

At school the students are presenting their projects in a glass room. An Eastern European plays a composition generated through the form of an object. I turn on the volume. The Director complains for the high music. I try giving him explanations.

The students move outside the school building. A female Eastern European student makes us seat on an old wooden boat. She films us. I am seating next to a boy dripping. I am cleaning up his mouth.

In the University classroom a film is projected. I am seating by my ex girlfriend. She realizes that and she promptly moves. I am left alone with another guy. Together we watch the film on a small TV set.

A student of mine starts dancing and singing softly. I accompany with my lyric voice. The student plays a double disc-player with red carpets but no discs while I begin constructing a small wooden house.

Out of the theatre a foreign woman congratulates for my performance. She didn't expect people from my city so talented. I correct her saying that I am originally from the mountains. She gives me her business card, she is a HIV researcher.

I am walking by the columns of a Venetian square. I look at a restaurant menu, the restaurant photos and the tables placed outside. I decide to save money and go to a cheaper place I know.

I look inside a Venetian church. I see a brick wall and some colourful residues hanging. The church is covered with fabric. I look in again and I see a middle age woman in a small theatre. I hear her ready to perform leaving through a corridor.

I am in a small supermarket with a shopping bag of sandwiches. At a desk I ask the daughter's owner for a melon. It costs six crowns. At the cash I extract several coins and some pieces of metal. The owner quickly takes just some.

Out on a deck a boat passes. Two brothers discuss the wire frame columns an artist installed in the water by the next deck. One of them is sceptic. Their s bikes stand out of an old Venetian palace.

My Russian friend puts gel on his bold head. We eat with my uncle that is also bold. He tells us about his commercial relationships with Egyptian blacks. We watch a film. As I seat in the basement my cousin arrives. It's too late to go shopping cars.

At the restaurant with my director I notice two students that often skip class. We decide to go back to school. A Baltic student and I stop in the printing room where the printer eject faded images of her drinking from different cans at different times.

At school I yell down the balcony to a Nordic student in front of her computer that she will never pass the course skipping classes. I then begin carving rows of wooden seats. The wood is rotten. I can see the underneath covered with dried rat shit.

I am eating by my father's friend who got paralyzed in an accident. He would like me to take him to the roller-coaster. I help his mother with the silver forks for the dessert as she tells me they are numbered. I look at a fork. The handle is of wood.

My best friend from when I was a teenager sends me a web-page with the possible baptism presents for my son. I browse. A present is a free web-page, another is a pink camera for me. The camera is very cheap.

At a hotel lobby I am spreading clay from a sofa to the entrance. I explain the receptionist that in order to get the American and the Chinese President discussing privately we need to remove the sofas around the main one. She throws them down the stairs.

In a laboratory at the Art Academy I position under a round press slices of my memory wheel. A teacher and his students seat around me. He asks me the rules of my project. Sarcastically he annotates them and proceeds working on a chair with boots.

At my grandmother old house I am ordering liquor bottles. My father demands I pack them with plastic. With grandmother we move in the attic. She places newspaper inside the chimney to play with her rat that I accidentally let out. The cat is hanging on a wire.

I am driving down a narrow steep road with my parents. On both sides cars are parked against the law. I find a parking spot a bit further down. The parking area is delimited by yellow lines.

I am in a car shop with my girlfriend asking for a cheap car price. I then ask for an expensive model. The black small seller asks in another office. The price is higher than the cheap model. We anyway decided for a different model.

In a club going down the stairs to the bathroom I meet an old girlfriend. The toilette has no walls. I am urinating afraid of those who pass in the dark. She is waiting out of the door in a white dress. Her right breast is exposed.

In classroom I present my thesis once again. A sharp student asks me questions. Together with the director they criticize how the images are catalogued. I defend myself. The director now criticizes the chronological order. I don't understand him.

In a city square I look for a place where to lay my son as I need my arms to lift something. I lay him on old mattress inside a small tent of yellow plastic. As I am off to lift that thing I see a homeless going towards the tent. I hurry back to pick my son.

On the Alps with my girlfriend's parents I show them a walking bridge over a canyon. I remember it being unstable and of wood. It was tested on April. Now is an aluminium grid. They are fascinated. I show them that is even possible to swim.

I together with three other guys we debate on our ideas confronting each other two at the time. One guy is a pedant school mate from childhood. I listen to one suggesting the other about his work.

Among condos I am biking towards the house of a girl. I stop and cut two metal pieces out of a wheel. I am afraid somebody might think I have stolen the bike as it is not mine. I hear my grandfather telling me I have used his inheritance better then my sister.

In a dormitory corridor I go from room to room telling each student to extract from different pages of a book we turns together all the words to be later organized alphabetically. In the last room my net art teacher gives me magazines to catch a candy.

