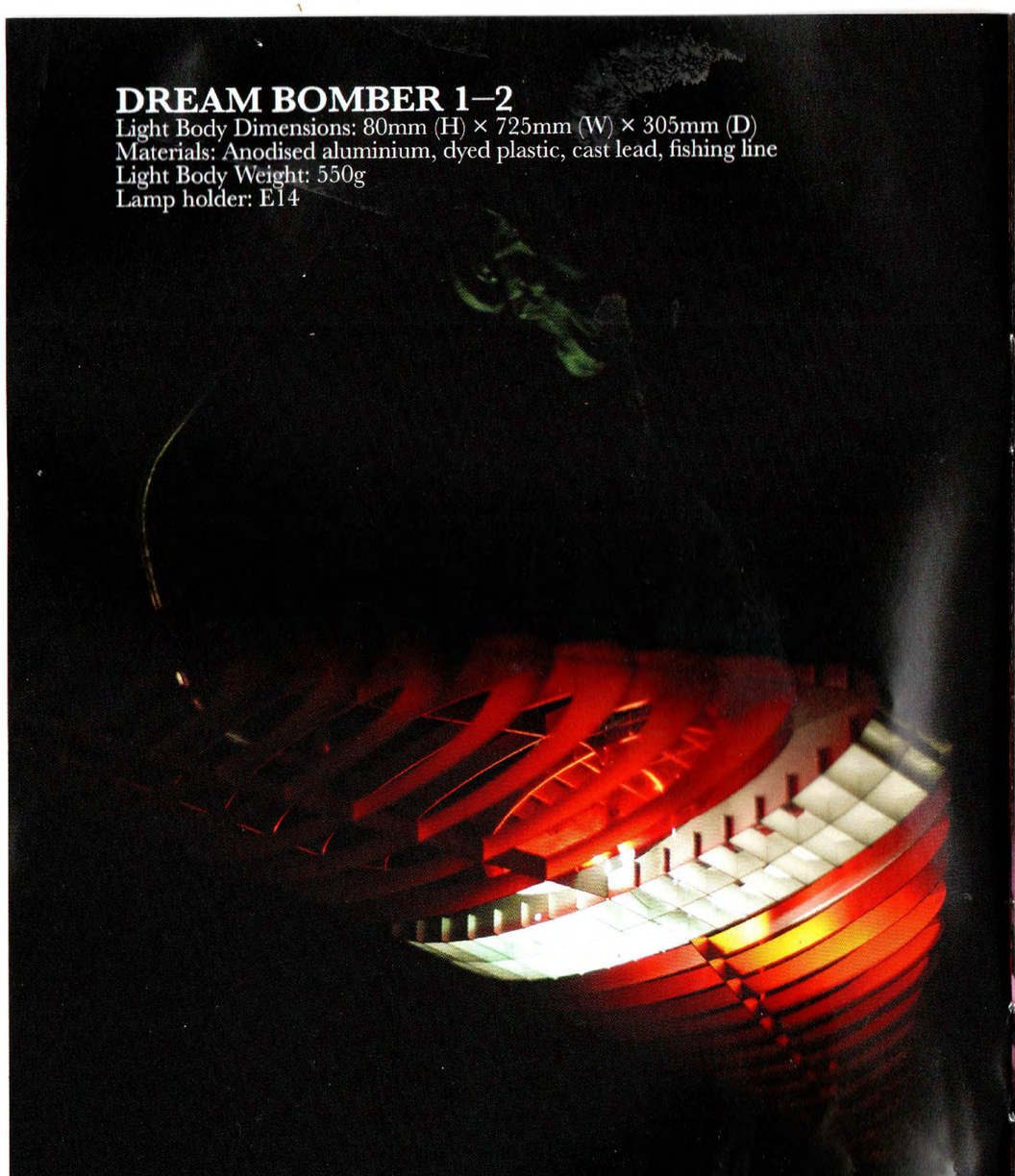
I was sitting radar. Actually doing nothing.
Platten Haus

