

INTERNATIONAL
SOCIETY FOR THE
STUDY OF TIME

TIME'S

No. 55

2024-25

NEWS

Time is a gentle deity. — Sophocles

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Study of Time

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We publish a peer-reviewed journal, [KronoScope](#), host a [triennial international conference](#) and publish an accompanying volume, [The Study of Time](#). Members receive access to these resources in addition to [Time's News](#), an annual members-focused publication, our mailing list, and more.

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ISST



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OPPOSITE Anne Duk Hee Jordan, *Snailing*, 2024
Canal Projects, New York City, September 27 - December 7, 2024
COURTESY EMILY DICARLO

MAGAZINE COVER/BACK & ABOVE
.ISST logo mock-ups (laptop, card, drawer), 2025
Toronto, Canada
COURTESY STUDIO CASTRODALE



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ORAN.
Marabout de Sidi-Abd-el-Kader (410 m. d'altit.)

ND. Phot.

ISST COUNCIL



ABOVE & LEFT:
Abdelkader Benchamma, *Anthropocene*
58, 2023
ink on printed engraving by Gustave
Doré from *The Bible Gallery* (1880).
From exhibition "Solastalgia:
Archaeologies of Loss" at The Power
Plant, Toronto, Canada. October 13 -
March 24, 2024
COURTESY EMILY DICARLO






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FROM THE PRESIDENT

Carmen Leccardi

As the Chinese ideogram shows, crisis contains the dual notions of danger and opportunity. According to the Greek etymology of the term, too, a crisis is a moment of judgement, choice and decision, not just adversity. I believe that we need to capitalize on the power of knowledge to ensure that opportunity prevails over danger, and that decision-making can take the place of feelings of powerlessness.

Based on this awareness, reasoning about the 'crisis of time' requires, in my judgment, assigning less generic and nebulous characteristics to this concept. Under this profile, it is important to look first at the historical moment in which the link between time and speed tends to assert itself. This occurs when, after two world wars and, in particular, the Holocaust, the possibility of identifying historical time as a time of progress is lost. After the Shoah, the certainty of modernity at its zenith to conquer the future through the exercise of forms of purposive rationality evaporates forever.

As a rule, artistic movements are able to capture the zeitgeist of an era with great precision. The movement that best expresses the optimistic vision of the modern as a time/space of possibility—in every field of knowledge and social and personal life—is undoubtedly Futurism. Briefly focusing on its worldview can help us understand the contemporary distance from the myths of the 'triumphant phase' of modernity.

Drawing attention to the artistic movement of the early 1900s known as Futurism, we can easily understand that its aspiration was actually to burn down and destroy the very symbols of the past, starting with museums and the liturgy of memory they celebrate. The importance of Futurism, a movement which encompasses and connects a variety of artistic expressions, from poetry to painting, from sculpture to applied arts, from architecture to music, from cinema to theater, lies in its ability to conjugate a total love for the future with a profound adoration for speed. The future is the emblem of the new and unprecedented, the time of conquest and pleasure: "Why should we look back, when what we want is to break down the mysterious doors of the Impossible?" wrote Marinetti in *The Founding and Manifesto of Futurism*, published in Paris in 1909. Speed is seen as irresistible energy, the force through which we can move beyond the anachronism of a society seen as still too oriented to the past. "We affirm that the world's magnificence has been enriched by a new beauty: the beauty of speed. A racing car whose hood is adorned with great pipes, like serpents of explosive breath—a roaring car that seems to ride on grapeshot is more beautiful than the Victory of Samothrace" (Marinetti 1909, quoted in Rainey et al. 1999, p. 51).

The increasing speed is attributed first and foremost to the movement of people and goods thanks to the ever more powerful machines available to the elites: at the beginning of the 1900s, these are the 'roaring cars' exalted by Marinetti and the other futurists; later on, as predicted by the *Manifesto*, 'the sleek flight of planes'. The religion of innovation and acceleration embraced by Futurism is undoubtedly a prerogative of the young generations. "The oldest of us is thirty: so we have at least a decade for finishing our work. When we are forty, other younger and stronger men will probably throw us in the wastebasket like useless manuscripts—we want it to happen!" (Marinetti, quoted in Rainey et al.

1999, p. 54). In the Futurist vision, it is precisely the 'new' generations living this constant change almost as a new obligation, a torment. 'Modernizing' the world becomes the new buzzword. In this sense, human speed and technological speed support each other. Human speed refers not only to the acceleration of the movement of human bodies through space but also to the acceleration of thinking and judging processes and to the growing inclination to experimentation. Recklessness, attraction to danger and, more generally, the non-conformist scenography showcased on a daily basis are nothing but side effects of the feverish search for a fast pace under the existential profile. Machines support this quest for freedom from tradition and social constraints, showing the path to liberation from stasis and the new possible experiences made possible by scientific discoveries and the technologies embodying them.

From a strictly artistic perspective, the 'artificial' aesthetic of the mechanical world is deemed by the Futurists to be superior to the traditional aesthetic, which was strongly tied to the past. The fact that the founder of the Futurist movement, Filippo Tommaso Marinetti, was Italian, with Italy being the proudest of its glorious artistic past among the nations, is a paradox worthy of its age—a paradox that pointed out the trend of the new century to the intellectual, cultural and artistic world in the decades preceding the First World War. Fascism would appropriate, and in part exploit, this tension. Indeed, from a historical perspective, Futurism has often been understood as a precursor of fascism: an aversion to liberal ideology, a rejection of traditional authorities, a glorification of war and a contempt for women are the traits that unite these two movements the most.

Returning to the years in which Futurism acquires its distinctive cultural profile, which is completely outstretched towards the future—between the end of the first and the beginning of the second decade of the 20th century - it is important to stress its glorification of every form of originality: primarily artistic, but also scientific, social and political. It is based on this search for originality that the *Futurist Painting: Technical Manifesto* (Boccioni et al, 1910, p. 4), put forward by the most relevant group of Futurist artists at that time, while declaring its preference for "a whirling life of steel, of pride, of fever and of speed", proclaims "(t)hat the name of 'madman' with which it is attempted to gag all innovators should be looked upon as a title of honour".

In conclusion, this glorification of movement and speed takes place in an age in which the 'futurization' of time is a distinctive trait of the temporal order. Currently, despite the persistence of the cult of speed and the allure of technological innovations (such as AI), the temporal climate has undergone a significant shift. There is a growing pessimism regarding the ability to control the future, accompanied by an increasing awareness of uncontrollable risks, extending beyond ecological concerns. The forthcoming ISST conference, 'Time and Entanglement,' to be held in Cagliari, Sardinia, in 2026, will, as is customary, allocate space for artistic expressions. In this scenario, we anticipate viewing this space with heightened interest.

Carmen Leccardi
Prof. Emerita, Sociology of Culture
University of Milan-Bicocca

A NEW LOOK FOR ISST

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF TIME WORKED WITH
CREATIVE AGENCY STUDIO CASTRODALE FOR THEIR NEW LOGO DESIGN



MOCK-UP IMAGES BY STUDIO CASTRODALE



A person is sitting on a metal chair, holding a light-colored tote bag with both hands. The person is wearing a grey and white striped long-sleeved shirt and dark blue corduroy pants. The tote bag is white with the letters 'ISSST' printed vertically in a bold, blue, sans-serif font. The background is a solid dark blue. The floor is a textured blue carpet.

ISSST

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International Society for the Study of Time

THE COUNCIL

THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF TIME



CARMEN LECCARDI

President

"Thinking about the year 2024, I would like to underline, in particular, two intertwined events. 2024 marked the end of a qualitative longitudinal sociological research, which came after a five-year journey. Carried out at the University of Milan-Bicocca, this national research investigated contemporary biographies of young women and men aged 23-29.

Based on the re-interviewing of the same people in three different waves, the study presented a specific experimental character. Within this general framework, an important characteristic has been its overlap with the COVID-19 pandemic. The redefinition of one's relationship not only with one's peers and loved ones due to mandatory isolation, but, more generally, with the present and future, has been its core aspect. These results are now published in the Italian book *Vite aperte al possibile* (il Mulino 2024: *Lives open to possibility*), which I edited. The same results were presented to the European Sociological Association during the Porto Conference in August 2024."

SONIA FRONT

Vice-President

"Most of 2024 I worked on my monograph *Time in Twenty-First-Century British and American Literature: Out of Sync* (Routledge, 2025). The book's chapters focus on four innovative timeframes alternative to the dominant capitalist regime of time: suspended temporality, time as a conflation of phenomenological experience and cosmological laws, previewing the future and networked memory. I hoped to show that literature remains a valid medium for theorizing and representing time. In September I spent two weeks in the British Library, London, doing research for the project titled, 'The self turned inside out: neural networks in Temi Oh's *More Perfect* and Justin Cronin's *The Ferryman*.' I'm looking forward to meeting ISST friends at the conference in Gdańsk!"



CAROL FISCHER

Treasurer

"In May 2024 I retired from teaching college theater classes, plus executed one more light design for the campy musical *Young Frankenstein* at my favorite small theatre venue. When life settles down a bit, I plan on freelancing as a director, light designer, and stage manager. You will find me on the streets of Edinburgh in August immersing myself in the historic Fringe Festival with its plethora of performances. Meanwhile family events and seven grandchildren fill many days and weeks. Continuing as ISST Treasurer has provided an opportunity to fine tune some of the dues-paying challenges of the website, and as *KronoScope* book review editor I enjoy email conversations with our astute, thoughtful membership. I have high hopes for the web program 'Babbel' to improve my marginal Italian before our next conference on Sardinia in 2026!"

DANIELA TAN

Executive Secretary

"I am a researcher and lecturer at the Department of Japanese Studies at the Institute of Asian and Oriental Studies of Zürich University. My research fields are Japanese literature and religion—mainly in the present time, but thanks to my long work on medieval medical scripts and Body Time, I gained intense training in the work with source texts that reach back to the beginnings of writing in Japan. Literature goes beyond one single truth and opens up different angles and perspectives. It also is a vessel of voices from the past and the present. My research interest is developing towards a literature of the shore, as the mariTIME environment of the Japanese archipelago is bound to the rhythms of the tide and the zone between land and seascape. My recent translation project of texts by writer Hiwa Satoko, whose poetic writing is set in a miraculous world of forests and waves—oscillating between the temporalities of human existence and the surrounding environment. The translation of *Yukue* (Whereabouts) has been published, *Hōraiki* (Chronicle of Mount Penglai) is due in May 2025. At the same time, my translation of Kawjiwara Shōzen's full Menstruation Treatise is due in a special issue of *Asian Medicine* on Female Health in Medieval East Asia, edited by Anna Andreeva and Pierce Salguero. I am happy and grateful to continue my research and thus serve as a connecting point: of the past and the present, of continents, and in my role as Executive Secretary for all of you who contribute to the ISST."



STEPHANIE NELSON

Senior Editor, *The Study of Time*

"2024 was a year of conferences and catching up. In addition to the ongoing work with Arek Misztal and Walter Schweidler on *Time and Measure*, the conference volume from Yamaguchi (out this year!) I was working on various articles and reviews ranging from James Joyce to Ovid to Greek Comedy and Tragedy, and also preparing a second edition of my translation of Hesiod's *Works and Days* for Focus Press. Both the conferences I attended were on James Joyce, the bi-annual International Joyce Symposium, in Glasgow this year, and, as usual, at the Zürich James Joyce Foundation in August. Most of all, though, I have been dedicated to working on the ISST volume, which contains many stunning pieces from a very wide range of disciplines. It will be wonderful to have it for all to see next year in Sardinia!"



