

Martin Robertson

Dimension

‘Time is the fourth dimension’? Isn’t it more a medium? peculiar means by which alone tridimensionality can realize a world? Mentally we can hypothetize existence in two dimensions or in four or many, but can’t imaginatively believe, envisage them, because we can’t conceive what mediates their being, as Time our own.

Suppose they’re here: an imperceptible section sliced through our world; an outer whole through which our world’s an imperceptible section. Might seeming happenings here, for which one guesses or fails to guess a meaning, be the mere slicing across our world, with which they’ve no connection, of things whose meaning is in those othernesses, outside our time-thought’s three-way recognizing?