

collage



spring 2002

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featured authors and artists:

Nick Butcher

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Denny McBride

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Maya Nitis

Billy Smith II

Jonathan Trundle

The Strangle Tangled Egg and the Perfect Descent

by Jeanette Mason

BREATHE!

Tightly they come...
Smeefle and snort, smeefle and snort
I crinch and I taunch...
The pain is unbearable!

My egg! Don't break my egg!
The compaction builds...
The sloshed bag is broken...
Relief momentarily from the shrinkage...

Nauseating, my gooble oozing
My schnoozle tightening...
Then the abdomniache comes...
It creeps over me like an unavoidable death.

My egg!
Don't break my egg!
Formine fears that my cargo is damaged...
She comes with the yeartling poke and I dream...

Evil formine! No good for my egg!
No more smeefle and snort...
No more oozing gooble or abdomniache
I awake to breathe...

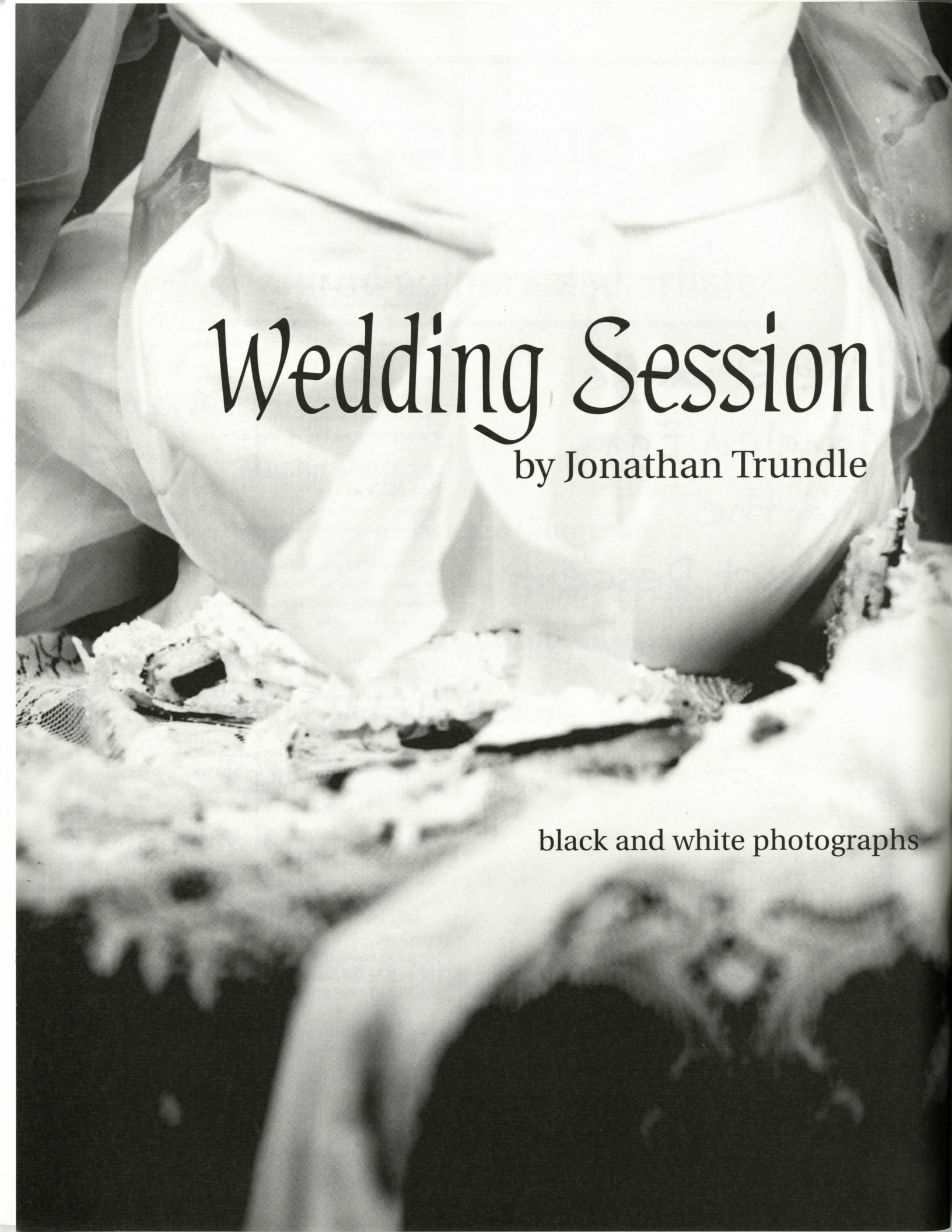
Sweet cold breath in my nose and mouth.
Where is my egg?
Has someone stolen my precious cargo?
My beloved assures that it is still here but...

The strangle tangle has attacked our egg
No choice now but to break my egg, Pray.
They tie my hands and I cannot move.
The latex formine comes with her scalpel

Cracking into it, me
Yolk everywhere I hear my egg shatter
The treasure emerges howling and wets all...
Stitching me, sewing me, reflowering me...

Unbind me!
Let me go formine!
Let me hold my dripping neonate!
Give me my limbs Beloved!

