And so we find ourselves somewhere different. The scale is not what it was. It hurts just a little bit to take this in, to say "what it was". What is before; what was before? Our position seems to be against time. Not without time but at least unrelated to or unconcerned with the notion of sequentiality, the order/sequence we have learned to project backwards with our gaze. Overwhelming nowness. From somewhere else.

The tenses are confused, stressed. We are. Is it really? Now is inconclusive. Wait for a conclusion. First a vector, an axis. First proportion, some sense of Scale. How big is it? I'm not sure that will fit. We appear to be in a state. Let's leave.

We can't come back but we can return, reenter.

"You know very well the street is the street because the person who walks along it is mankind, and in that fact, the street means the same as the salon, the apartment, or integral calculus. Up to here we are with you". *Up to here we are with you.* "But if you let yourself be fooled by your own metaphors, you won't even be able to understand yourself !"

What is the street?   Where we are.

The same by analogy, lost, we are together.

Calculus of infrastructure, the street can carry mankind.

Now the bridge. Can we all fit on there?

A bridge is classified as "structurally deficient" if important load- carrying elements are in poor condition, or if it is prone to repeated flooding resulting in traffic delays. The classification does not mean that the bridge is unsafe. "Functionally obsolete" does not refer to a bridge's structural integrity; rather the classification indicates that a bridge does not meet current design standards for the amount of traffic it carries.

There used to be a little gap between the sidewalk and the street. Now it is functionally obsolete, requiring updated Level 1 load rating documentation. Requires sounding rods, men in vests swarm and tap, metal on concrete on iron, finding load limit by ear, bend this beam just a little, in tune. Hearing from underneath, Train? Sound from somewhere else - above - the space changes, bridge becomes a wall. Hitting the ground over and over for measurement, hitting for measurements.

Rating Results: Tabulated by structural rating unit with controlling member for controlling unit with controlling limit state.

You put your foot on the bridge and the bridge snaps. He snaps on the bridge, to the bridge. Bridge as limit state, uncontrolled; Bridge as state control. We can't all fit on there - read the posted load limit. The bridge becomes a bridge.

Turn around and close your eyes. Now listen closely to my voice, it's all you have. Just for a minute, I know you can do it. Pay attention stay focused on my voice.

You are not in control of your senses.   *You are not in control of your senses.*
I'm sorry but it's going to get louder -- keep your eyes closed.

You are not in control of your senses.   You are not in control of your senses.

THEN A PARTITA BY JOHANN SEBASTIAN BACH
EMANATED FROM THE LOUDSPEAKERS AND FROM TIME
TO TIME THE VIOLIN COULD BE HEARD

AND THE VIOLIN COULD BE HEARD

FROM the loudspeakers

FROM time TO time   COULD be heard

She led me 15 blocks out of our way to hear a building ventilator. 40 years later, we walk 15 blocks. One day, now, twice as hot. Central air conditioning bigger than it was. 43 cooling units and 12 ventilators. Just a little bit changes. Just a little bit hotter. Whine.

Rhythm is memory: 43 against 15. 43 against 12. Scream.

Under the *chorus* of fans, not a chorus, independent, conducted by measurements taken measured by conduction, temperature sensitive, now the light is just a little brighter and everything changes - twice as hot.

Vertigo -- spinning as walls close in the waves cross through you their peaks miles above, each blade going much too fast around the curve each orbit narrows the field is stratified neatly demarcated 55 tiny dotted lines into each ear and each thread is spinning choreography on three points a tight braid 516 loops per second 15 blocks erased replaced by a hummingbird in front of your closed eyes she hits you in the face 15 times it got just a little hotter (twice as hot) and you can't see you can't breathe.

The ear mechanism is able to respond to both very small and very large pressure waves by virtue of being nonlinear, that is, it responds much more efficiently to sounds of very small amplitude than to sounds of large amplitude. Because of the enormous nonlinearity of the ear in

sensing pressure waves, a nonlinear scale is convenient in describing the intensity of sound waves. A fundamental feature of this type of logarithmic scale is that each unit of increase in the decibel scale corresponds to an increase in absolute intensity by a constant multiplicative factor.

You are not in control of your senses.

The threshold of pain is often given as 120 decibels. Artillery fire at close proximity it takes four voices to stay cool in this weather you hear your sweat

You are not in control of your senses

three cars pass at three speeds, radio broadcasts from three different stations 1000 miles away. They're screaming at each other and when you listen they get twice as loud, outside the scale it's even louder

LOUDSPEAKERS   VENTILATOR   VIOLIN

wipe the crust of blood off your face and hair

you are not in control of your senses

And it is all more than it was, spiraling in, a straight line, PURE TONE even ratios cause it's getting faster a point of convergence you in the center the node destructive interference removes context

Keep them closed just a little longer.

