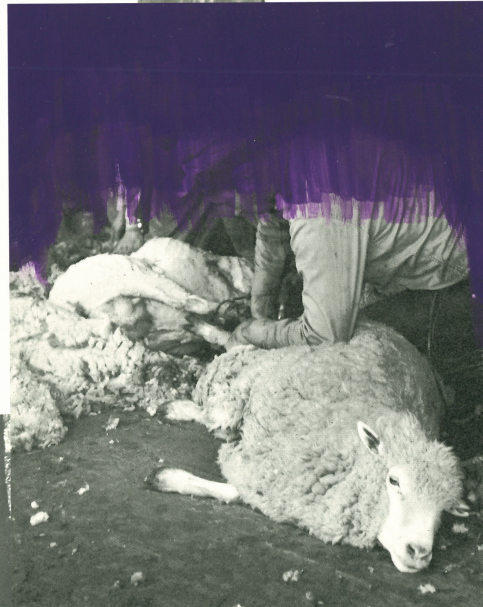
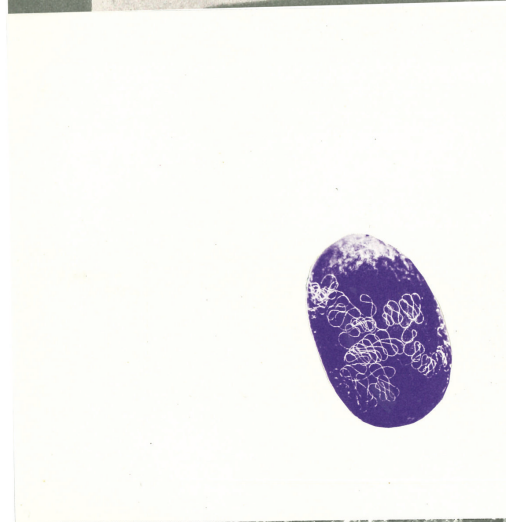
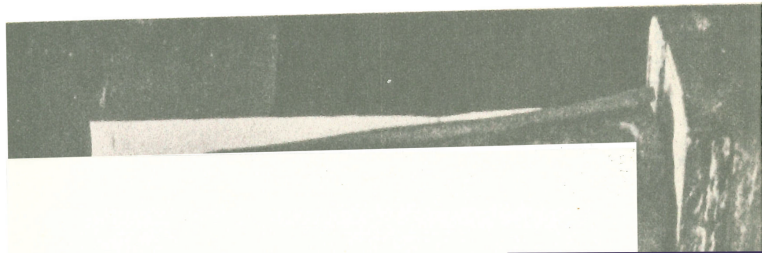


We Have internalized



We have internalized the clock or clocks of racialized capitalist production

*Networked technology
now expands and compresses time to the needs of the market. The needs of the body, the psyche and community
are disposable*

*Work and leisure have merged into a
constant state of production.
Those who have the least power over the
clock are often in the most precarious
situations*

*_____ Time is a battle of too little, too much
and too unpredictable*

*However multiple registers of time have
always existed in society but not necessarily
competing as violently as they do
today within the body.*

How do we reclaim?

The day never seemed to end but there also seemed to be no day at all. Even in my sleep the smartphone illuminated the room with new emails. The construction outside never stopped. The sleek glass tower named 'the commons' eclipsed my view of the bay. The fog horn noise seemed elongated and archaic, but it helps guide the Lego-like container ships into the port. The invisible hand of the controller unloads the multicolored blocks onto the trucks below. I gazed down at my phone how many gigs are available today?

In the building opposite:

The liquid crystal display shone brightly in the darkness of the bedroom as he drifted back into a weary slumber.

Insufficient storage.

The shepherd had been walking for miles at a measured pace. He reached an impassable wall made of limestone, schist and sandstone. Orange and yellow lichen formed a patchwork on the surface. The surface was cracked, and light was omitting from beyond the glass. The rocks were irregular yet there seemed to be no gaps in the wall. He could see beyond the rocks into a field of identical squares made of reds, greens and blues. Each square measurable and quantifiable it's values could be known. Everything now is quantified, we thought, It was only logical.

He reached down and grabbed his woolen sweatshirt, the label read 50% Scottish wool, 50% nylon. He scrolled through his emails, he couldn't sleep, who could anymore. The prompted ad said 'thirsty?'

