

Perform- ing Working Research Journal

As I am starting this journal on 11-12-2023, over 7 months into the research, I will create some space in the beginning for back-logging, which I will fill in over the course of the next months. I prefer not to begin with that as it's a bit of a tedious job (or might be, a bit of a chore) and would rather indulge in the impulse that brought me to finally creating this document.

My official starting date as PD-PT is 1-5-2023. But the project was already up and running by then. So it's a bit of a decision to make in pinpointing a beginning. Perhaps I do it intuitively, I flow about the first meeting with the group at the hospital? But that should include the preparations, as they were quite intense.

My first emails to the chronically ill group went out on 24-11-2022. That's more than a year ago!

Oh I can go with that. Let's say we're a good year into the research. I'm not sure how to back-log a whole year, whether it should be per event or stage, or can it be more informal than that? Let's

decide here and now on the journal!

Now we're on the subject, what, indeed, do I want this journal to be? For whom? With what aim? My desire is a kind of diary. A place to reflect, pour out fears and worries as well as ideas, desires, and thoughts, etc. But there's a catch. Cos I'd also like it to be useful for the research itself and for the tracking of / reporting on the research. So who's talking here? The researcher? The person? The artist? The student? The teacher? The daughter? The lover? Hmm... I guess they might all want some space for chattering. ~~OK~~, good idea, let's all of us write here. On condition that we make explicit who's talking. Maybe we use a coding system, a symbol perhaps, that is attached to each paragraph. You start by identifying the voice, and then you write from that perspective. It's possible to combine 2 or 3 perspectives! (This is a score! A journaling score!)

0 The Confident Research

~ The Lost Researcher

▷ The Artist

✓ The Student

✓ The Teacher

- 2 The Daughter (the care worker?)
↳ in training!
- The Lover
- The Alter Ego (to be discovered)
(which one?)
- ▽ The Patient
- Δ The Activist
- ◁ The Worker Ant
- T Heli (or just T)

2 I had a dream last night which involved an old friend who I haven't seen for about 30 years but with whom I recently connected again, we have a date to meet up in a couple of months. This bit is real life. In the dream there was a complicated story about me having to go to her parents home to look for something, about she and I making plans to go on holiday together and all of us (including her mother and brother) stopping off at my parents house before that. It was calling that house 'home' in the dream. My stuff was in my old room. My parents were apparently my parents again as in: normal functioning autonomous sane social people. The weather was sunny. It all felt very reassuring. I woke up realising how much I miss my parents.

They are a bit of a mess in real life, to the point that I don't see (or rather feel) them as the people I've always known as my parents. Mum is a heavy oxycodeine addict and she has Alzheimer's. Dad is frail and confused and constantly falling over. Neither are really able to keep up with the daily tasks of living, but they refuse any help. We organise care and my

sister (Eric) except if its coming from us directly. And they are both adamant about living out their lives at home. They often say they're done with life.

In their complete blindness to, and bewilderment of, the help they could and should get (its all organised, ready for the taking) they are actually very demanding. And the demand is hidden behind their stubborn refusal to acknowledge this. Or their incapacity to. Or their 'we give up' kind of attitude to the practical things. They prefer to muddle along, and call us or the neighbours when things go wrong. And this drives us nuts.

13-12-2023

~ Having some serious trouble figuring out what to do re the 'patient' as a worker project. I have to communicate to the group as its almost a month ago that we met. I have written out the notes I took. Including all except 1, the notes from individual conversations. But I feel I need to have a plan in order to contact them. Perhaps I should start with listing the desires voiced, or maybe listing all the answers to the 4 different questions, saying: this is what we've collected. Then here we will strategise. And then start approaching the ones

who indicated they'd like to be in separate work groups... something like that?

○ 14-12-2023

Idea for Murres + collab. interview: a 15 session on alter-ego's as method of research.

✓ 15-12-2023

Reading Udo K. Work

traditional work culture → work = necessary evil. modern work ethic → (Protestant work ethic) work = a religious duty. Weber. Plehns, Gorz.

political dimensions + normative force of paid work: work constructs individual subjects + structures the social order, making up the work society.

Work → utilitarian disciplining. Pathway to success as a creative act. (Post-industrial work ethic.) → work as self-expression/development, creativity.

✓ Talking to Ina D (future inton) yesterday she asked me if part of my plea for understanding our selves as bodies, were practices of mindfulness etc. and I said no: those are like yoga disciplining practices, whilst I think I'm more interested in undisciplining.

○ 17-12-23

Yesterday we did the "What is

work?" event at Toon. There were 8 people excluding me and the Toon team, 12 including. Bouckra, Mimi, Fatima, Zahra, Jadhwin, Wijnand, Ruben, Isis, Beykan, Belgin, ik en Derk. Perfect number, as 3 people were needed per round, in total we did 8 rounds. People easily understood the question and started the 'Knutsel' session with enthusiasm, working mostly (but not only) in pairs on cards. Subjects to remember are:

- Bouckra - Het werk van dealen met mensen die je slecht behandelt
- Mimi - Het werk van het ranen van het huishouden (koken, boodschappen doen, huis werk opkuisen, brengen v.d. kinderen was doen enz.)
- Beykan - Het werk van zorgen voor een zieke partner tot zijn dood
- Belgin - Het werk van leven, op deze planeet
- Isis - Het werk van volwassen zijn
- Adrianz - Het werk van van-het-naar-her reizen (werk, thuis, geliefde, studie, vrienden enz.)
- Zahra - Het werk van jezelf kleden (wonder kleden, maar niet te duur)
- Ruben - Het werk van altijd iets moeten
- Wijnand - Het werk van zoeken naar rust
- Wijnand - Het werk van altijd weer van koers moeten veranderen
- Derk - Het werk van nergens thuis komen

Als ik naar de platties bijh. herinner
ik me vast meer.

Gesprekken gingen over hoe zwaar die
zorg is voor die ziele partner/vader,
Belgin moest knien en Fatima ook,
blijkbaar heeft ze iets vergelijkbaars
mee gemaakt. Fatima sprak niet veel
Nl. Minni sprak voor haar. Zahra ver-
telde dat ze speciaal in een 2de
hands kleding zaak is gaan werken
omdat ze verslaafd is aan kleren
naar het de duur werd. Minni vertelde
over eten delen met de buien, dat dat
ook een vorm van orzichtigheid is
want dat gaat over sociale banden
maken. Baykan had het veel over
hoe goed de tijd was toen ze pas in
Nl Oaarkwam dat de mensen, haar
buren erzo, heel aardig, lief, verwel-
komend waren. Dat dat nu allemaal
anders is. Belgien haar man geeft
Turkse les aan volwassene als 2de
taal. Derk vroeg naar het gebrek
aan andere vrouwen in de platties,
en dat leidde tot een gesprek tussen
vooral Minni en Baykan over hoe
vrouwen altijd aan het werk zijn
zorgen koken, enz., allemaal, in de or-
zichtbaarheid. Tijdens het spel pon-
neerde Ruben na dat we daar eigen-
lijk voor befaald zouden moeten worden.
En dat het een interessant project zou
kunnen zijn een subsidie aan de vrag
om 1 week lang een groep mensen
voor zulke taken te betalen, met

Inkloeken en al, en dan zien wat
dat doet met dat werk. Ik vind dit
eigenlijk een heel interessant plan,
zou dat ook op zichte of dakloos-
heid kunnen toe passen.
Veel mensen hadden het over het belang
van in de natuur zijn, bewegen,
maar ook onder de mensen zijn, so-
ciale banden maken voor elkaar
zorgen. Elkaar groeten op straat (niet
onzichtbaar zijn maken). Begijn
vindt dat de jeugd van tegenwoordig
niet streng genoeg wordt opgevoed
(Wijnard) Maakt geen foto van de
4-kant "Steeds van koers veranderen"
"Altijd iets moeten" "de humor ervan
inzien" en "de witte man op de bank".
Wijnard vertelde dat hij gekk wordt van
de drakten. In de draakbree opvang,
hij hlaagde over oost-eurothese
wanneer die draken en kawaai maken.

23-12-23

De kaarten:

- Altijd onderweg zijn (Adrienne);
van hot naar hier, van studiegear
werk naar anders naar lief etc.
- met beleid zorgen voor een ou-
dwe (Phil)
- Een man (partner, echtgenoot) met
hart zichte (waar ze 12 jaar voor
heeft gezorgd)
- Leven in de wereld, deze wereld,
co 2 probleem. (Begin)
- Je nooit ergens thuis voelen,
nergens horen (Purk)

- Volwassen zijn (Iris)
- Koken (Fatima?)
- Kleding / ie kleden / in een 2de hands kleren winkel werken om daar kopen om minder geld uit te geven aan dure kleding (Labs)
- Op zoek naar rust (Wijnand)
- Voor jezelf zorgen terwijl je voor je vader zorgt (?) (Beyla)
- Wandelen in de natuur (Miri), als je zelf zorg eij en en elkers gezondheid, (samen) wisse lucht halen.
- ~~De~~ soortgelijks met sport (Boudie?) en esthetische zelf zorg.
- Opnieuw (zorg voor) de man (Beyla)
- Bij als icht mag (i.p.v. Moeth. Raben.
- De hele riedel van huis en gezin verzorgen → schoonmaken, boodschappen doen, koken, huishoud helpen, opvoeden enz. (Miri)
- Er zijn mensen die misbruik van je maken. (Boudie)
- De humor ervan blijven inzien (Iris)
- Steeds van koers veranderen (Wijnand)

Kaarten die niet zijn gespeeld maar wel gemaakt:

- De hele dag aan moeten staan (Adriana)
- Auto rijden (Dasma)
- De hond uit laten (Ruben)

- leren (?) Ik denk Jönköping. Stadsgr.
 - en nog één van Derh waarin de uitheg nog niet van heb.
- antwoord = schaarste.

Ik had nog een gedachte vorige week. Ik heb er al eerder over nagedacht maar zou het nu wat serieuzer willen nemen. Om de notie van werk als in betaald werk toch ope op te nemen zou het toch zijn de partners/organisaties met wie ik werk (Utrecht, HKU, straat consulaat, Toon? (is inmiddels ter ziele maar ik zie wel voor me dat we nog wel iets met elkaar zullen doen) ook bestuderen op werk. D.w.z. op hoe er wordt gewerkt, de werkkondities, wat men daar van vindt, hoe het wordt beleefd enz. 11 Feb. is er op de HKU een dag over de HKU en Debbie heeft voorgesteld dat ik daar met deze vraag heen ga. Ik moet wel even goed gaan nadenken wat die vraag exact moet zijn (of vragen liever).

1-1-2024

Nieuw jaar!

Ik lees een boekje dat ik met
kerst van Jack heb gekregen: Beledigende
Broccoli 2.0, over de kloof tussen hoopvollen
en hooplozen, door Tina 'S Jongers. Eén
aan tekening daarover. Hij heeft het
over 'armoede Taylorisme'. Daarmee bedoelt
hy het personeren van NLI-armoede beleid dat
verschillende standaards/maatregelen aan verschillend as-
pecten van armoede werken, maar niemand
aan het geheel. Dit doet denken aan de
klacht die je van veel mensen over het
zorgapparaat hoort: dat de ene arts met
dit deel van je lichaam bezig is, de ander
met dat, maar dat het lichaam niet als
geheel wordt behandeld/bekeken.
Deel problemen aanpakken i.p.v. struct-
weld problemen. Zorg Taylorisme?

2-1-2024 (Reflections on Althea)

Reading Data Dive by Anthea.
Understanding " " as a reflexive
elder ego who appeared during
a rehearsal. Not sure yet if she
performs part of the perfo. she was
rehearsing for. The point of Data Dive
seems to be that she dares to do things
a. doesn't, dares to be glamorous,
outrageous, expressive, st. Mary, unapologetic.

• Ah, I have my answer: she became part of an installation slash workshop slash performance that she made with Isabelle Barré Rely. D.D. acted as a host. Not too serious. Glam-duties. A question in my mind: What is Data?? Punk-collar workers → "female professions" Baby Diva → Diva becoming. Childhood heroines, come from East-DE context, somewhat ambiguous, as they all tend to promote aspects of communism.

Interlude: I do have some ideas about an alter ego. Or perhaps dreams is a better word. I've recently started fantasizing about my life with the pegasus. The pegasus is shy, a bit scrawny, black, her body, she's a bit fickle, though gentle mostly. I am her protector - pegasus needs protecting because being alone they are in danger of being hunted and collected - and as her devoted protector I lead a rather odd life. Hermit-like, sleeping in the hay with the pegasus, sharing meals with her, adapting to her needs and rhythm.

So this daydream has sparked an image of a person, the gender is rather indeterminate, who is rather ragged and uncouth (? is that the word?) silent, following her own rules, living closely with animals. long, tangled dark hair with insects crawling in them (think halloween persona)

many years ago). Perhaps she/they could be called Skylla, the monster in the Odyssey with a twin named Charybdis (Gariptus....) or Gaript. She/they are I guess a version of the one I was thinking of before, "I prefer not to" in that she withdraws or refuses all sorts of conventional participation or displays some kind of civil or social disobedience. Which means she relies more on other guidelines than social conventions. And that's probably where the guest is. To figure out which guidelines she does follow, what constitutes them and what that 'wields'. (That's not the right word. What but olerent.)

An interesting question here is which apparatuses we will have to conjure up to access her voice and get 'into' her. I'm trying to remember what that was like with Dwight. First step was me writing him a letter. Then there was the beard of course, but I can't remember how soon this appeared. First the very crude party-steps and later the beautiful day-late-made-one. But anyway, perhaps I should start with a letter to UC, but I'm not so sure. She doesn't quite feel like someone you'd write a letter to. I think the good will be quite crucial. Idea: to kickstart the collab with the Zindras lets do a meeting with / between our 3 alter egos. It would have to be live and probably in nature, even if it's

just a park or something, Cos C. would
be quite uncomfortable in a cafe or
some such. Let's prepare this. As a
way of starting prepare somehow together,
and don't forget to give them both
a research assignment.

