

**MONUMENTS
ARE
FOREVER**

Emile Askey





Keeping myself busy without cell service. Shenandoah, National Park.

I was paranoid about being bitten by a tick and catching Lyme's Disease.
It seems like it would be such a drag.



John Edwards (the politician) ate here too. OJ's Diner, Greenville, SC



“You’re going to the Clermont Lounge? I used to sell crack there.”



A photograph of Jharshir Burke.



A photograph by Jharshir Burke.



Rest Area Masculinity. Somewhere in Alabama.

In 2008, I moved from Los Angeles to New York and took 9 days to drive across the USA with my ex and my Dad. Somewhere in the middle of the trip we had planned to drive from Dallas to Jackson, Mississippi. When I was younger we used to go from Dallas straight to Atlanta which is a solid 781 miles. As night fell and we entered Mississippi, my Dad became really agitated and nervous. He suggested we keep going to Atlanta and not stop in Jackson. I told him we'd already booked a hotel and that it was crazy to drive further at that time of the night. He disagreed and said Atlanta was the safe place, Mississippi was not. In the morning he told me how he and his band mates had been run out of town in the middle of the night right outside of Jackson by a white mob. 60 years wasn't that long ago.



Acura on 22's while listening to Bored Games. Mobile, AL



“Don’t go to the French Quarter. There was a shooting there last week.”



Granny & aerial view of Bayou Teche



The media circulated photograph of Victor White III.

According to the New Iberia police, Victor shot and killed himself while handcuffed in the back of a police car. He had been frisked three times.

The coroner determined that he was actually shot in the chest and not in the back as initially reported. However, his death was still ruled a suicide.



Found image of worker at Tabasco Sauce plantation.



I sat down for lunch in a lady's backyard. She asked me why I was in Loreauville. "Well, I live in New York but my great grandmother was born here". She asked who my great grandmother was. "Mathilde Hebert".

"Don't know her" she said.



It's was pretty strange to look at a place that has been so familiar and felt like a home away from, through the viewfinder of a camera. East Austin has been rapidly gentrified in the last 10 years or so. I like to think that all of the white folks moving in has something to do with the neighborhood feeling so unfamiliar, but when I think about it, it's probably that Papa died back in 2012, Dad passed away last year and really. The people who made this place feel like another home aren't around anymore. I don't recognize the buildings or the faces. It's just a place that used to feel familiar now, although Sam's is still there.

Franklin's BBQ is bullshit anyway.



Austin History Center, Austin Public Library, AS-61-30610-3

AUSTIN HISTORY CENTER,
AUSTIN PUBLIC LIBRARY, AS-61-30610-3

East Austin, is the traditionally Black and Latino side of town. The elevated I-35 freeway has separated it from the rest of the city the late 40's-early 50's. That doesn't seem like a coincidence. Now that the east side is a desirable place to live, there are plans to sink the elevated freeway, so there's a better view of downtown.



Van Horn, TX

Not how I remember it.



There was a Starbucks at every exit north of Phoenix.

We stopped at the third one.

Tuba City Uranium Disposal Cell



She remembers, as a child, “going to get water from a water pump at the covered uranium site right there east of Tuba City,” a site now known as Site 160, where toxic wastes were dumped. “We drank the water, we washed our clothes at the spigot near the side of the road in front of where the trailers are now.

“I was born in '57, so this was in the early '60s.”

She said there were always several vehicles lined up and everyone was getting water there.

“Nobody ever said, ‘Don’t drink it!’” recalled Moreno, now an insurance verification representative at the Banner Heart Hospital in Mesa.

Fifty years later, the legacy of uranium- mining still hangs like a specter over the Navajo Nation.



“If you look up right here, you’ll get a good shot.”



Home away from home. Zion National Park, UT



World Wide River Expeditions, Moab UT

I just assume that everyone in Utah is a Mormon. They're super nice people but I can't understand for the life of me why they would believe in something that is even more made up than Christianity. Our river guide who's name escapes me (Jarrod? Jesse?) had studied journalism at BYU, didn't curse once, and told us a story of this crazy guy that used to work for the rafting company. "He was super crazy, he didn't believe in dinosaurs and stuff".



Days Inn, Torrey, UT

“Is that a La Quinta?”. Me, upon seeing the golden glow of a chain hotel, after 3 hours of worrying that we’d be camping without food.



Samantha, after avoiding a swimming snake in the Portneuf River.



Blue Moon Bar & Grill, Lava Hot Springs ID

The bartender was also the cook. Tourists who had come to float down the Portneuf River and soak in the hot spring pools came into the bar, sat down, realized they probably weren't welcome and went to the steak house down the street instead. I thought it was more interesting to watching Last American Cowboy and seeing the regulars answer phone calls and man the hot plate while the bartender was busy pouring drinks.



Bison herd, Lamar Valley, Yellowstone National Park, WY.

The bison is meant to symbolize strength and abundance.

