

*"But this map of what surrounds the present, like all maps, is only a surface; its features are but abstract signs and symbols of things that in themselves are concrete bits of sensible experience."*¹

Symbolic descriptions of reality, even the axiomatic, have proven to be only temporary and tentative. The line, a breadthless length², now protrudes into the platonic. The solid formal structures that held truth now exist precariously within the newfound multitudes of reality. The rigorous quest for certainty seems to only expand the terrain of uncertainty. Here and there, an arbitrary line connects points, which have no part³, here.

Euclid, I miss you...

¹ William James, *Some Problems of Philosophy*, Harvard University Press. 1979

² Euclid, Definition 2

³ Euclid, Definition 1