FELIPE TORRES

Managing Editor, *KronoScope*

"2024 was a year full of political and economic turbulences globally. The academia in Chile has not yet been directly hit by those colossal forces, but the atmosphere mirrors the worry. My personal duties were crossed by this international milieu but still very apart from it as well. I teach my students a course on 'Sociology and Time' at the undergraduate level and one on 'Space, time and society' at the Master level, and both were very well received. We tried to focus on the exquisite tradition of many authors on time issues while trying to leave behind the world preoccupation. My goal this year is to consolidate this time teaching agenda at the Department. And oh, yes, in October I will give my first Keynote at the Universität Tübingen (Germany). I was invited to give a talk on my temporal regimes book addressing the temporalities of the global north and global south in a comparative fashion. The keynote will take place at the final Conference 'Situating Transitions' from the Cooperative Research Group 'Doing Transitions' (Goethe University of Frankfurt and Eberhard Karls University of Tübingen)."



RAJI STEINECK

Immediate Past President

"2024 was in many respects a year of thresholds. Most importantly workwise, I put the final touches on my monograph *Zen Time: Dōgen's Uji in Context*, scheduled to appear in fall 2025 with SUNY Press, and prepared the edited volume *Time in Medieval Japan*—containing, among others, contributions by fellow ISST members Daniela Tan and Simone Müller—for peer review. I also wrote an article on Dōgen's view of time for the renown Japanese magazine *Shisō* ("Thought"). Besides, Andreas Thier and I resumed our work on an article concerning the modality of time in law. Last but not least, I supported my daughter as she graduated from high school and my wife as she completed her dissertation and doctoral exams—both their achievements made me incredibly proud."



ANDREAS THIER

At-Large Member

"In 2024, I attempted to analyze the relationship between time and law from a legal-theoretical perspective and formulated the thesis of the 'broad presence of law.' This perspective is also one of the starting points for my book project 'Legal Times in Europe 1450-1750,' for which I am currently an Advanced Fellow at the Historisches Kolleg in Munich. In particular, I have focused on the study of legally regulated time regimes, such as the reform of the Gregorian calendar in 1582. Another focus has been the perception of "the future" in early modern European legal culture, particularly in the context of insurance and the rise of time bargains on the major European exchanges. I am looking forward to taking a deeper dive into the legal culture of time and temporality in early modern Europe over the next few months."



JO ALYSON PARKER

At-Large Member

"I continue to serve as an at-large member of the ISST Council. This past year has been particularly stimulating as the council has been working on plans for the 2026 Triennial Conference in Sardinia. I also continue to work on my narrative and time project, including preparing a proposal for the conference. I am serving on the editorial board of the Anthem Impact in Cultural History series. Much of my energy this past year has been serving on the communications team and the Uplift Democracy and Voting working group for Third Act, an organization started by climate-activist Bill McKibben to get older Americans involved in helping build a more sustainable future and to promote democracy. We went into overdrive this past year to try to combat the threats to both the climate and democracy, and, although we did not achieve the results that we had hoped for, we did record some small victories."

MARTIN SCHEUREGGER

At-Large Member

"My most important work in 2024 was becoming a dad for the second time! My wife and I now have two little ones, born two years apart (to the week!), which keeps us busy. Professionally, however, I finished work on a major artistic research project—'Score: Mechanical Asynchronicity'—with a limited-edition vinyl release and short book, alongside further performances and online material. I also secured a book contract for a monograph on the music of British composer George Benjamin, whose work I spoke about at the LA conference back in 2019: this is due in 2026, so 2025 will be busy. I was promoted to Associate Professor (the title doesn't necessary translate internationally!) and continue to research and teach in areas related to contemporary classical music, time and more at the University of Lincoln (UK, not Nebraska!)."



EMILY DICARLO

Communications Officer

"Looking back, last year, I exhibited my first solo exhibition, *Tenuous Systems* (*Systèmes fragiles*), at the Karsh-Masson Gallery as part of the City of Ottawa Public Art Program in Canada. This show was the culmination of years of research into time-keeping infrastructures and the atomic clocks that contribute to Coordinated Universal Time. I was pleased to learn that my experimental book project, *we imitate sleep to dream of dissent* (2023) won "Best Entire Book Design Award" from Applied Arts Magazine. I also had the pleasure of being interviewed by the Art Uncovered podcast, where I discussed time, rest, and the demands of late capitalism. I am preparing now for two solo exhibitions (New York City, USA and Quebec City, Canada) in 2025."



PAUL HARRIS

At-Large Member

"I enjoyed working on several time-related projects this year. I delivered keynote addresses at two conferences where I was also able to produce complementary installations. For a conference on "Time" convened by the Pacific Association for Continental Tradition at Loyola Marymount University (Los Angeles), I curated an art exhibit called "A Library For The Time Beings." The exhibit featured work by students in a seminar I taught inspired by Ruth Ozeki's *A Tale for the Time Being*, as well as displays of ISST-related materials from the J.T. Fraser archive held at LMU. I hope that several members of this interesting organization will join us in Sardinia! For a conference on "Aesthetics in a Time of Turmoil: Art and Ecology" King's College, University of Western, London, Ontario, I designed a rock sculpture in the university's community garden. It was a pleasure to contribute stone displays to California Aiseki Kai's annual Viewing Stones Show at the Huntington Library and Gardens in Pasadena, California, including "Telluric Time-Ripples," a dramatically folded boulder of metamorphosed gneiss that epitomizes the sheer force of the San Andreas Fault shear zone."

ALISTAIR BOWDEN

At-Large Member

"My year began with a wonderfully stimulating sabbatical. I began developing a project to bring together my old geological research, with my current organizational research. I took the embryonic results to the (distinctly hot) Fourth Colloquium on Philosophy and Organization Studies in Cyprus in June and the (distinctly cooler) Standing Conference on Organizational Symbolism in Newcastle upon Tyne – the reception from both sets of attendees was thought provoking. I also took a paper about the way in which leaders use their organization's history (and the way in which an organization's history uses its leaders), to the Strategic Management Society annual conference in Istanbul. I continue my temporal work on the way in which organizational strategy, as well as ways departing into a fictional future, is also always arriving from a more factual past."



KronoScope

Journal for the Study of Time

Editor-in-Chief: Felipe Torres

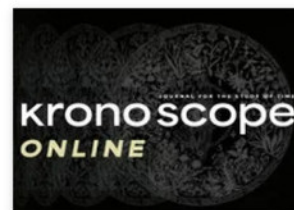
Time bears a unique and direct pertinence to all human concerns. Time is a fundamental feature of the physical universe, of the life process, of the functions of the mind, and of collective behaviour. Time is an all-pervasive, intimate and immediate part of human experience. Time has been the subject of much study and debate in the arts, the sciences, the social and behavioral sciences and the humanities.

Since 1966, the International Society for the Study of Time (ISST) has been providing a framework for an interdisciplinary dialogue about the nature of time. KronoScope, edited by an international board of scholars, carries forward the work of ISST. It offers a forum for the cross-fertilization of scholarly and scientific study about the nature of time as seen from a range of perspectives and disciplines. As a journal, it can accommodate the expanding concerns of the global community in search of understanding and meaning. *KronoScope* invites critical contributions from all disciplines.

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Language: English

ISSN: 1568-5241

Print ISSN: 1567-715x

Publisher: Brill

2025: Volume 25, in 2
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TIMEFULNESS

A CONVERSATION BY TOM HOFFMAN & JO PARKER

Marcia Bjornerud's *Timefulness: How Thinking Like a Geologist Can Save the World* (Princeton UP, 2018) "offers a new way of thinking about our place in time, showing how our everyday lives are shaped by processes that vastly predate us, and how our actions today will in turn have consequences that will outlast us by generations" (book jacket blurb). Tom Hoffman spent the largest part of his career with the Service Employees International Union fighting for rights for janitors, healthcare workers, and public workers. He ended his career with stints at Clean Water Action and the Sierra Club. Jo Parker is a Professor Emerita of English at Saint Joseph's University and a long-time member of the ISST. Both are members of Third Act, a group started by climate activist Bill McKibben for seniors who are working to protect our planet and democracy. In the following interchange, Tom and Jo discuss their reactions to the book.

Tom: This has been one of my favorite books the last few years. I learned about it when I heard Bjornerud speaking about it on a Long Now podcast. She does a fantastic job of outlining the history of our planet. I'm in awe of all the incredibly unlikely things that happened in its 4.5 billion years of history that led to...me. It truly is a wonder we are here at all. The flip side is that it is all so fragile—it could all go away. We are not guaranteed the conditions we enjoy now. It makes me really sad to see the damage we've done in my lifetime alone. For example, the planet has its own way of regulating CO2 in the atmosphere with weathering of rocks and locking that CO2 away as (calcite). The system works over thousands of years, but it can't keep up with all the fossil fuels we are burning. The excess just ends up in our atmosphere. The Keeling curve with its steady upward slope and climate change are the result. Some cultures, unlike our American culture, have recognized that we are so out of balance. Bjornerud's description of the native American practice of survivance and their fights to save our environment—despite centuries of mistreatment by the American government—is a tragic irony. Jo—those were some of my initial big takeaways. What were your thoughts?

Jo: Tom, what struck you about the book is such an important point: humanity's unlikely development over earth's 4.5 billion years—and the damage we've done to our planet despite the miniscule amount of time we've spent on it. This past summer I had the pleasure of hearing Marcia Bjornerud in conversation with Maikin Scott (on our local public television station) at the Academy of Natural Sciences here in Philly. When I saw the announcement, I must admit that I hadn't heard of Bjornerud before, but the title of the presentation—"Reading the Rocks: How Geology Tells the Earth's Story"—immediately caught my attention, particularly in light of recent ISST conference presentations that have been focusing on geological matters and the Anthropocene. I found myself scrawling down significant phrases on the Q&A notecard I'd been given: for example, "Rocks are not nouns but verbs"; they are "time travelers" and "story-tellers." I was so inspired by the talk that I picked up *Timefulness*. Once again, her title caught my attention (she seems to be good at that), and as I read what she meant by the term, I began to understand the meaning of her subtitle, *How Thinking Like a Geologist Can Help Save the World*. *Timefulness*, according to Bjornerud, constitutes "a clear-eyed view of our view of our place in Time, both the past that came long before us and the future that will elapse without us" (17). It's such a great concept and such a useful term.

Tom: Oh, I am so jealous. I would love to see her in person—she's a real

rock star (sorry—couldn't resist). One of the other parts of her book that I really loved was her takedown of the 'Elon Musks' of the world. They are so entitled and brimming with hubris that they think they can recreate a living planet out of Mars. Bjornerud correctly points out that they have absolutely no understanding of the 4.5 billion year process it took to get here. We can't take care of the one planet in the Universe we know harbors life. Why would we think we could make another one? However, it seems like the current "Orange" administration has decided that Musk will have a lot of clout (at least for a bit) over many things—stealing from the Treasury Department, summarily dismissing civil service employees, etc.—so whether he's clueless or not about the environment is now irrelevant.

