

Text printed on maps as part of the installation “Fault Lines”

All matter is held by gravity, the weight of an object is the product of its mass. Matter at the earth's center has no weight, it is attracted outward and possesses the greatest pressure. I tell my sculpture students that gravity is your friend. Don't work against it, let it help and guide you.

July 1995

I walk home through the night. It's one of those thick heavy summer nights, after a rain, when the air is unbearable to breath. Every corner has a chunk of a scent that lingers, a solid piece of garbage hovering on the corner, which will not dissipate. The marijuana smell is the most potent. Slicing through the invisible smoke, I look to see where the corporate is; who is that, dragging on the joint that hits my face, the atmosphere of the concerts I used to go to in high school. But there is no one else in my vicinity. Just a couple of kids rough housing far ahead of me. No doubt they smell a thing. It's one of those nights that you welcome any drop in temperature from a passing car, or the breeze from a rollerblader whizzing past. I Climb down into the depths of the underground, my nose twitching from the stale summer fumes. I lean on the cold grimy tiles in the subway, anticipating the express train coming full force. Knowing it will not stop, I inch closer to the yellow safety line, my heart beating faster as the train nears. My heart jumps back and I stand with my nose only inches away from the zooming train. The chill resulting from fear of the closely passing train blankets my clammy body, and feels refreshing.

April 1995

The city seems different since a I left it a month ago. Somehow, while I was away, it awoke from its months of hibernation. It's difficult to keep track of the seasons, darting back and fourth between different time zones, up and down different latitudes and longitudes. I can now walk along the streets where new grocery stores display fresh fruits and an abundance of flowers on the sidewalk. I pick fruit from the rows of already picked fruit, munching it along the way. The cafes and restaurants have opened up the delicious fragrances of breakfast to the street. I weave around the tables of couples and the beginning of a sneeze twitches my nose, not from spring pollen but from "fresh ground pepper on your Caesar salad?" I know not to get too romantic about this scene because soon, in a couple of weeks this scenery will change. The heat will hit the pavement, the few trees existing will tease us with their miniskirts of shade, and the flies will hover over the fruit stands, periodically landing to fornicate in the leftover nectar and juice.

June 1995

I was at the bank yesterday, and saw a reminder of a trip I took in March. I saw a little piece of plastic, in the shape of a dome, sitting on the desk of Ms. banker so and so, in the windowless

office 23 floors above Park Avenue. I remembered back to that one sunny day when two friends and I stopped into the K-Mart to buy little cheesy mementos of our experience in Florida. The shelves and shelves stacked high with gaudy plastic shit, pink and turquoise painted sea shells glued sloppily on refrigerator magnets. The plastic containers filled with water, shells and mardigras like beads floating, or rather sunk to the bottom of a paperweight. When you shook it, the world inside would float above and objects became suspended within its own time and had the sadness of Christmas snow flakes in water. At that moment, standing in the air-conditioned K-Mart in the middle of March, I wondered why anyone would buy such a cheesy item for \$ 8.00. But somehow today as I sat waiting at the bank, I understood the reason for wanting such a ridiculous object. I actually wanted this cheesy plastic souvenir from Florida for my very own. I wanted my very own little square solace of water on my desk, at my meaningless yet moneymaking temporary job. At that moment I regretted not purchasing that eight dollar piece of trash, and realized that I was missing my past.

My mother always compares herself to me, as I imagine all parents must do. "When I was your age..." She was studying at a graduate school in another country. This was during the 50's when people didn't travel as freely and frequently as people do now. During a time when people actually grew up in the house, or rather the same town they were born in, it was a big deal to get educated in a foreign country, some unknown place that didn't speak your language.

Faulting, is the sudden slippage between two rock masses separated by a fractured surface. You can witness this on a small scale in dry soil, concrete, and the sidewalks. When fractures are compressed or the underneath support is removed, a strain is released and causes mass displacement resulting in a big crack, a path.

