

the

urgent and

necessary

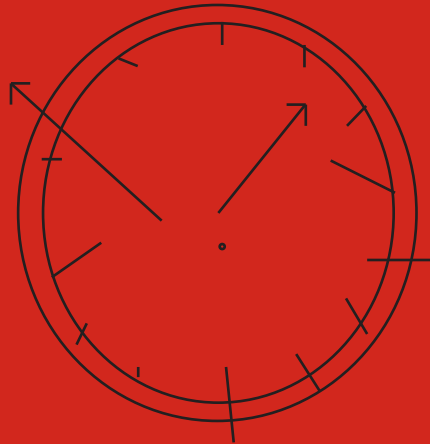
termination of the

interval

metric

economy

manifesto



[low crimson light cradles around a person sleeping. a timer goes off, alarming the sleeper into awokeness. they jolt up from the floor and begin to rouse drowsily. red lights pulsate to the sound of the alarm. as the sleeper stands, the alarm transitions into a metronomic ticking.]

YOUR PARKING EXPIRES IN TEN MINUTES

YOUR REPORT IS DUE IN TWO HOURS

YOU HAVE EIGHTEEN YEARS TO FORM A CONSCIENCE

THREE HOURS TO TAKE YOUR EXAM

EIGHT HOURS TO EARN A LIVING

FOUR YEARS TO GET YOUR DEGREE

FIFTEEN MINUTES TO EAT

TWENTY NINE YEARS TO BE BEAUTIFUL

NINE MONTHS TO GROW A CHILD

EIGHTY YEARS TO COMPLETE YOUR LIFECYCLE

[lights go blindingly white. speaker is now sitting on a stool]

WE HAVE BEEN SERVED A LIFE SENTENCE OF DOING TIME.

Keeping Time. Measuring Time. Milking Time for All It's Worth - which is not much considering it has been invented to hold us captive to order, discipline, regulation, exploitation, and numerical rigidity.

Under the capital system, Time is the universal economy. To survive, we pay our minutes to the Time Bank and receive a wage in return. Yet it is not wage, but Time, that operates as currency. We trade it for sustenance, we spend it on labor in exchange for the resources that will allow our Time to continue. We ask ourselves if things are "worth our Time" as we do not have much of it. We whittle life away into a meager fraction of months, weeks, days, hours, minutes. Like money, Our Time is spent. Our Time is valuable. Our Time is purchased on the job market and traded like stock.

But unlike stock, our Time will not pay us back. It is an un-investment. A resource non-refundable and perpetually exhausting. One that the American workforce razors away from the most vital period of our lives – our youth – on the promise that we will earn liberation in retirement. This contractual oath, this temporal bargaining, allots us autonomy once we have reached the stalest era of atrophy. It dangles freedom once our brains erode, our bones become brittle, our bodies decay. We live off of the sacrifice of interval; in exchange for years of our labor, decades of our toil at the most fruitful period of our chronology, we are promised the ability to rest only at the threshold of our expiration.

While we know that we will waste away, we are unable to feel the pleasure before the stale – busy as we are in seeking constantly the increment of future, we day-by-day assassinate the potential of the present.

Conditioned by capital modes to worship industry, expansion, and ambition, we flurry towards next and emancipate ourselves entirely from the feeling of now. The dogged doctrine of America is goal-driven, innovative, three steps ahead such that any sense of the foot itself vaporizes before it may land.

THE TIME-KEEPER IS THE BLINDED METEOROLOGIST ANTICIPATING A FUTURIST SUNSHINE THAT WILL NEVER WARM THEIR SKIN.

Time births us anxious things. The hands of the clock wrap around the neck. Squeeze and grip and choke.

Socialized into worshiping newness and fetishizing novelty, afraid of our own mortality, we cope through obsession with productivity and efficiency. We tremor with terror at the tick of the clock and substitute fatality with febrility. Unable to extend our Time on Earth, we put it in the pressure cooker. We are fast, we are quick, we are doing as much as we can as quickly as we can to fend off the fear that we will die having done nothing. Relentlessly, we trace value by a temporal metric, in which the maximum output in the lowest Time-span is the most desirable of conversions.

Capitalism condensates, maximizes, expedites. Merciless, the temporal metric praises quantity and ignores quality. Speed is sacred. Pace is power. In the frenzy to complete all of our tasks and stay afloat – to work against the limited hours in a day to fulfill all of our biological, mental, and emotional needs – we spawn prosthetic limbs. We multiply our reach. We are here and there and everywhere, doing everything at once and nothing well. Spread so thin our skin cracks, we race against Time as flimsy paper people. Scattered Segmented Distracted Divided.