Because of my organizing background, I immediately jump to, "Well, so now that we know this information about earth, what are we gonna DO about it?" Unfortunately, I doubt we can give a copy of the book to everyone in the country. I do think that organizations like ours, Third Act, are going to have to play in an increasing role in fighting back against the onslaught. People of our age (and hair color) have a lifetime of experience to offer. During the election campaign I was struck by how little any of the candidates talked about the climate. The silence was particularly striking given how the weather has apparently gone off the rails. As an environmentalist, I think we have to take some responsibility for that. We have to ask ourselves if what we are doing is working (doesn't seem to be) and what we can do differently. The chance to do that is one of the things that draws me to Third Act. With so many folks of our age and hair color, we should be able to build the power to get climate back to the table.

Jo: Tom, I agree that's frustrating that catastrophic climate change wasn't addressed during the campaign, particularly as I think it would have struck a note with young voters. As the recent apocalyptic fires in California have shown us, catastrophic climate change is upon us. The current political landscape and the actual devastated landscapes we see make me more and more aware of the importance of the geological thinking that Bjornerud recommends: "Recognizing that our personal and cultural stories have always been embedded in larger, longer—and still elapsing—Earth stories might save us from environmental hubris" (178). Bjornerud tells a story of her own hubris when, trying to dislodge a delicate, "watermelon-colored" tourmaline crystal from an abandoned mine, she accidentally smashed it "with one errant blow" and realized "that in one avaricious second I had carelessly destroyed an exquisite thing that had witnessed a third of Earth's history" (128). I can't help but think that this story serves as a microcosm of the macrocosmic planetary destruction in which humanity is currently engaged because our greed trumps (pun intended) our care for our planet.

As Bjornerud points out, humanity has accelerated changes in Earth's history that ordinarily would take millions of years: "The magnitude of human-induced planetary changes, 'achieved' in less than a century, are equivalent are equivalent to those in the great mass extinctions that define other boundaries in geologic time. With the exception of the end-Cretaceous meteorite impact, however, those events unfolded over tens of thousands of years" (130). We certainly need to decelerate. Bjornerud has sounded an alarm. As humanity continues to pursue present-day gain and convenience at the expense of our future, the idea of embracing timefulness particularly resonates with me. I think it would resonate with the ISST community as well.

Green Point, Gros Morne National Park, Newfoundland. This spot has been designated by the national Commission on Stratigraphy to mark the boundary between the Cambrian (541 million years ago) and Ordovician (508 millions years ago) periods. The site may inspire a sense of timefulness. PHOTO COURTESY JO PARKER

TIMESMITHS ASSEMBLE

CHLOE GARCIA ROBERTS



REPRINT FROM ECOTONE Issue 36 | 19.2



In order to reach the conference of the International Society for the Study of Time in Yamaguchi, Japan, I would take a taxi from my home in the Blue Hills to the Boston airport, board a short flight to New York, claim my bag and take an airport tram from one terminal to another, where, after waiting several hours in an eerily empty first-class lounge I had finagled entrance to (my first experience of a completely unmonitored open bar, which I did not partake of owing to the rest of the journey to follow), I would board a thirteen-hour flight to Tokyo. From there, once the local subway system opened for the day, I took a train to the closest Shinkansen, or bullet train, station, where I accidentally headed straight to the narrow platform way too early instead of waiting in the waiting area and so, trapped, spent several hours walking back and forth, looking at the fashion of fellow travelers, and watching the rain through the gaps in the building (thank god for onigiri), before finally getting on the fastest bullet train to Yamaguchi, making my way outside in the now-torrential rain to the lone taxi in the queue, somehow conveying my destination to the driver, and heading off to my business hotel. I would arrive one day later on the calendar than when I left, a little over thirty-four hours' travel time in total, though this is a calculation removed from the timeline as it includes time I never experienced, time that was lost to me though I was promised repeatedly it would be returned when I went home again.

I applied to attend this conference while in the bowels of the pandemic, when leaving my neighborhood felt like a fantastical proposition, much less the possibility of presenting my own ruminations on memory and its texture in Japan to a council of timesmiths (the honorific used in all official conference correspondence). At the time, in an attempt to ford that viscous and untethered moment, I had set myself the task of reembodying dissipated and fleeting memories through writing to see if they could ultimately be reinhabited. The template I used for these experiments in lexical alchemy was a tiny bottle of blackberry cordial made from berries from the summer before, given to me years ago by a friend in what was the loneliest winter of my life. When I opened the bottle on a cold, dark Maine night, the smell and then the taste from that

repurposed nip of winey color was of blackberries, yes, but then behind that, a swathe of long summer grass, and behind that, the cold stone brine of the Atlantic, and behind that, an atmosphere of conifer tang lashed with the bright clock-whirr songs of the redwinged blackbird, and behind that, behind the thinnest shatter of dried ocean salt, wondrously, was me, and the smell of my sun-warmed skin. That bottle was the complete recreation of a unit of time opening into another time. It was a miracle. It was time travel.

I was presenting two short talks at the conference on the results of these writing experiments, two reenactments of the undulating and twisting form of a complete memory. What defines a complete memory, you ask? Well, I know the ending edge is marked by the thought and the desire that I must preserve this, burrow myself deeper into it, knit myself to the moment so completely so as to be able to visit it, recall it, relive it whenever I want. And the beginning, well, I've found that's more a question of artistic license. As evidenced by a fact I would learn from a fellow timesmith at the conference: that the start of the cherry blossom season in Japan is marked by the first moment that five blossoms coexist in synchronous bloom. In the present of her presentation, I was not given the reason for this specific number. Beginning is a construct; for the sake of the argument, it only matters that there is one.

Within the first few minutes of walking into the welcome ceremony held the Sunday before the conference began, I talked with perfect strangers about the preposterousness of imposing modern narrative on the flow of medieval time, fixing images in photography, time and space in the Japanese language, indigenous clock makers and their role in the globalization of standard time, the temporal markers of ambient sound in recordings, the drive of addiction as a shaper of the experience of the past and the present in digital media, and the heady cocktail of constant rain and jet lag. In all these conversations, I noticed that where talk would typically stop or veer off, perhaps cued by the glazing over of a converser's eyes, I could simply continue. It was an entirely new

sensation, small talk as deep talk, and after an hour, perhaps compounded by the time change, my brain was lurching. Then we were herded into a conference room to face the press, where we had our photos taken like visiting dignitaries for the local paper, and then we piled into a bus and headed off to tour the local sites.

Our first stop was to the Rurikoji Temple. I ascended the hill from the parking lot to the temple in the company of a Bostonian classicist while we discussed, as all Bostonians must, the duration and modes of our specific commutes. The temple flanks one of the most famous pagodas in Japan, but it was closed for restoration, so we made our way to the entrance where a statue of Kannon, the goddess of mercy, stood holding a naked new baby in one hand and an empty, overturned vessel in the other, the span of her arms embracing both a beginning and an ending. Behind the shrine was a steep hill that I was directed to climb by a Swiss Japanologist in heels who would later give a talk on temporal mapping. The path up the hill devolved from a large gravel path to a smaller one, to a series of stepping stones, to packed dirt, and then to wood chips, along which, for two switches farther up in the forest, stood a row of small stone heads, buried up to their shoulders, faces both worn and sharp, each wearing bright red, newly knitted caps. They were statue representatives, every one corresponding to a lost or almost lost child, and they radiated both the sweetness of children and the impassive mysteriousness of the dead. I stood alone with them, suddenly aware of the compound eye of their presence, when someone else, a Western lit scholar, as in the Old West, and his partner came walking around the corner. The moment broke and I was free to head back down the hill again.

An outdoor Noh performance sponsored by Seiko was next on the agenda, the heat slowly unsweltering as breezes came down from the mountains and cooled us as we watched. The acoustics of the place were witchy in their intimacy, and the low resonance of the performers' voices reflected richly against the most glowing cedar I'd ever seen. I didn't read the summary of the play provided beforehand, so I was immediately lost. But by that point, I had begun to enjoy the lostness, as I had also begun to enjoy my muteness in this place where I had no language skills. When you are this uncomprehendingly lost, you have no defined direction for your attention, so it wanders, flits from the folds of a costume to the actions of the crew, to circling swallows, the movements of the drummers, the billowing silk curtain the performers appear through, the surprising smallness of the masks, the way a voice can both submit to and rage against the control of the Noh singer.

Before dinner, we walked through another shrine, this one built in an ancient grove splashed in a creamy neon moss. I wove my way through the timeworn, empty wooden buildings in the company of a Colombian scholar of Latin American colonial history who regaled me with stories about the role of Mexico in the birth of global time. He told me about how he had still felt the imprint of Mexico's connection to the Philippines, as the destination point of the silver-bearing galleons, just days before when he had stopped over in Manila for twenty-four hours and eaten chicharrón.

As a result of the time difference, I was able to wake up early in Japan, which meant the days were longer. There was, for the first time in a long time—I am a mother—enough time. Time to think. Which was helpful as the conference opened with a barrage of the thickest time theory: a dissection of time's composition into strata ranging from the quantum to the experienced; turns, umwelts and arrows; chronography and the Anthropocene; redefinition of the second; lattice clocks; and the historical seeds of Japan's cultural embrace of clocks and timekeeping. Lunch was in the university cafeteria hall, where I asked the scholar who had sliced into time like a layer cake if she thought any diagram of strata could be an opportunity for a palimpsest, which she mulled over while we held out our plastic trays for thick-cut noodles and stewed eggplant, before she acknowledged that there is some confirmation that our perceptual world, our Umwelt, could affect its bordering umwelts and not just be affected by them, but that's as definitive as she could confidently be. Then an accidental wandering through an animal research facility with a passel of historians, an intended shoeless

wandering by myself through a video exhibition by fellow presenters, and an exhausted walk home under light eddies of Japanese bats.

The second day of the conference was harder; I woke up at 4:30 and couldn't keep my eyes closed anymore, my body apparently still approaching Japanese time. At breakfast I ran into an artist also staying at the hotel, and we sat shoulder to shoulder at a table pushed up against the window, talking in hushed tones about our insecurities over a breakfast of velvety fish organs as the low cloud layer slowly peeled itself off the roofs of Yamaguchi to reveal an array of hulking green hills looming over us.

Each of the talks that day was small, condensed masses of information, sixteen of them in total at twenty minutes each, on topics including Uighur song, mestizo time, incense clocks, and temporal taboos against women in medieval Japan. Most of the presentations at the conference were given by a speaker in attendance, but a significant number were prerecorded and replayed. The shift between the live and not live was jarring, past to present and back to the past again. A talk not performed in the present of its intended audience thwarts the illusion of a shared experience—after all, it has already happened—and after the pandemic with all its isolation I have little tolerance for such separation. To witness and not accompany depresses me, it seems like a waste of time. I slipped out of the conference and, on my way back, made a detour through the 7-Eleven next to my hotel, where I discovered an eye mask that heats up and releases a rose scent when put on, as well as a pickled vegetable onigiri that I had somehow overlooked on my many other stops to this miraculous store, flecks of purple perilla plumping the rice.

