

Last night a Celt ~ whose name is Violet ~ had the strangest dream. There was nothing to it really, but the more she thought about it, the more she began to understand that the strangeness of her dream lay in the fact that it was not at all strange ~ even although it was a dream in five parts, with periods of waking in between...

Violet. That's it ~ Violet ~ nothing more nothing less.

Breeze. Somehow she just knew that it was a beautiful summers morning; but what mattered was the breeze coming off the sea ~ which she just knew was Eyemouth Bay.

Tree. A tree blowing in the breeze.

Pollen. The tree in blossom [and she just knew it was a cherry tree.] Pollen.

Bee. Busily buzzing in the breeze between the blossoms of the cherry tree.

That was the dream. Nothing more nothing less. But Violet had the certitude that this was not a scene, not a tableau containing a group of objects in time and space. As close as she would ever manage to describe it to herself, she knew that these things ~ breeze tree pollen be violet ~ was actually one thing. A singular thing, a quinta-verse, a 5-fold alter-verse of understanding.

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The singularity of understanding is a complicated thing. It is two dimensional, and it loops and folds upon itself to com-prehend spacetime objects. In this way does it know itself as things coming together and falling apart. There is no God, no central storage facility, no memory of these things. They just occur, and having occurred they reoccur in different random forms. And thus singularity knows itself as we who are its bits & pieces.

The complexity of the singularity is unfathomable. Perhaps the easiest way to think about it is to say that the singularity of understanding is a universe of universes, each of which is a universe of universes... ∞ ... and when you reach the end, which is exactly where you want it to be, you are back where you began. [NB ~ there is no such condition as 'multiple universes'; there is only the singularity of understanding.]

A thousand years of linear time-space have passed since Violet's great, great, great grandmother's son Aidan slid into the surface of the waterstone. He was slain by a Roman blade in the skirmishes near the source of the Eye Water, not long before the Celts had finally ~ after a thousand miles and a thousand years ~ overwhelmed their pursuers, the Romans, whose cultural influences ~ their lines of Latin and their account books of enslavement and subjugation ~ are now no more to us Celts than distant, parting, thunder, rolling around the fells of Cumbria.