**WE ARE FILING OUR TAXES
WHILE WE ARE TAKING A SHIT.**

**WE SUBTRACT THE MINUTES IT TOOK
FOR US TO TAKE A SHIT
FROM THE HOURS THAT GAUGE
HOW MUCH MONEY WE HAVE
TO BUY MORE TOILET PAPER.**

**WE ARE MAKING GROCERY LISTS
BETWEEN CUSTOMERS AT THE REGISTER.**

**WE ARE PHONING THE LANDLORD
WITH TWO CHILDREN CRYING AT OUR FEET.**

**WE ARE GIVING A HANDJOB
AND TEXTING OUR CONDOLENCES.**

**WE ARE TIME-BLIND, TIME-BOUND
SNIVELING SNOTS
RULED BY TIME-LORDS
AND WAR-LORDS AND TIME-TYRANTS.**

The fear of death and necessity of production have cast us subservient to our own expiration dates and alarm clocks, our schedules and our deadlines.

The wage laborer is enslaved to the measurement of their hours and sustained through the sum of their temporal martyrdom.

The corporate worker is shackled to the deadlines of quarterly reports.

The student is handcuffed to submission due dates.

The mother's autonomy is roped to the age of her child.

The woman's value is chained to the beauty of her youth and tortured by its departure.

Time – or more specifically its measurement– drains us with vampiric rigidity. Its mechanisms mercilessly asphyxiate us of our personhood.

**ROBOTIC, JUST GOING THROUGH THE MOTIONS,
TIME-ECONOMISTS HAVE NO ROOM FOR FREEDOM,
PLEASURE, OR LEISURE. WE HAVE INVESTED SO MUCH
OF OUR TEMPORAL CURRENCY INTO PRODUCTION,
COMPLETION, AND REGIMENTATION THAT WE HAVE
BECOME EMOTIONALLY AND PHYSICALLY BANKRUPT.
RUSHED, EXHAUSTED, SO STUCK ON AUTO-PILOT THAT
WE FORGOT HOW TO REVERT TO MANUAL, WE WASTE
AWAY OUR LIVES AS BOX-CHECKING AUTOMATONS.**

[speaker stands]

IT IS TIME TO KILL THE CLOCK.

**IT IS THE HOURMINUTEDAY
YEARCENTURYSECOND**

FOR TEMPORAL ASSASSINATION.

**IT IS THE MOMENT FOR
AN UN-TIME REVOLUTION!**

[clock is hammered into pieces]

UN-TIME stops the clock.

UN-TIME is overdue.

is early.

is vintage.

is late

is Botox.

is 25/8.

is born and dead and dying.

UN-TIME imagines the future differently to
understand the present.

UN-TIME IS NOW.

[lights go black]

I. DISORIENTATION

The UN-TIMELY revolution begins with purposeful disorientation from the standardized temporal metric. Direct action resistance will rewire the social cog and dismantle all machines that perpetuate temporal imprisonment.

This means breaking the bank of Time Currency and assassinating the Time Lords through the destruction of all Time Keeping Mechanisms.

CLOCKS MUST BE UNPLUGGED, SMASHED, AND OBLITERATED.
NEITHER DIGITAL NOR ANALOG WILL BE SPARED.
WATCHES WILL BE CASTRATED OF BATTERIES.
PLANNERS, CALENDARS, AND SCHEDULING PAPERS
WILL BE INCINERATED IN A COLLECTIVE TIMEBOMB.
GOOGLE CALENDARS WILL BE ETHICALLY HACKED AND DELETED.

The initial shock of UN-TIME may jolt and jag.

The UN-TIMELY may experience symptoms of temporal dissonance including but not limited to:

CONFUSION
WELL-RESTEDNESS
TINGLING, ZINGING,
FIZZING, ROILING, BUZZING -

[AUDIO PLAYS:

*WE REGRET TO INFORM YOU THAT YOU
HAVE BEEN SIXTY SECONDS LATE TO
YOUR SCHEDULED SHIFT. AS A RESULT,
WE WILL HAVE TO TERMINATE YOUR
EMPLOYMENT. YOU USED THIS SIXTY
SECONDS TO ANSWER A TEXT MESSAGE
FROM YOUR SISTER. SHE WAS HAVING A
MISCARRIAGE. YOU USED YOUR
FINGERS TO TYPE “I AM ABOUT TO
CLOCK IN BUT I CAN CALL YOU AFTER
WORK, I LOVE YOU.” WE WILL BE
FORWARDING SEVERANCE PAY TO
[INSERT ADDRESS HERE].*

II. DYSREGULATION

Instead of operating by the calls of the Commodified Clockwork, UN-TIME moves at its own pace. Disorienting citizens from the traditional and systemic regulation of Time, UN-TIME reorients the rhythms and cadence of personhood around bodily needs and natural flows.

