

THE SUBWAY SHINING

by Steve Herring
Visualized by Dave Herring



MY NAME IS PHIL SINCLAIR. I PLAY ALTO SAX. WE JUST FINISHED A GIG AT CITY HALL AND IT RAN WAY TOO LATE.



I THOUGHT I'D SAVE A FEW BUCKS ON CAB FARE AND TAKE THE LEXINGTON AVENUE SUBWAY.



I DIDN'T REALIZE IT THEN, BUT THAT WAS NOT MY DECISION.



IN SOME STRANGE WAY, THE SUBWAY WAS CALLING ME.



IT'S FUNNY HOW THESE STATIONS CAN FEEL COMPLETELY DIFFERENT WHEN THEY'RE DESERTED AT NIGHT.



IF YOU LISTEN REAL HARD IT ALMOST SOUNDS LIKE AN OLD-FASHIONED JAZZ BAND PLAYING SOMEWHERE IN THE BOWELS OF THE SYSTEM.



AN EXPRESS CAME AND WENT. I NEEDED TO GET OFF AT 23RD STREET, A LOCAL STATION.



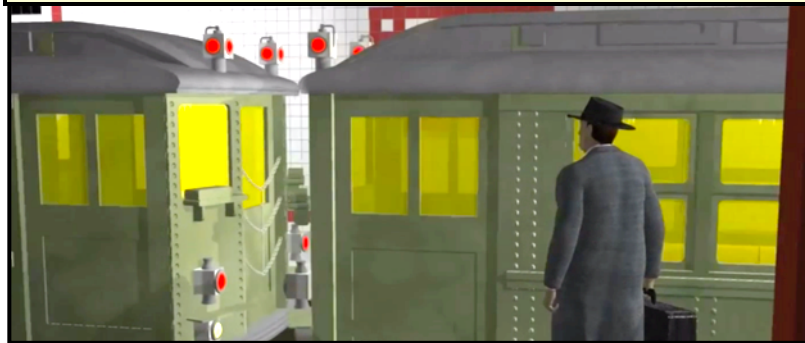
THAT EXPRESS TRAIN LEFT IN ITS WAKE A FEELING OF DESOLATION. I COULD HAVE SWORN THE PLACE GOT COLDER.



A DEEP FOREBODING CAME OVER ME THAT WAS FINALLY BROKEN BY THE HOPEFUL SOUND OF ANOTHER TRAIN ARRIVING.



THIS LOCAL WAS AN ANTIQUE FROM THE PAST. I HAD SEEN THESE CARS AT THE TRANSIT MUSEUM.



MAYBE IT WAS SOME KIND OF LAST MINUTE SUBSTITUTE.



IN ANY CASE, IT LOOKED LIKE IT WOULD GET ME AS FAR AS 23RD STREET.





I WAS EXPECTING THE FIRST LOCAL STOP TO BE CANAL STREET, BUT IT CAME TOO QUICK.



THAT USED TO BE THE NEXT STOP, BUT THE WORTH STREET STATION WAS ABANDONED DECADES AGO. BUT THIS STATION SEEMS CLEAN AND BRIGHT.



I GOT UP TO TAKE A CLOSER LOOK AT WHAT MY EYES WERE TELLING ME BUT MY BRAIN COULDN'T ACCEPT.



JUST AS I STOOD IN THE OPEN DOORWAY THE OTHER GUY ON THE TRAIN PUSHED ME OUT ONTO THE PLATFORM!