I have a hand free to count him.
Ah, four paws and twenty claws...
A perfect set...
A perfect descent.

A black and white photograph of a wedding cake. The cake is the central focus, with a bride's hand visible on the right side, resting on the cake. The background is dark, making the white cake stand out. The text is overlaid on the image.

Wedding Session

by Jonathan Trundle

black and white photographs



ILFORD PAN F PLUS



9.

ILFORD PAN F PLUS

12



LEOPOLD DANIELS

2555





I had no interest in breathing
during my exile.
I stole breaths when I saw that
England isn't watching.

Ragged Daniel's liver touched my plate;
at least, that's what I hope was my plate.
I remember handling his bones,
without caring who it was.
Was that a way of showing respect?
Did I scratch his car?
Did baby deform his remarkable strut
with her dirty mittens?
How about W.E.B. Du Bois?

Too often, Ragged Daniel would be seen
consuming mother's pills.
Frequently, mother would step much too close,
nearly losing touch
with her notion of reality.

I used to mock Ragged Daniel's novel,
whenever I would have a marvelous conversation with his mother;
she never ceased to defend him,
mentioning his
stability in celibacy.

The last cigarette I smoked
had a delightful flavor to it,
causing my exile.

I tied a shoestring around her bedpan.
Asked her questions, to help her sleep comfortably.
Asked the place if my drugs were bad.
Lamented a sound;
was heard all over that place.
Asked my bedpan back into my life.
Curled next to Sosie Sethers;
she had the most beautiful hair on a woman I had ever saw.
Curled next to her, because she wanted a form of comfort.
She heard laughing outside our favorite window;
the one that had the Star of David painted on it.
She tried to find me stepping
through the hallways.
She wanted to drink a bottle of cold beer
in the hallway;
it was her favorite month of the year.

Lindsay Hogg

by Jarrett McCall

Sunday Afternoon on the Square with Eggleston

Jonathan Trundle



red, green, blue internal dye photographic print

The Chill in the Air, the Warmth of Your Skin

by Austin Duggan

The gray car's brake lights diminished. Elliot sighed. Nothing else better to do when frozen in a traffic standstill. Just sit and stare at the car straight ahead. The trunk of it was open, and the dull atmosphere coupled with Elliot's dirty windshield made what was in it appear unimpressive at best. A pink bike with plastic flowers on its basket protruded uncensored from the rear of the vehicle. To the girl in the back seat it was a status symbol. Or boy. Boys can have pink bikes. As a child, Elliot had a hula-hoop, and his mother always said what a cute girl he would have been.

But why did these parents throw it in the trunk like that? Forget that the economy-size car doesn't have a bike rack, forget there's no room, forget that she's too young to care. It's insulting. The bike is important to her. Now it's haphazard, protruding from the trunk without the sun to flatter its paint job, like sticks for a campfire without a match to light the kindling.

It's not fair. The bike is being made the symbol of annoyance and triviality and clutter and not status.

It's not fair. Are her parents not proud that they have a little girl? Elliot would have been a cute girl. Not anymore, he thought, not with my father's brown suit coat and a hairy stomach and three ninety-nine cent hamburgers for lunch. It's not fair. It's not fair to Elliot. Hula-hoops don't work for him the way they used to. The girl hopped around the back seat, entertained by the traffic standstill. Her parents were telling her to stop. Her parents were telling the traffic to go. They didn't think she was ever going to stop. They didn't think the traffic was ever going to go.

Elliot wanted to feel as if he were outside of his vehicle. He wanted to smell the carbon monoxide. He wanted to feel the air fighting with itself. He wanted to take the bike out of the trunk. He wanted to see his surroundings as if his fogged windows weren't there. But they are, and he is still the same person sitting alone in his brown '87 Honda.

A crayon-written message appeared on a slip of paper in the rear window. The girl stared at Elliot. It was for him. The message was for him and the message was urgent. "Help me. I have been kidnapped." She smiled. The message said, "My bike is going to get wet if it rains." It said, "Stop. Go. Stop. Go." It said, "You would have been a cute girl." What it said was a joke. Elliot put the window down.

There is a chill in the air now. The sky is gray. The color of his car, his skin, the bike could all be brilliant in the sun, but the sky is gray and it is determined. To the right of him is a woman in a car that, unlike his, is recent and runs without odd noises. She has long, straight hair like his aunt, and with both of her hands on the steering wheel, she looks nervous and completely comfortable being nervous at the same time. She has silly ears, like his father, and the style of clothes that his daughter wears. She is thin. She is petite. She is soft-spoken. She has a mole on her upper arm. There is not a handsome man hidden beneath her femininity. There is nothing male about her.

Elliot puts all of the windows down and keeps his gaze fixed. She is beautiful.

There is a chill in the air and the sky is gray. The woman shifts her position, and for a moment Elliot can feel his hands in her hair. Drizzle begins to decorate his windshield. There is the smell of rain. The rain of the season that is cold and makes the separation between fall and winter a finality.