I can't help but think they're now symbolic of how much we've fucked everything up.



A picture of Sonja Holy Eagle found on Google Image Search.

I met Sonja at her store, The Dakota Drum Co. in Rapid City, SD. I figured it was just another store owned by some white guy trading in native art. When I saw Sonja inside and her nieces introduced us to her and I came to understand that this was a very different place.

I told her that my family has always thought that our families matriarch Caroline was the daughter of Chief Spotted Tail. “She probably is, he had a lot of wives and a lot of children. His family lives on the Rosebud Reservation and everyone there has the name Spotted Tail. You should go check it out.” She gave me a Rosebud Sioux T-shirt for free.

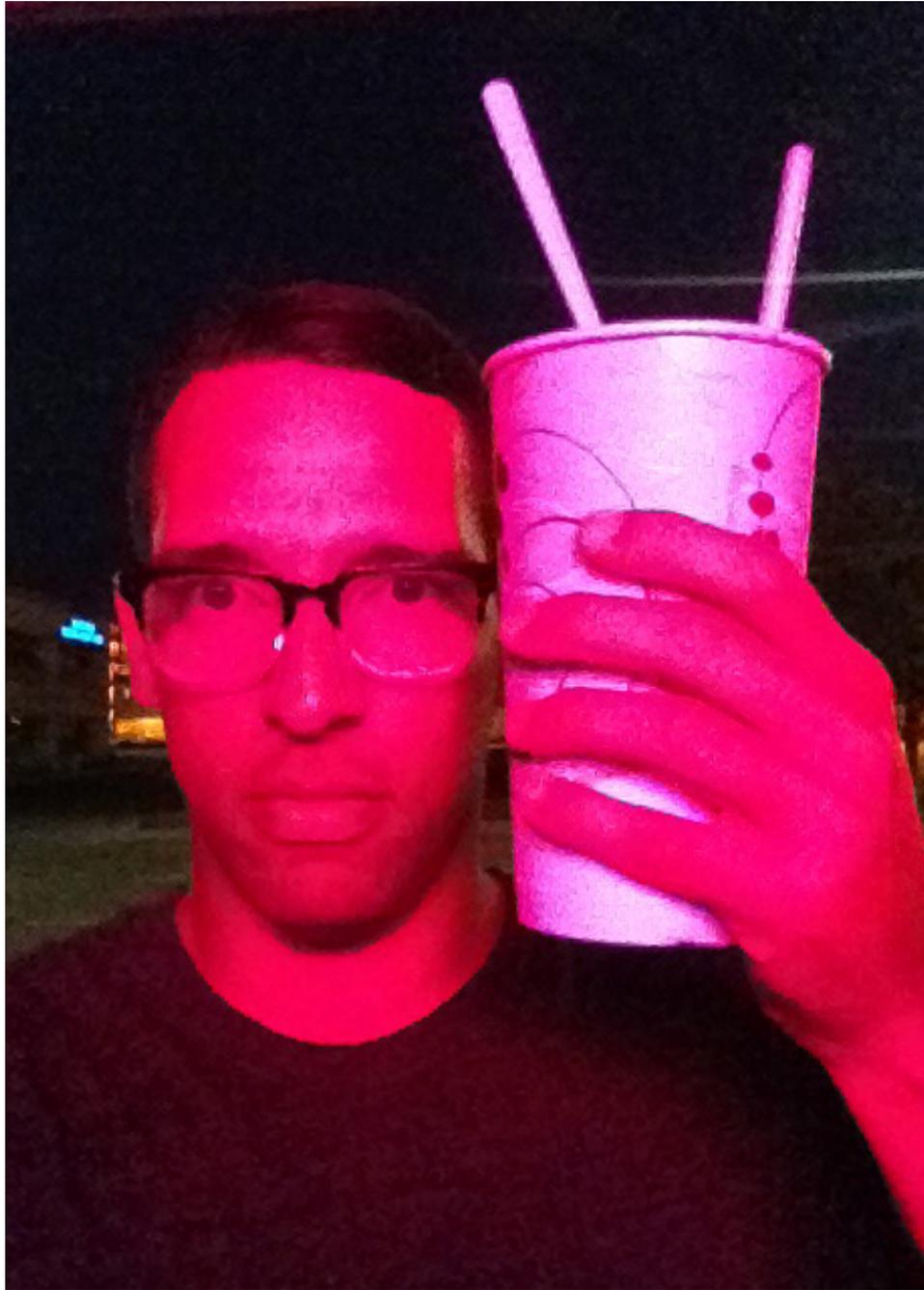


Mount Rushmore.



Still from Gasland.

I kept looking for signs of fracking. I didn't see them and that made it so much scarier.



A milkshake the size of my head. Rapid City, SD.



Outside. Quality Inn, Clarion, PA

We didn't want to stop in Chicago. Our exes live there. We drove to Pennsylvania instead.



Until next time.

Regards, EA