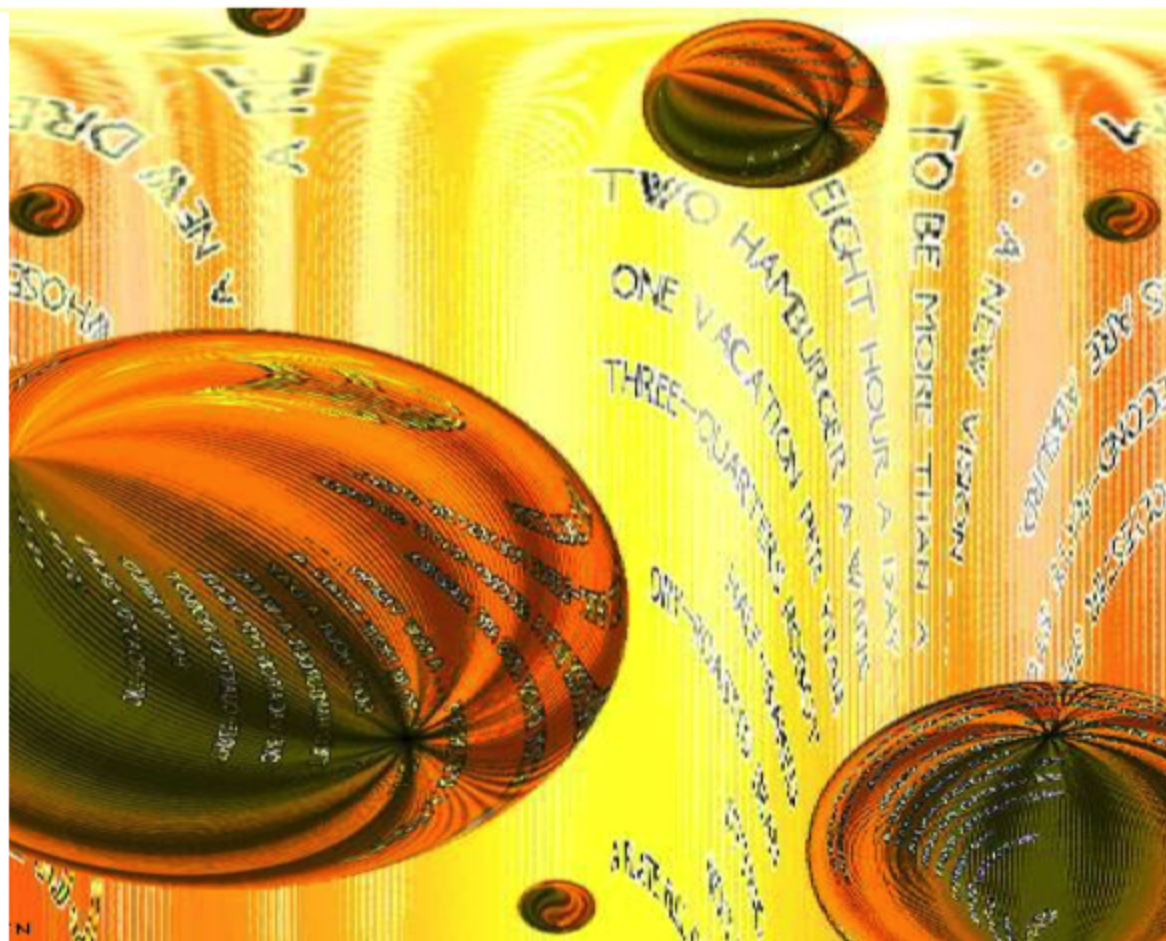


# TEMPORAL REFLECTIONS:

A Dialog Along a Cerebral Membrane



*Kasim:* I can relate to this art . . .

*Wan-Sze:* Yeah. This is the way I feel just before dawn when it is time to wake up, but I am not quite ready.

*Nadia:* Looking at it, I imagine a stomach attempting to digest too many unsaturated fatty acids.

*Will:* Isn't that an apt metaphor for the massive information overloads we experience in our consumer society?