6
3 nations of housewives, bachelors, freckled boy scouts, and even scrape-kneed tomboys sat down before the great flickering tube of Telstar, and thus one satellite sponsored the imagination of a globe.

14
For every flattened woman depicted through the effervescent glow of static electricity, is a freshly choreographed wreath of Laurels, placed in absent care- on the male head of a god.

5
The agency of the launch was matched only by the vigor of its utilization. Like a rocket into space, each switch of a living room television sent waves of causality that ricocheted straight through the soft pink undulating substance of human attention.

4
Meanwhile, in 1985 Richard Feynman drew the connecting lines, feverishly across the muddy green of a chalkboard that had at any given time bore the bits and pieces of an encyclopedia of electro surveillance.

7
Somewhere, Daphne wrestled with a consciousness split between the thick sappy scent of tree bark and the prickling tingling static of 3 nations worth of Television.

9
The launch of Telstar, for those who prefer its tale to the hopeless romantic Ovid's, can be traced along the soft white residue of Feynman's moving hand. Retro-Causality, played out on the macro-mythic/market-astrophic scale.

3
Across the flattened fold of space-time, one anxious nymph sped with light-footed fear after having been hit by an electrostatic arrow of all encompassing disdain.

2
The perspiration of that historical moment became sterilized upon hitting the immaculate surface of NASA grade plastic. There would be no room for error in the specifically grotesque form of human sweat.