



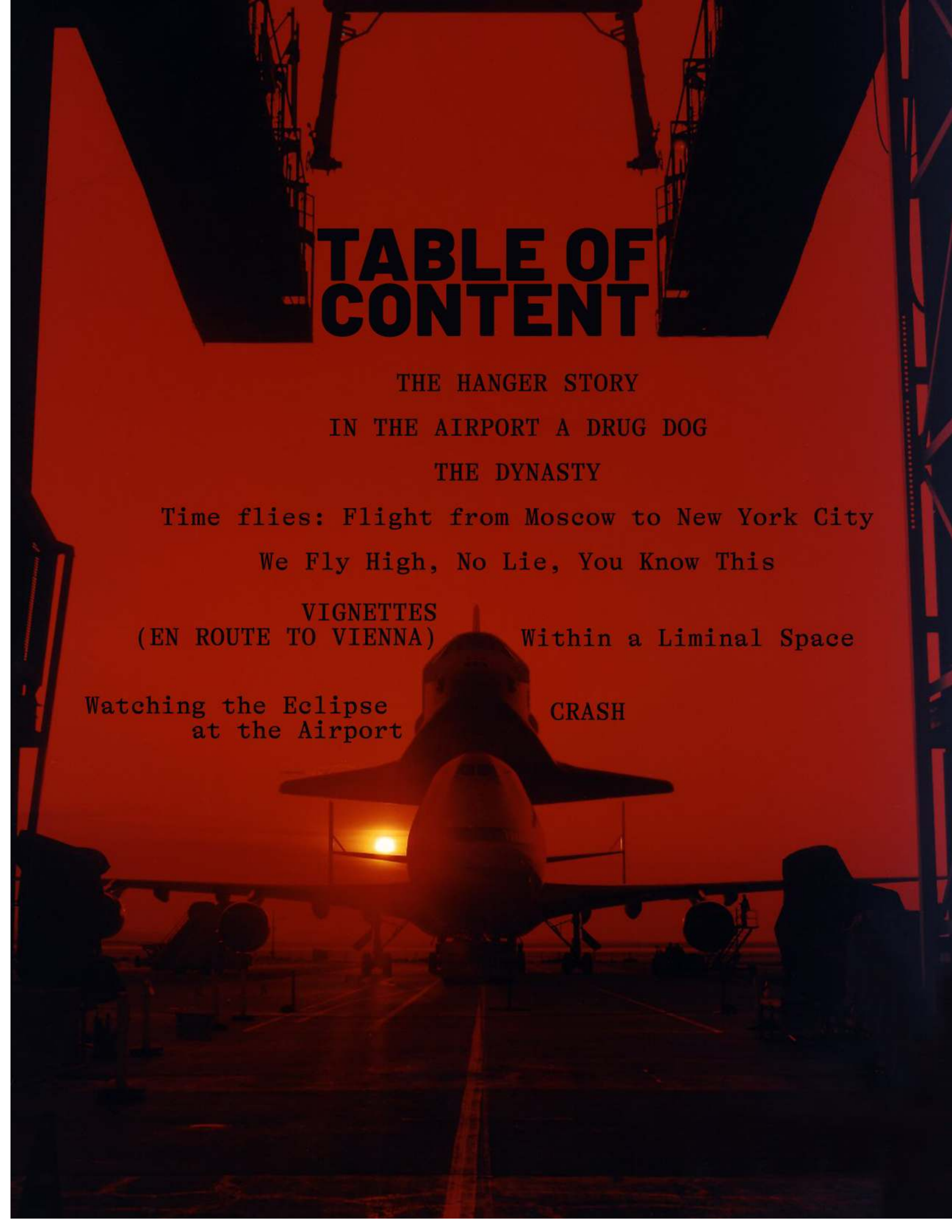


TABLE OF CONTENT

THE HANGER STORY

IN THE AIRPORT A DRUG DOG

THE DYNASTY

Time flies: Flight from Moscow to New York City

We Fly High, No Lie, You Know This

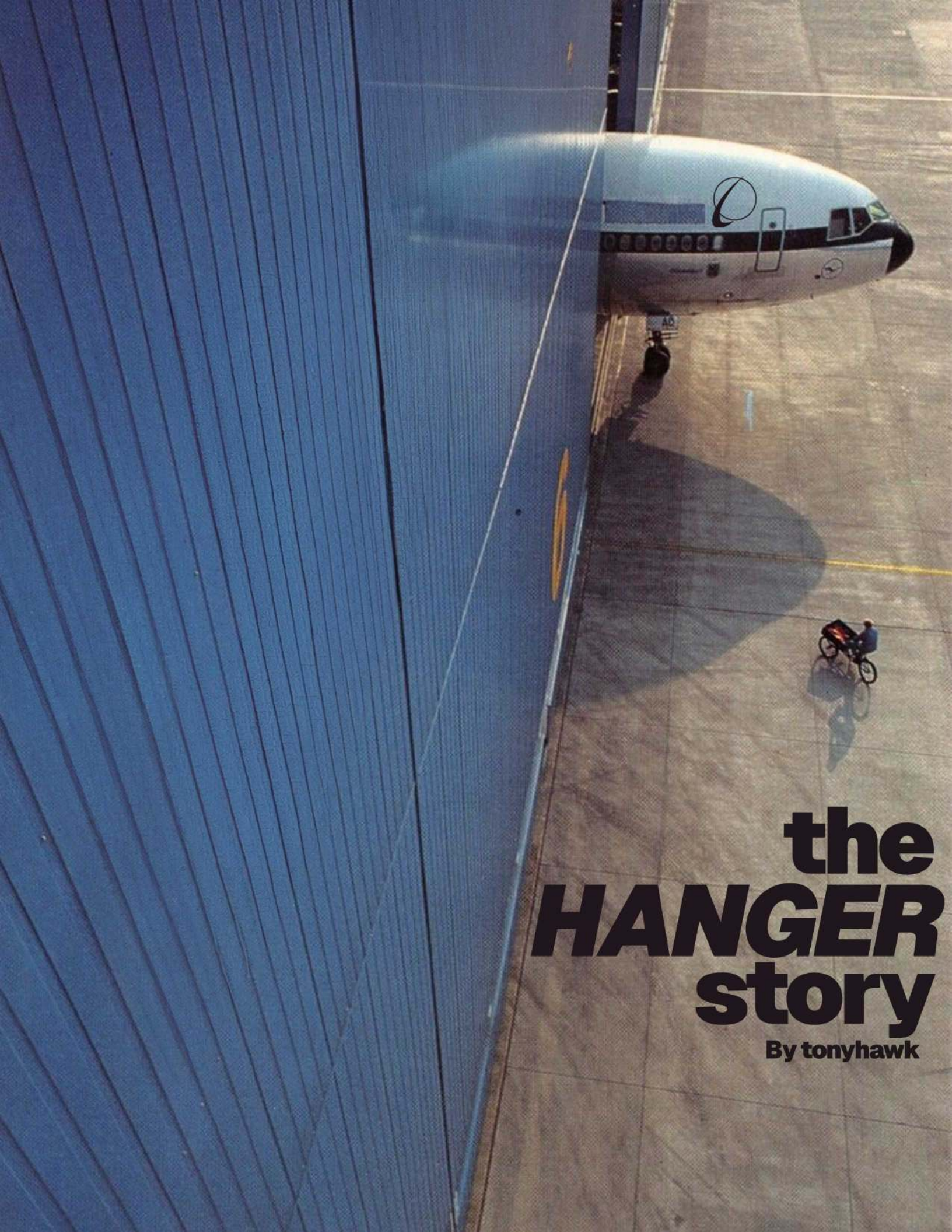
VIGNETTES

(EN ROUTE TO VIENNA)

Within a Liminal Space

Watching the Eclipse
at the Airport

CRASH

A high-angle, wide shot of an airport tarmac. On the left, a large blue hangar with vertical corrugated siding dominates the frame. To the right, the nose and cockpit of a white commercial airplane are visible, parked on the asphalt. A person riding a bicycle is positioned in the lower right foreground, providing a sense of scale. The scene is captured in bright daylight, casting long shadows.

the HANGER story

By tonyhawk

When I was in high school, me and my friends used to party in an airplane hangar. Not an abandoned one like dirtbags, or a fancy one like rich kids—just an aluminum airplane hangar that had an airplane or two in it because my friend T's dad was an airline pilot. And so the weird thing wasn't that they had an airplane hangar, the weird thing was just that I had a friend whose dad was a pilot, and there aren't a lot of those, I guess.

Maybe it was weird they had an airplane hangar, I'm not sure. I grew up in the country, and everybody had a bunch of land, and most everybody's dad had an extra building where he obsessively did his dad hobby.

