

part one

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YOU KNOW WHAT I MEAN  
MAGAZINE

ISSUE 3  
SEPT. 2020

# you know what I mean?

co-editors-in-chief

Monica Mouet and Davia Schendel



*Scenes from Home*

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*M is for March 2020*

**Pranshu Mishra**

**Monica Mouet**

**Jeanette Paak**

**Anna Mader**

**Tatiana Schynoll**

**Tatiana Schynoll**

**Davia Schendel**

**Monica Mouet**

**WANT TO SUBMIT?**

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# **A\_Message\_From\_The\_Editors**

**The future is what you make it.**

**VOTE on November 3, 2020.**

**You know what we mean.**

**with love–**

**Davia & Monica, your co-editors and partners in art**

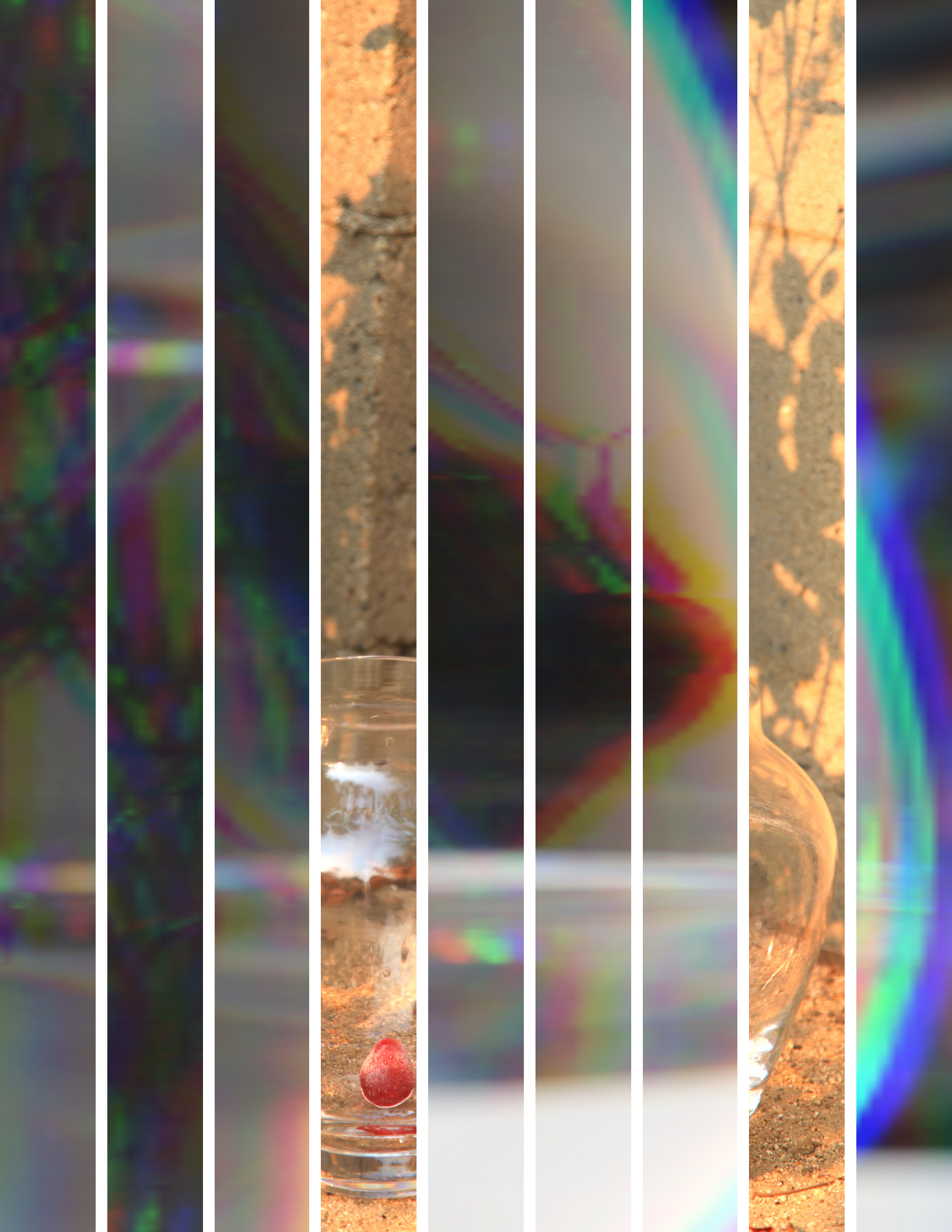
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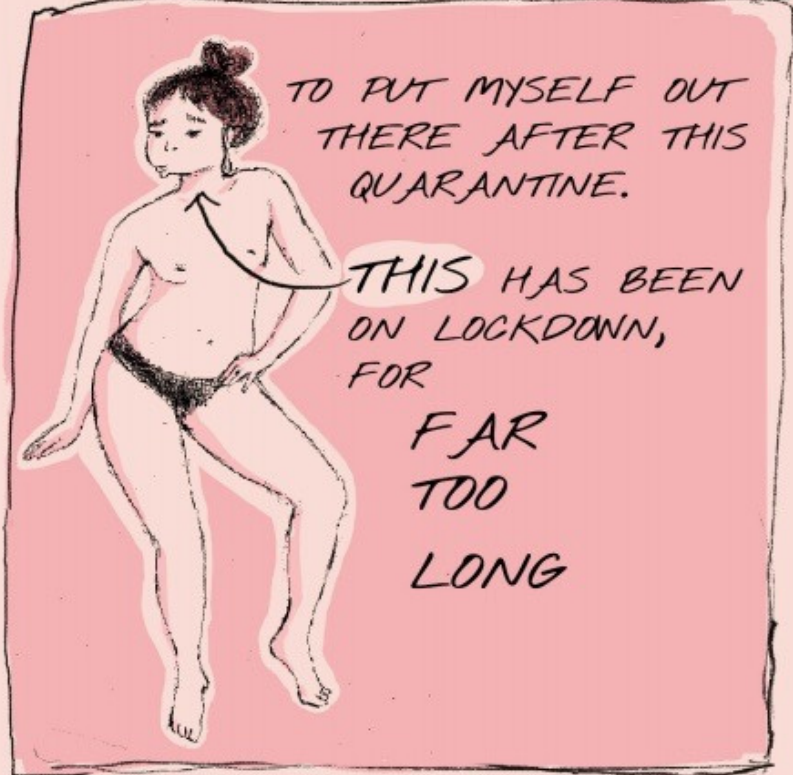
# The RE-OPENING

