

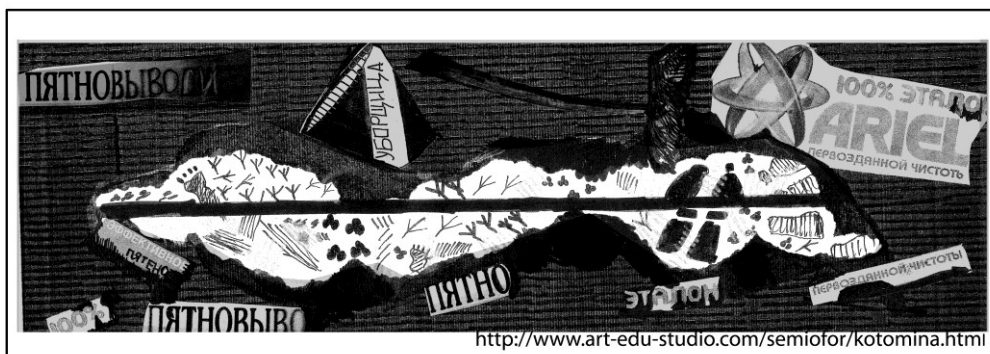
<http://www.art-edu-studio.com/semiofor/kotomina.html>

Snow is something of absolute purity, and all the traces that it has show life and movement around the box. I just need to clean and destroy everything (at least metaphorically) that is born anew, lest there should appear a lot of those who want to look into my small personal space. That's why I need to shovel the snow.



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Each person chooses his or her own details in a landscape and sees only those details. A coin on the road is sure to attract our attention, but if it's a rusty bent nail or a bush a person might just pass by them as if they were not there. That's why we usually don't pay attention to what is going on around us when we are outside. But when you are looking at the same objects through the window cut in a box, everything looks different. All details become equally important and thus get noticed equally. A stub of a cigarette... a dog trace... a window with the curtain vibrating in the wind on the second floor of a building... dents on the sides of a metal barrel ... a wedding ring that can't be taken off the finger... an endless railroad... and identical buildings that look like boxes and that make you sick for some reason. It may be because of their ideal shape, or because of the fact that they're so much alike. Or maybe the reason is that when I can't define the distance to some objects their shapes become unclear and therefore have a lot in common with what's happening to me. You can't get tired of any landscape if you look at it from the box.



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It's not hard to make a box. You will need no more than an hour for that. But you need lots of courage to put it on and become a person-in-the-box. In the moment when a person gets into an ordinary box there appears a totally new creature. It's different and it's not like anything else. A person-in-the-box is poisoned with evil anger. This poison is not as harmless as it may seem to the people around. A person-in-the-box is like a wild animal caught in a trap, and it protects its living space from the nightmare outside. Dark silhouettes or indifferent people tear the transparent plastic foil on the windows with their mere presence.



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"Be careful lest you should tear the box, the plastic foil is expensive, we won't be able to make a new window for you", the person-in-the-box' mother would say every time he would go somewhere where it's dangerous. My mother may not notice that I am this man in a box. She can't or doesn't want to notice that. That's why my anger towards the bright outside world doesn't have any limits though it may increase or subside at times. I DON'T know how I got to that skating rink, but as soon as I saw those feet in skates I immediately decided to write down several instructive phrases for each person who would like to try himself.