

**ArcheTime:** Cross-Disciplinary Conference and Exhibition on Time  
*Dedicated to the exploration of differences and synchronicities between artistic,  
academic and scientific concepts of Time.*

# TEXTS

**ArcheTime: Cross-Disciplinary Conference and Exhibition on Time**  
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**Vladimir Aristov**

**Everyday Immortality**

Your voices are heard from the dome of the sea,  
Things of things  
And all of my friends...

As if there is an echo in the hot-burning rocks  
You... and you... and you  
The voices are dying down in the silence of August  
Like the smoky fading leaf of a jellyfish

How should I name you  
So that all of you sink into time,  
So that one day you should not escape from it  
With the thundering pebbles of the foot of the mountain?

Haven't your crystalline glasses  
With the igneous panorama  
Been in the world previously,  
And aren't they older than jellyfish  
Made of parachute silk?

These spiky trees,  
Aren't they the children of your golden hair?  
And the hill of Genoa's fortress above your  
summer shoulder?

The word keeps silence,  
And time is dreaming between portholes.  
Like the grey digital jellyfish  
Invisible ship blinds its defending torso.

The plywood wings of the butterfly  
are pierced by the other moisture and the pollen  
near the exit from the seaside garden...

And there is no place to leave  
The water with a transparent cheek  
Under the plane basin of money...

And the thyme's receipt in the timelessness of the word.

*Translation by Tatyana Bonch-Osmolovskaya and Vladimir Aristov*

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**Practicing archeology**

How do I know that we are alive?  
How can I tell the living medley  
From the caverns of Herculaneum?

So I walked on the river's banks,  
I entered into people's conversations  
And I admired the primordial form  
Which was ready to be a house or a palace.

To imprint cold furrows beneath a tractor  
On the fresh dirt of the early molds,  
Ripping out rags  
From a dark working jacket under a bush.

Barely to blow away the orange dust from the eyelashes  
Dyed with Egyptian ochre,  
And to gather from everyone a ribbed drapery of color,  
Of the blue backyard sunset.

To look through the thickness of the slime  
Not above the vicinity of Mycenae's gates,  
But underneath and through the grid  
Of a dry insipid pavement under the lion gates  
Of the former grids of the English Club,  
To read the schedule of the night: yes, we are closed on Saturdays.

You can write endlessly about it:  
Because I myself write a scroll and I myself read it:  
Like a prewar whisper in a gateway  
And the conifer trumpet voice of war roses,  
And a dream of postwar mausoleums,  
So to cross a swamp  
One should fasten a general's epaulets to boots.

Do not be in a hurry in inventorying things,  
(Do not forget yourself among the others...)  
The handshakes, firm as cement,  
And the kisses – spots on granite —  
And the twinkling of those lights of illuminations  
And the hatred of nameless days.

To take full, sharp-sighted, old-man breaths,  
So that not dust but the pollen of the golden serpent  
Would emanate from your right hand  
And become the earth's heavy matter.

*Translation by Tatyana Bonch-Osmolovskaya and Vladimir Aristov*

**Costica Bradatan**

**The Social Production of Time. Time and Totalitarianism**

A haunting theme in today's debates over post-totalitarianism is the *necessity of facing the past*, either (at a practical level) in order to make moral judgments, establish responsibilities and accept/deny guilt or (at a theoretical/scholarly level) to simply see what went wrong in the respective countries. Yet, besides the intrinsic difficulties of dealing with such notions as guilt, responsibility, moral judgment, when it comes to assessing the political and social behavior of large communities of people over several decades, another difficulty, an even more serious one, appears. Ironically, this new difficulty comes from the fact that what these people having to face their past lack most badly is precisely a proper understanding of what the past is. This is because one of the major losses that they suffered under the communist regimes was their *proper sense of time*. In this paper I will, first, briefly analyze how time is produced socially and politically. Then, I will show how the totalitarian (communist) political imaginary presupposes as one of its essential ingredient a systematic disruption of (and interference into) people's sense of time. Finally, I will briefly point to the fact that a successful confrontation with the past (with the accompanying moral and political benefits) can start only with a recovery of these people's sense of their temporal situation in the world.