12-1-24 (Morning)

I don't know who is speaking. It might be the daughter as I've just come from my parents, spent the night there, evening full of cooking, accounting, searching for lost objects, managing minor conflicts/problems with other people, managing my own annoyances, fears etc. Trying to stay gentle and kind.

Perhaps The Student would be the most apt. Or the lover, there is a real struggle going in relation to my parents to have or to have the love. To not so cold on them. To not allow myself to become tough or unfeeling. And at the same time the struggle is against feeling too much. Too much fear, worry, repetition. And too much love as well.

12-1-24 (Afternoon)

Reading Undoing Work, I had a funny realization. In the first chapter he is discussing Gorz, who speaks of 'functional integration' and the way we have convinced ourselves (in the service of capitalism) that waged work is what makes us worthy citizens (the ideology of work). I'm thinking about how women were excluded from waged work, a woman taking a job was regarded as one stealing work from a man. So they were excluded from being worthy citizens. So it's logical that work,

access to work and the right to work was one of the first main objectives of feminism. But it's also a pity. It could have been a unique opportunity to break that mould. Another thing I was thinking is how when I was a young artist, I would feel profound exclusion when cycling to my studio in the morning amidst the work force of their bikes with akte tas and boterhammen. I felt useless, underused, disconnected, irrelevant. Instead of celebrating the fantastic freedom I had. And teaching really helped there. It gave me a sense of belonging. And even now, I'm disproportionately proud of the fact that I have an income and a contract, a 'job', especially as I retain a lot of the freedom of being an independent artist at the same time. But so, what's interesting to me is the force of this work ideology making it impossible for me to enjoy my freedom as an artist and idealising the work force, who I saw as 'real people' and myself as some kind of smittenbeetje.

It might also be good to take note of a paradox or incongruity the writer finds in Marx's theory which is that he on one hand seems to promote the abolition of work but also promotes work as an agent in binding individuals together in a society of associated individuals. However, at the same time, work ethic is an individualising force rather than a collectivising one. At least in the way it is upheld now, with practises of flexibility.

"an increasing glut of workers + shortage of secure full-time jobs ^{it} puts people more and more in competition to each other."

18-1-23
▽ Yesterday I had my first ever real operation. Some thoughts:

- Operating Theatre. What a great form. I found the whole thing slightly performative. The way people were interacting with each other. Greetings, jokes, "bawdy"... in a Francophone context also the hisses, which makes it even more gendered than it already is, or was in this case, with all the top dogs being men. In fact only one female, the nurse-assistant (predictably). Then there's the music, giving the whole scene a cinematic, a bit like a sit-com type of feel.

- The patient: desperately trying to not become an object, by cracking jokes, asking questions, telling by-sund how normal the whole thing is. The complete and utter reliance, dependency on other people is crazy.

- In Gaza right now people are having caesarians without anaesthetics.

- The body became meat: complete dissociation when my legs rose up in the air, yellowy-brown

from the betadine, whilst I could clearly feel my legs lying on the bed. So no way could that rubbery object be mine, but it was. Also after the op, when I was anxiously waiting for feeling and movement to come back to my legs and genital region (Lanny came back to life last, this had me worried, imagine losing my precious pleasure zone!) there was this distinct feeling of the placement of the legs where they were, which was actually just the memory of where they were just before the epidural, at least that's what I think. So a kind of phantom sensation based on the last moment of feeling.

- Being carted around in a bed, the propped up position, puts one at a disadvantage. Lying down is acutely vulnerable. Your line of vision is diminished, at least the part that is relevant for your social existence because you can't scan your direct eye-level surroundings. There's mostly the ceiling, but the ceiling is irrelevant. So people kind of float into your line of vision, lots of new faces looking down on you, "bonjour!" professional smiles. Such a relief when someone actually engages. It's a pity I am so suspicious of the whole authentic cos it would be useful here.

The language. I often said: je ne suis pas francophone, je me débrouille très bien en français mais il faut pas me parler trop vite. Except for the kick (physio) nobody took

much notice. They probably just forgot.
The anaesthetist said "Je suis la, je
suis juste a coté de vous." This was incredibly
soothing.

- Now I'm sitting on my balcony
among the snow filled plant pots watching
people slog through the snow street
hearing the magical sound of their feet
making the snow go krrrrrppp, krrrrppp,
knust. Wrapped in a woolly blanket
in the full sun, the colourful beach
parasol protecting me from the melting
snow dripping down, I feel like a patriot
in The Magic Mountain.

- It would be nice to talk to some surgeons,
anaesthetists, assistant surgeons etc. on the
formativity of their jobs. I'd really
like to talk about the formativity
of work. All sorts of work. But
medical or care work is a nice place to
start. Maybe as the nurse would
be nice to interview.

(addition 19-1-23)

- Talked more about the position of
lying down and relating to your environment
from this position to Nika.
She told me she did her exam presentation
at the art school in Brede
lying down on the laps of the exam
committee members. What an amazing
idea. Thought for the go-to-go of

Momand: ask the comite members to
lie down? Put them in beds? ride them
around?

19-1-23

2 ▽ A conversation with my parents.

Father: So will we see you this week?

Me: No not this week, I'm having
the operation remember? So
I can't move for a couple of
days.

Father: Operation? What operation?

Me: Remember I told you last week
I'm having a knee operation?

Father: Oh yes! You should talk to
your mother about this! Here,
I'm passing her the phone.
Carion! It's Phil! She's having a
knee operation this week!

Me: It's ok pap, she won't be able
to remember anyway no need to
worry her, pap...?

Mother: Who is it? Oh it's Phil hi
Phil! (Father in background: She's
having a knee operation)
Oh, do you have bad knees? Oh
you have that from me! Vow-

king Van het Kraakbeen! I've had problems with my knees since I was very young.

(Background info: This is the 1 million 9999 time she tells me this)

Father in background: Phil is having an operation this week!

Mother: Oh darling, you're having an operation? When? Who will take care of you?

(before I can answer)

Mother: I can come, shall I come? I can pick you up, take you home, you can recuperate here!

Me (laughing): Haha, man, you're an idiot and Pap keeps falling over, don't think that's gonna work

(I don't mention the fact that neither of my parents could anyway drive such a distance, my mother's license having been taken away since she has Alzheimer and a heavy opioid addiction and my father only just able to make it to the shops in the village)

Mother: (angry) Why are you laughing! I'll come! Who's looking after you?

I'm laughing and I feel really mean
that I'm laughing because I know she
doesn't know what can't do all this and
I'm actually angry with her irrationally
that she can't remember this, that
she has absolutely no awareness of
her own situation, because she just
refuses ~~to~~ to admit it or confront it.
But is that true? Is she just not able
to remember? I'm not sure, because
some moments she seems more aware.
But I'm also angry or rather sad
that this person who indeed would
have jumped into her car and
driven for 3 hours to pick me up
so she could take care of me,
- she did it quite a few times in
the past - that this person is gone.
And what makes it really hard
is that she's not dead, my
mother is still here on the other
end of the line, but this is not
my mother. So in a way she is
dead.

2 24-01-23

In train on way to Utrecht for
workshop with MA students. Manag-
ed to find diclofenac pills (voltaren)
at Rotterdam station. Not possible to
get them in BE without prescription.
Am worried and stressed about the
pain. It's a weird kind of pain, nagging,

an ache. During the night last night it was very strong. It was going to write unbearable but of course it's bearable. Just very unpleasant. Feels like the operation set of me back: swollen knees, aching pain, like how it was a while ago. Before I did all the yoga and it seemed to get a bit better, doable.

Pain makes you feel vulnerable, like it reduces drastically your "incassurability". Monday evening on the bike a car nearly ran me over. Instead of feeling indignant I responded with golden words. To van, clark han er ook het bij ja. I had let the drink met de pijn om me er over op te kunnen lachen.

Pain also makes you irritable. I was cross and impatient with Jack in the morning and with Robert when he popped in for a coffee.

Pain is also stressful: I'm worried how I do get through the day. My stomach is in a knot. I'm scared.

~ 31 Jan '24

How to order this research ???
I have to start storing stuff on the ILLU cloud, which should be the sync storage space of data, outcomes, notes and reports etc. And I'm getting completely lost because I can't figure out how to order it. I have the same problem for the website, for the research catalogue.

etc. I basically have no idea how to order what I do. I spend a lot of time worrying about this, thinking about it and not making any progress.

There are a few different options:

1. Using the 3 research questions as an ordering principle. So that what give something like

- * Performing Work
- * Working in Performing (art)
- * Work Ethics / ethics of Work / working + researching ethically.

But the reality of the research has taken it into a rather different direction so we would need at least a transposing:

- * Redthinking Work
- * Redthinking Performance
- * Redthinking Transdisciplinary Co creative research work

Then the first container would hold the projects sickness as work, homelessness as work, invisible labour at home etc.

The second I'm not sure, I guess the work I plan to do with Sarah, perhaps what I did at Marres but only that which pertains to the audience as workers, not the TTS

That we did in Mexico. So where does that fit?

O 1 Feb 24

Ok I'm going to make an executive decision here. We're going to go for something way more pragmatic:

Year 1

- Outcomes
- Notes + reports
- raw data
- source study
- contacts, cons + admin

talks +

Outcomes: presentations, workshops, texts and publications, events, performances, collages

Notes + reports: reports/notes workshops, cons supervisors, research journal.

Raw data: Street Cons, Ulysses, TOON, atelier, Enquêtes Marées

Source Study: Books + Reading notes, Performances, Lectures + notes

Documentaries,

Contact, Cons + Admin: Calvin Hilly, Budgets (Ulysses etc), all contacts (Ulysses, SC, TOON, PD, + HKU, ...)

4 Feb 2024

☐ In this case the lover as care-giver.

I realise, as a lover giving care, the intimacy of the role. And I appreciate it. I am involved in intimate details of bodily functions of my lover (his toilet experiences, his discomforts in limbs and bowels) and assist in all the small and intimate rituals like washing, nappies, executing small exercises. We share all the smaller and bigger worries (is this normal? Does this look worse than yesterday?) and our collective life plays out on a microscopic plane.

Opposite to what I feel as the daughter-as-care-giver, where all this intimacy causes me huge anxiety to the point of resentment which in turn makes me feel acutely guilty because I'm very aware that I have done - and would have continued to do if they could - the same, if not more, for me, if and when the roles were reversed.

In the role of lover-as-care-giver on the contrary the intimacy is joyful, tender, involving. This last aspect has downsides: it's very hard to do anything else, like work. It's hard to concentrate on anything other than the care. And hard to avoid about anything

else very much for that matter.
On the other hand, the fact that we are
so intimately and consistently in each
others' stead and company invites to
share more than I would normally
thoughts and ideas to do with work.
So there is a nice state of musing
over things together, which does con-
tribute to ~~the~~ work conceptually and
also to a pleasant way of working.
(I suppose some people probably
experienced this during the lock down,
those that found themselves sharing
more time + space with their loved ones.)
We didn't so much because of complicating
factors, but I can imagine it's similar
in some cases.

We are living so calmly and quietly.
Rhythmically I lie in the bed working
and listening to the ticking of his
crutches as he does his obligatory
10 rounds around the table as
exercise.

I realise the fact that the situation
is not endless plays an important
role. If this were forever, it would
be a whole different ball game.

And the space we are in is spaci-
ous, light, comfortable and beautiful
apartment. If we were somewhere cramp-
ed dark and dingy, I'm not so sure
our togetherness would be so easy.

14 Feb 
Leaving, learning, learning...

Concurrence; I need a consent confirmation of some sort for both the UNCU group as the SC group. There is a suggestion by Judith for the SC group to give an intro that I record, in which I state all the facts about what will be done with peoples info and products, where I then can say (and I agree that) "I see you are all working." But this feels, again, super fake. So what would a correct way to do it be?

I'm thinking it should be a collective decision. Anything else is just bollocks. So we need to find a way to discuss this and decide together, come up with some kind of handout, that can then be read out or whatever at the beginning of each meeting. And can be discussed every time.

Some goes for the UNCU group. Should be a collectively designed agreement on how we work together. And actually, the same goes for every collaboration that takes place in this research. These conversations should be documented, should lead to some kind of protocol which can be different for every group, and it should remain open for discussion.

Δ 26 Feb 24

Last Friday (23rd) I went to Ariebergen and met with De Vries

to talk about a possible application for the Agis-fonds, to finance the next steps of the UMCH project. Part of the meeting was that we called Agis to ask if they think the project is viable for funding or not. I was rather confused by the conversation because I had anticipated they would be enthusiastic by the concreteness of the plan now, this idea of the 'quarterly magazines' but actually she wasn't. This was too 'concrete' as an outcome, too small perhaps. She was looking more for a concrete research question, also a larger one perhaps, and a "solution". I found this a bit confrontational because I realise that, although there is an aspect of the stupid 'save-the-world-design solutions' in what she was saying while I want to stay very far away from, it also touched a nerve: something like, a I aiming too low? Is it enough to just exchange, speak out, get people to articulate and express? What do we actually want to contribute to, realise? What does it do to create a magazine.

Somehow I think the answer lies in the fact that we're creating a working method. So what is that method? And what is the question? The question is around creating the conditions for participative/creative collaborations which are truly participative, not extractive etc. But I was also struck by what she said

about: "I'd like to challenge you as a group to come up with a research question." Which I think we can do,

☐ 2 March, '24

The lover, the selfish lover, has abandoned her sick lover, her nursing duties. She has jumped on a train to France and was filled to the welcoming arms of the little house that embraces her like another lover, where life is so simple it can be a little soporifying, where she is all alone with the birds and beasts and the light that gives this writing hand a shadow to trail along.

It's a month and 3 days now since Jack's operation. His progress is reasonable, not great, it's slow and he doesn't sleep. Because he doesn't sleep I don't sleep so I started going back home to sleep after I caught myself in fits of crying in the middle of the day and realized I was getting disproportionately exhausted. Also he figured out how to get himself to the physio, so my job was mostly shopping, cooking and adminially the daily injections until he figured that out himself too. Cooking sometimes. Distracting. Bringing some life and company. Those are the most important jobs now. Which I've abandoned.

We talk on the phone.

I'm not a very good nurse. I do too much and then get claustrophobic and too tired so then ultimately I run.

Ik kan geen maat houden.