DREAM BOMBER 1–2

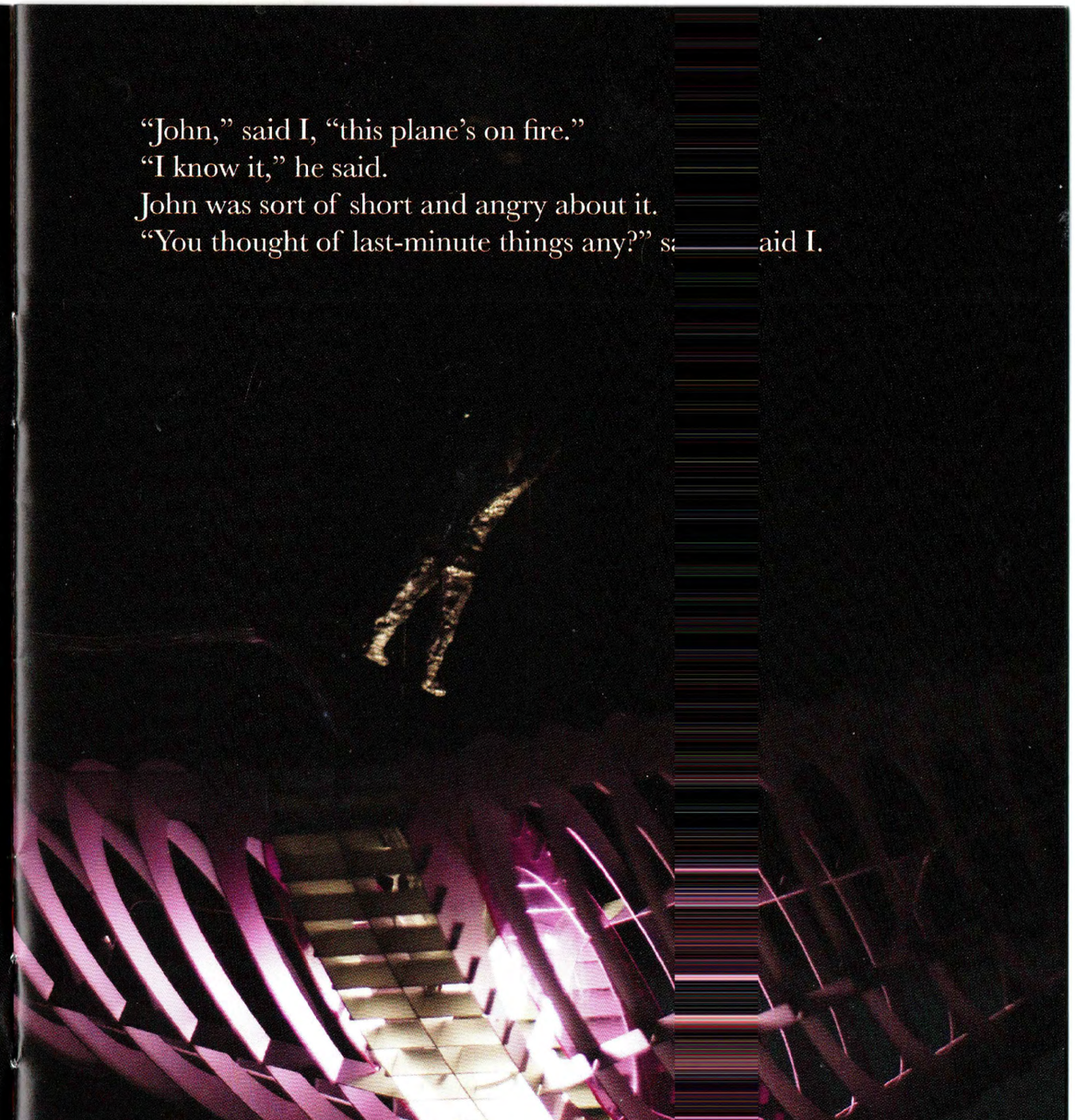
Light Body Dimensions: 80mm (H) × 725mm (W) × 305mm (D)
Materials: Anodised aluminium, dyed plastic, cast lead, fishing line
Light Body Weight: 550g
Lamp holder: E14