(This paper is part of a larger article published few years ago: Costica Bradatan, "A Time of Crisis – A Crisis of (the Sense of) Time. On the Political Construction of Time," *East-European Politics & Societies* [Sage Publications], 19.2, pp. 260-290)

**Patrick Călinescu**

### **An A-Temporal Account Of Time**

In what follows I present, in a slightly different Socratic form, a dialogue on time's possibility of being fully a-temporal if certain conditions are met. The most important conditions to be met are the simultaneous abolition of both time's 'temporal' beginning and end, and that of taking time out of its own existence. Upon being presented and confronted, time's conditions for reaching a true state of temporality are refuted by a relatively lengthy presentation of two aporias that would, if taken into consideration, prevent time from becoming truly a-temporal.

These two aporias are discussed as well until a final conclusion is presented, which changes the whole semantic field of the original conditions to a completely different meaning: the taking of time out of its existence, as its existence is temporally defined by its beginning and its end, no longer means its 'temporal' extinction, but rather its 'temporal' mutation into an 'a-temporal' dimension of time, with no beginning and no end, which is to be found either *out of* it or well *beyond* it.

I know this sounds quite scientific; but it's not. In fact, I do assure you that what follows in the space of the next two pages – or thereabouts – is the intentionally fragmented thought, in order for it to look like it has always been part of a unitary text, of a man who, in doing so, has risen himself high above time, to look into it, and high above all temporal demarcations, to look at them.

What follows below is, then, this man's line of thought in the form of more than one line being enough to comprise this very line. So, all the necessary lines that his line of thought covers will have to be dialogue-like because this is the only way all the inner lines of his line of thought can communicate with each other to form his singularly positive line of thought on his a-temporal account of time. This man thus stands against, and in front of, this man, his himself, for the following inquiry into time's lack of temporality in a world that shouldn't miss it at all.

"My dear temporarily alienated self, let's then embark on our dialogic expedition by simultaneously beginning and ending time and its temporal course through the world."

"Notwithstanding my acceptance of your proposition, I must ask you why you think we should have this talk at all about time and its becoming a-temporal by means of a simultaneous entry into, and exit out of, time itself?"

"For it's precisely in this simultaneity of time's points of existence (the beginning being its point of existence through which it comes into existence and the end

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being its point of existence through which it goes out of existence), which might also be referred to as the mutual annihilation of its points of existence, that time can truly be a-temporal. If you deprive it of this simultaneity, or annihilation, time will then always be fated to bear its own temporality with dignity and, consequently, fatally bear on its very temporality.”

“I understand now. So, time has to begin and end its temporal course, as it were, at the same time in order for it to become a-temporal. Oh, I think I get you now even more than when I used to: if it annihilates both its beginning and its end, time can then be a-temporal because it no longer has any point of existence either to come into existence or to go out of existence; so, by actually ceasing to exist, it becomes a-temporal.”

“Very correct: time can only be a-temporal if it completely ceases to exist. Out of its existence, or, as some might argue, beyond its existence, time is superiorly a-temporal.”

“I understand... but this in itself and by itself raises two difficult problems to overcome, and I’m afraid that what you have just said, your solution to time’s need to be a-temporal, which is equally mine, as I’m your yourself, will get complicated exponentially by its under-running, and intellectually stalking, *aporias*. *One* is, if time becomes a-temporal only upon its going out of existence, since it then no longer exist, how can it still be one way or the other, temporal or a-temporal? By ceasing to exist in order for it to exist in just one specified way, doesn’t it cease to exist at all, including in the way in which it has been prescribed to exist if it ceases to exist? Of course, this would necessarily imply that, in order for time to exist – in one way or the other – it doesn’t have to cease to exist at all, but only partially. Time, if it wants to become truly a-temporal, it does need to cease to exist, by annihilating both its beginning and its end into a simultaneous taking out of existence of both its beginning and its end, but it merely has to cease to exist partially, and not completely, when it would actually no longer be able to be either temporal or a-temporal simply because these two modes of existence have become invalid owing to its going (or having recently gone) out of existence. Time thus needs only a partial going out of existence in order to cease to exist thoroughly if it truly wants to become a-temporal. And *two*, logically out of *one*, is, if time only needs a partial going out of existence in order to cease to exist completely so that it may acquire a real a-temporal nature, does this mean there can generally be two ways of going out of existence: a partial one, which ultimately takes nothing out of existence if it still exists to be one way or the other, and a total one, which would positively take out of existence everything that has so far existed, letting thus nothing of prior existence still to exist to be one way or the other? So, you see, my good self of mine, these are the two difficulties that might stop you, while you’re still not me, from making time genuinely a-temporal for all eternity or, at least, for the duration of this brief account of time’s lack of temporality. How do you respond to these two *aporias* and what is your solution to circumventing their illogical grip?”