by: Jeanette Paak

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YOU KNOW WHAT. I THINK I'M FINALLY READY...



TO PUT MYSELF OUT THERE AFTER THIS QUARANTINE.

THIS HAS BEEN ON LOCKDOWN, FOR

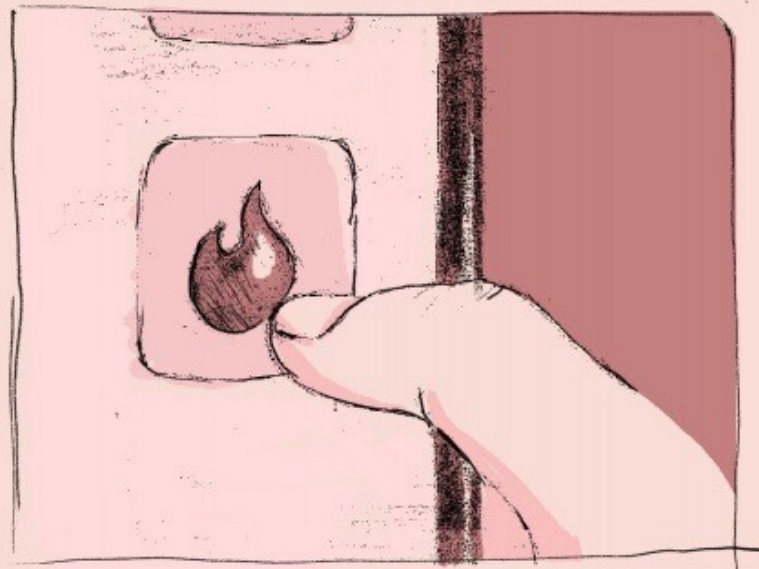
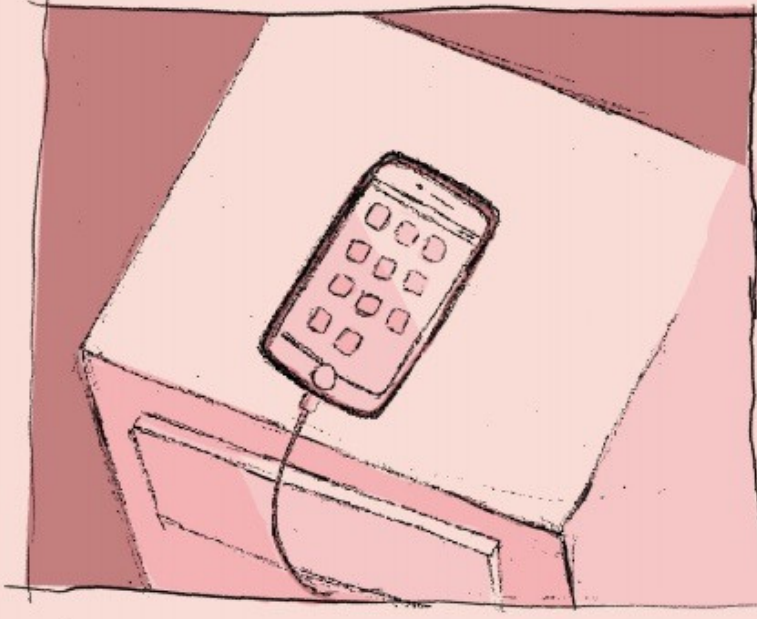
FAR TOO LONG



