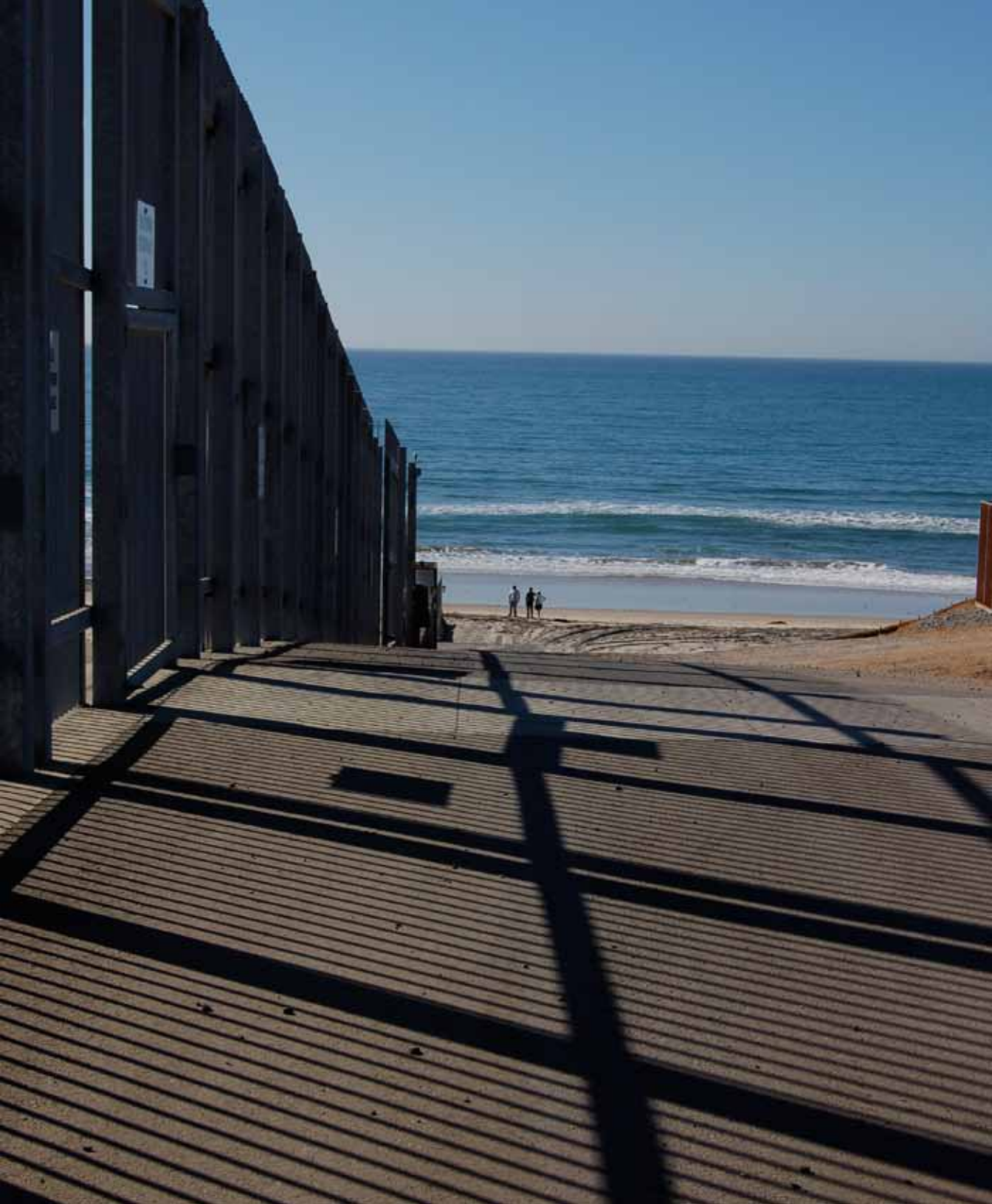


**WALKING A LINE | (ojos son viendo)**





F I E L D S I D E

A white van, two ATV's. He holds his hands on each side of his head  
I did not look.

The park is opened Saturdays and Sundays (the lot is empty).

I walk to the beach:  
You may neither drive nor bring dogs. There is no lifeguard.  
There are rip-currents and sewage.  
Neither the city nor the state are responsible for your injuries.

