Léonard sees everything in terms of packaging: these Italian biscuits that are placed on this table, for example, have been wrapped by hand in silk paper. A medicine box: the name of the medicine is printed in letters, but the label is also inscribed in Braille. So when you film it, you don't see anything. That is, if there is a mistake on the packaging, you don't see it, and you run the risk of being sued.

The most complicated to handle is the Braille. One mistake and you can kill someone. Then, a suit will follow. How can you make sure that what the label says is correct? Léonard is working on developing a control system with dozens of lasers: the rays are deviated by the small bubbles of Braille, the information is transmitted to detectors that analyze it and tell you if the bubbles are in the right place. The cardboards come out at a speed of six hundred meters a second, minimum. In one second, ten meters come out, so you don't see anything.

Léonard works in the department that produces the sensors: he is developing sensors that can light up with LEDs at regular intervals. An image is taken every 25 micro-seconds. Today, everything is filmed so it's a hundred percent guaranteed. Every cardboard stock that comes out is guaranteed one hundred percent, so you can be sure it's good. The paper is filmed before it is folded, at six hundred meters a minute, and you can guarantee 100% that they are all good: ok—ok—ok—ok—ok. When one isn't good—for example if the letter S is missing—it is chucked away, the chain is interrupted, and starts up immediately. Before, one piece of cardboard stock out of twenty used to be checked; it was picked up randomly and checked. Today, you can check them all.

Those machines are meant to create a product that is torn, on average, within twelve to thirteen seconds after purchase. Four billion annual sales. This company holds 56% of packaging market shares worldwide: medicine labels, wavy cardboard stock, or the kind of bags used for potato chips. Half of the world's packaging is created by their machines. They don't produce the stock, only the machines. Developing a product is good, but then you have to be able to industrialize it, and to have it circulate throughout the world: for example, if you can't produce at least 2.5 million a week, there's no point to having invented it. The company sets itself apart from the competition because it's the only one capable of building machines which offer a hundred percent guarantee.

The card stock comes out as sheets, which will be folded into a box, which will go into a bigger box of six, then in a bigger box of twenty-four, then on a pallet, then in a truck. If the prepared folds of the card stock are not at the right place when you fold it, it will be a bit too big in one direction so in the box of six it becomes a bit annoying, and so on, until you can't manage to fit them in the truck, and then you lose money. Léonard develops machines that guarantee that all the prepared folds are well made.

If a sheet is not well made it gets ejected. He is developing a sensor that continuously takes pictures and that can tell if the fold has been made in the right place. The measuring time between pictures is twenty-five thousandths of a microsecond. About one second divided by a million. So you shoot photos at the rate of twenty-five millionths of a second. The lighting is so violent that when you test the prototypes, you have to wear a welder's mask: it's like a fire bowl.

Locked in his studio, Seth is testing a new machine, a camera mounted on an articulated arm with a large chain fixed on every side of the table by two feet. It moves slowly above a body lying on a massage table and held down by a belt, today it surveys a shaved man's leg. Cables tell the machine

to move this way, or go up and down, the system makes sure everything is in focus. Everything here, here and there is in focus. The camera is fixed to a robot that is fixed to the feet, a dozen cables link the machine to a processor that is linked to a computer, the articulated arm unwinds slowly, a few millimeters every second, slowly zigzagging along the skin— he's using it for skin, to take pictures of skin. It's a bit transparent.

The camera flashes about once every second, thousands of times a day, it sounds like a clock. There are about one and a half terabytes of raw material produced each day. The camera takes thousands of pictures of every part of the body, following a pre-programmed drawing and rhythm. For example, for the drawing of the arm, the arm is divided into squares; it's a kind of grid that the machine follows. It's like a strange robot. It's a camera controlled by software, so it moves very methodically, you can tell it exactly where to take pictures; any specific part of your body can be in focus.

We walk by the window and discuss the bar, both of us looking outside: he asks me where the name comes from—you can't pronounce it—something like Vjjjjzzzhh. He says my name: JjeAnNe! I wonder how to pronounce his: Sett, SeFth, SesS, and ask him where he grew up. He takes his pencil off his ear and draws a line on the window frame with three points: he was born stateless, grew up in Boston, studied in Rhode Island, has lived in New York for twenty years. It's a five hour drive along the East Coast: this is the coast, the water is here, and this is the land. "Jjeann, if you could choose a size for this compass, what would it be?" He points to a pile of stones outside that are being charged onto a truck, a few dozen meters below us: we wonder where the stones are going. Probably from one pile in Manhattan to another pile in Brooklyn, Queens, or the Bronx, piles endlessly moved around. They are building something new over there in that hole: soon we won't see the *Empire State Building* anymore. We won't see anything anymore.