It was about three weeks ago. Maybe four, but it seems like a long time ago – you know – time can travel so slowly. People were just starting to stay away from each other. Many were still hanging out in Starbucks, drinking coffee, afraid of loneliness. But slowly people would just look at each other – with suspicion.

“Stay out of my space”.

“Get back”. “You probably have it”.

A friendly town – turned overnight into a den of callous gun-hands – “git out of my face”.

All I need is cards, a bottle of cheap whiskey and my gun.

Actually, I never was a guy like that – and the ones I have met aren’t either!

Listen to this: I had a roommate for a week in San Francisco – at the Grey Rabbit Inn – who told me what he used to do for a living. He said he used to explain to people what would happen to them if they didn’t pay back their loans.

Sounds like a banker? Right - he looked like a banker. Except that he was actually explaining all the vile and illegal things mobs can perpetuate. He may have been about the “toughest” guy I have ever met.

Except for the cowboy in Montana who claimed he could touch the ground and make earthquakes.

Or the mob in Mexico (actually these guys were the scariest).

Or in Bangkok.

But he was really tough. The thing is – when we went to the zoo together there was a long line of people waiting to see the pandas. So we stood outside the fence – and stood on each other’s shoulders to see.

He took off his shoes, and climbed up onto my shoulders. Then I took off my shoes and climbed onto his shoulders. That’s how we saw the pandas.

Now I ask you, what kind of a ‘tough guy’ climbs up on someone’s shoulders to see pandas?

But, and back to my general pointlessness, I want to ask you with all sincerity – would you rather be a ‘tough guy’ or have friends? Wouldn’t you rather be laughing with friends? Or singing?

Wouldn’t you rather listen to a friend tell a story? Or just talk? Do you really want to walk on our streets and look at the people around you disapprovingly, suspiciously, angrily, the old evil eye?

But now – everyone says “social distance” right? Perfect! You have complete allowance to walk around giving strangers the old evil eye. “Stay back!” That’s what the government is saying “Maintain social distance.”

My friend says we don’t need any more social distance – we need *physical* distance, and *social* bonding.

And that is what this website is about. *Physical* distance, and *social* bonding.