(Consciousness with Mutilation)

Extract

Did the rails electrocute my brain? I remember feeling the speed. Not in myself, since I was completely stationary, but I felt it in the way a platform of some rural station would flash by in an instant. In the dragon strength of the power beneath my seat. I think of Shiva at Seven Sisters. There, they have demolished the old three storey Apex building. And a twenty-three-storey lift-shaft has risen like a minaret, high up into the sky. The sheer power of the modern is something I find increasingly daunting. The speed of modern movement, the speed of erection. When my Grandfather went to school in Germany, back in the nineteenth century, he went with the other children in a horse-drawn bus. Every two miles, a man in a hut extended a stick with a leather pouch on the end of it, and into this pouch a few pfennigs were deposited by the driver. I think of Shiva at Seven Sisters, which is where I go down into the underground when making my way to Kings Cross, because the developer is always a destroyer. 23 floors, 36 floors, and upwards. 50 miles per hour, 80 miles per hour, 110 miles per hour and upwards. And construction must demolish whatever was there before; which in turn demolished what was there before that. So rather than a continuity of time, our world has got where it is today by dint of discontinuity. Is this discontinuity universal? Do we even wake up as the person we were before we went to sleep? Maybe tomorrow I will wake up as my father, or as my Uncle Paul.