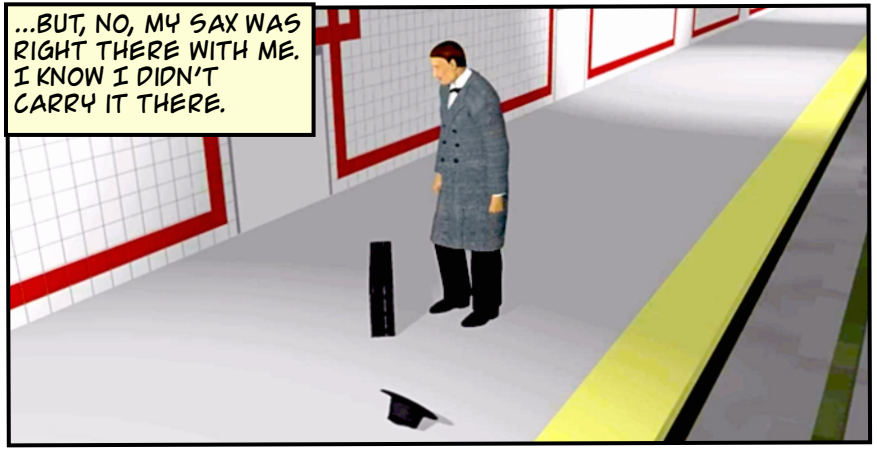


AS THE TRAIN PULLED AWAY HE WAS JABBERING SOMETHING ABOUT 'JOHNNY.'

THEN THE TRAIN WAS GONE, AND MY SAX WITH IT...



...BUT, NO, MY SAX WAS RIGHT THERE WITH ME. I KNOW I DIDN'T CARRY IT THERE.



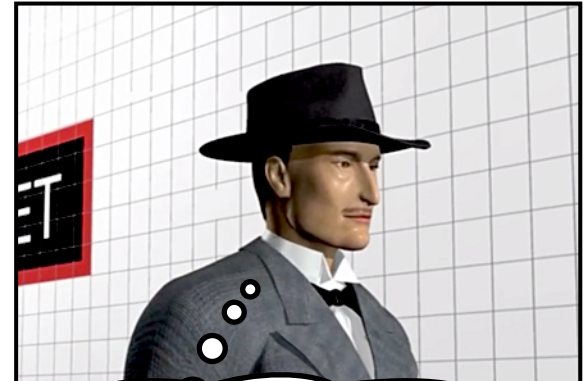
THIS WAS GETTING WEIRDER BY THE MINUTE.



I HEAR ANOTHER TRAIN COMING. I AM LOOKING FORWARD TO GETTING OUT OF THIS STATION FROM THE TWILIGHT ZONE

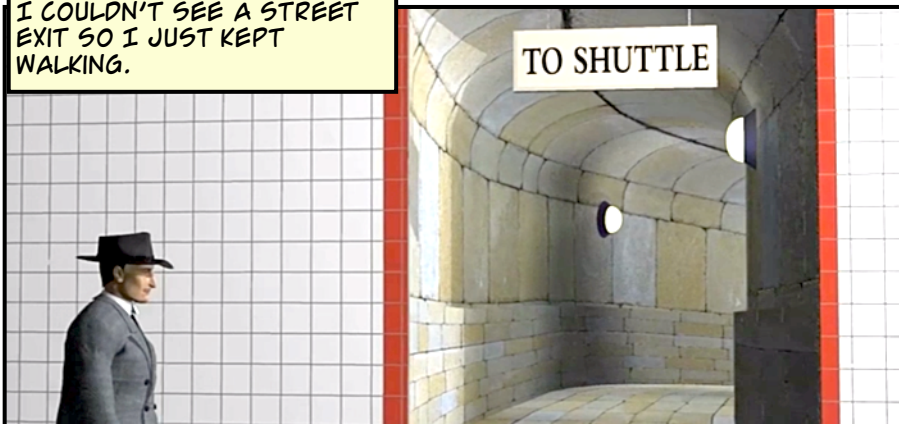


ITS AN EXPRESS. I NEED A LOCAL, PREFERABLY SOMETHING BUILT AFTER 1940.



I CAN'T WAIT FOR THE NEXT NOSTALGIA RUN; THAT COULD BE NEXT YEAR. I HAVE TO GET OUT OF HERE AND CATCH A CAB.