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“My good self, thank you for your not being myself yet. If you had already been myself, I would never have taken notice of these two hurdles in the way of my attempt at making time truly a-temporal. And, of course, thank you for showing them to me in as bright a light as only the light of prolix arguments can offer. If, in what I have to say next, in conclusion to your having found many a fault with my attempt at making time a-temporal, and until the conclusion of our debate on time’s lack of temporality, you look for two *counter-aporias*, which, in their turn, would *ad infinitum* propagate other rows of *aporias*, I must then inform you this is not my current line of thought, and it will not be mine as long as we are still disjointed into my independently self of yours and, respectively, your equally independent self of mine. My line of thought doesn’t lie in countering one already revealed set of *aporias* with another one just about to be revealed. Instead, I will go on pursuing my attempt at making time duly a-temporal and giving it a proper account of how it has become so, irrespective of how many other *aporias* I’ll still be running into.”

“You have all my attention and my net of logic is extensively cast to catch any other illogical glitch that might rise from your positively free line of thought.”

“So, I have originally stated that time can be made a-temporal if its beginning and its end are simultaneously suppressed. I have also said that it’s only in this simultaneity (or simultaneous annihilation of both its beginning and its end) that time gets what it needs to become truly a-temporal. But, in stating all this, which you have plainly disagreed with by affirming the logical impossibility of time’s becoming really a-temporal on the grounds of its not being able to cease to exist partially in order for it *not* to cease to exist completely, have I also said why time has to do away with both its beginning and its end if it wants to become purely a-temporal?”

“You seem to have only given an insight into *how* time becomes a-temporal: by taking out of existence its beginning and its end, and by depriving itself of its temporal birth and death.”

“Indeed, I have so far been quite scanty in providing a good explanation of time’s reason for wanting to become a-temporal; but I seem to have been even scantier in giving the true mechanics of time’s becoming a-temporal. I think it doesn’t really matter why time wants to become a-temporal; we all know, while we’re still different from each other, that time only wants something as long as we want time to want something. So, to be honest, it’s us who wish time would be this way or the other way: in my case, while it’s still mine, a-temporal. As for how it’s become so, or can indeed become so, based on my solution to this problem, I needn’t talk much. The mechanics of time’s lack of temporality is quite simple. They follow a pattern very much in line with this temporal insufficiency that makes time truly a-temporal: a different dearth, which is not temporal, but rather of proportion. Time seems to become a-temporal only if parts of it – its

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extremities – are cut off of its body. Apparently, the time that is a-temporal is a mutilated time. A time that is incomplete: a time that is missing something from its body. Then, if this is the case, I can ask myself, feeling now *en route* to rejoin you, my former, primal and basic self, how can time be both incomplete and mutilated (that is, a-temporal, at least according to my definition), and also whole (that is, *of time*; it being, a-temporal or not, of an evenly distributed substance)? Seemingly, only *out of*, and *beyond* time, if it's to become truly a-temporal. This means that time, when it's a-temporal, or in its a-temporal habiliments, is either incomplete and mutilated, hence handicapped and not able to run and pass, or whole and fully able to run and pass, but rather than being *in*, and belonging to, this time, which borders on its past (a beginning that always ends) and its future (an end that always begins), it is actually *out of*, or even *beyond* it. In conclusion, it having finally arrived at the last line of my line of thought, now almost indiscernibly yours, time can only be a-temporal if it does go out of existence; however, this is neither partial, nor total, for this going out of existence doesn't mean *extinction*, but rather *mutation*; so, time can only become a-temporal if, by going out of existence, and instead of ceasing ultimately to exist either partially or completely, it mutates itself out of its temporal existence, which is limited by a beginning and an end to time itself, straight beyond its temporal confines, in the purest lack of temporality I will ever wish to know."

