

Appendix to the chapter “Algebraic Geometry: a Tool for Resolving the Enigma of Time?” by Metod Saniga

Sect. 4.1

English translation of the excerpt in Italian:

“Time is standing still for me, I believe. It is perhaps only a few moments that I have been so bad. I look at a clock and I have the impression, if I look at it again, that an enormous period of time has passed, as if hours would have passed instead only a few minutes. It seems to me that a duration of time is enormous. Time does not pass any longer, I look at the clock but its hands are always at the same position, they no longer move, they no longer go on; then I check if the clock came to a halt, I see that it works, but the hands are standing still. I do not think about my past, I remember it but I do not think about it too much. When I am so bad, I never think about my past. Nothing enters my mind, nothing... I did not manage to think about anything. I did not manage to see anything in my future. The present does not exist for me when I am so bad... the past does not exist, the future does not exist.”

English translation of the 1st excerpt in German (starting “...Das seltsame war...”)

“...The strangest thing was that every once in a while my normal time-awareness, as far as these figures were concerned, got totally lost; time was no longer a stream, which flew away and whose flux could have been measured, but it was rather similar to a sea, which as a whole stood still and which was in itself only a chaotic and utter jumble. I was no longer able to understand the continuous becoming of the figures as a sequence in a certain time direction, but sometimes the colours and forms flew into an indescribable jumble, as if the previously alternating figures were now experienced all simultaneously. Had I previously seen these figures in a constant motion, so now it was only a colorful and inexpressible manifold there in which I was not able to perceive any motion anymore. When I totally sank into the show of the figures, it happened every now and then that I also sank into this time-still-standing, where the succession was transformed into a still standing present. Not only am I now not able to formulate these interruptions of the normal time experience, I am also almost unable to imagine my experience of them any more. When I tore myself away from these figures and violently turned myself to the outer world, this anomalous time experience was no longer here, but this disturbance of the sense of time found its expression in a form of illusion that an immense long time must have passed since my last waking-up.”

English translation of the 2nd excerpt in German (starting “Ich merke wohl...”):

“I sure do notice the passing of time but can't experience it. I know that tomorrow will be another day again but don't feel it approaching. I can estimate the past in terms of years but I don't have any connection to it anymore. The time standstill is

infinite, I live in a constant eternity. I see the clocks turn but for me time does not flow...

Everything lies in one line, there are no differences of depth anymore...
Everything is like a firm plane.“

Sect. 4.2

English translation of the excerpt in German:

“I woke up in a whole different world in which the puzzle of the world was solved extremely easily in the form of a different space. I was amazed at the wonder of this different space and this amazement concealed my judgement, this space is totally distinct from the one we all know. It had different dimensions, everything contained everything else. I was this space and this space was me. The outer space was a part of this space, I was in the outer space and the outer space was in me...

Anyway, I didn't experience *time, time of the outer space and eons* until the second phase of this dream. In the cosmic flow of time you saw worlds coming to existence, blooming like flowers, actually existing and then disappearing. It was an endless game. *If you looked back into the past, you saw eons, if you looked forward into the future there were eons stretching into the eternity and this eternity was contained in the point of the present.* One was situated in a state of being in which the "will-be" and the "vanishing" were already included, and this "being" was my consciousness. It contained it all...“

Sect. 4.3

English translation of the 1st excerpt in German (starting “Das Denken ist...“):

“Thinking is different, it has no style any more. *What is with the future? One cannot get hold of it. One can speak about the present and past, yet one can no more imagine them.* One cannot depict them, one must go down. Everything is like a question mark...

It pulls me back, well, where to? To where it comes from, there, where it was before. *It enters the past. It is that kind of a feeling as if you had to fall back. This is the disappearing, the vanishing of things. The time slips into the past, the walls are fallen apart.* Everything was so solid before. It is as if it were so close as to be grabbed, as if you had to pull it back again: *Is that the time? Shifted way back!*

In the morning when I wake up, well how I can say, the vanishing is again here: it affects me deeply! Do I know where I am? Oh, yes. *But the vanishing, that there is no time here, and where one is seized by time and what was yesterday! There it goes on inside of me, always farther backward, – but where? Time is in collapse.*“

English translation of the 2nd excerpt in German (starting “Ich bleibe stehen...“):

“I stop still, *I am being thrown back into the past* by words that are being said in the hall. But this all is self evident, it must be that way! *There is no present anymore, there is only this stated being related to the past, which is more than a feeling, it goes through and through...*

Is there any future at all? Before, the future existed for me but now it is shrinking more and more. The past is so very obtrusive, it throws itself over me; it pulls me back...

I am like a burning arrow that you hurl before you; then it stops, falls back, and is finally extinguished as if in a space empty of air. By this I want to say *that there is no future and I am thrown back... Strange thoughts enter my mind and drive me off into the past. It is terrible. It goes through and through!...*

English translation of the 3rd excerpt in German (starting “Ich kann nichts mehr...“):

“I cannot anticipate anything at all, as if there were no future anymore. I used to think about what I would do next week or what I would buy myself in the summer, I cannot do that now. I always believe, it all stops now and there is altogether no tomorrow anymore. I feel like a doll, which is without life, to which a new life first has to be given. I cannot think of the future – I cannot anticipate.” (And what about the past?) “Actually, I think about it very intensively. It is very painful for me to think that those wonderful moments are gone.” (And the present?) “I don’t think all too much about the present. I just take it as it comes, the day goes by. I always used to study where this all comes from.” (What is happening with your thinking?) “Now, I can already think, only forward, it is not simple, it is, in fact, as if it were cut off.”