I COULDN'T SEE A STREET EXIT SO I JUST KEPT WALKING.



I HADN'T NOTICED THIS PASSAGEWAY. SINCE THERE WAS NO OTHER EXIT I THOUGHT I MIGHT AS WELL CHECK IT OUT.



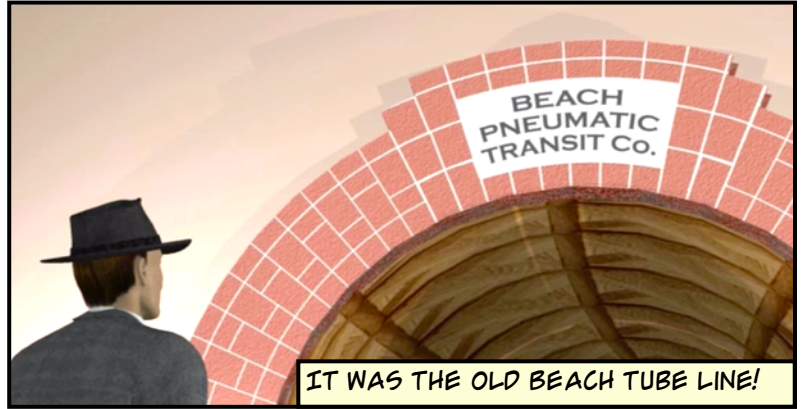
THE ONLY SHUTTLE I KNEW OF IN MANHATTAN IS THE ONE BETWEEN GRAND CENTRAL AND TIMES SQUARE.



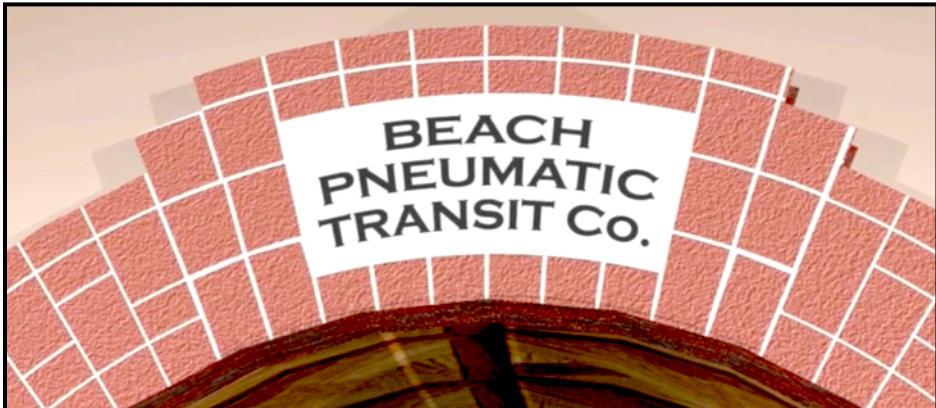
I CAME TO A ROOM THAT LOOKED MORE LIKE THE LADIES RESTROOM AT SOME FANCY SAN FRANCISCO RESTAURANT...



EXCEPT FOR THIS BIG HOLE IN THE WALL.



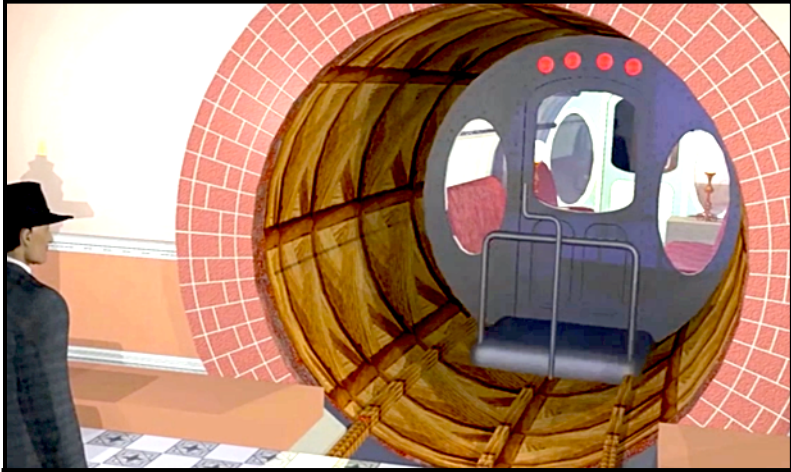
IT WAS THE OLD BEACH TUBE LINE!



