

I woke up that I felt rather well in my back and got ready to work again standing in the corner that I have prepared in my room but by back had once again a shock of pain and I had to seat this time. Now that I have my new phone I can get quite in intimate touch with Myrthe and so we did go back to bed together two hours later, when she woke up and we Skyped after which I took a bath and got ready to write on my thesis again but she wanted to Skype again. After eating some reinvigorating meat I took the train to the city even though Liselott did not answer me when exactly I could see August. In the city it was quite a nice day and I started taking one of my long walks, feeling very productive and happy with my new phone while at the same time messaging a bit with Myrthe and getting to know from Liselott that August preferred to see a friend. I was ready then to only take a small walk and then go home but a few hours later she wrote again that in fact tomorrow August has no school and I had to keep him. I thus kept walking and really enjoying ending up in the little island of Djursholm, testing for the first time to record my thoughts using the new phone instead of the dictaphone. It went really well but on the way back the battery was dead and, having little to do out without the possibility to pursue my project, I decided to go in a café over the station where I will meet August later this evening. I will probably keep writing on my thesis, or better extensively draft and map out all I want to say and only later go through it and make it more "academic".

A quite okay day, starting it by talking to Myrthe over Skype about the situation that has evolved yesternight when Liselott suddenly told me to get back to town and pick August as they realized he did not have school today. The problem is really that August has decided no longer to come my way regularly but only when he wants to. He is comfortable at home and he does not want to be moved from it. I explained Myrthe that this is how Scandinavians are and there is little we can do it with it but that in reality it might be good for us. I am then sort of ready to spend my last years in this country, having planted and loved allot and getting nothing but my project, the testimony of my adventure with me, with all the experience that this implies. References to a contemporary kind of Ulysses cannot be avoided but what to say. I will give August all I can and always be available to help me whenever he needs me. He was quite weak all day today, maybe quite used to be lazy, a good attitude for what is work will probably be like, seating in an office perhaps, who knows. We went down to town to buy him a cover for his tablet so that he can use it more correctly keeping it 45 degrees. Later Liselott instructed us to go all the way to the city and so we did, him playing his tablet games and me writing on my dissertation... no bad, getting strong insight about my practice being like the facing of the most respectful of mountains, death. In the city we walked across it and I finally left August to his momy at the University. Now back home again...

A quit nice day, waking up with a bit of a back pain but with quite some dreams after having watched yesterday night a White Russia movie about the Second World War with incredible images. After updating and painting a bit I went to the university and did manage to go further with my writings, structuring some more and at last going to the gym, feeling well with some muscles and some blood running to the point that I am also considering to start Aikido in a station nearby, this to follow up to my samurai vogue. I will have to be careful for my dislocated shoulder though. On my way back, as there was a problem with the commuter I was on the phone with my dad. It was nice talking to him after a whole summer. He was, as usual, extremely talkative but we had fun and once at home I went to buy some grocery before retreating to my studio and getting now ready to talk to Myrthe who just sent me a package with all my t-shirts. Life is quite much nicer as a semi-ascetic, with a degree of people around you, not too far into the wild as I also concluded in my thesis... a conclusion which I suspect might get removed with many good others exciting my soul.

I woke up in the middle of the night, it was probably my stiff back but I was not discouraged and updated my project before going to bed again. In the morning Myrthe went to check a house for rent by the monumental fund in Utrecht. She was actually first on the list and got it. I suggested her to be the one signing the contract but in fact she decided to sign it together with Ylka, the girl she is going to share it with. Hopefully this will not be problematic in the long run but the latter seems a nice and flexible girl, a curator too, which could be good. I felt a bit stressed of this idea however as I will have to go help the girls moving in and repainting the place, something I am by now an expert of. During the rest of the morning I set up a software to continue with my digital calligraphy I started for the Extract part of my project. After a red beat salad I went to the university and got really serious working through the first subchapter of the full 10.000 words chapters I wrote in little less than a week. It seems my style to first map out the territory and then later work it out to perfection. I am not sure I would like to get a bad response from the academics this time; a bad response will mean another war, no question about it. At the end of the afternoon I went for a little walk in the surrounding forests, all brutally interrupted by new housing developments. It was nice however to record my thoughts and make small videos and pictures and annotations, swiftly using my new phone, I am really satisfied with it and thank the gypsies who have stolen my equipment in Italy.... exposure is needed for regeneration! I am on the commuter, hitting home now and possibly will be talking to Myrthe who has been totally absorbed by her work today...

