

alone so that I could keep awake and update my project.

Yesterday I woke up at a good hour and updated my project. Later a local guide came to see whether she could facilitate visits to the project museum. I was supposed to walk up to it with the kids but none of them wanted to seat in the backpack with August. We then had to drive past Contrada Rossi and just walk the dirt road to the cube. It was a sunny day and it was impressive to see the work once more. Silvester was however not happy and it was hard to talk to guide who kept philosophizing about the work. Back in the contrada I gave August and the kids some tortellini, ate the leftover beans and then brought them to bed. Silvester kept on sleeping while with Livia we went in the barn to check for a document I need for the selling of the Venice apartment. She liked to look inside of all my boxes and I also wrote a few descriptions of what I found inside. I got quite sad however that the document was not found and just got back to the house and played a bit with Livia outside although the wind was quite cold. As Silvester got up I fed all my three children sandwiches, drew and then made it to Chris and Alessia who invited us for dinner at their restaurant. It was nice to talk to them and give each other an update. We ate salad and pasta and at last Livia slept in my arms and we sat by the fire to keep on talking.

Yesterday I was up very early to update my project and then took care of the children showering together and playing. We were supposed to get a visit from the curators that are facilitating my new project in my native highland but they were still positive to the corona virus and I just got to talk to one of them. After a long discussion in which I told her that it was rather impossible to build the cathedral idea in the messy mountain she gave me the possibility to do so more at the lake where the terrain is flatter. As the sun got quite warm I played Showgun, a nice table game with August while the children played around us. For lunch I cooked some barley pasta with zucchini and we kept outside eating. Later we drove down the mountain for a little ice-cream and then kept in the Robinson park to play. The kids had a lot of fun with August who was kept chasing them with a bamboo stick. As Maria, their old babysitter came for a visit the kids got very shy and the play stop particularly as she kept on talking non stop about her high school situation and all the rules imposed by the authorities under the pandemic. At last we were all very tired and just drove back up to the mountain with the kids and August sleeping in the car and me later taking a nap before drawing and starting to write about the possibility to develop a road in my native highland where to host the memories of its inhabitants starting with my cathedral. In the evening we got some bread from Chiara and I ordered some burritos for August and I. As they arrived we ate while watching some random series on TV.

Yesterday the kids slept quite long and I had time to properly update my project before doing some laundries and then setting off first to Sant'Ulderico to get some bread and then up to San Rocco. After eating some sandwiches August and I started pushing a kid each on the stroller up the Summano mountain. It was quite steep and in the end also Livia got to walk alone while Silvester fell asleep. After reaching the former monastery we turned around and also Livia slept. At last August and I had time to talk and he was happy by the time we got to the car. As the kids wanted some hot chocolate we drove down to Schio and found a nice cafe' to drink it. August however felt sick and back home he started vomiting while the television announced the Russian invasion of Ukraine. We did not have so much to eat and I just made some noodles and later drank some tea before taking the kids to bed.

Today I woke up rather early and updated my project before starting to pack up to leave for Venice. The kids got ready rather quickly and after eating some pudding I made with the leftover milk we drove down to the plateau with quite a blue sky. After stopping only once at a gas station to get August a sandwich we reached Venice that all the parking lots were full. Luckily there we found a spot in the parking for campers and then had to walk quite away across some traffic to the city busy with tourists coming to see the carnival. The kids had quite some fun indeed to see all the masks and Livia in particular was quite amazed about the city. In San Marco square there were more of the traditional masks and I also got to photograph quite a few before making it down the Riva degli Schiavoni and wait for Myrthe in Giardini. As we ate some focaccia and apples she arrived and the kids were very happy to see her. We then made it to the apartment we are now selling and found it with a lot of moist and the bathroom window that had fallen down. I then felt very relieved I was selling it and just checked for towels and tools and bed sheet to bring home with us. At last we took the kids once more to San Marco square and then left them to enjoy the carnival with their mother while August and I smoothly walked back across the tourist congested city before driving all the way to Milan where we rented a room near the airport. For dinner we were quite silent and just ate a pizza.

