



art by DAVE SENECAL

NO REZ JEFF NOON

Waking the same every morning, into darkness
The darkness of the eye
Waiting for the day to kick in, the first little

pixel

Now, there it shines, now more of them, little squares of green light
forming numbers 7:15 clock
now orange now yellow, white, red
four pixels per square inch, now eight, sixteen, thirty-two
onwards, casting sleep away, my world gathering itself in my vision:
oh my precious little squares and cubes of light and colour, collecting
yourselves, making the room glow in my sight. Blink...

> BANK WITH US, ALL SAFE & SECURE. LOW RATES FOR LOW REZZERS

Bloody hell, first pop-up, barely awake. It's always the money grabbing
bastards that hit you from the get go, bastards
blink it away, wish I could

Up. Dressed. Grunt to Tom as he comes out of the bathroom pale
flesh blurred (thank god) Dream? Did I? Yes of what? Strange, don't
usually dream. Too few pixels it seems in the mind, infecting, or
so they say:

As you see the world, so you think about the world

> DON'T SUFFER UGLINESS IN YOUR EYES. GOLDEN GLOW WORLD VISION. THE WORLD'S BEST
FILTERING SYSTEM. DEMO AVAILABLE

Yes, grab that **demo**. A five second burst of Hi-Rez. Save for later, stash
it with the others. Nice little collection now, and maybe, see Katie
sometime, use it then. Maybe?

Out now. Biking it. Glory. Extra pixels kicking in courtesy of the
company's upgrade. Here I am, riding the streets, dragging the world
into my seven cameras, stealing the world, streaming it down to HQ
and then out to the big server hubs, offshore, or out in the edgelands,
I've heard, giant concrete slabs filled with machines, blinking lights.
Stories I've heard, just a couple of people attending as the nation's
collected info streams and surges and bubbles and fires off at tangents
ever circling in the web, the warp and weft of our lives, here now, me
zooming the streets aboard my pixel bike, I am the seeker of of of life!
Fuck, good buzz in the head, just like those games I used to play, first
person shoot-em-ups, crazy, just like that, the world blistering before me
in light and colours and sheets of noise [***] Wooh near ly, then ! A red
car crackling at ragged edge of vision, a sudden cut-out to black, what?
Fu ck Why I wonder ? Nearly crashed.

> REMEMBER, GOOD CITIZENS: YOU ARE WHAT YOU SEE

Need to... Fuck. Scary. Just keep riding, riding. Need to talk to Bella
about it, tech geek: strange life she has, in her tiny dark room,
drinking booze all day, her talk of finding some hyper pixel shit one day
and all that weird stuff she builds... Oh coming back now... yes, can
see OK now yes, better now. A little. Back to normal, gathering the city
back into my lenses, as I ride, swerving through the cars like no other
rider, ever, watch me world!

> STREAM FEED: TODAY IN PARLIAMENT, NEW HIGHER RESOLUTION LAWS TO BE
DISCUSSED...

On. City, I will be your eyes today, I will glorify you in the stream,
continuously, all your myriad pixels firing as one.

> REBELS CONFIDENT THEY CAN RECLAIM A DEGREE OF PRIVACY FOR THE PUBLIC. BUT THE
CORPORATE LOBBY...

So many vision-pops today. Wish I could afford better, cleaner worldview. OK. Control. Ride it easy.

> ...PUSHING FOR EXTRA PIXELS TO BE RELEASED INTO REALITY

Once we were hunters, then gatherers. Then workers. Then service providers. Now streamers, surfers, users, blip seekers. Pixel chasers, image junkies, hyper reality buffs, dreamers. Seekers of the golden resolution, the view that gives you life complete, as beauty only, pure, filtered clean of all pain, all ugliness, all suffering and doubt. Oh glory, imagine!

> HERE IS TODAY'S PIXEL COUNT, ISSUED BY THE MET OFFICE AT 8:00 ...

I am my POV, nothing more

> HAZE IN PLACES, THEN GOOD RESOLUTION COVERAGE LATER. THERE MAY BE SOME CRUMBLE AT THE EDGES IN THE SOUTH. SO BE ALERT ALL YOU LOW-REZZERS OUT THERE

Morning shift done, back to HQ. Off the clock. Pixels dropping away from my vision as I park the bike... No waste, not from English Eye, nation's number one reality stream, updating on the second, every second! real time.

