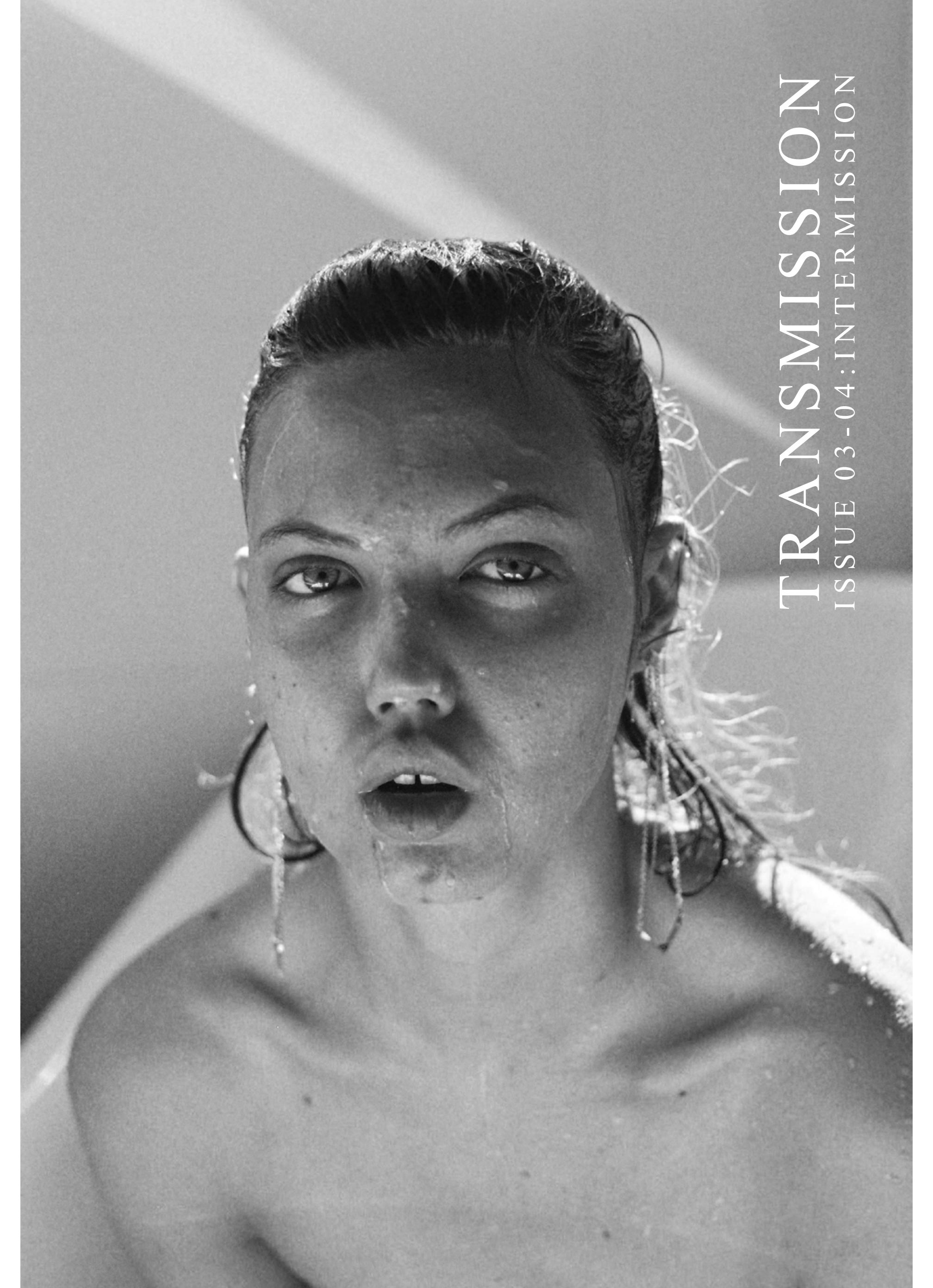


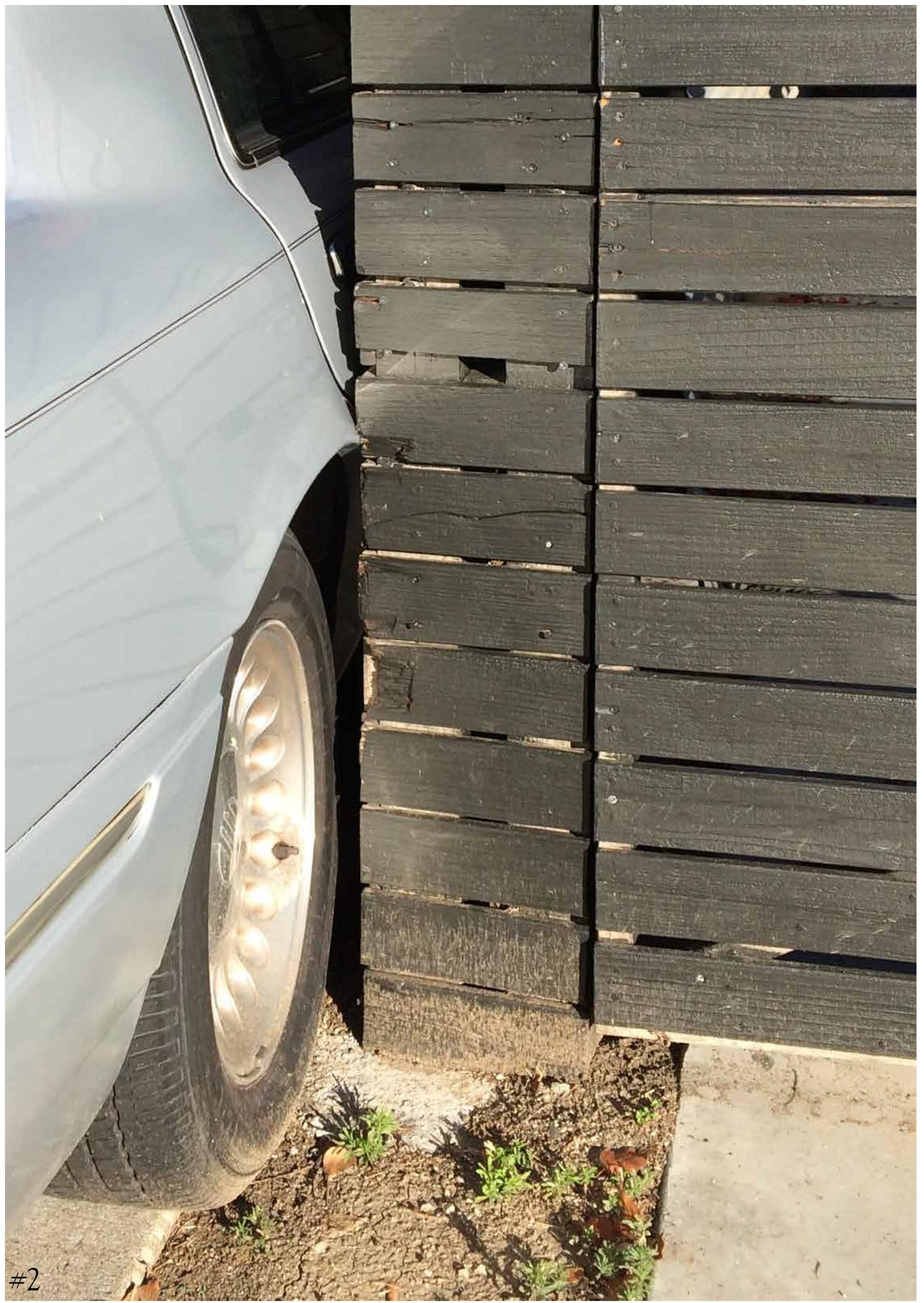
# TRANSMISSION

ISSUE 03-04 : INTERMISSION

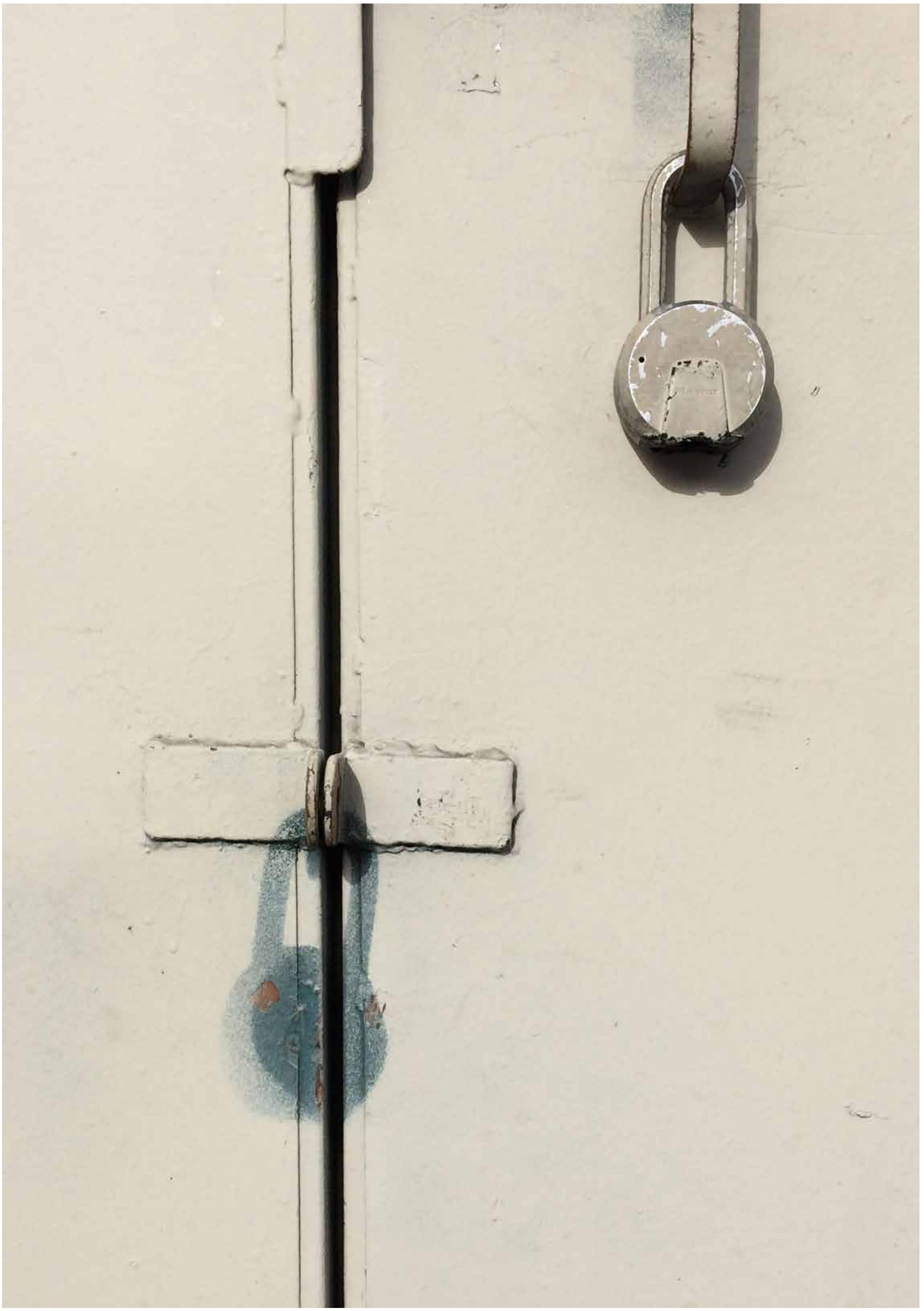


I just wanted to share  
several of the same to  
be true one thing that  
can make modern  
life much easier is  
multiple tools to  
commonest thing is  
definitely it only  
helps if.





#2







Something prevented him from launching out into the ocean of life and devoting all the powers of his mind and will to flying across it under full sail. Some secret enemy seemed to have laid a heavy hand upon him at the start of his journey and cast him a long way off from the direct purpose of human existence. And it seemed he would never find his way to

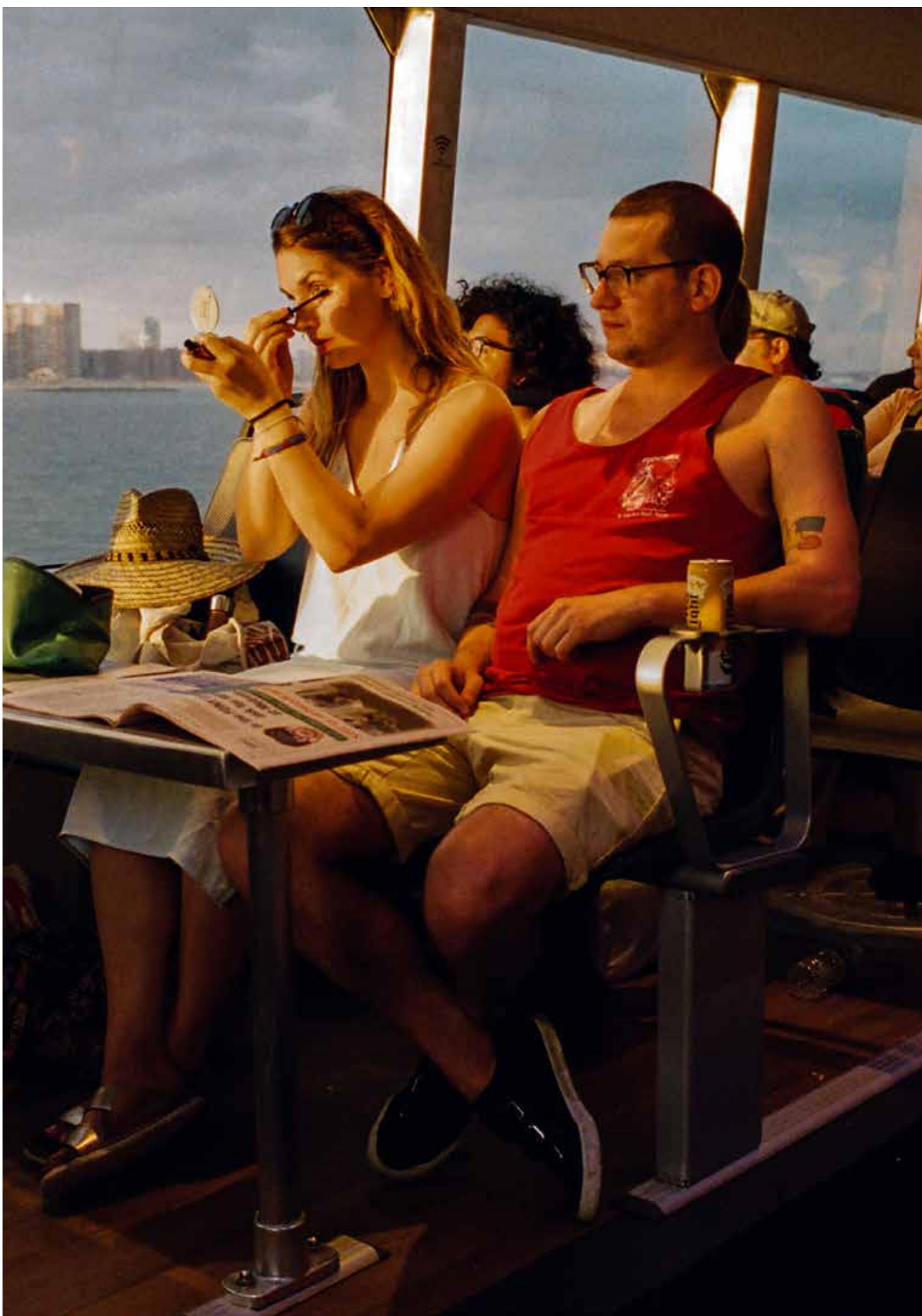
the straight path from the wild and impenetrable jungle. The forest grew quicker and darker in his soul and around him; the path was getting more and more overgrown; clear consciousness awakened more and more seldom, and roused the slumbering powers only for a moment. His mind and will had long been paralyzed and, it seemed, irretrievably.



#4









¿No se siente bien? Manténgase alejado de la orilla de la plataforma.