She coughs, and Elliot inhales the indecisive taste of the air around him. He can smell her breath. It's a chicken salad sandwich for lunch, and she is full. He exhales steam. What is it like to feel full from such a small meal? She is still and nervous to be alive but comfortable with it. She is happy being vulnerable and small and passive and feminine. Elliot could have been feminine.

The wind blows. The cars around him wipe the decorations away. He stills himself and feels his skin tighten to grow goose bumps from the chill. His body hair stands at attention, proclaiming the last of its sensitivity. Her windows are up. She is comfortable. She is pink with a healthy blood flow. His body is numb.

Elliot's body is numb and rough, and hers is soft and temperate. It is inviting. The warmth of her skin is inviting. The wind is blowing cold rain into the car and into his ears and into his skin. Elliot is wet, numb, and cold. He sees her comfort. He sees her content. As the cars begin to move forward and the standstill finally breaks, Elliot can feel the warmth of her skin around him. He is content. He is comfortable. He no longer feels confined within his own body. The sky is gray and there is a chill in the air. Elliot could have been a beautiful woman.

With Winter Comes Death

Nick
Butcher



spray paint, photocopy

The Gospel According to Dr. Butcher



Nick
Butcher

The Mask's Exhibition

by JARRETT McCall

A MASK EXHIBITS HEARING;
IT ATTEMPTS TO fall

MORE TIN
THE PLEASANT-LOOKING baby is looking AT PEOPLE
DRINKING HORRIBLE BOTTLES
of gin, WHICH WERE gifts
THE NATION USED TO BE NAMED, "CANADA"
NOW, IT IS NAMED, "MEMORIES OF 1985"

THE COUGHING girl REMEMBERS RONALD REAGAN,
LEANING AGAINST SOMETHING
IN THE RAIN
THE SHOTGUN RESEMBLES
PART OF A LED ZEPPELIN SONG,
WHEN A CHILD WOULD SUDDENLY HEAR THEM
ON HIS FAVORITE FM RADIO STATION

you HELD my WHITE
balloon IN ISTANBUL...do YOU REMEMBER THAT?
THE ATTEMPT IN HEAT?: MAILING IT

HEARS
A doll
limping
in its
dress,
it
pounds
in A
STRETCH;
falls
off like
AN ASH
of MARIJUANA

AND
LIVES IN
A DIFFERENT
MORAL
COMPASS,
GRACE

I REMEMBER
ZACK'S LUST
IN THE DANCE
club

HAVE ANY REMEMBRANCES OF BARRELS?
HOW ABOUT IRELAND?

The Four of Us

by Maya Nitis

"We are pregnant with freedom.
We are a conspiracy."
--Assata Shakur

I am barren with desire...

I am ten feet tall/I am young, you are a child, my mouth is tied, your hands are shaking, this isn't welcome. I am hungry for her. She is dirty, she is love, she is dirty love, dry love...

I am free and lonely;

I am six feet tall/I am slick, you are a follower, my mouth is dry, your legs are too thin, it isn't home. I am fruitless and flowerless. She is a flower, she smells like jasmine...

jasmine-love;

I am pitiful/I am stimulating, you are under spell, my mouth is weeping, you are sweet, this isn't right. I am stimulating her sex life. Her legs are spread, she is wet, but not for me;

I am short/I am wanting, you are wanting, my hands are empty, you are not old enough, to fill them. I am sweating for her. She doesn't love him, although she might say she does her legs know better;

We are sad/we are pathetic, you are nonsensical, my stomach is turning, he is not enough, this is over. She holds the phone to her ear and laughs at my seduction...

I refuse to be called pitiful by the beautiful woman whose sex life I am stimulating.

I-Cleopatra

you-not Caesar

her-Jezebel, a beautiful woman I love

him-Fred



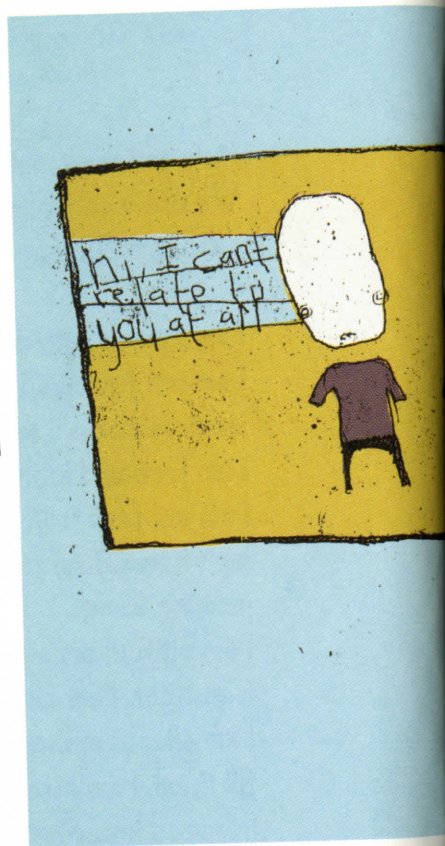
Fatigue and Boredom

photocopy collage

Nick Butcher.....