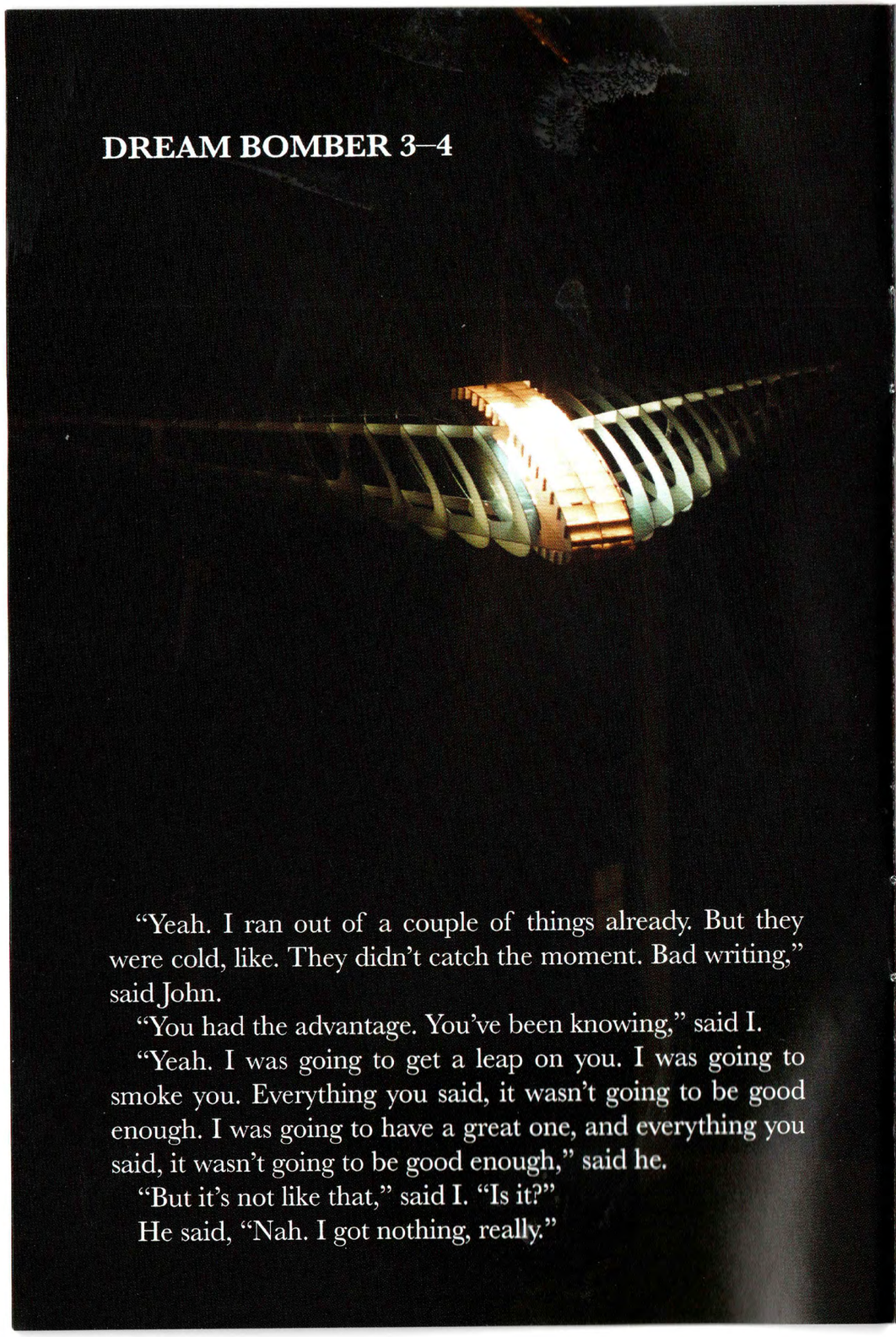


We had been up to seventy-five thousand to give the afternoon some jazz. I guess we were still in Mexico, coming into Miramar eventually in the F-14. It doesn't much matter after you've seen the curvature of the earth. For a while, nothing much matters at all. We'd had three sunsets already. I guess it's what you'd call really living the day.

But then,

"John," said I, "this plane's on fire."
"I know it," he said.
John was sort of short and angry about it.
"You thought of last-minute things any?" s[redacted]aid I.





