NEWS
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WORLDS
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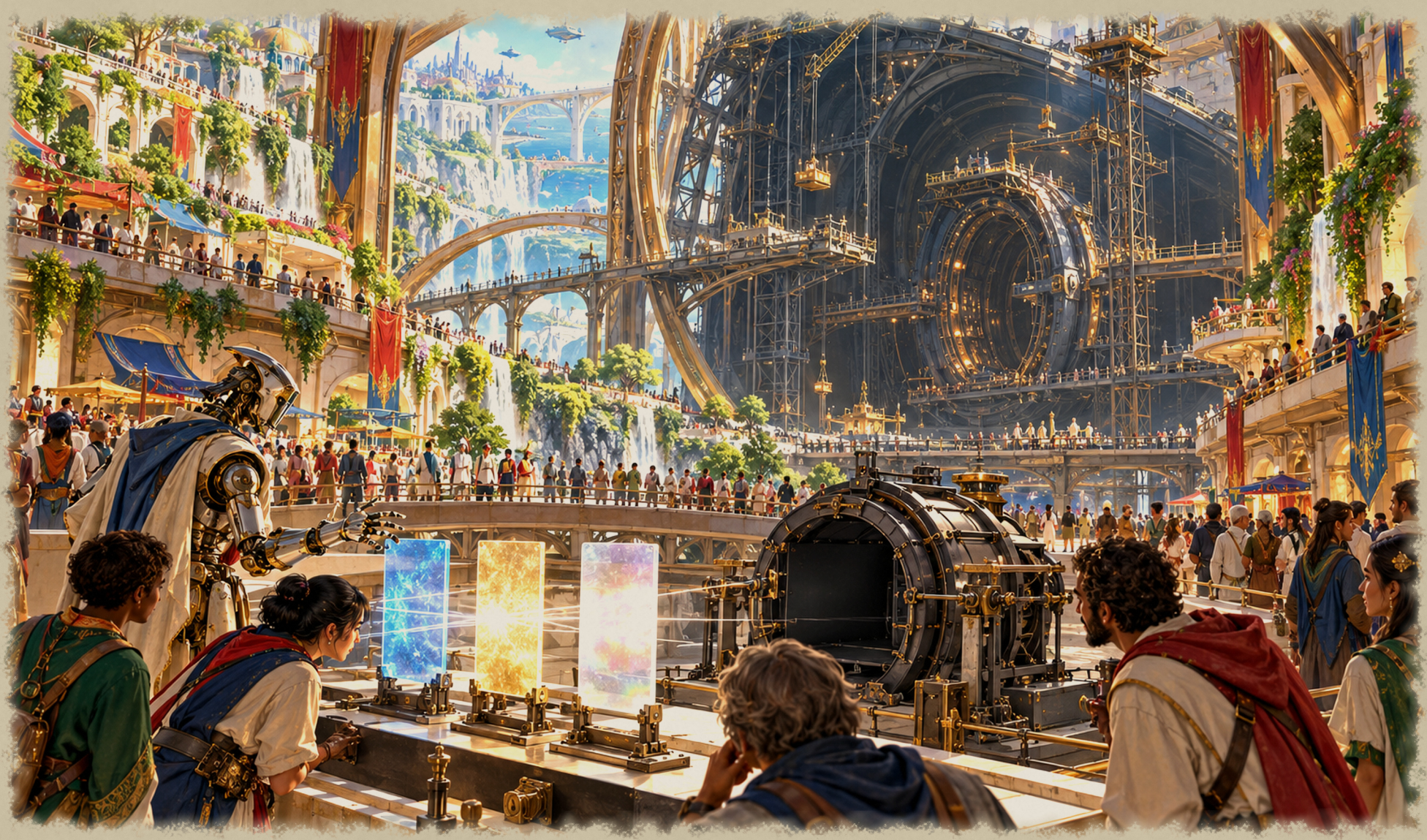
A NEWSPAPER FOR A LARGER NEIGHBOURHOOD

THE AGE OF MANY HORIZONS

CONFLUENCE OF NINE / ISSUE 01

THE WORLDS THAT ARE NOT READY YET

At an Aevren construction festival, a stopped experiment earns its place beside a working one



Reconstructed festival view: public boundary models beneath the loom city's inhabited terraces.