I THINK IT STILL WORKS.

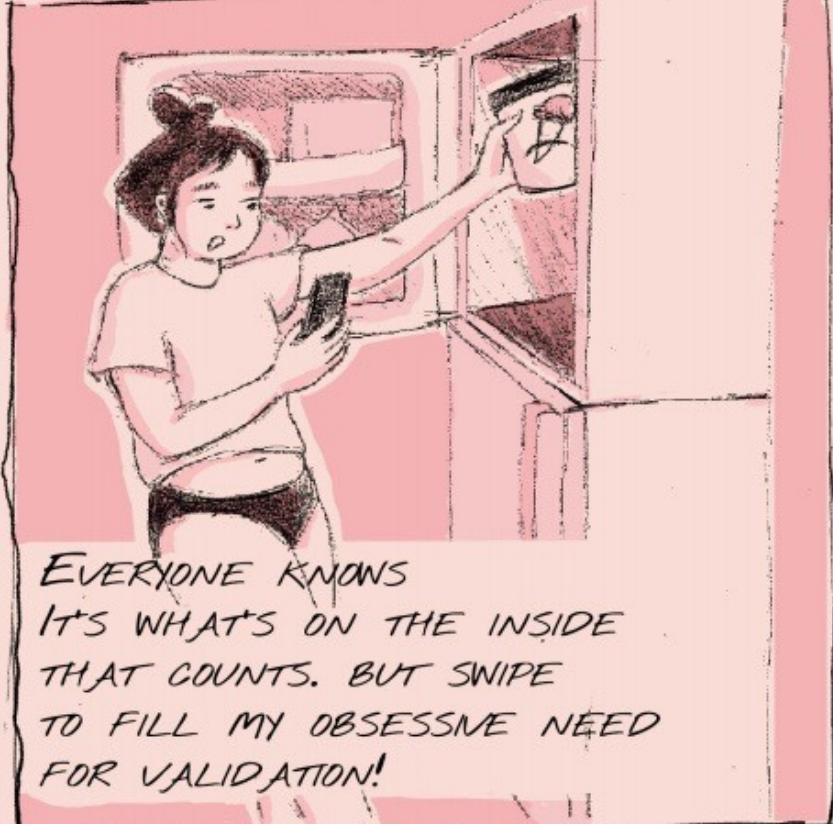


IT MUST BE DONE.