☐ 9 march 2024

Having luxuriated in time on my own I'm back in my role as lover-as nurse. While my nurse duties are significantly reduced, on the practical side (my loved-patient is much more autonomous) he can do most things to do with mobility and daily care of himself and his kids (himself now) there is more work on the mental side: his moral - he's still not sleeping - is really low. So my work now consists mostly of finding ways to distract and boost morale. A little while ago I spoke about this to my dad. And about the claustrophobia. It was one of those (rare, now) occasions when he was very present, listening but also open, and he said, "Ah yes, tell me about it! That's what I do all day every day with your mother." It was a sweet and bonding moment.

⊙ 9 march 24

I'm trying, with this symbol, to

express both sides of the researcher in one, confident and lost, at the same time.

It's the weekend and I'm working as usual and wondering when in this process I will begin practicing what I preach and making more space and time for other important work, other than the work I'm paid for. With Sohrab, who is currently interning with me, we have a plot to start logging all the types of activities we do for during a week, maybe longer, and using it for categories which type of "work" each activity is (not restricting the term to waged work). I'm wondering if for that I might need a guest voice for the journal that of the worker. But no, probably the opposite is true. If I did that it would defeat the exercise, the whole point is that all the voices that we have now work.
Ok. Good point.

9 March 2024

On Feb 27th Renée van Oploo came to visit. We made a collage together. She came to Brussels. It was such an amazing day. And the collage is... just... BEAUTIFUL!!!

▽ 10 March 2024

I'm beginning to see a possible form for the performance-as-presentation of the research now scheduled for 22 April in the late afternoon. Here's what I'm thinking:

All 10 voices who are speaking in this research journal will talk and do. There might be 10 music stands, and I move between them. They might in a circle. The supervisors in the middle on swivel chairs so they can turn easily. (Also cut-off the chairs).

Texts can be based on or informed by texts from this research journal. But also an occasion to get to know these voices.

And then, when at the end it's the supervisors turn to ask questions, I will choose each time from which voice to answer them, and they can choose who to address the question to. Something else I want to write down: about the role of performance in this research...

12 March ▽ Continued: 2 days ago I had a very clear idea

what I wanted to say about this but
now I'm not sure. But it was about
the urgency of performance for the
research.

The Alter Ego project for example ties
into the idea of "who we are when
we work" work and identity who
we are when we can't work.

But also: strategies from performance
to help work on problems to gain
insight etc. In fact I realise now that
the alter ego project is a way to
expand my repertoire... besides the
scores.

19 - 03 - 24

Nee.

No.

Non.

O nee.

Non, non.

Nope.

Nee.

....

.....

.....

(laughs)

Δ 26 March 2024

So this is the first time I'm saying something, which is no surprise because I typically as an activist I have very little time anyway and what time I have I wouldn't likely spend it on pleasant reviews and journaling, because in my world it's all go go go and besides what use is a bit of journaling to the world which is on fire?

Having said that as an activist I have been saying for about 2 years now (at least) that I think we as activists should work on how we work. Should pay attention to taking care of ourselves. Care and maintenance work of ourselves, our organisation, how we work together should all be part of the job and then I thought "oh perfect". This can be a project within SOTA and it can be a workgroup called Housekeeping (which I now know is an interesting choice in view of the ancient Greeks making a distinct distinction between the *Oikos* and the *Polis* and freedom being: to be free from any role in the *oikos*, whether that is slave or master, because both are 'work' jobs, that make you unfree) and I agreed with Lawa that we would work on this together and that it would be part of Ali's research.

but since then I have HAD TIME
to do anything about that! Unless you
count admin. I did lots of admin.
Me and Katrina we doing the financial
powerplay for SOTA, and I'm doing
the legwork, so its a lot of work.
And I kind of like it. Its satisfying.
I think doing admin is my favorite
job as an activist. Hm.

27 - 03 - 24
~~27~~ I need to protect myself against
the warner ant.
I am grateful to the ant. Don't get me
wrong. The ant gets shit done. Big
time!

But the ant tends to operate in a mode
which is joyless, running on guilt and duty
essentially putting its head down, which
implies a mode of not feeling very
much and shoveling through the work.
And the problem with that is that
it's contagious, or it leaks rather it
leaks into other forms and shapes and
voices and wraps us all in a dull
stifling cloak.

That's why we're thinking about asking
for help from an alter ego.

But before going there it might be
interesting to see who among us is
also functioning as an antidote.
I think definitely the lover.

But also an as yet unnamed voice
who is always present who floats
above, or around, or below all of us,

and who calmly observes, analyses and
every now and then straightens things out.
Having just watched The Gentleman
on Netflix (yes, very guilty pleasure) I
see her rather as Val Sadie Glass. She
will be called Heli (from helicopter) and her
symbol will be: T to symbolise both
overview and rootedness.

(What's interesting about the Sadie Glass
character is that she's not 'cold and cal-
culating' even though she's 'cool'. She's just
very observant, and fine with / good at
maintenance work, actually: cleaning up
after people getting stuff back on track
when it's off center. But she's not a
machine. She makes mistakes, operates
from emotion sometimes (which isn't
always a good thing) in fact she's a warm
character. But just very able to observe
and then do what needs to be done.

To go even further down the trashy
Netflix gossip road: I just read
online that the actress who plays
S.G. based her on her friends moments
from when she was little: women
who got stuff done and straightened
things out (while the dad's got
themselves into all sorts of trouble)
and kept the machine running by
observing and doing the necessary.
Which has some echoes with the
ethics of care discourses maybe come
to think of it.

So let's see what Heli.
otherwise known as T has to say.

27-3-24

T What does T have to say for herself?
Well to begin with T would like to ponder the differences and similarities between versions and alter ego's. Because she sees there is an important distinction, while there are many similarities. She thinks it's important to focus on the fact that the Alter Ego is the 'other self' other than self, while we versions of the self are all self. Obviously, these are all games or metaphors or aids to help us think, make, do, be. So without becoming too merely or punitively about the whole thing, T would urge us to bare this difference in mind because it helps.

The other I ^{→ (Alter Ego)} is not a version, not a voice nor aspect of the self that is there, can be given a name and can be voiced - or can voice themselves - simply by putting on that hat as it were. The alter ego really is an exercise in imagination, in triangulation, in stretching yourself out of yourself to do something that is actually opposite rather than something that you already are or have.

That's why it's like popping out one eye and throwing it over a wall to see what that wall looks like from the other side.
Ms T finds herself writing in the 3rd person.



27-3-24

Oh well thanks for that - T. That is actually quite helpful. It makes it all the more clear that arriving at an alter ego needs more than just thinking about it. We need exercises, scores of other strategies to court them, find them, explore and get to know them.

Dreams. It might sound weird but for those of us, and I know that isn't everyone who dream a lot (I dream a lot) we know that in dreams very often we do things, see things and feel things that are completely outlandish to our familiar world and selves. Well that is how it is for me in any case. I wonder if that form of stepping outside yourself can be harnessed in the process of alter egoing.

Objects: I know for sure objects can work. A beard, a strap-on, a certain pair of shoes are the more obvious ones. But they are in a specific category we might call body modifications. So what other types of objects can help or how to approach objects to invite them to help?

I'm reminded of 'Forress Undo' where people adopted an object and went into a process with that object to discover its transformative potential. We definitely need scores for this.

T 29-3-24

Which wall do you want to see from the other side? This is a question to the artist, in relation to their ambitions with alter egoing.

▽ 29-3-24

Something to do with the other side of work ethic I guess.

○ 12-4-24

the q.e.

Can't be named both Skylla and Charybdis? Is exactly about choice, when there is no ~~good~~ choice. Is the opposite of compromise is exactly about accepting ^{possible} damage as a consequence of choice. And this is why they are necessary: the project and those in it have a tendency to think everything can be solved for everyone, which is good as a basic ambition up to the point when it becomes a road out from taking a clear stand, or making a difficult choice. And that's why we need them?

□ 17-4-24

after a session with Iner + Solrab, with whom we're de-

Looking the other way project I pitched this idea and I hearing myself speak I didn't like the idea which at all. It started to sound something like some kind of anti-work discourse or something. I think it might be a faux piste.....

T 19-4-24

Mid-process of preparing the presentation performance for next Monday. Got all the outfits, the scene, positions and the program. Have an idea of who we were and what we have to say but put would like everyone to get it down on paper now. Preferably here in this journal cos it's going to be really helpful for this journal and the use of its score to articulate who we all are and what we do.

So I'm Heli, also known as T. T sometimes speaks of themselves in the 3rd person, we're not sure why. T's role is take the meta position, the helicopter view and to keep the overview. T looks after everyone and keeps them in order. This sometimes means clearing up peoples mess, or being a shoulder to cry on, or calling out problems. So a bit of role taker/facilitator/... of the eco

logy of the project as a whole.

Thinking about the 2 researchers, the confident one and the lost one, I realised they are more like 1 person with a Janus head:



○ 19-4-24

I'm aware of having many years of experience in artistic practice, teaching and research and that gives me confidence I can draw on that. I'm also aware of having some useful skills such as a reasonable

intelligence, imagination, the ability to play and I have a good relationship sensibility with which I've created a lively network of collaborators around myself and by proxy around the research, which I'm able to nurture as well as animate.

I'm looking forward to the ^{board} meeting it will be really exciting to test the performative (machine) - as - presentation and between you and me. I'm expecting some nice positive feedback, i.e. compliments!

~ 19-4-26

Oh well I'm frankly dreading it. I've been told (my Henry and by the other side of my head) not to talk too much today which suits me just fine. But you should know I have a tendency to appear suddenly at crucial moments and pee on everyone's fire works, or I kind of lurk in the background like a buzz in your ear.

If you want to see me in a positive light you could say I have the reputation of the idiot (in the Isabel Stengers sense).

Basically I'm still not sure what research is and if what we're doing is that. I'm convinced I don't know enough to do a project on ~~Perfor-~~

once, left alone work. To name just a few of my anxieties.

Basically, I'm convinced that what I am, we are, is a fraud.

▽ 19-4-24

Ironically, after having started work with a group of chronically ill people more than a few days ago, I have now joined the club. I have arthrosis which is considered a chronic illness.

I think that in the research I'm both a problem and an asset. I bring a specific and valuable perspective and knowledge to the project which was lacking before.

But yeah, I also slow things down, I make certain things impossible, sometimes I make work impossible...

□ 19-4-24

This may sound a bit immodest but I actually think I might be the most important figure in this project, like, it's driving force.

I'm the libidinal energy, that takes us charging into all sorts of unknown territories and the sheer desire that keeps the whole thing pumping.

I'm the honey that holds together
the community in this super collaborative project, and helps those
collaborations 'sweat.
I'm the seductress that keeps
drawing people in.
etc.

In my view a good lover knows
about her own
pleasure, is curious about what
give pleasure to others and take
pleasure in the pleasure of others.
And the good love is an eternal
student of all these factors.

I'm a pretty good lover.

19-4-24

I've been around for a while, and
have been through quite some trans-
formations in my life. I started
out as a real gallery artist (I was
with a very hip gallery in New York
called Teaford Gallery, and one in
London called Perry Miller). I had
some success as in institutional
exhibitions and reviews and stuff
but, basically my work didn't sell,
so in the end as I was kind of out
on my arse.

Performance was and is my big
discovery. I love it as a medium
as a game, a way of connecting

and it has led me into other artistic contexts where I feel much more at home. Where there is more solidarity and curiosity towards each other. And research has added to that a way to make a living, for which I'm profoundly grateful and I'm childishly proud of getting a salary for what I love to do.

My role in the research is hunting, elaborating, developing artistic strategies, that serve the research, the collaborations, that gives form to what we do, make, learn...

T 20-4-24

Ok. Nice. And a question to the artist. If we understand the alter ego as an artist strategy, what could be said about ~~it~~ at this point?

▽ 20-4-24

Uhm. Well as you noted a while ago, an alter ego as we see it now is not quite the same as an other version. It's a more radical exercise in extending the self into some thing that is really other, a completely different perspective,

presentation etc. While we have a strong desire for an alter ego in this project, and we have an intuition of what they might need to be, we don't actually know yet who and what they are. They haven't found a clear embodiment yet, nor do they have a voice. For now they're just some possible attributes. Who knows what we might find out about them in d.e. the meeting.

T 20-4-24

OK. Next question today is what it is you want to bring as a possible subject for discussion during the meeting. I think the researchers should go first.

O 20-4-24

I would say we probably made some classic beginners mistakes in that we probably started on too many tracks at the same time. But

I think all this has settled into a kind of cadence now. It's a lot but it's doable. And the different trades are feeding into each other.

And that's good because I think we need to, not start up new trades, but widen the ones we have. I.e. start talking about work and performativity also with the people working at the Stratconsult.

~ 20-4-24

Like I was saying, I worry that we don't know enough, neither about research nor work/labour nor performance. So, I wish we could withdraw for 6 months and just study.

At the same time I worry that we're not making enough. Like we still haven't produced an actual performance.

▽ 20-4-24

Speaking also for the daughter-as-informant-carer, what we have to say is that we don't practice what we preach. We talk a lot about making more room for activities other than waged work, and valuing things like care work and the work of illness. But actually we don't practice that

for ourselves at all. After the surgery in January we were totally beating ourselves up for not being back at work 2 days later.

(And there actually something interesting there as the fact that I get paid plays a significant role in that. I literally often catch myself thinking doesn't work performance merit my salary?

□ 20-4-24

Love comes with responsibility. I have a salary but no budget. The strength of this project is its capacity to make room for lots of different voices, to involve lots of different collaborators etc. But we don't have the means to acknowledge that work properly. We are working on this, with the wonderful help of Debbie. But it's a problem.

△ 20-4-24

I guess the usual: are we making enough? Where's the time for developing those artistic and performative strategies, tools, whatever that carry all those collaborations? And how is the artistic nurtured and developed?

2 28-6-24

Ok, this was a bit of a fuck up week. We kind of all want to talk at once, and I feel like we could almost do with more versions, something like 'the Unwilling' (caregiver, worker, later...) I'm not sure. But I'll try to stick with who we have. And maybe approach this as the unwilling daughter-and-parent.