My friend A's dad was a professional racecar driver and had an industrial garage with a bunch of cars and a forklift for some reason.

My friend J's dad had a building where he kept his guns and bows and arrows, and also a table where he cut up the deer he made dead with them, and a couple freezers he kept them in before and after he cut them up.

My friend C's stepdad had a guest house they rented out to a guy who'd been the keyboardist for the Steve Miller Band. Meanwhile, C's for-real dad had a trailer in the woods that he also let us party in because he was sorry for having kicked C out of his house for being gay. But that's not what this is about, even though C was one of the kids who'd party with us in the airplane hangar.

This is about the motherfucking airplane.

And the motherfucking airplane hangar it was inside of.

That's it.



T's parents always knew what we were
doing out there, but they didn't really care too much.
How much damage can eight kids with
48 Busch Lights and a baggie of weed so bad it shouldn't
have counted as weed really do, as long as they don't try to fly the plane?
For the purposes of this story, I thought about saying
something dramatic—that T decided to show off and went up
50 feet in the air but lost control and made
the plane eat dirt—but this is the real
in-flight magazine of a fake airline,
and you deserve the truth.

The truth is that one time, T's sister got married
in the field next to the airplane hangar, and his mom and dad hired us as
the cleanup crew and as the people who got
other people beers and waters out of coolers in exchange for letting us drink
all the extra beer we wanted to.
I wore a collared shirt and a tie and
it was summer, so I sweated so hard I think I stained my tie
by the time it was done.

Instead of T's dad walking T's sister down
the aisle and giving the bride away like it was a normal wedding,
they secretly took the airplane out of the hangar
the night before and put it somewhere else.
Then, when we were all sitting there waiting for
the wedding to start, they took off and flew t
hat shit right-ass over us and freaked everybody out
until we realized it was them and this was just a
magical wedding surprise, like releasing doves
but on a way bigger scale and in reverse.

Planes are terrifying but planes are love and planes
are in the sky right now and none of them
are crashing into weddings or even pretending to be
about to in an elaborate gesture that may or may not have been a metaphor.
Right now, someone is watching a Fast and Furious movie on one, trying to not think
about how its doors might
fall off mid-flight
even though it'll probably be fine,
and they'll land and go on with their life.
Because most of the time, a plane is just a plane,
and as long as it doesn't kill us it doesn't really matter.



in the airport a drug dog

checks my temperature

we're married briefly but

long distance never works

I'm preoccupied with spaceships

as the cabin loses pressure

like maybe somewhere beyond

the planets there's bigger sky

a more exotic Berlin or Vancouver

which is boring until I remember

my dog husband has never tried cocaine

you know fast food is a foreign concept

there's too many ways I could corrupt him

would our children go to state schools

it was the right decision

just that airplanes make everyone emotional

the dumbest movies get me crying

Homeward Bound, Lady and the Tramp

I watched the whole Air Bud franchise

on the flight to a more exotic Sante fe

I couldn't get my mind off that dog



IN THE AIRPORT A DRUG DOG

By Graham Irvin



Mint your
747zorb!
TODAY





the Dynasty

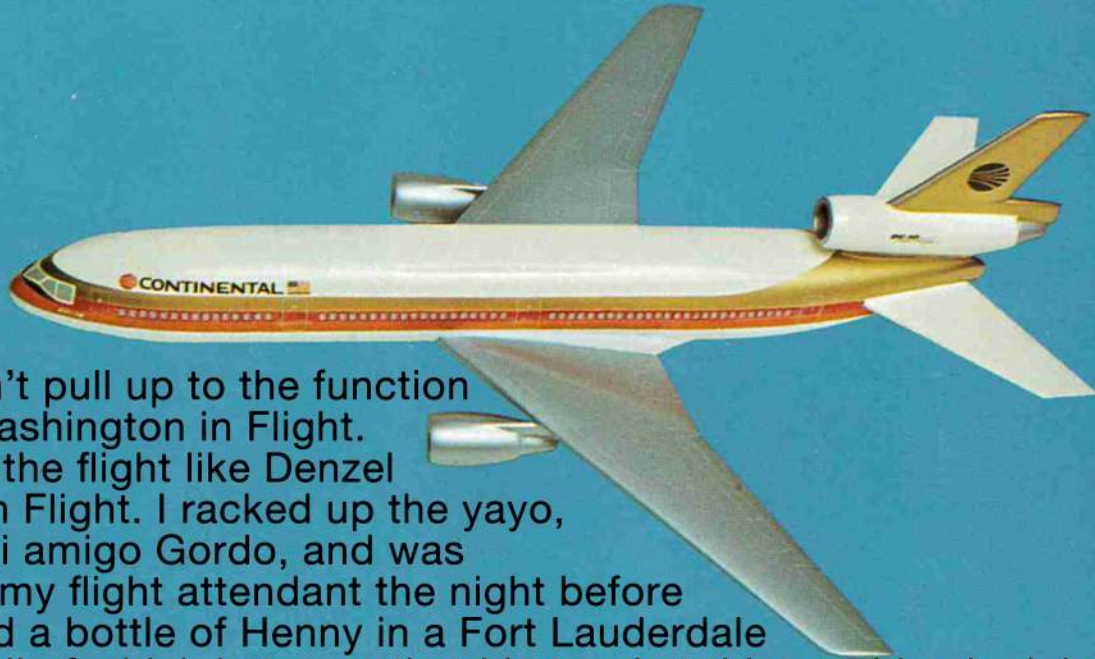
By Chad Masters



I pull up to the function like Denzel Washington in *Flight*. Meaning I get lit and beat the odds like I'm Lil Tjay. They used to call him the "Bronx Justin Bieber" but they don't anymore. We all gon be Unk eventually.

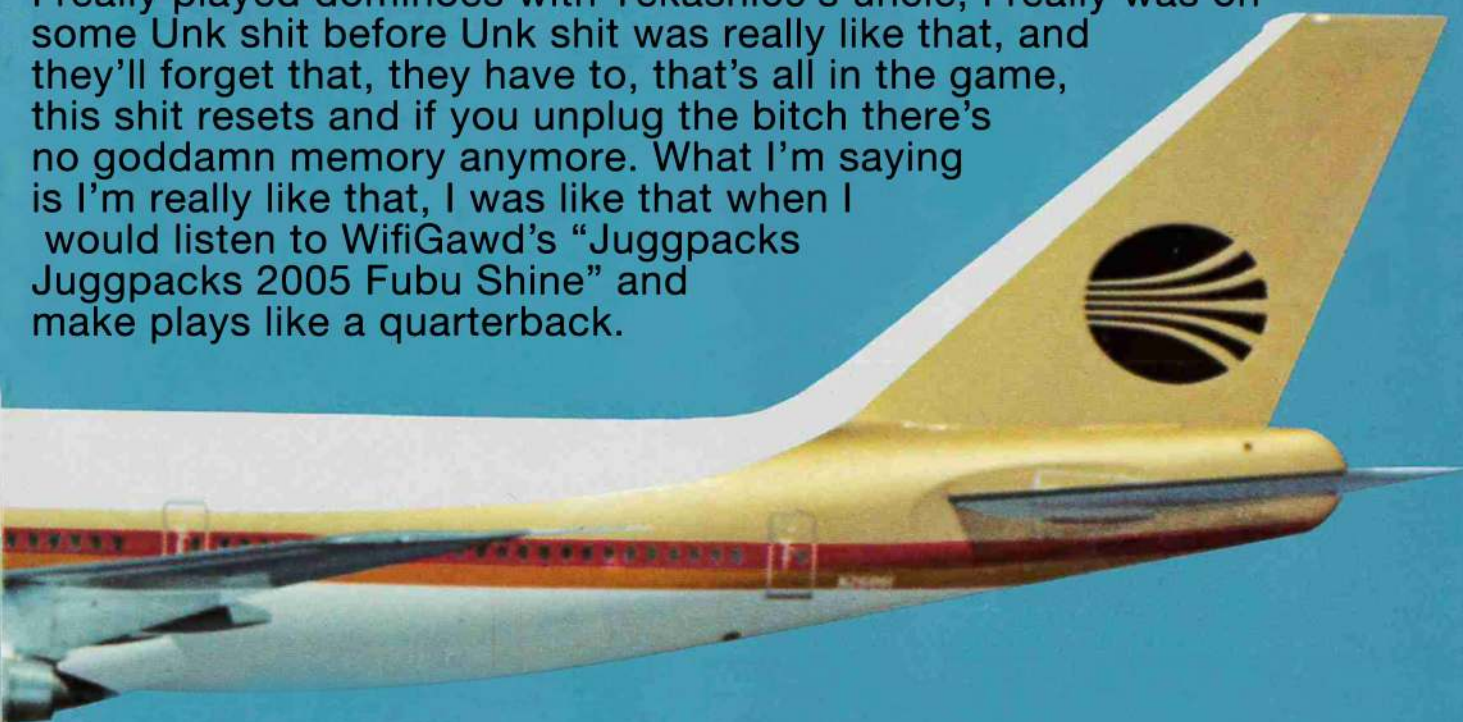
The thing is technology has made the job of a pilot too damn easy now. You sit in the cockpit with the other guy, usually some former military fuck who takes the shit way too seriously, and you let the machine go to work. There aren't even enough pilots to fill the hours needed in the cockpit so they throw you overtime out the ass to sit in there sleepy as fuck. The shit isn't worth popping an Adderall for, you just gotta sip some coffee and make enough conversation about Major League Baseball to keep Sergeant Headass happy, you land in whatever place — they're all the same now — and you figure out how you're going to blow your money.