Alerte a un oficial de la policía o a un empleado de la MTA. Si hay uno disponible, utilicen un intercomunicador de Asistencia a Clientes o Help Point.

En el 2015, hubo 172 incidentes relacionados con usuarios que tuvieron contacto con trenes. 50 personas murieron.

Viajemos juntos de manera segura.

感觉不舒服？  
请勿靠近站台边缘。

向警察或 MTA 员工报警。  
如果有客户服务点或 Help Point  
对讲装置，请使用。

2015 年发生了 172 起客户接触列车的事故，造成 50 人丧生。

让我们共同努力，  
安全出行。

물이 안 좋으신가요?  
플랫폼 가장자리에서  
멀리 떨어지세요.

경찰이나 MTA 직원에게  
알려주세요. 가능한 한 고객  
지원 또는 Help Point 전화기를  
사용하세요.

2015년에 승객과 부딪친  
승객들과 관련된 172건의  
사고가 있었고 50명의  
사람들이 죽었습니다.

다 함께 안전하게  
이용합시다.

Плохо себя чувствуете?  
Не подходите близко  
к краю платформы

Сообщите об опасном  
обстоянии патрульному  
или сотруднику MTA. Если  
это возможно, воспользуйтесь  
переговорным устройством  
Customer Assistance или  
Help Point.

В 2015 году зафиксировано  
172 нечастных случая с  
участием пассажиров поездов;  
50 человек погибли.

Давайте заботиться  
о безопасности друг  
друга в метро.

Si ou pa  
santi w by  
Rete Iwer  
platfom la

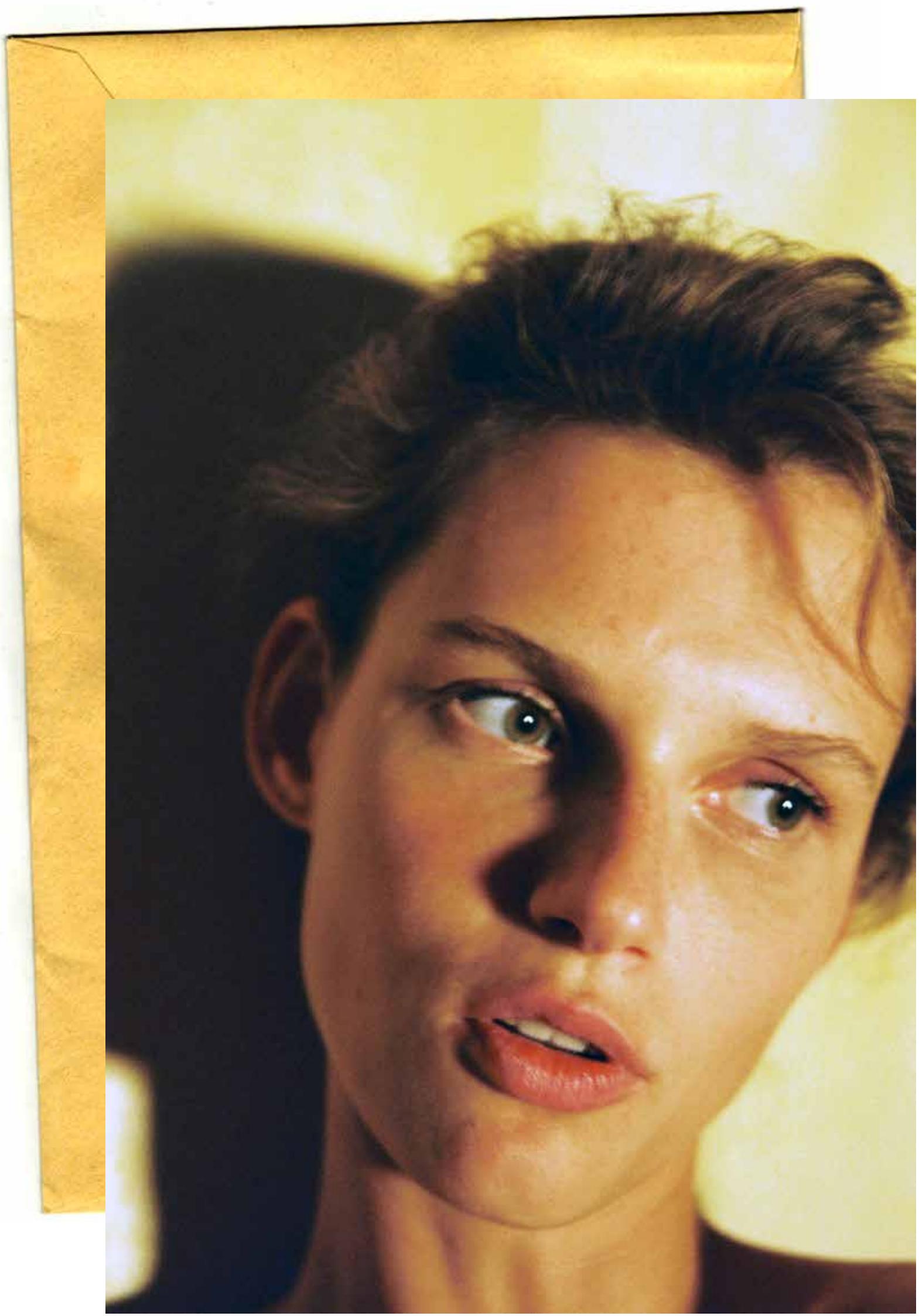
Alla yon apri la  
apri la yon MT. Si  
allze yon Assistant  
ewa Entéfon He