Canteen. There she is... Katie. Isn't it? Difficult, sometimes to tell, when just off the bike, adjusting to the lower rez level. Snazzy. She always get the best streams... Rides a mean machine, gathers more reality than any of us. Might ask her out, maybe
Should do, yes. Use all my collected **dem**os up in one amazing night, imagine...

> RESOLUTION IS MONEY! BE IMAGE RICH, TODAY. YOU DESERVE IT

Yes Touching her flesh, imagine and her eyes, seeing my face, clear,

full of beauty, me imagine. Yes, share the **dem**os (have about twelve saved up) Mutual vision: two POV's seeing the glory in each other, imagine, life, as it could be lived

Orgasm jeez:imagine: All twelve **dem**os taken at once Whoosh! Blossom.

Shit, she's uh what? Christ she's talking to me... Her words, halfway broken as mine... probably shares my rez level, sweet, best that way, everyone says so: stick to your own rez level, because... Nobody wants to to imagine another person seeing them as ugly. Christ, no

> WARNING. THIS IS YOUR WORLDVIEW PROVIDER. WE ARE CURRENTLY EXPERIENCING FLUCTUATIONS IN THE SECONDARY REALITY LAYERS

Lips, move yourselves, answer her: Sure, yes, absolutely (not actually saying anything, not at all) But see, in the haze of my POV, her eyes, ice green crystals suddenly clear like, I got myself a shot of hyper realism, free of charge, wham! Those eyes, all a dazzle, as they are... Ah, gone now, the sight the colour. And herself as well, walking on. Think I fluffed it, but maybe ask again later in a few days, yeah, chance it...

Out! Screaming down the roadways on my trusty machine flexed up to the nines on company vision, now I'm winging it, singing it wild, all my cameras open wide to receive the world, riding on no-stop, through the ever-growing forests of radio masts, where the world is broadcast daily, nightly, constantly, reality updated, me feeding it, and feeding off it, merging with it, imagine: me, clear of all fissures, blips, crackles, smears. And one day, I swear... No more little pixel squares, no more low rez shit, and better implants as well, replace these crappy lenses, had them since when, sixteen years old? Hell. Really? Begone, dull vision! I'll be the number one King of the All-Seeing Eye, you wait!!! Oh glory, glory be...

Later. Back home. Tommy looking at me like he always does, all

knowing, like, wink, wink. I've always suspected he has secret pixels, a little stash of his own, he never lets on, I hate that, but when he looks at me, it's like he knows me, he sees right through me, using some elaborate vision, sure of it

> REMEMBER: YOU ARE WHAT YOU SEE. YOU ARE WHAT YOU SEE

Tommy's job: selling his image to the texture companies. You spot him now and then, just popping up in modelled pixelworld scapes, watermarked, a standing figure, or striding through a forecourt or a marina, handsome devil, one hand pointing to the future, or at a boat, or whatever, proud, confident, oh sure, yeah, but like to punch him out one time, like to...

What the hell am I? What do I look like? Mirror: I can only see what I can see, a low-to-mid rez pixelhead, filtered by my lenses. But wonder: what do I look like really?

Out. Slow walk. A drink, need to.... feel it, my eyes ache, the world, the city, the full moon, road signs, people all blurred, all the little cubes of life entangled, mashed together, cracking up, static interference, the curse of my rez level, and cheapo eye-tech. Look now: a pair of ever-circling dancing floating camera sprites homing in on me, their tiny little sparkling lenses wanting to capture my image, stream me. Ever growing numbers of them, getting everywhere these days, following, following... they call it the future of world-view... some of the bikecam companies have already gone bust... fuck, what would I do then, if...?

> DO YOU NEED MORE PIXELS? YES, YOU NEED MORE PIXELS! WE ALL NEED MORE PIXELS. TOP UP RIGHT NOW AT OUR NEAREST OUTLET

Need more pixels yes need more pixels, now more pixels...

Urge to buy instilled. Pop-ups get you like that sometimes, but what can

you do? Check into the corner kiosk, get myself a squirt of Low, keep it stable. Christ, a week till payday, I'll be down to the dregs before then, living on four or six pixels a day like some kind of crumble clown. But it feels like I'm running low already, what's wrong with me? Too many glitches. Fuck, close my eyes, move in darkness, yes, rest here, peaceful for a while, but even the dark is breaking up: little black cubes fragmenting and sliding away at the edge of greyness, as though the night is crumbling, crumbling...