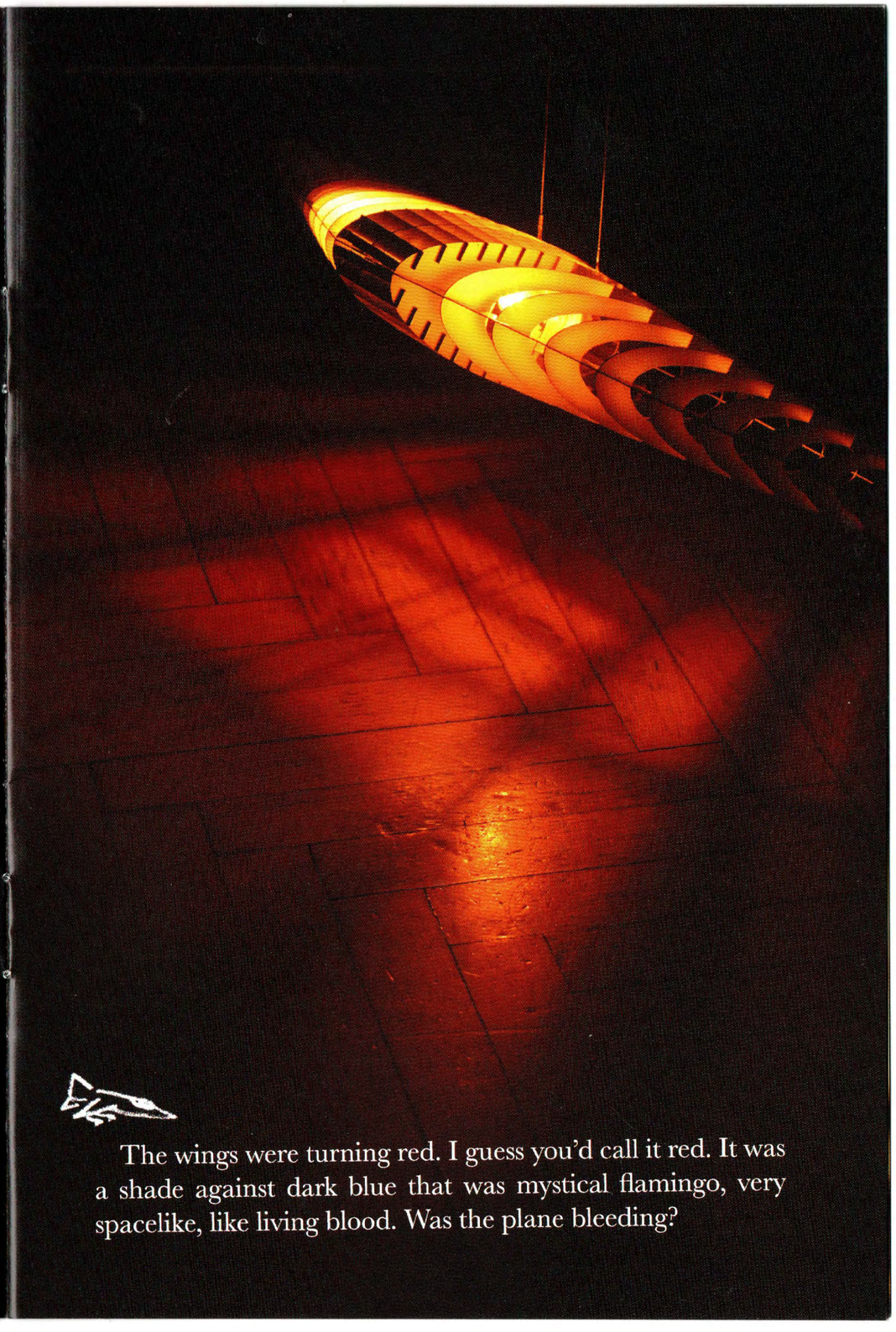
"Yeah. I ran out of a couple of things already. But they were cold, like. They didn't catch the moment. Bad writing," said John.

"You had the advantage. You've been knowing," said I.

"Yeah. I was going to get a leap on you. I was going to smoke you. Everything you said, it wasn't going to be good enough. I was going to have a great one, and everything you said, it wasn't going to be good enough," said he.

"But it's not like that," said I. "Is it?"

