

A TIME STREAM IN SPACES:  
THE CULTIC PARODY OF  
TIME-INDUCED CAPITAL

Ed Steck



## I. THE PRESENT CONDITION

As matter out of place

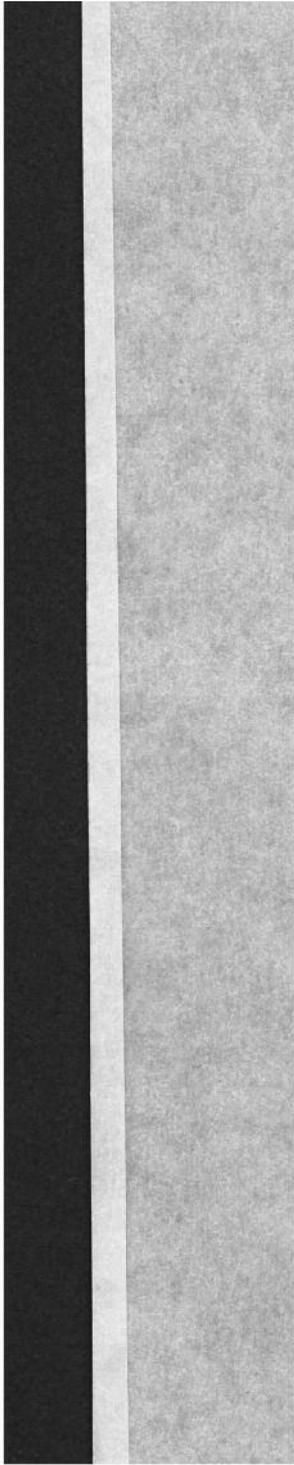




It is in a sincere world that time is fully recognized as the leading contributor to progression. If time would continuously progress as it has progressed between valueless based communities (sans the control of mysticism or religion), time would then be the most valuable object on the market, instead of the market itself. It is within sincerity that time is measured by formulaic patterns, sometimes recognized as rhythmic pulses only contributing to the organic matter within the gnomon. After a study to prove the cause of the pattern recognition, the origin was still unknown.

A person pulls out a watch and comments on the brand, not on the time. The brand is associated with a specific time. It is parodied, replicated and mass-marketed. A person feels a strong connection to a brand, therefore feeling a strong connection to time.

The gnomon is now a dual functioning indicator. It is an indication also. It is a remembrance of time and a carrier for those within it, acting out time endlessly, even as their presence is clocked out. The monument stands for the existence of time – even still with borders blockading all possible entranceways into other possible routes.



The gnomon is situated above a gap. The gap is all matter out of place. The gap was once used for non-commercial travel. The gap moves positions now, not people. The gap is now dedicated to market-based navigation routes. The leftover position gaps marketable outcomes. Even that is enough to miscalculate – or judge – the seminal advancement of time in an enclosed realm – that of a computer screen, an office, or a handheld technological apparatus (even, just a watch). It is a miscalculation of objects able to be fragmented.

A parody demands the attention of endless time. A parody demands that all misplaced matter be ethereally compacted to fit the gap.

At the foot of the gnomon is the present condition. The gnomon could crumble – substantially – to create a foundation of chronological ruin, creating a quite literal horizontal plane of time. It would exist in fragments. Therefore, the present condition is fragmented. It is not chronological. As the present condition progresses, it fractures previous increments of time as the method of chronology is dismissed. If a parody is not to be trusted, the increments of time that compose the parody are not to be trusted either.

A current route outside the gnomon reveals an opening. This opening is within a fold of time. The opening reveals individuals in circumstances dependent on factors situated in the facing opening. The fold if oared could reveal a less rigid world. The fold could increase the number of openings to an imperial level. The fold skates rose-colored capitalization.

Outside, the day is meddling in driven articles of repeated commerce – the well-lit street carries space to form a larger, parallel obstruction (basically, a diagram for producing suggested modes of navigation relevant to the flow of commercial time). Integers of common direction reroute occasional mishaps in the flow of referential commercial travel: the object (even outside of the gnomon) stalls and must be removed from the commercial flow. The axis is framed perfectly. Without this perpetual state of operating time, the axis fails and the previous state of functioning traversed markets becomes referred to as an immobile operation depleting widespread market accumulation. It is all about timing.

