

this is what you are, but nonetheless you ponder the choices. The mature ones. The immature ones. What becomes clear is that what you could have said and what you could have done become the measure of what you are. But what are you? A man? A woman? "Whoa there!" you think. Those words imply all sorts of things you haven't begun to do. Settling down. Crystallizing. Buying houses. Growing roots. One thing you do know. Whatever development that has occurred has been skyward. Not earthward . . . There you are . . . up in the air . . . living . . . loving . . . having a ball. People kept asking what are you going to do? Going to do? As if "doing" were some far away thing. One wonders if the general public is aware of the fact that you wake up

every morning . . . and pull over your dress . . . put on your pants . . . climb into your shoes . . . wondering where the insulation that you're supposed to possess is . . . Somehow you don't feel insulated . . . grounded. No you're alive . . . wire . . . high . . . making connections . . . but at the same time out in the open. Being rained on. Showered on. Frozen out. Billed. Billed. Billed! Paying everyday for your "insulation". It would be worth the worry if you could do what you wanted to do . . . be an actor. God knows an actor pays bills too . . . but an actor is a Real Person . . . not just being focused and edited but focusing and editing. Not just undergoing but acting. Yessir, that's what you want to be . . . an actor.