Mum apparently threw herself out of a moving car this week. And hit Pap over the head with her crutches.

We (me and my sister) are more or less forcing them into a kind of move, but a really brilliant one, close to their house so they can go home every day and they got a beautiful apartment where they can be together, including the dog!

Pap is actually in favour. Amazingly. But Ernie and I both lie awake at night thinking: what are we doing? This is immoral! We can't do this to them! And then in the light of day we think "this is fantastic! What a golden opportunity! And what a perfect way to ensure Mum will be safe when Pap heels over (which he will, with a severely enlarged prostate, a permanent catheter etc.)"

The strongest emotion is that I just wish it would all be over and we

could all get on with our lives. And then almost as strong is the guilt for thinking this. And for not being willing. The very unwilling caregiver.

Something that happened before I started this journal, on November 6 2023.

Sonja
I'm staying with my parents. Very early in the morning the phone rings. It's my sister, who is about to leave on a trip and who has just been called by the person who takes care of the horses on my parents' farm. One of the horses is lying in the stable and can't get up. He's 35 yrs old, so not getting up is fatal. But Sonja has to go to work, so it's up to me.

Jack is with me. He has no experience at all with horses so I'm seeing the whole scene also through his eyes. In the stable, the scene is dramatic. Horses are huge when they're lying down. Massive. The big body is thrashing, lashing, grunting. He's covered in sweat.

So we need a vet. Obviously we are going to have to put him down. But that's not the end of it. The bigger problem is to get the body, once its life has left it, out of the stable, because he's in one of the loose boxes, farthest from the doorway, and we are obliged to leave animal corpses by the road for the construction company.

to pick them up.

First thing's first: the vet. Nice woman. She agrees, no question, he'll never get up again, we must put him down.

This is Glenn, a horse who I watched being born and who was with us all his life. A good horse and a sweet horse. But to be honest I don't feel much. To me, just now, he's just a problem, a task, something I have to do and don't feel half equipped to do. But no choice.

I stroke his neck and talk softly to him while the vet inserts the first, then the second injection. Under my hand I feel very distinctly the moment when life leaves him. It's a subtle change in texture of touch. A skin that covers a living body with blood circulating and muscles that are awake, to a dead fur. An object. Nothing going on underneath it. A taxidermy. It's very strange and very strong.

The horse is dead. We call the farmer down the road. His son answers the phone. His dad, who has done this job once before for us, kindly is out. But no worries, the son will come, he knows the drill.

A winch. And a pulley. First we have to manoeuvre the body out of the

loose box. Jack is put to work too. We leave and pull and drag, positioning the pulley and tying it first to ~~the~~ the bars of the opposite box. The body is beginning to leak. Fluids and chunks of matter come out and his tongue lolls out and drags over the stones.

Once he's out of the loose box and in the corridor, it's a straight line to the stable exit. I get Jay's dad's car which has a trellis back. We attach the pulley and I drive forward slowly. Stop! I reverse, we wind, and again. And again. And again.

Big dead body lying in the yard in front of the stable door. The farmer goes off to get the tractor with a fork-lift.

We lash together the front and back legs. Over the head.

The fork is tucked through the lashings and lifts. Bound up like game, the big horse rises into the air, and suspended.

We've attached his head to the fork too, to stop it from falling down and dragging over the ground.

We walk to the road in procession.

Some undearitable thoughts I have
are: there aren't enough things for
these old people to die of. It's
mother's body is tough as an old boot.
All the drugs she takes seem to have
no effect on her ~~anatomy~~ skeletal frame,
which can barely walk but still spits
fire. She can still draw herself up
and put us all in her place with
her sarcasm and authoritarian
attitude, not questioning for a second
her right to command, determine
lay down the law. It's impressive.
(And, maddening, as she is of course completely bald)
And the child takes over and she's
sobbing and helpless, totally dependent,
which she also can't stand, so she'll
also keep repeating you should just leave
her behind, better if she dies.

I'm looking and trying to learn how to
receive care gracefully? Is it possible
to receive care gracefully?

And how do give care when you do
it unwillingly, or at least dragging your
feet because it's just not who you
want to be, what you want to be doing
and also not the relationship you want
to have with that person?

30.04.24

△ last week working with Paloma

on a performance proposal she suggested we use the horse story as a central allegorical narrative / image. Bit new and unsettling for me to take something so autobiographical into a piece, but also thrilling! "Let's start with ourselves," she said. "Wow." Is that allowed? I thought. But actually I've done that before. In the ventriloquist's p.e., the dildo-story or the anamorphosis story. But I did find ways to bring them in without actually saying / speaking them myself. So that might be something to think about: who speaks whom? And how?

7 May 2024

We need to talk about the Go-no-Go performance / presentation.

What a pity it went the way it did. While I understand why it happened and how it happened, and in a way I can even appreciate it as an important conversation to have, I am mostly really sad about the whole thing. And I find it odd that with small exceptions we didn't hear anything from anyone afterwards.

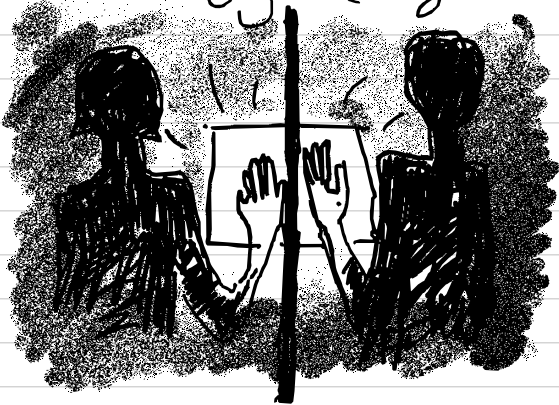
So what happened? Put simply, my supervisors got into a scrap. Fortunately it was after the 'go' decision was taken, but it did impact the presentation, and especially the conversation, as it was the result of building tension during the meet-

ing. I don't really feel like describing
here what was said, who said what etc,
but what I can say is that it put me
in a difficult position because it is me
who put these people together in one
room and I have loyalties towards
every single one of them. So although
probably technically this shouldn't
be my problem, actually it is. And
this is the student saying this, because
even though I'm probably older than
half of the supervisors, I am in this
position of the one who is supervised,
which is one of those rare (and
increasingly rarer as you get older)
situations where you are not in the role
of being responsible for someone else. On
the contrary, they are supposed to be respon-
sible for you, kind of. (I mean: you always
carry responsibility towards

✓ 22 May 2024 another person. But....)

On a completely different note:
learning more about participation.
I want to see the performance
"Hands Made" by Begüm Erçiyas,
where the idea was that the
audiences/ participants hands
were the performers in the piece.
You were sat next to someone
else in the dark with a partition
in between so you can't see them.
In front/ between you is a lit up
surface where you're asked to
each place a hand. And you're

Wearing headphones, through
which you get instructions.



What happened in my case was that
my neighbour/co-performer took
his hand away very early on so
the whole thing fell flat for me.
And I think I understand why.
It wasn't the instructions, because
actually they didn't make you
have to do anything intrusive
you could do the whole thing
without touching i.e. just some
mimicking and picking up an im-
agined object together would be
enough.
But in the very first minutes
she did a sort of intro in which
she did talk about touch. I a-
kind of "imagine 2 hands ex-
ploring each other" kind of way,
which even made me nervous.
Because I didn't really want to
be touching a stranger's hand.
I really think if she hadn't
done that, especially not like

that right at the beginning, it would have been completely different.

2 29 may 2024

Right now I hate my mother too much to kill her.

A while ago I came up with a very well thought out, pretty solid plan how I can kill her. I won't describe it here just in case I ever revert back to it, but it's soft and painless and I really believe it can work. But now I'm too angry to kill her, to even want to kill her. The plan you see was born from love. It was conceived as a way to spare her the things that are ahead. I got the idea because I was thinking what is the best thing, the very best thing I can do for her now? What would be a real act of loyalty? So maybe it's more loyalty than love. Askin: what would a really good daughter do? A loyal daughter. A grateful daughter. Because through the revelation I was reminding myself that she was also a warm and loving mother in the past. But now, after dealing for 5 days with a monster who tries to hit me and beats my dad with her crutches as he lies prostrate.

from exhaustion - of dealing with
her - on his bed, who is tripping on
paranoia, blame, spitting fire and re-
proach, I frankly just hate her. If
it weren't for my dad who I pity
so so much I would... well I don't
actually what I would. I don't even
want to hurt her because I don't
want to touch her, be near her, have
anything to do with her.

And I know, I know: it's the Al-
zheimer, it's not her, she can't help
it. "Je may het haar niet kwade
nomen" zeggen ze. Het is de ziekte.
But what makes that really sad
is that actually it is her. It's just
the first time in my life I see
her like this, it really is it. There
are scenes from my - our, cos my
sister was more often the brunt of
her paranoid anger - childhood where
this is exactly who she was.

Unreasonable paranoid reproachful
and downright sinister.

And I know I know it's all because
of her childhood trauma. But she
decided not to address that in any
way. And my dad was fully com-
plicit in that! He actively sabotaged
the tiny bit of therapy she was
finally willing to accept at a cer-
tain point. So what now we have
to bond over backwards to facilitate
all their privilege-induced whines
and perceived rights? We have to

run around on all 4's they didn't be
loper so they're not confronted with
their own fucked up situation?

Fuck this shit

I mean it, fuck this SHIT

So now I look back nostalgically on
the time when I wanted to kill
my mother. Those were the good
times.

My body is zinging, raging, hurting
I don't know where to put all the
tension. I'm afraid I won't sleep,
I don't know where to put it all.

2 3 June 2024

No progress. I throw my parents down
a well and creep in there with
them. I don't know how to get out.
Only they can let me out, by
being ok.
or I can climb out temporarily by
blocking my feelings towards them
but this is really hard.

My insides are burning. My stomach
feels like there's an acid sholdering
there and my shoulders are pulling
tight all their muscles.

□ 3 June 2024

When me and Jack first met we

talked a lot about what a relationship is, what a 'good' relationship is, what 'good' is for me, for him and for us.

At the time I was practising polyamory so I was also in a relationship with some one else, so that was a fourth category, another 'us' for me and 'them' for Jack.

At some point we coined the phrase: Hoe elkaar lief te hebben en elkaar heel laten?

How to love each other and leave each other whole?

By which we meant something like, how can you love someone, be with love, be with them without taking something from them or out of them through dependancies, claims, etc. but also through taking (too much) space or also feeling too responsible.

Jack phrased it as: there is a *you* and an *us* space. There are 3 different spaces that each have their own needs and desires and conditions. But most importantly they are 3 connected, but different spaces and it's important to allow them to be different.

Now I'm thinking we might be able to say the same for care.

How to care for each other while leaving each other whole?

And now I'm just reading in the essay called 'Fucking the Other' by Wabbe Long (in Michel Bal's Architecture of Loneliness) a quote from Rainer Maria Rilke where he's talking about 'the highest good in a relationship between 2 people' being: "if they succeed in loving the distance between them", which seems to me you could read also as loving the impossibility of becoming really unified, knowing and understanding each other fully. Which you could transpose to the core relationship, maybe as the impossibility of fully carrying as well as fully surrendering the weight of care of or to another. It's always going to be a bit of a site of failure. You will never give all that is needed nor receive all that you need.

7 June

The performance I'm preparing with Paloma has the (working or temporary) title Callisthenics. It comes from ~~Kalos~~ Kalos (beautiful) and sthenos, strength. It's a form of strength training that uses the own body weight. It originally referred to exercises done by young women, but later gained the more general meaning it now has. But the fact that it's a 'beauty training' is pretty heavily present as it's in the origin of the word. And I'm not quite sure what to do with that right

now.
But if we take it as 'trahing using
one's own body weight': Care is really
a fight with Jones, self, one's own (inifit-
tious) weaknesses, fears and anxieties,
the struggle not to go down with the
person you're trying to care for.



14 June

turns out my Mum probably has
something called Lewy Body dementia.
It's interesting what it does to have
this info. We've had the more gen-
eral diagnosis of Alzheimer for a long
time and I'm not quite sure where
this new one came from - if it's
something they suspect, or if it's an
actual diagnosis - but it gives me
something to chew on, to research,
it offers a new angle or perspective
on what's up with her.

Paranoia and mood swings are part
of it, as well as hallucinations, delu-
sions, pain, stress, anxiety....

15 June

Continuing as  which is a new
insight, namely that the conflict and
lost researcher are often working in tandem.
The Janus-head image used in the per-
formance "The Board Meeting" is apt
and fruitful. The fact that the two
symbols together resemble a slightly

Squashed, lounging Yin-Yang symbol
is pure coincidence. but also kind
of cool.

Thinking about this also brings me to
an insight in relation to a question
that was brought up during that per-
formance, about the division between
our artist-self and researcher-self. While
the point made at the time was super
valid, namely that when one is doing re-
search through one's art, one should
surely consider this as one self. I
realise now why I do make the
distinction, and why / how it helps me,
allowing the researcher her own position
offers me a space for pure inquisi-
tiveness, where the questions lead the
way. At the same time, being the re-
searcher there is an obligation to take
these questions seriously, to attach
a research process to them, meaning:
experimenting, analysing, reflecting,
re-experimenting.

The artist, is a different space. The
artist may also be led by questions, but
not necessarily. She may also be led
by quirky fascinations, the simple desire
to make - give form, externalise. And
the artists contract is that she takes
care of the aesthetic processes and
outcomes around, in, of the research or
the project as a whole.

So there is a slightly different 'contract'
as well as a slightly different space or
invitation.

gan. Ik kan op een punt dat ik denk:
we moeten tenminste niet ze kunnen
praten hiervoor. Ik wil voorstellen aan
Eric dat we een gesprek organiseren
met een paar andere erbij: KTH?
Of in elk geval Marie? Christine? oud.
Eveline? Ouderwerpen:
H. Aarts?

② Ze willen praten naar huis. Dat
kan alleen als er maatregelen
worden getroffen. Welke maatregelen
dan? Wie gaat dat organiseren?
Het heeft geen zin dat Eric en
ik dat doen, geeft alleen maar
oorlog.