The UN-TIMELY sway to the tune of the Circadian Rhythm.

UN-TIME will give us the grace to take care of ourselves. To listen when the eyes are burning, fingers twitching, the space inside the skull squelching with oversaturation. When the feet can't move, the arms aching, UN-TIME grants us dysregulated schedules and honors the need for rest. Physical needs of sleeping, eating, drinking, having sex, defecating, breathing, and stretching will foreground logistical needs of filing, serving, commuting, toiling, multi-tasking, suffering.

Once society achieves Time-Blindness, the bliss of disorientation will seep into the cadence of arrival, departure, and arrangement. The frenzy, hurriedness, stress, panic, and incompleteness of traditional transportation, movements, and creations will be replaced by patience, purpose, intention, energy, and fulfillment.

Liberated from the standards of punctuality, rigidity, and externally measured disciplines, the UN-TIMELY will undergo a widening tolerance for elongated attention, asymmetry, and internal mindfulness conducive to healthy and enjoyable functioning.

UN-TIME DYSREGULATES THE DEMANDS OF LABOR SCHEDULES AND OCCUPATIONAL AGENDAS IN ORDER TO PRESERVE THE BODY FOR PLEASURE RATHER THAN PRODUCTIVITY.

III. DELINEARIZATION

Rather than defining past, present, and future as separate entities, UN-TIME unhinges temporal linearity from its straight hinge.

The door is off the frame. The threshold disjointed.

UN-TIME is twenty-seven and eighty-two,
with the skin of an infant and the know-how of a wizened elder.

UN-TIME recognizes that the past echoes into the present.

**RATHER THAN REGRETTING WHAT DID NOT OCCUR IN THE PAST,
DREADING WHAT FAILED TO COMMENCE,
OR ALLOWING THE FUTURE TO OVERRIDE THE PRESENT,
THE UNTIMELY CARRY THE LESSONS OF THE PAST
INTO THE IMMEDIACY OF THE PRESENT
FOR THE EXPANSION OF THE FUTURE.**

UN-TIME rewinds, unwinds, reverts, retrogrades, rockets, rambles.

UN-TIME is patient.

UN-TIME is becoming rather than being.

***[I AM TWENTY TWO. I HAVE BEEN TWENTY ONE AND TWENTY AND
NINETEEN AND ELEVEN AND THREE AND NOT YET BORN. I WILL BE
TWENTY THREE AND TWENTY FOUR AND MAYBE IF I'M LUCKY TWENTY
SEVEN. AND EVEN THEN I WILL HAVE ONCE BEEN TWENTY TWO.]***

YOU HAVE BEEN LISTENING NOW FOR APPROXIMATELY 9 MINUTES.

**IN THIS TIME, YOU COULD HAVE
MADE AN EGG. KISSED YOUR LOVER.
ANSWERED THREE MISSED CALLS.
DELETED SOME EMAILS.
PLANTED A HYDRANGEA.
CONDITIONED YOUR HAIR.
SEWN A BUTTON.
INSTEAD YOU HAVE CHOSEN TO
CONSIDER THE WAYS IN WHICH YOU ARE
WASTING YOUR TIME THROUGH
ADHERING TO ITS MEASUREMENT.**

***YOU ARE NOW 9 MINUTES
CLOSER TO YOUR DEATH.***

IV. DISORDER

UN-TIME does not adhere to a normative process of production or prescribed stages of development. The UN-TIMELY do not go blindly from the stages of life that have been penciled on our social calendars, from child to student to worker to parent to retired. Instead, the UN-TIMELY move at their own pace and ripen at their own accord. We will accomplish when it is done to our satisfaction. We will arrive when we are ready to do so.

UN-TIME is a queering of time that allows space for disorder. Unchained to the temporal metric of consistency, UN-TIME tolerates the elongated temporal mode of depression and the frenetic temporal movement of mania.

UN-TIME swells in rapid bursts and dwindles for infinite periods. In the absence of the clock is the presence of tolerance: for mourning, grief, regret, incapacitation, anticipation, healing, rotting, crying, birthing, exhaustion, inebriation.

