



August 15, 2022
Fire Island, NY

Today I convened with my fellow researchers Stevie Knauss and Gregory Willikers on Fire Island's Mastic Beach, an isthmus between the coast of Long Island and the Atlantic Ocean, coming myself from the mid-Hudson Valley, Gregory from Boston, and Stevie from New York City.

It is an exciting day. Today marks the first day of our cross-country vacation/research/"art-handling" trip transporting the FRYE TRUNK to the Frye Museum in Seattle.

Gregory, Stevie, and I first learned of the FRYE TRUNK acquisition in early 2020, some months after ESTAR(SER) had finalized the purchase from Marty's Mart (which through the proverbial grapevine had worn thin the pockets and nerves of those involved in the negotiations ...) It wasn't until mid-2021 however, after the arrangement of the exhibition at the Frye, that Gregory, Stevie and myself agreed to undertake the delivery of the Trunk, and while on the way to research the history of some of its components, many of which suggested sprawling and itinerant Bird-ish activity.

Before arriving at the beach we were obliged to pick up our RV from a seedy, highway-side U-HAUL and RV rental, but not before a bout of dickering with a ruddy and flustered general manager, who did not believe that we were in fact the researchers affiliated with ESTAR(SER). After exactly three phone calls with corporate he resigned to give us a tour of our 30' research vehicle and handed over the keys.

It is a beauty. Sleeping seven, with a shower, kitchenette, pantry, bathroom, it is spacious as any motel room – with a cheery dog decal on the side door to keep our spirits up and a table to organize our research notes to boot.

We arrived at the beach well after night-fall, and parked our research vehicle at the far edge of the encampment where the park met the dunes. It was a long day. But before going to sleep we christened our truck by smashing a bottle of bubbly on the rear bumper.

We'll need all the luck we can get. Those Birds are a tricky bunch. And tomorrow will be our first real day on their trail.



Footprints on Mastic Beach