



Steubenville, Ohio

August 17, 2022
Connellsville, PA to Steubenville, OH
Steubenville, OH to Richmond, IN



*Above: Steubenville bus token
found in Frye Trunk
Below: "One Day At A Time" mural*

This morning opened with a view of the chasm between West Virginia and Ohio, sheer cliffs on either side of the Ohio River. We had decided to stop in Steubenville, Ohio, the “City of Murals”, on a hunch that such an ostentatious proliferation of public art would have caught the eye of those roving exercisers of sustained attention. We were further encouraged by the discovery of two items that had been initially overlooked in the FRYE TRUNK: a Flamingo postcard from Biloxi, Mississippi (additionally notable as possible birthplace of “Hogfoot” Milcom) to a recipient in Steubenville, and an old Steubenville bus token.

Upon entering the city it quickly became apparent that our research vehicle was not suitable for city exploration. After a conversation with an employee at the Dollar General, we left the RV neatly parked in an unused quarter of their lot, and set out on foot.



There were in fact many murals in the city. However, we knew an important tenant of the Birds: to give attention to those objects which need it most. It is a matter of speculation whether this Birdish tenant was motivated by an overwhelming mood of generosity, a sort of spiritual alms for neglected objects, a quiet act of care for the world – or, as some more cynical ESTAR(SER)ians would have it, a lewd kind of gawking at the disfigurement of things once beautiful. Of course, the more subtle among us cannot discount the possibility that it is both things at once. In any case, with this criteria in mind, we discovered in a back alley an understated mural which gave us pause: in black stenciled letters over a painted white background, the words “ONE DAY AT A TIME CLUB” were spray painted on the wall.

The discovery of this mural excited a good deal of speculation: could this be a contemporary or near-contemporary offshoot of the Order?

Perhaps the Club is concerned with the decimation and commodification of our attention – advertising itself in back alleys, the only place where one can find respite from the dissociative and disaffecting pulse of capital on Main Street, away from the billboards and tourist traps? Perhaps a reminder, and a practice, in preserving what remains of collective attentional capacities under the vicious and predatory conditions of the attention economy, in all that can be mustered “one day at a time”???

In retrospect this turned out to be a good deal of irresponsible speculation, as we soon learned that the One Day at a Time Club was also the name of a now defunct rehab center thirty minutes north of Steubenville.

But we were not deterred.

On our way out of town a Taco Bell mistakenly gave us twenty extra tacos. It was hard to take this as anything other than a good omen.



Postcards from Biloxi, MS to Steubenville with mysterious recipient