A thirty-something and his sons are on the beach. The children run in  
the sand. I am watching; they run south/my eye hits a chain-link fence.  
I look through the fence.  
N o b o d y  
is swimming. There's a hillside crowd looking across.  
I pretend to look out to the Islas Coronados.

There is a gate, and a sign-- there are  
R U L E S F O R E N T R Y :  
Maximum Occupancy-25. Government issued photo ID is required to gain access.  
Individuals and organizations are responsible for ensuring the public access area remains a  
clean, litter free environment.  
The exchange of items through, over, or under the fence is prohibited.  
Physical contact with individuals from Mexico is not permitted.  
No weapons permitted.  
Disturbing, moving, or altering infrastructure designed to limit access is prohibited.

I continue walking.





O L D T I M E R S :

Cast off over a hillside chaparral, a sunbleached skin, wrinkled with gravity. It was a slow, unwitnessed entropy, maybe over months, maybe years.

Nobody much roams these hills in broad daylight, save the boys on their ATVs. There are a couple of hikers, people ride horses along the dusty paths that cut the landscape.

These clothes have settled in the hillside, become permanent, aging features:

O l d - t i m e r s .  
Near the chaparral and that old, wrinkled coat lay two baseball caps. A bookbag slumped, near empty. I unzipped the front pocket: a broken pair of wraparound sunglasses, cheap headphones, a bible, a toothbrush.

Are these things altars?

Are they untouched because they have the weight of some one's anxious memories, of some one's suffering, or is it that nobody cares to pick them up?

Arms and collars stretch up out of freshly moved earth. When they put in the new fence, bulldozers plowed indifferent to these things that once covered bodies. The top surface of this new ground is sprayed with dyed-green hydroseed. Erosion control.

I remember walking along one of the paths travelled by trucks and ATVs. Pressed in the dust was a woman's fleece jacket, tire-tread on top of entropy. I picked it up from the ground.



THE

ORACLE

APPEARS

The oracle appears in a white jeep and aviator sunglasses. He skids to a stop over loose dust. His window is never up. “What are you doing here?”

We walk towards a parking lot. A blonde cowgirl silently kisses a dark-haired cowboy. Their horses watch from the nearby corral. We take their picture. From a nearby hillside.

The second time, we are walking on the beach. A lone jeep is stranded; he comes to pull the officer out, and gets stuck in the process.

We notice a piece of kelp, rubbery and tubular, starting as an air-filled node and tapering to a point. Piles of kelp lay like bodies, rotting and smelling and breeding flies.

*Sometimes, at night, we are lying on the beach, just to watch. They come over and lie down next to us, thinking we're seaweed, and that's when we get 'em.*

He's from *fucking Ohio*, and doesn't give a shit about *politics*. He does not want to be photographed.





We are dangerously close;  
a couple more steps and the oracle could  
swoop down and throw us in jail for the night:  
*Trespassing, US property.*

Two kids are now lying in the sand, making sand angels. Dad helps the U.S. Customs and Border Protection agents, checking tires before they attempt a third time to escape the sand.

We walk up the hill toward the line.  
A man carries a guitar behind his back.  
Two kids are running along the southern edge.



We set up the tripod and prepare to shoot. The Bolex is lifted from its case and clipped in. This shot is of a lone figure walking up a hill. There are unlit floodlights evenly spaced on the path.

Across the line, construction workers pour cement.

We are in sight of a culvert connecting two sides of a canyon, separated by a berm, a road, and a wall.

The culvert is a looking glass. It is also a passageway. This is a place of detachment, but there are still eyes watching. U.S. Customs and Border Protection watches via radar. We are watching through a camera lens. A man in a red shirt waves from Mirador when he sees us.

Scott tries to zoom in on the construction workers with the Bolex's long viewfinder.





We were preparing to shoot on the hilltop,  
at a location where construction  
buried clothing left near the line.  
I wanted to pull these things up from the  
earth, put them in a bag and carry them away.

The white Jeep skids to a stop:

*What are you really doing?  
You are too far south.  
You have crossed one line--  
I have a car--you do not.  
I have a gun--you do not.  
I am watching, they are watch-  
ing too--and they do everything.*

He drives off in a cloud of dust.



Justice comes later in the form of approaching city lights:

We are dazzled by estrellas terrestres and enter.

There is a long line from the checkpoint, and we are moving slowly.  
People are walking in the streets with icons and blankets and nieves.