My girlfriend and I are left working at a fashion shop at closing hours. I am trying to wrap a small square but it turns out very bad. She is much more professional creating an origami chain of small butterflies around a frame.

I am at a workshop of the Art Academy looking at a Swiss-Swedish handsome student carving a waved panel. I meet him at the lobby and realize his last name is originally from my native village. Other students are preparing pasta.

Out of the Art Academy some Japanese girls recognizes me. While walking together one of them would like to hold my hand. I let them go as I see a workmate of my girlfriend getting his daughter in the car.

I am under a bridge of regularly mounted wooden list. A truck is parked in the middle. As it moves it deforms the lists. I would like to point out to the driver to park outside the bridge.

It's about sleeping time and my girlfriend brings a porno film. We seat in a sofa to watch it. On the screen the different characters are dressing the same clothes but they all interpret different moods.

A Catholic priest and his family are introduced to their luxurious residence. He seats together with other talkative female bishops. He silently watches their feet picking potatoes from the earth. Back is small son plays and gesticulate to be silent.

A biking priest accidentally gambles a policeman. A bishop gives him his church modern bike. He accidentally crosses a red light. He walks home through an ancient town and he finds his wife prostituting in the windows of a candy shop. They make love.

Out of the gates of a park my curator carries an old critic telling her about my project. It is time to show her my camera by I can't get it to work. She states that history is her escape from society. As I am about showing her my photos she farts.

My assistant tells me about his Sunday job in a pig farm. I ask him if there is job for me. As he tells me that I would have to burn the pigs sometimes he caresses his back hairs where long and tender roots grow. He breaks one.

I am lying down on a surgery bed. My girlfriend is polishing my lips. She then uses an electric saw to cut them thinner. She performs the operation several times from left to right. I don't feel any pain.

In a skyscraper a dwarf school-mate takes me into a room showing me her sculptures. They consist of waved walls of polished red marble. At a bar bench she tells me how after an accident she started making art. Now she lives in Berlin.

In a supermarket two guys with a vertical cart are stealing packages of merchandises. I throw them vegetables. They get in the depot. The guard can't open the door. He says they are locked in. I get in the bus. They get in with no ticket and seat by me.

I am mountain-biking on a dirty road up hill. Going down hill also my sister and cousin join. I assure my cousin I know the way. He wants to stop at a First World War fort. I agree. The fort is preserved intact from the bombardments.

I am seating on an airplane going to Copenhagen in Belgium. The plane makes an emergency landing in a tropical beach. We are instructed to blow in a tube to inflate the head pillow. The plane takes off.

An airplane makes an emergency landing in a forest. The plane can't stop and proceed on a highway. The captain parks at a gas station and begins preparing pancakes of transformable patterns. My Colombian school-mate is not pregnant. She leaves.

Rock pillars introduce me to a desert. Several piles of clothes are distributed on the sand. I turn around, there is a green garden. I see a small round lake and immigrants swimming. I want to reach it to bath.

I reach a small lake, it is a swimming pool. I am in the changing room. I accidentally pick reading glasses instead of swimming goggles. The swimming pool is now indoor. A couple from India is hugging at the border.

I am in a pizzeria on a vessel. I ask the waiter if he is Italian, we argue. An Italian woman on the next table screams at him that he is Italian. Strangely shaped pizzas arrive. I go at the bar to tell him that they are those Swedes that kills our joy.

I am walking up the wood happy that I got a summer job at the pizzeria on the lake. I see the two pizzeria owners running on the water with their two tigers. I scream them not to go in that small island. They would get absorbed in an operating system.

In the barn a guy that I don't like seats on a crystal platform. There I see big orange pumpkins. I ask him whether he had to grow them first in the green house. I am surprised hearing that he sow them directly outside.

In an airport a white boy and a black girl cry looking for their father. I tell them to wait there. I look around on a road. I ask a blonde young man standing thinking on the side whether he has any kids. He first says no then admits. Hugging we walk back.

My director and I walk up a stair to the bus stop. He announces me our project got financed. He tells me to think about what to do with the taxes. I ask him about my dwarf school mate. He says she is in town. I go and take her by her baby hand.

I am walking with my landowner to her apartment. I tell her of my trip up north how the waves got high with a storm. She tells me how on a paddling boat when the waves get high one tries to reach the beach. She teaches Architecture.

My landowner and I watch a black and white film of a man that lives his dreams. He is in the middle of some shooting. A black hot female exits a pub. We move to the sofa. I turn and I found my open mouth on her cheek. She refuses a kiss.

I am riding the slow train to Stockholm. My spiritual friend together with my son is riding the fast one. I get my son back and some freshly washed clothes. My friend tells me he washed them by hand in the train toilette.

