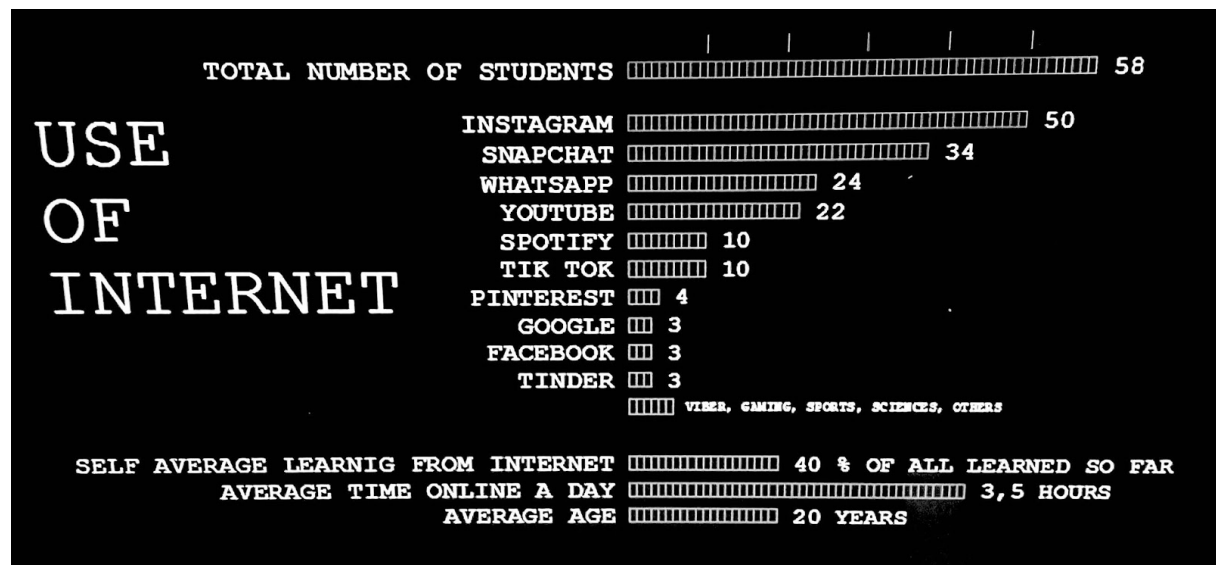


I received the gracious invitation from Elisabeth Melkonyan after our pleasant meeting at the artists' residence organized by Yuri Dolan on the Bokros farm in southern Slovakia. With Melkonyan we walk to the Danube together to bathe and make fire. Water and fire unite a lot. The idea on this short trip to Tirol was to participate in a group exhibition and teach art in its different classes. I arrive in the evening at the station after flying to Switzerland and taking a fast train. Ama picks me up and takes me to the welcome dinner. The artists celebrate the meeting by eating assorted delicacies, which alternate with idea dishes, inedible but very elegant. Elisabeth's work is to bring us all together in a social project and to schedule classes before the exhibition.

The next morning, I rush out to teach my first class with Michael, at a large local public institute. He introduces me to the associate teachers, we have coffee and we start with his class of twenty students. I am narrating my ideas and we see some buildings, facilities, and videos. I do the first data collection among students to measure their degree of connectivity to social networks and their potential as a platform for nutrient content. Very good atmosphere. When I finish I go for a walk around the city and record some shots. The proximity of the snowy mountains is very relaxing. I visit the local anthropological museum and I am amazed by the 19th-century utensils and the wooden rooms. In the afternoon we go to an exhibition with Miroslava, Hala, and Cheikh, where organic graphic series is presented and a man sings arias. We drink champagne, and soap is offered for those who want to disinfect themselves. No one is worried yet, it's March 5th. On Friday I walk again and in the afternoon we teach with Elisabeth her evening group, who has prepared dresses for a fashion show. They do the catwalk and then we do an exercise in which the students draw a conceptual plan of an ideal environment. Most of them position themselves in a natural setting, in the mountains, and with trees. We go to dinner at an association where they offer us a splendid meal, with salads, local gnocchi, and cake. Michael introduces me to the former bishop who talks in a relaxed Spanish with an Andalusian accent. We follow the conversation in the nearby house of some friends of Michael, teachers, theologists and social activists. We talk a lot about religion, about our origins and drink beer until it gets late. On the table, there is a beautiful painting of some peasant farmers who have passed by with a baby in their arms. The first line. On Saturday afternoon we go to another Expo with Hala, Miros, Cheikh, and Ama, the exhibition revolves around the female perspective in times of war. The curators explain their compositional idea to a large audience. When the room is empty we relax and watch the videos calmly. Ama takes us to a great café nearby, which was like her second home years ago. Then we go to an event space, where we eat pizza and chat until late. The night is freezing.

On Sunday morning we left Cheikh early to catch the cable car that will take us to the top of the mountain. Many families arrive super equipped with skis, suits, and boots. Upstairs is a skier party. We stay near the bar, having soups and various drinks. The eyes hurt from the glare of the snow. In the afternoon we go down and visit the local museum, very empty. Ama picks us up in her car and takes us to the outskirts. In a roundabout they have put up a big sign that says Viva la Vulva, it is already March 8th. We arrived at the

small textile museum, a minimalist concrete extension by a passionate collector of Asian textiles. We continue at sunset to the house of other friends, who live in a beautiful farmhouse that they have rehabilitated themselves. They have a large hillside garden. They offer us a vegetarian dinner with three sections. The cakes are delicious. We drink wine and close with a drink of Mezcal, magnificent hosts. On Monday morning of the new class with Elisabeth, we watch videos, comment on ideas and collect samples. A group shows a series of models that describe nature today, or how we have intervened on the planet. The proposals range from the purely natural to the apocalyptic. We do the exercise of the desired space again, pure metacognition. Some proposals surprise me with their beautiful synthetic capacity. We eat with Elisabeth in the canteen of a nearby Catholic hospital, then walk a few hours again and buy wine and flowers for dinner at Gabriele's house. We meet Hala, Mirosława, Zhanghong, Ama and Cheikh at sunset, who cooks one of their star Senegalese dishes, chicken with rice. We take salads and drink good wine. We went out to air on the terrace. At the end of the evening, they call me to let me know that the virus is multiplying. Tomorrow I travel and another story begins.



The data is collected in four different classes of secondary education in the city of Innsbruck, in Austria. The total number of participants in the sample is 58 students, aged between 16 and 43 years, with an average of 20 years. The following data are requested: Age, Gender, Number of hours of internet use per day, Types of platforms used and the Percentage of their current knowledge that they believe they have learned directly from the internet, their self-learning. Data are collected on paper, with anonymous character. The sample includes that there are 51 women, 6 men and a person who defines himself as non-binary. The analyzed results show that on average they spend about 3.5 hours on the network each day. The most used platforms are Instagram, with 90%, then Snapchat with 60% and WhatsApp and YouTube that hovered around 40%. The other platforms are a minority. **Analyzing its use retrospectively, the average values that 40% of its knowledge has been learned directly from the Internet.**

Pictures of Antonio Llovedas







