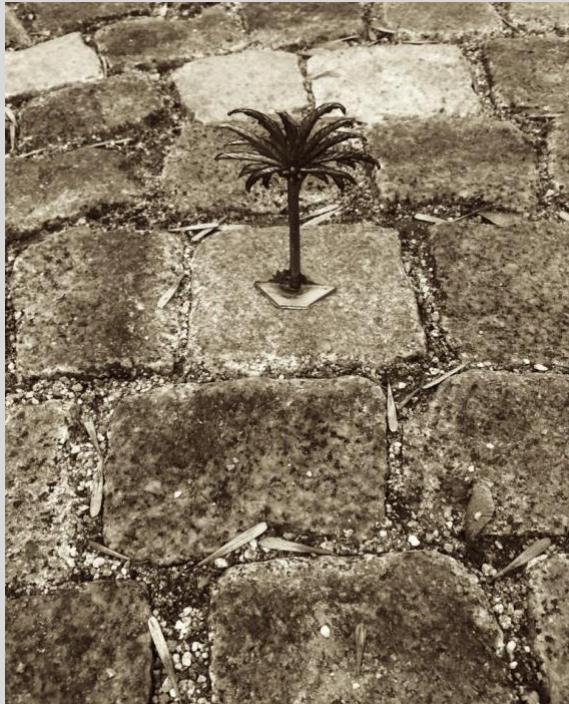


Manual for measuring distance



This is not a football field

nor a field to train horses.

We are not surrounded by mountains,

from here we can't hear the construction site.

We can't smell the insecticide

nor this dead fish decomposing on the shore.

Here, we can't eat from each other's food.

A rhinoceros giving birth to another rhinoceros can't surprise
us now

nor a sun set, nor the stars, nor the flock of migrating geese.

Here, we can't see our own foreheads,

we can't touch inside each other mouths

and we can't piss on the floor.



Welcome back

My distance to the door is a result of fate related circumstances.

It can be translated to 4 seconds. or few steps.

Your distance to the door is a result of different system.

I know that you are not so sure that you want to be located.

Always reposition yourself so that absence of distance can become long or short distance again.

use

mixer
blender

eraser

shaker

"This is a volcanic rock from the volcano Paricutin which is 3 km west from here", I said to Justin, an architect from LA on January 17, 2016. And then I told her: "Choose a direction and walk. It is difficult to measure the distance between A and B without having something in between."



A line to follow:



put a transport pass on a table covered by a fabric bought in
a foreign country,

put it next to a chandelle from a cheap store

next to a cactus or another plant

next to a medical prescription

next to a pen

next to an identity cart,

next to a red lighter

next to a yellow hair band

next to some money,

next to a notebook,

next to a white porcelain plate,

next to a headphones cable,

next to

And then.

Look as far as you can imagine you can see.

Who fears butterflies?

Who does not care about sex?

Who fears the food of the street vendors?

Who suffers for the dying sea cows, and, for the dying fisherman?

Sick and cold, polite in the distance between morning and evening.

Full of tiredness and nausea for 7 km.

And nothing between here and there.

Where are our bags? Where are our coats? Where is our house? Where are our computers? Where are our phones? Where are the hard drives? And the dead drives? Where is our bus stop? Where is our escape place? Who cleans here? Where are our snails?

We lost them.

We found them crossing the wet road during the fall of 2015 and we took them in our hands, they felt motionless inside their shells but waiting and alive. We made for them a home in our home, we learned what they like and provided it to them. They creep slowly suctioning the flat surfaces.

Then they discovered the truth.



Think about a place from which you are far.

Now come back and just sit still here.

Ass to chair.

Heals to floor.

Treasure hunting or football?

- I am not you. You are not me.

It doesn't start it doesn't stop.

Goes in circles.

softly blow air through a straw

stay home

read fiction

sweat

stay under water

sing one song while listening to another song

use a fog machine

sleep

doubt

softly close mouth

do not meditate

get drunk

talk very slowly

feel how eyelids close

define "tenderness"

widen your eyes without effort
let the air touch your eyeballs

look into the sun with your left eye without
blinking

press the naked back into the hot

tarmac

soak in public transport body

think about bodies carved in marble

bring a child to
school

talk about difficult subjects

massage the back of a stranger with eyes

wear a helmet

step in puke bare feet

over head

pour cold water

touch shit

close eyes

lean back on a wall

make bubbles of saliva with your mouth while listening to the barking dogs and waiting for the alarm clock to ring while your enemy is building a beehive for your brother and his director is asking you to pay the bill while his relative kills a chicken to feed a honorable guest while all your close people are hiding from the rain except

your friend from Moldova who waits to receive a long waited answer while his kid plays with other kids whose parents think about leaving the city life for another kind of life while the rains falls softly on the shells of garden snails crossing the wet road while a plain is delayed to arrive at destination and the people have to reschedule their plans while herbs grow with speed next to avocado tree while a cat is meowing and polar bears lose weight while oil heats in a pan and a train passes between here and there while a red flower stays still on the wooden table.

You are falling asleep and I am having a flash back.

Maybe you are not falling asleep.

Approximations make the living distance.



The distance to the exit point is the only clear distance.

One quarter of a tv screen flickering in the distance...

can't see the whole picture but my mind translates the fragment
into ice skating or hockey.

you leave the house and you came back

years later.

Never went back

to erase distance, feel the body as a towel that rubs all:
people, walls and floors, windows, doors, tables, chairs,
computers.



Rubs and rubs, sands, scrubs, scrapes, strokes, caresses, scratches, glides, presses, rolls, twists, licks, grades, flosses and listen to a national anthem.

Snails.

Space:

meters, kg, feet, time, decibels, liters, steps, temperature, light, smell, organs, words, age, money, color, pleasure, fear, trust, affect, volume, light,

and the basic condition: being lost.

Paths are product of convenience.

The first paths about which history writes are those made of animals reaching places where they can find salt or water. We are on the north side of the building, multiple layers of different kind of vegetation, rocks, building materials, organic materials and all the points of contact between them.