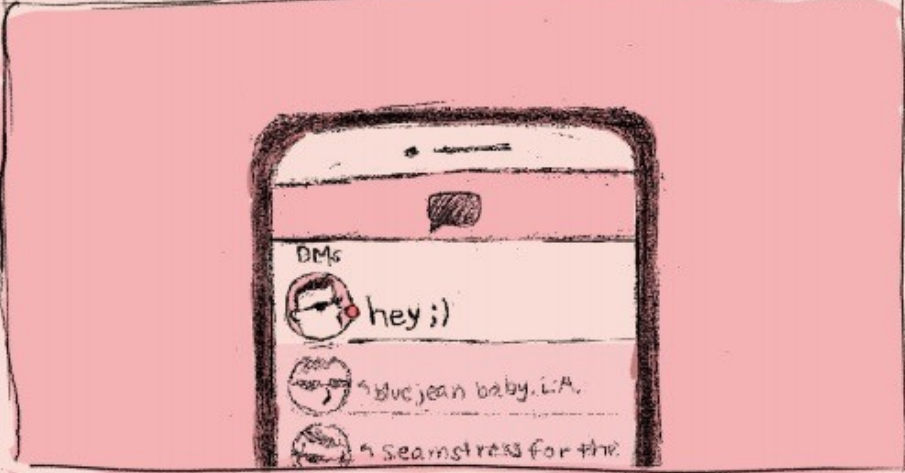




G AND...DUDE...PUT.  
A...SHIRT...ON.



EVERYONE KNOWS  
IT'S WHAT'S ON THE INSIDE  
THAT COUNTS. BUT SWIPE  
TO FILL MY OBSESSIVE NEED  
FOR VALIDATION!

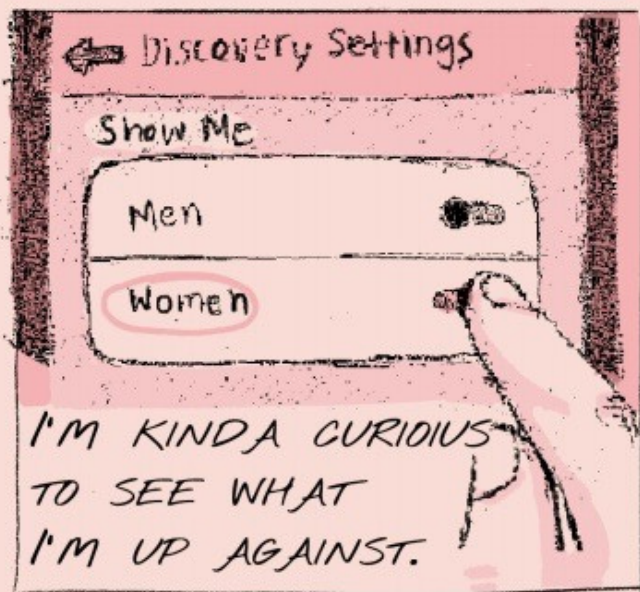


Ugh.



There it is.





Oh



dear



God.



This is at least okay...  
right?





*fuck it*



*Blue N' Bold we go.*



*That's enough of exploring outside of my comfort zone for today*



# chronophobia

Anna Mader

I'll have a bed-and-breakfast.

An old Victorian home, in a city no one visits.

With peeling wallpaper and a crumbling foundation,  
I will serve up lemon bars to the rare traveler passing by.

Feeding breadcrumbs to the finches that dot the  
patio from yesterday's toast.

My philodendron, a waxy green mass looms over  
the centerpiece of the sitting room.

A child's tea set. Doilies abound.

I'll fold, fold, and fold again the souring towels.  
Fill the decorative soap dishes.  
Change the fraying sheets.  
Fluff the downy pillows.  
Place a mint.  
For you.

An adventurer, on a quest of their own paradise.

Waiting for someone,

To fill my guest book with memories.

Cursive signatures with open hearts.

"We will never forget how lovely our time has been."

Empty pages.  
Cheap quirky mugs.  
Tallying the numbers,  
Things bought and then sold.  
Eating breakfast for lunch and dinner.  
Sitting on the front step reading coffee-table books.

Will it always be this way?

Watching the cars pass by without their drivers,  
On a magnetic street.

Gleaming,  
Sleek and chrome.  
Reflective panels absorb  
while darting from here to there.  
With its sleeping, reading, eating,  
drinking inhabitants laughing their way,  
into a new dawn.

Paradise ensured.

Why look elsewhere?