At the restaurant the waiter open a yellow paprika and give it to my sister to cut her portion. My mother asks him if a waiter she knows is missing. My father speaks out all of the family friends that are missing, dead.

I am in a room. A student from the Academy calls me for dinner. On a long table the guests are listening to my grandmother telling how she once possessed a fake Picasso and thought it was authentic. Venetian corn meal is served.

I stop at a camera shop. I get in and ask to show me the smallest model without functions. I show the lady my overused camera. She tells me it's possible to order one from a local company. She shows me the newspaper ad. I ask her to show me on the computer.

At a lecture I draw on a black board with colorful chalks a section of a pot. The pot contains a smaller pot inside to prevent the boiling water to rise. I state it is an Italian invention. Back of the board I tell a student to draw a cowboy with blue jeans.

My sister's high school boyfriend is presenting his thesis. He is very elegant in his appearance and language. At the desk the white bear professor opens and look his perfectly draw architectonic plans of a room.

I decide to go on a journey with my son. At sun set we reach a field. It's an airport. I get worry how to feed him now that the mother is distant. A hostess explains us that in Japan it is possible to buy chemical powder milk.

At my teenager hood house I am in the basement. My father is very calm. I hand him the tools while he is assembling the porcelain haven. I get upstairs. I am in the bathroom with my mother. She is very angry at me. She has no reason.

In an old farm it's time for the pigs to get in. I see a big pink one sliding down and jumping through a consumed hole of a wall of wooden boards. The very handsome farmer poses with the pig for a newspaper photograph. The pig doesn't smell.

I am in the corridor of the Academy. I enter an atelier. An old man and a girl are sowing over consumed Persian carpets. I ask if I could bring my grandmother's old carpets. The old man says the atelier is not open to the public. I deal with the girl for a price.

At an atelier of the Academy I let my baby son walk towards a performer dressing and jumping like a monkey. The performer crazily scribbles monkeys on a table. He wears a spongy cubic nose. His lips are vividly painted red.

In the school atrium I teach my students yoga. I can bend on my back exaggeratedly much. They repeat exactly my movements. The director says it is time to move on and he assigns us a very small place. I show the last position. I can't get it right.

I wake up that my mother is driving home from a long distance. My father suggests stopping at an ancient city. By the parking lot small gypsies are seated. One of them throws us small stones. We throw each one of them big coins that father gives us.

My uncle begins ascending the mountain with his fast car. A mountain guy with his chess shirt drinks from a fountain and runs behind. My uncle drives the curves very fast. They will take his driving license away if he makes a third accident.

At a mountain bar my childhood sky club is reunited. My cousin and I have skiers' labels. My natural cousin is serving liquors. He recognizes just my other cousin. On a table my parents cut the bread. I suggest them to break it instead.

At night my high school friend and I approach a modern book store in an ancient building. We are deciding a present for our friends. We are in the travelling section. I suggest a book with mountain excursions. My friend thinks it is a bad idea.

On the school balcony I perform a lyric scale. The people downstairs beat their feet. They want more. I begin the Don Giovanni. They don't like it. I then sing the Ave Maria. Around the balcony other people sing it. I unsuccessfully try to be lyrical.

In a stadium the public sings cartoons songs. I am seating by two small girls. There father is spying them. He sees them getting an injection to become trees. He sees his daughter, a tree being erected from the ground. He has to wait her one year.

I park in a safe place. In the kitchen of my family's friends I repetitively hit the haven glass hard until it cracks. They seat indifferent. I try to let them know I didn't appreciate they kicked us out of the apartment. Now we have to live in the car.

My high school friend and I are seating in a table of a night club. The pretty sister of a friend of ours passes by. My high school friend grabs her in the butt. She doesn't react. She takes a seat in a table nearby.

I am cross country skiing on a flat surface by a lake. I am wondering whether I am still a good skier. I very athletically start going up hill. Going down the curve I meet a skier friend of mine together with his father. I know the mother is dead.

A professional soccer player is training. From anywhere on the field he is able to score. In the changing room a fat friend of his comes and tells him good bye. If the court finds him guilty he would have to leave the country.

In an ancient villa one of two American students admits they have faked their project. The other teachers get some dessert offered by the director. I go to the bar where a learning waitress is preparing my hamburger. I take it. She calls me back to pay it.

On a train a war prisoner is placed with few others in the passage between two wagons. The captain orders them to go around and pick plastic glasses and soda cans. They execute the order among civil passengers.

An ex war prisoner is contemplating a foreign crowd celebrating the start of a new war. He is dressing an elegant white suite. He is together with a lady. I am projecting the film on the ceiling. As the crowd moves I move carrying the projector in my arms.