- Volledige? Meer? thuiszorg
- Maatregelen?
- Truuk naar de val alarm?
- Uitschiet op permanente zorg
als pap wegvalt?

① Kunnen we een tussenwoning bespreken?
Overdag naar Olmenhoek
ontbijt / avondeten + slapen in
NB? Ook hier geldt: wie gaat dit
organiseren? Eric en ik niet.

17 June

Today we will work with Balon.
We are in need of a bit of a
skeleton something to work on.
And although it's attractive to

start from text, it would be great
to start from the body as well.
So we decide on 2 questions
we'll try to work on physically.

1. Where do you feel the revulsion
to this forced arc in your body?
(This part is without the pulley)
2. How can the pulley / what
can the pulley be made to do,
to alleviate or address that sen-
sation.

So we tried some things. For
Paloma it was shoulders and neck.
For me also shoulders and belly.
We tried some crossings of the belt
around P's shoulders pulling her
up to express the feeling. And pulling
her shoulders back rhythmically to ex-
press / alleviate it.

Then I tried some things with the
belt around my belly, but there's
a lot of resistance, everything is
painful, so although I would
do very much, this was quite
revealing.

So, context wise, the things
we want to have in there are:

expressions of the weightiness the
heaviness of forced cure, its cor-
porality.

Our own experiences, writing on
them or "interviewing" each other.

Existing texts, quotes etc.

Using the pulley:

- to talk about surrendering
the body to someone else

- Callisthenics: care as a
struggle primarily with the self.

Some possible experiments with
The Herts I wrote between
29 may and 14 june:

re-write it to my name?

" " " " *Phalange*
" " " " " as
my name.

Co-operative Callisthenics.

Revoicing of texts as a way to
seize, filter them. Interlarding
and collaging also a good strategy.



18 June

In the meantime I'm also thinking about what I could propose for the call for contributions to the conference Thinking with the Body - Our common methodological boundaries. They're asking to respond to the questions: How do we use the body as a source of knowledge / way of thinking? And: how can embodiment be defined and represented conceptually, theoretically or artistically? And something about the benefits of an interdisciplinary approach.

I'm thinking I should make a proposal using the books Thinking Through Performance + Een Informele Houdwijzing. Making the connection between the 2. They're asking for performance lectures, so I'm thinking a lecture with performative + participative elements that responds to questions like: "great, embodied research, but how do you do it? through examples in the book. And then show how this method was put to work in a trans-disciplinary context.

I imagine the lecture to do as very simple in infrastructure: just me and the books. Perhaps some beamed images of the book. If I do use a projector, then I can also use that as a stage-space. Maybe.

Or, no projector, just the books that are passed around. It depends a bit on how big the space is and how many people are present.

In any case, the idea would be to take the opportunity to create a narrative that connects the research project "the self as a relational infrastructure in process" to "performing working" through the ~~continued~~ development of methods of embodied research.

○ 18 June

Idea to remember: I'm reading the text we were sent to prep the workshop on complex research environments (19, 20, 21 June) and I'm thinking first what we do in the Illness as Work group is a practice of empathy, not of love to them but all of us towards all of us, and I'm thinking it would be nice to share this with them, this notion of empathy as method. I don't make it a more general practice that I share what I know about method-ologies that are applicable to us.

✓ 18 June. Talking to Nike:
Ruimte hebben wel of niet. Als je geen betaald werk hebt, heb je een beperkte ruimte niet, en moet je daar rek op vinden. Versies geven die bewegelijkheid. Waarom zat je die notities v. Versies niet in de groepsworkshops. Eigen spelgoed delen!

Taal en overleving los van elkaar koppelen
zodat de ervaring weer ervarings-
maken. (Dat is wat ik doe met werk)
Taal komt met conventies en machts-
verhoudingen.
Andere taal gebruiken om dit te doen
werken.

Comparative Cultural Analyses.
De concepten gaan veranderen doordat je
het met (het) te onderzoeken object
in aanraking brengt. Des concepten
veranderen doordat ik ~~te~~ het met zichten
laat botsen. Dan kan je anders naar
werk kijken, en anders naar zichten

19 June

Note to self (I'm learning):
For the street Consultat group:
go back to the initial questions.
- Hoe ziet het werk van dakloosheid
eruit
- Wat heb je moeten leren?
- Wat kan je daarbij helpen?
- Welke gereedschappen gebruik je?
And add Veerle's deck to that:
aan wie schrijft je?
aan wie leg je dit uit?
etc.

19 June
Something else to learn from

the workshop today: allow space for own artistic work because it's important to foster/nurish the original impulse for the research, or the roots of that impulse.

And equally: because it's super important to keep working on the question: what are artistic strategies that can be deployed to work on these research questions. This is, or should be, one of the major research questions. And this connects seamlessly to the conversation with Ninko yesterday where she asked why I don't activate the working with versions within the co-creative working sessions with ABCD group and S.C. group i.e.

The word rehearsing came up again: I suggested it for what Heidegger is doing, trying out and living different ways of living and working together based on different principles. I could also apply it to how we are working together in the work group.

The word product is a problem as usual. Route? Fruit? Outcomes that you can describe or make tangible, give it a form in order to share them.

Dear Heloma, ^{Combal, Caylus} 1 July 2024

just before my family moved from England to Holland, in 1982 I think, my mother started trying to teach me Dutch, which I could speak, but couldn't really read or write. The method was writing a letter to my grandma every week. The letters always started like this:

Lieve Ama (my gran insisted on being called Ama because Oma made her feel old.)

Lieve Ama, hoe gaat het met jou? Met mij gaat het goed.

I once found an old shoe box, and in it were all the letters my mother and her brother wrote to their parents after the parents had moved to Ireland and left the kids with their grandmother in Holland. Every single letter started

the same. Lieve Vader en Moeder,
hoe gaar het met u? Wat mij
gaat het goed. I guess we must
have been about the same age.

Dear Heloma, (I reached you into
one person because it feels more person-
al to write to one.) How are you? I
am... quite well I think, much better
than last week. I've put myself on
a regime of more sleep, less alcohol
and a healthy diet. And minimal
contact with my parents, which makes
me feel fantastically guilty even just
writing it down! I will call them
today (compensate! compensate!) But
that's not what I want to talk about.
I want to tell you about the book I'm
reading: My Mother Lays by
Charlotte Aherman. (Apologies for reading
it in the ENG translation, I'm lazy)
It's about the last years of her mother's
life, or rather about her (C's) experiences
of those years. She does some interesting
things in it. F.L. on page 21 the 'I'

suddenly (seemlessly) switches to being her mother's first person perspective. And on page 23 it switches back. There's no mention or reference or announcement of the switches, just a new paragraph, and as a reader you understand soon enough from the content and tone of the fragment who is meant by 'I'. It's one odd few strategies she applies that make the text really layered. A fracturalised (is that a word?) as in: coming at it from different sides and in different ways (slouching, bursting in while banging doors, sliding, she has a few different gears).

Page 39, 3rd paragraph

"But after the operation, I don't know when, it's all a blur, she'd fallen out of her bed at night and had had to return to hospital and it was there that she said to me with such hatred that I thought I might faint, I can't stand to see you in that dirty shirt, that's what she said you deserve a smack. She brought her hand up to her face like she was really going to do it.

I thought to myself, she must have

been bottling up this hatred for years. That it was the reason for all the kisses she'd given and taken away. That I embarrassed her. My old clothes and unbrushed hair had always bothered her, hurt her even."

My mother would never have been bothered by unbrushed hair or shabby clothes, my French friend Jo called her the cowboy, because she never saw my mum in anything else than jeans, a tatty shirt and boots, striding across the yard on her way to or from the stable, the field the barn with a dog or a horse or a few of each behind her. I'm aware of the privilege that speaks from these casual details and it's a bit jarring in the German text that she seems unaware of such privilege when she writes about the Mexican carer who lives with her mother and the string of women

at their disposal for bathing, dressing, feeding, entertaining her, but more about that later. You can tell perhaps that I'm stalling. You probably guessed that I chose this fragment because obviously it brings me to the shabby situation we're in with my mother now, the fact that she's taken to beating my dad with her crutches. She tries to hit me and my sister as well but we can usually dodge. But you know it's so sordid and nasty this story, I would prefer we don't talk about it. But then I end up with such a pain in my belly from avoiding thinking about it that I find myself talking about it all the time, to anyone who will listen. And that actually helps a bit.

Page 5, 7th paragraph:

Handwritten musical notation on a five-line staff. The notation includes various rhythmic values (vertical stems, flags, beams), rests, and accidentals (sharps, flats, naturals). The notation is dense and appears to be a complex musical score.

with love

Phil.

22 July 2024

2

It seems important to make some notes about things we are learning about care work, through current experiences with my mother.

I'm not sure it's proper to write about therapy sessions in a research journal, probably not, but I will note the less because as a student and as a daughter, I'm learning so much, and the nature of what we're learning is so relevant to the research both ~~to~~ subject and ~~in~~ method, that it would be a waste not to include it.

About 2 months ago we moved my parents into a care home. A really small, care-intensive, brilliant place. Lovely surroundings, great people, superb apartment etc. But because my mother forgets or denies (a bit of both I suspect) that she's ill, it's an enormous struggle that resumes every day: "Why are we here, we've been kidnapped, our own daughters have thrown us out of our own home, they just want our house" etc. etc. She's very aggressive at times. She beats my dad. She tries to beat me and my sister. And at other times she's crying like a small child. What she has is called Lewy body dementia, which has as its symptoms aggression, para-

naia etc. So it's partly that.
And partly it's aspects of her personality that are enlarged. Her dominant authoritarian self is becoming a kind of default position. Alternated with her child self.

The effect on me (and my sister too) is often sheer panic. This angry person is very hard to deal with and had me in a weird state of constant tension, belly ache, unable to enjoy things, a kind of anxious depression. So I decided to go and see my old therapist who fortunately enough has my dad's first name and my mum's surname (Philippe Jacob). He's a gestalt therapist who works in a ^{way} that is very close to the notion of versions of the self. It's also quite like voice dialogue, but not exactly the same. I want to describe 2 sessions which will clarify the method I think. I'll make very concise descriptions.

1/ Research or therapy question:
How to deal with the situation with my mum without all this anxiety / panic / tension?

Ph.J. - Who is responding to you now in this way?

Ph.H:

After some dialogue and reflection: A very old version of myself, the child who was always taking care not to make her (fickle and quite explosive) mother

angry. Whose mother is also often ill, illnesses that we're not allowed to talk about but which we as kids tread carefully and guiltily (somehow we feel responsible) around.

The mother's angry and authoritarian persona speaks to, and conveys directly to this child. And this child is defenceless, because utterly dependent on this mother. So: scared, anxious, guilty, miserable.

Ph.J: Who else are you, except this child?

Ph.H: many things: An artist, a researcher, a partner, a friend, a lover, a teacher, etc.

Ph.J: So you are many others. That means you have many other ways of responding and dealing with your mother. You're going to need these others to take over and catch the child. And to take over communications with your mother.

My translation of the session: Next time I saw my mum I prepared by telling the child to stand behind me, to hide if needs be, we (the others) are taking over communications now. She can go off and play, nothing is required from her here. This was very effective.

Session 2.

Research question: What's with all the guilt? I feel like there is also an adult version of the child, who is being crushed by guilt, what can we do about that?

Ph. J: Can you take her place? Sit in another chair, what does she want to say?

Ph. H: As I sat down in the other chair, I immediately found a different version of my mum. The "mum chair" had been standing at a distance up till now but this one I put right next to me and started to cry. Sorry for my mum, mourning this mum who we rarely see now, knowing she's still in there somewhere and missing her.

Ph. J: Can you talk to her, can you tell her you miss her?

Ph. H: No. I feel too guilty, I can't look her in the eye. I feel guilty we took her away from home.

Ph. J: who did that? Was that you or was it a different you?

We reflect. It was of course my more rational me, the one who is able to rise above the situation (Heli?) and takes things in hand.

Ph. J. gives me a big fushion. This is the guilt. Where does it belong, what happens with it in the hands of the different me's?

Quite quickly I get up and sit with the cushion on my lap in Heli's chair. And there I'm quite comfortable with it. Why? Ph points out: because with Heli it's not guilt but taking responsibility. This is: doing what needs to be done, doing what is responsible, taking decisions, even difficult ones.

This then changes everything for the others. If we can leave it with Heli then the adult child can look her mum in the eyes and they can cry together and laugh together.

Applying this to my next visit with my ~~me's~~ was super. Following Ph. J.'s suggestion that the adult child can perhaps come out if the circumstances are favorable, it gave room to be tender and share jokes. Huge difference.

Sketches of the Constellations:
Ph. J.

1.

angry mum



Phil

child Phil

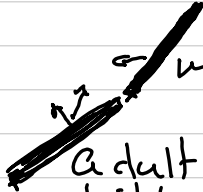
Session 2.

Ph.3

Sheli: 

...  angry man


Phil

 loving
man
adult
child

child.
1 ○ (playing
behind
us, with
fushions on the
floor)

Letter Nr. 2,
Responding to letters from H & P, their
letters Nr. 1.
(But didn't read Henry's letter nr. 2
yet).

Talk about control: My mom's
eternal fight for control. Reading
the piece by Lucia Osborne-Crowley
on illness as lack of control.

First Re-read their first letters.

Brussels, 16 July 2024
Dear Henry and Paloma,
Your letters of two weeks ago struck
me ~~in my~~ heart. Ferociously up front,
precise, unwavering, both of them. So
different, but this they share. Thank
you. In some ways they are each
others opposite: "I wish I could
have cared for" and "I refuse to take
their care upon myself."

My mother was always very good at giving care to others. To animals, her biggest love in life, she was a strong, devoted, knowledgeable and reassuring care giver. Sleeping in the stables for nights on end beside a mare who was due to foal, a herd of ewes all lambing at the same time but unable to do so without help, and also to us kids, she was warm and efficient, she actually really enjoyed caring, she always said so, and I could feel it, at the home where she lives now someone mentioned it: could we give her something to care for? an animal preferably, animals are what make her tick.