It's so fucking loud your ears are   and your head

It's so loud it's pounding and   fuck   and your ears

it's a threshold   absolutely splitting

and from time to time, her breath could be heard

you could hear her breathing amid the

keep listening   her   breathing   from time to time

my voice is all you have keep listening   and you could hear

her breathing   Open your eyes.

AND FROM TIME TO TIME HER BREATH

COULD BE HEARD

Turn around and look at your face it doesn't look like much of anything it looks like her face. Tell me what it sounds like. Breathe on the mirror and you see it your breath between your

face and the surface your breath on the mirror, not between but on, gesture projected onto plane. Now close your eyes, breathe onto, with the mirror.

   It bounces. Crosses that short gap twice. Not a loop - from your mouth to your ears, her face.   Keep them closed. Try to hear it, you could hear it and tell me what it sounds like when you listen, tell me what it sounds like when you don't listen. Let it bounce back twice, four times, a bouncing ball is not a loop. Now you look and now there is no trace the surface is clear and you never breathed you were never breathing it is already recorded gesture erased by its writing; try to remember fast what it might have looked like what it looked like remember what it will look like when it happens again have you ever felt this way before tell me tell me. Tell me we are. Split - cut it in half cut it in four pieces cut it in quarters you are in control of half of your senses. Using them; using them for what? Wire, wires in your hands between your fingers move your fingers between the wires follow with your senses you want to be grounded the wires must go to the earth something realer you follow them across the gap with your fingers trace a groove a line a curve downwards inwards into the mirror into her down into in two in one in one in one breath: follow.

   Imagine being useless. The wire meets the fingers as a mode of transit, a state between. The pathway is between its endpoints, yet to operate but still loaded with potential charge. Emerges from a corner full of dust and fog, where there is likely some terminal or interface but way back there in the dark it is sufficient to just feel around for the connector, just reach under it's somewhere.

$$\text{SOURCE } ^{\text{DARK}}| \rightarrow \text{WIRE} \rightarrow \text{END (WIRE) } |^{\text{FUTURE}} \rightarrow \text{PORT}$$

   Touch sets the path in motion, potential is activated by gesture and the source ripples, stimulated at its output. Lines wrapped in plastic are future-proofed against this necessary uncertainty. A static interface would certainly demand fewer structures and require less regular specialized maintenance, but for this use case it would result in unacceptable limitations on the system's carrying capacity and alienate potential operators. As the transmission material is accelerated by a direct interaction, it takes on the twin forms of object and content, enticing further motion to reconcile this instability. It is important that the operator is not exposed to the contents of the passageway at this time for both cognition and sensation are likely to tangle the flows and prematurely bridge the constructed gap that insures the purity of the structure.

Additionally, attempted handling of such forms before the appropriate (de) and (re) construction will certainly result in utter confusion. Decades of well funded research have brought about revolutionary safeguards that greatly reduce the risk of information exposure during transmission. Before the discovery of plastic wrapping and the fundamental metric ring properties necessary for algorithmic isolation, accidental convergence and synthesis of forms was much more common. In almost all cases, operators were left entirely disinterested in their roles and it was impossible to make connection to facilitate transmission. Such immense confusion is obviously unadvisable, so even today manufacturers work diligently searching for new technologies to keep information invisible while between interfaces.

One radical new approach completely redefines the idea of "transmission" and may very well be the technology of the future. Most know that signal flow in wires is not unidirectional but a loop. Modern devices receive and display information from the Source, but they also stream information backwards to the Source to preserve balance between the spaces. Recent advancements have greatly increased transmission speeds by equipping displays with more and more sensors. These allow for much more detailed flow of information from display to Source, and this increased backflow is met with an increase in Source-to-display transmission capacity. Sensory data collection methods have thus been at the cutting edge of display technology in recent years.

But now a groundbreaking discovery has shown that displays and interfaces may not be so dependent on receiving information in the first place - the system does not have to be a loop. Instead the passage is devoted almost entirely to transmission from sensors (senses) to the Source. The interface can project and amplify based upon recognized patterns without much (or any) input. The small trickle that remains in the wire, the final link into the devices from the central Source, is merely preserved for the operators' peace of mind, mostly full of pleasing colors and patterns that imply continuity.

Now to *receive* information, to view it, really means to *send* information. And in that sending we are met with an ideal refraction, attuned to the context of the viewing environment and functionally identical to information. Thanks to the carefully mapped algorithms and data banks, display outputs are often better aligned with reality than if they had had to decode a stream of input from a (the) Source. Even better than this "new transmission"'s efficiency is its

complete safety. There is no risk of observation or misconstruction of data by the operator because the transmission and thus the wire's contents are totally PURE, free from information.