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**Matthew Fritze**

**A Statement and Poems About Time**

Regarding Time as I see it  
(To be read as an introduction)

First and foremost, Time isn't the linear moment to moment thing many think it is. It is not over with in the Past and it is not something that hasn't happened in the Future. Time marks our place in Eternity and wherever we think we are in Time, whether in memories, dreams or presence, we're indeed there.

Memorable past events make a mark as a deep impression in Time: being present for a loved one's passing, moments spent as a child in the house we grew up in. The impressions draw attention to themselves as strong basins of attraction in dreams and waking reality. They are deeply meaningful, inextricable parts of the structure of ourselves, a structure spreading through all Time and space that is more beautiful than we can imagine. Wherever we observe Time as such it is there, otherwise there is Eternity.

The Future exists for us as a pattern of probabilities and tendencies that might come to be as the forms of Time coalesce into the most coherent and vital actualities.

The pattern of Time exists in the Past, Present and Future, beyond differentiation, beyond a specific causal logic that would insist only the Past created the Present and the Present creates the Future.

No. Time *exists* and its influence flows in all directions. We and our experiences are the only differentiation there is. In our presumed movement from here to there, in a clock hand's movement over its face, or liquid crystal numerals changing repeatedly, we've created intervals to measure out eternity. Because we can't see forms in all spaces at once, we say: 'You were there, now you're here.' It's the best most of us can do. Thoughts about death and finality become ensnared in our interval oriented perception of Time. We mark Death as a traitor, in league with Time with decay as the final result.

I challenge you to think about Time without interval, without *whens*, and without a means to measure it. I urge you to undertake the almost insurmountable but most urgent task of stepping just outside of an interval, a moment, an hour, a day. To step outside the perfect, immutable crystal we've made of Time and into its true timeless essence. The more you try it, the better at it you will get. To relax, breathe, not worry and watch time unfold with you is Time's most sublime gift.

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**Now is No Time**

It is true, I found out  
that Time's my molted shell  
and Thanatose with his minion algorithms  
wail powerless  
in unplugged strings of empty numbers  
at the event horizon of your heart's magnet

It is true also  
I find latent beauty much more interesting  
That beauty which shimmers beneath the  
surface  
illuminating your mouth with a kind smile

You're slowly unfolding before me  
each time we meet  
a new petal arcs delicately  
tentative in its trust to the aeration of my  
words  
The old slow dance of magnetism  
The cross pollination of sensation

I've seen rain storms  
And turned a cheek to gales  
But no storm's as powerful as Now,  
we face it head on

I've spent timeless time  
in fields, near trees  
upon ocean rocks  
and have come to love opposite  
though similar textures and structures

Share with me this  
now is no time  
Don't speak of interval  
nor invite it in  
though it begs at the gate

Is it possible to keep time  
locked out of the garden  
where flowers may speak  
secrets forever?

**Future Now in Retro-Time**

At the end of the future light cone  
I lay dreaming  
of the beginning and the ending  
Every time I look at you

I dream you to be  
Through deep longing to touch  
Here and now  
Skin and eyes  
Through deep dreaming  
Acausal causing it now  
Rippled forever every  
Memory with foresight in your smile  
Glinting off unexplainable movement  
Above and below  
and all outward to where  
I lay dreaming

**All of This is the Language**

In moments when your eyes meet mine  
We stand against all the ruinations of Time  
and declare them phantoms of worry  
I know this now: You are a gift given again  
and again  
though interval falls away and Eternity  
shines through

As my macroscopic self contemplates and  
dreams my microscopic self  
I'm assured there is no me and other, there  
only Is  
I submit for now: this human brain is enough  
Arrayed for the meaning of everything that  
comes in waves  
as a wind-scattered string of photons  
through all my cells  
for as long as this body lives and dies

I know as I suspected then as a child  
lying in bed at night, contemplating an  
infinity of stars  
grasping for an end  
My stomach sinking as I moved past  
endings

only to find more beginnings  
There is no end  
Yet the infinite is everywhere inside me and  
outside

Words tumble from your tongue as water  
and fire  
flow the same  
They might coalesce into objects  
And you might finally say: 'All of this is the  
language.'