I REMEMBERED READING ABOUT IT. THE NAME OF THE GUY WHO INVENTED IT WAS BEACH. IT WAS AN EARLY ATTEMPT AT A SUBWAY IN NEW YORK, MAYBE BACK IN THE 1870'S, USING COMPRESSED AIR TO PUSH A CYLINDER-LIKE CAR SEVERAL BLOCKS UNDER THE CITY.



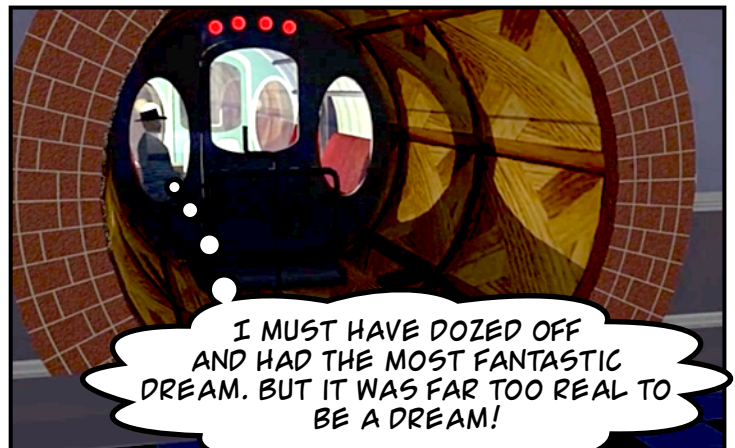