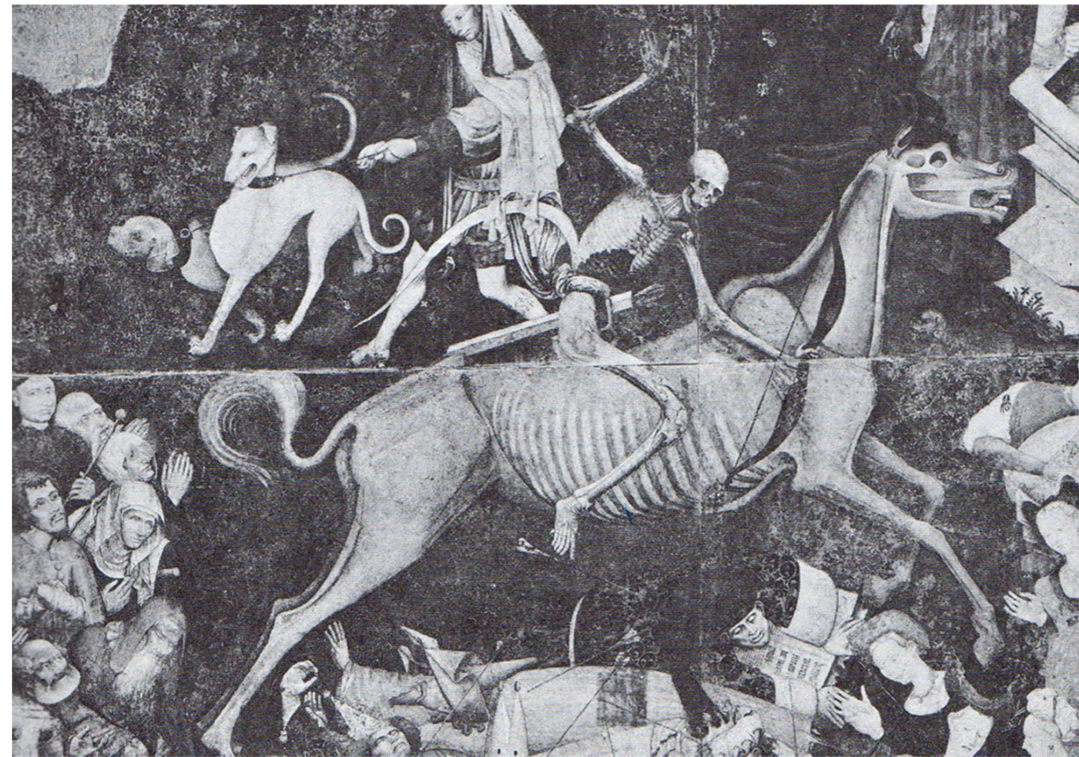
Maybe.

The warmth from the battery felt good, bordering on pain, the modem buzzed loudly, more info, more noise, more noise equals more heat. He remembered the event tomorrow or rather the laptop remembered for him, He couldn't remember if it was a social or a work event.

It didn't really matter anymore.

The jams where all ideas workshops anyway they just extracted the surplus, what was useful.

The hawthorns outside battered against the tinted glass in an illogical rhythmic time which was unfamiliar yet comforting.



'Fuck' gotta get up.



IPA (flatten)



At least he didn't say that shit out loud this time. He sat up from his memory foam mattress, a rectangular shape slowly dissolved into the mass. The sleep monitor score was a laughable 63% yet he religiously entered the data to hopefully get a better reading that's probably why he gets so many of those ads about "hydration" and "breathable fabrics".

Sunlight shone through the semipermeable tinted workspace window, large spherical shadows were cast by three yoga balls; red, white and blue. It was July 4th, yet the office was open.

It never closed. Well I guess it's hard to close when it's a live/workspace.

You could work anytime you wanted, they were flexible that way. Once Clint came down in his pajamas, people still talked about that. The new server is up and running and everyone is feeling energized, especially after the yoga session. That always gets the system going so we could do our coding marathons. He pushed the elevator button and descended. The living quarters reminded him of his old college dorms, long corridors with notice boards about events and bonding. The office space or 'the commons' as they called it has lots of faux industrial furniture referencing the neighborhood's old port identity. The guys would use some of the old industrial decorations to mess around with each other. They would sometimes clip the old winch to each other's Patagonia Nano puff down vests and raise them to the ceiling pretending to be sailors saying "ahoy" or basketball coaches "saying he's going into retirement at age 32 after a tough season working on the new code".

Office or Home.

Office or Home.



At least he could tell the difference unlike these newbies. At 39 he felt a little long in the tooth. But he knew that some people like having a more stable head around. Someone a little more grounded. Someone who had lived a little, a little. He downed some green juice. Then facetime'd the kids or did they facetime him? He could see them on Wednesday or Thursday. He glanced at his phone, 7:10 AM.

"Nice".

He beat his own record.

He perhaps could sneak in some episodes on his phone in the bathroom cubicle before the code fest jam began in 50 minutes, which may run for 48 hours straight. They're team managed 52 hours last year but the first 6 weren't logged. That's so they're team could get a head start. Which may be technically cheating but who cares, well some people care but he doesn't.

Trent knew we did it, but he still gave us the prize of tickets to the craft brewery for a tour. He didn't even go in the end. The guys said it was the most amount of India Pale Ale they had ever seen.





*With thanks to Cederic Robinson
and
Antonio Gramsci*