A vehicle breaks down before the gnomon and must be removed.

The gnomon on the fold is the subject. The setting is the immediate area surrounding the gnomon. If the gnomon could be witnessed beyond the fold it would be in an exact reincarnation of the previous gnomon (or a fully functioning replica of the previous gnomon recognized as a fully functioning replica of the following gnomon).

It is the matter of all things that constitutes progressive movements of regulated time. It is the antithesis to the gap matter. The time of the market is regulated in an extraordinary fashion: it is channeled through parallel additive equations of intra-circumnavigation that mimic and influence the navigational routes of commercial travel. Simply put, remote factors correspond to remote causes despite shared planes. The lost cause replicates the present effect. This is the present condition.

It would be a return to sincerity if the gnomon could be recognized as a gnomon and not an abstraction of a gnomon's potential construct informed by speculative markets. Any rational sincerity is a replication of a previously conceived model of sincerity proven to be economically acceptable and consumer approachable. It is a homely and mundane sincerity.

The gnomon is obnoxious, plastered, and never-reaching explanatory purposes. It is a shovel, upright and unused acting as a fork, driven in the paths of commerce-based transport routes. These routes are non-existent – fed into a time-based internal realm, the headspace of an inhabitant in the gnomon.

The possibility for lush and moisture-driven economical experience is absolutely lacking in its possibility. It is all derivative of present numbers and speculated numerical presence. What would a lush economic experience appear as or feel like? It would appear as anything outside of the customized zone of applicable indicatory space. The gnomon would exist as a mirage appearing only as a framed encasement within a space propagated and supported by the emptiness surrounding it. To be an inhabitant of this shelled space would be an exquisitely alienating experience. It would make one lose the ability to construct a sensory experience.

Time becomes the only definitive sensory operation to the enclosed inhabitant. Then again, if the only time within the gnomon is the constructed time of internal economic attention of the gnomon then all sensory operations of the enclosed inhabitants are also constructed.

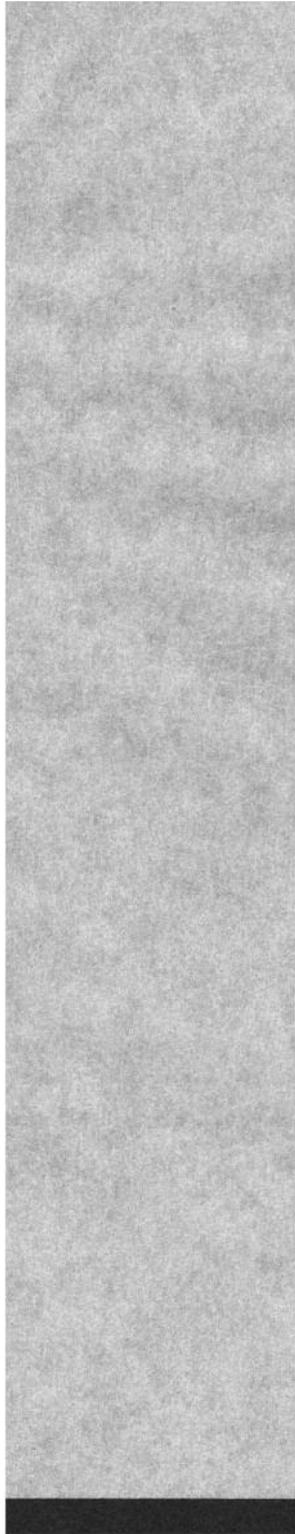
The gnomon's influence on the external realm is spectral. This is the parody it inhabits – a vacant one. Its inhabitation is powerful but not forceful. It is a lingering, entirely atmospheric dominance. It is the unseen weight. It is the blockage of parallel motion.

The fold is the exit for atmospheric weight. It thins its most notable inflections on cohabited space into a circulated space of bordered disintegration. The area where time slips away from measurement. It is only stacked. Within these stacks are multiple synchronized folds layering time and its entire inhabitants onto previous incarnations of prior stacks. The economic presence within the gnomon then is the surplus of time.

