

## An Onramp

From a certain vantage point, the Antioch Bridge appears to climb to absurd heights in a vertiginous sweep of asphalt and pre-stressed concrete more Evel Knievel than 18-wheeler laden with onions or flatscreen tv's or wire fencing or black plastic sheeting destined for rows of strawberries. From this wildly foreshortened perspective, the bridge becomes an impossible object, loses its ability to reasonably conduct traffic, but gains a fabulous dimension, a traffic conveyance that abdicates its function and snatches up a mythic potential.

In 1965 three circus lions escaped from a truck on the Antioch Bridge. Two were recaptured. The third lion drowned in the San Joaquin River.



