

managed quite a walk all the way to the island of Djursgården where we infiltrated a museum for a sandwich before meeting m old supervisor for a big walk by the water, the same walk I used to take with August when he was little. After dropping Myrthe in a mall, I finally faced my supervisor. He was clear with my decision about getting someone from outside the department and just talked about all the usual problems that this decision will bring like getting a more stern supervisor from them and so forth. Anyway, the walk was nice and the good thing is that he will present my written proposal as such to the main faculty meeting tomorrow. I feel in a good position now of renegotiate everything. I also told him about Myrthe but he was really not willing to shake hands with her when he took me in the mall. After this meeting that only pacified us, Myrthe and I walked all the way back to the main station and our now heading home and to the supermarket to get ingredients for a spaghetti alla bolognese!

Woke up super early once again but managed my project update before getting back to my sweetest angel after I have been upset yesterday about her going out without me. Today we were fully back in our path of love, not caring about work (the Swedish supervisors have been right today conferring about my destiny after the mess I caused within their ivory tower). We went to the other side of town instead where in the first place we checked a renown art institution, right in the middle of the most densely immigrant and unemployed Tensta. An oasis of blond Swedish females (with Latin American women serving food)... I did enjoyed a video about a German guy with a passion for a special fish becoming more scientific then all scientists by just being in his basement observing... a bit like me although I have no interest to leave my 'basement' for any 'position'. Now I am seating with my angel on a sofa we made out of the old mattresses we had under the Japanese futon. The tatami mats has in fact arrived and we went picking them... I really thought we could have carried them but it was impossible to do so. With allot of charm we were able to get them in all public transports and save the money of the car rental. We really challenged the public transports and people with these big and heavy mats. We also challenged ourselves having to carry them, bit by bit in and out but we managed and as a reward I took Myrthe to the new Thai restaurant next door. We were making fun of it since it claimed to be also Mexican and American but it was really good and clean... now home, our last night together...

Again on my long way to little August. Myrthe has left today, taking the commuter down South while I was hitting the university, North. We had a very lovely time together, filled with allot of small adventures and emotions despite this cold and homogeneous country. At the university I finally got closer to my aim, make my Virtual building hosting my entire project navigable. How much one has to go through in order to create his own domain. I first came to Sweden to learn the technology for my project, I then was with Liselott because of her programming skills and now I am trying to finally learn the technology which will provide me the possibility to build my Virtual world at last, my island (from an highland to an island)! I really have this drive of just setting back making my world but get exposed only in order to acquire the technology to realize it. Well, I latter didn't feel like going to my old department, having not heard from the supervisors about my destiny. I instead went to the gym to do some gymnastics and the usual boxing. A big Swedish woman asked to train the latter with me. I could not refuse and I realize how masculine these women are, punching like actual males. At last I ate a bit in a students' kitchen (still behaving like an outcast) and went off to my long journey to August... the train is just about to arrive and waiting for it I have been also wondering like a zombie in the technical university nearby. I really want this weekend with August to explore with him the possibility to at last start with the construction of the Virtual world.

A full day spent in the apartment with August. I woke up in the middle of the night and felt an urge to counter react to my g.. damn supervisors, creating a bit of mess saying that they talk shit of one another, which is actually true. I then went back to sleep and felt like going for a walk with August but seeing that my bank account is again quite low, keeping up with my saving, I decided to take it easy and don't force him anywhere. It was a good choice since together we got started building a 3-D environment for my project. And so it is that I was with his mother to learn some programming and I get all of that now through little August encouragement. We went quite far making textures and so forth, creating a whole navigable environment with the church and a landscape and even a first high resolution picture of my photo project... really exciting at last to see a dream come true and again with no help from anyone really, just pushing things, slowly... a process that took me years (two years ago is when I did the first rendering and four years ago when I designed the building while in Shanghai). I am now off to work with my project overall, also theoretical, without being disturbed anymore by what others, the formal academic aristocrats demands from me. In all my power I will try to bypass them as I pass over a cow shit on a field. Now August is bathing, luckily there was him to keep me company. I really want to follow nature and do not enforce any artificial shit like the going for old theories and crap alike.