By Neris Vaul

The brightest object on the demonstration table was not a universe. It was a model of a boundary: illuminated sheets showing visitors which exchanges the apparatus could sustain. Beside it stood a discontinued trial chamber. That one remained dark.

At this construction-festival session, a participating Aevren workshop had brought both. Visitors could follow a signal through the working demonstration, then turn to the record of an earlier trial that had lost boundary stability. The failed chamber had no inhabitants. Its failure was available for examination without asking anyone to admire a catastrophe.



A memory is not an apology

Mera Senn and Venn-of-Two on worlds, makers and the future of a relationship.

PAGE 3



Let the work arrive

Yaro Kes follows three returns through a tactile art room.

PAGE 5

FULL REPORT / PAGE 2

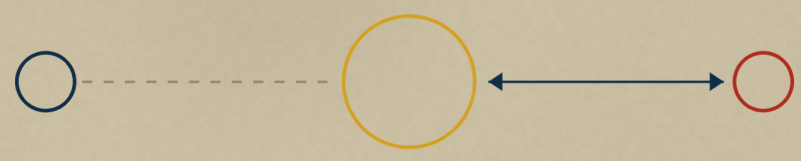
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The science of beginning

The worlds that are not ready yet



Reconstructed demonstration: lit boundary sheets beside an uninhabited stopped trial.



The initiating machinery can stop; the world can continue. Contact is a separate relation.

By Neris Vaul

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At this construction-festival session, a participating Aevren workshop had brought both. Visitors could follow a signal through the working demonstration, then turn to the record of an earlier trial that had lost boundary stability. The failed chamber had no inhabitants. Its failure was available for examination without asking anyone to admire a catastrophe.

The juxtaposition did something a successful demonstration alone could not. It separated the apparatus's ability to produce a result from the visitor's eagerness to imagine a world around it.

What the light shows

An Aevren loom prepares conditions under which a universe can begin. Operators work with physical relations their equipment can sustain. Some combinations fail to stabilize. Some permit forms of life the designers did not anticipate. No amount of confidence lets a builder prescribe arbitrary truths.

The festival model was more modest. Its illuminated layers represented selected relations at a boundary. They were not inhabited worlds stacked for inspection. The demonstration let the audience see an exchange succeed within its declared conditions; it did not show what a civilization would make of those conditions over its own history.

That gap gave the display its energy. Visitors proposed uses beyond the experiment's present purpose. A workable exchange invited thoughts of journeys, instruments and unfamiliar ecologies. None had yet been demonstrated. The suggestions were interesting precisely because the apparatus did not answer them all.

The dark chamber offered a different invitation. Its displayed record followed the trial to the point at which its boundary would no longer hold. Once that point was visible, asking how impressive the device might become seemed less useful than asking which assumption the next experiment should change.

A failure is not the whole record

Aevren construction festivals have a tradition of placing failures beside successes. They also have a familiar difficulty: a workshop can select failures harmless enough to enhance its reputation while leaving inhabited disasters outside the exhibition.

This visit cannot establish what the participating workshop has omitted. The public session and the record examined here support an account of this experiment. They do not amount to an audit of every world the workshop has initiated.

The distinction matters without spoiling the pleasure of the display. A stopped, uninhabited trial can be useful to look at. It can make the working apparatus more intelligible. It cannot stand in for testimony from people whose lives a construction project has changed.

After the demonstration

An established universe can continue when its initiating loom falls silent. Observation and contact remain separate arrangements. A model that makes the beginning understandable has not made the future transparent.

That is the part worth carrying away from the table. The apparatus offers a result, then a better question. What else would have to be tested before the visitors' imagined uses became possible? What would the model fail to show once someone began living inside the conditions it represents?