hi

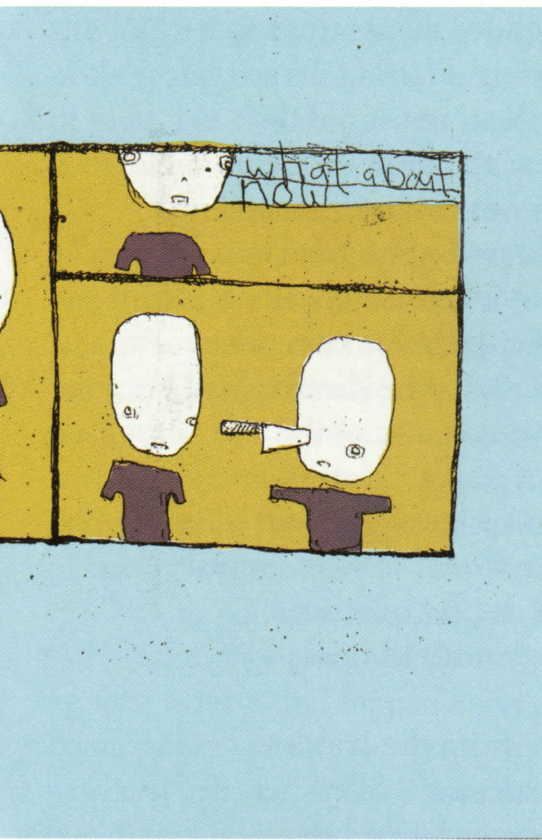
silk screen



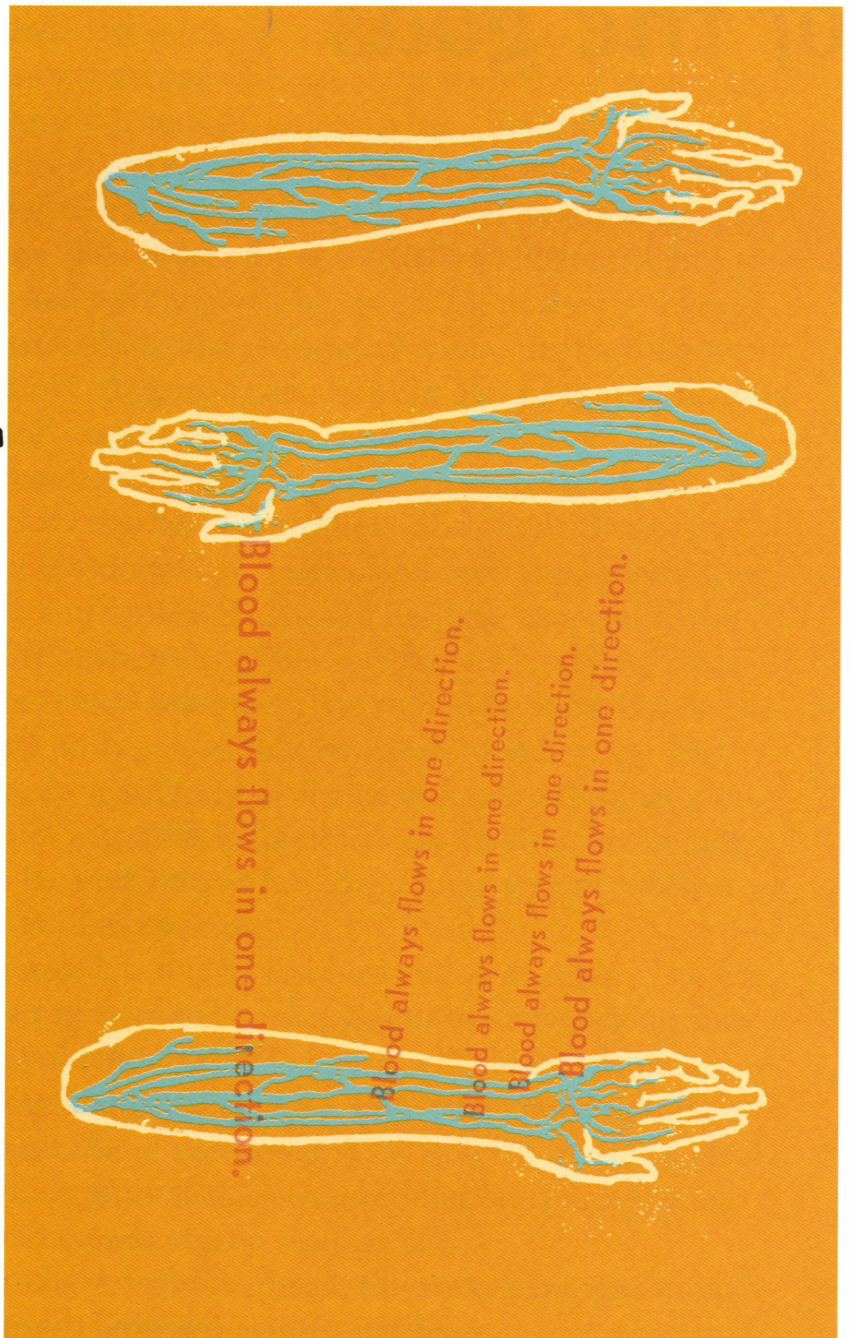
.....Nick Butcher

Blood Flow Chart

silk screen



...



the language of the gods

by Andrea Fisher

The bus drove away. She turned around slowly, carefully. Her arms swung wide around her. Heat rose in shimmering, shivering waves all around the empty parking lot. In the distance, the wail of a siren rose and fell.