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As physics books stumble through  
metaphors of strings and fields  
and mechanisms of where and why are shed  
they still fail to describe  
I need look no further than your eyes

**The Promise**

Now, what will you bring back to me  
After exfoliating you all like brilliant leaves  
in the changing season you call Fall  
I'll gather you up  
Swimming in the networked basket of my  
deepest vision  
My heart of all your hearts  
My ever watchful eyes

I'll ask:  
Where have all of you been  
And what's forgotten  
What's learned again and again  
How do you see me now  
In how many ways?  
In newer times you almost beheld me  
in moments so fast to you  
They blurred together to be touched  
Like stone, or water, or skin

I'll ask:  
How did it change you when  
Your veil of time shimmered  
and lost its texture, leaving you timeless?  
And how long were you stilled  
When the patterns of your thoughts  
became a mirror?

I'll ask you:  
When did you know of the fathomless song?  
When did your ears begin to hear it?  
Do you hear me singing everywhere  
When it is quiet, or when there is fury?  
When you saw the lion on the plains  
drag down the gazelle  
or when the eyes of the one you love

gleamed and reflected the deep?

And when did you begin to fly?  
When your careful, careful measurements  
of the smallest flashes in the dark  
began to touch you  
as they've always touched you,  
everywhere at once?  
When you saw the webs of your numbers  
unfurl endlessly?  
When you grew restless and impassioned  
To burn through obvious accretions  
and move more like your water  
To hear me calling to you  
and reaching into you always  
soothing, always smiling upon you

I'll ask:  
Did you feel me reach through your years  
as I pulled you and gathered you  
from your farthest shores  
and led you gently through the web of your  
history?

The white embrace is a promise that I call  
to all of you through everything  
And you hear me clearer as you grow closer  
And I will it to happen in my now  
as I will it to occur in your later  
as I've willed it every moment everywhere  
Always every time you cry and every time  
you laugh  
and every time you stop and listen  
Because the moment is now that you may  
understand  
and your later than now that you might find  
me  
The moment is now that you flicker before  
me  
ever faster as you come to know the  
promise  
And your time is soon that you'll fly so far  
that your blurred trajectories will intersect  
inside my heart  
And you will all still again

And I will ask:

**Robert Gibbons**

**Archiving Lives: Placing Work Somewhere for the Moment & for Posterity?**

**Into Time's Archive**

In the dream I stood before closed doors of the archive, at the foot of the stone stairs, waiting for it to open in order to deposit the papers, all the papers of the journey, I imagine, when the dream itself said, that to place them there was beyond time. Which made sense, when I woke, & did my heart good. Now, in the dark, another image recurs within the context of coming full-circle round to when this journal began, an event that occurred a decade ago in the continued practice of observing our little rituals. It was the first day of a long year just past, & of another, who knew what that one held in store, heading down to the inlet at Mystic Lake, no less, to look for the Great Blue Heron. It was as frigid a morning as New England had seen, the air itself practically breaking in breath before us as we walked, but we had each other arm-in-arm, I remember that, her black scarf a Goya brushstroke. Disappointed not to find the bird, which often stood there, silently fasting, I'm sure, now, the lake was frozen because overnight an Arctic Express had blown down in fierce winds. We turned back through the path toward the car, when suddenly, she or I spotted the white bird on the tall chimney across the street. Ptarmigan with tufted feet looked like the Bird of Peace, when a crazy crow mobbed it off its perch, the ease with which it simply glided out right above us, & returned, an awe not forgotten, & recurrent.

