











## What is That Quiet Circle of Sand

A suitably enigmatic title for reflecting on the intermittently puzzling, sometimes haunting, exotically mystifying, undeniably quotidian, and almost always sun-blasted contents of *Tucson Today*. To start with, the cover, a lot next to what was Chaffin's Diner. Two grubby rumble-down easy chairs, a wall of hay bales with a few others placed just so, a plastic toy truck and some other miniaturized can in an overturned lid, a frisbee golf goal and sunhorse, all encircled by razor wire with an empty street and anonymously busy windowless buildings beyond. Whether purposeful or not, which is doubtful, an unwitting sculptural installation. You could say the following pile of rocks is just that, but the pyramid bisected by the two fence poles can also be perceived as much more. Assuredly accidental yet appearing intentional, while leaving room for doubt. Just the first two in a series of arresting arrangements, aggregations, placements, situations, and many other beguiling and compelling amalgamations in and around the vicinity of the Old Pueblo. Nearly always with that unerring, uncompromising sky, and every shade of tan imaginable on the ground and elsewhere.

Cute light blue VW Bug in a vacant parking lot, and those 200-year-old Saguaros. A particularly convoluted sample was once described as an "elephant playing the canteens," an apt characterization of their pretzel-like entanglements. Undeniably comical, and seeing as they are a trademark, those columnar cacti make quite a few appearances herein. Bold three-dimensionally painted cross, a tapered straw sun hat hung on broken branches with an alternating blue and white Op Art fence behind, and a blue, green, and olive wrapped-up something fronting a plethora of vertical and horizontal stripes. That flat-tied, bed-less, listing truck on a wide unoccupied street. Silence practically shouting, stunning volubility, and soundlessness permeating the place especially during the formidable summers. Those purple bushes, another Tucson staple, and that sketchy DIY spot, remember not even riding it since that would