On the third day, we took a break from time and boarded a bus south to the tip of Honshu, the main island, where we gathered under our umbrellas and looked across the straits of Shimonoseki. Using a doll-sized microphone attached to a belt amplifier, our tour guide told us of battles waged centuries ago out on the rainy, rushing water and of the defeated child emperor who, folded in the embrace of his grandmother, dove out of this life into another. Then we walked as a group across the street and made the climb to the child's shrine.

The shrine felt layered, both new and ancient, near and far, and no one was surprised to find out that it had been rebuilt after the bombings. This doubling effect was amplified by the Noh singer from earlier in the week, who had joined our trip in a last-minute surprise, and who was given entrance to the waterfilled turquoise sanctum of the temple, where he knelt and then sang a song for us that belonged to one of the men who drowned themselves so long ago in the rushing water at our backs. Then, over plates and plates of fatty fish from a restaurant next to a fish market, second only to Tokyo which is second to none, we talk about the business of academia: finding a position, grant applications, the penury of graduate school, students, teaching, dreams and bitterness. The afternoon ended with a stroll through a nearby park erected on a former bomb blast site of gently rolling hills that I can only describe as looking like what I imagine the Scottish moors would look like if they were in Japan. On the ride back home through the unbroken rain, the bus was filled with the sounds of tires hushing against the wet highway and sleepy, whispered conversations, the cultural quietness seeping into the North Americans, the Europeans, the South Americans while a backdrop of the most exquisite landscape unfurled and unfurled around us, drawing us deeper into the Japanese sublime.

On the fourth day, my husband arrived, and after a morning of talks on campus, I rushed back to the hotel to meet him in the lobby. I embraced him and it was immediately clear that we were existing in two different times in the same place, he having just completed the same gauntlet I had a few days before. He was here but not yet now. Because it was the first rainless day of my time in Yamaguchi, I wanted to show him around town, but the sun's July strength was prodigious, and it took all our energy to walk even a few blocks. My husband was quickly eclipsed. The only solution for our asynchronicity was time, so I bought him takeaway at a restaurant that could be best described as a Japanese Denny's and ordered him to the hotel room for food and sleep while I

walked back to the conference now that the sun had lowered a bit.

A fact that was brought up repeatedly throughout the talks was that time is two-sided. It has an internal side and an external side. "Time felt, time understood," in the words of the conference's Hungarian philosopher founder, J.T. Fraser. On the morning of that fourth day, a Floridian sociologist presented a talk about the sensation of time in prison that he cowrote with a prisoner, explaining how the American system affects the prisoner's sense of time by both undermining and enshrining it, imposing a schedule on the human so rigid as to be both a bludgeon and a backbone, something one longs to escape and something that one cannot survive without. In a sick trick, the ever-faithful current of time is subverted from healing all wounds and instead becomes a weapon. That evening there was a speech in the cafeteria on phenology, the study of cyclic natural phenomena, and I drank a beer as I learned about how the butterflies and the blossoms are slowly drifting apart in their harmonious rhythms. Using the example of an annual campaign of butterfly counting in the United Kingdom, our speaker highlighted the ridiculousness of humans trying to account for this drift according to days on the Gregorian calendar instead of by using their own senses to notice the slow sliding of natural cycles (she pointed out that the butterflies do eventually arrive, just too late for the armies of volunteer counters, and dangerously late for the flowers). I drank another Asahi Super "Dry" and thought this delayed communion was simultaneously hopeful and the saddest thing I'd heard, two organisms made to convene slowly sheering off into different time zones.

I opened the last day of the conference by presenting two lyric lectures on time phenomena and mounting an argument for time travel through translation. I felt emptied out afterward, as I do every time I read. At the coffee break following my panel, I stood by myself until the president of the society walked over and shared a story that my talks had resurfaced in him, the story of the long night of his daughter's birth, how while his wife recovered in sleep, the two of them, father and daughter, looked at each other, built a corridor between their eyes, and walked that gazy span until the morning. At lunch with a Roman history scholar, I talked about the piece I'd read about the door that my daughter opened in me when brushing my hair for the first time, and the scholar told me about a similar wormhole she experienced brushing her mother's hair after her death. We both turned and talked about neutrinos with a visual artist who was experimenting with various ways to converse with the non-human. A literary scholar sitting next to me, visibly suffering from the sleeplessness, rued the jetlag which had been, and continued to be, debilitating, even though the trip was over for him and he was due home the next day.

The musicians all presented in the afternoon, and the music and the graphics about it, both equally pleasing and impenetrable, were the perfect end to the conference. There was a wistfulness about the notations they shared with us, quantitative renderings of the qualitative. One speaker presented us with a piece of music and then proceeded to show us its underside, how it was actually a pattern of silences sewn together by tendons of sound.

Back to the hotel, then back out to a banquet at a grander hotel down the main street. The lights were just coming on in the rain, and on our walk there they glowed in the gloaming. A variety of small and beautiful dishes were already set out on the tables when we entered. There was a snafu with eating a shrimp's head. I took a break to film a short segment for the local tourism agency, praising the city and selling it as an ideal place to hold a conference. I was prompted by the cameraman to talk about the onsen but the truth was I hadn't fully experienced the hot springs as I had been having my time of the month that whole week, and had only braved the spring-fed footbaths because of it. In trying to ascertain what the rules were about bathing in the onsen, I discovered there were several other women in the group facing the same quandary as me, and though statistics would say that of course there would be several women in a group of such size menstruating simultaneously, I was touched by the fact that in a conference on time we were, as a small group, inhabiting our own shared corporeal moment.

The banquet hall was rented for a set period, and amenities and then people began disappearing as we neared that horizon. There were hands grasped; emails, gifts, and goodbyes exchanged; awed acknowledgements made of the magic that could be fully seen only now that it was ending. There were promises to come next time. There was a steadfast crew gathering to stave off goodbyes a little longer with karaoke around the corner. In the rising silence of the emptying room, I felt the tides of my life pulling, a swelling choral call of things that needed attending that I had left behind to be there—everything before me in the near future I would have to arrange, organize, and respond to, and my faraway children like twin sopranos slicing through the din. This brief reprieve was over. It was time to leave.



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The Study of Time

The nature of time has haunted humanity through the ages. Some conception of time has always entered into humanity's ideas about mortality and immortality, and permanence and change, so that concepts of time are of fundamental importance in the study of religion, philosophy, literature, history, and mythology. How humanity experiences time physiologically, psychologically and socially enters into the research of the behavioral sciences, and time as a factor of structure and change is an essential consideration in the biological and physical sciences. On one aspect or another, the study of time cuts across all disciplines. The International Society for the Study of Time has as its goal the interdisciplinary and comparative study of time:

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ISSN: 0170-9704

Publisher: Brill

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VISUALIZING TIME

A RECENT SURVEY OF TIME-FOCUSED ART



Facciamo casa dentro la festa del mondo.
Fili e picchetti sono l'alfabeto minimo
Che portiamo nel giorno.

Mistero altissimo della tenda:
Abitare il transito.

Niente regge. Niente dura.
Niente tiene se non lo stupore.

CURATED BY ANTONELLA SBRILLI & LAURA LEUZZI



PIETRO RUFFO

The last marvelous minute

Pietro Ruffo (Rome, 1978) is interested in visualizing geographical and urban space, time in its minute and epochal scans, the paths of humankind on the planet, the scale of primordial forests and the hortus conclusus of a garden. An exceptional summation of these abilities of Ruffo, and of his interest in the fate of living beings and the planet in which they co-evolve, has been the exhibition entitled *The Last Marvelous Minute* (Rome, Palazzo delle Esposizioni, October 2024-February 2025), curated together with Sébastien Delot. The title connects to a passage by archaeologist and paleontologist Rebecca Wragg Sykes, in which the twelve-month metaphor serves to visualize the moment of Homo Sapiens' arrival on the scene: if dinosaurs appear around Christmas, humans appear "a few minutes before the New Year's fireworks." The exhibition was divided into different environments (*Le Monde Avant la Création de l'Homme*, *The Last Marvelous Minute*, *De Hortus*, *Anthropocene Prehistory*, *The Planetary Garden*) that present pictures of multiple sizes and shapes, and a video installation realized in collaboration with Noruwei, in which prehistory, the present and the future are linked in a single stratified horizon. The large wall canvases reproduce primordial forests in azure blue azulejos, and dialogue with the cartographic technique of the hanging works, in which excerpts of the city of Rome are interpolated with visions of the distant past and the future. These works are the result of the artist's deep interdisciplinary research on the dimensions of time, based on a lot of readings, including Gaia Vince and Camille Flammarion, Peter Wohlleben and Jack Repcheck *The Man Who Found Time: James Hutton and the Discovery of Earth's Antiquity*.

ABOVE
The last marvelous minute, 2024.
Installation view.

RIGHT TOP
The last marvelous minute, 2024.
Installation view.

RIGHT BOTTOM
The last marvelous minute, 2023.
Oil and cutouts on paper laid on
canvas. 29 x 36 cm.
ALL IMAGES COURTESY
ARTIST / PHOTO CREDITS
GIORGIO BENNI

PREVIOUS PAGE
Alessandro Pasero & Giorgio
Maria Cornelio, *Circo*, 2024.
Print. 42 x 29 x 7 cm (A3 sheet)



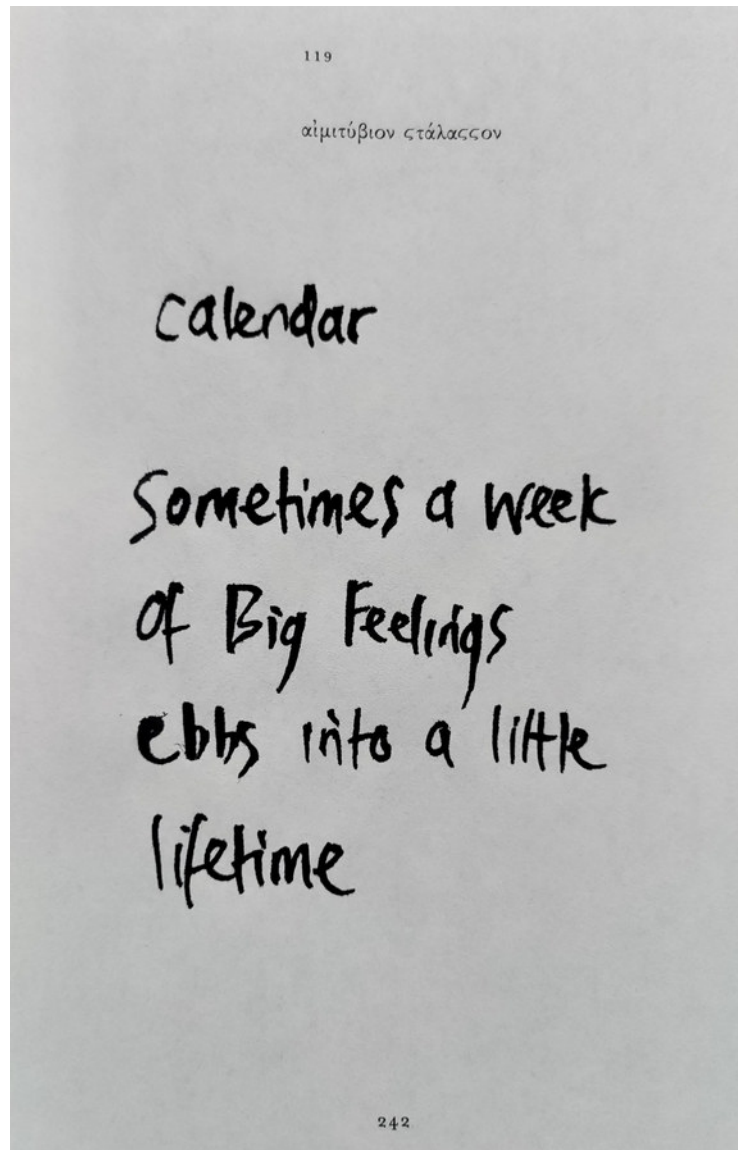


ALESSANDRO PASERO GIORGIOMARIA CORNELIO *Circo (Circus from "Building a Home")*

The project is part of a collective initiative called "Building a Home," curated by Francesco Iacovino: a calendar consisting of 12 works, one for each month, created by draftsmen, writers, architects, researchers, or simply authors in the broadest sense, working in groups of two. Within this framework, Alessandro Pasero was paired with Giorgia Maria Cornelio and commissioned to work in June. The result was *Circo (Circus)* – featuring a drawing by Pasero and a poetic composition by Cornelio that grew out of our reflection on living today, which is often nomadic and temporary living. A circus, then, as a nomadic home, is the architecture of an unconventional community. A nomadic and temporary domesticity that should be celebrated over and over, a reflection on a transient space and a shifting time where everything is passing and changing and "nothing lasts."