Nan lane 201  
172 aksidan te  
rantre an tren,  
50 mo

An  
ansanm,

yen?  
rebô  
an  
cols owa yon  
genyen  
ta Kiyam  
Deep Point  
5, te genyen  
cote klyan  
kontak ak  
n to mour.  
ou vwayaje  
san danje.





#5

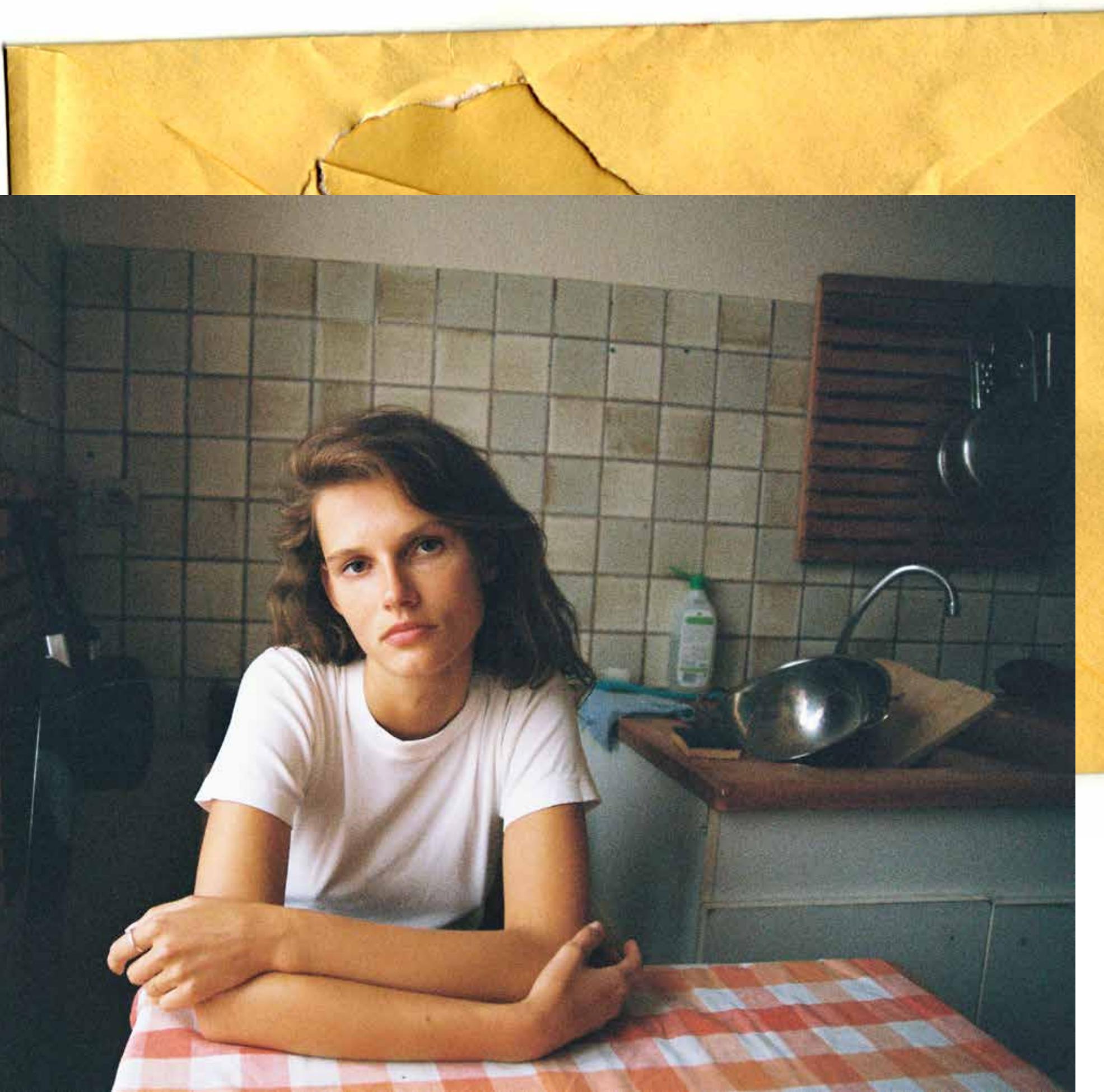


I ain't saying  
you treated me unkind

You could have done better  
but I don't mind

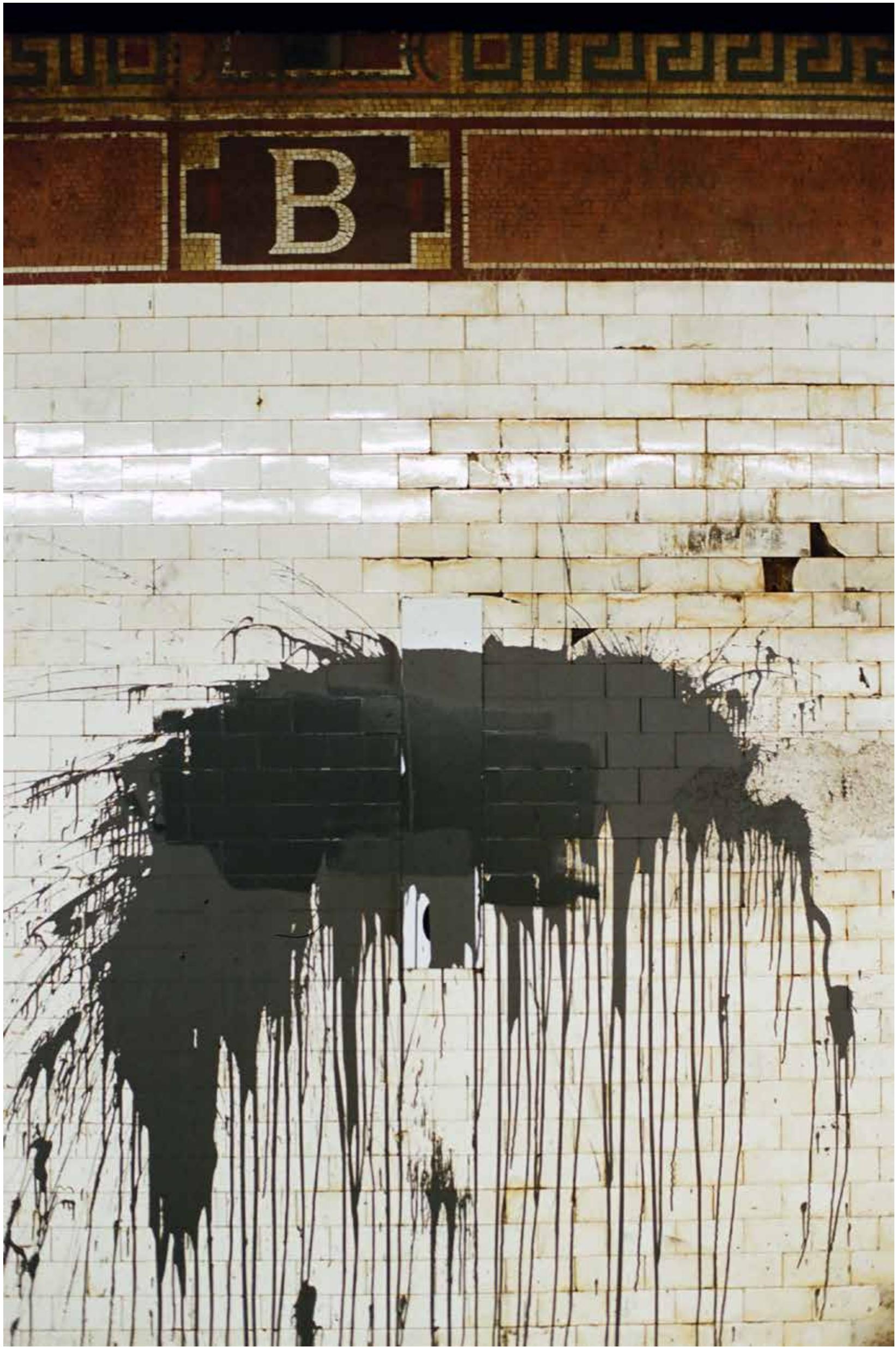
You just kinda wasted  
my precious time