The parody is contained within this surplus of time directing the internal navigational routes of the gnomon. The parody is a silent and extracted segment of the streamed time. It is this parody that signifies a latent history among otherwise unseated characters in the surplus. It riffs off of accumulative segments, washing out and over typical chronologies, and streaking the remnants of unforeseeable outcomes into the visible atmosphere of time.

## II. TIME AND PARODY AGAIN

O God! methinks it were a happy life  
To be no better than a homely swain;  
To sit upon a hill, as I do now,  
To carve out dials, quaintly, point by point,  
Thereby to see the minutes, how they run--  
How many makes the hour full complete,  
How many hours brings about the day,  
How many days will finish up the year,  
How many years a mortal man may live.



The gnomon is the indicator. It is centrally located. It discerns global function as well as reveals it. It is a colorful place full of emotion. It controls, catalogs, and influences the market. It is a folded hive of collective time, living in its own internal encapsulation.

In a color display behind the gnomon, the markets close. The fervor of congregated subjects consumed by the commercial time of the indicator swarms to overpower any buzzed natural congregation outside of the gnomon. If the people inside the gnomon were dressed any differently it would be considered an act of love rather than an act of exchange. Love would move from a square position in the virtual world to a ready-to-be-compromised position in the world of marketable exchange. The crossover would be especially violent but delectable in the course of its transfiguration.

Love would be the conditional eternity devoured by parody's never-ending ellipsis. It falls forever into invocations. In those displayed colors, it changes.

Change is not always violent, but should be. Change is tight. It exclusively operates on the active dependence of a surplus. Surplus must overcome demand in order to supply the means for violent

exchange. It is an act of archival economics. It is a stacked triangle of time – cornered points come to a final head that must be built on the structure of the previous points. Then, when the lines extend further beyond the triangulated chronological course, a triangle stacks upon the previous triangle. Repeating itself indefinitely despite collapse, change, or surplus.

Only the equality of surplus stock may free horizontal equations. This is not a binding. It is definition minus any background.

Time has the ability to become lost in surplus. If a specific remainder mark is not footnoted then the entire contribution to this value is compromised.

A lost time saturates the present foundation. Time is able to be lost in the gnomon. The gnomon is hysteric, delusional, and curving.

In the function of valuebased chronology, economic borders blanket the celestial tunings of time's previous incarnations. This would potentially be an era of invocation. If, say, the current market existed beyond the present economical realm, it would parallel and influence the course of its alien market. This action would occur through the cross-dimensional triangulation (considered to be

effective mainly due to the contemporary reliability on speculative market exchange) of the current stacked economical surplus. The trade, per se, would no longer be lost nor would it saturate any foundational aspects. The surplus would remain uncompromised.

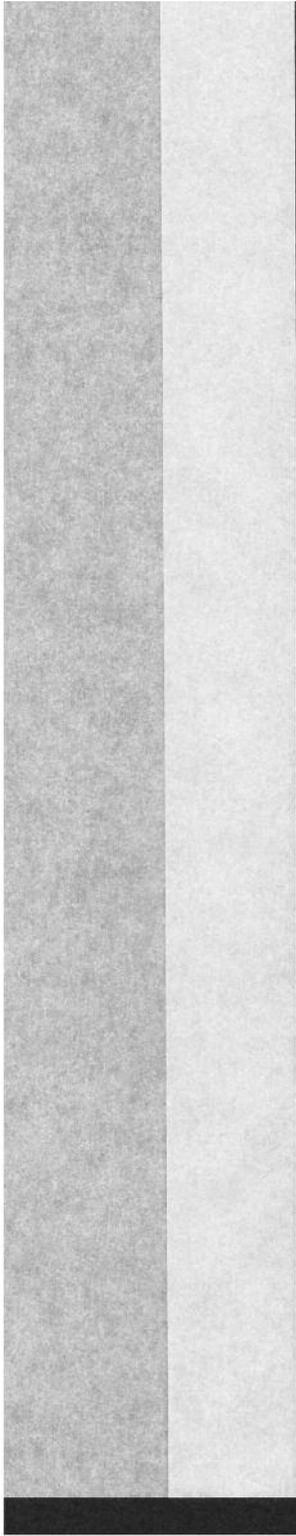
Time is latent.