Yesterday I woke up in the middle of the night and updated my project in the small hostel room. I then drove August to the nearby airport and then drove all the way across the Northern Italian plateau and up to my native highland. There the weather was crystal clear and the lake of Roan was frozen. After talking to an old local poet the sculptural park curator called me and guided me to a not so far forest completely turned down by the hurricane. After walking among quite some brambles I sort of identify a very messy but open area where my open cathedral could be made. I then borrowed a shear and spent the day opening up a path in the brambles. I worked all day with my hands bleeding but did manage to reach the place where the altar should be erected. At last I gave the shear back to the nearby restaurant and tried to take a nap on the autumn leaves but could not and just drove down the mountains to Bassano. The city was crowded with unmasked people celebrating carnival. At last I took the train to Venice and sent some images to Davide to try to make a rendering of my new installation in the new place. In Venice it was dark and I crossed the city and then got home. The kids were happy to see me and I got to eat a past with tuna Myrthe made for me.

Yesterday I woke up at a decent hour and updated my project before walking with Myrthe and the kids to San Marco to check more carnival related event despite all the pandemic related restrictions. Later we walked to Santa Maria Formosa where we got some tomatoes, fennel and red oranges from a seller. We then sat in the square looking at a quite good acrobat and eating the fresh fruit and veggies with a slice of pizza. In the afternoon with the kids on our shoulders we even reached Campo Santa Margherita on the other side of the city and there Silvester fell asleep while we ate some ice-cream watching a Bulgarian puppeteer who was perhaps too artistic to be understood by the public. Later we made it all the way home via San Marco where we checked a few of the carnival masks very seldom original. In the apartment I cooked a soup with veggies and then drew before finishing to watch with the little family the nice film on Remi. After recording a lecture I went to bed and read Lawrence's beautiful depiction of Arabian villages.

Today I slept long enough and had time to properly update my project before taking with Myrthe and the kids the boat to the Lido island. There I got the kids a croissant and a cappuccino for Myrthe before making it to the beach. The weather was pleasant with a blue sky and a bright sun. While my little family picked shells I took a nap and then also played with them gathering nice pieces of wood shaped by the sea water. Later we sat on an empty open air theater and we ate some focaccia with olive and bread with cheese slices. After letting Livia and Silvester play a bit with the carnival dress kids of a school we played up and down the dunes and then made it back to the Lido city center where I got myself some cheap pants. On the way back with the ferry we stopped in Sant'Elena and let the kids had fun in a playground on the nice grass before making it back home. They were really tired and after feeding them a pasta they went to bed. I then ate the leftover pasta, a radicchio salad and some steamed artichokes before updating my project.

Yesterday we cleaned a bit the house before taking the ferry first to Fondamenta Nuove and then to the small island of Burano. After playing in a vineyard with the sticks left on the ground by some old men pruning the fruit trees we made it to a cute playground on the lagoon and then got in a tiny shop where an old lady made us sandwiches. We had quite a lot of fun eating them next to the water in a place that still preserved what life in Venice could have been before massive tourism invaded it. After wrestling with the children in the grass we went through the center of the tiny city and back in the empty and very colorful allies where the kids played to be small dogs and walked on their knees quite a distance. The ferry ride back was crowded and back at the Fondamenta we just walked on small road parallel to the Riva degli Schiavoni and reached the nice Campo de la Bragora. After giving the kids some juice we walked to the second hand in San Martino and got me some old but nice woolen sweaters. With the kids on our shoulders we finally reached home and ate a radicchio salad and some pasta with fresh pesto while the kids ate tortellini and then went to bed leaving me some time to draw and update.

Yesterday I kept on updating my project and then walked with Myrthe and the children to the ferry stop of the Arsenale. It was rather cold and I was carrying a big backpack and a stroller but we anyway sat outside and went through the grand canale. Livia was quite impressed but Silvester kept being naughty so we got off in Strada nuova and drank some cappuccino. Later I packed the children in turns in the stroller and made it to the station where I got the first train to Bassano. On board I did more updating and in Bassano crossed the city just when the weekly market was being dismantled. The car was still untouched and I took my team to drive to Bassano with an unusual heat outside and quite some air pollution after months of drought. In Schio I just took a walk up the old castle before meeting Raffaello, the director who has helped get the permissions to build the project museum. I was nice to him although he did not take any responsibilities when the far right accused me of building illegally. I sensed he did not want to get further involved in any future development of the project and just left cordially to meet in a cafe an old friend I haven't seen for more than twenty years. She wanted to bring her students to see the project museum and we discussed the details before meeting the old Mario Converio, possibly the most important artist in Schio. We then listened to his stories and all his struggles with the municipality, his fights with the black people he helped, his sex affairs in the Czech republic and so forth. Later I was on the phone with Florian who asked my advice for a project he wanted to do with two chairs shooting in a glass cage. At Adriano I ate an artichoke pizza and drew before driving up to the little mountain apartment. The ladies in the contrada had turned my stove on and I just laid on the sofa to watch debates about the scary development of the war in Ukraine.