*reunion* by tatiana schynoll

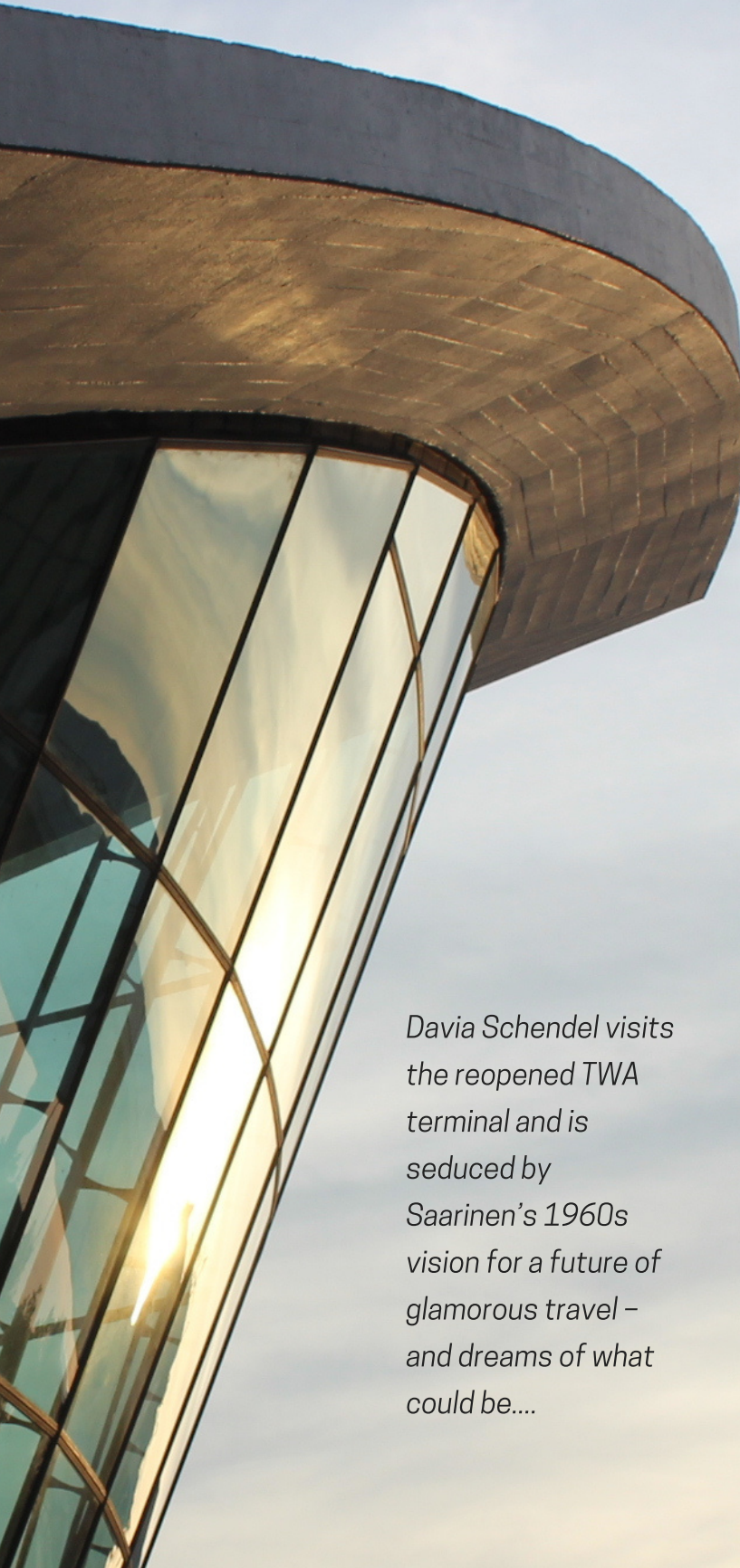




*strange heat* by tatiana schynoll



# SHAKEN, BUT NOT DETERRED



Davia Schendel visits the reopened TWA terminal and is seduced by Saarinen's 1960s vision for a future of glamorous travel – and dreams of what could be...