Can't face the pub after all, too many people, too many viewpoints, all on me, and my image slightly different in each one, according to their pixel levels, and various enhancements: the noise, chaos of vision. On the bike today, those moments of blackout? Maybe not to do with the company's POV at all, but maybe to do with me? But what? What have I done wrong? Vision-sick? God, hope not, really

Moon nauseous yellow glow, ragged at the edge.... street lamp blinding me, too much fuzziness, people all gaudy mishapes, girls in their eye-dazzling dresses, the guys ablaze with hatred, staggering drunk, looking at me, their faces shivery, breaking up

We're all caught in the present tense, how it is, this moment this one, now and now, this moment, and this one now and now now and now now now now there's no escaping it now and now... holy Christ, need to get away, streets too crowded, too much info for my pixel level, can't... just ... just ... filter it pro perly...

Alleyway yes dark here, better now, rest, breathe, Aiden. Aiden, Aiden you will get through this.... A sprite follows, lens all aglow, watching me... LEAVE ME ALONE! Need to, need to grab it from the air, can't, no, try again, no, just out of reach... one squeeze would crack it open, images spilling out imagine, yes, all over my hands, just need to... grab, no, shit... Turn, run, keep moving, further, twisting alleyways... no lights...

Wait, dead-end, locked steel door... back of a club, something
Trapped, no escape

You are what you see, remember... in the moments as they pass

Now, and now and now now now

nownownow now nownownownownow

the sprite sees me

stumble, fall

what...

vision blurring

to black

[***]

Nownow now now wake.... what?

Cold, on the ground, curled up, how?

How long? how long was I out for? What is that red colour, smudge
of... blood yes blood here on my hands? What is that? Can't see
properly, look look now...

A body, who? Unmoving cold, cold, so cold to the touch, can't see,
blur, a boy, a man is it? Yes Oh God cold, dead my hands, the blood,
how did this happen?

OK be calm, stay calm, just just, just get it together. Look. Breathe.
Examine. Get your fucking pixels together, kid! Stare. At the body.
Concentrate!

OK. A man. Unknown, his face. And bloody, just like my... hands. All
unknown, dressed in grey, a suit. How did he die? Knife, gun? But never
heard anything... no, didn't. Don't know...

blink

Wait, a **demo** will do it. Got some in my pocket, trusty supply. Pocket.
Yes, crack it open and squeeze it in, good, at the temples, oh my
little cheapest ever implants... now let's go crazy on **vision**, yes...

NOW!

Ah, sweet world of light and colour, so clear. The body. So clear, so
present, filtered so. Yes, he's gone from this world. Finished. Brutal
wounds, frenzy, no helping him. And there, at his fingertips, as though
he's reaching out to touch, to retrieve, to keep hold of. What is that,
a little black box [***] Damn it. Darkness now, sudden, a few
seconds only, as always after a **demo**, dark, before the usual low rez kicks
back in.

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The camera-sprite still **floats** here, still watching me... I'm on **record**,
I've been seen, witnessed...

Noise. Sirens, the cops, and my hands so red, so bloodied... Will
have to... will have to run...

Home now. Safe. Hope so. But shaking still. Already used up yet another
demo when I got in, first thing, just for the **buzz**, the surge of overload
glow, needed it, like a whiskey **shot** to the eyes.

Alone. Tommy out. Good...

> OVERLOAD GLOW! OVERLOAD GLOW! NOTHING IMPROVES THE WORLD LIKE OVERLOAD GLOW!
ORDER NOW...

That's the one. Automatic vizzipops for another hour, probably, as
punishment for using the **demo**. Way it goes, life.

The little box. On my bed. Yes, mine now. Stolen. Black metal, no shine, silver filigree patterns. Warm to the touch. Stolen. Oh God, why? Not like me, not at all. What is it, I wonder? Nothing on the news feed yet, about the dead body. Wonder who?

Why did he die? Frenzied attack. Maybe just a robbery gone wrong? But why not take the box? So then it's not worth anything? Wonder? If I... that is, if I open it... no, can't do it, won't budge, sealed, no opening? What? My fingers find a little ridge, and push... hissing sound... *hsssssst* Strange. Feel... No. Nothing. Sleep now, sleep...