Sect. 4.4

English translation of the 1st excerpt in German (starting “Gestern am Mittag...“):

“Yesterday at noon, when the meal was being served, I looked at the clock: why did no one else? But there was something strange about it. For the clock did not help me any more and did not have anything to say to me any more. How was I going to relate to the clock? I felt as if I had been put back, as if something of the past returned, so to speak, toward me, as if I were going on a journey. It was as if at 11:30 a.m. it was 11:00 a.m. again, but not only time repeated itself again, but all that had happened for me during that time as well. In fact, all of this is much too profound for me to express. In the middle of all this something happened which did not seem to belong here. Suddenly, it was not only 11:00 a.m. again, but a time which passed a long time before was there and there inside – have I already told you about a nut in a great, hard shell? It was like that again: in the middle of time I was coming from the past towards myself. It was dreadful. I told myself that perhaps the clock had been set back, the orderlies wanted to play a stupid trick with the clock. I tried to envisage time as usual, but I could not do it; and then came a feeling of horrible expectation that I could be sucked up into the past, or that the past would overcome me and flow over me. It was disquieting that someone could play with time like that, somewhat daemonic...”

English translation of the excerpt in Italian

“...I got the impression that time was flowing backward; I felt that time proceeded in the opposite direction, I had just this extraordinary sensation, indeed...”

the most important sensation at that moment was, *time in the opposite direction...* The perception was so real that I looked at a clock and, I do not know how, I had the impression that the clock confirmed this feeling, although I was not able to discern the motion of its hands..."

English translation of the 2nd excerpt in German (starting "Bei meinem...")

"As I suddenly broke down I had this feeling inside me that time had completely flown away. After those three weeks in a sick-camp, I had this feeling that the clock hands run idle, that they do not have any hold. This was my sudden feeling. I did not find, so to speak, any hold of a clock and of life anymore, I experienced a dreadful psychological breakdown. I do not know the reason why I especially became conscious of the clock. *At the same time, I had this feeling that the clock hands run backward...* There is only one piece left, so to speak, and that stands still. I could not believe that time really did advance, and that is why I thought that the clock hands did not have any hold and ran idle...*As I worked and worked again, and worried and did not manage anything, I simply had this feeling that everything around us (including us) goes back... In my sickness I simply did not come along and then I had this delusion inside me that time runs backward...* I did not know what was what anymore, and I always thought that I was losing my mind. *I always thought that the clock hands run the wrong way round, that they are without any meaning. I just stood-up in the sick-camp and looked at the clock – and it came to me then at once: well, what is this, time runs the wrong way round?!...I saw, of course, that the hands moved forward, but, as I could not believe it, I kept thinking that in reality the clock runs backward...*"

Sect. 5

English translation of the 1st excerpt in German (starting "...Im Treppensteigen...")

"...While walking upstairs, a sudden and as if nailed-down picture of this moment, the momentary view of Dr. M., Dr. St. and myself in space, attracted my attention. This repeated itself on different stairs. At the top of the stairway there seemed to be *no continuity of time at all, the whole course of events was only a mess of separate situations without any connection. And these situations, in case of active work, could later have been connected in the same way in which one can observe a celluloid film. Yet at the same time these situations – in both experiencing and a direct reproduction of the happening afterwards – carried the character of the independent and disconnected. A strange next-to-each-other-ness, not a one-after-the-other-ness; they have no position in time, time has no sense here...*"

English translation of the 2nd excerpt in German (starting "...Die Unterscheidung von Gegenwart..."):

"...The distinction of the present and the future is not cancelled out as the patient still speaks about both dimensions, yet *the line between the actual present and the only maybe-possible and unreal future becomes swaying and possible to cross. Both*

dimensions incapsulate and overlap each other without a steady transition. The future fuses with the present and vice versa and experiencing acquires a flickering twilight character which is radically distinguished from how a healthy person anticipates the future in day-dreams and the like...

The edge between the present and the past is swaying as well. At the same time and in a totally different way, the past is included in and fuses with the events of the present as well as usually the present is a part of the past. There is a kind of condensation of time; the present is not distinguished amidst the continuous-steady flow of the past any more, but at the same time the present is not filled with something past as it usually is with normal people; in this case it overlaps.

In these hallucinations that were totally aimed at the future it was, from our point of view, the emphasis now clearly shifted on that which was to happen in the future. And which sensually and as if in person broke into the present, in the course of which both these levels of time experience got quicker and encapsulated without any continuous transition. Through the phenomenon of "déjà-vu," which became part of the real situation, the borders to the past also turned out to be swaying: one dimension of the past, which was not integrated with the rest of the past, pushed its way into the present in a discontinuous manner..."

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