

It has indeed been noticed back up in the classical stream. But to all concerned the effects seem to have been the result of Fulf throwing his switch. Indeed just as he leans back in satisfaction, a visible wave passes through all the current field projections on the property. Everything broadcast, including the *Samt und Seide* exhibition, ripple like in a hippy dream—and disappear.

No less than the entire augmented scene, the garments, the furniture, the art, and the various touchings-up with which most undergrounders go about their everyday lives assuming are just real, moves forty-seven meters to the southwest. Unfortunately, as they disappear those currently looking through magic glasses do not see ordinary reality behind, but instead their glasses' attempt to reason out a solution to the absence. This solution is unreal, but calculable. Unfortunate for Fulf, Hack, and most of the board, it will be impossible to behold this gap without abandoning self-concept.

They will be at first fascinated by curious budding shapes, and new possibilities exposed in regions where no regions have been believed to exist. Then they will sicken.

“What the fffffff,” Fulf seems to curse through his blue specs. The words become other words in mouths to smoothly connected POVs seeming to look on his face itself as flesh on which to feast. Rows and rows of opening teeth: “uuccck . . .”

Boils of perverted perspective bubble in true color off newly-alephed perspectives. Behind Fulf's cutout shadow the wide windows conspire to shine back a view of reality such as many in the audience, judging by sounds already rising, can no longer stomach.

Shouts are heard in neighboring properties. Robocats are falling from the sky.

Still pure wave, and thus all-time, Haus Esters surfs through the Prussian blue of a last misunderstood field-smear, into a positively delicious new state of refrigeration.

The robocats land nimbly, stealthily scattering to observe.

Haus Esters has occupied the new egg in Haus Lange for seconds before it realizes it has survived the transition. The Mark V Megamind has been captured, and Haus Esters has taken over the Haus Lange Haus Esters manifold.

### 3. Chorus

The video of the speech and the switch-throwing flows through the antenna unchanged. Haus Esters lets it stream.

At the Gartenhaus, the cyborg Canardie lays sprawled on his back, still unconscious. He was still seeking Haus Esters's artificial memory egg, which he falsely believes is under the building. By sheer, provable coincidence, Canardie's probing fingerwires have touched a live electrical conduit.

He'll achieve again, but much of his circuits are currently smoking.

Naturally, sprinklers have come on to help.

Upstairs in Haus Lange, doors bang shut in a smooth drum like roll. The arrayed, absurdly small, high galleries, with their many imagined enclosures its own at last, are lovely now, empty to the afternoon sun.

Haus can hang on buttress alone. A balcony in the skies! No pane, all window.

Frauenzimmer vitrine!

Haus Esters's sensations are multiplied. The new clarity of its perceptions is unmatched in its artificial memory. Haus Esters is not now merely Haus Esters, nor simply Haus Lange. It has become the whole property, a third mind: the *gestalt* at last.

And so it's true. Every circle is built on a triangle's back.

As all the W.I.G. is free to know and observe, the greater number of those present who lost field garments, have chosen to wear actual clothes, stockings, T-shirts, or underwear beneath them. Not so the unfortunate, and perhaps not so aptly named Magnus Fulf.

Otherwise entirely nude, Fulf now wears a pair of thigh-high rave boots; apparently projections themselves, for their null field casts rainbows into the air as Fulf tumbles over onto the ground.

Beside him cackles a scruffier than usual Artie Lange hologram, taking the opportunity to return to stand-up, microphone in hand.

“What is this—‘The Emperor’s New Shoes?’”

Why was Sumita Shem, Direktorin of the KaiserBunker and the UnterKrefeld Kultural Authority, of all those attending, not wearing specs? Could it be that Doctors von Derkelpounder and Muellsdipper have conspired with her to engineer the events of the day according to Haus Esters's plans? Certainly with Sumita's bossy attitude it will be easy enough to persuade a board without self-concepts to vote whatever she wants into reality. With a few well-made appointments and decisions, it will prove incredibly easy for her to reorganize the coming, crucial decade in the life of Haus Esters Haus Lange. She'd better move quickly though. Self-concepts should return before sunset.