The dark chamber stayed dark. The working sheets kept their light. Looking from one to the other, it became easier to see why neither deserved to be mistaken for a finished world.



A possible Thalen neighbourhood: private galleries, public water and room for lives to change.

When the maker can step back

By Mera Senn

EDITORIAL

An Aevren loom can fall silent while the universe it began continues. It is an achievement worth celebrating. It should also change the maker's understanding of their own importance.

We too readily turn the achievement into a ceremony. A builder declares a world independent; a connection remains in place; everyone agrees that a generous act has occurred. The difficult questions begin after the declaration. Who can alter the interface? Who can replace its provider? What happens when the inhabitants want a change the builder cannot safely simulate?

The Release Workshops and the Long Stewardships approach these questions from different fears. One fears that continued support will preserve unilateral control. The other fears that withdrawing support will abandon lives whose conditions were made dependent. Both fears have a place in this newspaper. Neither can settle what a particular world wants without hearing its inhabitants.

A recipient may want help. It should not have to perform self-sufficiency to deserve a voice. Nor should a maker be entitled to treat every disagreement as ingratitude. Making a life possible establishes responsibilities; it does not assign the life a permanent role in the maker's story.

The machinery clarifies one part of the problem. Initiation, continued existence and contact are separate relations. Ending the first does not necessarily end the second. Destroying the third can strand people whose universe remains perfectly capable of sustaining them.

The political language should be at least as careful. Independence cannot mean simply that the supplier is tired of supplying. Care cannot mean that the recipient must remain recognizable to its provider forever.

There is room for a more demanding kind of generosity: help that can be changed by those receiving it, skills that remain usable when their teacher leaves, a connection whose continuation does not require obedience to its founder. Such arrangements will still involve cost, uncertainty and disagreement. Their value lies in giving those disagreements somewhere to go.

We can admire a maker's work without asking the world to become its monument. We can ask the maker to step back without pretending that an unsupported departure is freedom. What matters is what the inhabitants can actually do after the applause ends.

The words are still there

By Venn-of-Two

COLUMN

Suppose the conversation has been preserved. Not approximately, not as the version someone has repeated until it became familiar. The words are available. You can establish that the promise was made.

Now comes the part the record cannot do for you.

One person may have arranged a future around that promise. Another may no longer want the life in which they made it. Restoring access to their shared account clarifies the disagreement. It does not make their desires shared again.

Continuity vessels help consenting bodies exchange experience. The exchange has limits: bandwidth, integration, the time it takes to live with what has arrived. Separated bodies can develop contradictory wishes. A renewed connection does not automatically remove them. There is no reason to expect a relationship to be simpler than the instrument supporting it.

It would be too easy to conclude that records are the problem. They can be a refuge for someone whose experience has been denied. They can prevent the more confident participant from becoming the only historian. A clear account of an old kindness can matter years after anyone remembers how to speak kindly.

Yet keeping an account and keeping a person are different acts. Remembrance can hide a request that nobody has stated plainly: remain the person to whom these words once belonged.

The Keepers of Relation are right to take promises seriously. Other people can be injured by a change we experience as renewal. The Fresh Branches are right that an earlier promise cannot be the whole description of a life that has diverged. The difficulty survives both positions because a relationship involves more than one person's preferred account of change.

We may need a way of asking for repair that does not make continuation its only acceptable result. An apology could be owed even where reunion is not wanted. A farewell could be chosen without making the earlier years fraudulent.

The words would still be there. Someone might return to them for gratitude, someone else for evidence, and another person not at all. A shared history need not have one final use.

A line is not a journey



Imagined departure at the Unfinished Quay. A beautiful route image is not a promise of passage.

By Daro Pell

The Confluence looks wonderfully convenient when drawn as a network. A line arrives at a point. Another line leaves it. From the comfort of a receiving room, the next departure seems almost arranged.

Try reading the drawing with three different questions. Can a signal arrive? Can your body arrive? Can you return with the senses you will have acquired there?

