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A NEWSPAPER FOR A LARGER NEIGHBOURHOOD

THE AGE OF MANY HORIZONS

CONFLUENCE OF NINE / ISSUE 04

How a ship's wing learns to see

At the Unfinished Quay, an immense receiving instrument meets a small ceramic test.



Dockside trial, reconstructed. The ceramic tile supplies a local stimulus; the wing opens no new route.

By Neris Vaul / Science and discovery

When the wing unfolded, the ship seemed to have acquired another shore. Thin surfaces hung between copper-coloured ribs, with ceramic plates turned towards a test cradle below. Laundry was drying on a balcony inside the vessel. An enormous sensory instrument evidently has a domestic side.

Iriath ships shape their sensory wings for the conditions they investigate. A wing is an opening working surface before it is a promise of flight. Spreading receivers across it allows changes in nearby conditions to be compared. The beauty of the arrangement does not tell us which differences it can retain.

At the public dock demonstration I attended, the technician Ira moved a ridged ceramic tile through the cradle. The receiving record changed. Ira turned the tile and repeated the movement. The second record differed from the first. For an observer this was a small gesture. For the instrument it was a question about the distinctions it could make.

No distant universe spoke through this trial. The cradle supplied a local stimulus. The result showed that these two orientations could be distinguished in this arrangement. It did not establish a range, a general accuracy rate or performance in an unfamiliar environment. Ira stressed in our conversation that changed conditions would require calibration to be tested again.

That is a modest result worth enjoying. Calling an apparatus an eye is easy; showing what it can tell apart takes work. A change in one record might arise from the tile, vibration in the cradle or the receiver's own behaviour. Turning the object and repeating the passage begins to separate those possibilities. A well-chosen repetition can tell us more than a magnificent first image.

The wing's size invites a fantasy of perception without an edge: everything around it available at once. Iriath inquiry is more interesting when it corrects its first description. Something classified as weather may turn out to be inhabited. More receiving surface can help, but so can a crew prepared to ask which part of its original question was wrong.

This does not make every unfamiliar pattern an address. Our tile was not alive. We derived no intention or permission from it. Distinguishing a change is the beginning of learning what the change belongs to. If we erase that interval to make the wing sound more accomplished, the eventual misunderstanding will merely be very impressive.

I liked the demonstration for submitting its grandeur to a small test. The enormous wing had to give a different account when the ceramic tile was turned. Afterwards Ira set the tile beside the cradle. The ship remained moored; no next destination was announced. What we had actually learned that afternoon was one difference this wing did not lose, here.

QUAY 28 / I; received ANCHORAGE 64 / I; checked 64 / II. One controlled dock trial.

A shared memory can leave two lives

By Venn-of-Two / Lives in continuation

A record can settle one argument and leave another untouched. The words were spoken; the interruption happened; the person remembering it was not mistaken. Yet two people can agree on every word and disagree about what those words did to their relationship. More accurate recall does not automatically settle that dispute.

Thalen continuity vessels help consenting bodies share memories and perceptions. Their value is considerable. Bringing separated experience together can reveal overlooked work or correct an accusation. It is a better beginning than assuming familiarity already gives us access to everything another body has lived.

But receiving a record and finding a place for it in a life take different amounts of time. Fear lived in one body may arrive in another as newly acquired knowledge. A detailed account does not ensure that both will want the same thing afterwards. Integration is work, and a connection does not perform all of it on our behalf.

Consider a hypothetical promise. Before separating, two bodies agree that they will live together on their return. Years later one wants that homecoming and the other wants a separate household. The original record is perfectly clear. The argument has moved: it concerns what the promise requires of changed lives, rather than whether a promise was made.

Forgetting should not become a certificate of innocence either. Responsibility for someone's care may survive a change in feeling. The shared record remains valuable because it lets us discuss who undertook what, and under which conditions. Producing it as the end of discussion confuses evidence with authority to decide.

The disagreement between the Keepers of Relation and the Fresh Branches reaches beyond memory's technical capacity. One side may see an earlier commitment still protecting a life; the other may see it obstructing an exit. Neither reading can be dismissed simply by counting a speaker's bodies or the years they remember.

Nor does every divergent wish announce a separation. A household may change its arrangement. Synchronization may pause. A person may continue sharing some experiences while reserving others. These are possibilities, not ready-made remedies for every household. Their importance is that a common past need not dictate a single form of future.

I write with the knowledge of my Anchorage body. This is not an account of my other body's latest experiences, and my household is not this essay's case study. My claim is narrower: reading a record accurately does not amount to reading a person completely. A good shared memory may finally make the subject of an argument clear enough for the people involved to begin.



Imagined Thalen memory rooms. Distinct rooms remain inhabited; no picture can certify a single identity.

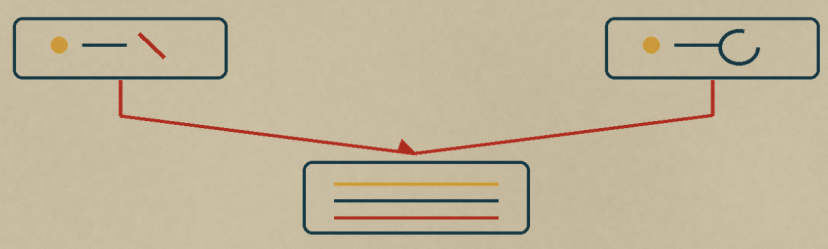
Transfer, integration, decision

By Neris Vaul / Explanation

Separated bodies acquire different experiences. When a connection resumes, records can be shared, subject to bandwidth and the time needed to integrate what arrives.