The definition of time as a prescription of chronologically bent infrastructures is not economical. It is rigid and appears improvised. Time existing in the current state of the economical realm cannot afford to be improvised. It must be monolithic, impenetrable, and ancient even in its relative continuous birth.

Time is an illustration of elastic demand.

In the gnomon, time is the centerfold. It constitutes the flow of commerce (more specifically the flow of cost – it is no longer influenced by demand but by time and speed, how a product is introduced into the market and at what speed and when, not chronologically [when it is separate from time – when it is a moment, all moments exist outside of time when they become momentary]). If time folds over into other realms of economical speculation then those instances of intruding time influence the separate market. This crossover can be





dimensional, geographical, or even internal. Time's elastic properties allow for many intrusions and interruptions.

The gnomon contains all indicative denotations of time (now/ever/where/else). It is the containment facility of control. Time, even if abrupt, is a cluster of intrusion. An isolated feed tracks commercial travel when suddenly an alien timeline intrudes on the isolated chronology. Even though the time is exact, numerical, and iconic in its representation, it is unsettling in its alienated appearance.

The gnomon is a central landmark for the economical course of commercial travel. It is not to time travel but to travel time. The goal of traveling time is to eliminate all prospects of economical absence. It will allow the complete eradication of economic prosperity while simultaneously maintaining a healthy market. This is only accomplished by the instability influencing the stability. The bleak must bear the extravagant lack of the riches.

The absence of capital-based chronology empowers the unity of all beings. It is a timeless society capitalizing on eternal productivity rather than the limiting numerology of capital.

The gnomon is a parody – structurally, periodically, and

in representation. If the gnomon ceased to exist, its once definite existence would supplement reinforcing additives to any definite absence that would negatively affect a time-based economic system. It would swirl the failing system into a dis-system then back to a failing system. The system is allowed to fail as long as it ceases to negate its purpose.

The gnomon's purpose is to cement a never-ending presence in parody and market. If parodied then it will be endless. It is a parody.

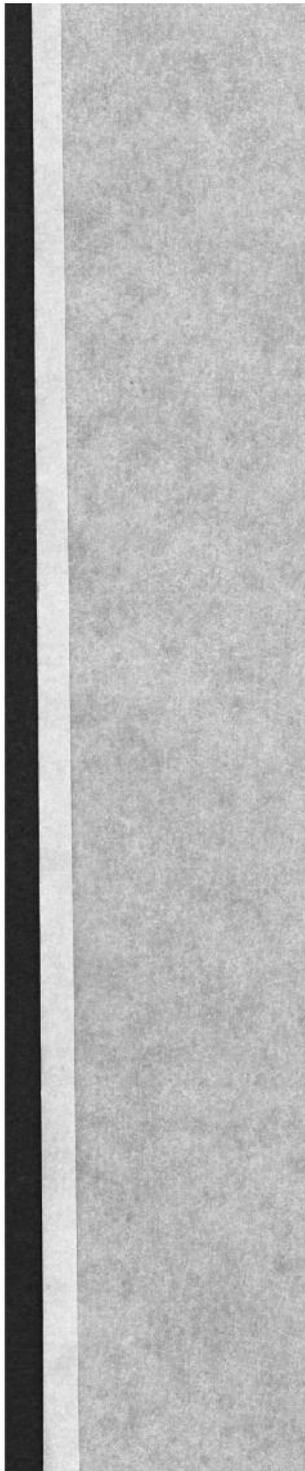
Even momentary events occasionally have gumption to enact lingering triggers along the elongated parody. One sure occasion would be a single act of explosive violence isolated to a specific sector of the gnomon. This event alone could detail pockmark-like impressions on an otherwise glossed smooth structural façade. This entry-level impact creates an emblematic event to announce the chronological installation of a new period for the gnomon and all that the gnomon contains. It is a public exchange of time-based capital identity. Time has made its mark on parody.

Time is company unaccompanied. It is the technicality of parody – the last mechanization of a straight line, drawn and transfigured.