But for herself, her life long struggle was against receiving care. She has always regarded her own body as an enemy that must be silenced, disciplined, numbed, muted and if

it got in the way it must be punished. God forbid she couldn't control it, control is everything. And part of control is silence. There could be no discussion on her illnesses. She would take herself off to whatever doctor she could find for a quick fix, a massive pain killer with a life long addiction in tow, anything to come back home radiant and ready for action. Her illness was unmentionable, taboo.

I'm reading again, this time Lucia Osborne-Crowley, her essay called Who do we Save in a collection book called On Being Ill. She describes a conversation with her therapist where she's explaining to the therapist why she postponed going to the hospital when she was clearly having an episode of her illness. She's saying it's because she felt she needed to learn, through punishment, to manage her illness.

better. If she suffered she wouldn't make the same mistake - of not resting enough, of staying out too late, of drinking wine. Again. The therapist points out how she's clinging to a narrative of control - if she does or doesn't do certain things she'll be better - as a better option than the more likely one, which is that she has no choice but to surrender to the whims of her illness, with no control. Control at any cost.

Control is the first thing you lose in illness. And to a certain extent in care as well, as the care is equally delivered over to the illness and its waves and tides as the one who is ill.

Henry you already sent a second letter which ends with two

questions, each directed to a ∇ ,
I feel called by both.

1. Silence; in this case, silence as taboo, as an embargo, the unmentionableness of illness, while its presence is directing everyone in its vicinity enlarges that presence, puts us all at its service. Taking away the option to address it means you have to carry it around everywhere. It takes residence in everyone around it, and everyone is conditioned by it, manoeuvring around it attuned to its ebb and flow like little radars.

2. Letting go:
Letting go of what? Of control?
The big challenge. Of a person? Of life?
When the cost of hanging on is so much higher than the cost of letting go, then the latter is actually more attractive. But who can calculate what costs what and who is paying which price?

And with which currency?

Thank you for reading!

Thank you for writing.

Speaking, exchanging, being heard,
being allowed to hear. I'm not sure
if they are currencies but they help.

x Philippine.

9 Aug 2024
Reading Audre Lorde: Your Silence will
not protect you.

Some thoughts while reading Audre
Lorde on a Danish Island watching
a storm come in over the sea.

In anti-racist, decolonial discourses
the terms 'doing the work' or 'doing
your homework' often come up. I
need to look at this work. But I
also need to do this work myself.
I need to read more Black writers
and I also need to do more work
on racist systems and thought pat-
terns, behavioural patterns in myself.
I shouldn't underestimate this work.
It is really uncomfortable and difficult.
But for this research to amount to
anything at all it has to address this
type of work.

That's one thing.

Another thing she gets me thinking

Models?

about is a bit more difficult to put
in words might be characterised as
the work of queering, life? Life models?
I spent quite some time in the past
decades on exploring different models in my
own sexual and relational/repertoires,
if that isn't too weird a word to use.
In recent years this has less focus,
as a practice and a subject, at
least the sexual experiments.
The relational ones? Well if you take
relational as in 'romantic relational',
then yes, it's also less experimental.
But perhaps if you take it more as
'kin' relations, then there are some
experiments, such as sharing a house
with D+L, sustaining (financial)
dependancy relationships like with
D or re-entering close friendships
from the past (such as with F. F.).
In which case you could say there
is some sustained work going on.
(Some more examples could be named,
that live in the blurry middle regions

between work, collaboration, co-living, 'connectivity' etc.)

But in any case I'm thinking this might also have to be part of this research. Or better: be a principle, or judgement of it.

And then there's the notion of intersectionality which is perhaps why these two subjects mentioned above are important. Because there is work involved in oppression and living with violence and inequality. And there is work involved in living new/different models of relationality. In testing, and trying and failing and trying again, but also in defending ~~creating~~ space for them in a society that doesn't like the unfamiliar. 11 aug 2024

So can we look at this work. Can we name it, describe it, in the same way we're naming and describing the work of sickness or homelessness.

Note

Is all this calling things work that aren't normally called work maybe a form of gleaning?

✓ August 20, Karaburun. ✓

Reading The Myth of Normal by Gabor Mate. Reading the Introduction, is making me think about how I approach illness, or want to approach it, because if I say the work of illness it could be taken as 'the work you should be doing in order to get better' etc. It could be taken in a prescriptive sense, which I don't want to do at all.

In the intro Mate gives a lot of statistics about how illnesses, or rather illness are rampant and increasing: allergies, obesity, depression, diabetes, autoimmune illnesses etc. There is a clear picture of collectivity. I think that's important. I want to go against the neo-liberal individualistic, 'you have to fix yourself' state of mind. The collectivity of it should come forward somehow. And maybe I take illness more as a particular state one finds oneself in, instead of a state of exception, as it is tended to be framed in our contemporary mindset.

Interestingly, White now says exactly that! Page 8:

"If we could begin to see much illness itself not as a cruel twist of fate or some nefarious mystery but rather as an expected and therefore normal consequence of abnormal, unnatural circumstances, it would have revolutionary implications for how we approach everything health related. The ailing bodies and minds among us would no longer be regarded as expressions of individual pathology but as living alarms directing our attention toward where our society has gone askew, and where our prevailing certainties and assumptions around health are, in fact, fictions."

I need to puzzle a bit on what normal, abnormal and natural (or unnatural) mean here but that's for later I guess.

24 Aug. Continued, same book:

Page 9: Paragraph 2:

"Health and illness are not random states in a particular body or body part. They are, in

fact, an expression of an entire life lived, one that cannot, in turn, be understood in isolation: it is influenced by — or better yet, it arises from — a web of circumstances, relationships, events, and experiences."

Carl page 239, paragraphs 2+3

"There are no ~~for~~ measurable physical markers of mental illness other than the subjective (a person's description of their own mood, say) and the behavioral (sleep patterns, appetite etc.)

Like all concepts, mental illness is a construct — a particular frame we have developed to understand a phenomenon and explain what we observe. It may be valid in some respects and erroneous in others; it most definitely isn't objective. Unchecked, it becomes an all-encompassing lens through which we perceive and interpret. Such a way of seeing can say as much about the biases and values of the culture that gives rise to it as about the biases and values of the phenomenon being seen, whether a religious

concept like 'sinfal' or a biomedical
one like 'mentally ill'.

I like this a lot. I like the fact
that the normalisation (as in: declaring
normal) is called into question and that
its lens gets turned back on itself,
the question becoming "what does this
tell us about you, the one judging the
normal, what of these biases is revealed
about what is important for you and
why?"

Turkey, 24 August '24 / 2

Dear Heloma,

Living together these days with a big family: 2 sisters, each with a daughter (one adult and one teenage), a cat and a dog (who counts as children in this family), a boyfriend (of the adult daughter), and ^{also} 2 friends of hers. We reside all together in 2 layers of a house that is perched precariously on the sea front. We ~~can~~ watch the sea eating away at the soft rocks and sand it stands on. A few more winters and it will undoubtedly topple into the waves, which will, after having worked at it so hungrily receive it indifferently, having already moved on.

The mother of the teenage daughter is my very close friend. She's an artist from ~~from~~ Istanbul, an activist and

in many ways a moral compass for many people including me. I'll call her B.

Her daughter, C, is 16, has already spent ~~a month~~^{10 days} in a clinic, being treated for suicidal tendencies. She regularly self-harms (cuts herself) and is on anti-depressives. She doesn't swing or go for walks. While we ^{adults} sit outside staring at the huge red moon rising, she lies inside scrolling on her phone, she changes her position on the sofa, sleeps, wakes, and scrolls some more.

She told me yesterday that what she loves is shopping, it's the only thing that really makes ^{me} happy is what she said.

Her anti-capitalist, political activist, andist mother and I look eyes and think many thoughts.

One is: it's great that there is something that makes her happy. I watch laboring to put this thought before the others. And I think about how a lot of the work of parenting

lies in battling with oneself.

Repressing judgment.

Searching in every recess of oneself for clues to help you understand.

Tending to guilt, self reproach.

To Out right fear.

Carrying. Dragging. Lifting. Pushing.

Pulling. Inside and out side oneself.

Crushing. Nurturing.

I know you know all about this Henry.

My 2nd coffee is finished, its time

for my morning swim. Every ~~day~~ there is
an small battle ~~there~~ too, my body unwilling
to surrender itself to the restless hungry
waves and my mind yearning to be out
there, far out out in the vast ^{watery} space
expanse feeling free and weightless. But
knowing too that I'll go just a bit
too far and then my knees will start
aching and I'll start swimming back
with a whisper of fear in my brain.

2 11 September

Informal Care work is:

- Daily drama,
- Micro accomplishments (I watch a morsel of food go into my mother's mouth and feel a huge sense of accomplishment.)
(It must be like that for people with kids too)
- Permanent paradoxes (my mother just said she doesn't want to live any more so why is she eating?)
- Micro management,
- Granted regrets,
- Swimming in a sea of details,
- quick fixes (her face lights up when she sees me arrive, I feel clouds parting)
- ignorance, in capacity, in adequacy (she cries when I leave. Weight descends on me. It settles in the pit of my stomach. I could not do enough.)
- endless.

19 September ✓

Still in Student mode...

After I wrote the letter to Bann white still in Keraburun, - by the way, she liked the letter and added that there is even a kind of performativity in the care for Can, having to 'perform care' and 'perform understanding, sympathy, even when sometimes there is none. So

Perform in the sense of 'do as if', go through the motions. And this is stressful!

She actually has a bunch of weird symptoms and ill-rises herself at the moment like a 'silent acid reflux'

which causes wounds in the mouth and constant coughing. She says herself:

"I'm eating myself" There's actually an interesting chapter or section on this subject in the G. Maki book. — On the subject of guilt she mentioned the writer/thinker Michael Rothberg

and his notion of the implicated subject. I started listening

to a talk by him on Youtube. I
should finish it. He is searching
for an alternative, or a way of nuanc-
ing Guilt and Responsibility. He looks
at Jaspers (? look up!) who speaks
of political guilt, and Arendt who
speaks of political responsibility.
Looking for something in between
victim, perpetrator and bystander,
looking for a 'weak notion' brings
him to implicated subject. Implica-
tion understood as 'to be folded in'.

Next letter (Monday 23)

Maybe come back to the notion of reviewing about cos I'd love to have that in there. Pick up the implicated subjects. And the conversation with Kattien: why don't we all just drop everything and stop until the genocide stops. How will we be judged / judge ourselves in 50 years?

Monday 23rd

Dear Henry and Paloma,

I met my friend K in the park in Saint Giles, we shared a small picnic. We had a lot to talk about, almost everything related to the ambiguities of care. We are both co-workers of an activist organisation (I say careers, because each in our own way, we are implicated in the 'maintenance work' of that organisation, meaning administration, organising meetings, taking notes, that kind of work. Holding it,

tending to the thing itself.) We
both have an aging mother who we
have been forced to a care home.
She has just lost her brother to cancer.
And the world in a sense is on fire.

I'm not sure how we got there
but we began to talk about the
2nd world war - undoubtedly we were
talking about Gaza - and were thinking
about how we look ~~to~~ upon the people
alive at that time, our judgements
of the now of right and wrong
the actions of not only the perpetra-
tors, but the 'implicated' subjects as
articulated by Michael Rothberg. And then we asked
ourselves: how will we be looked
upon? At which point we thought:
how is it possible we are all basically
getting on with it, doing our work and
living our lives more or less as usual?
Why don't we all stop everything and
trick everyone to stop everything

and refuse to move anymore until
the genocide that's being committed
under our noses stops? No matter
whether that would work or not
this is not meant as an argument
about what is effective protest or
justified cause but simply: as horrified
as we are, as outraged, how come
we carry on?

Implicated subjectivity is a collective
category not an individual plight. But
that doesn't mean that individual initiative
has no place there.

Care taking is a collective project
not an individual plight. But that
doesn't mean it ^{is always} feels collective. Most
of the time, not at all.

Taking care of, caring for and caring
about we all considerably (immeasurably)
reinforced when approached (broached,
tackled, performed) collectively.

Each letter I write feels unfinished
XXX Phil

26 September

○ → Today I need to be the confident researcher whether I like it or not. Next week we have new meetings with both the 'illness as work' group and the homelessness as work group and I feel a real urgent desire to project a clear and practical path/framework for the next period in both projects, even put it in writing, make even a planning from which we can of course deviate.

Because I have a meeting in 45 mins with Bo and Veerle.

So here's how I see it.

1. We begin with sharing the decision that we are working towards a publication. That because of funds etc. we don't yet know if that will be online or paper, small edition. (Definitely not a 'glossy') And that from now on we'll begin working towards that specifically.

2 - That the path towards that end goal is, for us, at least as important as the goal itself. So that we should design a process in which every one finds their place, feels good, can work well/freely.

3 - To that end I think it's up to us to offer options, places/roles etc. Not sure how we will do this but maybe 'fabricker'? Rollen?

I really think we have to learn by doing and by being really alert and analytical so we can adjust constantly.

J.
In another moment we talked about a digital space. This is a tool. The booklet we handed out is a tool. Or places we can begin to collect material.

The challenge for us lies in creating the conditions for people to get in touch with their own desire.

☐ 28 October.

Time is passing so so quickly. I'm struggling to keep up, but I'm also thoroughly enjoying everything that's happened. Working with the illness as work group is sheer pleasure, and I'm really in love with everyone.

The process I'm creating or following in my role in this collaborative as process designer and archivist mainly project leadership probably too, is very intense and work-intensive. But I do believe it's the correct way to go. Taking care of transparency, consent, inclusion every step of the way is a labour of love, and an essential, indispensable work, that will hopefully lay the foundation for a real joyful collaboration. I'm kind of feeling my way through and trying to be very consistent.

Interestingly it's becoming more and more clear what the problem is with the approach to consent in traditional and academic research. Right now I'm learning that consent is something you have to keep checking, tracking, renewing. For example, I had one-on-one calls with everyone last week checking on their thoughts about the subject of the first

magazine, their role, fee and dates.
Then I made reports of those conversations
and sent each individual report to each
individual to check if I notated it correctly.
This was important, a) because what is no-
dated and archived has consequences and b)
because it will go into a collective com-
munal drive (online folder) so everyone of the
group can read this. So it's super impor-
tant that the texts reflect peoples' own
words/thoughts.