I try to say hello to an ex school mate. She finally reaches me. She is not surprise to see me left at school. I gather the students in parallel lines. If I a stub them once they are shocked if twice they get killed. With a knife I pass an entire line up and down.

Outside an airport check-in a small girl pushes an entire line of luggage charts out of the walking path. I run out to put it back. The alarm rings. A hostess rushes out. It is too late, I have already fixed it.

My mother reminds me that I have never really studied. I get worry how to copy my neighbour student algebra equation during the exam. Also English grammar is not going good even though I speak English fluently.

In a dark room of a farm two old men are preparing the white colour for the small kids. They instruct them to paint the back long side of the red wooden house. The long side will be just partially painted.

Waiting for my son baptism my paternal grandmother shows me the electric cable that my grandfather connected from the church to their house. I slightly open the church door. As I talk to my maternal grandmother the few people inside the church complain for the noise.

I volunteer to talk about three more works of a popular contemporary artist. I write on the board. I talk about the first piece; a long table soccer to be played by two entire soccer teams. I talk about the second one. I can't remember what the third one was.

In class a student at the time is launching fire works. It is the Baltic student turn. She throws them towards me. I tell her to stop. I run towards her not to get injured. They lay on the floor unexploded. A Scandinavian student tries to light them.

On the phone a bad man tells me he wants a student. I tell that student to abandon the class. He walks away as a monkey. A guy and I run away down a rocky steep and up climbing a monolith. On top the way is blocked by big windows.

I am in a swimming pool. I really would like to swim but the pool is occupied with swimming team training. I tell the coach that I pay the entrance and I would like to swim. He calls up the middle group of swimmers and informs them I will swim with them.

At my mother-in-law's kitchen my aunt overcooked a carrot on a fork in the microwave. She is upset as the boy neighbour of my grandmother told her the carrot wasn't ready. My mother tells me that his brother is on a honey moon until the money ends.

In a park I am sitting around a round stone table. With someone else I make it turning. A voice from the sky tells us that so far we have made it sounds just once. Time rewinds one hundred years. I look around.

On a crowded street I am looking for a student. Someone alerts him I am coming. I run after him in a bar. I seat with him. He explains I have to wait a week to get my car back. His friend had troubles with some papers. My sister passes but doesn't turn.

On a high school field trip in a city of the east my friend proposes to me and another to hunt three local girls. I propose to cut a post card exactly into three parts. I drive one of the two school vans at night on a highway back home north.

In a library an artist is telling us about her next book, a metaphysic of forests. I propose her a metaphysic of everything that is physic. I tell her about the book I am writing, an encyclopaedia of dreams. She is not impressed.

Together with my curator's family we have lunch in the dark on our bed. My girlfriend and I go out at a restaurant and get two cups of tea without water. Speaking Spanish I ask the cashier if they need a chief. He calls the owner to investigate.

A famous skier gets in the third place as she is followed and reached by a better skier. In the changing room the male and female signs are switched. I get in the female changing room and tell a lady about it. She checks it on the dress label of a fat lady.

I fell down from the ceiling of an industry. The secretary checks my wounds. Together with my family I drive the car late at night. I have no control of the speed. I reach my distant parents at a mechanic. My father purchases a new water pump for the car.

In an old attic an elder woman smiles on some black and white images shown on TV. She is paralyzed. The part of her body that lies on the sofa has skin funguses. Her assistant doesn't want to rotate her as he wishes she will die.

In a competition I dance with a girl from the North. She is too still. I perform a sequence of contortions around the dance floor. During the interval a girl from the South states that the B pair should win. It is us. I present her to the priest in the jury.

I take the bus and realize I didn't need to take it. I get off at the airport. I ask a black guy about the trains. He is an expert on airplanes. He talks to a fake black prostitute. She takes an elder in a cube. The sex they have inside is projected outside.

Many artists are crowded around a small guy saying very important things. I am the only one that tries reaching him as close as possible. As I am close he is replaced by a huge guy that starts saying very unimportant things.

A friend's mother is seating at a fountain blind. My mother, my friend and I visit the guy that caused her accident. My friend bikes me through his apartment, a tunnel. We also risk an accident. At dinner I encourage the guy with his University studies.

A famous Rumanian curator exits the bathroom. The toilette is dirty with shit. We seat together. He asks me what genre my art belongs to. I choose conceptual. An Albanian student joins us thinking it's a lecture. They start a conversation in their language.

My mother reads my father the letters I secretly sent my grandmother. By her old house chopped wood is accumulated in a big snow slide. I see her for a short moment inside her sawing shop. At night I stop the car in an empty parking lot. I don't dare to visit her.

A girl of some tropical island is joining a group of friends in a metropolitan apartment. She is unsure how much money to bring. She wants to buy flour. At the apartment a guy tells her she can use her brother's bag of flour. She asks if he is virgin.