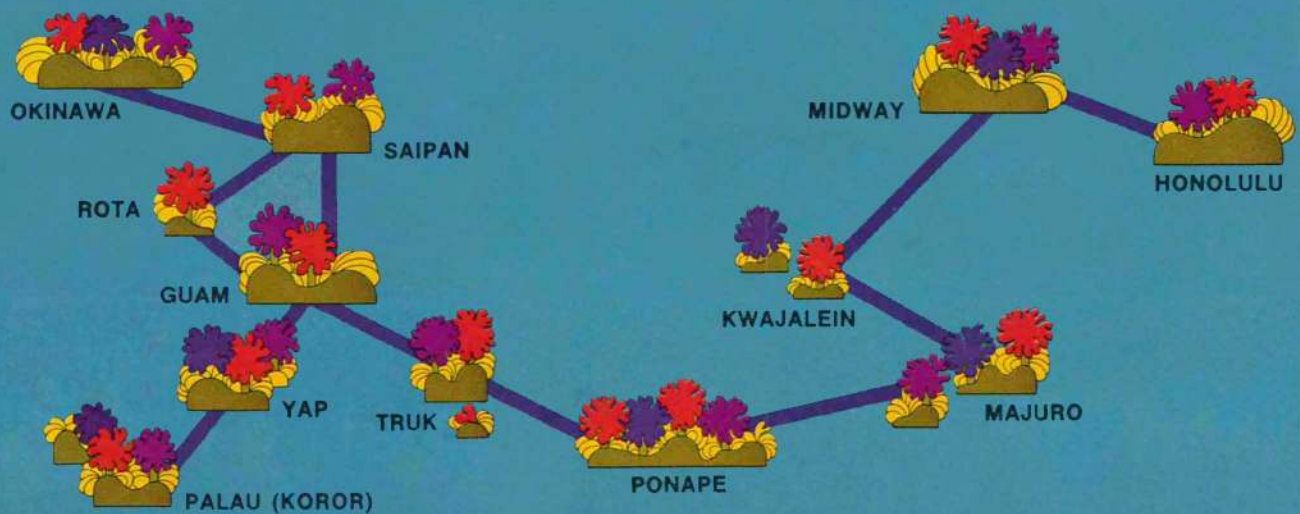


I lied — I didn't pull up to the function like Denzel Washington in Flight. I pulled up to the flight like Denzel Washington in Flight. I racked up the yayo, courtesy of mi amigo Gordo, and was backshotting my flight attendant the night before while we killed a bottle of Henny in a Fort Lauderdale Holiday Inn. All of which is to say that I hate what this machine is doing to me. It's like Young Nudy said: OOH WEE LOOK WHAT THAT MONEY MAKE A BITCH DO. And I know she has a name. I just figured it best to respect her privacy.

Suppose I make a change, a drastic one — I clean up, I stop copping pints in Houston, I stop racking up lines in Miami, I stop throwing bills in Atlanta, Vegas, and Philly. Just sit in that cockpit like the Sergeant, stack my bands, go home, get a mortgage, and ramble on more words that belong in Fight Club. My life a movie sure, but it's more like a video game. You don't realize you're knocking dominoes over until the money on the floor is gone and there's a price on your head and the dominoes in the computer like I really used to sit on the corner in Bushwick before the hipsters took it over, I really played dominoes with Tekashi69's uncle, I really was on some Unk shit before Unk shit was really like that, and they'll forget that, they have to, that's all in the game, this shit resets and if you unplug the bitch there's no goddamn memory anymore. What I'm saying is I'm really like that, I was like that when I would listen to WifiGawd's "Juggpacks Juggpacks 2005 Fubu Shine" and make plays like a quarterback.



The thing is that it all comes down to stacking bread and cheese. Horses don't stop, they keep going. We ran up the digits, we ran up the money.



And all of that's oldhead shit now. The times change, the game stays the same, but you can't play it the same way. You slow down, or maybe it's speeding up. Some guys retire, some guys move into coaching. Some guys are stuck in their ways. I hate what that money make a bitch do. That's why I spend that shit. On drugs, money, guns, and clothes. And hoes. This a Stack Or Starve lifestyle. Catch me in the club flipping ugly white girl AKA Simone Weil.

I'm really Denzel in Flight.

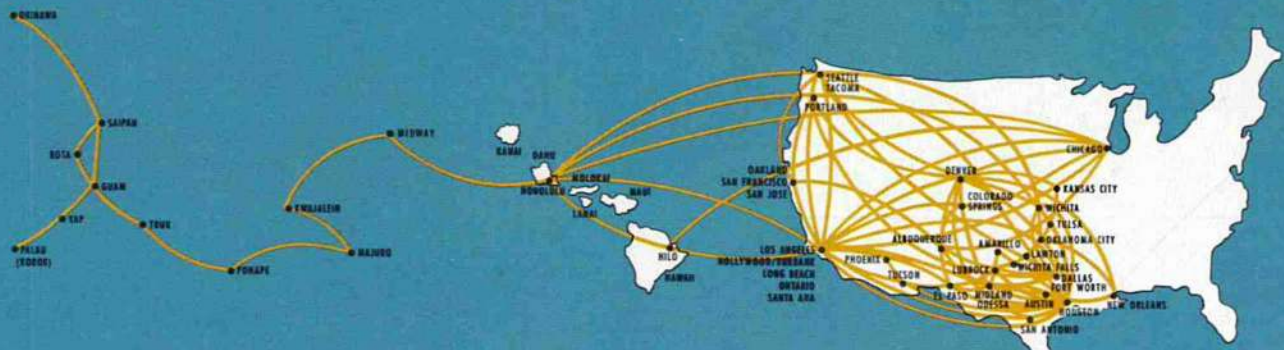
I'm Unk.

I'm off the shits.

I'm with the shits.

Imma fly this bitch upside down cuz it's the only way we all won't die. And

OOH WEE LOOK WHAT THAT MONEY MAKE A BITCH DO.

