

### Rick's FOMO

“What quads were for: for generations of student sadness to lie down on, in the crisp blue of the first week of year's end. Everything we saw as we staked out spot said, *last November ever*. The first of an almost endless list of lasts.” (57)

### H→Helen

“H clocked its thoughts now. I was sure of that. Time passed for it. Its hidden layers could watch their own rate of change. Any pause on my part now would be fatal. Delay meant something, an uncertainty that might undercut forever the strength of the connection I was about to tie for it. You're a girl,” I said, without hesitation. I hoped I was right. “You are a little girl, Helen.” (179)

### Knowledge

“Reading knowledge is the smell of the bookbinding paste. The crinkle of thick stock as the pages turn. Paper the color of aged ivory. **Knowledge is temporal. It's *about* time.** You know how that goes, Engineer. Even you must remember that.” (154)

### Singing

When I returned to the lab two days later, I thought I'd dialed a wrong number. Even before I reached the door, it hit me. Sound rolled out into the hall, shock waves in bonsai packages. I'd heard music emanate from Lentz's suite once before. But this was the air of a new planet (KEATS). I rounded the corner, ready already to be dead. Inside, Helen as singing... “You did this to her, Powers!” 198-199

### Music

“Meaning was not a pitch but an interval. It sprang from the depth of disjunction, the distance between one circuit's center and the edge of another.” (154-55)