Here in the darkness, only the laptop screen shunting light down upon fingers & keyboard, readying to submit the paper into Time's archive, my latest source rests on the table, which stood so long, first in line on the top shelf of the living room bookcase, waiting, Benjamin's, **The Arcade Project**, originally, *Das Passengan-Werk*, based on his thirteen-year research into the arcades of Paris. Tried prying it open number of Times over the years, the thousand & seventy-three pages, but it wouldn't budge. Waited its turn. Until recently. But now it practically opens all by itself, calling me over, "Enter anywhere," it says. It's all about the streets, "the secret affinities" of the streets of Paris, or London, streets where racket & noise rose up into Hugo's or Dickens's characters' speech, or music for Baudelaire. Just yesterday, when we chose cobbled Silver Street running down from Fore to the waterfront, we too heard it whisper, "Gold," in a side-long glance, then rumble over part of Bach's cantatas. Before putting the light out last night, knowing this massive tome exists only because Bataille hid its bundled sheaves inside the Bibliothèque Nationale out of reach of the occupation, I breathed another sigh of wonder at Benjamin's citation of Baudelaire's letter to a publisher, that even when he enters the woods the sound of city streets flood over the hills as a music, "a translation of the lamentation of mankind."

**Aleksandr A. Kronik, Sc.D**

**Check Your Psychological Age:**

Excerpts from Guidebook to Personal LifeLook®  
(whole work available at: [http://lifelook.net/l\\_book.htm](http://lifelook.net/l_book.htm))

First of all, find time, place and a computer so that nobody will disturb your recollections and dreams for about two hours. You are to go through nine biographic self-analysis procedures: Five-year Periods, Events, Dates, Spheres, Emotions, Goals, Minute, Causes, Significances. After this, you will be able to make a psychological voyage over your life map, to more precisely determine the role of each event, to look at your personality portrait and even discover some change opportunities in it.

1. In Five-year periods: check your psychological age.

To begin with, you will have to set the date of "today", the date of your birthday and the age you hope you will live to, then evaluate different periods as regards their saturation with events of importance to you. As a result, something will appear on the screen that resembles a mountain landscape with peaks, canyons and valleys. "Life is a mountain..." - said de Maupassant. Every day a person should climb the mountain of his/herself and survey their countryside (Kahlil Gibran).

This simple biographic test is rather reliable for measuring your psychological age at the moment. What is the psychological age? This is an index of how young, mature or old your soul is; by most people, it differs from the calendar, social or even biological age.

The psychological age (PA) can be determined using the formula:  $PA = R \times L$ , where R is the index of your subjective life realization, and L is the index your subjective longevity. So with a high rate of projects implemented and with a long life ahead you can find yourself older than you may expect. This is, in brief, the simple idea behind the equation of psychological age. Be alert, while evaluating the five-year periods. Don't be lazy to think about the future!

Thus, you have admired the "mountain landscape" and discovered your psychological age. A footstep in your momentary state of mind is made.

2. Events: start a voyage in your past and journey to your future.

Image all your life as whole entity [...]

[ whole work available at: [http://lifelook.net/l\\_book.htm](http://lifelook.net/l_book.htm) ]

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**Paul Doru Mugur**

**The Simulator (fragment)**

I am walking down the street. Gusts of wind slash across the solid curtain of snow, laying bare small fragments of buildings. Montreal. Snow, whirling flakes, people bundled up in clothes, woolly or fur hats on their head. It's March. Where do I begin? The wind, for example. Or time. Maybe time is like the wind, with variable intensity, at times flowing slowly, at times faster, in gusts. Pulsating time, like a heartbeat. Bradycardia, tachycardia. Time curled up like a sinuous snake, time springing up like a geyser, time to digest and time to double the population of China. Time to blink and time to let the mulberries ripen. Time to breathe out and time for the solar eclipse in New Guinea. Time to watch your nails grow, time for an empire to fall. You cross the street and at the same time, across the world, there are millions of people crossing other streets. You dream and there are millions of other people dreaming with you. Accidents. Fractures. Not a continual flow, but jumps, hiatus, sudden change of direction. Without them there would be no beginning. There is no beginning. Just some unanswered questions. You can start anywhere. We don't know the answers to the fundamental questions. All we can do is predict.

At the beginning of the twentieth century, Einstein introduced non-Euclidean geometry to describe space. The logic followed by physicists, however, remains bivalent. Experiments in quantum mechanics are still interpreted according to Boolean logic. Until recently, polyvalent logic was just a fad for Ph.D. students in Maths to impress and pull first-year Physics undergraduates. Cocktail chatter. Lukasiewicz, Bocivar, Heyting, it's only in the past ten years or so that physicists have started taking this seriously and including polyvalent logic in their models.

