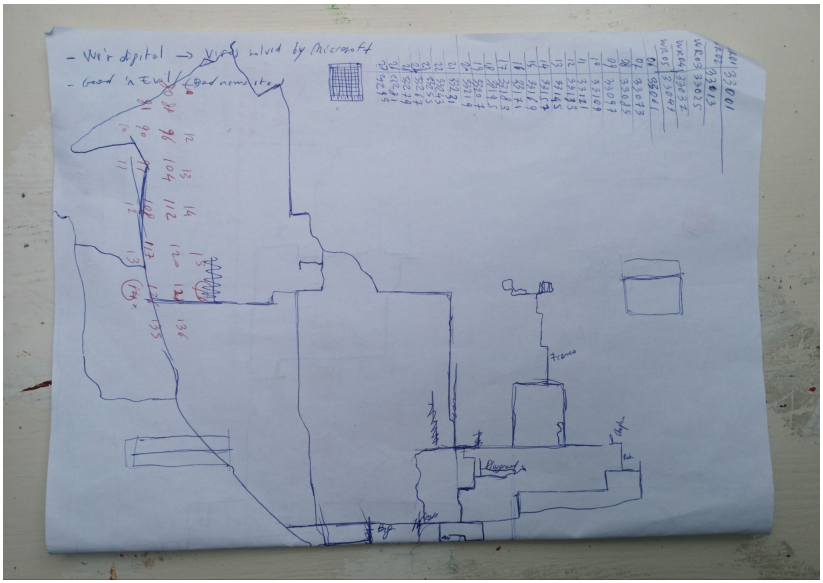

Fig.054 Picture of a folded A3 paper in which I have been tracing the walks I took with my kids in and around our Dutch village. We usually walk through the city center and over old and new dikes. I try to often alternate the kind of round tours we take also in accordance with the weather but many times in the course of a month we repeat the same route.

Walking has become for me a vital means to slowly explore the foreign landscapes where I have lived most of my life. In some regard then it can be said that I exported to other countries my alpine culture of an excursionist. Geronimo, the run-away native American, once claimed that the legs are our best friends. For me also my legs are a valuable means to keep in motion and fresh in my head and my body especially as I do not have any steady income and cannot so much afford public transport and going to the gym. To put it plainly, I prefer walking. Over the course of the project I have crossed many cities, yet in later years I have settled in a small town in order to take care of my children. With them I used to walk daily for several kilometers getting them used to a semi-nomadic open air culture this until mandatory school started and our routine had to adapt to it. The inheritance I left to my children is that of being able to move through the landscape and not only be part of it as some primitive humans but especially be aware of it, aware of its phenomena see the slightest change, learn the various use of the various plants and fruits and nuts we picked on our journeys. My goal in this respect has been that of providing them with independence and the ability of orienting themselves also in life.