Quite a grayish day with the temperature going a bit over freezing level making a bit of a mess of all the snow. I however had a good night of sleep next to August and was quite prompt to properly update my project. August and I had a little nice morning breakfast Skyping with Myrtina and feeling rather sad of her distance. One day I will have to be far from August, when he no longer be a kid. Rather early again we traveled to the North of town where Liselott picked him up, almost as if she has an hard time alone. She has now quite a scar on her forehead and she was rather humble, this in comparison with the arrogance with which she has treated me during our separation. Maybe the arrogance was just lack of compassion which we now all seem to have acquired, myself with my love but also my mother with August. Strangely all these raptures are necessary to create feelings and so it is also my new working condition, having transformed myself, more or less voluntary, in an outsider seeking his own autonomy especially from all the "protest" mode of these "protestants". Creative mode then, I hope. As I do on Sundays, I went to the empty university to print all articles I found related to "lifelogging". This ought to be my starting point and I am really piss at my old supervisor who has not oriented me in this direction and all these theory courses we had to take which has not in the least taught us how to research.. just smoky theories turning us notionistic and old fashion. I am on my on now and I like since I will both push the theory and the practice by myself.. now home in the dark and then grocery... I miss the sunny shores of the world...

A day at home, oversleeping in order not to really think about all the confrontation awaiting me at the university. I have in fact avoided to open my work e-mail and just got down to my usual business, updating my project, chatting a bit with Myrthe and go for a run in the parking lot now that the snow is melting. I then got back, took my usual warm bath, ate some salad (I will have to save money till the end of the month now that my situation is quite precarious) and started writing a new application for the Ph.D. position Rolf suggested me in the new University of the Arts. I wrote fluently and also came out with a new term to describe the artistic phenomenon I am evolved in, I named it "transverism", detaching from any sort of relation to technology dudes and other more commercial entities. I will write more about it tomorrow but for now all that I have planted is coming to use (this is what my father has told me at least, that I sow and thus I will pick... not like him). I am determined thus to keep up within the framework I have created, autonomously. It is a drive I need else life gets so plain! I also managed to think about Myrthe who could act like my assistant and be paid for it, like a artists' workshops once upon a time. I feel better and focus thanks to the work I am putting to fulfill my goal. Now some pasta before a little lonely night yet filled with my revived willing!

I felt rather relaxed today, waking up after a nice night of sleep on the hard tatami mattresses and a proper update of my project. Prior attending a first lecture on Teaching and Learning, I went to the gym and then spent the three hours of the course hanging out with the other Italian doctorate students Francesco. He completely understands my situation and agrees on my strategies (e.g. applying to another doctorate in the meantime). We had some lunch together, wrote a little essay and then joined his girlfriend who teaches Qigong, the banned Chinese martial art. It was rather hard to endure after my morning training and her voice was really too subtle. I latter showed her my tai-chi skilled and we agreed all together to go into it every Tuesday after her Qigong training. Later i went home, the sky was finally lighter and more enjoyable. I found quite some pleasure in writing my new proposal for artistic research but then had a conversation with Myrthe and she was sort of rather heavy in telling me that I should solve the situation with my old supervisor... woops! There is certainly a rapture, on one side the humanist and on the other my transhumanism, a terrible incubence on the passive academics. I am now determined to go for it yet somehow Myrthe has stepped back, possibly fearing about economical consequences or that I might be so drastic with her to. In reality I am only drastic with people who seems not to support my undertaking, who comes to disrespect it... now a bath, then some food, some drawings, a little fable writings and sleep, decently I hope after this heavy Skype conversation...

A quite productive day, waking up quite blank in my head having talked too much to my father yesternight over Skype (I mostly just go on-line to see if August is there...). I perfected my new doctorate application for Rolf's University of the Arts with detailed budget and so forth. Meantime I have also update my project and went out for a run in the parking lot. The winter is mild but the air was humid and the sky still irreversibly gray. Back home I ate and kept avoiding to open my working mail, this to get really concentrated. After Myrthe's suggestions yesterday night, I did in fact resumed my thesis writing, this time with a new energy, preparing at first a layout and deciding on the number of pages. I will have to make a point that the layout ought not to be changed, or at least they ought to let me develop my theories utilizing such a background and then they can do whatever they want with it (hopefully at that point, I will oblige them not to make public that version). The rapture with academia has now definitely occurred and I am again an outcast who is still formerly employed there. Anyhow, I did also managed a laundry today and a nap prior keeping up filling the drawers of the thesis. I might prepare a video in the evening, re-editing the films I made of myself documenting, maybe with the four seasons in the background...

