



There is something curious in the question of how we try to make sense of time in terms of a spatial measure.

*It was the longest day.*

Some things happened a “long” time ago.

*Time is running.*

(Time of course also has volume in space - we can have a lot of it and even run out of it).

It seems like there is a certain way of rationalising time that involves an idea of space. Even though the question itself appears odd: how far is the actual distance from a “now” to a “now”?

A moment in time involves an idea of a location.

The imagining of a moment always involves an idea of a location, but its usual and simple representations (here: visual representations) does not. In the sonic representation, on the other hand, the representation of a moment and duration are all constructed by both moment and duration.

There is a distance in time from when I was born until today. I have somehow “moved”.

I am a traveler in time. And you keep on moving, you are moving now as well. In a timeline where “now” is marked, the mark: word stays but in each reading it and its scale (specifically, the wideness of the now) moves.

Perhaps the idea of time that is involved in a “now” is something that is produced. This might also be one of the reasons why time-keeping or time-measuring devices or instruments, that help produce these ideas, are so enigmatic and fascinating. They produce something more. For example, one can think of how Newton measured the speed of sound while standing in the colonnade at Trinity College in Cambridge. He clapped his hand and measured the time between the clap and when he re-encountered the sound of the clap as an echo after it had travelled to the end of the colonnade and back again.

More than just making an objective observation of how the world works – as in: the abstract measure of the speed of sound, he produced something more. The situation opens up for an imagination of the “now” of the clap-sound which moves down the colonnade and back again, only to be re-encountered later.

There is an in-between that is produced. This also relates to memory, when a moment is recalled. Maybe the most famous literary example of this is the situation from Marcel Proust's *In search of lost time*, where the protagonist eats a Madeleine cake, and finds in it a sensation similar to one he had as a child. This striking and powerful experience of a connection between two events in his personal history does not only reveal an objective timeline that connects the two moments. It also produces something new: a memory that is a world of sensations, tastes, colours, people and things.

Or when I listen to a song I remember from when I was younger, I find that, at some point in time, I have been marked by this music in a certain way. When I re-audition it, through this mark, it opens or creates a space between who I am at this moment, and who I was at that moment. With this experience follows an odd and somehow frustrating realisation, that over time it is the sound of the song that is the same, rather than me as a listener.

There's also something else: The sound of the song remains the same, or that's what we think, because the medium is fixed (here I am ignoring the timbral changes from medium to medium: from cassette to digital stream let's say), but most of the times when I go back to a song I've not listened to for a long time, or that I am exposed to suddenly; after having the “air” of the song, I often find myself concentrating on an element of the music or the sound that I was not aware of, or had forgotten about. This could be a riff from a single instrument, an overall composition or a mixing detail. This interests me, as someone who has experience in song or song-like forms, making and “sound” in general.

Trying to summarize: it seems as though the form stored in your memory -of the fixed song - (frozen in some kind of record) - which is an impression, is discovered each time you are exposed to it. Does this make sense? Maybe this is what you mean by the listener not being the same: The listener gets older, she listened to 100.000 other songs, made some, studied sound engineering, felt confused or bad that moment and focused on a shaker or cowbell which she had never heard in that song.

The nature and scale of these imaginary spaces, however, appear to be different to those one finds in timeline devices that allow a measurable scale of time. However, the imposed metric of time and its rhythms appear to have their own curious logic. The division of a week into days, workdays and weekends, produces a sense of rhythm. The arbitrary metric introduces its own intensity and order.

Same time tomorrow?