Piles of books, travel books, and the Sophisticated Traveler section of the Sunday Times, filled with wonderful exotic photographs, topple the kitchen table. My roommate makes an observation about the numerous times we pull the road atlas from the bookshelf. Certain roadways have become discolored from our breakfast coffee stained index fingers. When you go to AAA, and tell the agent of your equation point A to point B, they not only give you a Triptych of the path to your destination, but volumes and volumes of books, on every state and its accommodations you will encounter on the future road ahead.

June 1995

In the car, traveling the miles and miles of endless asphalt ahead, sometimes I start making lists. Lists of anything; whom I need to write letters to, the things I need to do when I return, how many jobs I have had, all the men I have slept with, how many times I have moved in my life. I lost the little pad of paper I write all the seemingly important moments on, when I drive long distances in my truck. The solitude of thoughts that occur when the left brain is occupied driving

and the right brain has its chance to wonder creatively. I periodically press the seek button on the radio. Somehow, by this time my ear has gotten a good sense of what guitar cords signal country music, and within seconds, my index finger is on the seek button again. I begin to do worthless math on the road, over and over again. Time divided by distance, time divided by the speed at which I am traveling, every time I pass the green mile marker I begin counting the white dashes on the highway, I start over and do the math again. It is something to do to keep myself awake.

May 1995

I come and go from home so much that sometimes I think the few friends I have in this city, has given up on me. Every time I speak with someone, the conversation is about where I was, and when I will be leaving again. They don't want to make plans because they know that I will be leaving town again. What's the point. Why do we all come and go so much? Does this generation have such a short attention span, (blamed by older society no doubt on television), that we can't stay put in one place for very long? Are we bored with the present location? They tell me that the "W" section in their address book is a mess. The number of times they have crossed out my name and address, whited out the information over and over again, due to my constant unstable living location. They blame me for having to purchase new address books, the "W" section completely shredded and worn. But my address book is no different. I have begun to omit writing anything in this book with pen. The only permanent entries belong to the addresses of parents from high school friends. Parents are a stable home representing signs of permanence, a permanent landmark to the past. They have built upon foundations so deep that even the tremors of recession, cannot uproot them from their houses, the old neighborhood.

This asphalt stretch I rumble along is what keeps me connected to friends. Passing township signs and rest stops that I must have previously stopped at with them. The memory of these times creep up as I drive past them now. I pass the sign for "Camel back ski area". This one is in Pennsylvania, the Pocono's. Just the place Camelback, reminds me of Kristin, though her mountain is in Arizona.

I concentrate on one memory at a time, rather than a bombardment of effects. License plates from different states, a certain make and model of a car, become mirrors of past friends. The Nissan Pathfinder is Randee. The 1982 baby blue Camaro is Lanie. As I drive I am reminded of each episode we have experienced within these vehicles. These friendships began and took their course within the confines of a small space with leather bucket seats. Our intimate conversations took place mostly at the speed of 60 miles per hour.

I have accumulated over 3000 miles on my truck in the last month and a half. The current generation lives in a state of flux; transitional movement, leading a gypsy life. With in these

attitudes of non permanence, somehow are associated with moving in search of some goal. Something that is unclear.

July 1995

Back home in the city, having twenty minutes to kill before an appointment, I duck into a cafe. It's four thirty, just about the time you need some caffeine, a nap or some speed to get you through until you can regain your second wind. I choose the instant and cheaper gratification of caffeine, and sit at the table lining the front window, the stool too high for my dangling feet to reach the floor. The welded steel tubes, making up the bar, have a bad design. I begin to concentrate on the passing scene, beyond the glass in front of me. I begin to imagine that it is I who is moving, and the scene outside is standing still I am a passenger on a passing train. Sipping on the coffee that fogs up the pain, the diagonally divided glass makes a collide scope of the stores and people. I close one eye and view it from a peep hole.

January 1995

Early morning of the 17th there was a devastating earthquake in Japan. I was driving from New York to Pennsylvania at the time. As I drove on that first beautiful sunny morning in January, I calculated the time difference and knew it must be night in Japan, yet I heard the voice of the BBC reporter tell us it is not dark there. The burning buildings from the wreckage keep the tragedy illuminated. Kobe and its densely populated surrounding areas in chaos. The body count began at 1300 when I departed on my journey, and increased faster than my odometer could keep up.