A quite ok day, waking up decently early and updating my project again standing and again getting a hard pain in my upper back after having cracked my spine with my fists. Meantime I also got a momentary dispute with Myrthe about an apartment offer she got out of the city center, in a neighborhood she didn't like. I felt bad thinking that one day maybe she would be too picky about choosing where to live, with the little resources we have but she promised me that it won't be the case when I am with her, which made me very happy again. By then I was at the university and again went diligently through my writings, only covering one subchapter at the time. I will continue at this pace and will not give out my draft until I am done with it. To the most I could present it but I think I will have a hard time if they, the academics, refuse it. Anyway, I feel rather strong and I felt strong going to the gym too, despite my back, and sort of healing it by balancing with my belly on a ball. In the afternoon, after more writing I went to town to see the little opening by the old director from the Uppsala Art Museum, whom, having being kicked out, she opened a gallery. She was nice with me but the art there quite boring. Maybe that is always the case with galleries and the work have a bigger story behind which the curator visually truncates. I later took a walk back to the city center and now I am heading for a last solitary evening. The weeks to come will be rather more hectic so it was good that I did this one week effort and got down more than 30 pages, covering all I wanted to cover.

The day went by quite nice although I got a bit stressed at the beginning, waking up a bit too late and not really managing to update my project as I had some technical difficulties with converting files in my new computer. Beside I was also Skyping with sweet Myrthe with who I have pretty much organized all our upcoming month. At the university at last I was still very focused on my reviewing of all the pages I wrote in a week. I did correct a subchapter and moved on with a second, more artistic one not knowing how the dogmatic scholars will take it. Later in the afternoon I picked up little August and we spent some nice together in the old town before meeting Jacek, just back from a summer school in Finland. He was super talkative and we ate sushi in such fashion, neglecting a bit little August. At last we recovered a bit of playfulness, eating ice cream and playing at playground before catching the train. Now I am reaching home with poor August who has been so patient a good all evening.

A day started sunny, waking up early with no dreams after trying to show August some movies he did not like so much and feeling again hurt about Myrthe not wishing me the goodnight . I am sincerely very silly and should really let go this feeling that is what Liselott kept in a far bigger scale on me. Talking of which today I found out that her computer was logged on my email account. I then discussed with Myrthe about it and she felt quite hurt about the fact that our privacy was usurped. I did not really feel anything in particular and soon when August woke up we sat off to go to the center of town. There were big events going on there and it was quite pleasant to walk around with little August and a bit of sunshine until a strong wind brought heavy clouds and it got too cold too. We then ate a German sausage and went home where I kept revising part of my thesis, getting quite inspired reviewing Calvino, and August first played minecraft and then took one of his bath. Liselott felt sick and did not wish to pick him up so I took him all the way to the North of town as he really wished to join an end of summer celebration in his compound. I did not feel so good and ended up walking for hours, despite the rain and the relative darkness, all the way back to the city. Now I am heading home after some reflections done while walking, I will try to be a Marco Aurelio, stoic but most of all baring no suspicions or other bad weight in my heart.

A quite okay day, waking up feeling a bit heavy but rather concentrated, getting down all my project updated and setting again to write my thesis. Slowly also I got back in touch with Myrthe who has been in Maastricht with her family this weekend. After returning a cable I bought to get the LCD panel for my fables to work, I ate and went to the university to keep working on the historical chapter of my thesis but did not get any far after talking to Ludmilla who told me that they anyway going to make me re-write it. As I put so much care in it, I suddenly felt not so willing to proceed, or anyway to proceed in my fashion and quit academia. Who knows... The weather out got better at last and I did tai-chi on the main square to then go training. I felt good and lifted my 45 kilos at the bench press (I used to lift more in my good old days). Meantime Myrthe called to tell me that she did not like the apartment she saw. She was right, it was in dreadful conditions and in a shitty neighborhood. Now I am going home and will do some grocery prior taking a bath... The days to come will be most chaotic with Riccardo, the Italian exchange students coming for a whole semester and even a Canadian friend of Jason.

