

## COMMUNITY ARTS

The night we decided to try a new approach to vandalism was my idea. Instead of amputating car mirrors and decapitating lawn ornaments, we would destroy the official identities of everyone in the neighborhood. Cloaked in sable hoodies, we clutched flashlights and glue as we crept from house to house. First, we ripped all the characters off each mailbox; then we rearranged them. “Leon Hoster” was metamorphosized into “HoLe stoner.” “The Cheneys” were transformed into “yes Then Che.” It took almost all night to make our way around the block, but I was sure the pay off would make the hard work worthwhile: come morning, chaos would ensue. Yet the next day, most folks didn’t seem to notice what had been done to them—at least not until late in the day, when they picked up the usual loads of bills and junk mail, after work. Before the sun dropped that evening, more than half of the characters had be rearranged into their original configurations, and within three days, everybody was back to normal. The other boys complained about wasting so much time without results. But I convinced them they shouldn’t have listened to me in the first place—everybody knows that manipulating a bunch of letters never really matters.