

There Needs to be a Big Wall

I spent some time today strolling the side streets and back alleys of the poorer parts of Acapulco. It was unspeakably cool—the crowded, winding streets and steps and paths and passageways, the three-dimensionality of it all, like the result of decade after decade of layers upon layers of “homo sapiens habitat” built up.

I don't speak the language of the people there, and few of them spoke English. Literally hundreds of people had the opportunity to attack me, rob me, or kill me. None did. That did not surprise me. Several of them gave me food and other stuff, in exchange for pieces of paper. Words were not needed for that to happen. Mutual respect and courtesy abounded, as did mutually beneficial interaction.

Incidentally, at no point did I think, “Ya know, I really think there needs to be a big wall somewhere between this place and where I live.”