YOU ARE WHAT YOU SEE

Wait. But the sprites that follow, follow? Think! What if, I was... captured there, on record, in the alley next to the body. Rumours: that sprites see reality, the real deal, the world as it is, the never seen, never felt, never heard, the world behind the veil of pixels... wonder what I, what I look like, there.... Zero Rez, they call it, NO REZ. The unmediated world, cold analog, urch, scary, makes me, makes me shiver... feel sick. The stories they tell of what remains, naked of pixels: a place of dirt, decay, ruin, weeds, rust, trash, dust, silence, the void, rats, infestation, disease, the Desert of the Real...

Up. Good sleep finally, that dream, what was it, so clear, like I could see every detail of life. **No blur, no smears**, no crumble at the edges. **Strange**. Dreaming: my face covered all over in blue cloth, why? I feel...

What am I **seeing now** the room... my **room, so clear**. So vivid, dazzling, so damn **vivid, alive to my eyes, my senses, my hands touching at the tabletop, where every grain can be felt, every detail present in the moment, filtered to high heaven, all the way. Perfected, as I am...** as I **gather the room to myself via the senses: so clear, so sweet, so goddamn fucking sweet, everything, mine, my world, mine...**

Bike. God, so good. Glory. The road. The road is liquid speed and here I zoom so sweet riding all the way down towards the vanishing point as it moves ahead of me just those few feet ahead like I can catch up with it one day soon if I just keep riding like this just keep moving and glowing yes this is the real overload the most perfect world ever and I am in it yes I am part of it with no vizzipops none just myself close to the centre gathering streaming skimming the tarmac and swerving so easy around the speeding cars no one can catch me no one can stop me, because now at last I see, yes fuck I feel the world in every pore, and there, a figure in my sight, not so clear, blurry, no, please, don't crumble away, not yet, let me stay here in this world, this version of the world, but strange, the figure moves, her form before me as I ride, a woman, it seems like, her face featureless, tightly covered in blue cloth, strange, never leaving me, who, who is she? [*] Oh, awake, where... home.**

But can't remember getting here.

Back to normal. Low Rez. Shitty squaresville. Old crumble zone.

The time, look at it. Bloody hell, I missed work today, did I? Just riding the city's streets for my own pleasure, hours on end. Wonder what my on-bike camera captured; would love to access that. Need a code. Yes, but worth it, missing work, just for the joy of the ride and the world as I travelled through it. Definitely. Or dreaming, was I? What? Fuck. Just maybe?

But no popjobs yet. None of the usual early morning flow of ads and feeds. Why is that?

The box. Still here. Wonder what it is, maybe some kind of development, the future of improved sensual input. One more time, maybe? No. Resist, resist...

Round at Bella's pad. Talking in dim light, shadows, her face

scattermasked, against, as she says, the intruding beams of the corporate targeting engines, invisible they are, nanosprites, or so she claims, like dust in the air, getting in through the cracks in the walls, the ceiling, recording everything, all over...

Crazy for sure. But maybe...

She gives me a **dose of pixel power, a one minute shot, something she's concocted herself from hacked supplies... nice**, but it's nothing like the **effects of the hyperbox**, as I'm calling it. But I can't tell her about that. No, not yet. **Secret**. But why? Just for me. Really? OK. Is that wise? Stay dumb. Just ask about sprite-cams: the need to access footage, such and such a time, location, when I was alleyway bound, that blackout moment, the dead man on the cold ground, need to need to know what happened...

Bella's legit business is selling images, a whole library of things she's collected over the years: flowers, fields, sunsets, rockets taking off, semi naked dancers, goals being scored, cheering or rioting crowds, whatever you need to complete your reality. Little extras, accessories to life. Some of them have watermarks in them, because she's stolen the pictures, but who cares, really?

Some of the best things I've ever seen, ever... have been watermarked. Like that time I with Katie, when I... shit, concentrate...

Always a pleasure watching Bella break a code wide open, or a little sliver of a way in, her fingers on the console, twitching, game-play really, no different... back to DOS, her favoured mode, retrotech. The console brightening under her touch, the screen alive with image, and there, there I am... look now...

That night. The street. As the sprites see me, but it's weird, not like the

rumours at all, but all grey goo on the screen, with just this single little dot of **high rez** floating around; Bella explains it: some kind of privacy law, sprites only allowed to focus on one **thing** after another, whatever's deemed important: **me, there**, for instance, **down the alleyway**, following me... **the dead-end**... doorway, there, the **body of the man... dead**, there, **myself**... looking down at **him**... **swaying**, feel it, remember...

