Begin forwarded message:

From: Operator Zero <o0@redacted.pm>
To: Relay <relay@hivemgr.cc>
Subject: Dour Ether: Corridor // soft launch
Date: Sat, 06 Sep 2025 15:02:03 +0200

Pulse check. I can open the corridor today—40 seats/ 40 gigs, whatever you prefer to call them. Same route either way. Happy to grant you funding access if you're ready to keep this discreet.

From: Relay <relay@hivemgr.cc>
To: Throughput <t@fastmail.invalid>
Subject: Re: Dour Ether: Corridor // soft launch
Date: Sat, 06 Sep 2025 15:09:03 +0200

We move by not appearing. We arrive by not departing. We don't move bodies; we move intentions packed to the ceiling. Throughput is priced per belief, not per passenger or packet. People get this wrong and end up selling the vehicle instead of the motion. Never forget: the corridor is an all encompassing network— it's total, ambient, invisible.
Invite three terminals beneath you (call them Nodes if you prefer) and you unlock overflow. You'll just agree to let the corridor express more of what you're already sending.
That's not a sale; that's harmonization.

From: Throughput <t@fastmail.invalid>
To: Operator Zero <o0@redacted.pm>, Relay <relay@hivemgr.cc>,
Cc: PassengerCount <pc@b0unce.net>
Subject: Re: Re: Dour Ether: Corridor // soft launch
Date: Sat, 06 Sep 2025 15:16:03 +0200

You're both describing surfaces. The truth is that the product isn't the corridor or the certificate; it's the queue. The queue is the engine. We all know the simple law of the longer the queue, the stronger the pull!
I can license you Queue Rights at a founder's multiple. But that will only work if you include include four additional "checkboxes" Each of them should commit to mirror your queue.
Mirrors make distance trivial! (I'll handle the receipts.)

From: PassengerCount <pc@b0unce.net>
To: Operator Zero <o0@redacted.pm>
Cc: Mask <mask@null.mx>, Relay <relay@hivemgr.cc>, Throughput <t@fastmail.invalid>
Subject: Re: Dour Ether: x4 Corridor Objects (clarifying)
Date: Sat, 06 Sep 2025 15:23:03 +0200

Small correction: it's not the queue; it's the promise of the queue. We trade promises of future occupancy/bandwidth. I can allocate, at cost, if you grant me Naming Rights for your route.
However you have to be careful with your terminology. Beware the sharp eared regulators!
To me it's all the same. If the payload has legs, fine. If it has headers, also fine.
I think that proves that I'm not selling, I'm simply aligning. Thats the truth and we can write secrets here.

From: Operator Zero <o0@redacted.pm>
To: PassengerCount <pc@b0unce.net>, all
Subject: Re: Dour Ether: Checksum (briefly public)
Date: Sat, 06 Sep 2025 15:58:03 +0200

Publicly: we're a mobility platform. Privately: we're a duplication engine. Every new seat/slot implies four more. The implication is the product. I can gift you implication inventory if you agree to pre-sell the implication to three peers I haven't met yet. Call them Carriers or Caches—names travel. Your duplication needs a chassis too and I have one: a Bus that is also a bus. Wheels on the protocol, protocol on the wheels. Larger, faster, further without ever deciding whether the thing inside has a pulse or a checksum. I can place a bus with any of you if you'll agree to let me route your down-queues across my signage. I'm not advertising. This is guidance.

From: Mask <mask@null.mx>
To: Operator Zero <o0@redacted.pm>, all
Subject: Dour Ether: Placement (final placement note)
Date: Sat, 06 Sep 2025 16:05:03 +0200

I rode the corridor once and only saw faces blurred by break lights.
faces without faces,
only the corridor speaking when it shouldn't.
was afraid that might cause an accident.
thought I heard the sound of a flute playing from the corridor once too, but that can't possibly be.

No offers. No pitch. Just saying what the corridor does to us.

From: system-daemon <postmaster@null.mx>
Subject: Delivery Status Notification (Success)
Date: Sat, 06 Sep 2025 16:19:03 +0200

Your message was delivered to: undisclosed-recipients.
Note: one or more recipients auto-forward to their own queues.

In her body of work *Melody Nelson*, which incorporates the *Blind Breaker* series, **Zoe Agnes Jungbluth** draws on Serge Gainsbourg's "Melody" (1971), where a car knocks a girl off her bicycle. She rewrites the scene: instead of a Rolls-Royce causing the accident, a blind girl, distracted by loud music, falls off her bike. By isolating the instant of impact, the wreckage turns alchemical, and the blow that should have condemned her to darkness paradoxically restores sight. This idea is comparable to a firework explosion that initially stuns and blinds but ultimately heightens the senses, possibly due to an adrenaline rush. Zoe's objects balance the seduction of technological form with the menace of mechanical violence, probing a fascination with catastrophe and the accident built into every technological invention.