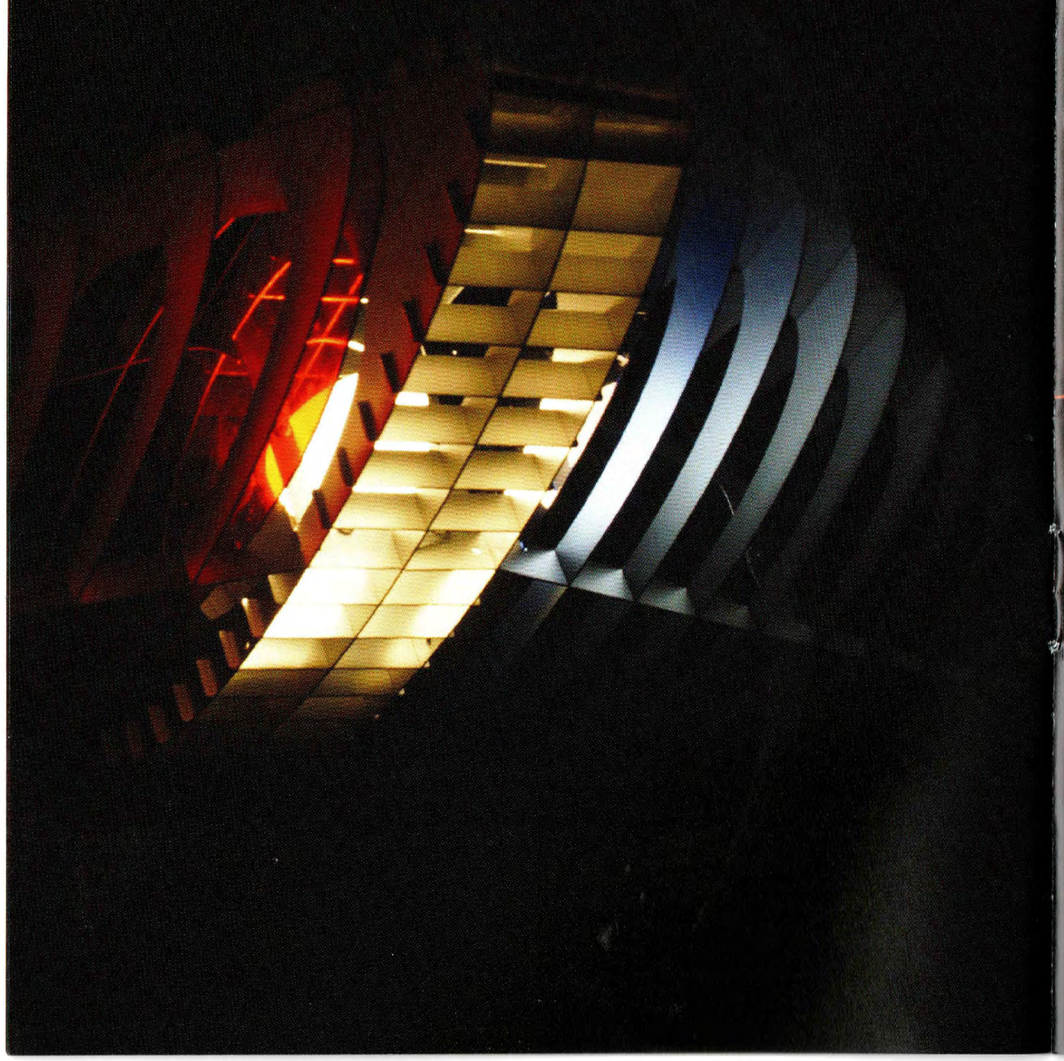
He said, "Nah. I got nothing, really."