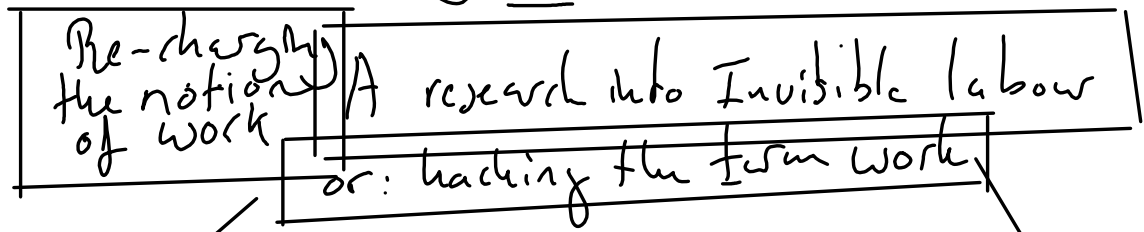
This is a ton of work of course. But it's
essential.

While all this comes easily in the Illness as Work
group, I'm finding it much more difficult to
understand how to do this with the Homeless-
ness as work group. From the last meeting
it became even more clear that here
we need individual, made-to-measure ways
of working. People function very differently
need different things to be able to function,
have different desires... The question is then: do we
share enough for there to be a collective
project? And what can I as the lover contribute
there? I think something in the realm of one-on-one
relationship development..

○ 29 okt

As I'm attempting to make a process-
design for the Homelessness as work

group, I'm gaining some insights in the direction of the project as a whole, I think. I want to try to describe this.



Researching by doing:
an experiment in radically
inclusive working conditions

Research by showing:
the labour of home-
lessness, of illness

Creating and practicing an
inclusive, care-full process and
tracking/documenting it.
Learning by doing, learning from
mistakes.

website/podcast...
magazine
publication
Pact

We work collectively
on an object that
communicates about
these subjects - co-work
+ applying the radically
inclusive process.

Everyone involved in the project
works according to their con-
ditions, desires and strength,
and we support each other
in this as much as is possible

Difference as opposed to standardise-
tion Exploring and supporting each-
others differences

applying this
to the work
of homelessness.

Het werk van dakloosheid.

2 doelen:

DOEL

Het zichtbaar maken van
het werk van dakloosheid

MIDDEL

Een publicatie gemaakt
voor en door mensen die
met dakloosheid te maken
hebben.

De publicatie moet voor
een breed publiek toegank-
lijk zijn, het moet stigmas
rond dakloosheid tackelen,
kennis verspreiden en mis-
standen aan het licht brengen

WELKE EISEN
STELLEN WE AAN HET MIDDEL

op voor
daklozen:
steun/trouwen

Bewustmaking voor burgers
en beleidsmakers v.d. com-
plexiteit v.h. leven in dakloos-
heid, van de veelheid aan ver-
schillende verhalen hoe makkelijk
het je kan overkomen, dat het
iedereen kan overkomen (stigma
aanvechten) en waarom. Hoe?
Door verhalen te delen.
Die zijn ook voor anderen die
te maken hebben met dakloosheid
"je bent niet alleen".

HOE DOEN WE DAT?

DOEL

Een radicaal inclusief
proces ontwerpen
beoefenen en documenteren

MIDDEL

Samenwerken aan deze
publicatie in een proces
dat voor elke deelnemer
of samenwerker vreemde
volle en duurzame
werkcondities biedt

Iedereen komt binnen
deze samenwerking tot
diens recht. We support-
ten iedereen/elkaar in
onze voorwaarden, wensen
en krachten.

EISEN AAN
MIDDEL

Iedereen verwoordt eigen voor-
waarden. We houden rek-
ening met elkaars voorwa-
arden. We begeleiden en
ondersteunen elkaar daarin.
- We onderzoeken alle
wensen en krachten.
- We maken tijd en ruimte.
- We zijn flexibel.
....

HOE DOEN WE DAT?

actiepunten

Dus wat moeten we doen/maken/producen?

- Persoonlijke verhalen. (Divers!)
- Verschillende perspectieven
- Door de lens van werk kijken naar Dakloosheid.
- Tips + tricks?
- Inclusief het werk rond dakloosheid



Onderzoek doen naar discussies + info rond dakloosheid!

* Foto's gemaakt door mensen uit de groep

* Verhalen van mensen uit de groep

* Verhalen van "buiten de groep"

* Lezingen, schilderijen enz.

* Columns. * Interviews

* Artikelen * brieven

* Tips + Tricks

* Een verslag van een wandeling door de stad met.....

- Voorwaardes per persoon kennen.
- Krachten per persoon kennen.
- Verlangens per persoon kennen.
- Een veilige, prettige werk omgeving bieden/maken.
- Korte en lange lijnen uitzetten.
- Planningen organisatie helder maken.
- Zorgen voor geld.
-
-

16 Nov.



It's funny, I don't think I've ever written as the worker ant before. I think I'm always a bit scornful about the worker ant. Like: (eye roll) jeez, get a life! Can you think of anything more boring, unimaginative, complacent than a lowly worker ant? But it's like with most lowly creatives. You don't miss them until they're gone. Don't worry I'm not going anywhere. That's the whole point of me. "Stare, scrouge, deride me", I'll just bang on anyway. Because I actually just really like to work, to make lists and plough my way through. Huge sense of accomplishment, of order. It's so weird that I developed a desire for order, kind of labor in life; it was never a thing until I turned 40. Then I started craving it. My partner at the time Sasha was is very... I was going to say is very orderly but that doesn't seem right. But let's say in her house f.e. she's super tidy. So that must have influenced me, shown me the peace that order brings. But there is also a darker side, which is that now I have a morbid fear of chaos. When I go to Jack's house and it's a mess (which it often is) I freak out, and start scurrying around tidying and cleaning, which he hates. So that's not a very healthy

Pattern... and I'm trying to change that a bit, just, let it be. O O

But back to work and worker anting: One of my favorite things to do is start the day with a to do list. Order! I know what to do! It creates pockets of time that feel free, within, or because of, the restraints.

We need to ask Heli why we also need my opposite, the alter-ego the work refuser. It has something to do with my bad reputation. My name itself is a pejorative. While I actually think I'm a force. I'm a drive, an energizer. I'm sorry but I think you guys would be lost without me.

T 16 Nov

Dear worker ant,

Yes! you are right. We would be lost without you. And it's true that as is often the case with the ones who don't complain and just get on with it, who are so reliable they're basically invisible, we take you for granted, and worse, we deride you. Because we can perhaps. But there's also a good reason. You see, for all your qualities you also have some faults, or, no that's not the right way to put it. Your strengths can eclipse weaker

selves or aspects, that are crucial, because they are weak. The idiots, the idiosyncrats, the slackers, the sickos, ... You the worker ant, with your drive and energy, can easily bulldozer over this lot, but that will leave us impoverished. You're a relentless solutionist, who will flatten out any complexity or ambivalence it left to your own devices. So you see that's why we need an alter ego, who's rather on the opposite side of the spectrum, (but the same spectrum!). Who delights in idleness, who can happily and peacefully do nothing, be still, space out. Because this creates space for the motley crew of misfits to come out.

~ 20 Nov.

I'm a bit lost. Having a minor crisis of confidence I think. No I'm just panicking. There's a couple of blockages going on. One is a really stupid practical one: I hate making the reports on the meetings. And they take me ages. Like walking through mud. And I'm worried about the Callisthenes performance. And I'm worried about the homelessness as work group. There are some things in the last meeting that felt difficult awkward. I wish I could find the same feeling of writing in this

journal when I write the reports. I'm wondering if the fact that they are published immediately is detrimental. If it causes a kind of self-consciousness... as in not a productive one. But that is part of the deal so can't be helped. Plus I also publish this journal so perhaps that's not it. I wonder if I could simply come up with a different system. Things I can think of:

* do more beforehand. Like: articulating the research question (clear), and writing it down already in the format. And all the preparations they can go in beforehand too. Also the write format, the questions. Maybe basically try to have filled in as much as possible as we are preparing. So that there's only the fun part left writing what happened. And I should really get in the habit of doing that immediately afterwards. Then leaving a couple of days for it to sink in and add any later reflections.

I will practice this already for the next illness as work meeting on December 13.

Can I still the lost researcher when I solve my own lostness? I'm overthinking

about the term lost. In Dutch: verdwaald.
Verdwaald sounds quite attractive actually
because dwalen is to wander. Bewandered.

A bewandered researcher must be one who
wanders into less obvious paths and alleys, who strolls,
follows her nose, or her desire.

But like that, the lost researcher would seem
to have quite an important role actually.

T 23 November.

What happened in the last D.A.V. meeting
at the Straat Consulaat?

○ Some important decisions were taken
such as:

- we will work from now on con-
cretely towards a publication, de-
ciding at a later stage if it will
be an online publication, a magazine,
a newspaper etc.
- the form for writing will be
"the letter": all texts will consistant-
ly take the form of a letter.
- we will aim to draw more people
into the group
- specifically we want to involve more
people who are currently struggling
with homelessness. Especially initially

on people already connected to the Street Consultant.

- Dennis will actively recruit.
- Monica and Audrey are very invested in this aspect: "talk to those who are homeless now".
- We will engage in more 1 on 1 working journals, individual initiatives etc., such as

* Phil and Veronica continue letterwriting.
* Wijnand → photo project on 'aggressive architecture': urban interventions that target homeless people, i.e. making it impossible to lie down on benches.

We also made an initial division of labour. And there were some different ideas of things to do for or around the publication such as walks through the city, with posters as way points (with f.e. QR codes that give access to stories connected to particular places, podcasts, soundscapes etc....)

Something rather interesting and a bit, potentially funny happened a week after Monica with whom I've started exchanging letters, inquired if she can be remunerated for her time while writing so for work she's doing outside of the meetings. (The 'actor banners' get a fee for taking part in our meetings at the Street consultant!)

24 11 2024

I'm listening to the book Fast, Cheap and Under Control. I learnt 3 interesting things.

↳ by John Gaspari.

1. Is from the form of the book itself. Each chapter starts with "Lesson" and then there is a short sort of take away like "Sometimes less money makes for a better movie". Then he tells a story through quotes, from interviews or conversations he's had. So he'll recount something and then say "Quote" and a quote follows, fleshing out on the thing he's talking about. I really like this form, it's relaxed, engaging and to the point. And it starts with the take away so there is a clear direction. → Take One!

2. Symbiopsychotaxiplasm. That's a film by William Garfield Graves. It sounds like a super interesting film in which Graves directs by not directing, letting the crew become more and more frustrated and causing conflict, which is exactly what the documentary maker was looking for. The term comes from social scientist

Arthur Bentley, who coined the concept and term: Symbiotaxiplasm. "S. has to do with the interchange of dialogue. How the environment shapes human behaviour and how human animals affect their environment. How we alter our environment and how those alterations then affect us. Bill inserted the 'psych' part of it to sort of explore creative thinking and what role that plays in the interchange of dialogue."

(This is a quote from Steve Buscemi who discovered and loved the film and together with Steven Soderbergh produced Greaves sequel called Symbiopsychotaxiplasm: Take 2 1/2.

(I just found out there is also a song called Symbiotaxiplasm by Female Perdition - 2022.)

Bentley: "A Symbiotaxium would be any society. Symbiotaxiplasm, or more simply taxiplasm, would be the mass of mor... and assimilated things which form the society, regarded as matter. Symbiotaxis would be the social process or function, regarded as such. The effectiveness of such a terminology ought not to be difficult to see. For example,

there is no word existing to designate exactly the mass of material things which have been taken up by socially organized men and incorporated in their common life: matter that is transformed into clothes, food, tools, playthings etc.

It was Greaves who inserted the 'psyche' to affirm "more aggressively the role that human psychology and creativity play in shaping the total environment while at the same time, these very environmental factors continually affect and determine human psychology and creativity. Thus everything that happens in the [Symbio] environment interrelates and affects the psychology of the people and, indeed, the creative process itself." (NYT, Maria San Filippo article from another book quoting Greaves)

I'm getting all this from a website called <https://polyglotconspiracy.wordpress.com>.

I'm wondering if we can say these 2 films are a good example of Gestalt research. Avant la lettre? Maybe. It was made in 1971. I'd not want la lettre then perhaps 'hors

category' because I haven't come across much cinema when it comes to examples of artistic Research.

3. David Lynch and his crew took 5 yrs to make Eraserhead. Lynch was very much 'the artist' of the project. The author But he gave shares of the film to all the crew members. So while they probably earned nothing or next to nothing during those 5 yrs, as it was a no-budget kind of project, they did earn actual money on those shares. Giving shares is an interesting idea as a form of remuneration. Can one give shares of a research? A performance? A publication? Maybe interesting in the D.A.W. (Homelessness (as work) project)?

25 NOV T

Concerning the Alter Ego project, and specifically the TTS happening this week at Vkrres, I would like to urge the artist and the researcher (both 'confidant' and 'bewardred') to hash out what exactly our research question is here and what it is we're offering → what do people take away from it.

○
+
▽
26
+
27
Nov.

The research question connects to my 1st initial PD research question which is asking how tools, strategies and concepts from performance practice can contribute to issues of a societal scope, namely the problem of work. We will be sharing with a non-artists or other-than-artists

(Ok that's funny) the concept of an alter ego and the strategy of how to access this concept. (Concept or tool.) So subquestions are 1. if this indeed can be understood as a share-able tool And 2: how the format we came up with, this workshop, is effective in sharing it. And it addresses the larger, underlying question (that's perhaps too implicit) which is basically asking "what is good work and how can we claim and practice it." Because the collective research question with the group could be something like: "How might we claim and practice 'good work', and can an alter Ego help us do that?"

It would be good if I can condense all this into a couple of questions so as to make it part of my introduction.

Then the part about: what do the participants take away? In the first place,

hopefully they take away an experience and a taste of what an Alter Ego is, what it can do for them and how they can access it.

But in order to answer to my own earlier conclusions about 'how to support the work of the spectator (participant or not)', there should also be some tangible take-aways.