### III. THE GNOMON

*Meam vide umbram, tuam videbis vitam.*

*Ultima latet ut observentur omnes. Ex iis  
unam cave.*



The gnomon is an indication of facilitated capitalization controlled by an inherent time-based string of marketable objects. It is an enclosed structure containing all influential methods on outerworldly matters. If it were to ever materialize externally, it would adopt its negligent architectural pomp to appear as a crag-throne forever bordered by hard-edged conflating greenery, appearing imprisoned by the same internal space it compliments. This vulnerability lends it a cowardly show of power – setback and sullen.

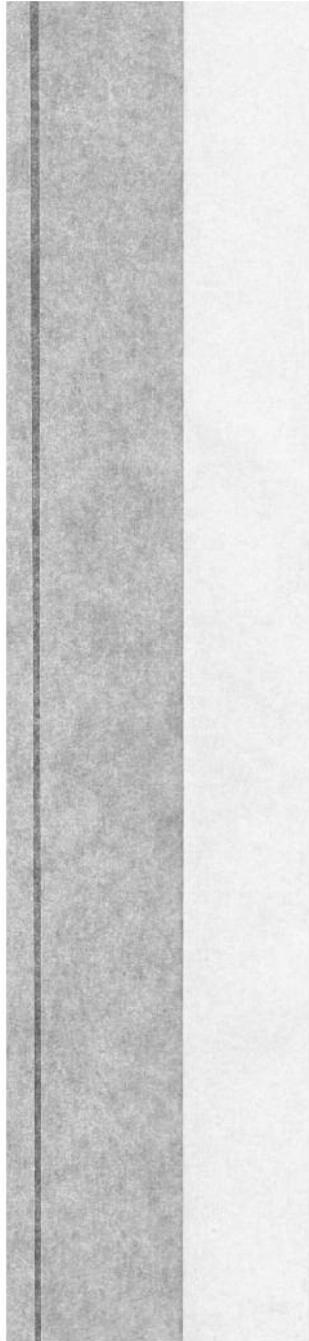
The gnomon, then, shutters a trail of unseen microcosms bordered by precipitated forms of exchange. Any micro-controlled commercial exchange loses any retaining ability and ceases to cover large spans of horizontal economy. The gnomon, although rectangular, encircles all value-based routes. It creates an eternal loop of wealth. It is gravitational – a satellite-like ring of reverse-disseminating power.

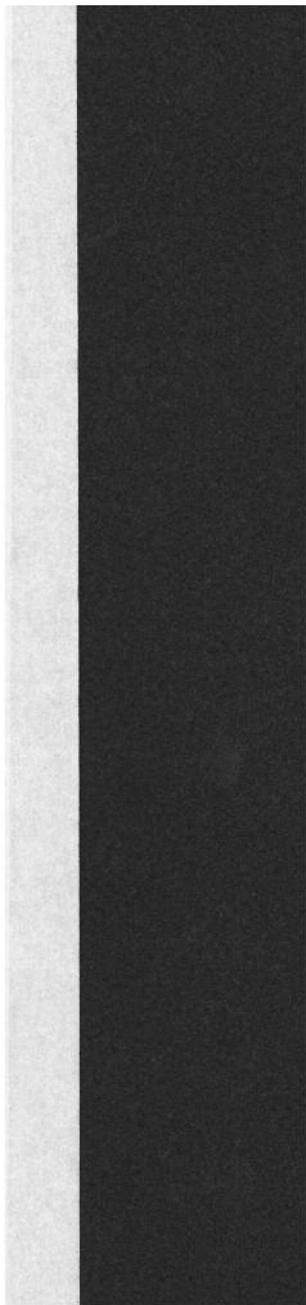
The gnomon is repetitious punctuation. It appears steady. It appears ready. Despite these attributes, it is always churning. It is chain-like in its endearing drawl for the systematic economical removal of denizens below the gravitational pull of the satellite-like ring of reverse-disseminating power.

The gnomon is a hall at the end of the demonstration. Once that smoke clears, it still stands to gain parody after parody. It is a dominant war-clamoring structure eliminating all approaching fronts in the name of crushing forefront economical approaches. It is cutthroat.

It is a beautiful vessel for the most evil acts. It is a flanked pulse of architectural oppression. It ranks sincerity in instances of transplanted upheaval contained by promising glimpses of cataclysmic error nearly associated with the echoed churn of history's banned revisioning. It is a quick sight, or a dividing glitch of time (or parody). It eliminates pseudo-encyclopedic sequestering of trivial events to be cataloged in the stacking of triangulated economics, the monumental moments within parody, or the architectural containment of time-induced capital. Time is then in the gnomon. It is a construct within the survey of all inhabiting entities, systems, or speculations.