"We build our home inside the feast of this world. / Ropes and stakes are the minimal alphabet / That we carry into the day. / The high(est) mystery of the tent: living in transit. / Nothing supports. Nothing endures. Nothing holds except amazement." (Poem translated by Elena Remigi)

Circo, 2024. From *Circus*, part of "Building a Home." Printed 2025 calendar featuring "June 2024." Edited by Francesco Iacovino. 42 x 29 x 7 cm (A3 sheet). COURTESY ARTIST



ALEC FINLAY

Calendar

Calendar, found book
page, ink
20x12.5 cm

This piece is from the daily poems that Edinburgh-based artist and poet Alec Finlay publishes on Substack, as dailies:

"As they relate to a daily practice of writing and art-making the themes of the poems are often rooted in the passage of time, whether that is personal events, the news, or the seasons."

This piece, painted in January 2025, is from the collection *If not, Winter, Fragments of Sappho*, translated and edited by the renowned poet and classicist Anne Carson—a new translation of the work of Sappho, paired with the original Greek fragment that Finlay painted at the top of the page.



MOIRA RICCI

20.12.53-10.08.04

The title of this exhibition, and of all the photographs presented in it, are entrusted to two strings of numbers 20.12.53-10.08.04, that reveal to be the date of the birth and of the death of the artist's mother Lorian, born on the twentieth of December of a year in the mid-20th century and prematurely died on the tenth of August of 2004. Moira Ricci (Orbetello, 1977) uses photography to virtually approach her departed mother. In her works, she digitally manipulates a series of photographs depicting her mother Lorian, one for each year of her life, inserting herself within each of them as an anachronistic witness, an anticipated presence, a traveler along the timeline. The work, awarded by the Italian Plan for Contemporary Art 2021, was made between 2004 and 2014. Collected in an artist's volume that alludes to a family album (*Corraini* 2023), the photographs, as Roberta Valtorta writes, activate "a process of taking possession of Lorian's entire life, from birth to death, as the title of the work declares. And for this operation to be true to the end, Moira dresses, combs her hair, does her makeup, and carefully poses in the manner required by the fashions of the various eras of her mother's life." In the website of the Museum of Contemporary Photography (MuFoCo, Cinisello Balsamo), it is possible to see a core of these powerful insertions, in which the artist places her self-portraits side by side with her mother, observing her inside the house, outdoors, with friends and relatives, alone, leaning out at times, always turning toward her figure. "The careful and meticulous work of sampling, camouflage, and post production transforms the starting family photograph into a contemporary work in deep dialogue between memory and time." (source: <https://mufoco.org/mostramoiraricci/>).

ABOVE
20.12.53-10.08.04 (brothers
and cousin)
13.37 x 20 cm

TOP RIGHT
20.12.53-10.08.04 (fede mom
and gigio at monte amiata)
20 x 30 cm

BOTTOM RIGHT
20.12.53-10.08.04 (mom and
dad at the restaurant) 25 x 30
cm

ALL IMAGES COURTESY
ARTIST / MUSEUM OF
CONTEMPORARY
PHOTOGRAPHY,
CINISELLO BALSAMO
(May 26 - October 13, 2024)



SPOTLIGHT

MEMBERS OF THE INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF TIME

CHLOE GARCIA ROBERTS

Fire Eater: A Translator's Theology
co•im•press, 2024

Fire Eater: A Translator's Theology by Chloe Garcia Roberts presents an astonishing collection of poem-essays that seek to reveal firm footholds and guiding threads to lead readers—and the author herself—though the treacherous and often ill-lit forests of liminality. In essays covering language worship, translation as sacrament, the allusion of memory, and more, Garcia Roberts creates a cumulative argument across ten works of intensifying emotional registers: language is not only a medium for communicating knowledge but is itself a font of understanding. Churning with boundless heart, thought, and wild desire to plumb the depths of self and spirit in search of geneses, these essays develop their form through the interplay of memory, etymology, religion, and translation. Collectively, *Fire Eater* offers a beacon for spiritual seekers and linguaphiles alike: a divination with the dictionary that is at once an invocation to unravel the complex knots of our in betweenness and an antidote to our despair.

MARIA STOICESCU & MICHAEL G. FLAHERTY

"Tinder and Time Work Through the Lens of Gender: Temporal Agency, Technology, and Intimacy." *Social Psychology Quarterly* 87:421-439.

Time work has served as part of the conceptual framework for research that explores the connection between agency and temporal experience. We advance this line of inquiry by asking how temporal agency is refracted through the lens of gender when people use the Tinder dating app. Our analysis is based on 44 semi-structured interviews with Tinder users in Romania conducted between 2019 and 2022. Tinder is designed to promote a fast-paced dating dynamic, but our findings show that people customize various dimensions of their temporal experience including duration, frequency, sequence, timing, allocation, and stealing time. Users strive to develop temporal tactics that suit their dating aims while typically adhering to gendered expectations.



GITTE VANDBORG, LOTTE MEINERT, MICHAEL G. FLAHERTY

"Time and ADHD in Danish Families: Mutual Affect Through Rhythm." *Medical Anthropology* 43:626-640

Based on fieldwork in Danish families living with ADHD, we expand on Nielsen's insight that ADHD is experienced as a state of desynchronization by showing how family members' rhythms mutually affect each other. We argue that ADHD is not only a biological and psychiatric condition, but also a temporal and socially responsive phenomenon. The intensity of ADHD is influenced by mutual affect in families and by general life circumstances. Families constitute bodily networks through which sensations, moods, rhythms, and practices spread and are passed down through generations. Yet families use various time work strategies to manage rhythm affect.

ELIZABETHA LEVIN

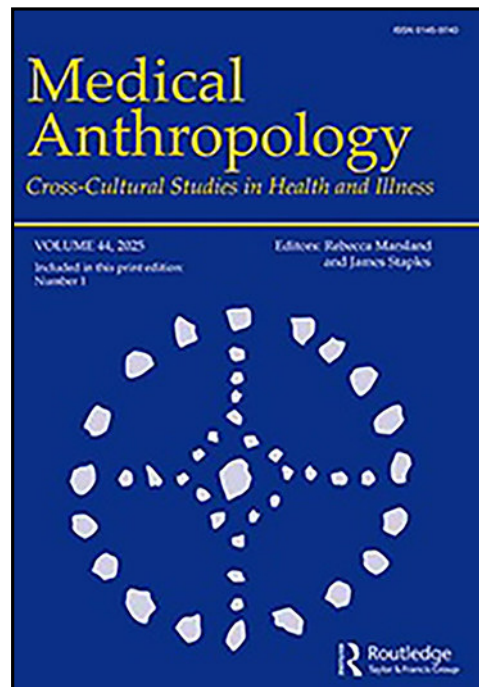
13th Nobel Congress, October 2024
"The Growing Importance of Temporology in
Nobelistics: A New Perspective on Human
Understanding"

The 13th Nobel Congress, held online in October 2024, marked a significant step for temporology. This interdisciplinary event, focused on the Nobel Prizes and the Nobel movement, brought together experts from various fields, including physics, chemistry, medicine, literature, and temporology — the study of time, particularly as it relates to human experience and behavior. The increasing attention to temporology at these events reflects a growing recognition of its potential to provide new insights into creativity, conflict, and the human experience.

The Nobel movement, under the leadership of Professor V.M. Tyutyunnik, cultivates a unique space for interdisciplinary dialogue. Its museum, publishing house, and library dedicated to Nobel laureates inspire young researchers globally and encourage innovative thinking within the Nobel movement. The inclusion of temporology in recent congresses, starting with the presentation on "Time, Elements, and the Phoenix Hour" in 2017, highlights the growing interest in this field. The subsequent presentation of the book "Cartography of Emotions" at the 2019 congress further solidified this interest, exploring the influence of birth dates and the classical elements of Fire, Earth, Air, and Water on emotional preferences. This approach, rooted in ancient wisdom and explored through a modern lens, offers a fresh perspective on the interplay between time, emotions, and human behavior.

The 2024 congress further established temporology's place in Nobelistics. The report "On the Origins and Horizons of Nobelistics" emphasized the connection between temporology and the historical context of Nobel Prize achievements. It highlighted how the interdisciplinary nature of the Nobel Prize helps bridge gaps between fields, fostering collaboration and accelerating recognition of pioneering work. This connection underscores the importance of understanding the temporal context of scientific and creative breakthroughs.

A key development at the 2024 congress was the presentation of research on "Multiplanetary Nobel Laureates in Literature." This research introduces the concept of "multiplanetarians" — exceptional individuals who demonstrate a consistent alignment with their birth-associated elemental predispositions. The study compared the worldviews of five multiplanetary Nobel laureates in literature, identifying their alignment with each of the four elements, and proposed methods for mapping the qualities of each element. The findings



suggest that these laureates often express their creativity in ways consistent with their birth dates and dominant elemental influences. This work reinforces previous findings and explores how temporal factors shape creative expression.

This research has the potential to unlock a deeper understanding of human nature. By exploring the temporal dimensions of personality and creativity, temporology offers a new lens for examining the motivations, behaviors, and conflicts that arise from different elemental predispositions. The research, based on measurable time (birth dates) and observable results such as the laureates' creative works and writings, provides a framework for exploring these complex relationships. The ability to analyze these influences opens possibilities for understanding individual differences and potentially mitigating conflicts arising from elemental misunderstandings.

Participants expressed hope that further exploration of temporological models will lead to a more balanced understanding of human personality. By consciously embracing the four-elemental model, individuals may gain greater self-awareness and develop more empathetic relationships. This understanding could be crucial in navigating interpersonal dynamics and resolving conflicts. Temporology, therefore, has the potential to contribute to a more harmonious society.