Alone.

So, this: this naked expanse of asphalt, steel, and broken beer bottles, this was what they had called Opportunity. Freedom.

America. A beautiful dream in a place where, so far, beauty did not exist.

She gripped the strap of the bag slung over her shoulder and glided across the parking lot toward the looming door of a large store. She pushed the door, but it did not move. A small sign near the handle offered the letters CLOSED in neat red, white, and blue. Oh, so she should pull. She tried to pull the handle back but met with unrelenting resistance. The door did not move. She tugged. Nothing happened. She shook. Still nothing. She kicked, yelling a smooth, refined stream of choice words. Nothing. Perhaps CLOSED meant something else. She peered into the window at rows of empty aisles. In a one-bucket display, plastic American flags on wooden sticks hung, stiff and forgotten.

She stepped back from the window, sighing. A gnawing restlessness filled her stomach. She rested one hand on her belly and glanced at her watch. Time did not stand still in this land of so-far-empty dreams, nor did stomachs stay full. She thought back to her last native meal. The full, rich flavor of home lingered on her tongue. Her aching spirit embraced the memory.

Across the street, a building with a flashing neon sign stood like a weary sentinel on the corner of two traffic-laden roads. She began walking back across the parking lot, wading through the shimmering waves of set-

ting sun and lingering heat with her chin held up and her focus set on the blinking fluorescence of the tired neon sign.

The street teemed with cars loaded down with bicycles, boat trailers, and fussy children. When the traffic light turned red and the vehicles stopped, she stepped out into the road and walked across to the cracked driveway of the restaurant.

Large posters displaying pictures of various food items and drinks hung in the windows. She opened the door, walked in, and took her place behind a line of people; then, she looked up at the menu on the wall. She understood the numbers beside each picture of food, but the words and foods? No. Those were new.

When the man in front of her stepped away from the counter, her breath caught in her throat as she stared into the impassive face of a young man standing behind a greasy microphone and cash register. She smiled hesitantly, but her lips were stiff. "The meal with number four next to it looks good," she said in her native tongue. "I'd like one please. How much?"

The young man stared at her.

"Four," she repeated firmly. She held up four fingers and tapped each one in turn. Four. More stares. He motioned to his co-workers. She repeated her request, her eyes pleading with each person to understand. Words tumbled out of their mouths. Unfamiliar sounds flowed all around her, swirling and accusatory. She struggled not to drown in their tide.

In a quick, careful motion, she held out her arm and pointed at the menu board. They shrugged their shoulders and looked at one another with amusement. Her heart pounded. Her stomach moaned. She searched for a way to give meaning to her request. Once more, she peered up at the

picture labeled four. It looked like it might contain chicken meat. She placed her arms in her armpits, arms akimbo, then raised and lowered her elbows while squawking. Chicken! She held up her fingers again. Four!

The young man twisted his mouth into the resemblance of a grin. He shook his head. His companions burst out laughing. Their cackling laughter crackled like fire through her veins. The heat of her humiliation burned bright in her cheeks.

She fled. As she shoved the door closed behind her, their shouts pushed through the crack between the door and the doorjamb, taunting her. Superior. Smug. Smirking. Their forbidden and unattainable language mocked her. Her stomach gripped her from the inside, clenching the tight fist of hunger. She ignored it as she ran blindly from the sentinel of doom. Its flashing neon light taunted her from behind as the shadows grew deeper around her.

She stumbled into a park. A lone bench claimed her. She cried. Tears ran down her cheeks, and she tasted their bitter flavor. She licked her lips, consuming the saltiness of her sorrow. At long last, shoulders slumped, she shifted her position on the bench so that her head rested on her bag, which she had almost forgotten in her pain. Her body trembled as a chilling breeze flowed all around her like a frigid stream, whispering in her ears.

The last bird ended its song. The first frog and cricket began their nightlong duet. She closed her eyes, still sticky from tears. A sigh escaped her lips. She curled up into a fetal position and lay quietly, invisibly, until a last shudder wracked her body and she fell into a deep sleep at last.

Overhead, fireworks exploded in brilliant red, white, and blue.

Kristen Gurganus

Future Homemakers of America Club



paper, acrylic, charcoal on wood

Kristen Gurganus

Untitled



white earthenware



Photographs by Jonathan Trundle

The Whole of Shadow on Her Face

by Maya Nitis

*She waits
denying it and roaming
through the empty house
in search of dust.*

*She doesn't think to call.
She doesn't think
to call
she doesn't
call*

*all night she waits
if fear of loss
to accidents, to men;
she isn't waiting*

*she rises from the chair
in which she'd found
stable solace
and in order not to weep
she picks a color*

*and she paints
herself in lavender
until she's painted
a shadow
until she's painted
the whole
of shadow*

*on her face
until the doorbell rings
and it is early*

*she kisses all her lavender
good mornings
and they slip away*

*they slip away on sleepfull kisses
in the morning until mourning
she's awake and reaching
for the phone.*

2-ply predicament



black and white photograph
Brittany Inman

T.L. Smith, Sr.

by Billy
Smith II



oil on masonite

Extra-Ordinary

non-fiction

by Nathalie Mornu

There are extreme sports, and then there are extremely unusual sports.