Nonetheless, until these better technologies are widely implemented, it is considered best practice for operators to close their eyes while attempting to establish any connections, especially when inserting wires into ports, in order to further mitigate the already very low risk of accidental exposure to forms of content and objects, information in other words, entangled in a state not legible or useful to the average user which, if accidentally sparked, delicately bridging the little gap between the wire and the port, that line between if observed could give the observing operator and the whole surrounding situation a dreadful sensation of confusion; that is why until we reach some future state, it being the future because now is before that state, what is before, and in that future we will have completely implemented these new technologies, across all the diverse corners, cultures, and castes of society, so that all of our devices and wires, everything involved in that quintessential act of *transmission*, our delicate dance with the signals, will be PURE like spring water, here *pure* meant to indicate the absence of unsorted and uncompiled information, not that this is necessarily a "contaminant" in the general sense, but in the specific case of its presence in these wires, not even its presence but the particular dangers that come about when its *transmission* is exposed by a flash, a bridge, that meets an open eye (best to keep them closed) of the unwary operator and in a moment their senses and cognition, normally met by their surroundings with such warm grace, these very attempts to *see*, meet with twin flows, those twisted fundamental currents, and produce a remarkable, although completely terrifying, explosion encompassing the operator and device, devoid of all sound or echo, always feels like it's happened before but the chances are very low and anyways it's quite hard to notice, silent and invisible to every sense, but its effect takes hold instantaneously in the mind, dark glass bowl, of the operator, swirling black ink, complete confusion and lack of clarity, and in this state of deep penetrating confusion the mind of the operator, in any other moment known to possess a great internal sense of coherence and clarity, is now rendered incapable of interacting with the device due to complete disinterest in, or even incomprehension of the ideas of "transmission" and reception at play in the situation, not due to any sort of logic or reasoning or research or functional analysis but in fact the very opposite, this dreadful all encompassing fog that fills every crevice and gap, this unfathomably heavy confusion that becomes deeply entangled in the whole situation and really involves everybody: the operator of course but also

the devices and other users and any liable technicians and in some sense the onlookers and perhaps even the system itself, dare we mention the Source itself, are contaminated with this dreadful aura of confusion that twists away from all reasoning and almost, by way of analogy, violently interferes with any possible attempt to understand a notion as simple as "what is going on", this notion and many others becoming absolutely delusionally abstract, the entire flow intended to bring real, transmitted, ordered images and materials with the logical ends of *understanding* the state of things and maintaining a sense of *coherence* about it are horribly distorted in the warped false transmission into the exposed senses of the foolish operator, although pitiable it is a dreadfully amateurish blunder, and in this instant is generated the total opposite of order, the effects this has on the system and all the onlookers being so severe, not to mention the fundamental rupture in that sacred mechanism of transmission, and thus the necessary precautions to be taken in that future state will in a sense purify the wires, leaving no need for transmission of dangerous, unsorted data from a source, only the generative patterns of the device and sensors senses flowing back, pure water, pure data, and nonetheless operators should keep their eyes closed during everying point in the process of establishing connections, at least up until that future day where we are unbound from information in the wires, soon, yes, soon free from the eternal, ever looming threat of confusion.

I think we might be getting the wrong kind of electricity.
You get down on your knees to reach further.   "Stick your whole forearm in there"
I know it's so dark but it's gotta be somewhere, just keep moving your finger.

"Fuck, is that water?"

                                        "Reach a little further cmon, it's awful sitting here in the dark"
This can't be the right way to go about this though. They're definitely the correct cables, but every time it's set up there's this funny hiss like interference or something, and cleaning the ports didn't help; even the image kind of vibrates and you know behind one of these layers of plastic there's a twist in a braid slightly off-pattern. One loop underwent a homomorphism with a non-trivial kernel, information lost. But of course you don't know that.

"There's no way it's supposed to be this wet, we have to turn on the lights"

"I'm already naked, we can deal with it later"

Wire in hand. It was only supposed to go one place but fingers run across 10 places, 15 holes. How is that even possible?

(They can't hear each other over the noise)

The little green light is on, but it still isn't working.

"I know I paid the bill this month"

"I just wanna hear that sound again; there's a recording somewhere"

"Can't you remember it?"

(They can't hear each other over the sound of running water)

"Just keep moving you fingers"

"I plugged it in but it doesn't sound right"

"What the fuck is that noise?"

"Is that water?"

(They can't hear each other)

"I think we might be getting the wrong type of electricity"

the SPEAKERS turn on

"What the fuck is that noise?"

(They can't hear each other)