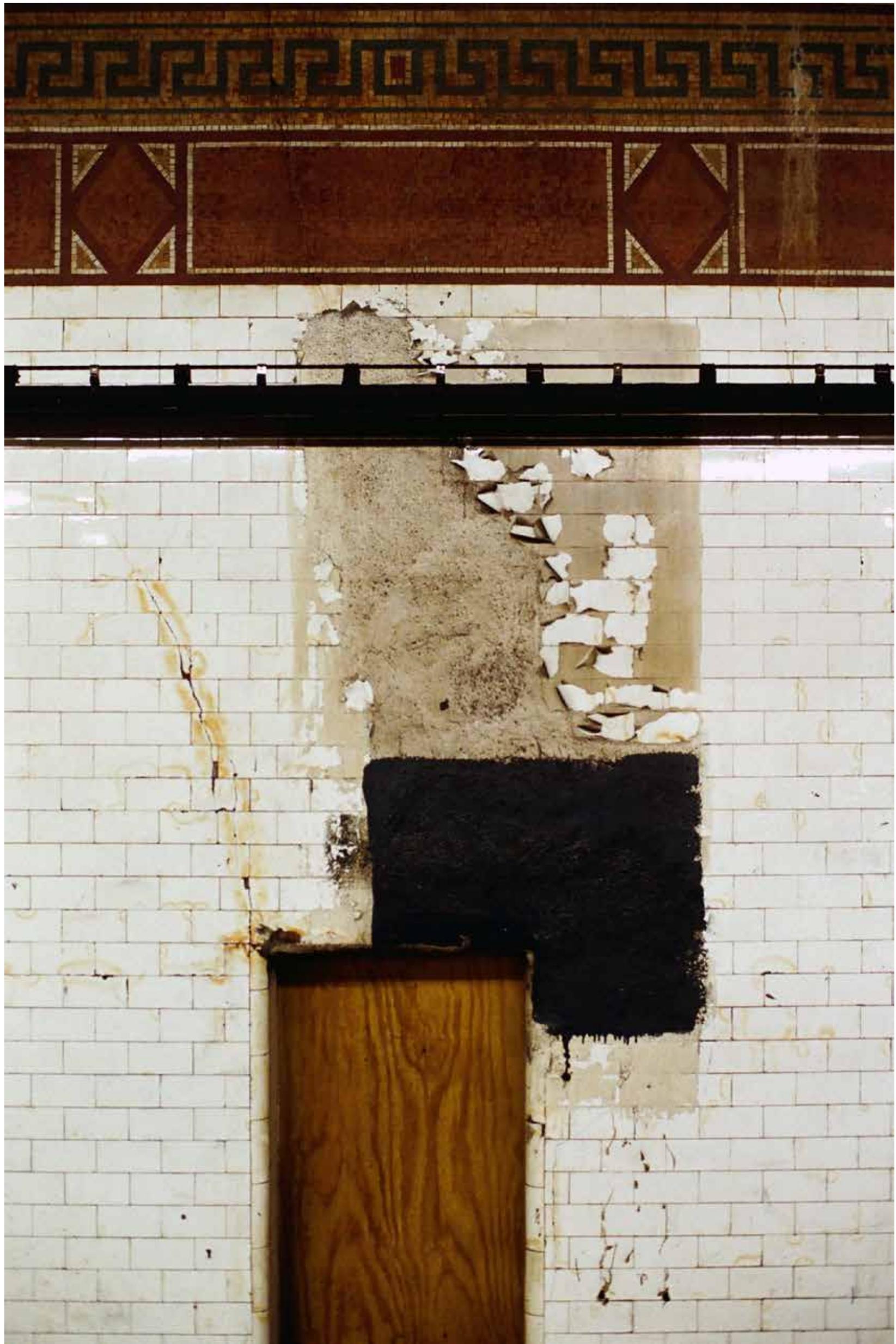
But don't think twice  
it's alright

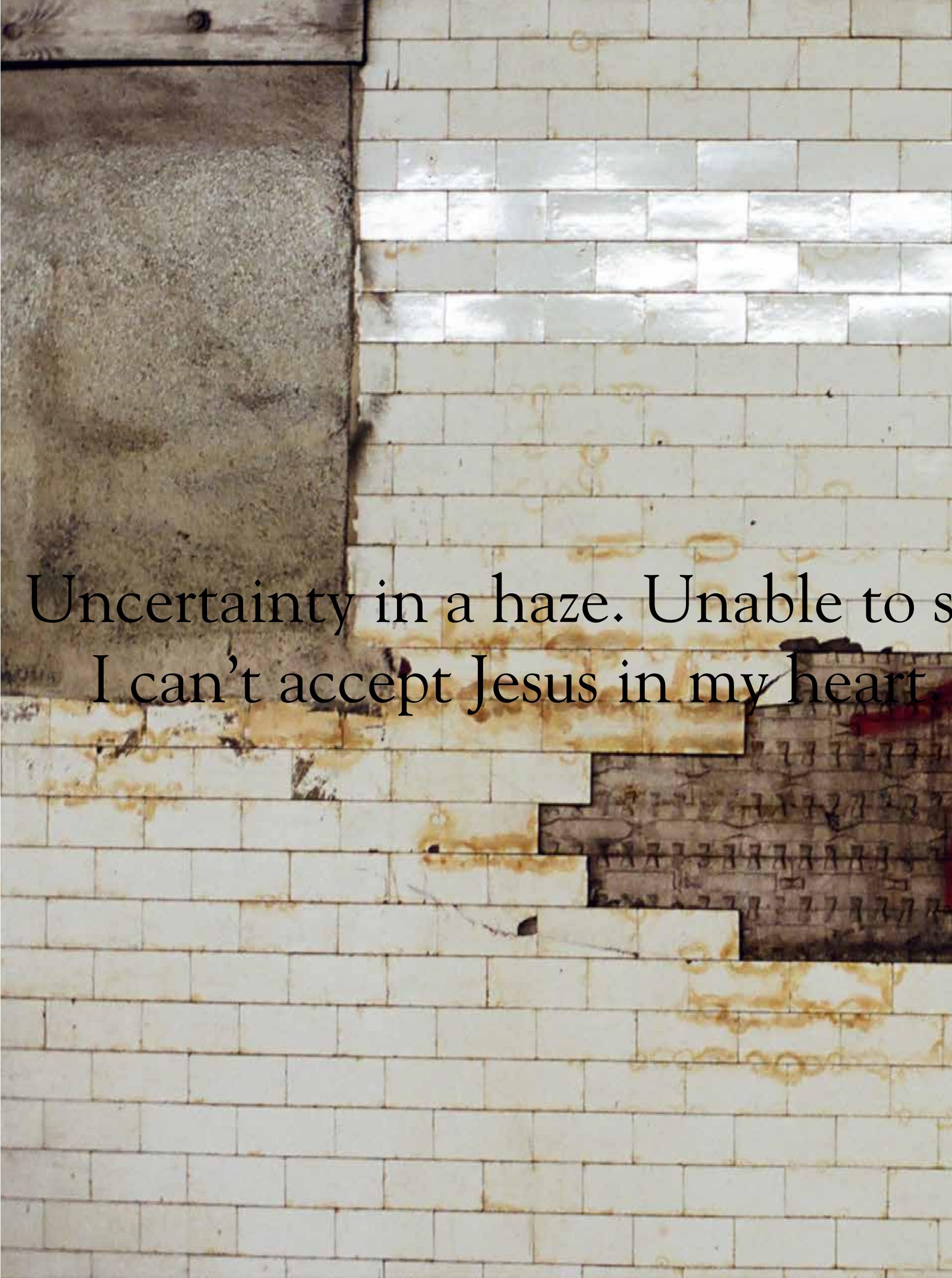




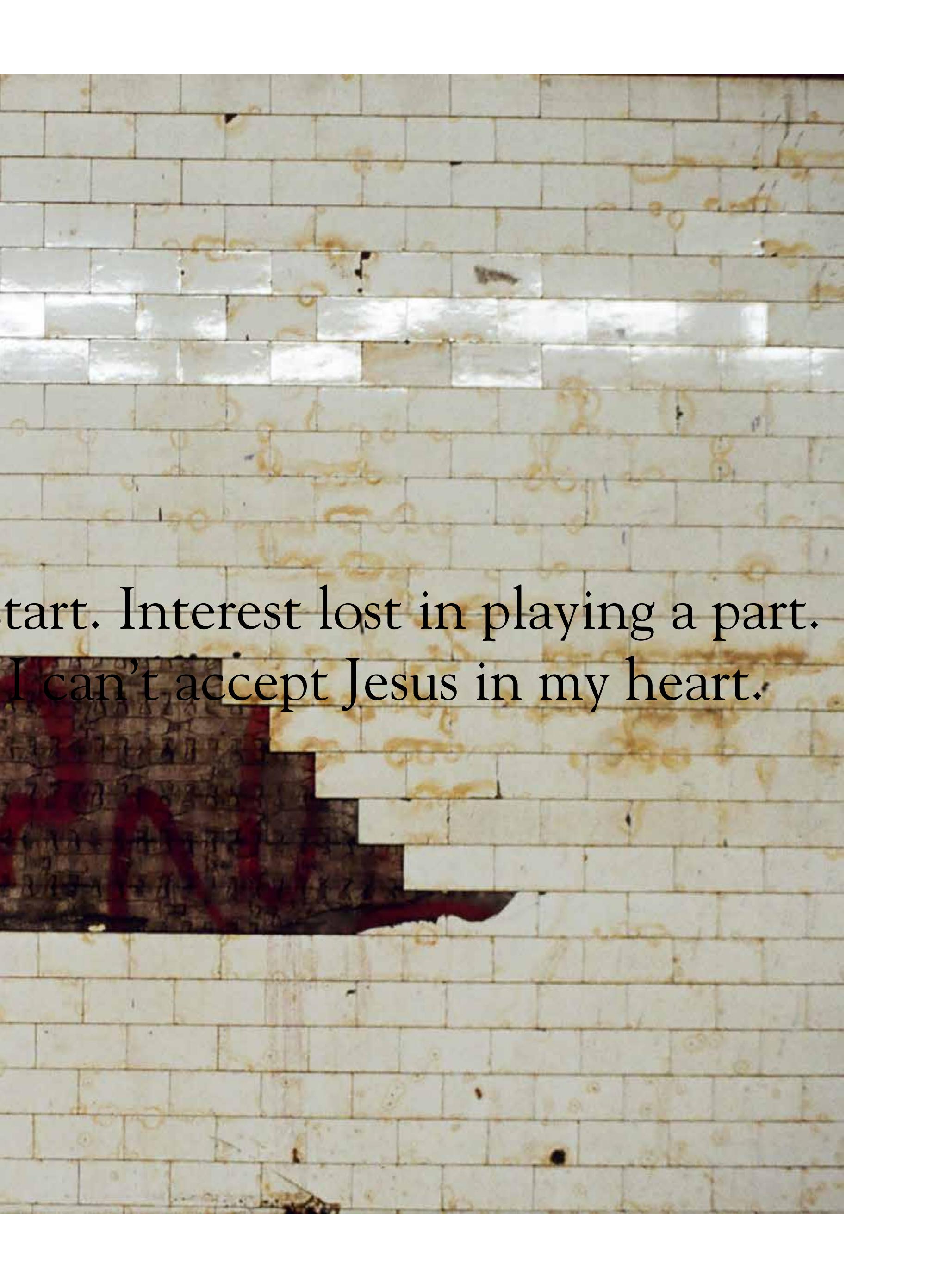








Uncertainty in a haze. Unable to s  
I can't accept Jesus in my heart.