A quite easy day, editing short movies out of a whole year of filming myself and using Vivaldi Quattro Stagioni as my framework. I am doing this for my new application but just realized that, after going to the university to train and finally showing my face at the department, I realized that I really like writing scientifically about lifelogging. it is only all this philosophical burden which has weighted on me. I can either be completely objective or completely subjective and what has caused me so much crisis is this lingering in between which these generalizing theories I had to study, got me into. I think I now know what I want and I know that I can do it but I really need the right supervisor and Staffan, my old one, just pulled off from being the link between me and the deciding comity. Anyhow, Roman was a bit shocked of all the distress I have caused but understood me. I have only now finally understood myself, either a total humanist or a total scientist, no in between products from my side. I am on my way home now, will try to get more video editing of my clips... I thought that maybe, it wouldn't be bad to have two positions, be half in the science and half in the arts as I could have originally done... somehow though, thinking about it, I kind of do not want to involve my writings in scientific productions...

Traveling all day to the Netherlands after several months. A rather simple trip, hitting directly south and waking up rather full of ideas after posting on the World Wide Web th "Quattro Stagioni" edition of a whole year of filming. Despite sharing, there was not much respond and I guess I just have to wait this time and don't retreat from all the social sites of which now I also have a plan to investigate. Talking about plans, I did spent my travel hours redesigning my large research plan. Well, now it is pretty clear to me that in the university where I am currently employed, I am only going to address the media phenomena as such and eventually I can address the phenomena through my practice if Rolf accepts me in his art university. This is my current strategy which now makes me much stronger to face my department Professors next week to discuss my situation. Thus I have been rather mentally relaxed and it was nice to be in Utrecht, walk again through the old town with Myrthe who came to pick me up at the station, make love together and meet old Jason with his English curator girlfriend Laura who is on the way to Qatar to work at the contemporary art museum there. It was quite packed in the attic, with a party going on and the new people living below so we went to a restaurant together, a rather affordable one...

Waking up at a very good hour today and then taking a long time with Myrthe to get ready for our many train trips ahead to reach her friends and latter her family. With quite some food we first went to Cas and Petra to drop some stuff and get a bit lighter. We then took the train to Rotterdam. I kind of like the city, walking around the big spaces that the war has created but really felt shit about going to a mainstream museum with mainstream artists, a show curated by Myrthe's friend. In addition to this it was also the fact that her other friends were there and I felt cut out. I was thus quite negative and irritated, something I am carrying with me from a few days now, after getting in my creative mode and feeling that I really miss my mountains, walking up a top, enjoying the sky and most of all get the sun that in these lands is so rare... now on the train again to Myrthe's brother in beautiful and Catholic Maastricht...

In beautiful Maastricht... how beautiful and relaxing the country at the North of the South but still a place where the Southern air can be breath, where vineyards can be observed. I feel extremely happy here, happy with Myrthe's family, somehow also at home in a place where I don't feel allinieted, where I can sort of pass for one of the locals a Celtic, Roman Germanic mix like mine awya from the super homogeneous and standardized North but most particularly close to the sun, a sun coming and going but at least providing interior hope like today walking with Myrthes' brothers and their families to the vegetable garden that Ivo, the bigger brother whose birthday we are celebrating, has gotten. A guy filled with initiative and enthusiasm like me... not the hyper conservativeness of the North. I told Myrtina, while walking on the beautiful hills with myself getting really happy and excited, I told her how much I would like a base here in the center of, if not the universe, my universe, with August North, my parents South and my Father East etc... Now home with Ivo and the kid Bik with whom I played quite much... totally social and charming!

A quite swift travel back to Sweden, walking with sweet little Myrthe from his brother's villa to the Maastricht train station and then getting on an early train. It was quite sad to separate ourselves once more after the amazing time together, a time in which we really reached very high peaks of love, this at least when we were left alone. Otherwise it was in fact nice to be around her relatives, all around my age, which makes it more special and easy than my first marriage. In Eindhoven, prior going to the airport, I went to the nice public library and thoroughly updated my project. I then took a walk around the little city but it was not really an enlightening experience, just going through one neighborhood to the other and finding little charm in this relatively modern town. Once at the airport instead I started reading thoroughly about "lifelogging". The first article alone gave me allot of insights, also reminding me that I am personally lifelogging not to show off, but for as message to the future, a tomb for the next generation archaeologists. In the little Skavsta airport, after the flight, I took the local bus and the commuter to my place rather than going all the way to Stockholm and back... it worked really smoothly! Now home, some cauliflower and potatoes to eat and nothing more since I am trying to keep up with my saving even though I might have to help more Myrthe in the coming months (she still has not heard whether she got a new job).