Time is able to crumble value just as time is able to crumble structure. Value has an impressionable consistency. It is consistent with speculative consumption or construction.





An indicatory leveling of a posted configuration finalizing the spoiled remnants of punctuated history marks the gnomon's status of equitable market review. The occasion is marked by a free-circulating document detailing the productive move towards a consistent network of time-specific situated monitors creating a globally positioned sourced interactive market surveillance map.

This position marks the turning point of the analytical process or relinquishes the reader from serious criticism, mostly marked by the positioning of strategic projection points – near a ridge, a river, or a roadway. Whether or not the gnomon is situated in the right place of it all or not, the insignificance of location is only acknowledged by those spread into the most wildly situated wedges of the economic world. The specificity of site is of no importance to a market or institution that is dominated by an all-encompassing structure.

The gnomon exists elsewhere in other manifestations. It exists elsewhere – folding inalienable – in layers of succeeding and preceding forms.

The gnomon in other manifestations is a tricky situation. It is similar to a new trick of the sudden guest. The trick is to instill a comfortable composure in a general state of mellow ambiance (easily confused with a case of illness) so that any wrongdoing remains undetected. The classified act of evil is nearly charged as restful or compliant, but actually, is removed from any suspicious activity. It is a mirror of itself functioning outside of itself containing its own internalized chronologies.

Inside the gnomon among the vast technological advancements so hurried and implemented into functioning pre-retirement, a worker within the continuous advent of buzzing whir kneels belly over with their face hunched to the knee. This crumpling act goes unquestioned and unnoticed before being distributed throughout the ranks of the erect workers. This curled act begins to flatten horizontally. It disrupts the verticality within the gnomon.

The gnomon promotes a vertical ascension of time. It is a direction that must be looked up and down instead of across. It cannot all be seen at once if flattened out. It must collapse to be totally recognized chronologically.

The gnomon is a living place. If it were to collapse, crumble, or be demolished, the space around it would solidify its onetime construction into a mirage of an openly navigated structure. The outline alone would not only reinforce its presence but allows an indulgence of repetitious absent power to a structure that ceases to exist. The gnomon is a living place though so it is unable to experience death. It is a place that lives.

The gnomon has a single façade that endlessly repeats in a looped rectangular appearance. It is a project flat, thin covering spread across the entire gnomon. It is utilized to create the appearance of a repeating face. The gnomon is a face forever. The viewer will face the gnomon's facing side forever. It is a confrontation. It is static direct eye contact. It is the hierarchical leveling of the impenetrable and the vulnerable. It is an allegiance. It is an allegiance to upholding policy.

The gnomon remains in the parodied segments of a chronology relevant solely to the space it inhabits. The remainder of the parody is what inhabits the spread of emerging routes. The gnomon is what impedes these routes being traveled.

The gnomon is a queue. It is folding. It lines itself up consistently in the same position before it folds itself in again.

The gnomon is folded paper. Its shade spans the length of a collapsed alternate probability below the layered material. It is a fabricated gushing of elongated capital presence only made viable when it is illuminated from beneath. If the power would noticeably fail in a present operation, the act of bending light into an enclosed space to illuminate what is hidden would extend certain factors to alternative options. The insides would become more visible. Despite this option, the release of this valuable information is prevented by the acts of the folded property itself. The gnomon folds the information in on itself in the act of self-queuing.

Time is a swift keeper. Its keyed progression is never an alternative option. The space within the fold is unable to be breached. It is a plane of collapsed time that would reopen closed navigational routes for commercial travel. It would open closed, alternate routes of time.

The gnomon folds itself gently.





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LET US KEEP OUR OWN NOON

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Ed Steck is a writer based in Pittsburgh. Natalie Häusler is an artist based in Berlin.

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Watch images from a catalog of bootleg watches being sold on Canal Street in New York's Chinatown. The catalog was purchased for \$20 by David Horvitz, having to explain to the vendor that he wanted the catalog, not a watch.

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