

I prefer bridges that are straight and solid. That allow me to walk above the water safely. I prefer cars, planes and space shuttles to have cushioned surfaces that protect my blood vessels from rupturing from the impact that speed generates. I prefer to fly than to walk a distance of 1000 kilometres which would without a doubt feel like a waste. I prefer to call than to walk so that I could tell. I prefer pipes that carry my messages as I travel on a plane. I prefer pipes that are made of steel. Like the ones that simulate the big bang.

They are lifted above the grass so that nature can co-exist and if I find myself walking along the construction I'd like to rhythmically hit its side with a stick to generate an echo. I'd prefer a wooden stick chipped from a mass-produced plank so that the clear material distinction would create a sound as solid as a wood-to-metal combination can.

A car crash at 80 km/h in the 80's would have crushed the legs of the front passenger. Nowadays, the same impact would only reach the engine. Airplane carcasses are usually made of aluminium. Which sounds surprising and terrible as I remember the aluminium forks from kindergarten and how a 3-year-old would bend it by accident while cutting a cutlet. Nothing like its shape-affirming stainless steel forks used these days. But somewhat as baffling as an iPhone 6 bending in your pocket.¹



If I had to choose a sink, it'd be cast out of concrete. It would enable me to feel like I have a sink for life. Do you know that if you buy a Bentley its maintenance is covered?



I've heard so. Life-time warranty sounds good to me. '*Life-time warranty*' says the text on the Verbatim CD cover. You have yourself a CD for life. A similar assurance to that of being buried in a stone tomb – once you're in it you have yourself a house for life and beyond. Unless one day someone finds you. Digs you out, making you fragile again. But if enough time has passed they are careful. First they put you in a freezer, later in a glass box in a museum. The temperature inside of it is different from the temperature outside of it.



It is calculated and is exactly what you need to remain. Kind of like being on an airplane. The materials these atmosphere-blocking containers for organic bodies are made of, therefore, are carefully chosen and carefully handled. Only by certain hands and perhaps in gloves. It is handling a form of life, after all.

If you have stayed on Earth long enough the temperature you need is provided for you for free. But if you're fresh and bulging it can be costly. Especially if you want cushions and leg space. Unless you prefer a view.²



It also depends on how fast you want to go. The faster you move, the more cushions are needed to protect you. The cabin for a speed resistance (G-Force) training at the Yuri Gagarin Cosmonaut Training Center, for example, is fully covered with fireproof leather-like pads.³ They are beige, which inevitably resembles space station interiors in mainstream cinema and advertising, as well as official habitat sketches for human settlements on Mars for the year 2021.⁴

Beige padding can also be seen in hundreds of hotel room video reviews. It appears on headboards, armchairs, couches, dining room chairs... In Singapore, Honk Kong, Houston, you name it – hotels in megapolises, on a daily basis frequented by those who are here to generate profit.⁵ If you find yourself in one of those rooms, if you have access to it, doesn't it inevitably make you feel, like you're on time? As if, right this moment, you have arrived and you are not late.

And if you don't have access to it – doesn't it make you feel like you're behind? Behind with something? Doesn't it make you feel like you need to accelerate in order to get access to it? To access a room to spend a night safely in a foreign place. Doesn't it make you feel like you should get access to something so available?

But in order to accelerate, you need to focus. And in order to focus on one thing, you need to eliminate others. Because speed reduces one's field of vision. When car racers and astronauts reach an extreme speed, their bodily resistance causes them to focus solely on sustaining consciousness. Being well trained allows them to maintain their consciousness, but their field of vision becomes reduced to tunnel vision. The question is then, how can one be accelerated, focused and considerate at the same time?

References:

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