I woke up way too early today and was quite slow in updating my project, also loosing myself checking information on the internet such as how I can manage my upcoming unemployment if I leave Sweden. I thought of going to run but then got stuck also trying to fix my LCD panel with the help of the incompetent but nice and available Chinese producers. Meantime I even did a big laundry, preparing for the arrival of Riccardo tomorrow. I also colored some white clothes with a black colorant but the result was a bit disappointing. Between all these things I kept working on my thesis, now making it over 50 pages, which is actually 100 in dissertation format. I still wonder how much it will be censured for the sake of minimalism (academic puritanism) but I am rather determined to move on and leave up to the consequences (e.g. getting unemployed). Later in the afternoon I cleaned up Riccardo's room and talked a bit with Myrthe and with August who seems to be sick... meaning that I will have to go to him tomorrow.

A rainy day and I was really slow to begin with even though I had to hurry since Riccardo, my new room mate was landing. I did in the end manage to finish ny update but got quite sucked in to find a proper name for my art and that of others relating to my work. I did so on my phone also, while commuting to the university and did in fact found that the work ark could be interesting as it refers to Noah's ark kind of operation and gives the idea of something precarious, like a shelter or something made of wood. I did not really like the Latin etymology through which is too similar to the word archive with all its bad connotations but found the great Hebrew word of tebah and now really though of advancing a new definition on what I would call "tebahism" as it is also particularly relating to also the basket used to send the little Moses on the river. It is then not only a life-saver for him or Noah's family but for the upcoming humanity. I decided then to stick with it and got contented all throughout the day, despite the rain (is a great flood undergoing?). I even managed to go to the gym before picking Riccardo and his friend from Vicenza. We were then three and all from the Venice republic. Rici, I will now call my room mate as my grandfather, is quite and nice, certainly not a Lamin, a bit like me, not really liking to party and going to bed early. I explained him a million things and later brought him home from the university where I had to stopped to listen to a seminar... way too intellectualized. At home we had a tea before going to the supermarket and show Rici pretty much everything since it is his first time abroad (he is in his early twenties). I will make a pasta soon, for the two of us, sort of like brothers.

An intense day, waking up very early and updating my project without really going to the bathroom not to disturb Riccardo sleeping. I later started writing again on my thesis, defining my new baby, tebahism and spending three delightful hours doing so. Towards the end of the morning I went to pick the t-shirts that Myrthe printed with my drawings and from there I sat off to the north of the city to the villa where I am supposed to exhibit them. I was really not satisfied with the claustrophobic and dark place Goralski assigned me and at last I had the great intuition of moving all my stuff to a nice room at main entrance where there is a very nice light. It was quite a success then, with all the colors ordered in a more minimalistic manner. The famous artist of the show, a lady with old her assistants, Mama Anderson, was impressed about the t-shirts and thereafter everyone liked them. It was quite nice to meet a Finnish photographer, Ari, who took pictures of me wearing the t-shirt. We these more technical guys we have much more to talk about, like the cameras we have always with us. I proposed Mikael and Joakim to make a documentary of them going around the place, which turned out to be very nice, far from minimalistic and filled with clues to discover. I am heading home now and wonder if Riccardo wants me to cook for him or something as he is really a little giant bird out of his nestle, for the first time.

I woke up in the middle of the night and had to go up at last to update my project. It was six when I went back to sleep again and it was almost eight when Myrthe called me to wish me a good day but I could not really wake up. I am also in my own word now and I have dimmed down my passions for the moment being, at least when philosophizing and thus avoiding to be this woman always waiting at home for her husband. Before going to the university I went out to my little park to train and then left. At the university I printed the 63 pages I wrote and gave them to Stina. She was probably quite impressed by I did not tell her that it took me a little more than a week to write them. I was glad to hear that she will let me work and I am also glad that I will avoid the research day where she proposed me to present my writings, as I will have to be in Gothenburg then to discuss my 12 anniversary exhibition, probably marking my departure from Sweden from the very place where I entered it, although I will leave to the gods to decide my destiny, as Marco Aurelio would say. A was not focused enough to write later and talked to a cheerful Roman about the situation in Ukraine to then go to the gym and find Eleonore, my qidong teacher, who announced me that she married Francesco, my tai-chi student at the university. Now I am almost home and will probably eat a salad and talk a bit with Myrthe and later to Riccardo, whenever he comes home.

