

Alone with myself, inside looking out. Crowds, people in a bar, just a film for my viewing. Sometimes a table top model I walk around selecting my angle, slicing my fractions of a second out, displaying them on paper stored in an envelope. A glass aided ear to the wall of a housing project, a periscope in the palm of my hand on the Lexington Avenue line looking up the nose of a mutha look'n, *Bad*. I've walked the street and never looked up, other times been down so far I'd have to turn over to look down. All of it there, no categories, no boundaries other than the ones picked up at the 6:30, 7:30, 9:00, 10:30, 12:00, and 12:45 at St. Raphael's, or presents from my Mother and Father. The bell sounded loud at P.S. 150, and rang in rounds, at Principals offices, guidance councilors, and auditoriums. Hurdles to be scaled before the ascent of subway steps to the reality of the possibility of independence. Rides to Harlem, the Bowery, the Village, walking down alleys, stepping over Eddie, glass-eyed Eddie with a hollow leg filled with white Port and a mind with the response time of a turnip.

Reading the messages of Jose' on the "while you were out" walls of the subway, twenty days later seeing the transit crew steam clean his only claim to fame and drip it down the ceramic tile wall to be absorbed in the cement platform that has supported millions like him.

Could be New York, could be Mexico, maybe Baltimore, the Eddies, the Jose's, the faceless names trying to be different in a tribe that can't justify their own existence accepting the different. But could I expect anything else when looking outside their hut, to only see the back of another hut, having it's garbage thrown in a truck. How can I not see the calligraphy of field corn in the snows of Stormstown, or the rear screen projection of a communal auction in a society that might work better if the subways weren't laid to their porch. Or are they the same just on a smaller scale?, with parking lot lines, and arrows to show them the way, with trophies of lesser and greater, a mounted deer, a mounted toilet seat, conquest over the elements.

And are the elements understood, or are they divided up for ownership, to be protected or taken. Are they ours to have, to be hidden and coveted, or are they for the use of all tribes, owned by none. When we look at outlaws do we ask, "how true are the laws they live outside of?" and who are the people making the laws, and for whom? Is there any different goal from tribe to tribe?

I've thought, Do I see too much?, or not enough? The answers are the quest, for without questions there would be no need for answers, and without this process growth would not exist. As I look around I see

balance, the shopping bag nomads, the sax players for pennies, the street corner groups that coexist with and within the rain-dropped windows, the carved manhole covers, and the transparent drapes. My world is a theatre where I may be both actor and viewer. I comfort myself with tranquil visual space, the simple use of non-subject is both calm and sarcastic. Maybe *Tao* is the way, the loud silence, the cluttered emptiness. I used to define balance as centering, mathematical equality, to be attained by striving to reach that vault kept standard that bogged, that paralyzed ones movement and distorted the free evolution of creativity, as any short sighted boundary can. The exploration of the boundaries and the distance between them is the energy, the resource that feeds the growth of creative sensitivity.