It's snowing and the blanket of snow is fragmenting the city into thousands of amniotic islands through which cars and people glide in staccato motion, like on a fading DVD. An ambulance siren dashes past me. Cars stop to let it go by. The sound fades into the distance. Doppler's Effect. Or, since we are in Montreal, Fizeau's Effect. I am walking down the street and my body is tracing an undulatory trajectory in space and time, pulled hither and thither by the wind. I am thinking, but my thoughts jump from here to there like a child playing hopscotch.

Initially, in his theory of special relativity, Einstein demonstrated that mass can convert to energy. Then, in the general theory of relativity, he went further and claimed that the very geometry of space-time can influence matter. Gravity, he told us, is a sort of crease in the geometrical structure of space-time. From that time onwards, geometry, matter and fields can all be regarded as different forms of the same fundamental 'substance'.

Grey buildings. Parallelepiped. Structures at all levels, from democratically distributed quarks, three on each particle, up to the beautifully aligned galaxies, like dewdrops clinging to the invisible threads of some cosmic spiderweb. The structure of our mind contemplating the structure of the world. Mirrors. Symmetry. As Kant observed, our minds are constructed in such a way that we see relationships and structures everywhere, so it's very hard to distinguish between the own internal coherence of reality

## ArcheTime: Cross-Disciplinary Conference and Exhibition on Time

*Dedicated to the exploration of differences and synchronicities between artistic, academic and scientific concepts of Time.*

and the coherence we seek to impose on it. We keep trying to pull ourselves by the hair out of the swamp, horse and all, like Baron Munchhausen, only to end up bald.

Together, the standard quantum model and the theory of gravity describe all of the phenomena of the world we currently know. Unfortunately, the two models are incompatible. We have to find some kind of common language in which the two dialects can coexist and talk to each other, in order to find the equations of unified field theory. Theoretically, there are three ways in which you can unify the models A and B:

- you can translate A into B
- you can find a more encompassing model C in which A and B can be subcomponents
- you prove that one of them is false.

At the logical level, you can invent a non-dual logic that gives up on the principle of identity, suggesting instead the existence of elements that are simultaneously distinct and identical with themselves, respectively. At the algebraic level, you can introduce structures that are concurrently discrete yet continuous. At the geometric level, you can build a non-commutative space where the Minkovski/Riemann structures would be special cases. But that's not the kind of unification we need. We need to find a theory that will predict the granularity of space, different forces at different levels, and the existence of elementary particles. A theory that can predict things, not sterile word games.

The model I had been working on since coming to Canada was not composed of strings of nine or ten dimensions, as in string theory, but of some kind of neurons communicating with each other. Over and above Einstein's model, mine took into account information theory. The universe isn't a clockwork mechanism that stops if you forget to wind it. The universe isn't an engine for producing entropy. The universe is a giant brain generating the history of the cosmos. This brain does not have a single central unit like an ordinary computer, but billions and billions of central units working simultaneously. Like a swarm of bees. Or a termite mountain. The one fundamental thing is neither matter nor fields nor space-time geometry – rather, it's exchange of information. 'It from bit', as Wheeler had suspected. Just like our own brain creates a unique picture of the universe, so the universe-brain generates a unique reality that we live in. Space-time exists so that information can be processed. 'To be' means 'to be connected'. The universe is a giant information processor, a sort of cosmic internet. A universal translator in which there is continual simultaneous interpretation between the analogue and the digital levels. The speed of light may represent the limits of movement, but not of communication. In other words, nothing can physically exceed the speed of light, but information can be exchanged virtually at speeds beyond that of light.

