

Book Blurb

Gerald (with his son's input) gives us a series of witty monologues and memoir entries concerning life in a typical elder home. As his mental and physical conditions deteriorate he moves from Independent Living to Assisted Living and finally, Death.

An Army Air Corps veteran and retired aeronautical engineer, Gerald must now come to terms with the cold equations of 'elder physics' and negotiate the challenges of living in an institution.

Therein, he deals with pain and loss of independence, engages with fellow elders, and confronts the mysteries of the digital-age. Between adventures, he reminisces about his passing life.

About the Author

James Hugunin, MFA, won the Reva and David Logan Award in 1983 for Distinguished New Writing in the Field of Photography. He's the founder/editor of *U-Turn Art E-zine* (www.urn.org) and the author of *A Survey of the Representation of Prisoners in the United States: Discipline and Photograph*, *The Prison Experience* (Lewiston, NY: Edwin Mellen Press, 1999) and *Writing Pictures: Case Studies in Photographic Criticism 1983 - 2012* (Geneva, IL: Depth Charge Publishing, 2013). His first novel, *Something is Crook in Middlebrook* (Geneva, IL: Journal for Experimental Fiction, 2012) was listed as "The Best Experimental Novel of 2012" on Derek Pell's *Zoom Street: Art, Culture, Photography, Noir* web blog.

Excerpt from the first story:

The Situation

In the Beginning Was the Situation: An extended mood with and without joy and sadness. Sobs and laughs, black humor and white seriousness — events in the Elsewhere of Elder Physics where the wrong of time rules and where escape velocity seems impossible to reach. Where every day is a patchwork of small battles and myself a brochure of needs. Where Lorentz contractions and time dilations are common and everyone feels like the dummy-hand in Bridge. Where once I am a will within a world of wills, now I am a weed in a wall of indifference; where I now *sit* as many risks as I *run*. Great context for a personal narrative delivered healthy (if not the narrator) and full of beans, where I can *play* at being exactly what I am, a suspicious fellow in a melancholy year littered with psycho-inquisitorial sessions within a society best described as organized crime working within a general larval conformism.

Yep, my body has grown a tale in which I will try to isolate the look from the eye, the action from the verb, and extricate the twitter from the machine. This little tale will wag a *have pity on us all and don't get mad at me for writing it*. If you have tears to shed, prepare to shed them now! And excuse me if sometimes I tend to speak *vatically*. I'm Gerald, Catholic, wary, tight-lipped, and tough-minded in my beliefs. I have my strong opinions. And Jim, my son? Well, he has his soft opinions. I look at stars and see sparks from a train of God's thought, but "Jimmer" merely sees loopholes into 256 dimensions. "If God existed, he'd be a library," says my bibliophile offspring. When he defiantly asks, "If God is good, why does he permit evil?" I trump him with, "To thicken the plot." For instance, every day I manage more and more finely terrific internal turmoil, driving off a flood of black crows in the fibers of my inner tree while it seeks the torrid truth of a two o'clock sun.

Today, the sky skys, the blue clouds cloud and blue as I sit in my tiny room where the pressure of reality has put me. I swear I see a fly escape from a cheap print of a Dutch flower painting parked on my abode's south wall and start to explore the human comedy therein until being dismissed in my missal, slammed twixt hallowed pages. Fingers are on my Smith Corona typewriter using a blue ribbon gotten *gratis* in cartons from Sunny "Storm" Atkins's brother, Butch, a night warehouse watchman in Stickney, Illinois. I'm banging out my memoir, *By the Seat of my Pants*, by machine. It's what us old farts do, it's what I'm doing right now. But, be forewarned, light of head, I play moon to my pedantic son's assistance. So here goes!