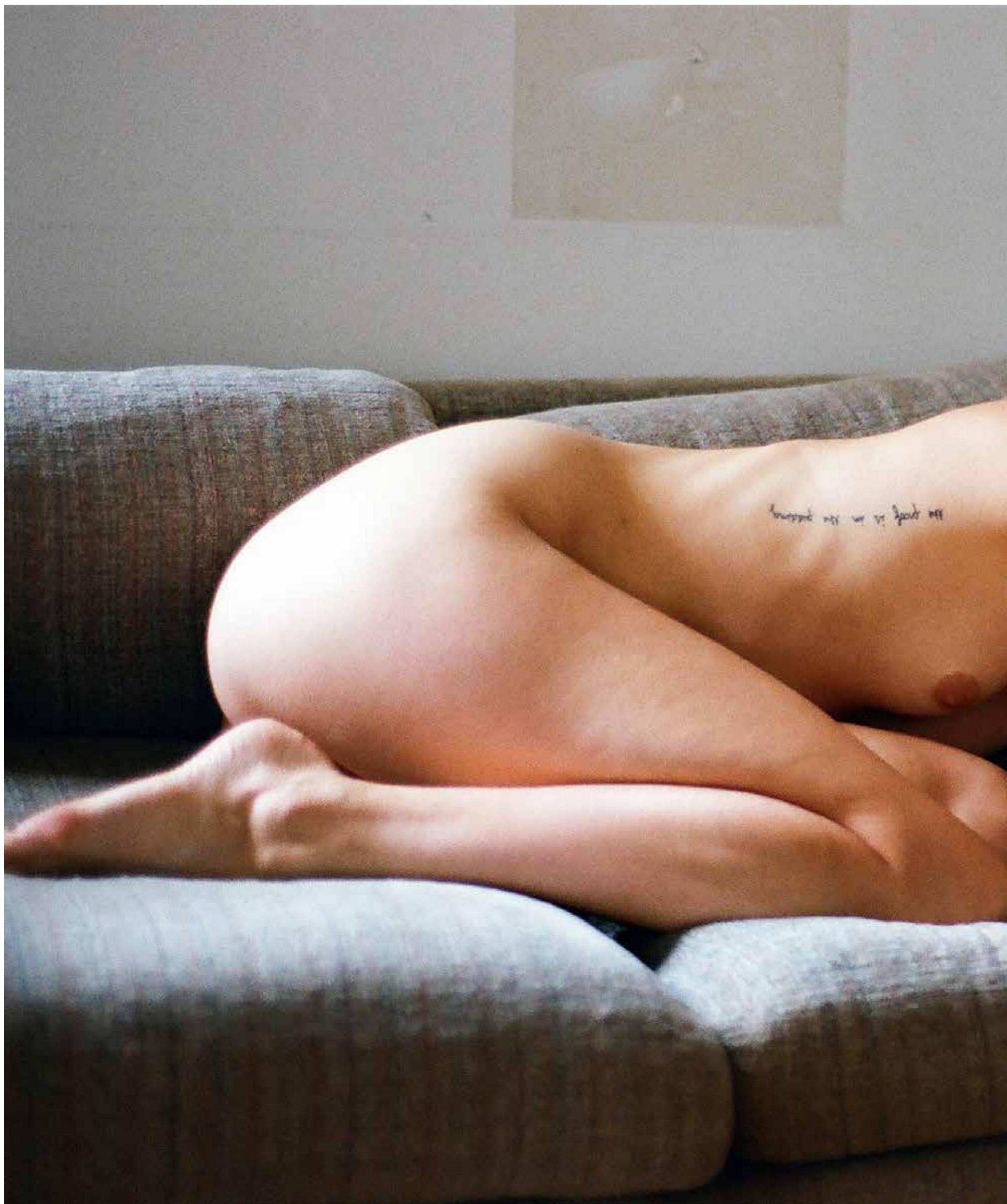
A photograph of a wall made of white rectangular tiles. The tiles are heavily stained with yellowish-brown spots and streaks, suggesting mold or water damage. At the bottom of the wall, there is a dark red brick base. The overall appearance is one of decay and neglect.

start. Interest lost in playing a part.  
I can't accept Jesus in my heart.



