

EARSHOT

The First Offenders

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Founder, Curator & Host**

Elephant
by Porter Fox

He takes pictures while driving. He doesn't want to miss a thing.

I've had them all, he says. Jackie O., Hume Cronyn.

Who's Hume Cronyn? I ask.

He was married to Jessica Tandy. Cocoon.

I saw Cocoon.

I did, too. When I was in Florida with my grandparents, which made it a powerful film.

Through the Plexi barrier, he passes me a greasy plastic folder. Pictures of famous people in his cab. Their faces look uneasy. Bags under their eyes. Robert Redford, Francis Ford Coppola, Al Pacino. I think of all the people I've met, how I can't remember what they look like.

Flip to the last one, he says.

It's a coffin sticking out of the trunk of a cab. A man is tying a bungee cord to the bumper. People watch from a café.

Is that yours? I ask.

I drive Chevy, he says.

The light turns green and I flip the page. The next photo is faded and worn on the corners. It's of a baby elephant standing on the sidewalk. The animal is the size of a refrigerator. It's taking a peanut from a woman's hand.

Is that real? I ask.

Of course not, he says.