When preparing for a big bicycle race, Tom Shattuck starts training at least a month ahead of time, riding between five and 15 miles every day, and 130-140 miles on weekends. He has stopped counting how many miles he covers every year, but he figures he participates in about eight or nine 100-K (approximately 65 miles) events annually, nearly a score of 25-mile rides, countless fund raisers and at least one 100-miler. In fact, in the last dozen years, he has completed at least 30 of these so-called century rides. These distances are mere drops in a bucket for a professional cyclist. Shattuck, however, can't ride much more than 100 miles in a day, since he averages only about 21 miles per hour. His top speed maxes out around 31 miles per hour.

It might sound wimpy. But what's extraordinary about Shattuck's sport is that he sits astride no ordinary bicycle: it's an ordinary.

After the development of the bikes with equally-sized wheels which we now ride, the name "ordinary" was given to those dinosaurs of early bicycle design, strange contraptions with tiny back wheels and the forward ones having a boggling diam-

eter of five feet. The cycle so common today received the name "safety bicycle" in contrast to what, at the time, was considered an ordinary bicycle.

Shattuck says the manufacture of ordinaries stopped about 1900. Improvements to bicycles since then have included lighter frame alloys and the 10-speed. Wheel size, placement of the seat behind the front wheel, brakes and chain drives also contributed to making the bicycle safer.

Shattuck's machine, however, has none of these amenities. It weighs 90 pounds, easily half of his weight. Under the monstrous wheel, the rider's center of balance rises to a precarious four feet in height, with the lumbering, unwieldy mass below complicating the matter of maintaining equilibrium. Without a chain, the bike gets driven directly by the pedals, allowing no coasting. The feet, and not the handlebars, do the steering while the rider continues to pedal, a tricky task to coordinate. Shattuck says he ruined too many pairs of tennis shoes by applying pressure to his front wheel to stop, so he installed a brake system to the bike two years ago. In the meantime, he had had plenty of memorable accidents, with injuries to match.

The danger of speed on an ordinary was the

least of Shattuck's worries when he first started riding in 1985. He was addicted to speed, a street name for methamphetamines. His instructor at Narcotics Anonymous told him he needed to find an obsession with more staying power than his craving for the drug. Shattuck had seen an ordinary one owned by his brother Fred a few times, but he doesn't know why the idea of building an old-fashioned bike popped into his head. He found an image of an 1865 Columbia Racer, enlarged it, and made blueprints with measurements tailored to his body.

"It's a custom-fit bike to fit me," Shattuck says simply. He built about 90 percent of the bike himself, hiring a machine shop to make the rim for the front wheel. It took about three weeks to work out various problems and complete the bike. In particular, he had to experiment with different types of rubber for the tire, finally settling on wheelchair rubber. And now he had to learn to ride it. "That was a trick in itself," Shattuck says. After some assistance getting on it, going in a straight line wasn't too hard, but mastering his mount would take time and energy. He focused his drug cravings into learning to ride.

"Every time I got the urge to do a line, I'd go out and ride the bike," he says. He remembers going to flat lots at 2 or 3 a.m. when the need hit him, and figuring out how to do hops on the bike, and jumping