I woke up feeling really nice today, despite the long trip yesterday and despite the upcoming meeting with my professors and so forth. I took my time to go through my project while the sun was at last loosing up all its winter shyness and showing its face through the clouds. Later I went to the university for my pedagogy course, having not read the least, willing now to keep my focus on my thesis. I kept with Francesco, the other Italian guy. Together we understand each other. We then went to eat with the other international students and we all understood each other. It is only with the local academics that this understanding doesn't seem to occur. As a matter of fact I was later at the meeting with my two main professors, Johan and Göran. I don't despise the latter, a good leader I think and also very capable to go out of crisis like the one I have generated in the department. He tried to understand my point and understood them although I felt that there was always this urge for theory and for coming down to points. Johan instead had his perplexity about my approach ("inductive" they have called it), he is the theory guy with much of a political attitude. The rest of the afternoon I spent with the international crowd doing meditation and teaching them the first three tai-chi steps in the way I was taught by my old Chinese master in the America. I am going home now, I will eat and not rush in any writing. My academic situation is now more and more diplomatic. We stipulate, decide and go ahead. I have certainly altered all their projects and ambitions. They were visibly hurt but could not do anything about it...

A pretty working intensive day now both updating my project and fixing up my academic situation. I did so by both writing yet another paper to negotiate with my professors how I wish to proceed and also by finally sending in an application to the more artistic doctorate Rolf suggested me. I then went out to run finally again in my little park where the snow has completely melted. Once back, I ate the pasta I had left, trying again to save up on cash and fix issues such as the life insurance I have got, this to protect me to a little degree but mostly Myrthe when she will come to live here. I also did some readings out of the articles I have selected and took a small nap. I am now ready to do some more video-editing, combining together all the videos of me walking, all the videos of me photographing etcetera. I even kept up with painting and will later draw after a risotto with the pumpkin I have left... in full discipline then!

Another very good day of work, a discipline I have constructed for myself and will eventually be suppressed by my new supervisor, who will attempt to gain control on me, make me respect his or her undisciplined rules. Anyhow, I woke up early, updated my project, went to the university without any fear and solved there allot of administration, such as booking all my traveling ahead, paying for conferences and, in other words, making myself busy. I then went to the gym and latter talked to Roman, my office mate who is always in the office like a real clerk. He had much to tell me about his countryside place and so forth. he at least has one and in his own land where all sort of fruits can grow but where neighbours are nasty to one another. I believe the south of the Netherlands could be a middle way from the sterility but respectability of the North and the proliferation but unethic of the South. After the lunch discussion with him I sat in the office and really got going with "my research", the research and methodology I have created to myself. I basically now, as a performer, read carefully one of the articles I have selected and collect different elements related to lifelogging. I then also criticize it based on my view on lifelogging, thus inspired by my practice. After all the work, which I very much like until new interferences will come, I am now on my way home, a night lonely like dog as Myrthe will be out with her friends and we won't Skype...

A pretty okay day, waking up early, updating my project and going out for a little run in the tiny park. The gray cloud on Sweden is quite dreadful. I think the sun has not shined in more than a month and the mildness is not fun anymore (same with the people I guess). I felt a bit down because of that I guess until Myrthe announced me that she is coming over next week. I did not feel well about our distance and the fact that, while I am always home alone, I don't really know about her and there were still weeks ahead before our next meeting. She was really sensitive to come over and make a serious effort. After a rather meager but filling lunch I went to pick my little August who was like a star in a dark room dancing the Friday disco. Together we took a nice and rather long walk across the beautiful nature of the island and to the metro station. I always have to hide myself there in order not to meet my old Chinese boss. In town to I felt like hiding from eventual meetings with all my professors and Lamin but then just went our way not really caring about the people I have wronged because of my spiritual nature, to cut off from their worldly ambitions. Meantime, traveling also back home with little August, I kept up with my article reading, the work and discipline I have established for the research society is now paying me to accomplish but these professors are turning just into one of their showcase pieces to enforce their fashionable profile. I feel rather tranquil however, strong within after my determination to exercise my intellect in such a fashion and with only content relating to my practice. Now August is sleeping in his room, taking an afternoon nap as he now always do when he comes to my home after school. I will cook, draw and we watch a film with him later on.