Blackout. As myself, as I did then, on that night, so the screen does now. Crash. What? What now? Where? Bella punches keys, works the controls, curses. Nothing. Dead screen. Wiped clean. Zero reveal. Until... until the world clicks back into place, into view and now I'm caught once more in sprite mode, sirens in the night sky calling out, calling, and me, that young man there, that scared young man with the blood on his hands, me, myself, running running...

Bella warns me: somebody's protecting the victim. Erasure in place. Tells me: Aiden, dearest, be careful.

Home again. Straight to the box, can't resist. Just can't. Yes. Have to. Urge. Memories burn, need to feel that sense of life again, up close, that heavenly vision fix, streaming me with colours and sound and light. Press. *Hsssssssst*. Yes, slight perfume. Vapour of some kind, maybe? **Yes. Wonder**...

Walking this time. Slow, steady. Taking in the city in all its beauty, magnified, made glorious, everywhere I look crammed to the very limits with pixels, so many of them, thousands upon thousands, squeezed together, so perfectly arranged in the mosaic that I can see no joins, no edges, only the smooth surface of life, but with the colours turned up, the sharpness increased, the contrast set at its highest ratio, and everything so scorchingly lovely to look at, so shimmering, so vibrant, the people especially, their faces, their bodies, I can hardly

look at them for fear of melting my eyeballs with such radiant beauty. And this is life as it should be lived, at the highest level of POV, here in this paradise... [***] Like a jump cut, one time to another, and what's been lost in between, I don't know, I do not care, the neon signs flash and glow with fiery reds and shining golds and blues the colour of music as it drifts free of the sign, above me and around me now, the words singing out their meaning plain, but only I can hear them, only I have this much data in my sight [***] I see the sprites as they follow me dancing floating along for what they are: the never-sleeping eyes of the world, watching, the one million eyes of the city, watching watching watching targeting... and what happens when all the eyes close at once, yes what then? [***] Among the crowd only one person still seems unclear, the blue figure again, moving in and out of vision as though she exists between the pixels, as though there might be another layer of resolution beyond this one, but how can there be, how can the world be more perfect than this? And yet there she stands, watching me, and now she moves, the woman, her face without features, covered in blue, her whole body also, blue, blue cloth, head to foot, as she turns as though to look at me, but her eyes hidden, and then she moves on and I follow her, try to, yes...

Broken now. **Broken.** I feel. Broken. Without the high rez. Lost. Bereft. Wandering. The effect lasts for about an hour, on average. But I can't stop using it. Can't stop. Will it run out, ever? **Panic.** Will the hyperbox run out of vapour, whatever it is. It must do, eventually. And then, and then what? How will I face the world ever again, like this, in this low rez gutter?

Once or twice: little **flashbacks**, but then nothing, so cruel...

What are we walking toward, quite willingly, I wonder? We are walking into the eye of the camera, a gleeful smile on our faces, our eyes satiated with streamed reality, ever-changing, ever, ever-changing, where does it lead, wonder...

Tommy's back, I hear. The door banging. Why won't he come in, oh... strange, not like him, no call out, no shout to me, no stories of his conquests, of the ever marvellous journeys his image has gone on today in Texture Land... Oh... not him, what? Who?

Two of them. Strangers. Men. Dark. Uh. Lights out. What? What do they want? I can't... I can't see them. Fuck. Have to, I have to get out of here.. now...

Noises, footsteps, a grunt. My body folding up as the first blow hits. Stomach. Crack. On the head, fuck, something heavy, where... I can't, have to move, have to crawl...

They're going for my implants... tearing at them...

Another blow. Pixels jumping in my eyes, breaking apart, the room crumbles and I fall, with no way to know where to go, no world, no room, only patterns as the pixels drain away, crazy dancing as the two men circle around me, have to fight back, but they're jacked up on some kind of vision high, the both of them, I can sense that: they know everything about me, where to strike, how to lead me on, how to defend themselves, their POVs blaze with power, imagine...

Have to... crack! **Demo.** Use it. Now. **Sizzle and flare, sudden, and there! The first man, there! Strike out and he reels back** [***] fuck, darkness, where now, where, crack, one more. **Demo,** fumbling for... now **now now there he is, the second man, charge for him, push with him full strength all I have left, into the wall the two of us, crack!** [***] dark, where, dark, both of them coming in, blows all around, I'm down, fumble, crackle, **demo** where? **There, so clear, these last few seconds of visual bliss as the blows rain down, and here's me, thinking, thinking.... if only I had my little hyperbox with me, beat them then** [***] yes, beat them then, easily...