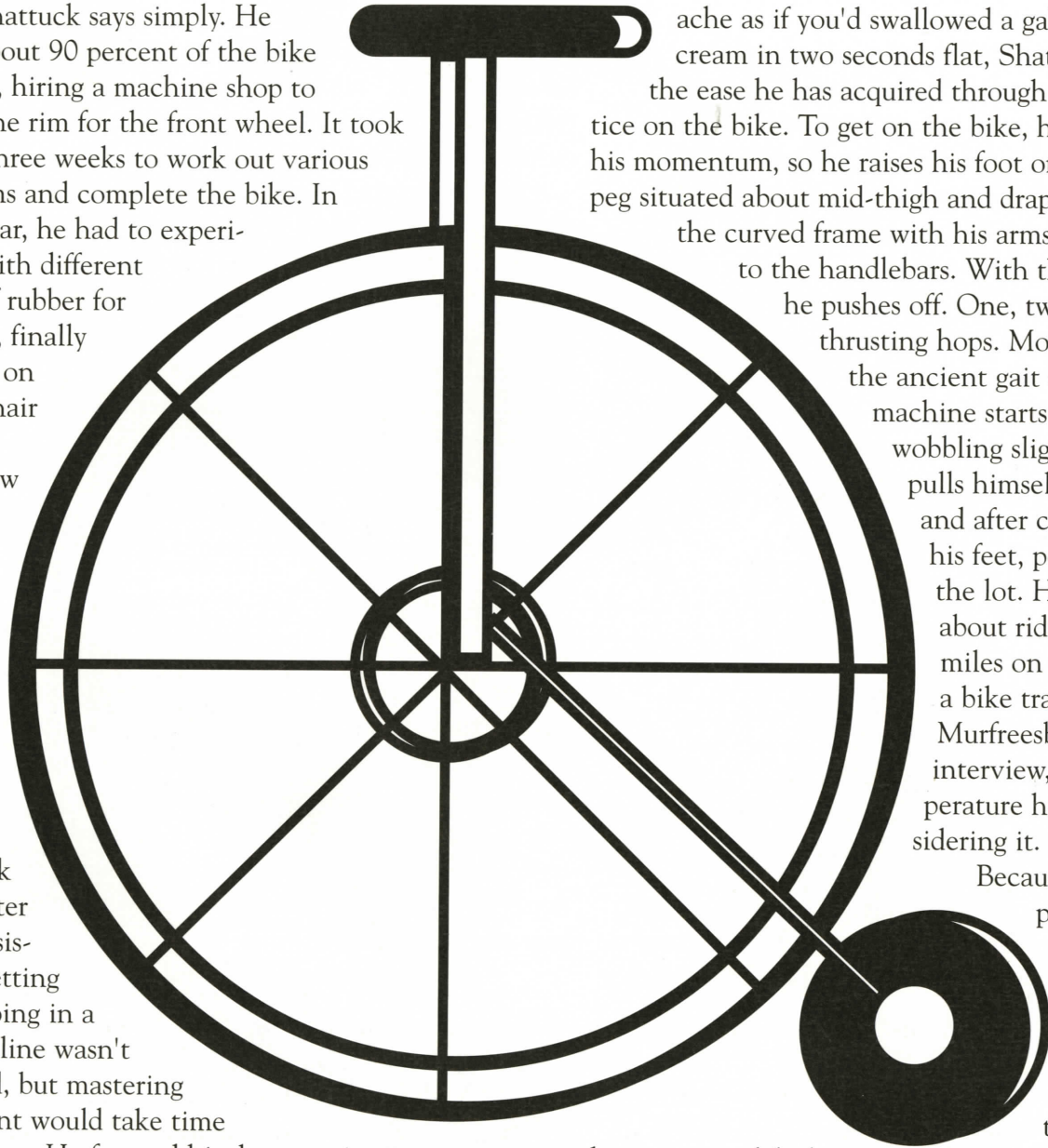
over soda cans he lined up in a row. He learned how to rear up on his rear tire to do wheelies, and spin 360 degrees balanced only on his front wheel. The tricks worked: Shattuck has been clean ever since.

Shattuck looks like a rough, weathered blue-collared Southern rocker. He's lean, with stains between his sharp teeth from more than 20 years of smoking. Sideburns and a goatee give him a dangerous appearance. His smile, however, comes easily and he speaks gently.

On a December morning so cold your sinuses ache as if you'd swallowed a gallon of ice cream in two seconds flat, Shattuck shows off the ease he has acquired through years of practice on the bike. To get on the bike, he needs to start his momentum, so he raises his foot onto a climbing peg situated about mid-thigh and drapes himself over the curved frame with his arms stretched taut to the handlebars. With the other foot, he pushes off. One, two, three little thrusting hops. Moving oddly with the ancient gait of a heron, the machine starts slowly forward, wobbling slightly. Shattuck pulls himself gracefully up, and after carefully placing his feet, pedals around the lot. He was thinking about riding a dozen miles on the Greenway, a bike trail in Murfreesboro, after the interview, but the temperature has him reconsidering it.

Because of the low placement of the handlebars, Shattuck sits hunched over. Every time he pushes

down on a pedal, the bike bows away from him in the opposite direction; an old bearing squeaks considerably, and the combined effect is more of a lurching than a smooth ride. Then with the agility of a circus performer, he raises himself up on his back wheel, rolling forward about



10 feet. Letting himself down gently, he then launches into a series of bunny hops. He demonstrates how to turn, lifting and moving the entire thigh of the outside leg with the wheel to avoid rubbing it against the rim. A curious on-looker comes up to ask questions, and Shattuck stops, balancing effortlessly in place to talk with the man.

People invariably ask if his bike's an antique. Although it's not, Shattuck says riding it is like going back in time. Modern-day drivers sharing a busy thoroughfare with regular cyclists will cuss, throw junk at them or try to run them off the road. On his ordinary, Shattuck says, he gets respect. People smile and wave, and they let him have his bit of the road.

After he mastered the bike, he rode with four friends. The 38-year-old's memories of those years in Fort Worth in the mid to late '80s sound like a bunch of skate punks wreaking havoc. In actuality, Shattuck prefers heavy metal, but he wears Chuck Taylor basketball sneakers to ride because regular tennis shoes are too wide.

At one point, the group was testing its skill at the Fort Worth Water Gardens. To show off, Shattuck rode his ordinary onto a 12-foot tall wall, then came unexpectedly to a break. With no way to get off the narrow wall or his bike, he had no choice but to fall, and knocked out a tooth.

Another time, the group raced on a bike trail along the Trinity River. To avoid other people, they stayed on an older path that was no longer kept up.

