

*I*deas and *P*roposals for a *S*atisfied, *O*pen-minded and *I*mpenitent *L*ife

**12 days – 12 + 1 pictures**



**IP-SOIL – Neusiedl am See  
4 – 17. April 2005.**

Photos: Ákos Pottyondy

*4th April 2005.*



On the train I was just wondering if my 4 years old jacket and red shirt is elegant enough for an international presentation or not.

I will always remember what we felt, when we opened the Fire Station's door. ("What the Hell is inside?!")

A few hours later, when someone mentioned the possibility of windsurfing, I knew I've found my place.

Well.

My jacket was more, than enough.

*Don't be shy to open the unknown doors.*

*5th April 2005.*



The cry was not longer than half of a second.

I had to wait for half hour – lying on the sand like a dead.

They came closer and closer and than we get the common point.

*Never desire the perfect moment. Be humble and you get it like a present.*

*6th April 2005.*



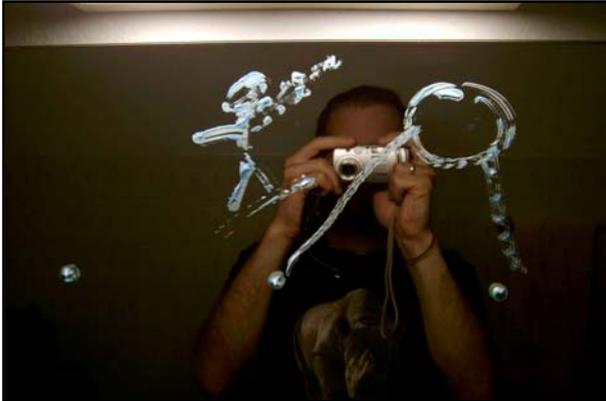
In April saline lakes are usually under water.

Now it was like a snowy land – as it should be in July...

"Something is happening with the weather." – said Mtundu, the Zambian fisherman.

*"Do you know that you are responsible for it?" – he continued...*

*7th April 2005.*



Where is our common basis? Do we have it at all?

What is in the middle of our life?

*Are you brave enough to draw a Mind Map, representing **you** in the middle?*

(A mirror and a tube of toothpaste is enough to start it...)

*8th April 2005.*



In the few hundred years old tavern we got the common ground.

Girls and boys, youth and veterans from eight nations were able to think and sing together without any prejudice.

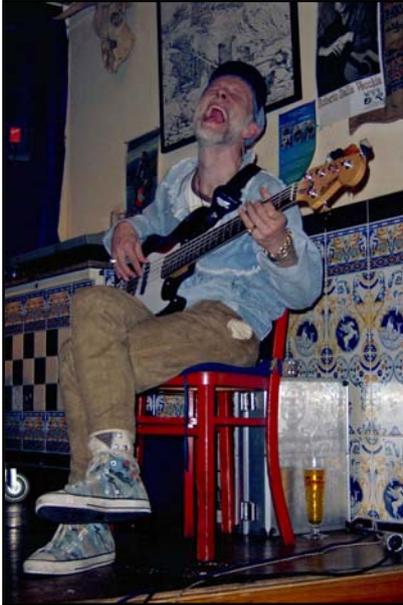
*This is what politicians will never understand...*

*9th April 2005.*



*“Professionals built the Titanic – amateurs the ark.”*

10th April 2005.



For our great-grandparents Wien meant mostly the Emperor, whose name was strongly connected with taxes and other obligations.

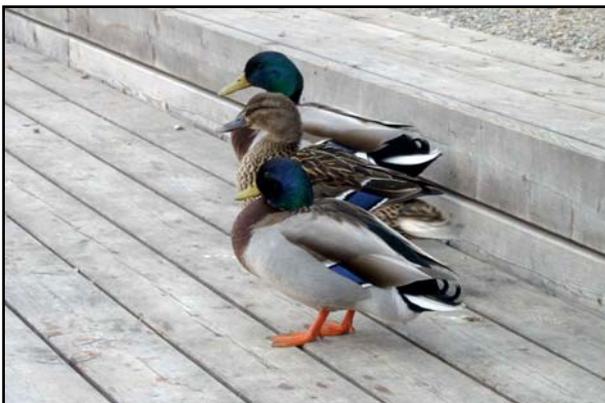
But now our friends were waiting for us.

Incomputable jars of beer, hot rhythms and Latin dancers...

*“Oh, sunshine day!”* – they sang.

(It was hard to believe, but we were able to finish an Austrian pub’s beer supply...)

11th April 2005.



Brothers with a sister?  
Lovers?  
Friends?

Whoever they are, they know the rules of Life. And what is more, they follow it.

*For mankind this balanced relation seems to be particular. Is it?*

12th April 2005.



Palm trees, Caribbean music, seafood, coconut oil on your skin. – All these for a few Euro.

Chameleon strategy.

*Do we really have to create a feigned world around us? Why are we pretending?!*

*13th April 2005.*



It was a cloudy day when I visited the National Park. I left the flash home and it was too dark for a good photo so I was just mumbling on my bike when I saw the *Calthas*.

On my way back, when the Sun was under the clouds, deep on the horizon, I reached them again. They looked like golden flowers.

*Sorry for arguing...*

*14th April 2005.*



If you go deep into the reed-belt and wait patiently, you can discover a new world.

You are going to see millions and millions of smaller and larger organisms, serving a superior power.

*I call it God, others call it somehow else.  
And You?*

*15th April 2005.*



*So, what for a beer after  
all?  
Egészségetekre!*

Ákos Pottyondy  
5<sup>th</sup> Mai 2005.