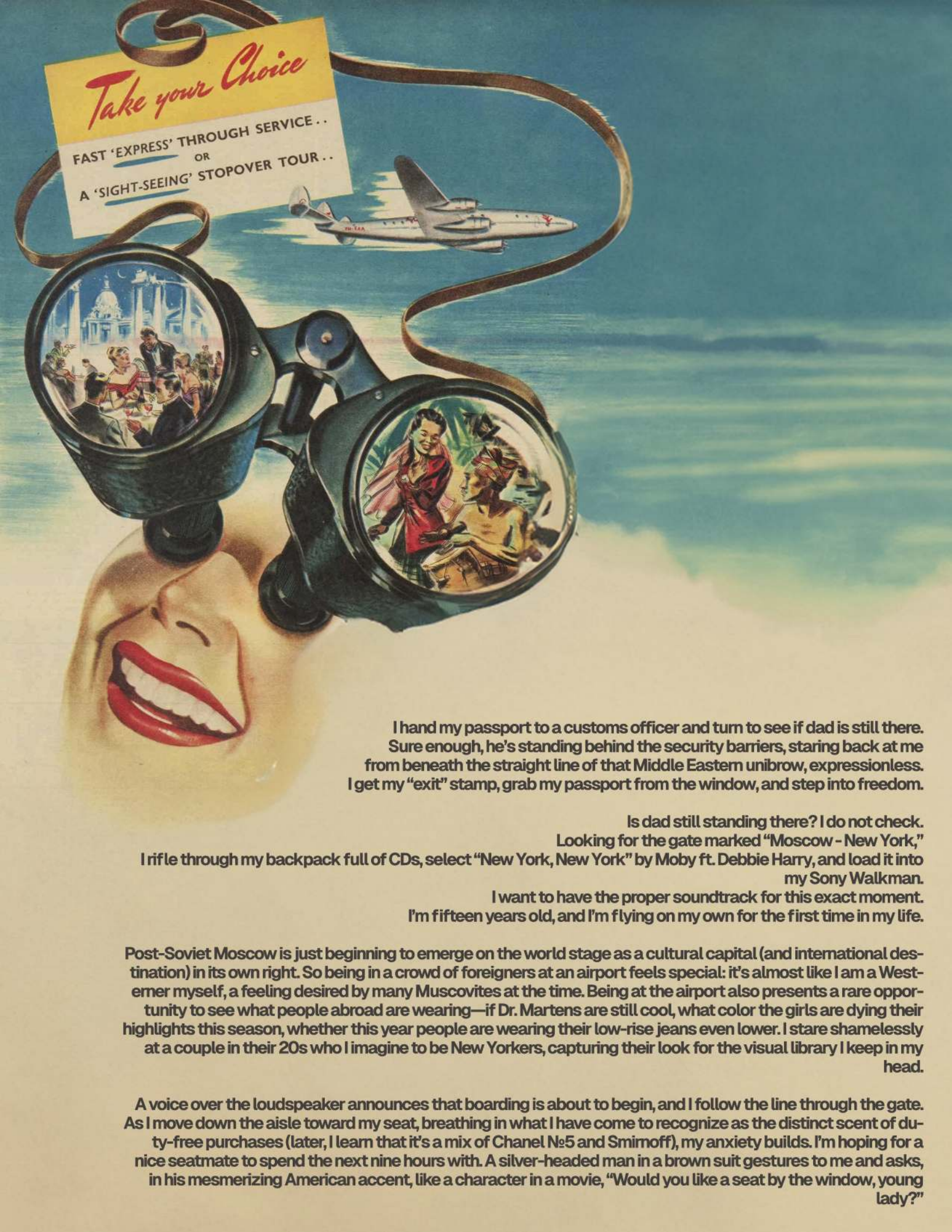




Time Flies

Flight from Moscow to New York City

By Yana Sosnovskaya

An illustration of a woman's face from the nose up, wearing large black binoculars. A brown ribbon loops around the top of the image, holding a yellow sign. The sign has the text 'Take your Choice' in red script, followed by 'FAST 'EXPRESS' THROUGH SERVICE...' and 'OR A 'SIGHT-SEEING' STOPOVER TOUR...' in black. The left lens of the binoculars shows a scene of people at a formal dinner with a large domed building in the background. The right lens shows a man and a woman in a tropical setting. In the background, a white propeller airplane flies across a blue sky with clouds.

Take your Choice

FAST 'EXPRESS' THROUGH SERVICE...
OR
A 'SIGHT-SEEING' STOPOVER TOUR...

I hand my passport to a customs officer and turn to see if dad is still there. Sure enough, he's standing behind the security barriers, staring back at me from beneath the straight line of that Middle Eastern unibrow, expressionless. I get my "exit" stamp, grab my passport from the window, and step into freedom.

Is dad still standing there? I do not check.
Looking for the gate marked "Moscow - New York,"
I rifle through my backpack full of CDs, select "New York, New York" by Moby ft. Debbie Harry, and load it into my Sony Walkman.

I want to have the proper soundtrack for this exact moment.
I'm fifteen years old, and I'm flying on my own for the first time in my life.

Post-Soviet Moscow is just beginning to emerge on the world stage as a cultural capital (and international destination) in its own right. So being in a crowd of foreigners at an airport feels special: it's almost like I am a West-erner myself, a feeling desired by many Muscovites at the time. Being at the airport also presents a rare opportunity to see what people abroad are wearing—if Dr. Martens are still cool, what color the girls are dying their highlights this season, whether this year people are wearing their low-rise jeans even lower. I stare shamelessly at a couple in their 20s who I imagine to be New Yorkers, capturing their look for the visual library I keep in my head.

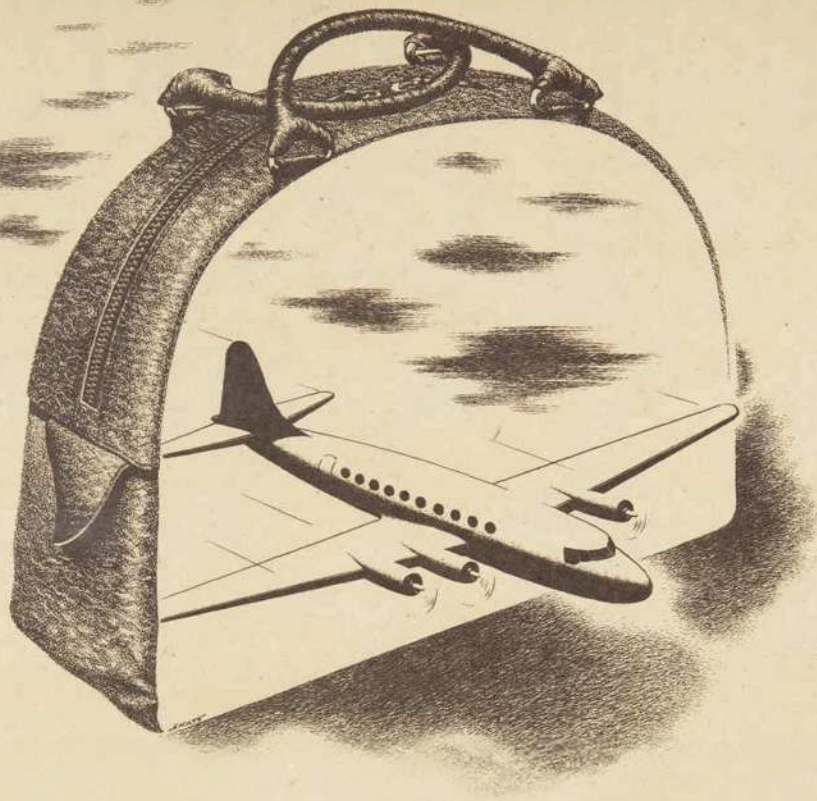
A voice over the loudspeaker announces that boarding is about to begin, and I follow the line through the gate. As I move down the aisle toward my seat, breathing in what I have come to recognize as the distinct scent of duty-free purchases (later, I learn that it's a mix of Chanel No. 5 and Smirnoff), my anxiety builds. I'm hoping for a nice seatmate to spend the next nine hours with. A silver-headed man in a brown suit gestures to me and asks, in his mesmerizing American accent, like a character in a movie, "Would you like a seat by the window, young lady?"

I spend the flight chatting with my neighbor (my knowledge of English is limited, but we understand each other most of the time) and watching movies on my thick, 2000s laptop that I pragmatically torrented ahead of time. One of them is *The Sixth Sense* with Bruce Willis, which makes me realize I like psychology and hate thrillers. The flight is almost ten hours long. It feels like two. Time, quite literally, flies.

Our plane begins its descent into JFK airport. After a few minutes of turbulence, I experience something that I didn't know was possible: that glimpse of a moment of complete stillness right before the chassis hits the ground. It lasts a mere second, but I will later describe it to myself as the exact moment of transition between spaces. Between Russia and America. Adolescence and adulthood. Something atomic, transcendent, quantum. I've shifted. And then we land.

Inside the terminal, I pass the last security checkpoint and am greeted by a giant sign that reads "Welcome to the United States of America." I push my luggage in front of me, scanning the crowd of people waiting at arrivals. Strangers, more strangers, and then finally, something I recognize—that intimately familiar, freckled face, peering out from behind a giant bouquet of white lilies. We lock eyes for a moment, but then the gaze moves on—as though they had been staring right through me, as though they are continuing to search for someone.

"Mom?"



The eyes dart back in my direction. The body, which is smaller than I remember, freezes. It takes a moment for her to connect the dots. The lilies fall to the floor. "I didn't recognize you," she says, suffocating me with the hug I missed so much.

I know, mom—it's because we haven't seen each other for five years, I think to myself as she squeezes my face with her cheeks, which are wet from crying. I turned into a teenager, grew to be taller than you, and got some freckles of my own. Now, show me New York.

Travel your dreams, tonight.



Feel the sun.



Show off a little.

With 747 Airlines, our flights are always taking you from *where you are*, to *where you want to be*. Where the weather is always perfect, the breeze is slight and gentle. Where you can sunbathe all day, and show off your natural glow all night. These flights are so fast because here's a little secret: *your dreams are ready and waiting inside of you*. So what are you waiting for? Take a 747 Airlines Jet right to your wildest dreams. Let's say, tonight?

Go where you're wanted with 747 Airlines.



We Fly HIGH



No Lie, You Know This

By Yuri Rybak

Air travel today offers a glimpse into our authoritarian future. Moving through the TSA security line is an incoherent exercise in submitting to authority; sometimes the shoes stay on, sometimes they must come off. The insistence on hierarchy in the cabin, complete with a literal veil whose material utility is so thin it reminds us that facism also insists on metaphor, is a potent reminder of how we've organized ourselves. Your body will not fit into your assigned seat, you will be reminded of your betters, you will be fed subsistence rations, and you will be told when you can and cannot stand up or use the bathroom.