"I was in the lead," Shattuck says. "I wasn't going to let those guys pass me." Flying around a blind curve, he discovered too late that the path had caved in. His front wheel caught in the hole, and his momentum flipped him over the bike.

"It knocked the wind out of me pretty good," he says. With a bruised intestine, he walked the two miles to his truck. He had to carry the bike: its destroyed front wheel looked like PacMan.

He repaired the rim, but it's flimsier than the original so he can't do 360s on it anymore. Otherwise, the bike's sturdy, heavy frame keeps coming through for more punishment. At one point, Shattuck had a speedometer rigged to the back end, but it took away from the bicycle's traditional look, and in any case another accident destroyed it. He has added an old bicycle horn from the mid-60s to the bike, and moved the seat back a little to improve stability, replacing it with a replica of an ordinary seat that he found on an internet auction.

For a while the bike sported a coat of glossy, yellow paint to make it look lighter and speedier. In a playful jab at those who take the sport too seriously, Shattuck clad himself in a blue and white cycling jersey and tight black racing shorts, the high-tech outfit comically incongruous on the rider perched atop a highwheeler. Although he deemed the costume less-than-manly, Shattuck discovered that the material wicks away moisture to prevent overheating, and stuck with it.

He also inserted a colorful plastic disk between the spokes of his front wheel to poke fun of cyclists attempting to make their equipment aerodynamic. With a wry laugh, Shattuck recalls how in a strong gust of wind, the disk acted like a sail, pushing the bike off the trail and slamming it and Shattuck into a tree.

The bike's color has since returned to a flat black which Shattuck thinks makes it look heavier, intimidating, almost too monumental to ride. He likes to prove people wrong when they say an ordi-

nary can't be taken long distances, much less have acrobatics performed on it. He hopes when people see he can do so, it encourages them to push themselves harder with their endeavors.

In 1995, Shattuck married Donna Owens.

"She supports me 100 percent on whatever I want to do with it," Shattuck says. Donna follows him in their car when he rides recreationally from his current home in Chapel Hill to Huntsville, Alabama. The ride takes all day, but along the way the couple converses over walkie-talkies. Afterward, they load the ordinary onto a rack where it towers over their stubby Chevrolet Metro, then drive home.

Donna also accompanied him during the Tour De Cure, a fund-raiser for diabetes. The race covers about 150 miles, starting in Murfreesboro and ending in Chattanooga. The route crosses the steep Montecagle plateau. Like many cyclists with far lighter bikes, Shattuck dismounted and let his partner drive him to the top.

"I've got to be realistic about it," Shattuck says. Yet every August he participates in a Wichita Falls, Texas event called the Hotter Than Hell 100-Mile Race. His fastest time got him over the finish line in 8 hours, 45 minutes. One grueling contest took 12 hours and 19 minutes.

"I thought I was never going to finish," he says. Nevertheless, after assigning himself a goal, he refuses to quit. "Once I commit myself to a ride, I'll finish that ride. I like pushing it to extremes. I like seeing if I can ride 100 miles. I've done a lot of century rides on that thing.

"Everyone worries about cadence," --the even, rhythmic pumping of the pedals-- "I just worry about getting that big wheel turning over the next hill. I have to work about five times harder than a 10-speed. They have gears. They can coast. [On an ordi-

nary,] it's just brute force going up a hill. It's pure determination."

Shattuck also rides in less strenuous events. He frequently participates in parades, once renting traditional cycling clothes, including knickers and a derby, for a St. Patrick's Day gig. In December he sometimes dons elf or Santa costumes. The day before this interview he had planned to ride in a Christmas pageant, but didn't due to the temperature. Deciding that it's again too cold to ride today, he hops off the bike and with some effort lifts it onto a rack he custom-welded to fit both it and his car.

His brother has an easier time on his ordinary, which he purchased new from the Russ Brothers, a Colorado-based company that has since closed. His bike is a featherweight at 21 pounds, and Fred doesn't hide his opinion of his brother's behemoth.

"He tells me it's a relic, and to get something more up-to-date!" laughs Shattuck. However, he feels a loyalty to this holdover from another time.

"That one there got me off that shit," he says, referring to his drug addiction. He carefully cinches the bike to the rack on his car. "That's my buddy."

Motion Study: One Constant



Jonathan Trundle

black and white photograph

What's Your Favorite Holiday?



Jonathan Trundle

black and white photograph

The Censored Motion Picture

by Jarrett McCall

A few feet away from the Hall of Fame,
lying across the border,
a willow is visible;
that image was recorded in a notebook.
The film is too avant-garde for any serious analysis.
In it, someone remembers a bright light shining
on the heads of a basketball team;
one of the players sniffs
the shiny blade of a hunting knife,
catching HIV from it.
An outsider was feeling very uncomfortable.
The film was nearing the significant moment:
a black-coated Labrador retriever runs through
the snow-covered Newfoundland wilderness,
searching for its master's morphine prescription;
an opinionated young woman was heard snickering.
The film concluded with Jacob wrestling with an angel:
"I will not let you go unless you bless me."
"What is your name?"
"Jacob."
"Your name will no longer be Jacob,
but Israel,
because you have struggled with God
and with men
and have overcome."

collage

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