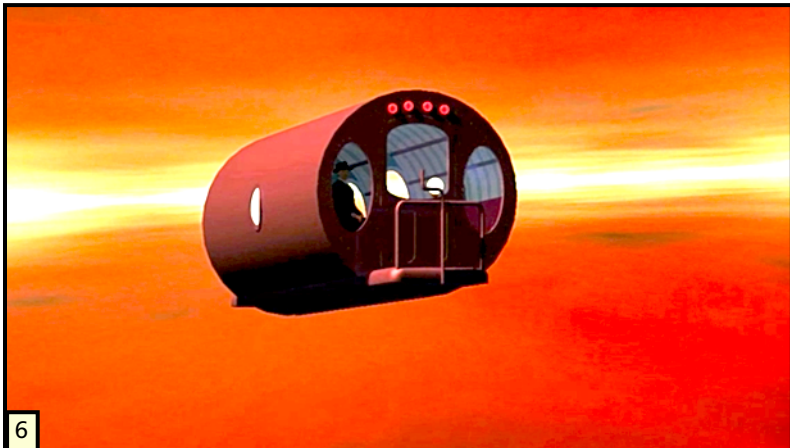
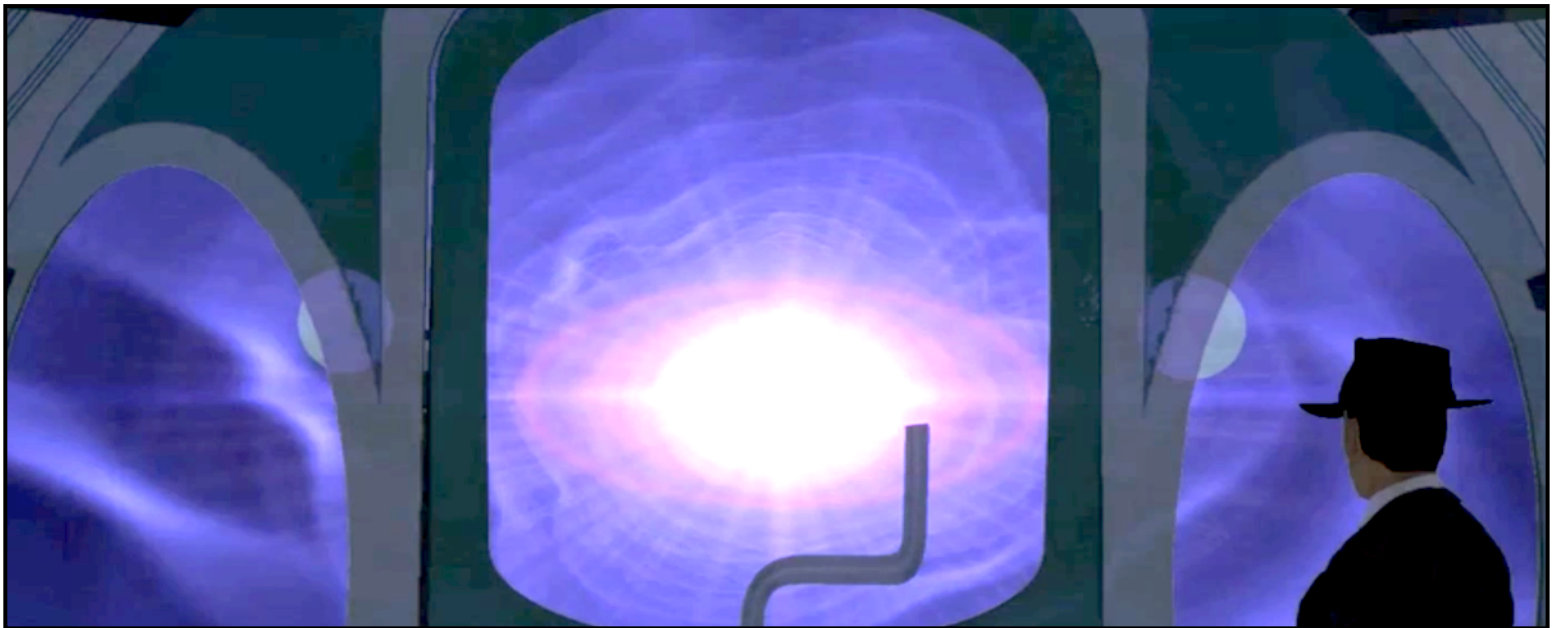
I KNEW ONE END OF THE LINE WAS SOMEWHERE IN THIS PART OF TOWN, BUT THOUGHT IT HAD BEEN ABANDONED AND LOST OVER A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.