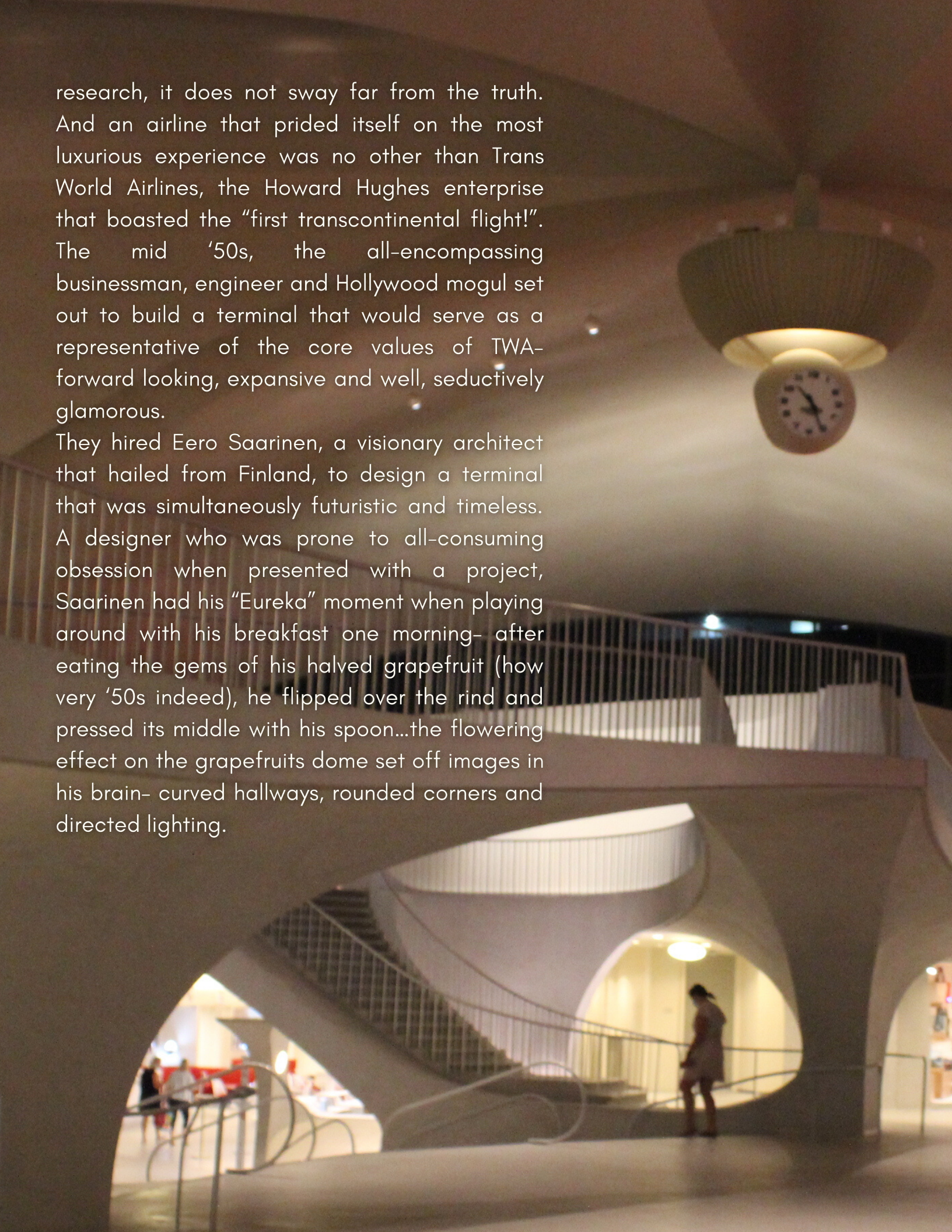
*It's 1962. You are sipping a martini, reading about the latest developments in Cuba while delegations of flight attendants, dressed to the nines, whizz past you—speaking languages you have only read about in books. The whirr of the timetable alerts that your flight to Paris is now boarding, along with the echo of an intercom announcement. You fold up your newspaper, sip the last drop of your cocktail, and with an almost choreographed elegance, rise from your plush lounge seat. The tarmac is wide open, staged as your glamorous runway, as others fumble around the expanse looking for their boarding passes in their well tailored pockets. You climb up the stairs into the plane and are greeted with Oral-B white smiles as you are directed towards your seat. You light up a cigarette to calm your flight nerves. A glass of champagne is passed to you. You're now in the air- wasn't that a breeze...*

**Well, perhaps that was more of a fantastical imagining of American travel culture in the so-called "Jet Age," but according to my**



research, it does not sway far from the truth. And an airline that prided itself on the most luxurious experience was no other than Trans World Airlines, the Howard Hughes enterprise that boasted the "first transcontinental flight!". The mid '50s, the all-encompassing businessman, engineer and Hollywood mogul set out to build a terminal that would serve as a representative of the core values of TWA—forward looking, expansive and well, seductively glamorous.