**“The Simulator” is included in “Psychonautica” an upcoming collection of short-stories.**

**Vanessa Place**

**Statement of the case**

An amended information was filed charging appellant with assault to commit rape (count 1, Pen. Code § 220), forcible oral copulation (counts 2 and 3, Pen. Code ' 288a(c)(2)), penetration by a foreign object (count 4, Pen. Code § 289(a)), assault on a peace officer (count 5, Pen. Code ' 245(c)), and false imprisonment by violence (count 6, Pen. Code § 236). A Penal Code section 12022, subdivision (b)(1) enhancement was alleged as to count 6; sections 1170.12, subdivisions (a) through (d), 667, subdivision (a)(1), and 667.5, subdivision (b) prior convictions were alleged as to all counts. A section 667.71 prior sex offenses allegation was alleged as to counts 3 and 4, and a section 667.61, subdivision (b) tying and binding allegation made as to counts 2, 3, and 4.<sup>1</sup> Appellant pled not guilty. (CT 1:59-60, 1:82-88, 1:13)

On June 21, 1999, appellant was found guilty of counts 1, 2, 3, 4 and 6 as charged. (CT 1:59-60, 1:82-88, 1:13) On August 6, 1999, appellant was sentenced to a total of 225 years to life, credit for 341 days precommitment confinement, including 44 days conduct credit. (CT 1:107-110) On October 27, 2006, in *Scott v. Lamarque*, Case No. CV 03-2003-GAF(AJW), appellant's petition for writ of habeas corpus was granted, and his conviction reversed, pursuant to the magistrate's finding under *Gibson v. Ortiz* (9th Cir. 2004) 387 F.3d 812, that appellant's jury had been improperly instructed as to the prior sex offense evidence. (CT 1:112-130)

Appellant was retried. The court denied appellant's pretrial motion to exclude preliminary hearing testimony. (CT 1: 169-177; RT 2:308-309) Appellant's motion to exclude prior offense evidence was also denied. (RT 2:309-311) Appellant was found guilty as charged; in a bifurcated proceeding, the priors were found true as alleged. (CT 2:278B-287, 2:289-295; RT 3:2102-2106, 3:2133-2139) Appellant's motions for new trial were denied. (CT 2:398; RT 3:2403)

Appellant was sentenced to a total of 278 years, plus 4 life terms: count 1 – 25 years to life, plus 2 years for the prior prison term and 5 years for the serious prior, run consecutive; count 2 – 75 years to life, plus 7 years for prior prison term and prior conviction allegations, run consecutive; count 3 – 75 years to life, plus 7 years for prior prison term and prior conviction allegations, run consecutively; count 4 – 75 years to life, plus 7 years for the prior allegations, run consecutive; and count 6 – years, plus 7 years for the prior allegations, stayed pursuant to section 654. Appellant was credited with 3,340 days precommitment confinement. (CT 2:397-401; RT 3:2405-2410)

This appeal from a final judgment of conviction is timely. (CT 402)

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<sup>1</sup> The prior convictions stemmed from appellant's Case No. A632056. (CT 1:86)

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**Michael H. Shulman**

### **Time as the Universe expansion phenomenon**

#### **Time and Cosmology**

I propose to consider Time as the Universe expansion phenomenon, all the world processes present a part of this general one. A body motion is defined by its world line inclination angle relative to a radius of some 4D sphere, our Universe is the 3D hypersurface of the sphere at given time moment. The new solutions of the Einstein-Friedmann's cosmological Equation are found out. One can deduce many consequences from this concept (which presents a generalization of the Einstein's General Relativity), including Cosmological constant problem, Universe flatness and horizon problems, Universe accelerated expansion problem, Cosmic microwave background radiation (CMBR) anisotropy problem, initial part of the CMBR cross spectrum explanation, low SN luminosity explanation, Universe origin problem, etc.

#### **Cosmology: a New Approach:**

[http://www.timeorigin21.narod.ru/eng\\_time/Cosmology.pdf](http://www.timeorigin21.narod.ru/eng_time/Cosmology.pdf)

(Full text will be published in the ArcheTime 2009 catalogue)

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**Vladimir Tuchkov**

**Paradox of Existence**

A thief Serega lived just across my apartment on my staircase. Like two years ago he died.

And today I found out that a cop lives near Serega's apartment. Absolutely normal cop, in a uniform, with a badge, a gun and pink cheeks. Now I'm wondering, how would they coexist if they cross over not only in space but also in time?

Feb. 23rd, 2009 at 1:52 PM