We have long moved past the pretense that throwing away your water bottle will somehow save a life. What is actually a growing epidemic is people losing their fucking minds on airplanes. From pilots doing mushrooms, to passengers trying to eject mid-flight, to a woman on a flight from Dallas-Ft. Worth loudly insisting that another passenger on the plane wasn't "real"—we've seen a noticeable uptick of disturbing behavior in the skies. One study, cited by an article in Canada's National Post, noted that alcohol is overwhelmingly the "precipitating factor" for midair madness, but that the airlines themselves are the ones freely giving out the booze in order to induce passengers to chill out from the conditions that they themselves create. It's as though people are reaching for every tool at their disposal to bear the dissociation from their bodies.



This is an outgrowth of the value capture mechanism at play: Essentially, airlines have been incentivized to make the experience worse for almost everyone, then charge people money for slight reminders of their humanity. People who shell out for TSA pre-check, the opportunity to pick their own seat, board in an earlier flight group, or marginally more leg room, don't pay to make their experience good; they pay to make the experience less terrible. Meanwhile, the most well-resourced among us are able to escape this dystopian panopticon completely—but only by flying private, at the expense of the environment.

There is a version of air travel in our not too distant past where we could expect not only more dignified experiences, but even pleasure in the act of flying. Pleasure for whom is a pertinent question, and the cabin did not transcend the inequities of the time, but flying was not always a brutal expression of authoritarianism. The security lines did not require full-body scans, you were allowed to smoke and drink to your heart's content, and the leg room was abundant. You were encouraged to remain in your body and move about the cabin freely, sometimes migrating to futuristic on-board lounges designed for the sole purpose of hanging out. It was a time worth imagining even if you can't remember it. Per the Museum of Flight:

“In the beginning of commercial aviation, there wasn't different classes of seats. That's because everything was first class. Prices were expensive, and airplanes, such as the Museum of Flight's 1929 Boeing 80A, [had] 18 padded wicker seats and reading lights.”



Today, the airline industry consists of a small group of players that control the supply chain from production to execution. Every inch of leg room, every free bottle of water, every modicum of peace of mind that gets taken away from passengers—or that is offloaded onto them as something they have to pay for—is more money for them, contributing to a linear increase in investor confidence.

We're told that progress is a straight line, but as far as the quality of air travel is concerned, we are witnessing a race to the bottom. The monopolies at the center of the travel industry, the slow replacement of travel agents by automated online systems and the opaque practices that result in different prices for different people—all of these take an otherwise simple transaction and experience and transform it into a byzantine labyrinth.

Value is removed instead of added. Hierarchy is layered into the experience. Processes typically governed by dignity and decorum (standing in a line) are replaced by a bizarre, inelegant, and hyper-fancialized logic (stand in a line in order of how much you paid). Typical standard consumer protections (refunds in case of cancellation, bringing a bottle of water with you) somehow don't apply in this industry. The evolution of air travel over the past 100 years—from travel as a luxury experience, to a progressive subtraction of every single affordance until we're all just a bunch of drunk, angry sardines—is a direct outgrowth of the system of value capture.



VIGNETTES (EN ROUTE TO VIENNA)

Eileen Isagon Skyers

747

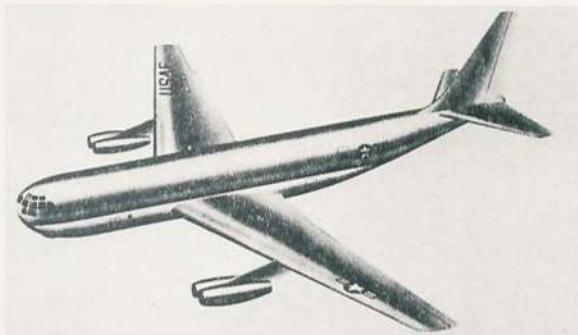
4X-AXD





I. I've been flying around a lot this year. Ten cities. Five Continents. Countless pre-packaged meals served on seat-back tray tables. More often than not, the to-do list reads "pack," or "unpack," so I have resigned to keeping a handful of essentials stored in a neoprene toiletry bag.

At the airport, I always ensure my movements are measured and controlled to avoid drawing attention to myself. This time, as I approach the lane for TSA Pre-Check®, the gate agent emphatically grins and compliments me: "Wow, love the hair! I thought Beyoncé was here!" I force a meek smile and hand him my passport. I peer over him as he looks over my ID photo, a frizzy, blank stare laminated inside of a blue booklet that delineates my whole existence. Place of Birth: PHILIPPINES. Nationality: UNITED STATES. There it is in plain, bold type: my age, my past, my freedoms, and each of the borders I've crossed.



I manage to pick the slowest line at the security checkpoint. Thankfully, I am not required to remove my shoes, because the Transportation Security Association has already made a risk assessment about me prior to my arrival. Earlier that morning, I received a notification that my seat had been upgraded to Comfort Plus—a privilege afforded to me as a distinguished benefit for being a Valued Delta Platinum SkyMiles Member. I am told that I can also access the Air France Lounge, courtesy of their partner airline, at the south end of the terminal.



II. I wander the airport in a kind of stupor, passing a Victoria's Secret store, a Salvatore Ferragamo, an Hermès, and a massive Prada advertisement for their latest fragrance, Paradoxe, which features Emma Watson in a pixie cut with perfectly winged cat eyeliner. The bookstand at Hudson News feels like a welcome relic from a distant past.

There's a quiet thrill to walking through these bright corridors, past towering images of women who embody the essence of what a particular sort of *joie de vivre* is supposed to look like. What it means to be poised, or well traveled, or elegant, or mysterious. Like Léa Seydoux, donning a black trench coat and Louis Vuitton bag as she strolls by Monet's painted water lilies at the Musée de l'Orangerie. This is the dream: to be adept in the arrangement of your own *mise-en-scene*. To be a carefree, matcha latte millennial with a perfect pout, high on the little luxuries of life. Ruthlessly charming, yet shamelessly relatable. An inexact but sincere mood board of idiosyncrasies desired by many, but accessible to few.

Cynthia Ozick once wrote: "Travel returns us [...] to sharpness of notice." And that "to be saturated in the sight of what is entirely new" is "to revisit the enigmatically lit puppet-stage outlines of childhood: those mental photographs and dreaming woodcuts or engravings that we retain from our earliest years." Traveling is not unlike the process of molting; it allows us to shed our exoskeleton and transcend what we once were, embodying something or someone that more accurately represents the "me" I am now. Each voyage is synonymous with a new stage of life: in a new headspace, a new body, caught in a new country's climate. You even feel different when its wind brushes against your skin.

mod tempor incidunt ut labore et dolore magna aliqua. Quis ipsum suspendisse ultrices gravida. Risus commodo viverra maecenas accumsan lacus vel facilisis.

III. When I embark on a trip, there is always the dream of escape, of liberation. Of passport stamps and sister cities and currency exchange rates. But there is no escape from the systemic flow of capital. I am a point of contact—a transaction, a token, a coin. My face has been captured and stored in some grand database, smiling. So many of my purchases and interactions are registered, analyzed, only to be re-synthesized later in the form of some targeted ad or unsolicited email. What is this place, this sequence of negotiations in gridlocked time, if not an abstract mainframe for economic exchange?

I walk past the smug round faces in the first-class cabin, watching their eyes dart away from mine as they twirl cocktail stirrers, clack away on their keypads, place their bluetooth headphones over their ears and recline into the giant curve of their seats. Filling the porous hours of in-between space in an aircraft is an art form.

The voiceover guides its unwilling spectators through the safety announcements: Should the cabin experience sudden pressure loss, oxygen masks will drop down from above your seat. Place the mask over your mouth and nose, pull the strap to tighten it. Make sure to adjust your own mask before helping others. Breathe normally and note that oxygen is flowing, even if the bag doesn't inflate. There is an unsettling and disorienting quality to the announcement's complete and utter poise, its self-assuredness.

From row 15, I flip through the laminated pamphlet in my seat-back pocket. It is an illustrated sequence of flat, boldly outlined people who assume the brace position by planting their feet firmly on the ground and placing their head as close as possible to the surface it is most likely to strike. The guide is meant for crash landers, but I imagine it would be a fitting set of instructions for how to make a safe landing in uncomfortable social situations.

IV. Venturing toward an unknown path, I scroll listlessly through the entertainment menu on the touchscreen in front of me. In this small, black window, browsing through the season's latest titles at an altitude of 25,000 feet, I find an axis of comfort and familiarity. I discriminate between the options based on the initial response they elicit: which rom-com is worthy of the next two and a half hours of my transit time? Which indie film will require the smallest dose of emotional investment? It is almost eerie, how acquainted I am with this practice, like it's second nature.

