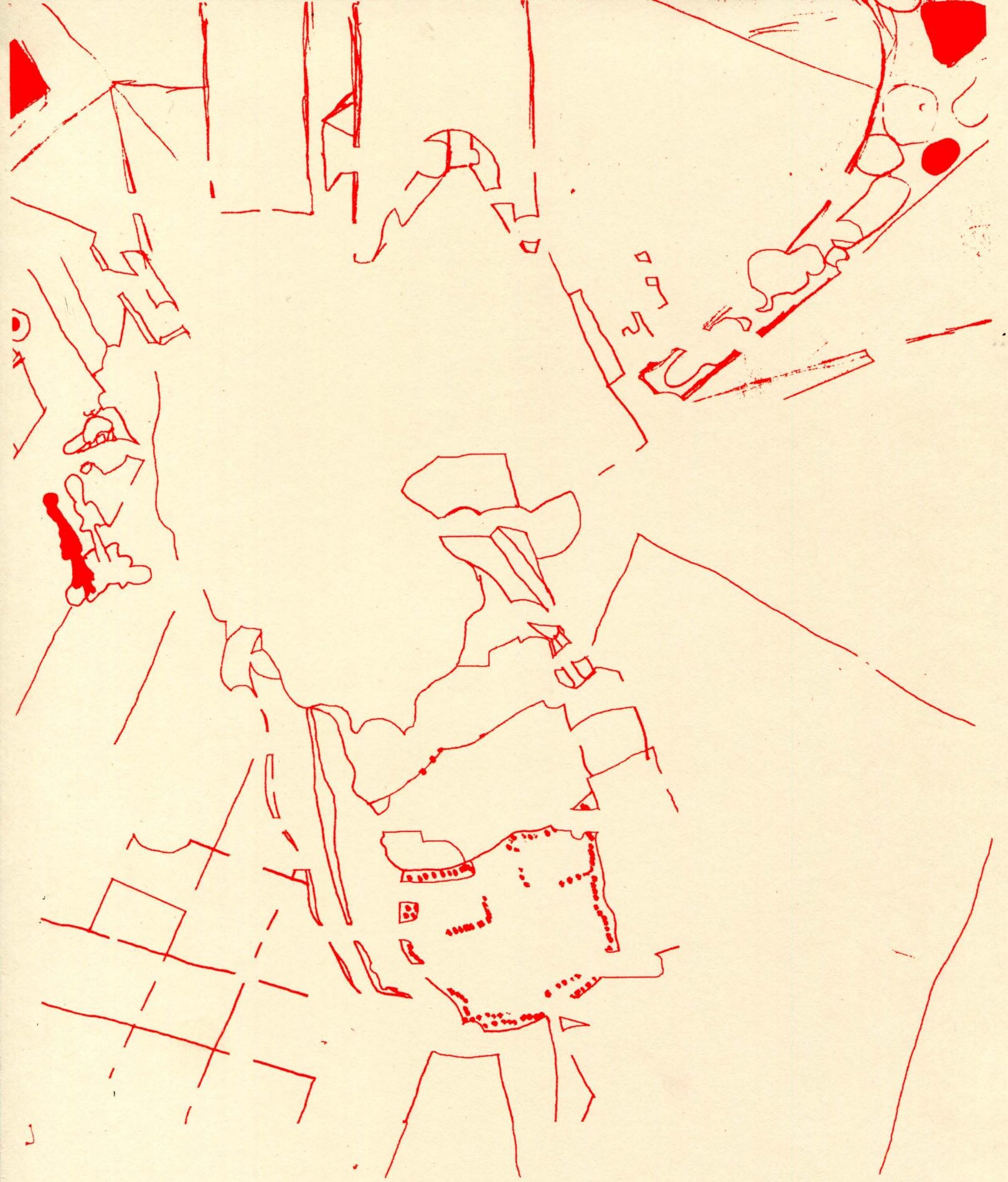


I walked around in a labyrinth recently. I haven't walked in one before and I was surprised by the spirituality of the overall experience. I've seen them depicted in a range of shapes... a gust of wind, a clover, a leaping dog. But essentially it's a spiral form, kind of a maze, with one way in and the same way out.

I walked myself inwards, corkscrewing into the core. I felt like a termite entering a dark block of wood. By the same path in reverse, I unfurled myself out. I felt like I was tracing the motion of a blooming rose.

On New Years day, some friends walked the cross-San Francisco trails. I didn't join, but I described it to my brother Michael never the less. I told him that the trails go in diagonals across the city, connecting southwest with northeast, and northwest with southeast through a corridor of greenways. And that together, they form an X across the city.

He talked about old trading routes and the way they look on maps, with condensed and flattened features. A path through a mountain range, a path between reeds through a swamp, a pastoral road leading into a nested town. Smoke coming from chimneys.



[There's an interesting line in the book I'm reading.
It's a singular sentence, or a fragment of a sentence,
that describes a caravan's difficult road of passage
into Tibet. It's a beautiful, transporting, and ultimately
very random scene, that the author created simply
because she could. An expression of the economy
of writing and the freedom that comes with it. I
loved that.]

I'd like to build another cross-city trail that connects
the city by stairway alone. Maybe it would start with
the stairs on Telegraph Hill and extend throughout
the entire city. I like thinking of the new dimension
this would add — Not just north, south, east, and west,
but up and down, too.

It's kind of an Escher thought, like his three-
dimensional networks of stairs. Here is a man descending
this stairway, and there he is simultaneously ascending
the connecting one. Here is a garrot peering out
through a windowsill, and there it is simultaneously
flying to freedom. It's drawing that animates itself.

Some friends and I played chess a few weeks ago.
Chess is interesting in that each piece moves with a
different footstep. The castle goes straight in any
direction, the knight goes diagonal in a way that
feels kind of under-the-table. Like rebellion, or a
coup-d'etat. And the horse goes in the shape of an
"L". Up, up, right Left, left, down. You couldn't have
conceived of this pattern on your own — it's enigmatic
and oddly informal at the same time.

