

TERSSCHELLING JOURNAL : LOCATION-BASED RESEARCH

BECOMING HORIZONS

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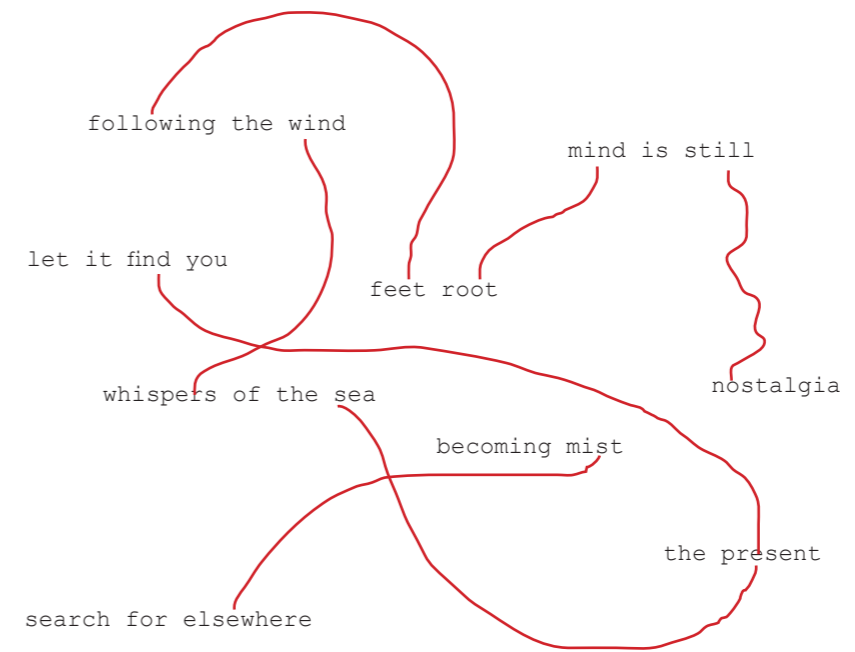


up
light trail
you are heading
awaits you. Towards some
place state of being,
times, to escape.

The sky opens up and announces the arrival of a new light trail. You know the direction, you are heading towards, but not what awaits you. Towards some place that resembles a state of being, at times, hard to escape.

The sky
arrival
trail.
the direction,
but not what awaits you.
place that resembles
escape.

An island.



A Leap Into the Unknown





Day * ONE



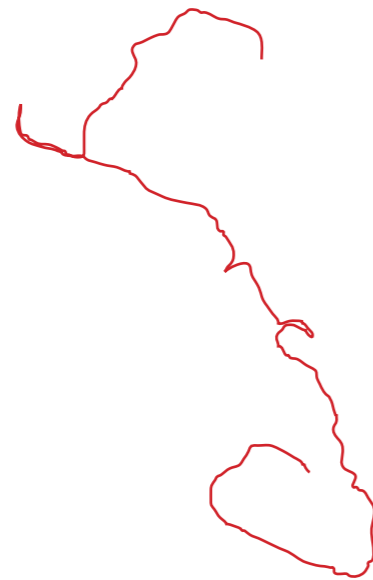
203 KM

Ever wondered what happens to the particles of time? Where do they go? Does all just drift away? What happens to the memories we cannot recall?

Take mine and put them in stones. Make them sand. Pour it over forests and valleys, over rivers and dry waterbeds. Let them carry and keep these stories alive. So, Mother knows I have been around, looking for a sense, searching for meaning, breathing time.

Day * TWO

to go from one place to another
to follow an invisible thread
from land to island
we turn into the distance
our stories, the limen in-between



20, 48 km

Dear Elsewhere,

*I found fragments of you scattered around the
world. Today I became one with the line that
bridges the sky and the surface of Earth.
This hunt for you, a serene desire to
encounter you .*

