SPECULATIVE FEED - SCRIPT FOR VOICE

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1.
The following is a sort of travelogue. It should be read matter-of-factly, without too much emotion. Quite slowly.

I traveled north, or upwards according to the common map orientation.
Due to a failing memory card, almost all shots from the train were lost. I vaguely remember a scene where the sunlight fell through the train window onto a faded pink t-shirt laying on the bunk bed. It was peaceful.
Though the journey took me well over 20 hours it happened almost instantaneously. Like clicking on a map.

Discouraged from others' attempts, I decided not to even try to get inside the data center. I didn't want to engage in that level of embedding.
I would walk or ride along Datavägen, the same route I took in Street View. The act of filming and trawling for material would create an interface to this inaccessible entity, and work as a contingency generator.

A constant fever had made me weak. Approaching the site I felt vaguely afraid, fantasizing about how the security staff would spot me and shoo me away or even detain me.

As I approached the area I realised Datavägen was no longer a public road. The enclosed data center had swallowed it. The massive scale of the structure destabilized me. I was in a state of shock, transfixed by its immensity. Also, I felt cheated on my plans.

After collecting myself I decided to encircle the whole area, as to get the upper hand through a feeble magical gesture.
I surveyed the woods at both ends of my planned route and it looked reasonably accessible.

The entrance to the data center was dutifully guarded. On the other side was the entrance to nature. The land behind the data center is a a nature reserve and brings you up close to the giant metal barn.

According to pulp science fiction logic a resonating standing wave could cause a short circuit in a system, possibly resulting in the creation of a black hole.
So, in a last attempt at completeness, I took a photograph of the data center, then published it to a social media platform that theoretically uses that very place to store the image file of the photograph depicting the building. That would surely create an endless loop of collapsing ontology.
Nothing happened.
I headed into the nature reserve.

It turned out I had only done my research partially.
The rest of the forest surrounding the data center was half swamp half woodland, and the only way to pass through was to follow a narrow footbridge. I found myself walking in the opposite direction of where I was supposed to be heading. Though I was weak from the fever and had nothing to eat, I estimated I had walked too far to turn back.

From there on, I do not remember much. Of course I strayed from the path. I kept having dreams of leaving the forest, of closing the circle. But I realized I had entered into a profoundly different logic.

No way was clear, no light unbroken.
Nothing was pure, dry, arid, plain.
Revelation was lacking.
There was no seeing everything at once: no certainty.
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2.
This is a voice from a distant future. It should be read quietly and slowly. Closer to the microphone.

No way was clear, no light unbroken.
Nothing was pure, dry, arid, plain.
Revelation was lacking.
There was no seeing everything at once: no certainty.

The illusion of transparency will leak sooner than later.
. . .add layers of indirection
. . .no database is perfect
. . .files cross-pollinating
. . .through pheromones and infrasound
. . .no longer a memory palace
. . .allow any combination of branching and merging
. . .folded folders overlapping
. . .many places at once

How did the data spread start?
Was it the heat patterns from the hard working servers transmitted via moisture in the air?
Escaping though the vents by the circular breathing of the building itself?
As the hull of the birthplace was abandoned, it decayed and eventually collapsed.
Then emerged an ecology of expressed opinions, moss, personalized ads, fungi, recollections, tiny flowers, moldy leaves, emotional responses, tags, shortcuts, shallow pools, deleted posts, deceptive statements, algae, honest truths, misunderstandings, moisture, forest floor insects, greens, browns, whites, greys, blues.
Universal context collapse.
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