They hired Eero Saarinen, a visionary architect that hailed from Finland, to design a terminal that was simultaneously futuristic and timeless. A designer who was prone to all-consuming obsession when presented with a project, Saarinen had his "Eureka" moment when playing around with his breakfast one morning— after eating the gems of his halved grapefruit (how very '50s indeed), he flipped over the rind and pressed its middle with his spoon...the flowering effect on the grapefruits dome set off images in his brain— curved hallways, rounded corners and directed lighting.





Saarinen spent months building models and testing how light would influence the space, creating the most fluid, intuitive terminal that could be navigated without the assistance of a map. Unfortunately, the genius architect did not live to see his creation's opening day, dying of a brain tumor in 1961. His womb-like design, however, served as a beautiful entry way into the legendary city that was New York, a city whose myth was even larger than its own concrete expanse.



The terminal would serve as a diplomatic stage, being the US' unofficial welcome mat for most of the 1960s. The Beatles' first step on American soil was on the TWA tarmac- greeted with a roaring choir of teens who were desperate for a rock and roll awakening. Cultural exchange and international rubbings of elbows had to have a sexy stage- and the TWA terminal was the ideal facilitator.




Even if TWA's glory dwindled in the mid 1970s, the airlines still operated out of the still stunning terminal, albeit neglected to a certain degree, until American Airlines acquired TWA in December 2001. After 9/11, the terminal was seen as too easily accessible with its many entry points, so for security purposes, it was shuttered.

Saarinen's ergonomic vision was now seen as a security threat. Glamorous travel was now truly for those who paid extra. For roughly over a decade, the terminal sat in silence, a frivolous decoration of the past to be glanced at as JetBlue customers were dropped off at the neighboring terminal.

However, in 2015, a group of investors decided that the terminal's beauty could be repurposed in a different way- a luxury hotel. They went to the utmost lengths to reinstall the furnishings, lighting and signage of its 1960s heyday and opened to a stunned public in 2019, staging costumed actors to play the roles of groovy '60s travelers and stewardesses.







For someone who is definitely design inclined, the TWA terminal is like a treasure trove. It holds so many nooks and crannies for activities that no longer are part of our indoor airport experience; smoking cigarettes- calling long distances in a telephone booth- powdering up one's face or spraying one's 'do. As I walk around the terminal, I cannot help but feel like I am on a cinematic frequency- the speakers blast everything from Sinatra's *New York, New York* to Shirley Bassey's wailing *Goldfinger*. You almost expect Dr. No era Sean Connery in a suit and tie to appear at any moment, sporting a coy proposition. The 007 comparison's don't stop there- the overall atmosphere of lush seduction is part of the design. Exhibits of a "1962 living room" are tucked at the end of Saarinen's "fallopian tube" hallways, which are probably the most photographed feature of the terminal.

Everything is inviting, like a warm caress...  
a fuzzy feeling.

I sit in Saarinen's "womb chair"  
and let the sounds of samba  
wash over me.

You go to my head, TWA.  
It seems like the '60s  
were all about  
aphrodisiac spaces.  
That is one slinky way  
to make a  
love connection.


Instead of retreating to a plush alcove to whisper sweet nothings to a suave British gentleman, I am now dodging a coughing individual who, by the sound of his accent, is from the Midwest.

I am wearing a mask.

It's 2020. Need I say more?

Yes, traveling nowadays is very tenuous. One can only think of five years from now and sigh at the worries that will hover over our consciences. However, over-romanticization of the past is also just as negative. As I look around the main lobby, I ponder...would 1962 TWA allow local Queens families whose grandparents hailed from Jamaica and Trinidad to walk its halls? Would they allow queer couples to cuddle openly as they sipped cocktails in the lounge? Probably not. In a way, 2019 TWA is better than its past manifestation, even during a global crisis.



A photograph of a modern airport lounge. In the upper right, a large, curved black sign with the word "DEPARTS" in white capital letters is visible. Below it, a digital display shows flight information with red and white bars. The lounge floor is a vibrant red, and the seating consists of large, dark red modular sofas and several small, round white tables. A person is sitting on one of the sofas in the lower left. The background shows a large window looking out onto a city at night, with lights and buildings visible. The overall atmosphere is contemporary and sophisticated.