An okay day, waking up and updating my project before finishing to write a last subchapter to send to Stina. I am glad with my writings and the fact that I can work without being forced inside any framework, but I do wait and see. In the morning I biked out to the t-shirt shop in town to see the ones they have tested and later I went home to eat and prepare to go all the way to the exhibition site. I took the commuter, took a little nap to avoid to freak out seeing all these weirdos around me all the time. Once there I walked to pick up my new business cards and explored an interesting high rise neighborhood to later walk over to the show. It was quite okay there although it rained a few times. I met some interesting folk like an old painter and some other artists but also old friends like the Roman philosopher Federico who have been here for years without learning the language nor getting any job. Jacek also came and we later went to an Indian restaurant to eat a bit and we were all jolly and I felt nice. I then went back home with Jacek and I have now have to fix Riccardo's door; he closed it but now it is stuck with the closet door blocking it from behind.

A very nice day. I woke up and decided to follow Riccardo and the other exchange students out for an excursion organized by a great Czech guy, Vit, the receptionist at our university. I then hurried up updating my project and we sat on the road, taking the commuter and fetching up all the other exchange students before going on a long bus ride all the way out to the ocean. On the bus we talked allot and I met Floren, also a Dutch girl from Utrecht in cultural studies and ethics with whom we had much to share. At the coast it was absolutely nice and the walk on the rocks and along long beaches was really enchanting. I even was so courageous as too jump in the freezing water and only Vit followed me. On the way back I still talked to Floren and discovered that she is also half Jew so we had quite some some discussions about Jerusalem and my discovery of the tebah. It was quite nice to go all the way back home, feeling quite at ease with all these young people. Now we are home and should eat a risotto together soon.

An okay day yesterday waking up to do my project update and later move on with Riccardo and some other exchange students to the university gym, letting them in with my card and doing a good training there, also learning from their way of training since Riccardo is a professional basketball player and another guy was football player, all giving up their sport career to study. In the afternoon we cooked a pasta and I was later alone fixing Riccardo's bedroom door after going briefly to town to buy a magnet to have the closet close more properly. I have been also skyping a bit with sweet Myrthe who seemed very afraid of losing me.

A little painful day waking up and having to figure out how to set up my new equipment to produce my month files now that a new month begins. I did manage that somehow but later did also have to figure out how to export the notes from my phone. Towards the end of the morning I had to hurry to town to meet Melaine, the Canadian artist friend of Jason I will be hosting at my place while I am gone to Italy. She was really impressed about my generosity but I just left her the keys and set off to August school. He didn't really want to be with me right away so I went down to the little lake by the school to make up for some sleeping. Back at the school August was a bit hard and did not want to go to his first Karate class. I drove him to a little forest where we played and at last he followed me to the fancy school where he did his first karate. He really needs some discipline as I have no authority on him. Tonight we will sleep together as I am sort of already on my way down south.

A sunny day, waking up next to August and feeling good and happy with him. I then was in his bedroom, the one I have so nicely renovated, updating my project and later came back to him to wake him up but found four ties on his body. He got them yesterday playing in the forest without sweater. After some breakfast I took him to school like the old days and then went alone to take the train back to Stockholm. I did not want to go directly back to the university and stood in a park to train before walking to the central station and taking the commuter to the university where I in fact had a seminar to attend with allot of super generalizing political talks. At lunch I went to the gym to do a proper training, increasing the weight on both the bench press and for my biceps to then go out and eat some Lebanese food with Erik. I even made it to Qidong training which we did outside and got back to the office to do work but Roman had both his wife and kid there and Myrthe was also complaining about her work on the phone. Now I am heading to Nyköping where I will spend the night prior flying to Italy tomorrow... so only now I have some time to work a bit more properly and focused.

A nice and intense day started walking a three in the night from the apartment complex where I spent the night together with a divorced woman and her son, really in a quite depressing environment out of everything. I could not sleep for too long anyway and took an healthy thirty minutes walk back to the train station of the cute but deserted town of Nyköping. From there I took the first night bus to the little airport where I in the first place was inspired to write more about my concept of the tebah, associating it to a concentric hat with an eye and later keeping up the hard update of my project I had to undergo because of all the new equipment to figure out. I even did so on the plane instead of sleeping and in no time I was in Italy where my mother picked