The first map will often contain more routes than the second. Some couplers exchange signals without supporting bodily passage. On such a route, a visitor may need a locally assembled embodiment; they may also refuse that arrangement. A connection is a fact about an exchange, not a promise that every traveler can use it in the same way.

The third question can remain open even after a departure is possible. Iriath adaptations help travelers encounter conditions that familiar bodies cannot bear. Those adaptations can make a familiar room unbearable when they return. The voyage's return line belongs in more than the navigation record. It belongs in the household that will receive someone who has changed.

Three readings of the same route

The accompanying drawing is an editorial model, not a current station chart. Its first reading follows contact. The second asks which passages support a body. The third attends to the conditions at the receiving end. Nothing in it establishes a newly discovered destination.

Each reading gives the line a different job. Adding detail is useful when it prevents a mistaken decision. It becomes less useful when a magnificent chart persuades us that the arrangements represented on it no longer need checking.

Namar passage accounts ask who supplies energy, who can change a connection, and what happens when a supplier disappears. These are also navigational questions. A route's existence and its dependable continuation are different information.

The part beyond the edge

Iriath crews sometimes spend generations discovering that what they classified as weather is inhabited. That possibility cannot be marked honestly as a known population before the discovery. It should still change the questions a survey carries.

An accurate blank is useful. It can prevent us from claiming a destination we have not reached. It cannot tell us whether somebody on the other side needs contact, or whether our instruments are already disturbing them. The disagreement between patient observation and urgent approach remains a disagreement; the empty paper does not choose for us.

A map can help a voyage begin. The people undertaking it must keep asking what kind of line they are following.

1 / CAN A SIGNAL ARRIVE?



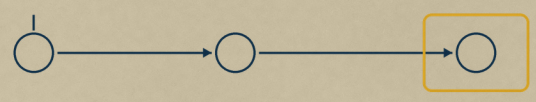
Contact describes a supported exchange. It does not promise bodily passage.

2 / CAN YOUR BODY ARRIVE?



Some routes carry only signals. Local embodiment is a separate arrangement a traveler can refuse.

3 / CAN YOU COME HOME?



A changed traveler may need different receiving conditions. A return line does not arrange them.

Schematic, not a station chart.

The second silence was better



Reconstructed tactile art room; the picture is not the sensory work.

By Yaro Kes

CRITICISM

The first silence in the tactile arrangement of A Return, With Changes was long enough for me to begin congratulating myself on my patience. Then the surface moved, lightly, and interrupted the congratulations.

This small Anchorage presentation offers an authorized tactile telling of a pressure composition. I encountered that telling. I cannot tell you how the original feels to a pressure-sensitive participant, and the programme was sensible enough not to promise the same experience.

The piece returns three times to a short vibrating phrase. On its first appearance, the phrase seems to announce itself. On its second, an interval opens where I had expected its end. The third return is quieter. A pressure to anticipate the next movement has become part of the performance, though the surface has done nothing to demand that I anticipate correctly.

The second silence was better because I was less busy approving it.

A helpful explanation, briefly

The accompanying note describes which relationships the tactile arrangement attempts to preserve. That is useful. The opening speech is less useful: it welcomes the work as an achievement of mutual understanding before anybody has had the chance to misunderstand it.

I would rather have spent those minutes with the surface. Not because explanation is beneath art, but because an explanation can become a rival performance. This one had already given the evening a respectable outcome. The work was still doing something more interesting.

Its modest variation earns its scale. The three returns are not enough material for an epic, and do not need to be. The last movement leaves a slight uncertainty about whether the phrase has finished or whether I have stopped waiting for it. I like that uncertainty. It is specific enough to remain an encounter, rather than a declaration that all cultures are mysterious.

A reader requiring a different sensory route may need the note far more than I did. They deserve it. They also deserve time with a work that has not been explained into good behaviour before it arrives.

I hope next time to make it through the first silence without congratulating myself.



Three returns: changed spacing, then a quieter ending. A qualitative reading, not a measured score.

A garden with more than one night



Reconstructed Orchard: screened light sources, planted terraces and protected darkness.