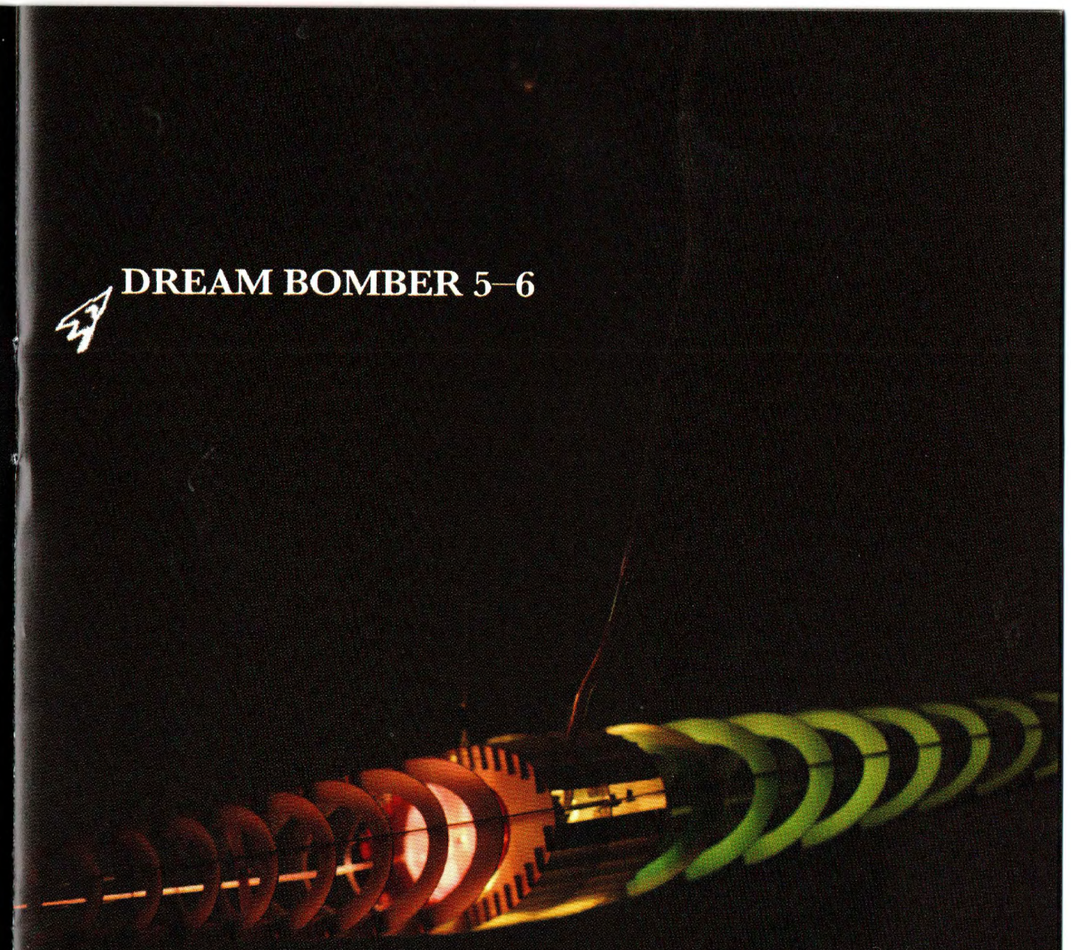


The wings were turning red. I guess you'd call it red. It was a shade against dark blue that was mystical flamingo, very spacelike, like living blood. Was the plane bleeding?

"You have a good time in Peru?" said I.

"Not really," said John. "I got something to tell you. I haven't had a 'good time' in a long time. There's something between me and a good time since, I don't know, since I was twenty-eight or like that. I've seen a lot, but you know I haven't quite *seen* it. Like somebody's seen it already. It wasn't fresh. There were eyes that had used it up some."





"Even high in Mérida?" said I.

"Even," said John.

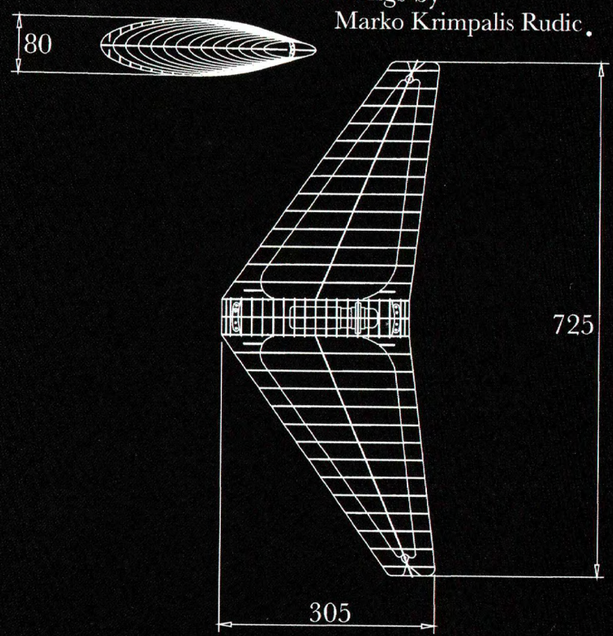
"Even Tibet, where you met your wife. By accident a beautiful American girl way up there?" said I.

