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(Blotsplotch only wants to draw a decent connex.
Blotsplotch . . . Blotsplotch . . . Blotsplotch)

There is a bottleneck in our attention span. One does not speak of an individual's attentions (plural); it is always in the singular: one's attention. The same holds for the number of memories a person can recall simultaneously, the number of obsessions compelling a person at a given time, and so on. There is a bottleneck, and it must be named for the greater taxonomic good. Thus, in a silver lab coat, standing before a colonnade of Tesla coils, Blotsplotch denominated the *page of assertion* (to be distinguished from C. S. Peirce's *sheet of assertion* which makes the inky-minded Blotsplotch blush). It is by the *page of assertion* that Blotsplotch paradoxically claims to only want so many separate things.

How many *objects of desire* can Blotsplotch eye at once? While the Blotsplotch eye possesses exceptional kinesis, like the jaw of a python or the lips of a pythoness, it only has eye for you.

The physical extension of the *page of assertion* is twenty centimeters high by fifteen centimeters wide. This dimension is the eye of the phenomenological hurricane. It is the locus of average human purview, the come-hither constant, and the platinum ratio. It is the visual (polyoptic) equivalent to binaural artifacts and the product of exhaustive experimentation. As a paper size, let it be standardized as *Blotsplotch*, with a few millimeters of tolerance given to account for deckled edges. Let us petition the International Organization for Standardization for the inclusion of *Blotsplotch* under ISO-31-14: Factitious Standards.

The *page of assertion* is a single set. The painting, the drawing, the film-still are perceived all at once, a complex singularity. The image is such a set: a memory recalled at once in the immediacy of sense datum perception—animation being what immolating angels witness in descent.