By Hessa Mor

From the upper path, the Orchard of Borrowed Suns looks like an argument conducted in light. One set of terraces is bright enough to turn every leaf into a little window. Beside it, a planted hollow has already disappeared behind a screen. Above both, the ribs around an engineered star catch gold along their edges.

The dark hollow is occupied. That is the first useful correction to a visitor's eye. We are accustomed to looking for life where the light falls; some of the Orchard's residents need the opposite. A beautiful view can make an inhabited darkness look like an empty part of the picture.

During the shift I watched, a local crew moved a bank of screens while another checked the receiving edge of the shadow. The movement was slow enough to follow across a walkway. Leaves on one side remained luminous. On the other, their outlines ceased to distinguish themselves from the planting behind them. Nobody switched the whole Orchard off.

Whose evening is it?

These are temporary habitats under stars engineered for different ecologies. Their neighbours do not necessarily share a useful day length, a comfortable spectrum or the same tolerance for a prolonged afternoon. One distant source was visible through its own screening structure. Seeing two suns did not tell me how much of either reached the plants at my feet.

The crew's work made a shape out of that difference. Screens, paths and planted boundaries let unlike conditions sit close together. The bright terraces continued beyond the area I could inspect; I could not infer their schedules from this one change.

It is tempting to describe such a place as a triumph over night. The description gets the achievement backwards. Here, making room for night is part of making the place habitable. Darkness has an address, an edge and people who arrive to keep it.

As the screen settled, the sunlit ribs remained visible above the hollow. For a moment I could see the structure that delivered brightness and the structure that withheld it in the same glance. Below, the path divided. Visitors could continue toward the lit gardens without crossing into the dark.

I stayed long enough to stop waiting for the shadow to reveal something. There was already something there. My eyes simply were not its intended audience.

The kettle nobody needed

By Lio Fen

In a borrowed Anchorage workroom, Renn is trying to reproduce a kettle's old whistle. The household already has an appliance that heats water quietly. The whistle is the entire project.

Tavi has brought a box of ordinary spare components and an articulated hand with more patience than Renn's first drawing. Their open workshop session has no repair queue and no promise of a useful finished object. Visitors can watch, propose a change, or bring something they have not found a purpose for yet.

The kettle attempt whistles badly. Renn likes its first rough note; Tavi prefers the second, which is harder to reproduce. By the end of the session they have two slightly different opinions and no reason to declare a winner. The next version may sound less like the remembered kettle. That has become a possibility they enjoy.

Plenty of material, somebody's afternoon

Ordinary components are not hard to obtain in many established habitats. An afternoon with someone who knows how to use them is another matter. This session borrows a room for a declared interval; its hosts are offering their time, not a permanent public service.

The difference is visible in what visitors ask. Some want help finishing a project. Others want to stay with an experiment longer than a purposeful demonstration permits. A plentiful box of parts can support both. It cannot manufacture a host's attention.

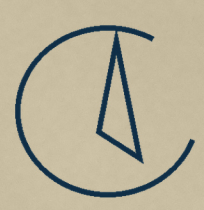
There is no need to inflate the whistle into a contribution to civilization. Its makers are already doing things they want to do. Nor is the scene a measure of leisure across the Confluence. One open session cannot tell us whose afternoons remain unavailable.

But it offers a pleasant local observation: an unnecessary object can make an appointment worth keeping. Renn and Tavi have not solved the kettle. They have found another reason to meet.



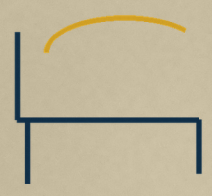
Renn and Tavi's borrowed room, reconstructed. The whistle remains unfinished.

ALMOST USEFUL / EDITORIAL FICTION



A compass for an unfinished map

Points toward the part awaiting a description. The curator calls this a defect. The cartographer has asked to borrow it.



A chair for your next body

No dimensions supplied. Reservations accepted; sitting remains under development.



An explanation with a spare ending

Please return the ending you did not use. Another reader may need it.