

RS#3 Hertha's Monologue

Start



HERTHA. There was a technical problem in the world and I fixed it and you're welcome.

You see human beings are very clever, aren't we, and we invented electric lamps, and by 1890 there were such lamps on every street in London, lighting stages, warming dining rooms, isn't *that* lovely. Except no, no it was not lovely *it was loud*. The damn things made this hissing, scratching, popping noise and it was miserable. It was...well it was this:

We hear the clicking hiss of the electric lamps.

Isn't that the most dreadful thing you've ever heard! Good god. I'd rather go back to candles and shouting "*Where are you?!*" after dinner.

But the choice can't be: racket or *darkness*. So I ask myself, Why the hiss? Which was the right question to ask because it had an answer and I found it. The lamp is called an *arc* lamp because the electricity arced across a small divide in between two carbon rods. That's what makes the glow: the empty space between the rods, like fingertips nearly touching. Isn't that a lovely metaphor for—I don't care. Now, I figure out that the empty space also allows for oxygen to pool at the tip of the rods which promotes rapid heating, which promotes... that hiss.

That hiss again. Ugh.

So I redesigned the damn things and now they behave.

The hissing vanishes.

Listen to that.

We listen.

That's the sound of a good idea.

And as I said...you're welcome.

← End

Blackout.