

Distance

Thursday, 2017/03/16

A tall woman with short black hair, bobbed into a ball, walks away from me towards the door. I can't imagine the man she's with comprehends her depths. At least I imagine depths, there, like the image of the Mata Hari she envisages.

His problem is that he doesn't look. He doesn't open his eyes. The world of blokes and buds has him surrounded by kettle fish and snare drums. He doesn't imagine beyond the far bank of the brook that he's grown up beside. He imagines that travelling past the points to which he has grown roots would render him unrecognizable, and thereby vulnerable and unable to defend the territory within which he keeps his family.

My problem is that I miss mine. Terribly.

What's so great about a boy to a girl?

What's so great about a girl to a boy?

Well, in the ordinate case, they're not the same.

Mathematics is the pure thought? By it's own admission it has no object. Such a degree of purity discards thought, I submit. That an element of thought collapses to a point, as the elements of mathematical language, a coincidence of awareness and description. Mathematics is that degree of freedom that differentiates the quaternion from the vector, a foundation with a structure. The high science is objective. It is physics. It was the reinvention of physics from 1895 to 1911 that held us in a gasp of breath for a century. What was objective changed under it because we had not yet wrought of it a foundation, an epistemology of existence (I submit).

A woman sits nearby who has long dark hair and heavy eyeglasses that weigh on her features with interest. Her presence reflects the art of the pilpul, the debate without conclusion. The exercise of the art of the debate and further, the art of the issue. One could uncover further reflections from one particular chapter of one particular book, but I do not. Rather it is enough to think of her as Rebecca or Ruth, sitting alone at night with her computer.

Harold looked into his lunar nadir through the optically transparent floor in his waverider. The Sea of Tranquility and Maskelyne crater slid by. He thought of her.

I'm a terrible accountant.

I can't handle anything like an emotion. It's nuts. O.K., so I keep my distance from well known problem regions of the interwebs. But Cassini images with color? Oh, wow. That's data.