Yesterday I woke up in the middle of the night and updated my project before trying to go back to sleep. The apartment was really warm with the fire in the stove and I downloaded all the stuff I rescue from the Venice apartment and started packing the stuff we will bring to the Netherlands. Later I took a long walk checking the "villa" of the guy who wants to collaborate with me in making a sculptural park and then walked all the way up to my giant cube making pictures of how the itinerary should evolve. It was quite an emotion to be at the cube by myself with no hunters harassing me and having the time to reflect how to go about. Back in the contrada I greeted Chiara and old Gianna and drove to meet for the first time ██████████ and Paolo, the initiators of Selvart, the sculptural park where I will do my upcoming work. They shared with me the power struggle they are now facing with Marco, the local sculpture celebrity but then we managed to eat some rice with radicchio and I brought them along to my next meeting with Andrea, the villa owner. After a long introduction of each other, I try to introduce the idea of a park around the cube and then went off to a meeting with Emanuele, the architect with whom I have been a bit in a fight after he sort of didn't want to continue with the setting of the staircases and the floors in the cube. He was quite apologetic and so was I and we decided to keep up the work despite all the fuss around it. At last I want to a meeting with Maura a very nice local politician who from the beginning supported my project. I also got to meet her husband Antonio and all her little stray dogs she keeps prior adoption. I found the woman very sweet and stoic at the same time despite her health forcing her on a wheelchair. In the night I drove to Venice listening to many radio programmes about the war in Ukraine and then left the car on the other side of the Fascist bridge prior walking through all the city to our apartment.

Yesterday I took care of the children and managed some project update before walking all together to San Marco and there taking the ferry to Giudecca. In the island the wind was cold and we crossed on the opposite side where there was at least some sun. After finding a playground in a quite ugly residential area Silvester and I followed a local to a bakery talking about all the cats that used to populate the old city. At the bakery we got some sandwiches and then tried to walk around the residential area but it was blocked by a meaningless wall. Having made it back to the playground we ate and then checked the highly geometric Redentore church before landing in Zattere and going back to the place I used to run across when I was young. There we ate fish antipasti and drank water in a square while the kids ran around the old stone tank. The way back home was too crowded with tourists and we just took the ferry from the Accademia bridge. At home I made rice with some small asparagus and then also steamed some artichokes. After eating we took the kids to bed.

Today I woke up in the middle of the night and updated my project. Later Livia peed in bed and right after Silvester so I took care of my little ones and then went briefly back to bed. As the little family went out to do some grocery I made a map of all my properties in the mountains to see how to go about the sculptural park. Later we took the ferry to Fondamente Nove and bought a second hand step for the kids. With then swiftly walked down the sunny Fondamente della misericordia filled with youngsters drinking a canal full of spritz. Having reached the solitary new neighbourhood east of the city we let the kids play in a small garden and then proceeded on the other side of the ghetto where we ate some nice schnitzel at a cheap restaurant run by two Chinese women. Back in Strada nova we took the path I used to take in the first years while I was still setting up the apartment we are now selling. The kids had quite some fun playing but then Silvester got tired and ended up in my shoulders while Livia just kept on strong as ever with the step all the way home. For dinner I cooked the kids some pasta with pesto and mixed some spinach with the leftover rice for Myrthe and I. I also managed to draw and then started packing the children clothes and the last things before leaving the apartment for good. As I showered Livia made a little bed for herself with the sofa pillows but then went to bed with her mommy just hours before her departure back to Holland. Before updating my project I watched the news about the eleventh day of the Russian invasion of Ukraine and cried several times.

Today I try to keep on sleeping with the children while Myrthe left to get the plane back to the Netherlands. After waking up I packed a huge backpack and had to carry it along with my computer bag and a bag of leftover food. The kids were really good to stick to my commands and make it all the way to the Arsenale where we sort of said goodbye to Venice with the apartment now being sold for good. It was quite a beautiful day and very hot also on the ferry seating with the children in the back departing from the historical town and approaching the ugly modern Mestre. With a bus we reached our car in a parking lot and the smoothly drove to Malo where I said hi to Enrico and Lucia. Meantime Silvester slept and then we ate some bigoli at quite a dirty trattoria before playing in the back of my metal supplier waiting for him to arrive. As he came we discussed how to go about the "open air cinema" in my native highland and then drove to a biological supermarket to look for products in discount. Finally we drove up the mountains and I spent most of the time downloading the car and organizing all the stuff we rescued from Venice. In the evening I ate some radicchio and the kids some corn with tomatoes before going to bed while I drew next to them.