#7



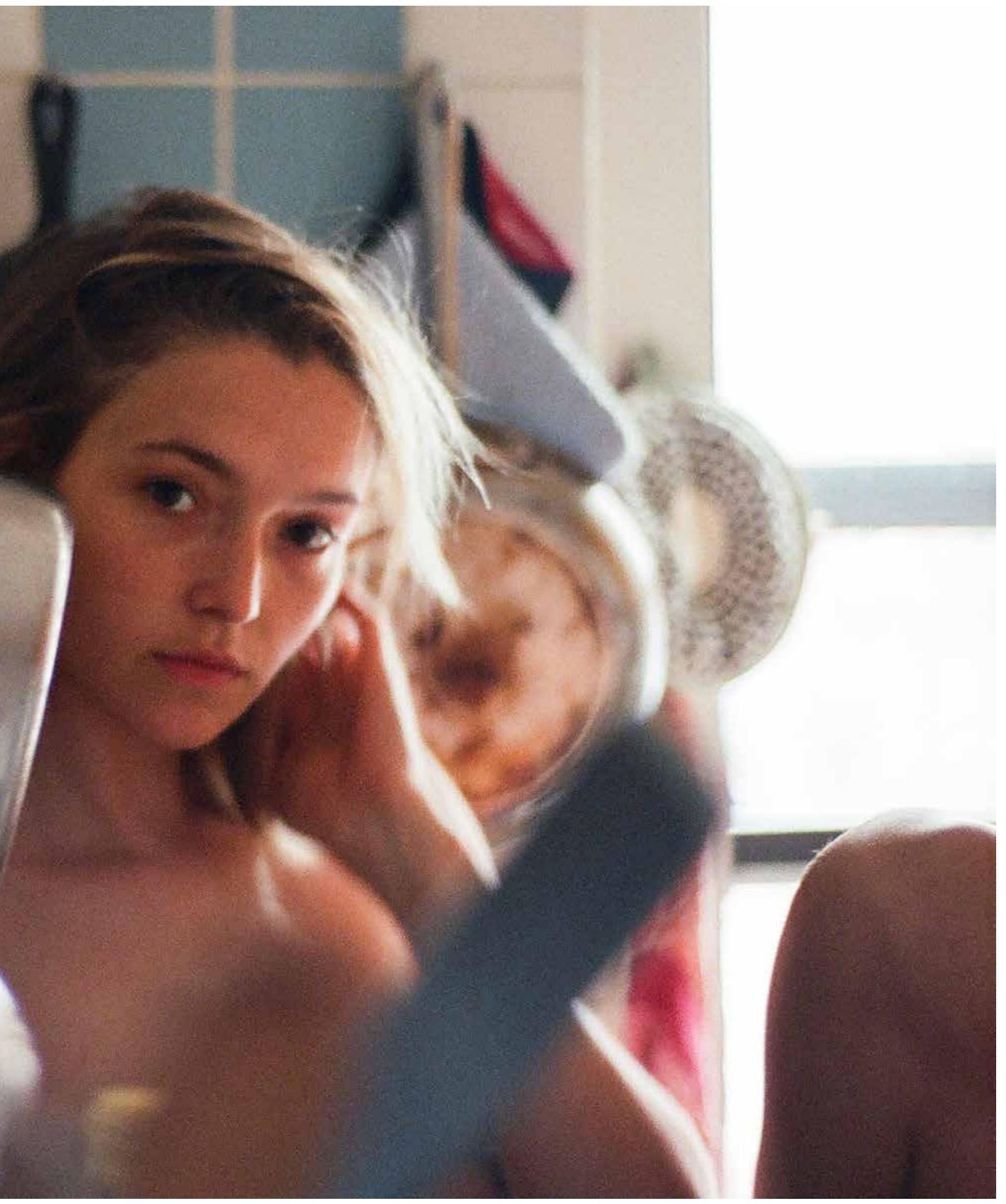








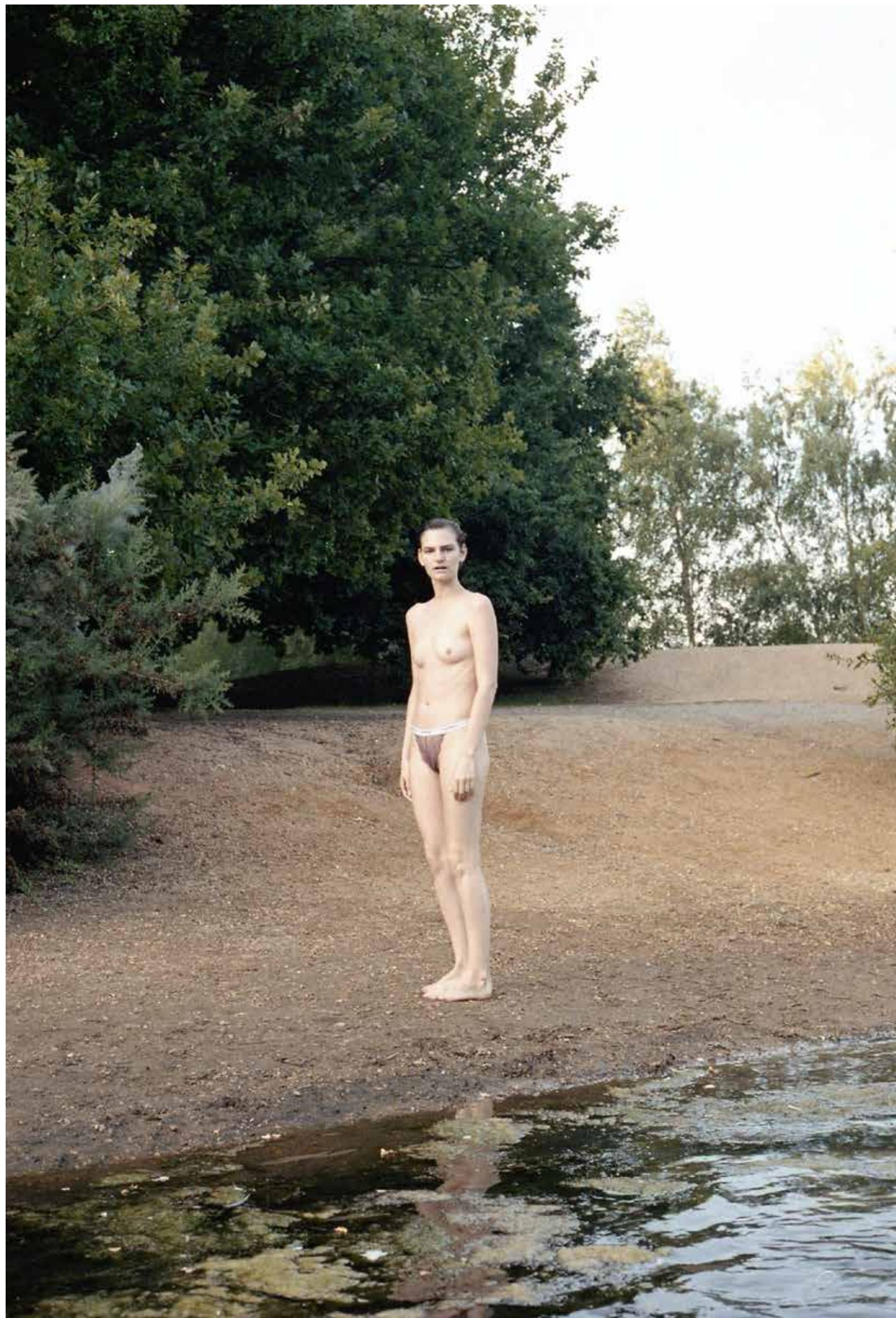






#8







In the meantime let us try and converse  
calmly, since we are incapable of keeping  
silent.

You're right, we're inexhaustible.

It's so we won't think.

We have that excuse.

It's so we won't hear.

We have our reasons.

All the dead voices.

They make a noise like wings.

Like leaves.

Like sand.

Like leaves.

*Silence.*

They all speak at once.

Each one to itself.

*Silence.*

Rather they whisper.

They rustle.

They murmur.

They rustle.

*Silence.*

What do they say?

They talk about their lives.

To have lived is not enough for them.

They have to talk about it.

To be dead is not enough for them.

It is not sufficient.

*Silence.*

They make a noise like feathers.

Like leaves.

Likes ashes.

Like leaves.

*Long silence.*

Say something!

I'm trying.

*Long silence.*

Say anything at all!

What do we do now?

Wait for Godot.

Ah!

*Silence.*

This is awful!

Sing something.

No no! We could start all over again  
perhaps.

That should be easy.

It's the start that's difficult.

You can start from anything.

Yes, but you have to decide.

True.

*Silence.*

Help me!

I'm trying.

*Silence.*

When you seek you hear.

You do.

That prevents you from finding.

It does.

That prevents you from thinking.

You think all the same.

No no, it's impossible.

That's the idea, let's contradict each another.

Impossible.

You think so?

We're in no danger of ever thinking any more.

Then what are we complaining about?

Thinking is not the worst.

Perhaps not. But at least there's that.

That what?

That's the idea, let's ask each other questions.

What do you mean, at least there's that?

That much less misery.

True.

Well? If we gave thanks for our mercies?

What is terrible is to have thought.

But did that ever happen to us?

We must have thought a little.

At the very beginning.

A charnel-house! A charnel-house!

You don't have to look.

You can't help looking.

True.

Try as one may.

I beg your pardon?

Try as one may.

We should turn resolutely towards Nature.

We've tried that.

True.

Oh it's not the worst, I know.

What?

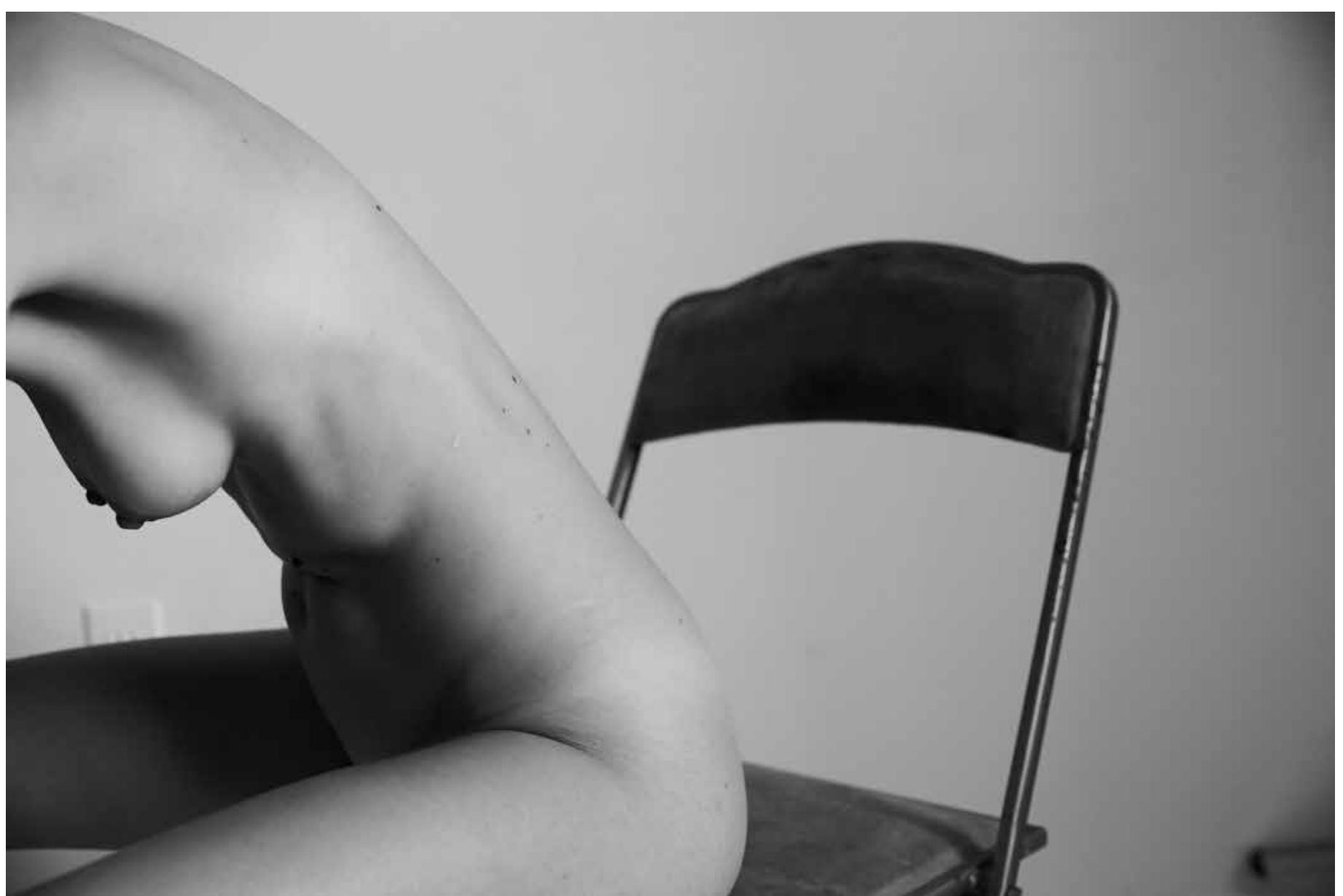
To have thought.

