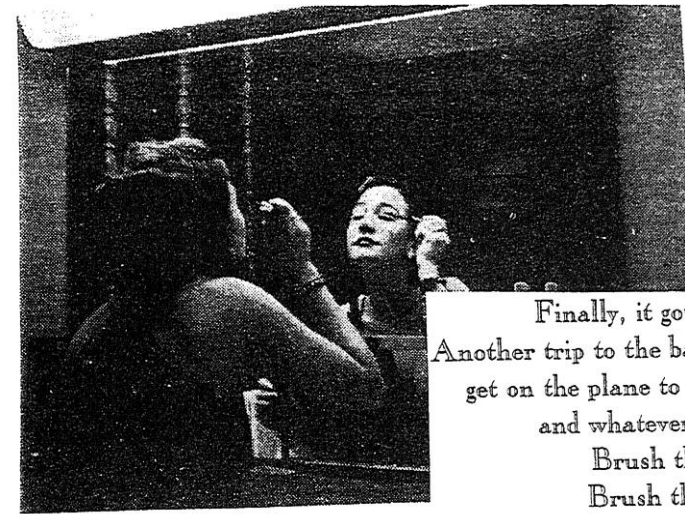
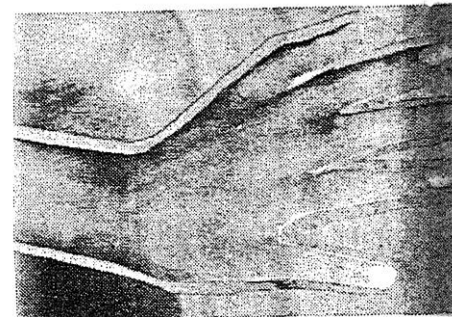
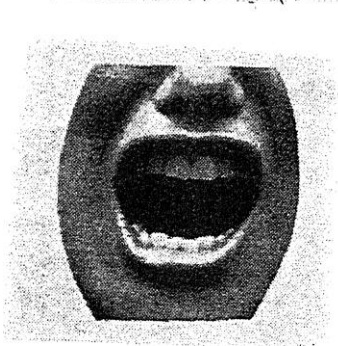
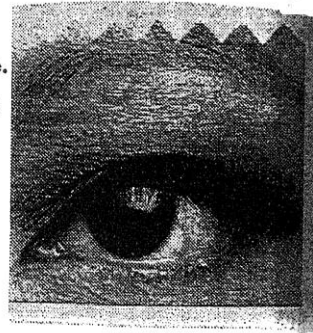


Arriving at JFK, I was a little giddy from the flight, and the bizarre "James Bond meets The Jetsons in Scandinavia" architecture of the Eero Saarinen-designed TWA terminal didn't help. It just cracked me up. With plenty of time to waste, I grabbed a snack, wandered about, read about 'Total Recall' and the New Bad Future genre in Film Quarterly, calculated again how much longer I'd be in transit, and made a tiny effort to write in my journal:

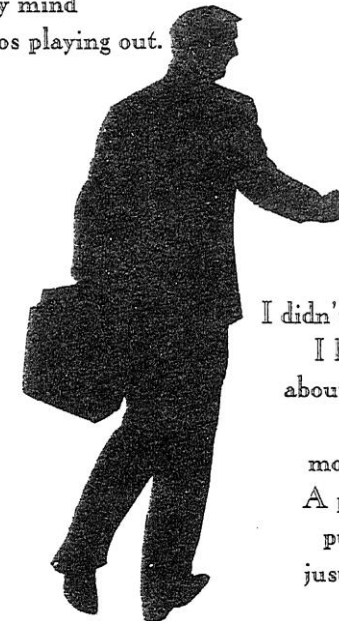
2-12-91

Here we are. Time and space no longer make sense. "New York" or "7:19pm" cease to mean anything. Space and time? I'm sitting on a black chair with my feet resting on red carpet, and it's dark outside. Tomorrow, I'll be in "Europe".



Finally, it got past 7:30. Another trip to the bathroom, freshen up, get on the plane to meet the morning and whatever was ahead. Brush the hair, Brush the teeth, Splash cold water on the face... I'm ready.

The ultimate destination was Zurich, but most people boarding the 747 were going to Charles de Gaulle Airport in Paris. Those bound for Zurich would change to another, smaller plane once there. Finally seated, I had a strange sensation of this moment being pivotal and important. Of course, in the back of my mind were all sorts of worst-case scenarios playing out.



I didn't really want the plane to stop in Paris. I had heard all sorts of horror stories about bomb threats in hubs such as Paris, or Heathrow in London, mostly compounded by the Gulf War. A passenger named Hussain had been pulled over to have his bags checked just before boarding. Typical prejudice, I reassured myself.