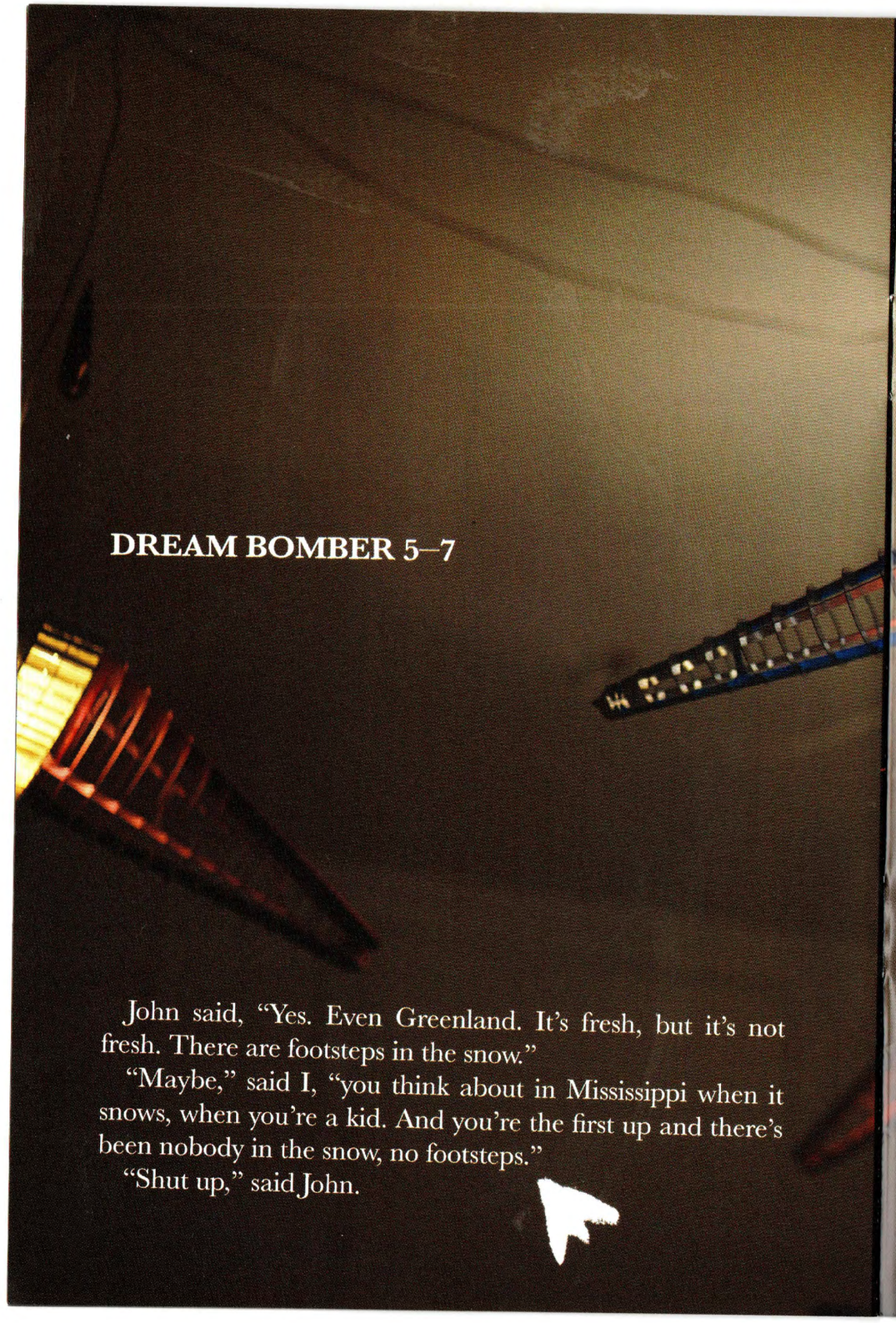
"Even," said John.

"Even Greenland?" said I.

DREAM BOMBER

ceiling lights
designed and manufactured by
Felix Taylor
of
Platten Haus
with
ornamental lead counterweights by
Marko Krimpalis Rudic
with assistance from
Evgenia Zembyla,
first shown in an exhibition
organised by
Aristotelis Nikolas Mochloulis
at
my apartment,
photgraphed by
Carmen-Sibha Keiso
for this catalogue, which includes
the short story
Even Greenland
by
Barry Hannah
and drawings by
Marko Krimpalis Rudic.





John said, "Yes. Even Greenland. It's fresh, but it's not fresh. There are footsteps in the snow."

"Maybe," said I, "you think about in Mississippi when it snows, when you're a kid. And you're the first up and there's been nobody in the snow, no footsteps."

"Shut up," said John.

"Look, we are getting into a fight here at the moment of death? We going to mix it up with the plane on fire?"

"Shut up! Shut up!" said John. Yelled John.

"What's wrong?" said I.

He wouldn't say anything. He wouldn't budge at the controls. We might burn but we were going to hold level. We weren't seeking the earth at all.

"What is it, John?" said I.

John said, "You son of a bitch, that was mine—that snow in Mississippi. Now it's all shot to shit."

But I said, "What about you, John?"
John said, "I'm staying. Just let me have *that* one, will you?"
"But you can't," said I.
But he did.

Celeste and I visit the burn on the blond sand under one of those black romantic worthless mountains five miles or so out from Miramar base.

I am a lieutenant commander in the reserve now. But to be frank, it shakes me a bit even to run a Skyhawk up to Malibu and back.