March 1995

In the 747 jet, I look out of the convex oval window at the clouds making a pattern white. The dense precipitation on the outside makes moving designs, flying past at 500 mile an hour. The earth below looks exactly like a National Geographic photograph, the lakes appearing like pools of nothing, are they gaping holes or is it snow? As usual, my adrenaline is pumped, and I flick my wrist over and over, to calculate the arrival at the airport. I am traveling to be a spectator of the earthquake, late as usual.

April 1995

It is early spring in Japan, the monsoon season has just begun and my jet lag will not go away. I am sleepy all the time, yet every morning I awake and try to figure out the train system to search for the left over severity from the earthquake. I have an untrained eye for this type of devastation, especially in a foreign country where nothing looks familiar to me. I begin on the outskirts of the cities because rumor has it, the train stations where the major quake occurred have not yet been fixed. It has only been two months, but every day I feel as though I am getting closer. At first glance, every area looks quite normal, all crowded and built busily upon one

another. But as I look closer, the colors have gone away and there is no laundry fluttering on the balcony, usually signaling life. The landscape seems unnaturally low, where tall buildings used to be, cranes stretch their necks, their balls hanging or their jaws munching on the rubble necks and heads of the city. Somehow the sadness does not affect me. Rather I felt as though I walked through a derelict neighborhood in the dead sections of New York City. The only difference I felt was the sound of construction, the many sounds of the workmen trying to fix everything at an alarming rate.

April 1995

From where I stand, I board another train. Tunnel after tunnel, I alternate my reflection upon the window to the high climbing landscape. I am ascending the landscape now, ears popping on my way to visit my grandmother. None of the surroundings are familiar, though I feel that they should be.

Often, when I drive into a different city, I embark on a familiar sounding name of a street; Broadway or Main street. A street every city owns. Your extended arm, holding on to the steering wheel, in sync with your right foot, goes into auto pilot. You think you know where you are and where you are going, until the moment you turn the corner, and instead of the grocery store, or fast food place, that should be there, all you find is an empty lot. You realize you are not in the city you thought you were in. You have miscalculated your acceleration. Your auto pilot has failed you. Your mind goes blank for a moment, feeling like the confusion after awaking from a mid day nap.

It takes a while to get familiar with the surroundings again. I can usually return to the present city by seeing a clue of the neighborhood I am driving in. In familiar territory, there are two different types of neighborhoods, the good one and the bad. The easiest signals I usually spot are the shopping carts and the garbage. A bad neighborhood usually has a prison of sorts to keep all the carts within the vicinity of the store, concrete phalluses, waist high, wide enough for people to pass through with their bags, but not the carts. God forbid they should get loose. The carts live lives caged in by 4 foot concrete phalluses, living within the boundaries of automatic doors. Ironically, it is in these neighborhoods that you see the carts wandering about, parked in peoples back alleys and abandoned upside-down in gutters.

The second clue to knowing what kind of neighborhood you are in, is the way personal garbage is handled. My neighborhood is not a plush neighborhood. But everyone seems to understand how the trash is handled. Twice a week, it piles on the front sidewalk in a heap and then it disappears. Unfortunately sometimes a passerby will mess with it before it gets picked up, that's what keeps it from looking like a yuppie street. In the really good neighborhoods, they seem to

have designer trash bags. Each city, or section of town has their own colors, as if it is some sort of team spirit. Bags that coordinate with your neighborhood, don't clash with your home.

May 1995

The earth must have a short attention span. I can tell by the rock formations I concentrate on as I drive along the highway; the way it changes direction, zigzagging towards the sky, an earth-tone rainbow. When it feels really bored it wants to dance. It wants to displace its limbs, make new bumps, cracks and valleys. Redecorate a bit.

All matter is held by gravity, the weight of an object is the product of its mass. Matter at the earth's center has no weight, it is attracted outward and possesses the greatest pressure. I tell my sculpture students that gravity is your friend. Don't work against it, let it help and guide you.