

*Wszystko Kielbasa* literally translated from Polish into English means, *Everything Sausage*. This image was shot on 35mm film back in 2004 on a lake just outside of the city of Torun, where I was exhibiting a show of photography for a summer theater festival. The photo is part of a body of work titled *Piękna Polszczyzna*.

When I was visiting the gallery at the theater where my show was hanging, I heard an American voice. It was an American university math teacher who was checking out the prints with his Polish girlfriend. He had been teaching in Bydgoszcz for 2 years. When my Polish friends and I introduced ourselves and made conversation he spoke only American English. He told us how he had been bringing American baseball to Poland.

I started thinking about the work that I had hanging there in the gallery, surreal cityscapes of NYC before and after the towers went down, and Americans' propensity to get other people to speak their language and play their games. Even in their own countries. My work was just more USA.

Summer of 2004 in Poland was a beautiful time of slow transition. The malls and chains were just spreading from the west in a growing trend of homogenized consumer culture. It was poetic time, time infused with soft heart-weight and the golden light of long days and short nights that would blend one into the other. Coming home from the clubs and bars, we would swim like salmon against the tide and flow of people commuting to work. There was the carefree feeling of knowing that you could do everything with almost nothing. *Piękna czas*.

*Piękna Polszczyzna* is a collection of 16x20 silver chromogenic prints enlarged from 35mm negatives. I brought this show to Poland in 2009.