WELL I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS HAPPENING, BUT THOUGHT I MIGHT AS WELL PLAY ALONG.

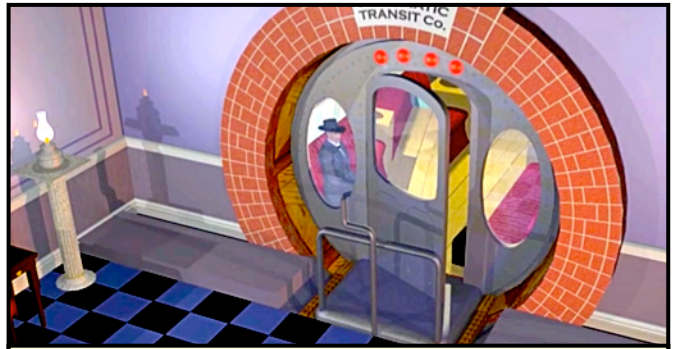


I DIDN'T SEEM TO HAVE ANY OTHER CHOICE.





IT LEFT ME FEELING ENTIRELY DIFFERENT, AS IF I HAD ENTERED ANOTHER WORLD.



IT CAME TO WHAT SEEMED TO BE THE END OF THE LINE. I GOT OUT HOPING A STREET EXIT MIGHT BE AT THIS END.



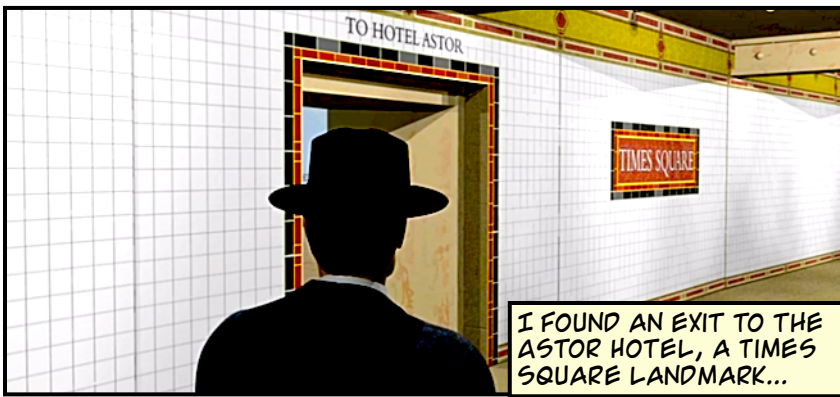
AN OLD FASHIONED ESCALATOR WAS IN OPERATION, SAVING ME A BIG CLIMB.



I HAVE NO IDEA WHERE THIS WILL TAKE ME. ...



I WAS IN THE TIMES SQUARE SHUTTLE STATION, BUT IT LOOKED VERY DIFFERENT. 7



I FOUND AN EXIT TO THE ASTOR HOTEL, A TIMES SQUARE LANDMARK...



ONLY THE OLD ASTOR WAS TORN DOWN BACK IN THE SIXTIES.

BUT I FELT THAT'S WHERE I WAS SUPPOSED TO GO.



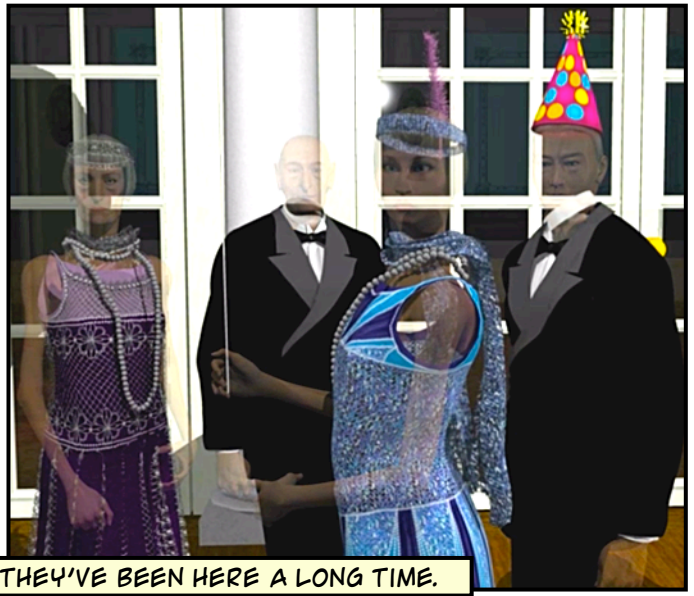
I KNEW THE SITE OF THE OLD ASTOR WAS RECENTLY REDEVELOPED AS AN OFFICE BUILDING CALLED ONE ASTOR PLAZA, BUT THIS LOOKED MORE LIKE THE OLD HOTEL.



I TURNED A CORNER AND CAME UPON SOME NEW YEAR'S REVELERS, AND COULD HEAR A JAZZ BAND PLAYING NOT FAR AWAY. I DECIDED TO FOLLOW THE MUSIC.



SOME OF THESE PEOPLE LOOKED LIKE THEY'VE BEEN HERE A LONG TIME.