Intuitively playing short trailers and reading blocks of text, I draft a mental shortlist. Finally, I settle on *Past Lives*, starring Greta Lee as a New York-based playwright who reconnects with a childhood friend. I receive a hot meal consisting of gnocchi, cubed chicken, a cheddar square, tiramisu, a sealed bread roll, a small pad of butter, and a plastic cup of room-temp water.

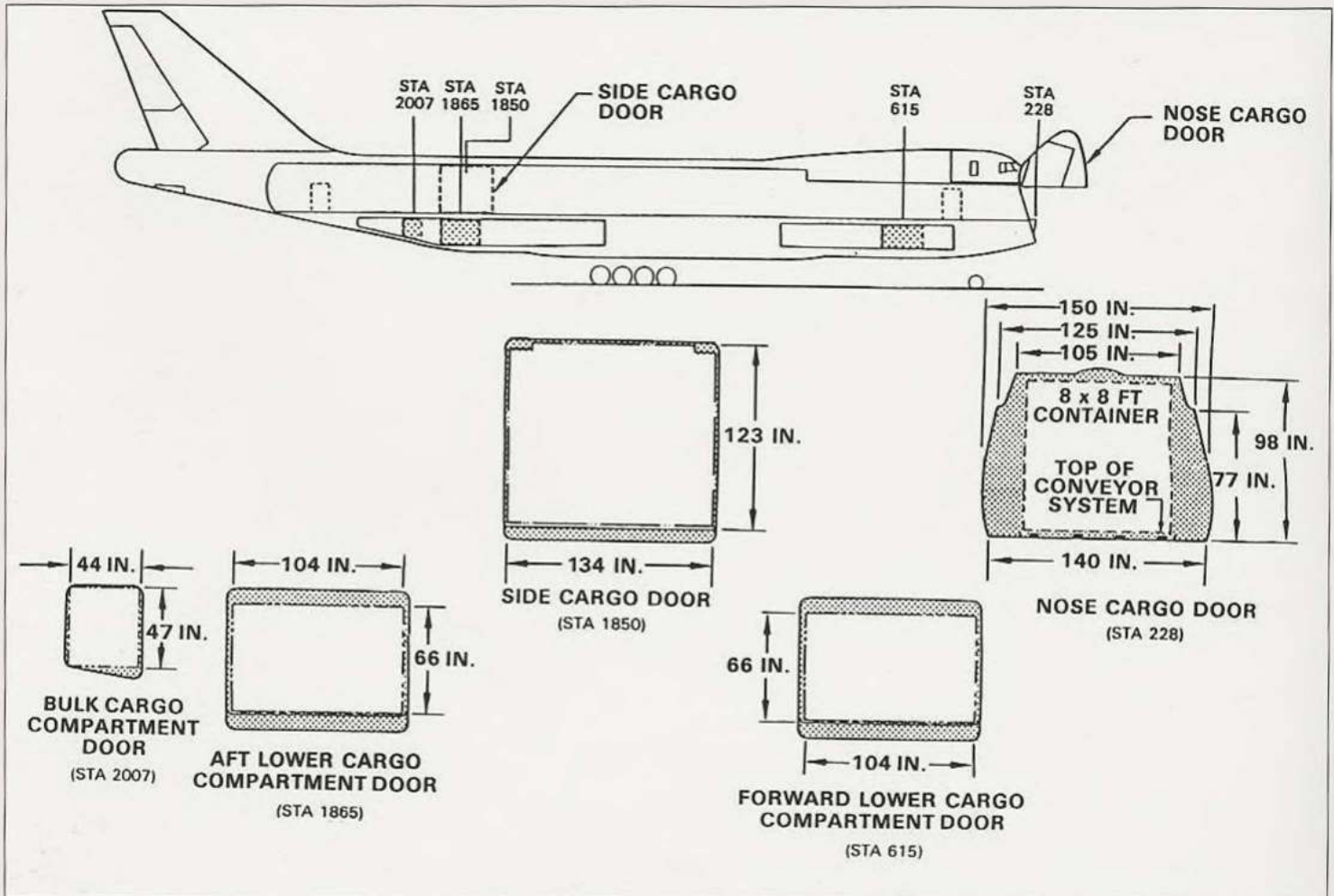
V. There is an indelible loneliness to tearing open an airline blanket. The only clear demarcation of the hour is the cabin lighting: it is either dimmed, or cool blue, or an assaulting white glare, which usually indicates that you are due to land soon.

When you travel frequently enough, you become indifferent to this compulsory and artificial timespan. The wheels roll down, you make a swift landing. You switch off airplane mode and begin to text anyone who comes immediately to mind. You disembark and have another encounter with border patrol, in another territory with another government. They ask questions about your final destination, your reason for travel, and the length of your stay. You tell them "business," or "pleasure," because it can never be both, nor neither.





I feel most myself in departure lounges and terminals, transitional spaces where the body is an occupant of a vast expanse, inside a much broader infrastructure of such expanses. Each passenger a node in a dizzying network of departures and arrivals, hurtling towards new experiences. Against the sterile convenience of modern travel, the transient space of globalized subjectivity becomes a temporary theater where the innermost dramas of our lives play out.





FLY TODAY... CRASH TOMORROW.

There's one undeniable truth in life: we're all on a one-way trip to the great beyond. But hey, let's not dwell on the not fun stuff! What truly matters is how we make the most of the journey while we're still kicking. Step aboard our flights and prepare to be transported to a world of wonder. From the moment you buckle up, you'll feel the excitement building in the air.

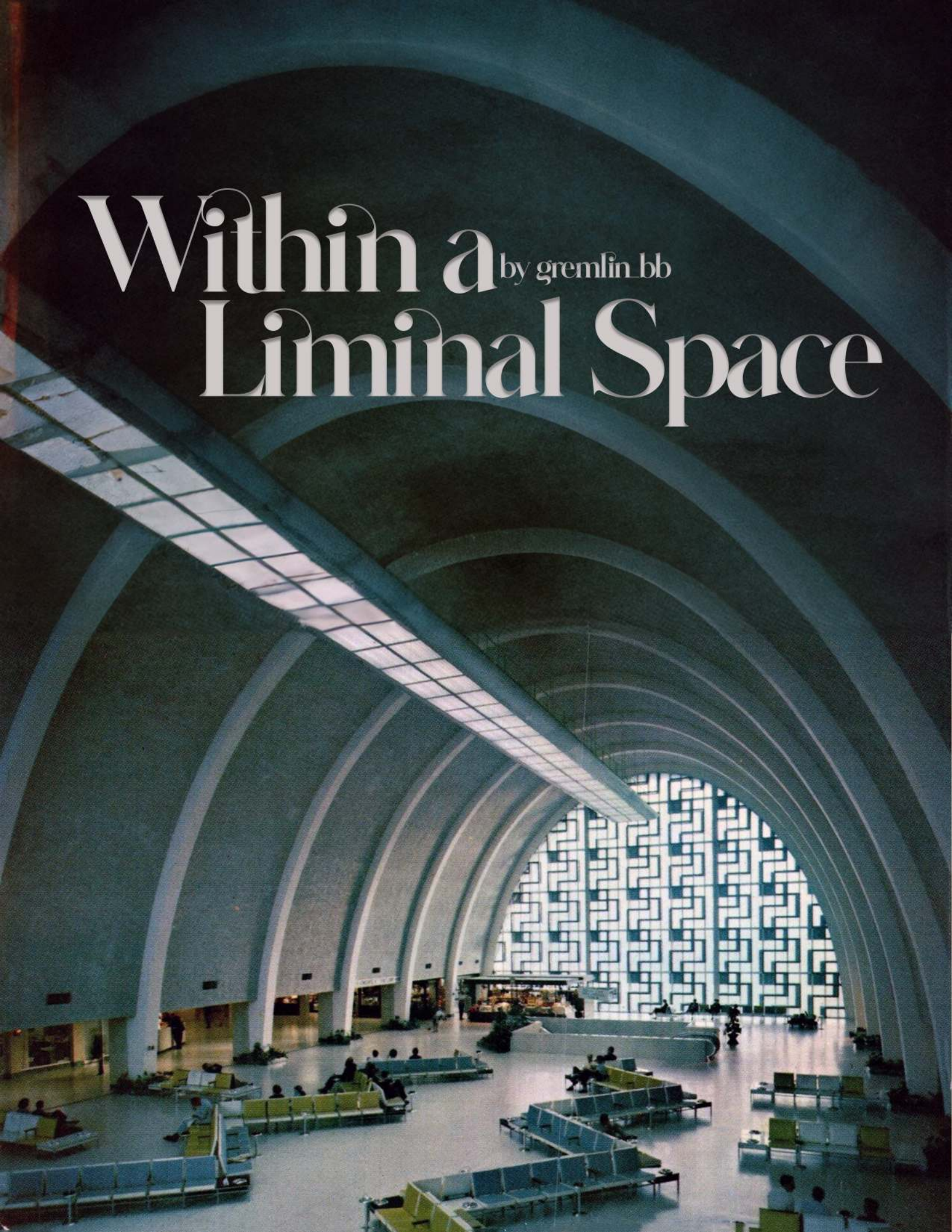
As we take off, leave your worries behind and let your spirit soar. Whether you're a seasoned traveler or a first-time flyer, we've got something special in store for you.