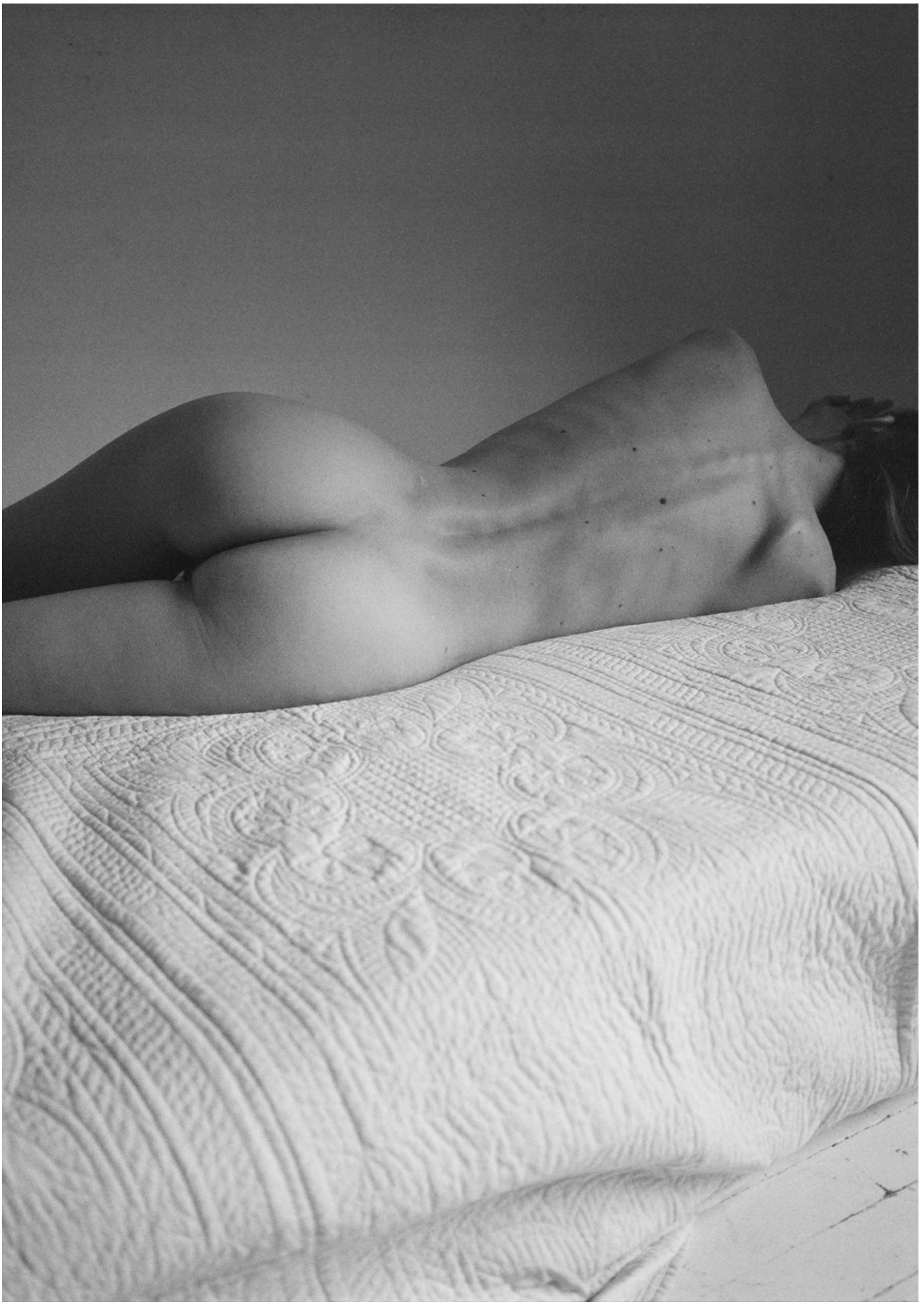
Obviously.

But we could have done without it.