The 2024 Congress resolution underscored the growing importance of temporology and prenatal psychology by recognizing the promise these fields hold for future research. As we look forward to the XIV Nobel Congress in 2026, the anticipation for advancements in temporology is high. The field is poised to make significant contributions to our understanding of human creativity, behavior, and the relationship between time and human experience.

SARDINIA SUITE

A PERFORMANCE ESSAY BY SUSAN BANYAS



Voices

David Ornette Cherry
Don Cherry
Paul Harris
Julius Fraser
Robert Grudin
Louise Steinman
Kahil El'Zabar
Neneh Cherry

Music

David Cherry
Don Cherry
Ethnic Heritage Ensemble

Visuals

paintings and photography by Susan Banyas

In the dream, some years ago, I am trying to get to the top of the mountain, a big effort. My distinguished allies are with me to offer support. We are here, waiting for you. An African wild man and a Lithuanian scholar. When I wake up, I paint them. As the painting comes into being, my dream men become J.T. Fraser and David Ornette Cherry, Poets of Time.

The location of the 2026 International Society for the Study of Time conference in Sardinia prompted this piece, a sequel to "You Have to Dig It to Dig It, Remembering David Ornette Cherry." [1] David and I presented performances at two of the ISST conferences. But long before we met, the choreography of intersecting legacies was already in motion, like a music score, like a theory finding its way into being. A dream frames the action. The dance begins in Sardinia in 2008.

[1] International Society for the Study of Time, *Time's News* 53 (2022).

1 *In the Spirit of Don Cherry*
Sant'Anna Arresi Jazz 2008

David invited me to join him and his LA group—Justo Almario, Don Littleton, Ollie Elder Jr.—in Sardinia for the Don Cherry jazz festival. He wanted me to hear great jazz, train my ear, experience this music legacy of his adventuresome, innovative father, Don Cherry, the griot, who traveled the world to share and learn music, an ambassador of the *Organic Music Societies*. [2]

Sounds of cultures, through different instruments, in fresh combinations, in the amphitheater in the village square. One drummer sounds like eight, like an octopus drumming. *That's African*, David would say. *Beethoven was an African cat*, he would say.

The priest yelling at the musicians to stop the sound checks during mass, lavish lunch at a long table for a long time, limoncello for finale, diving into sparkling Mediterranean waves, ancient stone time music, wild, luminous tapestries by Moki Cherry, Don's wife, mother, creative partner, hanging in the church—angels, devils, animal spirits—all One.

This was our first encounter with the Chicago Ethnic Heritage Ensemble, led by Kahil El'Zabar, Corey Wilkes on trumpet, Ernest Dawkins on



saxophone, all multi-instrumentalists, a trio on a journey through soundscapes, places, times. David and I were struck by the energy and imagination of the group, akin to CODONA—Colin Walcott, DOn Cherry, and NAná Vasconcelos—the trio who came together for three albums in the early 1980's—a trio that inspired both of us profoundly, long before we knew each other. The trios mirrored each other, and Sardinia was the place of transmission.

[2] Lawrence Kumpf and Magnus Nygren, eds., *Organic Music Societies* (Brooklyn, NY: Blank Forms, 2022).

Don Cherry: "The inside is out, and the outside is too."
- Togo, from *Old and New Dreams*, 1979





Don Cherry: *The inside is out, and the outside is too.*
Togo, from *Old and New Dreams*, 1979



*The mother lode of arts and letters is dance. Music is
the audible dimension of dance...*
J. T. Fraser, "Time Felt, Time Understood,"
KronoScope 3, no. 1 (January 2003): 15-26.



2 **Time Piece**
Portland, Oregon, 1991

dance theatre trio w. electronic soundtrack, drumming, vocals, film. one hour exactly, timed each night to end at sunset.

The letter arrived on the letterhead, *International Society for the Study of Time* on thin paper, when we used typewriters and made carbon copies, from the *Founder*, J.T. Fraser.

I had sent him a packet – my visual script, text, video excerpts, and a request, as a choreographer, to join the society.

Dear Dr. Fraser;
Robert Grudin suggested I write to you about a theatre work I created... a lyrical response to the questions time poses... what is it? ...an interdisciplinary society to look at this mysterious subject is far-reaching...

Dear Ms. Banyas:
I enjoyed each and every item... lively play... warmth... articulation... courage... I can't say that I was able to assembler these pieces into a single, unitary statement. But that is beside the point...

Robert Grudin was the matchmaker.





"To honor memory we must free it," he writes in *Time and the Art of Living*. "Rather than consult it, we must listen for it. It will tell us unequivocally what matters."

His book, my bible while making *Time Piece*, is structured in a modular form, a choreography of moments, thoughts, feelings, scenes.

A Time Score.

I drove down to Eugene to meet him and shared a favorite quote from his book that he didn't remember writing. He drove up to Portland to see *Time Piece* and suggested I write to Julius Fraser about joining the Society of Time.

"Intimacy is to love what concentration is to work..." he writes. [3]
 "... a simultaneous drawing together of attention and release of energy."
 The Art of Life. The Society of Time. A choreographer's dream.

Julius sent my material to the membership committee to decide if I could join without a PhD. I was graciously admitted, and the journey began.

J.T. Fraser: *Poetry is dance mapped into words; prose is poetry changed to shuffle, walk, or run; painting, sculpture, and architecture are snapshots of dance steadied by meaning; film is dance, music, literature and painting in virtual reality...every encounter with the mother lode entices us to scan our store of thoughts and feelings.*[4]



[3] Robert Grudin, *Time and the Art of Living* (New York: Tichnor and Fields, 1982), 56.

[4] J. T. Fraser, "Time Felt, Time Understood," *KronoScope* 3, no. 1 (January 2003): 15-26.





3 *Relativity Suite* Dartmouth, 1970-71

We can be in tune with time.

We can be a slave to time.

Or we can be in total aspiration, trying to catch time.

There must be a fourth way—to flow with time.

*This is the organic way; this is the way of the organic society—
To flow with time.*[5]

Paul Harris: "Don was in residence at Dartmouth, where my father taught physics. Jon Appleton was a pioneering electronic musician and brought Don for a year to teach. It was an open experiment." [6,7]

"I was 8 years old. Neneh was a year younger. Eagle Eye, younger. My mother and Don and Moki became very close very quickly. I remember Don as the only person who got my usually shy and subdued mother to dance—they would try on different hats and dance around the room freely. Don also found inspiration talking with my dad, a theoretical physicist. Always interested in the cosmos, Don wanted to know more about relativity. When Don had the idea for an extended cosmic composition, I think my Mother suggested the title *Relativity Suite*."

"I remember a concert at Dartmouth's Hopkins Center with the whole family on stage, Neneh and Eagle Eye improvising and doing whatever they wanted. Don would also invite friends from the audience on stage to play. What I remember more than the events themselves is this communal, playful ethos, the joy Don and Moki spread."

"They had a farm house overlooking the Connecticut River, a few miles outside Norwich, Vermont, where we lived. The walls were covered in Moki's fabrics and instruments Don had collected from all over the

world. Moki made him these vests that had all kinds of pockets for the instruments. So, Don would choose a bunch of flutes, recorders, percussion pieces; and we'd go in the woods and walk, and he'd listen and play with the ambient sounds—birds, wind, trees."

"When I hear *organic music*, whatever is coming out of that time and place is music. The heart sutra and science."

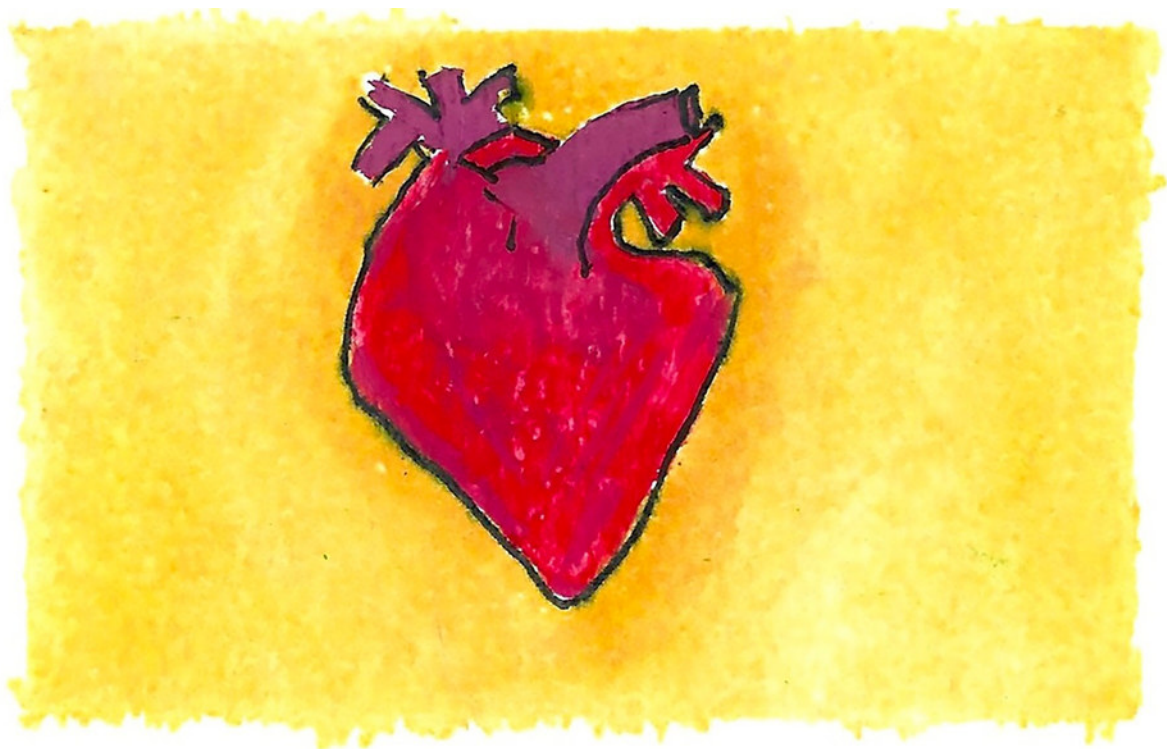
"The first time I saw David play was when Don gathered the family for a band he called "Cherry Extract" to play at McCabe's Guitar Shop (Santa Monica) in 1989, with Jan (Cherry Spears) on violin. Eagle Eye on drums, and David playing reggae style keyboards."

"David later told me that his real musical transformation came when Don took him on the road with CODONA. CODONA was the sweet spot of all of it—world music, organic music, cosmic music. David resonated with CODONA, understood deeply the purity of notes and expanse of space and silence they created and how they blended musical strands into a global and cosmic consciousness. David incorporated that same depth and groove and vibe in his music."

