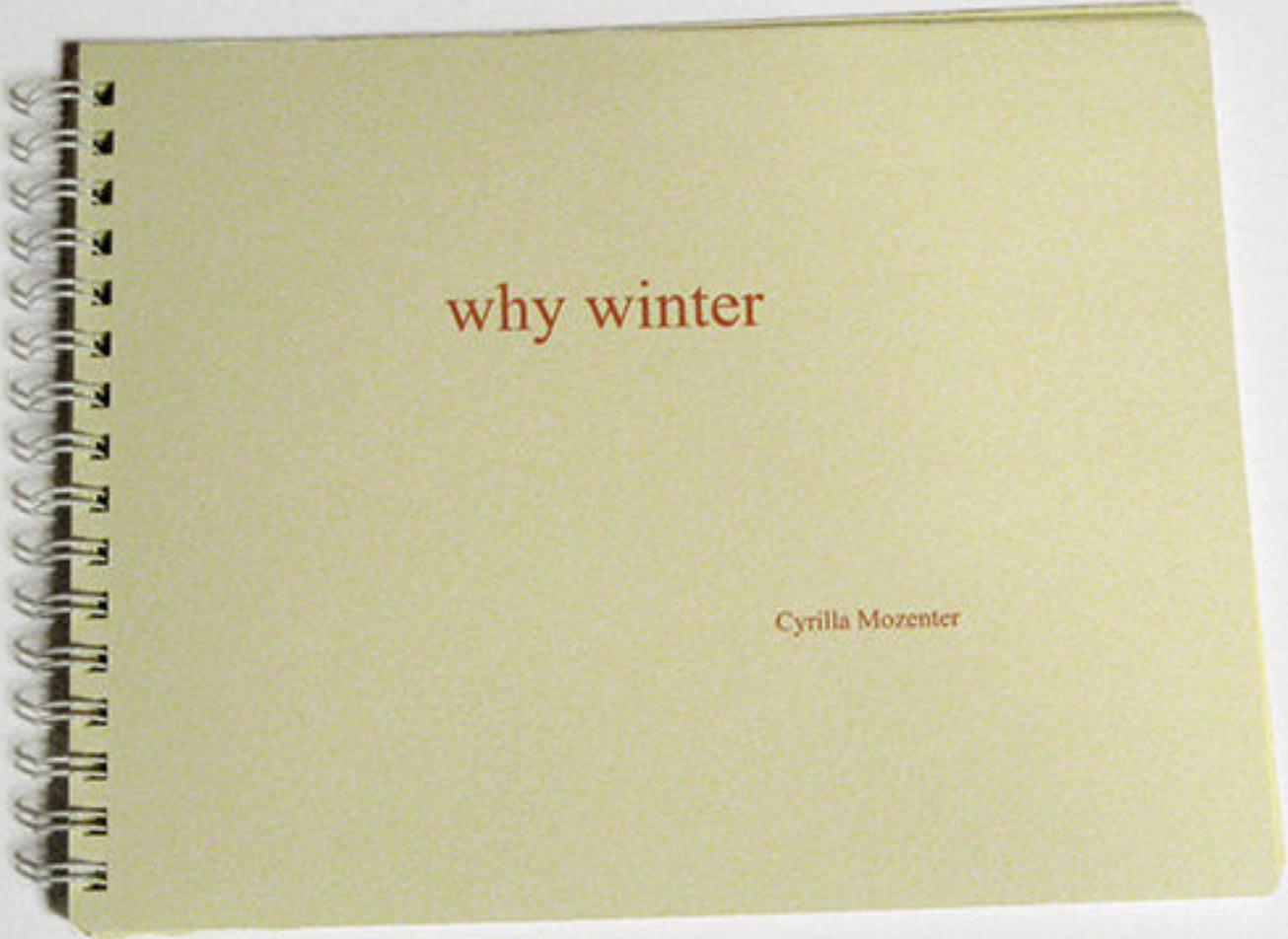




why winter

© 2008 [illegible]

A spiral-bound notebook with a light beige cover. The title 'why winter' is printed in a reddish-brown serif font in the center. Below it, the author's name 'Cyrilla Mozentor' is printed in a smaller, matching font. The spiral binding is on the left side.

why winter

Cyrilla Mozentor

why winter

Cyrla Morenter



*Incidents of Soap Stealing in Various States in Mexico / Homage to Francis Ponge*

I got the white soap from the downstairs bathroom into a zip-lock and packed it in my camera bag along with the others.

On the way to the airport, José explains my soap thing to Jorge, who laughs. It's in Spanish so I have no idea what's been said.

Ten, fifteen minutes into the flight, I notice two small brown boxes with promotional lettering on Jorge's tray-table. I ask Philip if it's complimentary soap and he shrugs. I can't ask Jorge because the language thing makes everything so ponderous.

Jorge's assistant Ishmael meets us at the airport and drives us to Jorge's apartment outside Coyoacan where we'll be staying. There's an olive green curvy soap (I think Aztec) in the kitchen and a just-out-of-the-wrapper Zest in the bathroom. No time to check the shower; I'll do that later.

On to Coyoacan Centro, a shopping mall, for breakfast. I excuse myself to find an exceptionally clean bathroom with a series of soap dispensers.

"I take you to Chalco," says Jorge. Jorge is the chief architect for an apartment complex there. Ishmael's driving and the ride is endless.

We arrive at the construction site and park outside Jorge's office in a dusty open area where there are many dogs. Directly across the way is the bare cement structure of an apartment building. On the ground floor is a makeshift shrine. On the second floor are two grey weimaraners.



*the failed utopian VIII (f), 2014*

for to is

for to it is

to for is it

too far