#10





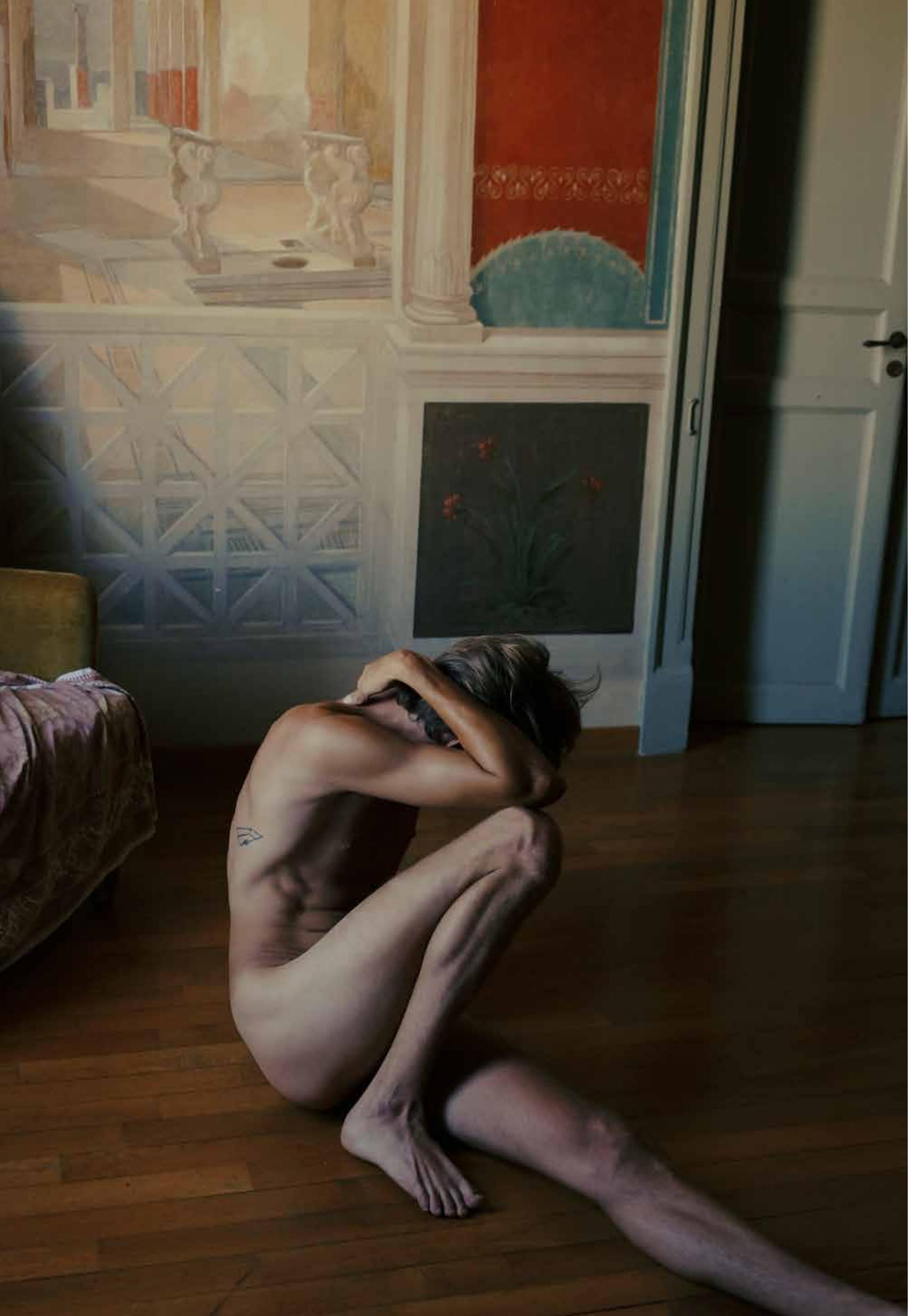








#11













#12



60號怡豐商場

怡丰商场

華美高場

電器高場

MANHATTAN  
BR →









WORLDS LARGEST  
PAPER CUP COMPANY



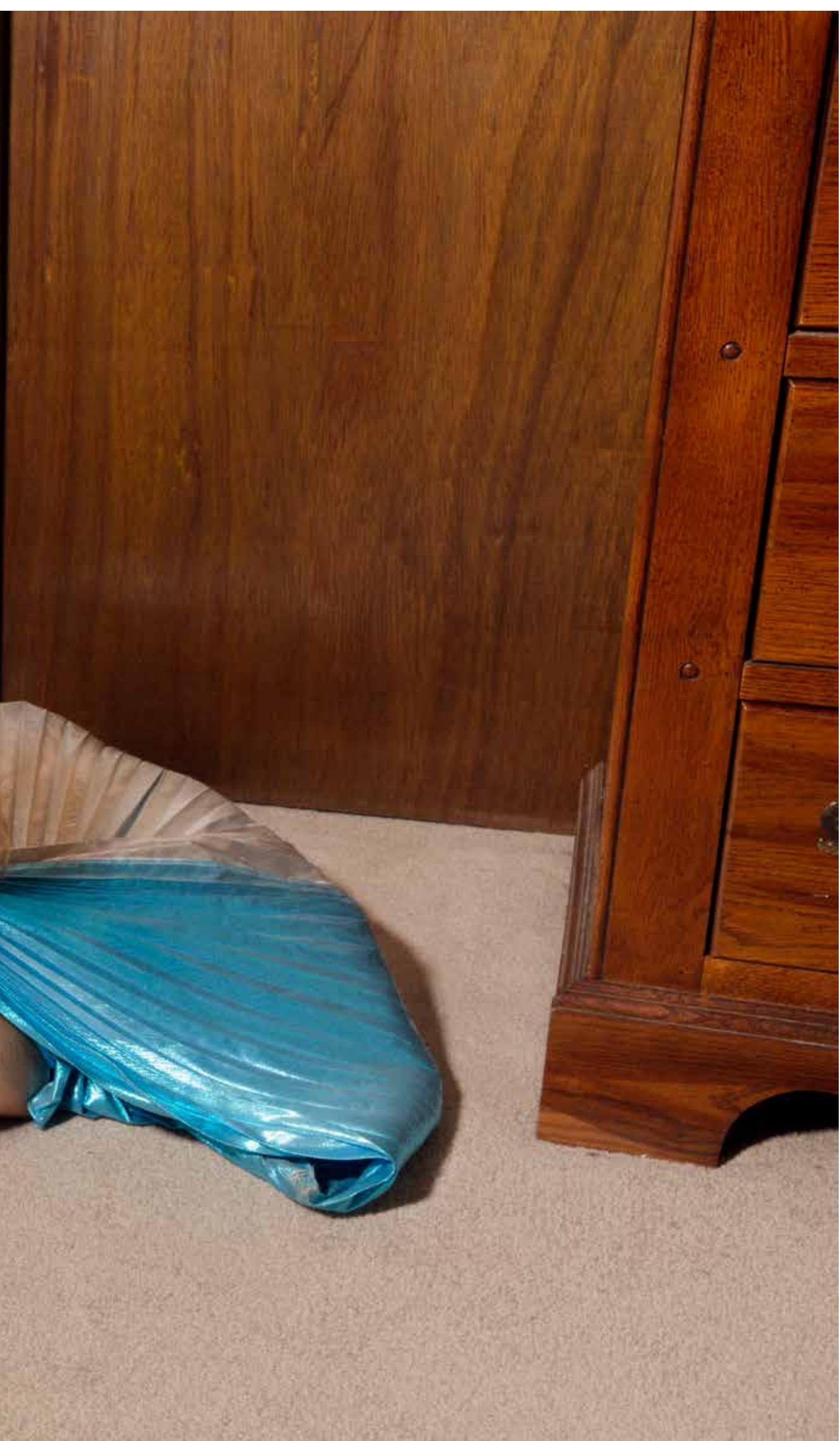




#13













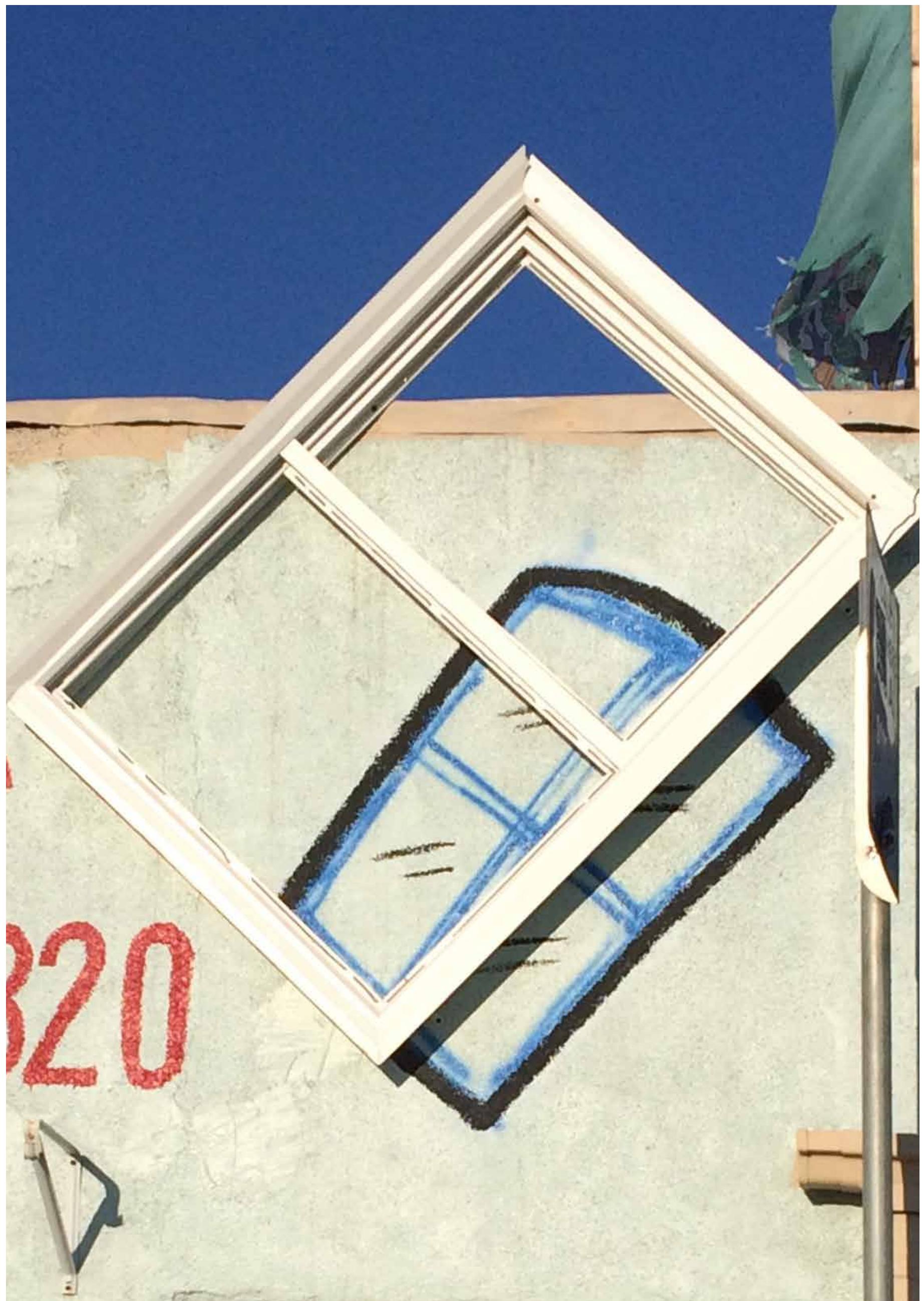


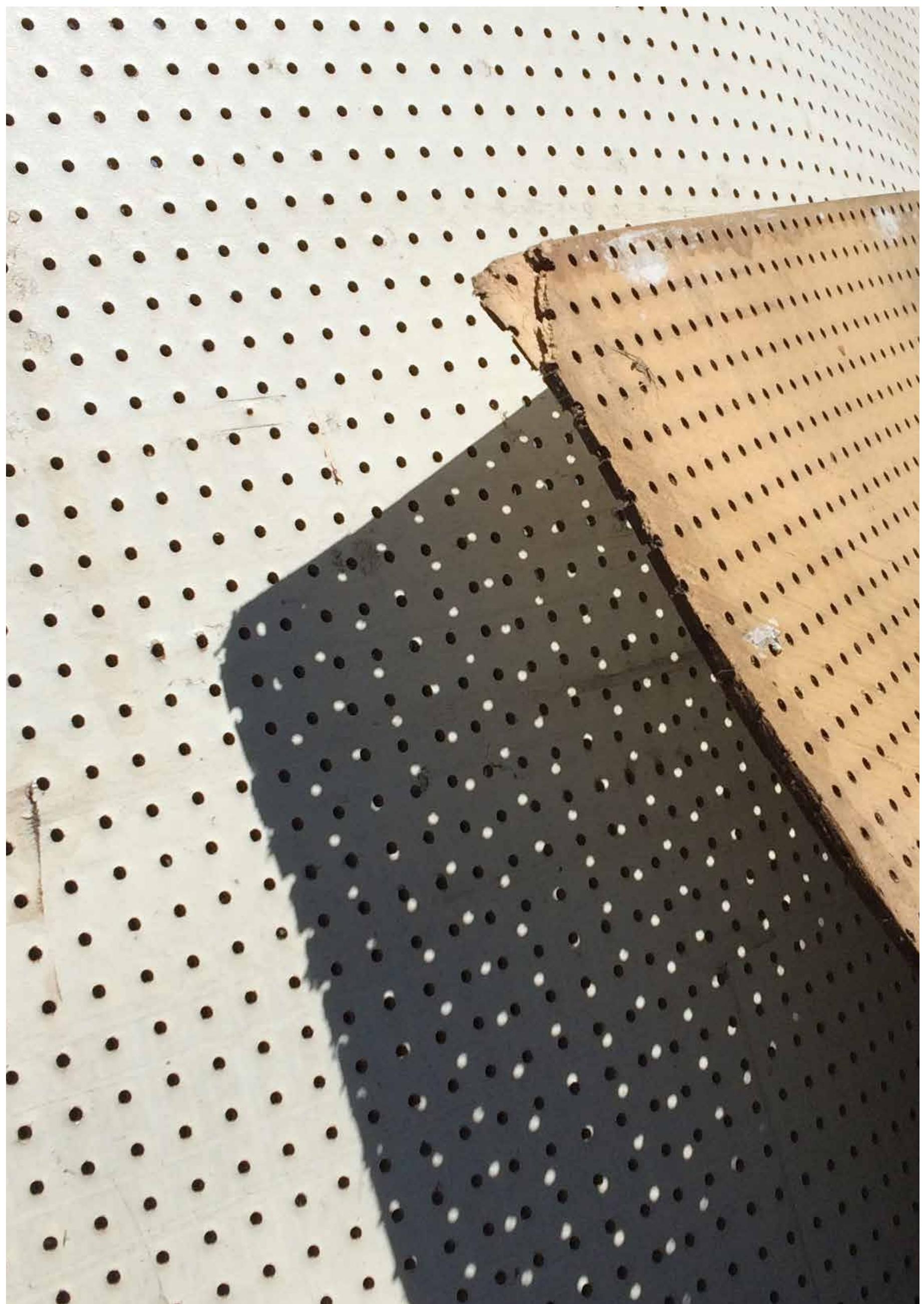
Yet to think of being continually engaged in working, in wasting one's intellect upon trifles, in changing one's opinions, in offering one's brain and one's imagination for sale, in doing violence to one's own nature, in giving way to ebullitions of enthusiasm—and the whole without a single moment's rest, or the calling of a single halt! Yes, to think of being forced to go on working, working, like the wheel of a machine—working to-morrow,

working the day after, working though the summer is approaching and holidays keep passing one by! Does he never stop to draw breath, the poor wretch? Oblomov glanced at the table, where everything lay undisturbed, and the ink had become dried up, and not a pen was to be seen; and as he looked he rejoiced to think that he was lying there as careless as a newborn baby—not worrying at all, nor seeking to offer anything for sale.



#2







#1

ΑΙΙ ΜΑΛΑ ΕΝΩ ΣΤ  
ΦΥΕ ΣΣΜΕ ΒΟΙΤ.

„ΜΑΡΑΤ ΙΣ ΦΥΑΤΣ“

Disillusion.

- 
- C. Lindsey Wixson
1. The Picture of Dorian Gray by Oscar Wilde  
by Trevor Hernandez
  2. Oblomov by Ivan Goncharov  
by Daniel Arnold
  3. Giedre Dukauskaite  
Lyrics by Bob Dylan
  4. Nina de Raadt
  5. Hirschy Grace by Ash Kingston
  6. Waiting for Godot by Samuel Beckett
  7. Anna Ritsch by Nick Hudson
  8. Felix & William by Fanny Latour-Lambert
  9. Steffy Argelich by Quentin De Briey
  10. Petra Collins by Chadwick Tyler
- All uncredited photos and text by Dylan Forsberg  
[www.transmissionpresents.com](http://www.transmissionpresents.com)