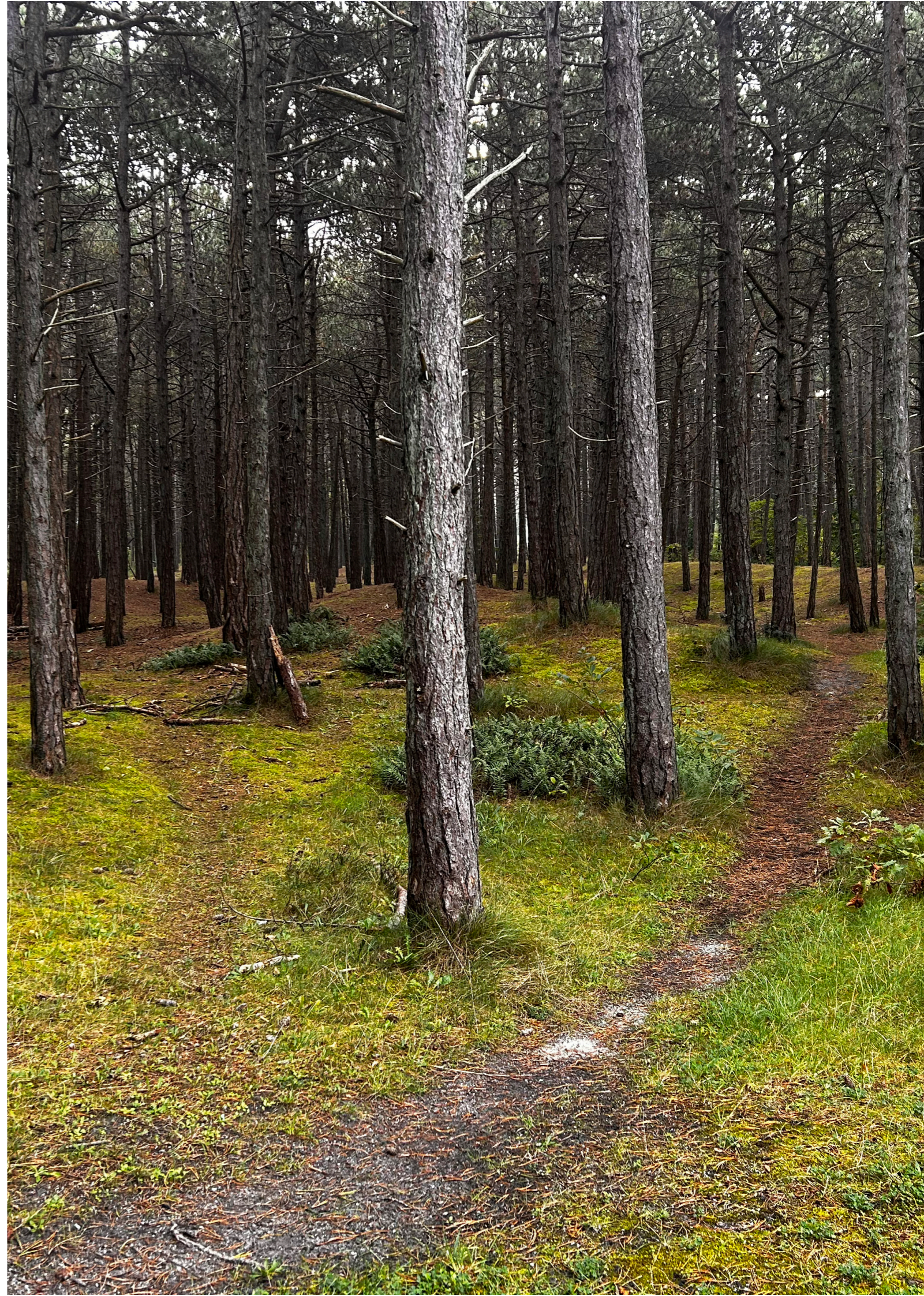




INSTRUCTION

direction - with the wind
duration - the length of the path

Walk a straight line without losing the focus of its end.
Have someone watch you depart and become one with the distance.



Day * THREE



24, 40 km

amongst pine trees & water crassula
amongst dragonflies and moss
through long forest tunnels
I arrived on the shores of the Northern Sea
my gaze became horizon
an unexplicable desire to vanish into it
and have you observe this blending