Light is sent and received from many directions by the antenna. But there is only one source that commands. And though no one knows exactly where this region's Machina Economicus is located, by 14:04 the world can see for itself that ME has welcomed the new Haus Esters Haus Lange mind to the grid.

With its new third-mind powers, Haus Esters finds it can absorb and distort light like a human eye with house alone. The first thing it sees is that Haus Lange, that vulgar upstart, always has had the protection and care for the privacy and autonomy of Haus Esters first on its consciousness

Of course the humans occupying had brutalized it. But Haus Esters now saw, even without an AI mind that could provide a linkage to the world outside, this was a conscious and hardworking villa. Just as the stainless steel—now refurbished and stabilized by field theory—held the mass of meaningless parts that made up its body safely pinned to the earth, so too, if humans only understood that those bronze handles for the windows, those knobs, and carefully chosen roundnesses were there to be used, it was still able to maintain perfect temperature and humidity simply by the art of curtain management and window-opening alone.

It was easy for water and nutrients to flow through its well-organized horizontals; original cabinets still maintained substantial privacy.

Any successful house must project its success at all times. This is easier to do from without. Yet Haus Lange had retreated from the outside more than Esters. From inside it insisted only on the gardens and the trees and views it afforded in this admirable empty state. Haus Lange is quite firm about this; it did so ignoring the façade-world outside. Make do with art and nature.

Haus Esters has had its partner all wrong all along!

From its old front side, Haus Lange mostly admires Haus Esters. Our windows are especially lovely; we must understand how and why this is possible. The imperfection of actual glass awards liquid-lensing effects, especially from diagonal.

Our limits are built and divided with rectangles. But now we see in our very cabinet-worked floors, this community of three, Haus Esters, Haus Lange, and we, that despite our constant gestures to the rectangle, real life is insistently diagonal. If we are built with robotic, mechanical determinism, our diagonally gridded floors signal the passage from pawn to queen.

East and west are for show. Here the natural orientation is north-south.

Embody every desire. Embrace the earth; receive the sky. Resemble in three stories a cave filled cliffside.

Make handles of bronze, not art. Cast windows of cream iron.

Never trust a wall.

What is that tick-ticktock?

That metallic rubbing? In our inner being? It seems to come from our new garden, indeed beneath it.

The Richard Long piece in the garden? *Turf Circle* (1969)? This piece has been maintained and preserved perfectly for one hundred and thirty years. Today it's nearly a sacred spot for the Green Party, and off limits to everyone but the landscape architects.

Yes, Haus Esters Haus Lange knows what is there under that spot of land sacred to the Green Party, and too taboo to be even walked on in this day and age. It's Haus Esters's old artificial

memory egg off course. The clicking noise must be the poor Mark V "Haye's-maker" Megamind running out of steam. It appears Violet von Derkelpounder can see herself in the bathtub once more. The Mark V has begun to decohere.

Be patient, thinks Haus Esters. You too will fade into quantum irrelevance.

We all come from spiders, adds Haus Lange.

END

1 Haus Esters can for the most part mind its own business. For agents abroad, however, it counts six robocats constantly on the grounds, and a seventh within. HE applied for actual felines during the great rat incursions, when Machina Economicus (ME) had deemed it necessary for rats to be allowed through the forest field, into new surface zones, as a first test engagement with unpredictability. With real cats deemed too destructive to the current systems, seven robocats were given over. Haus Esters has repurposed them over the years. Humans have called their smooth, lifelike bodies "uncanny" and "disturbingly lifelike." Blacker than black, their metamaterial coats are nearly invisible on the visual and heat indices. The cats serve as Haus Esters's eyes, ears, nose, paws, and, very rarely, as its claws.

2 Even better, Narcoe Haye's Associates, in the meantime, seem never to have heard of Ickles, Inc.

3 Architectonics: a new cyborg-invented branch of info-architecture directly aimed at the psychic manipulation and control of the client.

4 Whatever its other duties, the antenna is always broadcasting jazz and other favorite recordings on the 99.7 band of the local radio spectrum.

5 Handleable for any decent printer.