Today I kept in bed with Silvester not really letting me go. We then got up that it was already light outside. It was very cold too and we just kept in the warm apartment and only later went out to talk to old Rino to see if he was willing to sell us the other half of the barn but he just said that he is not up for anything. For lunch I cooked some pasta for the kids and ate a salad. Later we took a nice walk up to Contrada Rossi to look at the red fishes and then to Chris and Alessia. They were not there but the kids anyway played in the little house behind their restaurant. Livia was really strong and also walked the way back while Silvester sat in the stroller and got covered in pooh. After changing him he too ran down through the fields. At Gianna the kids got a piece of cake and we got to hear about how bad therapy turned her grandson Mirko. Back in our super warm apartment I bathed the children in the laundry tub and then fed them some gnocchi before letting them play. After drawing I brought them to bed and I prepared a soup for the guests coming tomorrow to evaluate the making of a sculptural park with the cube as the main summit.

Today I woke up just on time to shower, prepare the children, clean the apartment and host the many people I invited to view together the possibility to create a sculptural park below the project museum. Livia was very good in walking all the way down to the Facci villa to evaluate whether we should start it there. Silvester kept on my shoulders and everytime we stopped we sat down to play with the many mounds of dry earth left by the moles. After getting back to the Contrada I gave the kids some juice and then ventured up to the cube, talking in turns to either Paolo and ██████████ with whom we discussed about the many conflicts in their park in my native highland and then Alessandro, a quite good artist who has recently moved to Schio. Nico, Caterina and their new born were also with us and it was nice to have their support and introduce everyone to the project museum. Livia kept being very strong and walked all the way to Contrada Rossi while Silvester fell asleep in the backpack. Back in our contrada everyone left and we ate the bean soup I made before playing outside in the dry grass and picking the yellow narcissus growing in the fields. We later moved to the fountain and the kids had their time of their life jumping down from the stone wall. Later I prepared pancakes and in the evening went to Chiara to eat a slice of cake and let her play with the children.

Yesterday I got the kids ready, turned off all the utilities and drove with the kids down to Schio where we visited the amazing student of the Emilian artist Alessandro. His Neapolitan girlfriend was also at work in their amazing garden and it was quite astonishing to see all the installations surrounding it and inside an old factory. Silvester kept wanting to be in my arms and it was a bit of a challenge to talk to such a genius. At last we left with all the good propositions to keep up the friendship and I drove to the kids to a notary in Camposampiero. It was quite an emotion on the way there to rediscover all my mother's roots such as Nonna Angelina's villa and Nonno Bruno's. In Camposampiero I gave the kids a juice and a croissant before walking to the notary where I quickly sold the Venice apartment. We sold it for very little and only to a young local family who was extremely happy and grateful. With the check we had to drive to Verona to cash it at the bank and after doing that we realize that the room we rented for the night was canceled. I then had to keep on driving through the Milan hell on earth traffic with outdated infrastructure and a filthy air pollution. I then decide to pull over and wait for all of it to calm down ending up in a dangerous suburb where we ate a slice of pizza. The kids were anyway very happy and also stopped at a gas station to get some gasoline made extremely expensive by the Ukrainian war. As the kids slept I kept driving through Switzerland in the middle of the night listening to podcasts on the obedient dog and paranoid Tzar Vladimir Putin.

Yesterday I woke up in a motel along the highway. The children kept on sleeping and I managed to update my project and then showered. Later we drove north looking for some cheap gasoline and ended up off the highway in the beautiful southern German countryside with blossoming trees and a cold blue sky. In Heidelberg we left the car at the usual fastfood on the other side of the railway and then walked to the beautiful city. The kids played very nicely in the sand of a playground while I took a nap on a bench. At last we reached the city center but the main road was completely in the shadow and we stopped in the front of a university building to enjoy some sun and eat some bread. Later we ended up in the open air reconstruction of the former synagogue and spent some time there before walking back along the river. Driving further north we had our time singing old Italian songs. The kids at last fell asleep and we stopped in the near of Cologne to pee and drink. As it got dark we lost quite some time trying to cross into the Netherlands with a road block giving me quite some trouble. In the end we did manage to arrive to Culemborg with both kids once again asleep.