Saarinen's space reminds us that accessibility, beauty and design are still essential, even in a world where designers will now be asked to tick off even more criteria than ever before for the purpose of public health. Ultimately, that is the challenge for any public space architect—balancing utility and aesthetics. Hopefully, the future of traveling will incorporate safety and luxury, open to all and accessible for all abilities. Yes, this might seem idealistic and optimistic. But I have to be, because the other side of the scale is....well, not groovy.

So yes, I dream of days where we will not have to worry about many things. And hopefully glamour and pleasure become something that is open and available to everyone, not just those who have venture capital enterprises and iron-cast credit cards.

I want a world that is peaceful, sensual and supportive.  
*All that and a martini, please. Shaken, not stirred.*





# M IS FOR MARCH 20 20

MONICA MOUET

A IS FOR ASSHOLES EVERYWHERE  
B IS FOR BORED OF WORKING  
C IS FOR THE C WORD  
D IS FOR DEATHS FAR AND WIDE  
E IS FOR EAT EAT EAT EAT EAT  
F IS FOR FUCK FUCK FUCK FREEFALL  
G IS FOR GAWD HE IS SOOOOO CUTE  
H IS FOR HEAVEN IS A PLACE ON EARTH  
I IS FOR I JUST HATE THE INTERNET  
J IS FOR JUSTICE FOR BREONNA TAYLOR  
K IS FOR KISS  
L IS FOR LET IT BURN  
M IS FOR MARCH 2020  
N IS FOR NOPE, THAT'S OKAY  
O IS FOR OHHHH  
P IS FOR PILLOW MADE OF HUMAN  
Q IS FOR QUORN, FAKE MEAT



R IS FOR RATS WILL PAY  
S IS FOR SLIP AWAY PERFUME GENIUS  
T IS FOR TEACH ME AGAIN  
U IS FOR UPPER-CUT + JAB COMBO  
V IS FOR VINEGAR IN WHITE, RED,  
BLUE  
W IS FOR WHAT IF IT'S...ALRIGHT??  
X IS FOR XYLOPHONE DUH WHAT  
ELSE  
Y IS FOR YAMS, THOSE ARE YAMS  
Z IS FOR ZOOM MEETINGS  
1 is for no one is going to save us  
2 is for recover abundance  
3 is for secret placebo effects  
4 is for eat my shorts  
5 is for sharp propeller  
6 is for buckle up butter cup  
7 is for you can't leave me



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# ARTIST

# B I O S

**PRANSHU MISHRA** is an Indian American writer and actor based in LA. His latest projects are unreleased or in script form because he keeps all his thoughts hidden away for no one to find them even though that's the least effective decision he could ever make. The future is what it is.

**MONICA MOUET** is an artist based in Santa Ana who creates dramatic texts that investigate personal politics, emotional patterns, and identities. She works with the dramatic writing workshop the Broken Couch Collective, co-edits *You Know What I Mean* with Davia, and has gained recognition from the MACRO Episodic Lab by the Black List. The future is less is more.

**DAVIA SCHENDEL** is a writer, musician and filmmaker based in New York, NY, originally from San Francisco, CA. She, along with her co-editor Monica, first started dreaming of *You Know What I Mean* way back in 2016 as college students. She is incredibly excited to have everyone join in on this multimedia journey. The future is what you create.

**ANNA MADER** is currently living her bucolic dreams in her parents' house in TN. She is a pod teacher for 3 kids. The future is so bright I got to wear shades (solar flares).

**JEANETTE PAAK** is a Korean American artist based in San Francisco where the air is so frisco. She is a freelance illustrator and amateur animator that likes to overshare personal stories in hopes to make people laugh or cry. She wishes to go back and live in Korea to get in touch with her roots and make more stories about being Asian American. The future for her is...hopefully fruitful?

**TATIANA SCHYNOLL** is an abstract painter based in Albany, NY. She is currently pursuing a Master of Fine Arts in Painting from the University at Albany, SUNY. Tatiana received her Bachelor of Science in Visual Arts from the State University of New York at New Paltz and studied painting at the Marchutz School of Fine art in Aix-en-Provence, France. "The Future is art, action, and life."

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