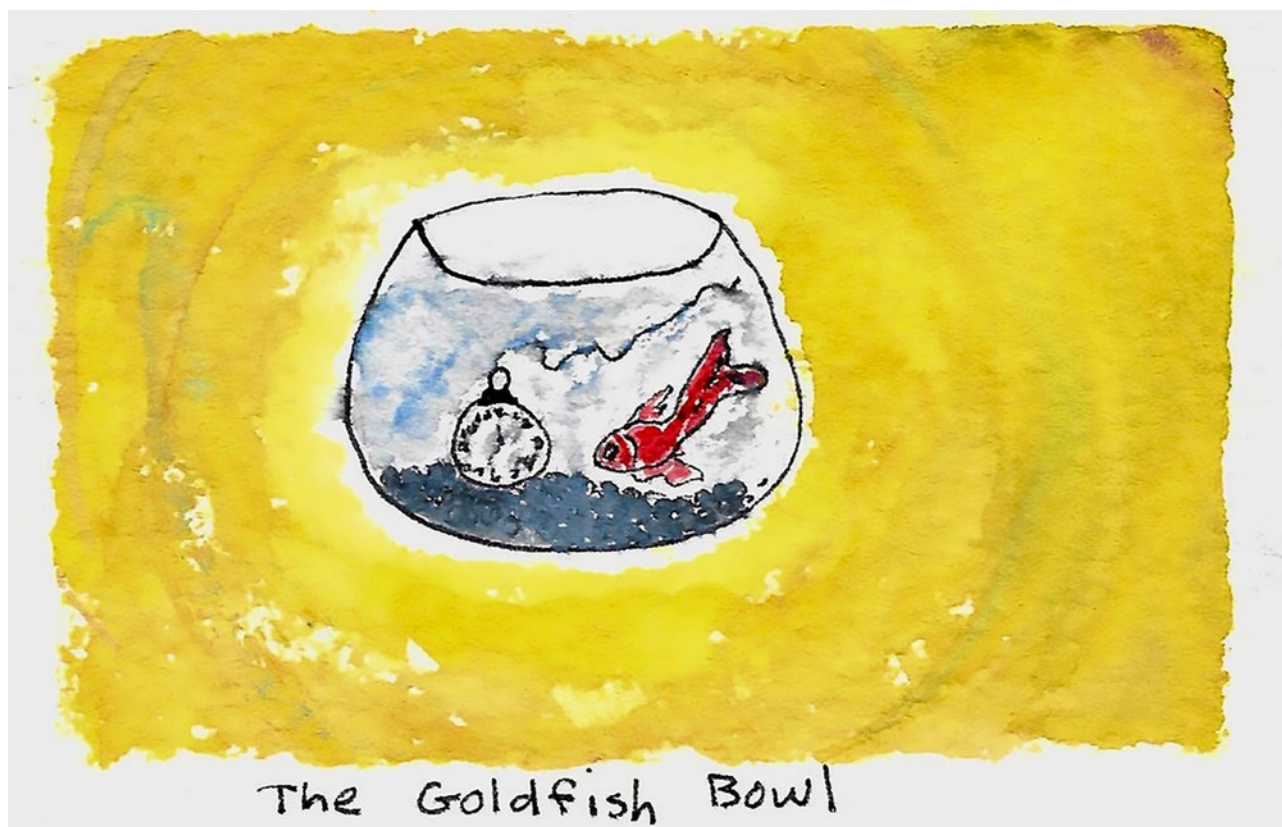
[5] Ben Young, "Relativity Suites," in *Organic Music Societies*, ed. Lawrence Kumpf and Magnus Nygren (Brooklyn, NY: Blank Forms, 2022), 402.

[6] Paul Harris, conversation with the author, February 2023.

[7] Don references "Professor Harris" and his vision of "a new university where when you came close to the university, you would hear this song and this sound. He related it to my class and that was like what we were developing into." From "Don Cherry at Dartmouth, a Teaching Report and Interview with Keith Knox," in *Organic Music Societies*, ed. Lawrence Kumpf and Magnus Nygren (Brooklyn, NY: Blank Forms, 2022), 474.



THE HEART



The Goldfish Bowl



Collin Walcott, Don Cherry, Naná Vasconcelos,
NYC, 1982, album photo

A million people marched to end nuclear weapons the summer of 1982—the biggest anti-nuke rally in the world. I came to join the protest from Ohio where I had just discovered the tiny diary of my Quaker great-great Grandmother, Elizabeth Conard Edwards, her delicate handwriting like snapshots. No Strangers Here Today. Strangers. Fugitives from slavery. Coded words covered the secret room in the cistern of a "safe house" on the Underground Railroad. History became personal and immediate.

CODONA was playing at in a small venue, maybe the village. The trio of sound guides on a journey of musical invention in the moment, in a marketplace, in landscapes, far away, yet familiar, completely mesmerizing. A complete convergence.

A calling.

J.T. Fraser: *...what is possible, difficult or impossible for humans made of matter, possessing life, and possessed by ideas...*

From J. T. Fraser, "Time Felt, Time Understood," *KronoScope* 3, no. 1 (2003): 15–26, 22.

I "had some Great Musicia
mentor me, and guide me
What Organic Roots means
to me is being at
peace in where I am
spiritually and musically
The CDS is very much
inspired by Codona
(Don Cherry, Collin Walcott, and
Naná Vasconcelos)
Their music lead me on
a musical journey
that I continue to
be on.

JANUARY. 1864
1.
I arose this morning 18 min-
utes of 5, found it very cold.
other weather, it degrees below
zero. Having strong the strangers
there but Halimie, the girl
sitting at Harlan's dress case
fretting around. too cold to work
2.



4 Ancestor Dance

Julius Fraser and I picked up our correspondence in 2003. He sent *Time Felt, Time Understood* and suggested I do an illustrated piece, with a title like *Images from a Library of Desires*.

I wrote back with an undefined *Yes!* and request for a recommendation letter for a grant to come to Cambridge to the *Time and Memory* conference.

Cambridge 2004

I finally met the distinguished, delightful J.T. Fraser and ISST President Paul Harris.

Susan: "I met you there. The Time Society blew me away, the people the research, the comradery, like a kind of perfect idea."

Paul: "Cambridge was our biggest conference, at the highest academic place. What you did, I remember thinking, this is what time and memory actually are, how they work. Your performance—the seriousness, the joy of it—spoke deeply to the ISST audience of open and interested minds."

I presented *No Strangers Here Today* as a movement essay, weaving Elizabeth Edwards' words through the story of the abolitionist movement, a farm woman's daily account, set against the imperial machinery of slavery and war, over a soundtrack by Miles Davis and minimalists.

I was struck by the quality of listening and reflection, how a political message came through this tiny diary, what I gleaned from others'

impressions of the realms of memory, like stones tossed into a pool of overlapping circles.

Julius wrote soon after the conference and encouraged me again to submit an illustrated essay... "I have an inaudible music... start with Elizabeth Conard Edwards, for which I thank you."

The Ancestors were joining forces—the Society of Friends and the Society of Time, nudging me forward, towards Los Angeles.

"You need a live musician," Louise Steinman proclaimed. After Cambridge, I was encouraged to pitch *No Strangers* to Louise, who produced the series, *ALoud/LA* at the central library.[8] She introduced me to David Cherry, then commissioned a duet. "I could see it," she said. "It was only a hunch."

I handed David my visual script, and he handed me his *Organic Groove* CD, and history took off.[9]

[8] Louise Steinman, "About," *LouiseSteinman.com*, accessed March 2, 2025.

[9] See David Ornette Cherry, *First Time Out* (Organic Groove, 2005); David Ornette Cherry, *No Strangers Theme*, video excerpt by Jack Quincy Davis, 2007.



J.T. Fraser in Monterrey, Mexico, 2007

Monterrey, July 2007

Paul: "Meeting you in Cambridge in 2004 and then you turning up with David in Monterrey, that was just great."

Time bending discovery: the sons of early collaborators—physics and free jazz—are at a conference on time, *Constraints and Limits*.

My abstract:

*everyday dancing, a dance lecture
the practice of moving thoughts and images
through the body
limits set up mind-body poetry
naturally*

I was inspired by John Cage's *Lecture on Nothing*. But after I invited David Cherry to join me, the lecture went from neutral to surrealism in a heartbeat.

Paul: "I remember the joy of that performance--the space, the stage, you were both funny, playful with the audience, bringing everyone into a moment."

David led a clapping / chanting piece with the audience:

Time

Time is

Time is now

Time is now and

He took the show out with *Relativity Suite* on the grand piano, an astounding embodiment of creative flow and legacy in motion. Julius came up to David after the show and started singing a Hungarian

folk song that he remembered from his childhood. That was the moment when it all came together—two poets of time connecting through the vibrations of sound in an Ancestor dance.

David always remembered that it was a good thing we had lunch with the "Ohio people" (practical people) that day, who said they were looking forward to our performance that night. Our forks stopped in midair. We thought it was the next night and hustled out to get our act together.

5 Spirit Gatherer

A year after the Monterrey conference, we were in Sardinia and heard the Ethnic Heritage Ensemble summon the spirits of Don Cherry and CODONA. The experience sparked a musical relationship between Kahil El'Zabar and David with several performances together over the years.[10]

In 2022, Kahil invited David to join the Ethnic Heritage Ensemble in a recording session in Chicago and live performance of *Spirit Gatherer; A Tribute to Don Cherry* at the London Jazz Festival. "Don was a genuine visionary and we have to celebrate what he taught us all," Kahil said in an interview in *The Guardian* a few days before the show.[11]

David took the stage at the Barbican in London, with Kahil El'Zabar, Corey Wilkes, Dwight Tribble, his sister Neneh Cherry and nieces Tyson McVey and Naima Karlsson.[12] "David was amazing," Neneh said. "He went everywhere. The Ancestors were on stage with us. We could all feel it." Two hours later, he collapsed in the lobby from an asthma attack and couldn't pull out. "The Ancestors swooped him up," Neneh said. Corey played the flute while David flew away.



The spirits who guided David's journey onwards, first appeared in musical form in Sardinia, in a dance with a perfect never-ending ending.

David: "Don was my first teacher, and it was all about doing with him," he said in *The Guardian* interview. "After only a month of sitting next to him on the piano bench and learning by watching him play, he took me to a smoky club to perform. He was at the edge of the stage, blowing a deep sound from a big blue horn. I ran over and asked, 'when are we starting?' He looked at me, smiled and took it out of his mouth to say, 'it's already started.'" [12]

Julius: *These inner journeys join our memories together with them... form a network of paths or maps... balance between time felt and time understood... never final... continuously redrawn...*

[9] Kahil El'Zabar, *Kahil El'Zabar: Visionary Jazz Percussionist, Composer & Band Leader*, accessed July 2, 2025, <https://www.kahilelzabaris.com/>.

[10] Ammar Kalia, "'The Baddest Technician': How Don Cherry Is Still Making Jazz New," *The Guardian*, November 16, 2022, <https://www.theguardian.com/music/2022/nov/16/the-baddest-technician-how-don-cherry-is-still-making-jazz-new>.

[11] Neneh Cherry, *A Thousand Threads* (London: Fern Press, 2024).

[12] Don Cherry, "Degi-Degi," in *Spirit Gatherer: A Tribute to Don Cherry*, performed by Ethnic Heritage Ensemble, Kahil El' Zabar, David Ornette Cherry, Corey Wilkes, and Dwight Trible, 2022.

