

Let us try look more closely at the preceding two pages; firstly at their appearance. Our urgent task is to identify a language of symbols ~ one that will not idealise the object which it indicates, but rather ask the things around us make their awkward presence felt as we respect them. Meaning averages variety to the ideal object of production line communication.

Just at the place where the two pages meet ~ let us call the first page 'Reality' and the second page 'Actuality' ~ there is a narrow strip with the word 'liminal' or written on it. This liminality between com-prehending plurality and understanding singularity will be our main area of focus in the coming pages, and it is our intention to expand that narrow strip into a comprehensive description of space-time alter-verses. [An alter-verse is simply a manifestation of alterity as the self.] But it would not have been possible to set up this zone of thought without the creation of page Reality and page Actuality. And so in a limited respect, the two pages are also a liminality ~ being neither real object nor actual thing, but the articulation of both.

Page Reality.

Consciousness is by its ownmost be-coming real ~ not in being real already, then by being conscious. [Consciousness is spacetime.] In other words, consciousness is the physical realisation of a brain as the physicality of its environment.

If these statements is true, then Aidan will not be conscious **of** his disintegrating body but rather he will be conscious **as** his disintegrating body. Aiden is conscious **as** his brain disintegrating into neurons, disintegrating into microtubules, disintegrating into proteins, disintegrating into amino acids, disintegrating into atoms including a hydrogen atom with one proton and one electron. This process is essentially linear, and harks back to the tramp of fascist boots. [For after all, it is a fascist sword that has slain Aidan.] Thus the narrative starts with the didactic imperative, in Roman capitals:

COM-PREHENDING THE ELECTRON.

Of course Aidan is not thinking about any of that. And after having gone through these stages of disintegration 'he finds himself'* in a similar paradoxical situation to that faced by quantum physicists, namely [in this case] that there are [he is-as] apparently five hydrogen electrons were there should only be one. No matter how hard you look, even to the extent of becoming these objects, on page Reality you cannot pin them down.

It's only then that things begin to resolve themselves for Aidan in a manner that he would almost have been familiar with ~ as the electrons dissipate, and he finds himself looking at the back of his own head. The fractals of singularity.

*We still have to use real words and phrases.

Page Actuality /