

August 23, 2022
Garden Valley, ID to Portland, OR

When the sun came up we found ourselves beneath towering Douglas Firs. We decided to stretch our legs with a walk along the river – and came upon a secluded hot spring, pouring from a sheer outcrop. It cascaded down a rock wall into a small basin.

We are not blind to the possibility that Associates of the Order of the Third Bird may have passed through this exact site at some point. We uncovered many well-used maps of National Forests in the Pacific Northwest in the TRUNK, and reasoned that a secluded hot spring would be an ideal place for a roving practitioner to stop for a quick “Bird bath.”

We bathed in the spring for almost an hour. Completely rejuvenated, the prospects for our trip now seemed bright and we were looking forward to meeting another colleague in Portland, Ms. K. Ursula Rose.

*G. Willikers (above)
and Stevie Knauss (below)
in hot spring, Boise National Forest*



Orrin S. Underwood searching for Birds, Boise National Forest



Though we arrived late, we had committed to a second attempt at re-creating a Birdish “Action.” The object of our attention in this go-round was a decrepit telephone booth, vandalized almost beyond recognition.

Unfortunately this object was on a prominent thoroughfare, and the four of us attracted much attention as we stood in the characteristic Bird Phalanx about the booth. Stevie was obliged to explain twice that we were ourselves emphatically not Birds, but were pursuing experimental research in an attempt to re-create the Bird’s “Practice” of Sustained Attention. The citizens of Portland readily accepted this explanation.

I had feared that these interruptions might have compromised our experiment, but clear symptoms of metempsychosis appeared again as Stevie entered into what appeared to be an imaginary conversation during the “Realization” phase, and Gregory pretended to smoke and then flick away several cigarette butts he had recovered from the ground.

After we had re-created the “Colloquy” phase over dinner, we returned to the research vehicle flush with phenomenological datum. In the thrall of such a successful experiment exercised with such a mundane object, we learned something essential: the Birds don’t need museums or hideouts to practice their Birdish ways – what they need, more than anything, is each other. If this is true ... is it possible that they have always been hiding among us in plain sight?

While the FRYE TRUNK displays clear evidence of repeated use in Seattle over a period of more than fifty years, it also appears to have traveled like a tumbleweed, collecting residue from attentional trails and tributaries across the United States. In the same gesture, that diaspora, detached from its stem, aided in the dissemination of the Order’s Practices and Protocols. I’d like to think that if the TRUNK were a tumbleweed, it would belong to the species of saltbush known as *tumbling orache* (or, tumbling oracle).

K. Ursula Rose in Portland, OR





RV featuring golden retriever decal in Boise National Forest

Whether or not we are dealing with past or present avian folly on this trip remains unclear, but either way, here's hoping the wind dies down so we can finally pin down that weed and trace its path, desultory or divine!

Stevie Knauss (left) and G. Willikers (right) beneath the Douglas Firs in Boise National Forest