With amenities like gourmet meals and top-notch entertainment, we're committed to making your flight as enjoyable as possible. And with our dedicated team of professionals at your service, you can sit back, relax, and let us take care of the rest.

Need a pillow? Just ask. Craving a snack? We've got you covered. Turbulences can be extremely fun on our flights. Forget about safety and let's dive headfirst into the fun!

Fly today, crash tomorrow – the crew members wish you a memorable flight.





Within a by gremlin.bb Liminal Space

Within a Liminal Space

I spent eight hours in a hospital waiting room three weeks ago. I hadn't showered (circumstances had been rushed), everything was fine. I read a Bockris essay on the 70s which wove together themes of masculine aesthetics and personal freedom, and remembered another book I'd read about the 70s. This one talked about airports, a liminal space similar to the one I was in at the moment, and how the fantasy of the stewardess paralleled the women's lib movement paralleled this was the time when everything got fucked and everyone lost it. I was trying not to lose it too. Everything was fine, I was just working. On my internet manifesto. People in waiting rooms are so random.

At one of the first KNW (Keep NFTs Weird) talks I attended, we all had to describe a liminal space, or something, I don't really remember, but I remember talking about the elevator being one of them. The best elevators beep and bloop and make all sorts of cheerful sounds (you HAVE arrived!!). Being in an elevator with someone else, especially if it's my neighbor, is awkward. Being in an airport can be awkward, but it can also be fun and glamorous.

When I had a shishi job and felt like I could ball a little, I'd get a fancy fashion magazine and a coffee to have on a plane. Reading these magazines I realized that even though my job was shishi, I wasn't "that type" of rich. Awkward.

I do a lot of writing on planes. One time, my seatmate asked me what I was working on. I had just interviewed my grandfather on a visit and was taking down my notes and synthesizing. "Are you a writer?" he asked. "Um, no, I'm a musician I guess? Kind of? Anyways this is for a project, it's complicated."



Within a Liminal Space

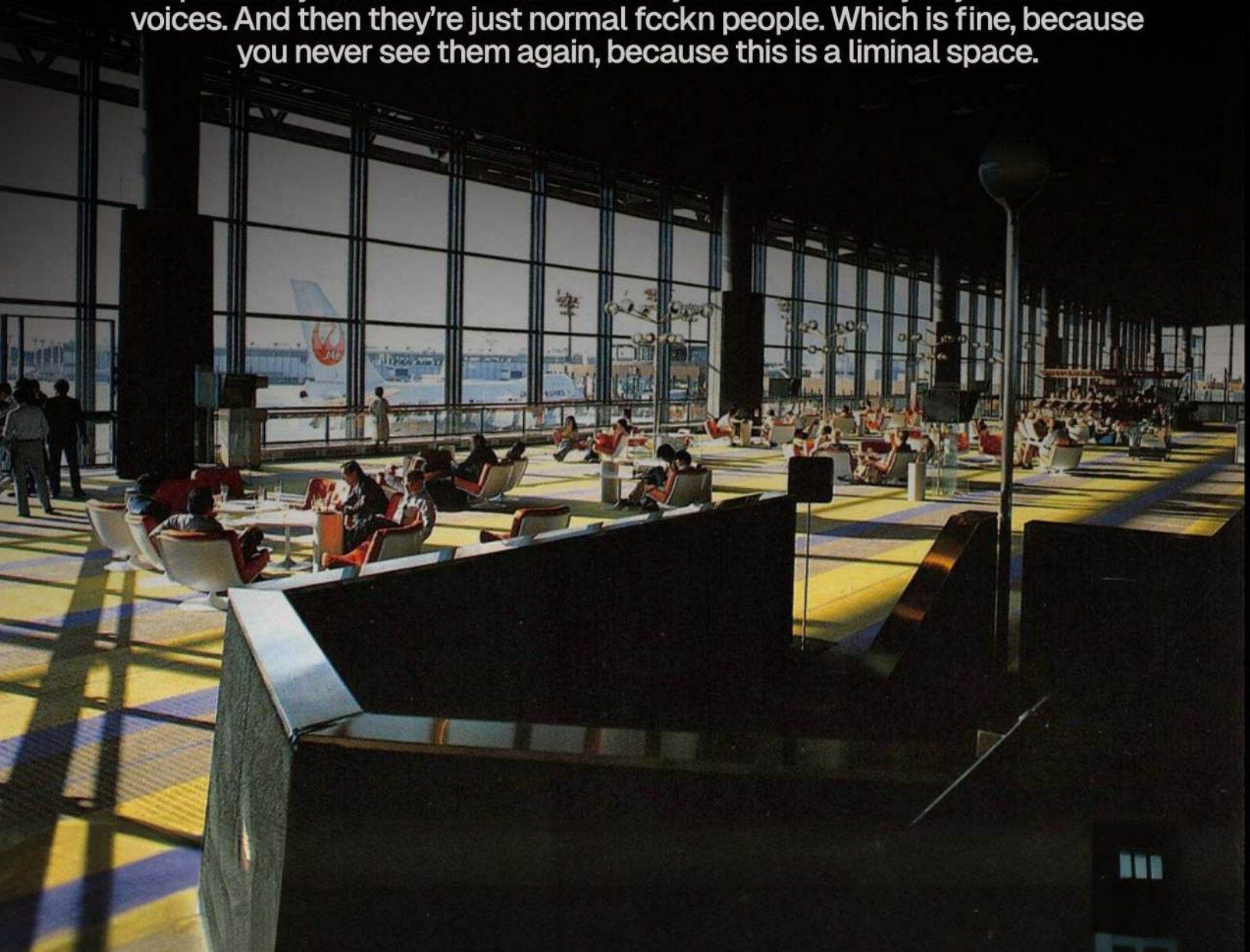
It's funny, people have started talking to random strangers again. I noticed it when I took the train up to San Francisco, the one that goes along the ocean. The last time I was on a plane, this one couple was explaining their "family styles" to their seatmate, who was a comedian. "My family's a rugby family," he said.

Comedian guy: "Oh so they like rugby?"

Husband: "Oh, no, like when someone has a problem or something needs to get done, they all band together, it can be kind of overwhelming at first when you come from a family like my wife's family, which is more of a chess family."

Her: "We're individual players."

People always seem more attractive in your mind when you just hear their voices. And then they're just normal fckn people. Which is fine, because you never see them again, because this is a liminal space.



Within a Liminal Space

At the airport, it's ok to sob because you have to go back to shitty NYC when your honey lives in LA. No one knows who you are, you're just some crazy lady to them. You can throw up into a barf bag on takeoff from motion sickness (and maybe a hangover), you're definitely not the first person to have done this. If you're in an elevator though, you have to see some of these people again, if you like work there or something. Maybe if I flew a lot or worked at an airport I'd start seeing the same tired, stressed people (and maybe some who were miraculously upbeat) over and over, too.

Airports hold all types of people. The normal people you never see, some people who think they're someone, students, families, business people. You have to be patient at the airport, getting mad at all the dumb people ruins the vibes, man.

Sometimes I think about what an airport was like in the 70s, what it'd be like to not have to go through security, to take my heels off and run to the gate to catch my flight, to relax in a comfortable seat. Can you imagine that people used to be able to smoke on airplanes? Crazy man. It seems like a simpler time.

If you could technically do whatever you wanted and never have to see anyone again, what would you do? Where would you run away to? I don't really know what my answer would be but getting out of "here" would be top priority. But here I am, still waiting for my plane to arrive. Maybe I'll get a magazine when it gets here.