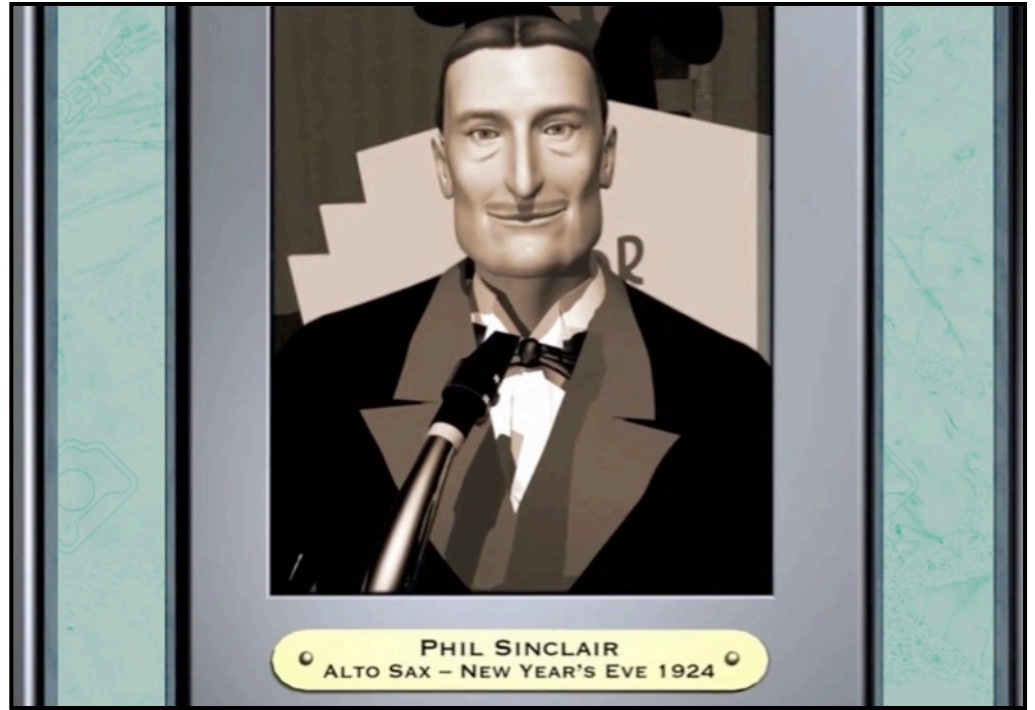
HE LOOKED FAMILIAR...







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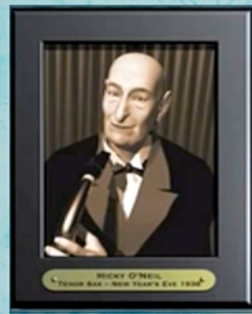


PHIL SINCLAIR
ALTO SAX - NEW YEAR'S EVE 1924

ONE ASTOR PLAZA



JIMMY ZIMMERMAN
CLARINET - NEW YEAR'S EVE 1924



RICKY O'NEIL
TRUMPET - NEW YEAR'S EVE 1924



PHIL SINCLAIR
ALTO SAX - NEW YEAR'S EVE 1924



FRED LAMONDE
TRUMPET - NEW YEAR'S EVE 1924



POP SCHNEIDER
LEADER - NEW YEAR'S EVE 1924



LOU FONTAINE
DRUMS - NEW YEAR'S EVE 1924



BILL FRANKLIN
PIANO - NEW YEAR'S EVE 1924



DAVE DRUCKER
DOUBLE BASS - NEW YEAR'S EVE 1924



CHUCK SAUNDERS
TRUMPET - NEW YEAR'S EVE 1924



WHITLEY JACKSON
CLARINET - NEW YEAR'S EVE 1924

Old Astor Hotel Jazz Band - New Year's Eve, 1924

The Subway Shining

by Steve Herring, Visualizd by Dave Herring

This comic strip is dedicated to the genius of Stanley Kubrick.

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