Susan Banyas is a writer and choreographer. This essay is excerpted from *Mr. Music/theme and thought*, a multi-media project in process. www.susanbanyas.com

Suggested Listening

"Togo," by Don Cherry with Dewey Redman, Ed Blackwell, Charlie Haden, *Old and New Dreams*, 1979

"See You Nu" by David Ornette Cherry with Justo Almario, *Organic Roots*, 2008

"Relativity Suite: Part 1" by Don Cherry with Christer Bothen, Bengt Berger, *Organic Music Society*, 1979

"Doussin' Gounni' Fantasia," by David Ornette Cherry with John Price, Mark London Sims, Ralph Jones, Jan Cherry, Francis Awe, Clarence Robinson, *African American Grooves for the Common Man*, 1998

Codona, by Collin Walcott, Don Cherry, Naná Vasconcelos, *CODONA*, 1982

"First Time Out," by David Ornette Cherry, Justo Almario, Reggie Carson, Rahmlee, Don Littleton, Bobby Bradford, Ralph Jones, *Organic Groove*, 2005

"Degi-Degi," by Don Cherry, Kahil El' Zabar, Corey Wilkes, Dwight Trible, David Cherry, *Spirit Gatherer: A Tribute to Don Cherry*, Ethnic Heritage Ensemble, 2022

Time and Entanglement

INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY FOR THE STUDY OF TIME (ISST)

NINETEENTH TRIENNIAL CONFERENCE

UNIVERSITY OF CAGLIARI, SARDINIA

JUNE 28–JULY 3, 2026

The International Society for the Study of Time (ISST), renowned for its interdisciplinary scope, invites scientists, scholars, artists and practitioners to explore the theme of “**Time and Entanglement**” at its 19th Triennial Conference at the University of Cagliari in Sardinia, Italy. Our four-day format of plenary presentations fosters sustained, in-depth discussion among participants. For this reason, we thus expect participants to register for the full duration of the conference. Midway through the event, we take a day off and provide participants with a selection of time-related excursions in the historic Cagliari area.

For its 2026 Triennial, the ISST seeks to foster a rich interdisciplinary conversation around the terms *time* and *entanglement*. Conceptually, entanglement is inherently temporal, as it evokes a process of entities interweaving into complex relationships. Entanglement provides a productive lens for engaging with time due to its broad scalar range and the temporal perplexities it generates. On the one hand, entanglement challenges conventional notions of time at specific scales, as in the case of quantum entanglement. On the other hand, entanglement forces us to think across multiple temporal scales simultaneously, as in the case of ecological entanglement. Conversely, time serves as a tool for exploring entanglement, offering a powerful method to understand a range of entities or processes and their interactions. Thinking about elemental or environmental entanglements through temporal rather than spatial frameworks can deepen our understanding of the different entities involved and provide a more robust, holistic insight into the overall situation or process.

As an inclusive, interdisciplinary, and international community, the ISST invites presenters to interpret or address the conference theme in ways that draw on their original perspective or expertise. Possible topics and approaches include but are not limited to:

Quantum Entanglement: the superposition of states within a system and the intimate interaction of particles across vast spatial distances — seemingly defying the time-like (causal) separation decreed by the speed of light — famously prompted Einstein to call quantum entanglement “spooky action at a distance.” This aspect of quantum

entanglement has been explored in relation to time travel and other temporal notions that defy common sense. More recent theories speculate that quantum entanglement may actually create time itself, with time emerging for an object through its quantum entanglement with another object acting as its clock, or that space-time emerges from quantum entanglement.

Ecological Entanglements: In environmental humanities and Anthropocene studies, *entanglement* encapsulates the inseparable relationships between human-nonhuman or animate-inanimate entities that constitute environments. How does entanglement as a concept complicate or question anthropocentrism or refigure human/non-human agencies and relations? Anthropocene human-geologic entanglement is fundamentally a temporal phenomenon, a commingling or confusion of multiple scales: e.g., fossil fuel capitalism analyzed in terms of time as extracting materials formed over millions of years in a matter of decades; the temporal conflicts underscored by geologic epochal upheaval, including catastrophic environmental or climate change and species extinction. In this context, we may ask how thinking about multispecies entanglements in temporal terms opens up new insights or suggests pathways for meaningful actions and political interventions. What ethics or politics emerges from a temporal perspective about entanglement? Jonas Salk's canonical question "are we being good ancestors?" underscores the impact of present decisions on future generations and demands long-term or "cathedral" thinking. How is this question addressed through policy making, sustainable practices and intergenerational dialogue across contemporary philosophies, technologies, collectives (ex. Long Now Foundation), artists (ex. Katie Paterson's *Future Library*)?

Social and Technological Entanglements: How has the interconnection between scientific knowledge, technological systems, and society evolved over time? Building on the idea that scientific facts are shaped by the social contexts of scientists, rather than being purely objective, this approach explores how scientific discoveries and technologies influence and are influenced by law, politics, ethics, and culture. Technologies often span multiple timeframes—impacting users immediately while also contributing to long-term social changes. How does the temporal situatedness of specific historical contexts shape scientific knowledge and technological innovation?

Political and Historical Entanglements: The term "entangled histories" (Randeria and Conrad) highlights the many indications that human history is best conceived as a mesh of intertwined trajectories. For the historian, entanglements create the challenge to survey and coordinate not only different timelines, but also different perspectives on time and history. For the societies and people involved, they often play out as a struggle of power between diverging time regimes and morphologies of time. How have entanglements impacted visions of the past, present, and future, or the "shape" of time in general? What conflicts and modes of co-existence have they

created between different temporalities? What are the patterns and rhythms of historical entanglements, between the extremes of convergence (balanced or unbalanced?) and renewed separation (forced or voluntary)? How were and are time and social, cultural, or legal norms intertwined? What is the significance of the entanglement of time and temporality for the order of things and for the exercise of political power, for example, in the context of constitutional orders? To what extent are such phenomena themselves the subject and at the same time the mark of historical change?

Narratives of Entanglement: Literature and film frequently explore how entangled identities, histories, and ecosystems generate new perspectives on coexistence, justice, and time. For instance, a novel that emphasizes the interconnectedness of colonial histories, migration, and globalization to illustrate the creation of hybrid identities; or a film that adopts nonlinear storytelling to present interconnected narratives spanning time, revealing how individual actions reverberate across a layered and intertwined time and space. Can such narratives also be identified when it comes to legitimating norms and political orders? Can narratives about the entanglement of time and collective social, religious, political, or legal orders in turn be an expression of processes of temporalization?

Entanglement and J.T. Fraser’s “hierarchical theory of time”: drawing on ethologist Jakob von Uexküll, Fraser’s theory posited a nested hierarchy of six distinct temporal *umwelts*. What rethinking of Fraser’s theory is initiated by a contemporary understanding of entanglement? What temporalities emerge when *umwelts* become entangled? Conversely, how can Fraser’s theory account for, respond to, and help understand entanglement?

Entanglement as inherent interrelatedness: Scholars and artists across disciplines increasingly work from the premise that any individual entity, process, or life-form is entangled with others in ways ranging from genetic, chemical, physical, and biological to ecological, geological, and cultural. How can such entanglement and interrelatedness be understood in terms of time? What new temporalities or forms of temporality emerge from such entanglements?

Guidelines & Timeline for Proposals:

We invite submissions for 20-minute presentations in a variety of formats, including scholarly papers, debates, performances, creative work overviews, installations, and workshops. Proposals for interdisciplinary panels are particularly encouraged, though each paper within a panel must receive approval from the selection committee.

All presentations will be delivered in English and should balance specialized expertise with accessibility for a general intellectual audience. Proposals should be no longer than 300 words and must be submitted electronically. Authors' names should not be included in the proposal, as the ISST employs a blind review process for selecting papers.

Additionally, the conference welcomes exhibition proposals from professional artists across all mediums. Exhibiting artists are also required to present a paper about their work. Along with your proposal and paper abstract, please provide details regarding your technical requirements and include visual support material with a description list (maximum of 10 images). All materials should be consolidated into a single Word document or PDF, and artists' names should not appear in the description list. Works will be evaluated based on artistic merit, relevance to the conference theme, and technical feasibility.

The deadline for submissions is **August 15, 2025**, with notifications of acceptance sent by **December 15, 2025**. Please upload your proposals [here](https://studyoftime.org/conferences/conference-submission/). (<https://studyoftime.org/conferences/conference-submission/>). The ISST is also seeking session chairs, whose names will be included in the printed conference program.



REMEMBERING NICHOLAS TRESILIAN

1938 - 2023



WRITTEN BY PAUL HARRIS & FREDERICK TURNER

Those who know the International Society for the Study of Time well, especially those who also attend the conferences of their specific discipline, will recognize what we mean when we say that ISST has a particular flavor of adventurous intellectual comradeship, speculative rigor, and personal kindness that is rare in the academy. That flavor was epitomized by Nicholas Tresilian, whose genial presence, big ideas, cosmopolitan culture, and original language were a feature of many of our triennial conferences. As ISST's vice-president for many years, he helped set the tone for our work together.

Nicholas sought out the intellectual community of ISST after having already enjoyed a successful career in arts media. He was a major figure in the British cultural avant garde from the 1960s through the new century, serving as a guru on the arts for BBC radio and television, a spokesman for art who was both popular to the lay audience and challenging to the cognoscenti. His series *Private Lives* set the tone for many of the best such art films since. Nicholas' boundless energy may have served the world in even more significant ways: he helped set up Radio FM Plus in Bulgaria, Poland Hungary and the Czech Republic in the 1980s, and we know what followed. His memoir, *Flints and Flashes*, published in 2022, tells some of that story.

Nicholas's encyclopedic knowledge of not just European art history but that of many other great traditions was a deep resource for our conversations. And he was not afraid to link those bodies of aesthetic and intellectual practice with the great movements in the sciences, technology, and political organization that they served and often led. All was grist to his mill. Like Yeats, who used his idea of the gyres of history to organize a coherent view of the present moment, Nicholas was able to give us insights into the meanings of the new shapes and colors that were appearing in the art world. His cultured baritone delivery of presentations cannot be replicated in writing, but his transhistorical theory of art remains radical to read today (see "A Walk in Looking-Glass Land: Reflections on the Art-Historical 'Big Picture'" in *The Study of Time XI*).

One of his most endearing intellectual traits was his enthusiastic acceptance of the new ideas that marked the transition from the twentieth century of his formation to the twenty-first that he anticipated. In his own way he was a prophet, with a prophet's sense of both hope and apocalypse, and the prophet's care for human wellbeing.

His passing in 2023 was a loss to us all.

Personal memories from Paul Harris: I first met Nicholas over a very merry 1am game of ping pong in the basement of Cerisy-La-Salle in 1992, when his interest in my work gave me a needed confidence boost at my first ISST meeting. Decades later, in the last message I received from him, he recalled a different moment from that 1992 conference: "Do you remember us being thrown out of the restaurant in Bayeux—my fault entirely—and then of course the extraordinary visit to the tapestry itself." Visiting cultural sites—from World War II monuments to medieval churches to museums—with Nicholas was enchanting. He would launch into compelling reconstructions of events or anecdotes of historical figures, embellished with literary quotations that made me feel like an (American!) impostor of an English Professor.

Nicholas was also a jolly prankster. During a 1999 stay with him and his wife Fay at their home, the Old Vicarage in Marshfield, Nicholas reserved a table at a posh restaurant. He came in carrying a briefcase and told me, very hush hush, to open it under the table and see its secret contents—which turned out to be four pigeons purchased for the (very British) paella he had planned for the dinner that evening!



Paul Harris and Nicholas Tresilian at the 16th Triennial Conference, "Time's Urgency," University of Edinburgh, Scotland. June 26-July 2, 2016.