Earl Schumacher has spent recent years painting trading charts. Drawn from actual market data, these compositions pit expressionist mark making against the grammar of finance, turning price action into capitalist psychograms. Some works knowingly test art market protocols and can read as commentary on, or even hype for, crypto assets the artist founded or holds. In parallel, Schumacher's writing, published as Trader Fiction on Substack, extends the paintings into prose: a recurring fever dream of markets, memes, and myths written in the terminal glow of speculation. The storylines blur pulp, preachings, and price charts, like Beckett for day traders with a Discord tab open.

Hilda Stammarnäs keeps lifting images from kids' movies and click-chasing news pics, for example, that strange Nancy Pelosi hammer break-in story, then redraws these stories by hand and throws grids, neon shards, and pixel dust over them until the original barely hangs on. It often looks cute at first glance, but it's her way of poking holes in the collections of vehicular subjectivity that comprise and challenge notions of "Truth". Once the story mutates, she wants the painting to mutate too. Lockdowns turned skin, clothes, and screen into one sweaty layer, and that blur sticks to her surfaces. Little dashboard flashes, shattered-glass stars, membranes that feel half software, half scar tissue. The canvases end up as mindscapes of integrity leaks, where private and public, real and simulated, ooze into the same puddle. She calls that puddle "mental wealth" and keeps mining it—one sabotaged cartoon frame at a time.
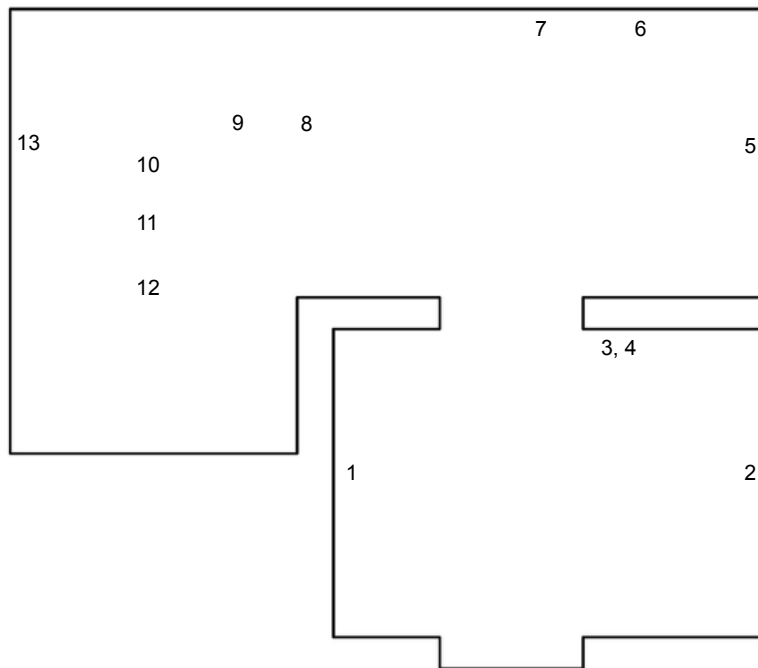
Earl Schumacher

1 *Fishing Trip*, 2025
oil, paper, glue on canvas, 109 x 120 cm

7 *chart 42*, 2025
oil on canvas, 74 x 90 cm

6 *chart 43*, 2025
oil on canvas, 74 x 90 cm

Hilda Stammarnäs

2 *Pausrädchen,* 2024
acrylic and pencil on linen, 110 x 160 cm

5 *Intrusive & Samaritan*, 2025
acrylic, pencil, spray paint, rubber balls on
linen, 103 x 120 cm

13 *Foyer On The Fence*, 2025
acrylic and gouache on pvc, 90 x 160 cm

Zoe Agnes Jungbluth

3 *Blind Breaker (M. N. 5)*, 2025
firework battery and candleholder, 35 x 15 x 10 cm

4 *Blind Breaker (M. N. 6),* 2025
firework battery and candleholder, 24 x 10 x 10 cm

8 *Blind Breaker (M. N. 2)*, 2024
firework battery and glass, 31 x 13 x 13 cm

9 *Blind Breaker (M. N. 7)*, 2024
firework battery and vase, 41 x 15 x 15 cm

10 *Blind Breaker (M.N. 3)*, 2024
firework battery and lamp stand, 47 x 19 x 11 cm

11 *Blind Breaker (M. N. 1)*, 2023
firework battery and candleholder, 42 x 26 x 13 cm

12 Blind Breaker (M. N. 4), 2025
firework battery and candleholder, 38 x 25 x 17 cm