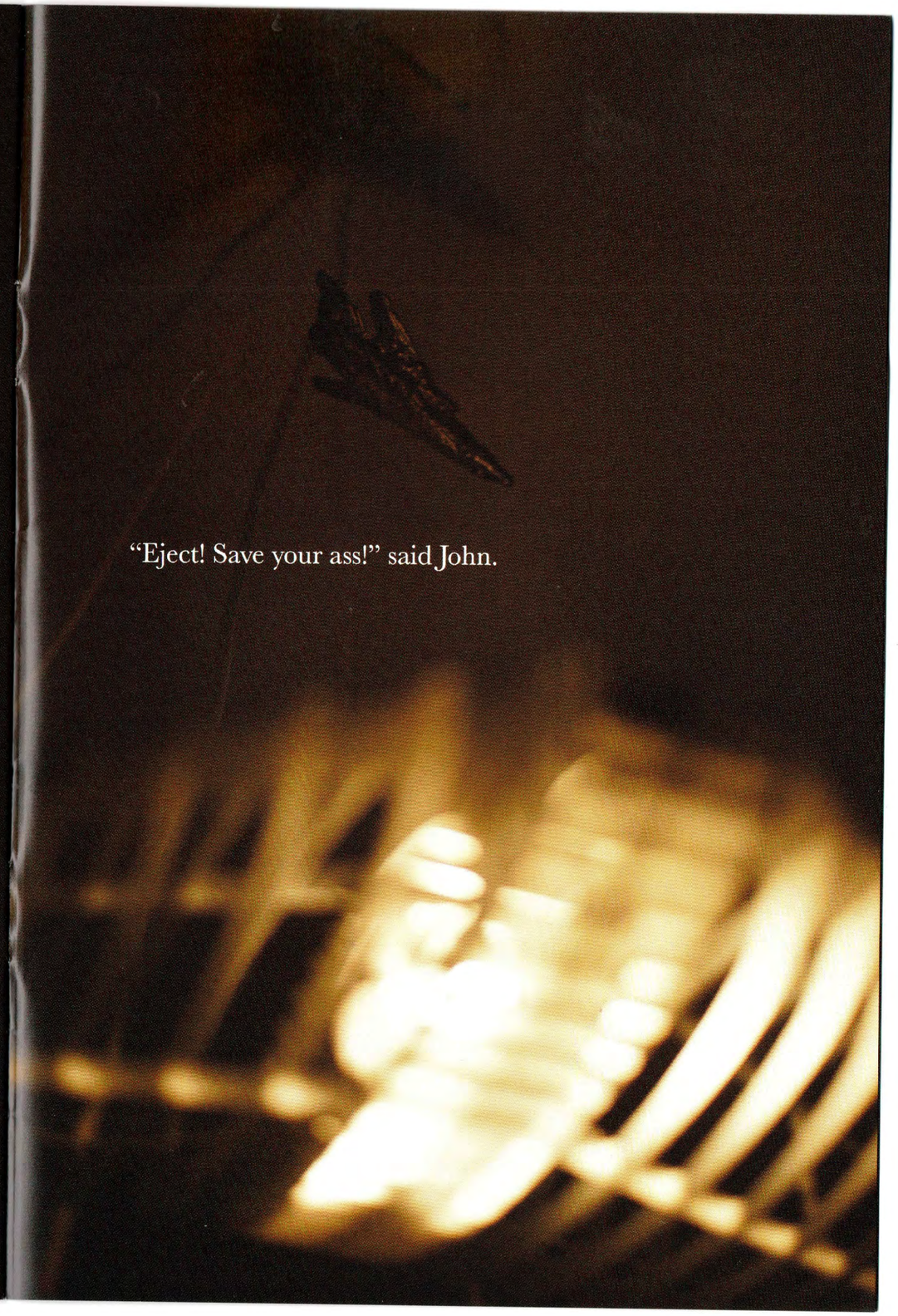
Celeste and I squat in the sand and say nothing as we look at the burn. They got all the metal away.

I don't know what Celeste is saying or thinking, I am so absorbed myself and paralyzed.

The paper from his notepad was flying all over the cockpit, and I could see his hand flapping up and down with the pencil in it, angry.

"It was mine, *mine*, you rotten cocksucker! You see what I mean?"

The little pages hung up on the top, and you could see the big moon just past them.



"Eject! Save your ass!" said John.

I know I am looking at John's damned triumph.

holdings
print