

## ADDENDUM

“If we hit turbulence now Madame, you will smash your head on the ceiling. Sit down and strap yourself in,” said the BA air-hostess (or whatever) still sporting the fluffy old livery.

Riding drugged out with sleepiness/sleeplessness in a daze on a plane staring at mayhem and motion and body parts, mostly still attached to their owners, on the back of the seat in front of mine, the body part owners feigning pleasure and pain, coding Haggard and Joseph, Maria as Dreyer’s Joan of Arc... sexual ecstasy having replaced religious passion as the facial motivator.

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Planes trains and boats on other channels, global warming on one, Manchurian Global on the prowl on another, both killing people by war, by pistol shots, by plane crashes, by giant hailstones, by instant freeze-drying, by crashes of cars, trains, planes, and other vehicles. Hey, don’t they know I’m on a plane? Do I need more reminders of mortality by vehicular homicide and accident?

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Feeling or not feeling turbulence and hearing/not hearing the crying baby in the next row. I am wearing earplugs with the audio headphones on top, a ridiculous way to do things, but there you are. I fall asleep briefly and slip into the dream of turbulence that in fact is not happening on my actual plane but on the Roland Emmerich film of cataclysmic weather events. The file clip for a movie called Before Sunset comes on, telling us that one got away, only to be recaptured in a dream, a man and a woman. The Stepford Wives’ latest version reminds us that even gays and Jews can be remodeled into perfect small-town Republicans, but the filmmakers are only joking. And that’s not really the real Fox news in the Manchurian Candidate, even though Fox News is playing itself.

Every movie is in motion, time is not enough, there must be fast-moving vehicles too, helicopters crashing in giant storms, women wandering lost, asleep on their feet, in subway trains alternately packed and empty, a retro ocean liner passes by in a golfer’s story, a woman’s sex appears, right there boxed on the little seat back—where is Godard?—passengers on an airplane, cars and taxis again, and now Arabs in sandy slums make their appearance on the outside of civilized life. It is no longer a marketing faux pas to show death and dismemberment while you are belted in to your seat, staring, because as you may have realized, YOU ARE NOT REALLY HERE, NOT REALLY YOU.

“I had these dreams, I am in a car, an empty subway, and I think I see you. If anyone touches me, I will dissolve into molecules.”