[AUDIO PLAYS: 10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1]

V. DIVERGENCE

UN-TIME recognizes that 'how long things take' is an expectation predicated on particular normative bodies and beings. Linear Timelines perpetuate oppressive normativity relating to ability, efficiency, and speed. UN-TIME honors the fact that some of us move differently. UN-TIME negates the quantitative economy and bends the clock to accommodate non-normative ways of creating, moving, and thinking.

UN-TIME values those whose pace must be adapted to neurodivergence, bodily incapacitation, or mental disability. Breaking the temporal economy is clearing space for divergent modes of pace, frequency, and interval.

VI. DISSECTION

UN-TIME understands that Time is written onto the body. Our elbows and necks and flesh. The UN-TIMELY absorb time into ourselves. We bring time between our legs and let it enter us. We embody it in the way that we care and move and listen.

UN-TIME DISREGARDS AGE AS A METRIC OF VALUE.

UN-TIMELY BEINGS ARE NOT MEASURED IN YEARS.

UN-TIME IS ETERNAL.

***IS TIME
PASSING
OR
FAILING?***

IS TIME WASTING OR ENDING?

[AUDIO PLAYS: PLEASE TAKE SIXTY HOURS TO EARN YOUR SPACE ON THIS LAND TO SLEEP, EAT, FUCK, AND RESIDE. KINDLY DISTRIBUTE THIS SIXTY HOURS INTO INCREMENTS OF EIGHT. THIS WILL RESULT IN SEVEN DAYS STRAIGHT OF LABOR. IN RETURN, WE WILL GLADLY ALLOT YOU THIRTY DAYS TO INHABIT OUR SPACE. THIS SHELTER TOOK TWO MONTHS TO ERECT. IN NINE YEARS IT WILL CRUMBLE TO THE GROUND.]

AFTER DESTROYING THE TEMPORAL METRIC, UNTIME WILL

quit spending the mornings deciding how to parcel out the rest of them.
burn the goddamn planner.
watch January turn to ash.
sit beside the water and live one full day in the remains of the past.
forge the space to metabolize what happened to last Tuesday
before it is Tuesday again.
fuck Tuesday.
be terrifyingly un-punctual to an important event.
miss the introductory remarks and the message from our sponsor.
chew, not swallow.
eat a meal of seven courses that will take 5 to 8 business days to digest.
take four wrong turns on the way to its lover's house because it likes to drive by
the marina and it is not in any rush.
have an orgasm that spends thirteen hours building inside its body.
smoke a cigarette down to the filter and then smoke three more because it has
nowhere to be.
write a complex-compound sentence that is two hundred pages long.
scream for eight days without stopping.
sleep until the dream and the reality frighten one another into truth.

UN-TIME WILL COLLAPSE THE PAST ONTO THE PRESENT AND VOMIT UP FATE.

Let the alarms ring
the bread burn
the pots boil over
the flowers wilt.

Work with slowness.
Pleasure with mania.

Let Soak.
Distill.
Ferment.

Set your phone to military
so you cannot read it.

Baptize your body in the stillness.

Welcome the falling moments like rain.
Catch the droplets on your tongue. Touch, taste. Feel.

Run, but do not race. There is no need.
Soothe your taut limbs in the pool bath of stillness.

Float in it and you will live forever.

Bathe so long your skin soaks off.
Sleep away the year.

Ruminate.
Moisturize.

String deadlines from the rafters.
Let the due date hang its noose.

Ramble into the next century.
Speak until your tongue lolls out.

***IT IS THE TIME
OF NO TIME.***

***IT IS THE TIME
FOR ALL TIME.***

***TIME,
IT IS
TIME.
UN-TIME.***

the

urgent and

necessary

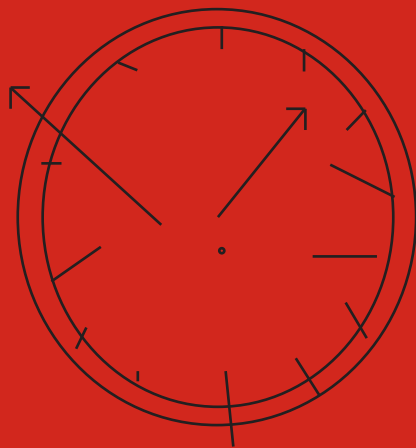
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*this manifesto was written by lily moskowitz
& performed in april of two thousand and twenty four.*

*the performance lasted a duration of
twelve minutes and thirty one seconds
but for all we know it is still going.*