the dunes

traces in the sand

which soon will no longer be

the howl of the sea

the endlessness

the tiredness of my limited body









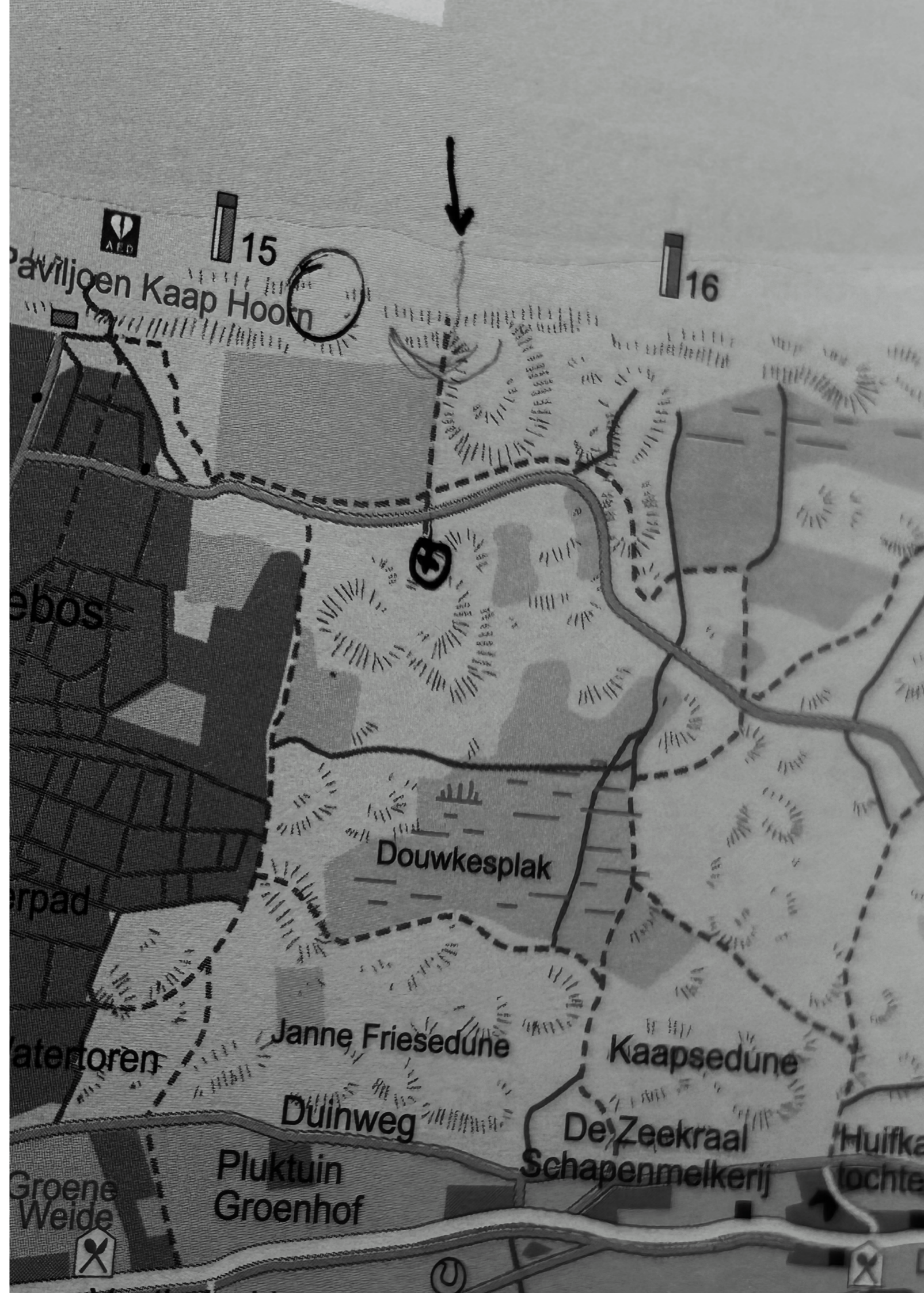
INSTRUCTION

direction - against the wind
duration - the length of the path

Walk a straight line without losing the focus of its end.
Have someone watch you depart and become one with the distance.

Now, return and as you go back, remember yourself walking in the
opposite direction. Notice the changes.

At the end of the walk, recall and note down, sensations,
thoughts, what you remember etc.



Day * FOUR

(...)
soon you can see yourself walking - you're just a couple of yards behind and you are following yourself. Go right, go left: the main thing is just to continue walking. The end of the world is not when everything stops. It's when everything continues, unendingly. Nothing else to do but put one foot in front of the other
beneath a cold moon

'End of the World', A Philosophy of Walking, Frederic Gros



This is a treshold. Somewhere in-between lands. A place where we become horizons. Here, the tides tell the time, the sound of birds, the melody and the distace. There to be contemplated. Some time ago, I wrote a letter to Elsewhere. I remember mentioning that the great search to find it and the realization that I was always left wandering and wondering whether a certain place or state could be it. Is there more? When is it enough? Then, I... I...stopped. I...became still. I was no longer I. I became the distance, the shadows on the shore, the depth of the forest, the smell of rain.

And that was when I understood that to let go of the Search is to be met by an unexpected Encounter.

We arrive in certain places to discover how far away our inner worlds can spread. So, if you came to this point, open up and become the landscape.

INSTRUCTIONS

This is a story that we collectively tell. And individually experience. Here we navigate the tides of time, the inner and outer landscapes. Here, we let our hands and feel show us the way. Here, we leave our minds to rest.

- . start by absorbing the surroundings
- ..when the moments comes, become the narrator of what you experience
- ...stand up and walk as far as your feet take you
-become one with the horizon
-return





dear
landscape
sea

i remember now, when sitting here, looking at you,
spending the summer in the mountains,
i remember now,
i missed you.
i remember i missed the horizon,
i missed seeing the edge ~~of this~~

my feet are cold
my hands get cold
my chest get warmer instead
my legs tingle
but my mind, my emotions, my thoughts, get fulfilled by this stranger
and what i see
and this calm
it's quiet, peace
the cold doesn't matter anymore
because what i live now
will stay forever in me
in my brain.
in my eyes.
in my body.

thank you for sharing
and caring

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you take the leap, you go forward
nothing can stop you now
you become a memory and I search for you
in the open horizon
you stop and look towards the mud
one day we return to the ground
the wind caresses the left side of my body
on these lands, the cold became my friend
i came here to remember
i came here to not ever forget
about now
about the salty air
about the distance
about the sky
about the sea
the clouds
the reflections

Results from the Location-Based Experiment