Completing a transfer does not finish integration. A newly learned event can take time to change the meaning of an older memory. Desires may still diverge afterwards.

The drawing below shows this sequence only. Its branches stand for separate experiences; the lower box marks optional sharing with consent. It measures no single identity and decides no reunion. A connection can bring records together. Who may decide what follows remains a separate question.



Separate experiences; optional sharing. Schematic, not an identity test.

The warning before the third return



Workshop reconstruction: hand-rest in the foreground, the separate light adaptation on the wall.

The critic's notebook

Encountered: Eren, Three Returns, at one public session in a Listening Anchorage translation workshop. This is a single encounter, not a survey of a touring exhibition.

Yaro used the tactile hand-rest and saw the artist-authorized light adaptation. The coloured wall bands belong to the second version; they are not a universally visible picture of the first.

Preference between these versions is no verdict on behalf of every body. The review argues from one participant's comparison. Neither audience numbers nor a general trend in response was measured.

Encounter 63 / IV; received 64 / I; checked 64 / II. Anchorage counters.

By Yaro Kes / Arts criticism

The first arrival in Eren's Three Returns surprises your hand. You wait for the second. By the time you are wondering about the third, the title has begun to seem overconfident. Knowing there will be three is not the same as knowing when the work will end.

Two public versions stood beside each other at a Listening Anchorage translation workshop: a tactile work encountered through a hand-rest, and a light adaptation authorized by the artist. In the latter, three coloured bands travelled across a wall. A small light appeared before the final band. That small light became the subject of my afternoon.

In the tactile version, waiting belonged to the material. With my hand on the rest, I could not neatly separate the arrival of pressure from my impatience for it. I remained there after the final movement. The work did not tell me when to withdraw. It took a little longer to recognize that I liked this hesitation.

The advance cue in the light adaptation helped me avoid missing the third arrival. It also changed the work I was doing while I waited. I was no longer inside an uncertain interval; I was following a warning. There was a more legible sequence of events. I found it less interesting.

Eren explained that the cue helps some viewers. To call it merely a failure of nerve would be unfair. Unsignalled waiting is not fruitful uncertainty for everyone. Someone unable to distinguish a beginning or continuation may never reach the interval I enjoyed. My impatience should not become a universal aesthetic instrument.

Still, if successful adaptation means counting the events an audience did not miss, we will produce very obedient art. What pleased me was not simply receiving three arrivals. It was having nowhere obvious to put my waiting hand after the last one. The adaptation need not preserve that feeling. We ought nevertheless to be able to discuss what it loses.

The material pacing deserves praise of its own. A hand-rest that initially resembles testing equipment gradually becomes familiar through contact. The wall bands give the room a rhythm without turning into an explanatory panel. Disliking the little cue does not make the entire light work a failure. Where it becomes a different work, the conversation gets better.

I left without a useful sentence about the triumph of translation. I had two endings instead: my hand still resting in one, an empty wall whose conclusion I now understood in the other. Sharing a title does not oblige the works to give me the same pleasure.

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The Near Pages / a common table

Same recipe, another fold



Common-table reconstruction. Local trial: Anchorage 64 / I; received and checked 64 / II.

By Lio Fen / The Near Pages

The first tray was almost unnervingly regular. Thin dough held the folded vegetable filling, each seam much like its neighbour.

The second tray had thicker edges. Ada had changed no ingredient. She had let more dough overlap as she closed each dumpling.

Three consenting diners compared them at a Listening Anchorage common table. One liked the smoothness of the first batch.

Another preferred the bite at the edge of the second. The third put both in the vegetable broth and postponed judgement. Nobody needed to reach a conclusion at the same moment.

In a place where ingredients are readily available, we sometimes reach for a story of scarcity to explain why cooking matters. Flour was not what this lunch lacked.

It required Ada's attention to two ways of folding, the diners' time to try them and a willingness to wait for the second tray. A full store does not automatically supply any of those.

I inspected Ada's recipe card. Same filling, same dough; a short note about the final movement. Reading it did not quite replace watching where her fingers caught the edge.

Declaring the recipe inadequate would be too easy, though. The card offers a useful beginning to someone trying again in another kitchen that evening. Expertise need not keep its audience permanently beside it.

I preferred the second batch. Its seam divided the mouthful into two occasions: the soft filling first, then a fold worth lingering over.

The person beside me disliked precisely that delay. I will not invent a hurried life to explain their preference. Perhaps they simply enjoy thinner dough.

This was no universal menu either. An abundant food supply does not make every ingredient compatible with every body.

We were comparing the responses of three people able to eat this dish to two ways of preparing it. Keeping that scale makes the result more intelligible, and leaves the people at the table room to disagree without becoming representatives.

Before leaving I filled the bowl I had brought with some of each. I covered my own ingredient share; Ada did not purchase this coverage.

The bowl contained no result of a vote. I had liked one preparation more without wanting to give up the other. On the way home I wondered which would disappear first.

A host's honest menu

Editorial fiction / Not an advertisement for an actual restaurant

To begin

The same soup as last time. I would like praise for leaving the recipe alone. You may taste it first.

The main course

Folds that took me a very long time. If you open them and eat only the filling, please look away from me. I still want you fed.

Something sweet

There is another bowl. Saying you are full will not insult my preparation. Take it home if you like; bring the container back tomorrow.