we spent quite some time there. We ate sausage and bread and bought three kilos of asparagus. On our way back along the Rhine Myrthe and I had a small argument but were fine again and drove to Frankfurt where we took a long walk and decided to move to Italy in two years time. Myrthe spent quite some time shopping and I picked a lot of trash and photographed the big crowd where, unlike the crowd in Mainz, the German face has vanished beside some super rich German with highly expensive cars. Towards evening we walked to the other side of the river to eat at the restaurant where I once went with Florian to eat. I had a curry and we even got a slice of cheese cake before commuting back to the suburb where we rented a room from an Asian lady.

Yesterday I woke up at a decent hour in the Frankfurt suburb, updated my project and showered before walking on the opposite side of the river with Myrthe. It was in fact quite a walk and arrived in the city and ate some pastry before exploring the reconstructed old town and looking at the misery of homeless and bumps in the new expensive part. It was sunny and I took Myrthe to the station where to work while waiting for the train back home. I then took the commuter back to our rented room and drove south to Florian. It was hot driving but in three hours I managed to reach him. He was in his beautiful renovated farm with his new girlfriend Rebecca who was very kind and got me a focaccia to eat and a salad. After she left with her kid Florian and I walked up to the castle talking about life and art. We also checked the Roman ancient baths there and got down that it was late and cooked asparagus with sugar, butter and potatoes.

Yesterday I woke up at Florian a bit too early and updated my project before seating in the nice kitchen with him to help him figuring out what to do with his art. He baked some very good buns in the meantime and I was soon ready to set off to Switzerland. the weather was nice there and also the mounts but in general I felt it was quite boring and conservative place that has already become out of date. I stopped in Gottard for a little walk by the river and in Lugano I crossed over to Lago di Como. There I was really impressed of the small towns and architecture. I ate a small ice cream and peed before continuing along the lake. I took a bad and trafficked road to Bergamo and arrived at my parents late in the afternoon. I packed my car with more clothes I got from my mother and than ate a cotoletta with salad talking to my parents about how to go about the Venice apartment.

Yesterday I woke up early and updated my project seating on the floor before starting to update and fix all the new computers I have ordered to upgrade my parents. I also kept up reviewing my thesis and for lunch went out with Giulia, little Edoardo and Simone his father who paid for my salad. On the way back home I walked through the city center and slept a bit in the Querini park before keeping up to review my thesis and talk to Morris on Skype about finally publishing our book. I felt all this self-tracker friends keep referring to me as a bit of a guide and are quite lost without my example. Later I drove to get a cable for the computer screen and talked to both Myrthe and August on the phone. In the evening my mother prepared the asparagus I brought from Germany.

Yesterday I woke up early again but forced myself back to sleep. I did so and woke up with some good energies to update my project and pack in our van the stuff from Asia, the old family dog my mother got killed. I also managed some tai-chi and finished fixing my parents' new computers before eating some asparagus with my mother and take a long walk first to the Rotonda Villa and then up the beautiful hills and down to Monte Berico. In Vicenza I bought August a very nice soft air rifle for his birthday and visited Francesco and Elena at a little birthday party of her daughter after talking to my aunt Silvia. In the evening I also got to eat with Francesco and his family although he was really stressed out by work. I also talked to August and tried to pacify Myrthe who is really emotional these days.

Yesterday I woke up very early, updated my project and then walked to the station where I got a train to Venice. It was crowded and I set next to two art academy students and tried to encourage them and tip them on how to make it as an artist. In Venice I walked first to San Giovanni to talk to a real estate agent about a big apartment in Sant'Elena Myrthe liked and then went to another agent to see a ground floor apartment my stepfather liked. I talked with the agent about Sweden and it was very interested about my opinion. Later I sat in a cafe to drink some spremuta and fix up the credits in the book Morris and I are self-publishing. I ate some bread I got from a baker an ate strawberry and slept in the Giardini. I then was ready to go with another agent to look at four more apartments only one of which was in a well state, filled with light and spacious. I then went back to the cafe to send Myrthe the video I made of it and draw. In the evening I just wandered around and ultimately met my stepfather with who I walked home to warm up and eat the bigoli my mother made for us.

Yesterday I woke up with my stepfather who immediately went to work and I spend time fixing the last few details with my thesis. I then ate some of the bigoli ymy mother prepared for us and went for a long walk all the way to Sant'Elena to evaluate the apartments there. I felt quite down about the place and had to rest a bit on the grass where I talked to an American artist doing a painting outdoor. I then gain a bit of energy to walk to San Pietro where the apartment Myrthe liked was. I then asked the people there how they liked it and the neighbour below just told me to go ahead. I then withdraw some money for an ice-cream and walked home through the sea of tourists. There my stepfather imediately got me to church to follow Don Max in the way of the cross. I felt very sleepy but managed all the way through and in the afternoon I again followed himw with my mother to confess. We did so in the big church of San Pietro, once the cathedral of Venice after positively inspecting the condominium where we think of living.

Yesterday I was still asleep when my stepfather got me out of bed to follow him to the remiera where we got the boat down despite the bad weather. Old Burro was also with us and we just sat going through the canals and making all the way to the opposite side of Venice and back. I only got to row toward the end in the laguna but it was tiring with the wind and the waves. Once back I rushed to the hairdresser without even showering and got a haircut from one of my stepfather's many local patients. We then ate a salad and walked to San Pietro to look again and the apartment. My parents already discussed the price with the agent trying to keep it quite low. We then walked back through the beautiful via Garibaldi where I took a lot of pictures for Myrthe. My parents bought me yet another pair of shoes and I went right home before further shopping. There I slept a bit and made several drawings. We then ate a salad and went to the Easter mass. Don Max got me to light a fire in front of the entrance and I was of help distributing the prays and collecting the used candle after the celebration.

Yesterday I woke up at a good hour and updated my project before going out with my stepfather to get the newspaper. Later we took the ferry to Lido and I talked to some Chinese students. We then crossed the island where I use to swim every afternoon when I was living here and walk all the way to the watchtower under a pretty intense sun. My parents were happy and we stopped on the beach for a pizza before continuing on the lagoon side to the ferry boat. The weather got quite bad but my stepfather took us to see the beautiful romanic church of Sant'Elena where the saint is kept. It was dreadful to see how Napoleon's troops stole everything possible from it. As it started raining, we went back in the very crowded ferry and got back to the apartment with a bit of rain. There my mother insisted to buy me some t-shirts and underwear. I then had to walk to a shop to do so and in the evening we ate some leftovers before I finally had the time to do some drawings.

Yesterday I woke up way too early in Venice and forced myself back to sleep. It was then eight when I woke up again and ate some Easter focaccia with my parents before going out to do tai-chi in the sunny San Polo square. I then went back home to update my project and helped my mother packing to go back to Vicenza which we did by car and stopped to eat at a pizzeria. In Vicenza I again helped my mom this time throwing things from the nearby garage under Giulia's apartment. Beside throwing my stepfather collection of scientific journal I also threw many of the paintings I did as a teenager keeping some however for my Archive. After showering I spent the rest of the afternoon helping my stepfather setting up his new computers and helped my half-sister with little Edoardo.