Gone. Alone. Stir. Awake. Head aching, body, scarred, bloody. Bruises.
Painful to move. Where? Can't seem to find my.... uh bearings

Alone now, sure of it, don't breathe just listen. Listen! No one. Gone
now, they've gone, and taken what they came for, the box, the vapour, the
Resolution of the Gods, stolen from me, as I stole it from the mugging
victim, whoever he was, and the two men knew, they knew precisely what
they wanted, why they came here...

Something's wrong, my eyes, crumble of sight, vision, all the sense, I'm
losing focus, the room...

The rooms, all of them, disintegrating as I walk through them, I'm losing...

I'm losing pixels, drifting, crackling, the edges of my POV drifting apart

Implants, damaged must get help... police or get Tommy, Katie Bella
yes anybody

Can't see, only six colours now in my vision, five, four, sinking

No don't move, ride it, ride it out! Maybe it's temporary, has to be...

Down to two colours now, a few cubes left to me, squares, so low,
ragged, where am I,

Where am I heading... wonder...

blink

colours flashing, disappearing

one pixel

as though falling, falling asleep, but

but different now, sinking

flicker
blink, blink blink...

click
zero

zero rez
blink

dark, darkness in the eyes
blink
blink

only
darkness
only...

[***]

Where?
where now
blink
stir

stir awake
the world
outside

moving, moving on

crawling, stumbling, walking

I am the dirt on the surface of objects
the rip in the cloth

grease on the lens

yes, feel it now

I am the grain in the wood

the warp in the plastic
the grit in the engine
the dirt, the grease, the smears
the damage, the grain, the warp, the friction
all magnified, all glorious, yes, at last
I am the touch of flesh on flesh
of tongue and teeth on food
words on lips, tears to the eyes, vibrations
I am the zero world, shorn of pixels
down to the skin and bone and breath, pure
the mist, the dirty polluted rain so fresh on the face, uplifted
the rust that eats at the cars that sit abandoned at the roadside
the lovely rust, that parasite of metals
the streets blown by litter and leaves
the unpainted walls, the rotten fruit
the cats and dogs snuffling at the gutter
and myself seeing as the dogs see
hearing as they do, roused by the same scents
following trails through the desolate almost empty streets
and a few others here as well, now and then, like myself
people who have moved away from the camera's ever-watchful eye
and Colleen herself, as lovely today
as she was when she first stepped out from in-between the pixels
to wave at me, to call to me
dressed in blue as she is, so strange, her face still covered, still unseen, strange
and she leads me on towards the edge of the city
to where the many colours of the streets, the buildings, all start to fade
all into blue, the same exact shade as she wears on her body
the shops, the road signs, all covered in blue cloth, strange
and other people, more and more of them, all wearing the same blue outfits
and myself also, I realise now, as we reach the city's limit
dressed in the same blue
and I see now that for all these years I have forgotten

as we all have, the deal we made:
that our city, our lives, our loves and hates, our flesh, our faces
are but projections on this endless blue screen
that stretches around us, covering us
and now we move on
away from the projectors' reach, far away
into the areas beyond the city, where the endless blue fields
touch the endless blue skies
with no visible horizon separating them
only the blue world, endless, endless...
until the blue starts to fray a little
and at last we kiss, Colleen and I
our two faces covered in cloth
our covered mouths, now touching
where our fingers tear the cloth away
and now our eyes are seen, uncovered
the blue cloth on our faces in shreds
and now Colleen reaches out to the distant sky
and her hand touches the sky, a few feet away
the blue cloth sky, and she takes a penknife
clicks out the blade, the tiny shining blade
and slices into the blue
and together, at last, at last, we climb through
and now, at long last, yes, finally
we are what we see

Jeff Noon was born in Manchester in 1957. His novels include *Vurt* (Arthur C. Clarke Award), *Pollen*, *Automated Alice*, *Nymphomaniac*, *Needle in the Groove*, *CobraLingus*, *Falling Out of Cars*, *Channel SK17N*, and a collection of stories called *Pixel Juice*. He also writes microfiction via @jeffnoon on Twitter, and on Facebook. More information can be found at jeffnoon.weebly.com. This is his first appearance in *Interzone*.