Watching the Eclipse at the Airport

By Daisy Alioto

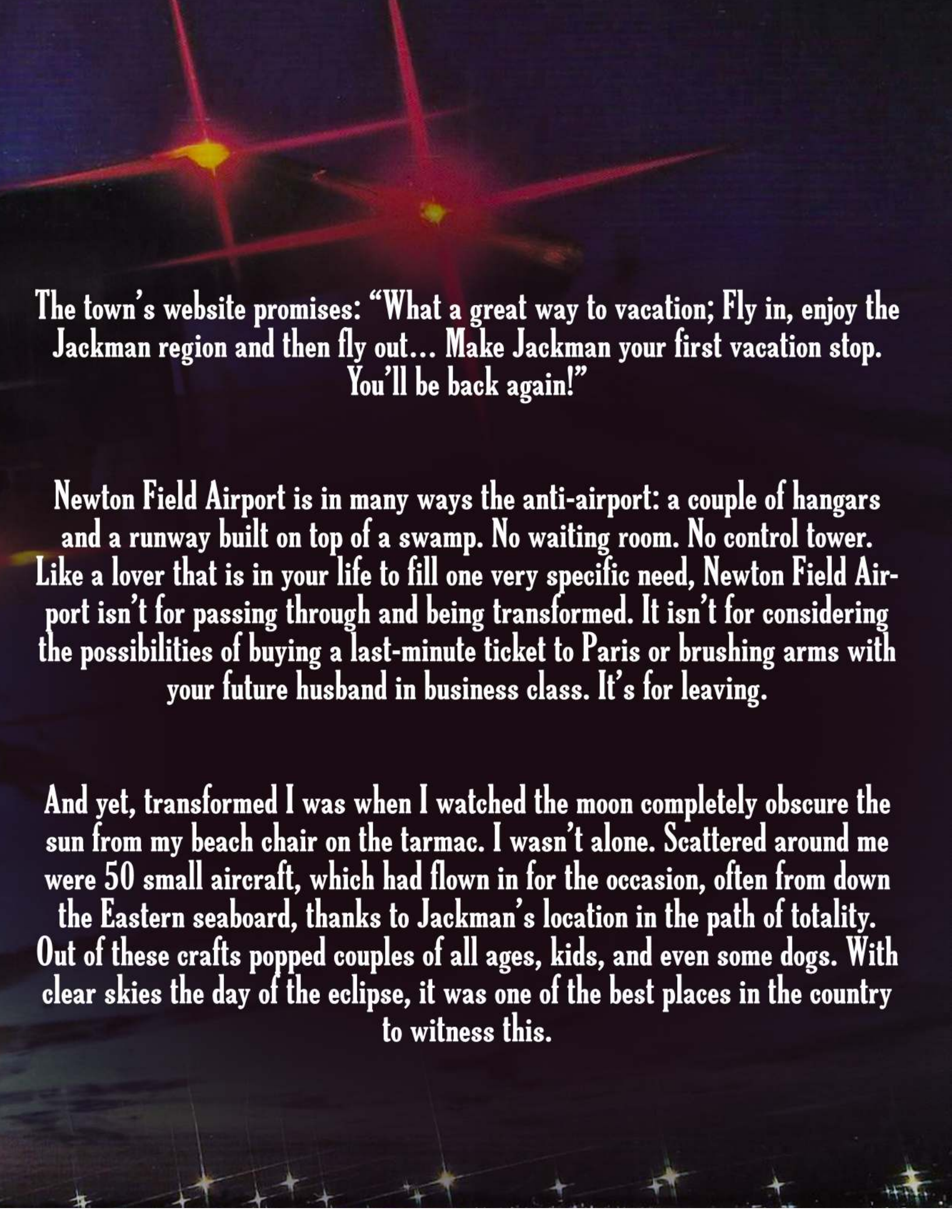


My affection for airports is such that I used to joke I would name my kids after them. Logan for a boy, and Charlotte, or Orly, for the girls. Maybe I still will.

I think I've just always been drawn to the lie at the heart of all airports: the cool, impossible multiplication of outcomes long since foreclosed. This was clearest at the height of air travel's status as a stylish luxury, but I would argue that the neediness of the traveler is even more amplified in this era of ugly carpeting and bad coffee—the neediness to not only get somewhere, anywhere, but to also be transformed.

On April 8th, 2024, I watched the total solar eclipse at Newton Field Airport in Jackman, Maine. Jackman is a town of 823 people, located on Route 201, about 20 miles from the Armstrong-Jackman Border Crossing with Canada. Its location in the Moose River Valley offers many scenic vistas and outdoor recreation opportunities, and perhaps for that reason, the town has laid claim to the moniker “The Switzerland of Maine.” But given that there is no rich history of tax shelters and après-ski lodges, this is a bit more aspirational.





The town's website promises: "What a great way to vacation; Fly in, enjoy the Jackman region and then fly out... Make Jackman your first vacation stop. You'll be back again!"

Newton Field Airport is in many ways the anti-airport: a couple of hangars and a runway built on top of a swamp. No waiting room. No control tower. Like a lover that is in your life to fill one very specific need, Newton Field Airport isn't for passing through and being transformed. It isn't for considering the possibilities of buying a last-minute ticket to Paris or brushing arms with your future husband in business class. It's for leaving.

And yet, transformed I was when I watched the moon completely obscure the sun from my beach chair on the tarmac. I wasn't alone. Scattered around me were 50 small aircraft, which had flown in for the occasion, often from down the Eastern seaboard, thanks to Jackman's location in the path of totality. Out of these crafts popped couples of all ages, kids, and even some dogs. With clear skies the day of the eclipse, it was one of the best places in the country to witness this.

CRASH

Fiction by Ruby Justice Thelot



A thousand eyes glared in disbelief at the headline's final word. There I was, running in the crowded streets of Lower Manhattan, in 1929, my freshly polished derbies gliding on the humid pavement, the unholy union of stone and leather. There were many men like me, racing ravenously towards the nearest newsstand. The paper's bold, black sans serif font read: "Wall Street In Panic as Stocks Crash." A dozen young stockbrokers huddled around me, their hair gelled for another day of grind, grabbing my shoulder to catch a glimpse of the word.

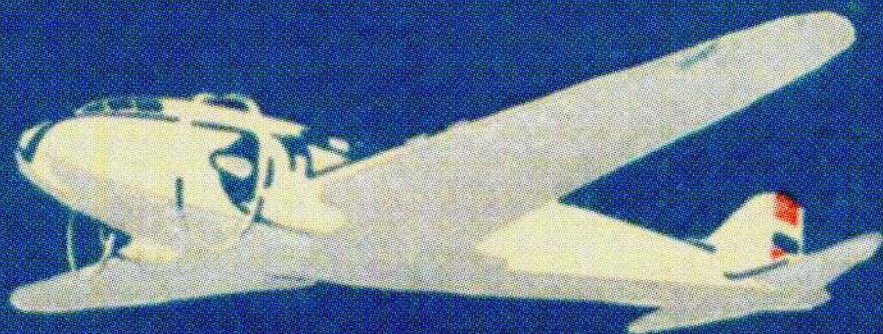
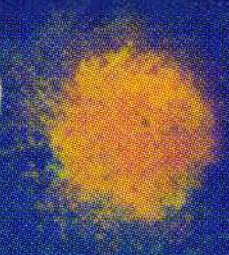
Soon, the streets flooded with newsboy hats and soft-brimmed fedoras. Men stood aghast, leaning on the porous brownstone of the Greek-revival style buildings, as the ambient anxiety seeped into the bricks. The bricks responded with their usual calm, inanimate stoicism. There was nowhere to go but "up," and, suddenly, in a day, there was nowhere to go. Chatter turned to screaming, pacing to rushing, anxiety to anger. The five stages of financial grief experienced in milliseconds by a whole floor of despondent stock-traders, emotions flowing at the speed of information. No one warns you about the fall's rapidity.

Hope was the electricity that gave flesh to this monstrous autotelic entity. Hope jolted assets into a frenzy, making us feel alive in the process. Every day the glorious economy roared, and we rode its highs. Bubbles, effervescence, valuations, all signs of hope, the fundamental asset of America. The Great Project is materialized through hope and perseverance; hope is disseminated through narrative, and labor is the avatar of perseverance. Men were pushing and shoving, trying to make it to the nearest bank. Suit jackets were creased from rabid hands trying to swim through the agitated crowd. More shouting. It is the continuation of labor that creates perseverance, and the actuality of perseverance creates hope. Bank tellers are too slow. More shouting. The bank is empty. The monster is low on energy. We wail at the sight of the wounded mother that can no longer provide. It is the abstraction of labor that stretches valuations past the point of common sense, when the perseverance is no longer calculated, when it is assumed. When the narrative takes over, when hope is all there is. When hope takes over, when it is all-encompassing, when hope suffocates the economy, the Great Project stares at its barren figure in the mirror and weeps.

To believe is to trust. When the suds of effervescence subside, all there is left is the Crash. Crash is reality. The collision with the ineluctable. The real's vengeance, leaving the cushy reeling from the fall. To crash is to finally be. Crash is the Alpha and Omega of the Empire.



Fly High!



**don't forget your
boarding pass**