1. The text we use for the guided meditation should be made available in the moment.
2. Maybe also Ira's research into A.E's.
3. How about we share the report that we'll make of the event with all the participants? Including any pictures taken? I think that would be quite a nice idea.

28 Nov ☐

'Q' Idea, in relation to the other question
on report writing: for DAZ → use the letter format!!! (Being as how we've chosen that as the main format.) That way the report becomes a letter to the whole group which is actually way better.

10 Dec. / ? O?

Dear Nika, Sohrab, Tina, Valentijn and
Rosa, and also dear collabor-
ators or 'participants' in the workshop
and dear alter ego's, or am I getting
a bit too expensive here? Dear all!

On November 29 a workshop, or par-
ticipative performative event, took place
at Marres, Wageningen. I was one of
the co-conceivers, together with N, S and
I, and together with Valentijn, Rosa and
others at Marres. (I first wrote co-cre-
ators, but then I realized that the
'creation' also contains the actual doing
of it, the execution, and in that, besides
the people who worked on the prepar-
ations, also the people who were in the
workshop are co-creators.) In this letter
I would like to reflect on what we did,
what went well and where there's room for
improvement. → We also did a round of names
and a check-in with everyone present
each person describing themselves with 1 word.
We started with some introductions, to Marres
to ourselves and to the program of the
evening. Also how we had prepared the

event, as in, what we are sharing and what people can take home. There were print-outs of the programme, including the whole guided meditation which we started with. And the research that I had done on Alter Ego were printed for people to take home. The process of supporting people in finding an Alter Ego for themselves started after that with a guided body scan to help everyone relax and arrive in the space, then to begin to imagine their bodies as different and then to open their eyes and begin to move and 'fill' this new and different body.

In a next step they were moved into a room full of clothes, objects and accessories, and asked to choose a maximum of three. Then, in an in between space we began moving and voicing. And finally they were brought to a last space where, through some assignments they began to speak amongst each other and yet to know one another's Alter Egos. Finally we all went upstairs again leaving the A.E's at the bottom of the stairs for a round of reflections,

feedback and a check-out.

While the feedback was mostly positive - many people had surprised themselves some said they had been relieved that the process was more playful than they had anticipated, others that they enjoyed how fully engaged they became, most people had indeed discovered something new about themselves and in the tool - there was also some useful feedback on where there is room for development.

1. A few people felt the moving and voice part could have been longer, so in this case the transition between room 2 and 3. They also needed more physical room to move around in.

2. People felt that more assignments would have been helpful. Or a trajectory with choices, to help them get closer to their A.E. For example "are you talkative or rather quiet?", "do you depend on certain objects or can you do without?"... so questions that help people through their own answers to get to know their A.E.

3. For some the last 2 assignments were too long. They would have liked to have more support in the shape of more assignments or things to do.

4. Some would have liked more time and space to be by themselves, so as to 'feel' themselves. On the other hand some enjoyed the socialness. So perhaps there could be a question "would you like to meet some other A.E's, if yes go to room 4, if no go upstairs and take a walk" something like that.

5. We should have another good look at the meditation. Some people found it confusing to first be brought into their own bodies and then become someone different. But not everyone agreed. Something to think about.

Nike came up with the idea of speed dating as an assignment, so everyone can speak one on one to everybody and experience the difference between the alter ego with different people in a

less exposed setting. We could propose questions for them to use if they want.

6. Then there was the question of humor. While some enjoyed the playful atmosphere other found themselves being jolied out of a kind of default setting whilst actually wanting to be more serious. Or more meditative, or thoughtful.

A last thing to note is that we only took recognisable photo's of people who indicated they wanted pictures of themselves. Those I left us their email addresses and we sent them their photos afterwards.

All in all I think the event went really well. We were lucky with a great turn out (15 participants? more?) and a real engagement from everyone.

I'm also very grateful for the well articulated feedback that will serve us well.

A nice note to close on is that probably we will be invited to do a next edition in Rotterdam in September. To be continued... with love
Phil Grijnen

26 Dec 2024

The Researchers.

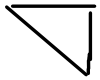
Reading Melissa Trimingham, A Methodology for Practice as Research, where she's talking about the spiral method llllllll which means the research questions can change along the way, the process can change and inform the questions, so they can evolve following the practice, make me think if I could be a really good idea to make it a habit to reformulate my research questions f.e. every month. Or during the reflection moments.

30 Dec. 2024

Thinking on from the conversation with Nirav on Dec. 18, where we discussed the idea that there is, in the model I use of versions, no 'outside' of the versions, - so every voice is a version, there is no super version who directs - and the idea that opposite versions such as 'the worker ant' and 'the slacker' can be seen as 2 sides of the same coin, or to extremities of the same scale, I was just thinking again about the difference, - or rather, if there is a difference - between versions and alter ego's. I still think there is. An alter ego is a different exercise. It's a much more intentionally sought out and

constructed persona. Maybe an exaggeration
of a version, in order ~~to~~ explore that
version. Even mitvergrobing. So maybe the
alter ego I'm seeking out in the work
with Antje is a kind of mitvergrobing of
the opposite of the warner act, whom we
might call the slacker. A slacker who is al-
most voluptuously slacking, celebrating
slacking.

Could we think that through for David?
I think the thought works for David too.
He was a version of me who we developed
into a whole persona, with a garb and
a bio and a posture. A way to, by throw-
ing a shape into the world, find out what
it's like to be that shape, to walk around,
interact socially, be present physically in that
shape, with that voice. And by doing so try-
ing to feel and fill that shape.



This is actually helpful in how to con-
tinue work on the script with Antje. It
gives me more direction. Namely: What I am
trying to accomplish with the script is that
I'm trying to create a shape, that I can
throw into the world and then jump into.
And that shape is an mitvergrobing, an

exaggeration, of a version of me who
I'd like to explore or develop, or get to
know better. Who is this voluptuous, slithering
slacker. A warty(?) wordless(?) horizontally
oriented, slothful mass.....

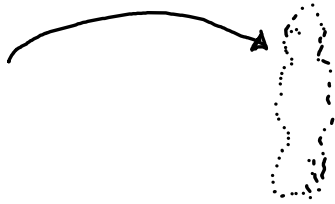
①
And this is perhaps why at some point
David didn't need her beard anymore?
Because the alter ego settled into a
version?

Potential
version — 



— Alter ego
in concept.

②



Potential version
begins to embody
the a.e.

③



They start to
merge...

④



...and
the shapes
approach / form
each other

⑤



The a.e. 'settles'
as a version.

Jan 9, 2025, The Aritist.



Reading 'Thinking Through Theater and Performance', chapter 7 How Does Scenography Think? by LIESBETH GROOT NIBBELINK

page 136:

" Relationality: For McKinney and Palmer, the component of relationality, firstly, entails that scenography is involved with creating and facilitating spaces of encounter. Relationality has a strong, although not exclusive, connection with spectatorship, as scenography plays a crucial role in 'shaping the interface between the performance and the audience' (2017: 5). In contemporary work, for instance in immersive, site-specific or ambulatory performances, these encounters could also involve other spectators, or specific sites, environments or social structures (8). McKinney and Palmer mention Rimini Protokoll's Situation Rooms as an example, a performance installation which places the spectators literally within the webbed actions of international arms trade. Wandering through several interrelated rooms, they step into the footsteps of, for instance, a weapons factory worker, a child soldier, a tradesman or a war journalist. This example exposes scenography as engaged in situating and positioning spectators, and with shifting viewing positions (9). In a scenographic analysis, we might ask questions such as:

- how does scenography shape and facilitate modes of encounter?
- how is spectatorship implicated in performance design and what are characteristics of scenography-as-interface?
- how are spectators addressed, situated and positioned by scenography?

P136-7 "

NOTE:

Makes me think about how I treat / use scenography, or almost don't use it. I mean, I have a kind of traveling salesman approach to the scenographies in my performances. The stage in Ventriloquists f.e. is created by a projector that projects an empty rectangle of light on the wall that I step in and out of. The idea actually came from cinema, the frame that's neither zoomed in nor out, there's a word for it which I've forgotten. Looking it up I find Medium Shot (which cuts off just under the waist) and Cowboy Shot (which cuts off a bit under the crotch). I think what I did falls under Medium shot (although I think David would have preferred Cowboy). In any case, the idea was to create a stage which is also a frame, a spotlight and a shadow theatre, because standing in the strong beam of light from the projector, my shadow looms up behind me and I play with that.

An important aspect of that set up was the fact that I could stick the whole contraption in a suitcase and trundle it off with me. And that all I needed to set up was an electrical socket (I would always bring my own extension cord) and a table. This minimalistic, DIY style has always been a kind of signature. I've never used a stage with stage lighting or anything like that.

And I think this does do something with the relationship with the audience. My first impulse to want to do performance, my *desire*, was to be in relation with the audience, the spectators, to smell them, watch their faces, look at them looking at me. And at me looking at them looking at me. I think this is really important for me in a performance that I do. I kind of crave that relationship.

And this is also maybe why I try to get as close as possible to 'showing doing' and 'showing being', and as far as possible from 'doing as if' (a useful Dunglification) or mimetic type of dynamic. Because then it isn't me they are seeing, nor me who is seeing them, nor them who are seeing me looking at them, because then I'm 'being' someone else.

The 'Callistenics' piece is probably the most elaborate kind of scenography I've ever used. But it still fits easily into a bag. And all it needs is a ladder, to install the pulley and the rope. And wireless mics, because the space where we'll perform in the conference will be big. But I could equally imagine it without mics, in a smaller, more intimate space. And here again, we will invite the audience close up. They should ideally get in the way. Paloma will hand them a piece of rope. I will take it away from them again, maybe give it to others. The rope is a kind of connector. And perhaps it even suggests control: they could, potentially, control us, or help us, by pulling with us.

11 January 2024, Brussels.

Tim Lover.



Dear Henry and Paloma,

There is a thick white fog holding the city which has no colour these days.

Many things happened since we wrote our last letters to each other.

We began working those letters, which we wrote throughout the summer, into a script. 3 scripts actually, with 3 performances in mind. And we began to rehearse, discovering how to move each other and ourselves. Untrained and unprepared we pushed and pulled, experimented, our bodies cumbersome, limited and sometimes suddenly light and delightful.

Because we wanted to catch our chance discoveries I began to draw our bodies, thinking about a manual, a 'how to' for our performance.

And we got nerdy about equipment: which harnesses? which ropes? Should we wear black? Catsuits? Paloma meanwhile puzzled over the pulleys, and the maths of weight divided by what? How

many long is the cord, how high is the beam?
Henry oscillated between her hats as
translator and performer, calling us to
keep the bigger picture.

T. Then you become pregnant Paloma. Suddenly
she you're two. And your body, up until then
the most lithe, young and healthy gains
\$he a whole new aspect. A new fra-
gility and strength at the same time.
And then you, Henry are struck by a cerebral
hemorrhage.

Our little cocoon falls apart. All this time
we have been talking about care, illness,
vulnerability as they intersect in our
daily lives, but we were in a position
that gave just enough space to move, to
look at these things, to speak and think about them.

Now that space has collapsed.

We keep working.
Henry, you're struggling your way back to speech.
To memory. You find yourself in a fog. The struggle
is immense.
Paloma, your grandfather died just last week, and
meanwhile my father lost the last bit of power in his
legs and submits to the hated wheel chair now.
We keep working.

I don't have the distance to reflect on these processes; we are in the thick of it.

all I can say is that we will keep working and that I love you.

kisses, Philippon.

12 January.

Let's say I'm The Slacker.

No, it doesn't work. I'm the one who desires the slacker. Am I the worker ant? Or am I the desire for the slacker? The half-ass-er.

Ok, let's say I'm the desire. What do I need to fulfil this desire? What is the desire?

○ sorry, researcher is interrupting here. I'm thinking about what we can do with Cuckoo, this idea that we will invent scores for each other to help each other find or become our After Ego's and the text on scores that I was reading → the concept of task-based

scores, that give a direction/structure
to the doing! And I'm thinking this
is connected to the notion of consent
and that one person is instructing
or setting up a structure for the
other but that it's very much about
the desire of that other. Or finding
a common desire. But in ~~any~~ case re-
lated to the Dom-Sub contract

I've just emailed us a bunch of dom-
sub contracts.

We could discuss if we need a contract.

16 Feb !!!

So much has happened in the past
4 weeks!

We all want to talk at the same time!

We completed and performed 2 new
performances!

And we did masses of teaching!

And had so many conversations and
exchanges!

And experienced such a roller coaster of
... well of emotions actually!

Where to start? Who to start with?

With the Lover of course. 

I fell in love at least three times these past weeks, perhaps even four. But I don't want to talk about all of them. I definitely fell in love with Paloma although I was already in love, but performing with her during CERC and living together, eating together, preparing together, driving back and forth, installing the crazy pulley system together, everything was such an adventure. Such a proximity, sharing our nerves, exhaustion, power, joy and a bunch of other stuff...

I fell in love with Henry in their complete naked vulnerability in illness. Stripped of memory, identity, absolutely moving, disarming, warm, beautiful. With Cudge too, especially when her crystal blue eyes well up with tears, which they sometimes very unexpectedly do. And in

in a more rational way because our whole process and collaboration have been without exception entirely without a single glitch! No irritation, impatience, misunderstanding, an incredibly joyful and smooth path throughout. This is pretty incredible.

▽ I, the artist, has been having a field-day-marathon-style of course. In conjunction with the others because naturally we were all in on this, but I guess when it comes to creating artworks in this case not only performances but also 2 mini-publications then I gladly take at least most of the credit. I realise I never really answered Henry's question during the go-no-go about whether there really is a difference between the artist and the researcher, but I think I could say something about that now. Obviously we're all interconnecting and interchanging acting but let's say my job differs from that of the researcher in the same way as 'making' differs from researching.

Researching ^{even} when its researchy-
through-doing ^{or making} requires tracing, documenting
analyzing in a different way than the
artist's analysis, which is more directed
at assessing the artistic merit and
figuring out how to continue, ^{ie.} build on
the piece, develop it, next steps etc.

The researcher has a job of archiving
and a different type of analysis,
which is more about relating the
piece to research questions, assessing
what has been learnt about those
questions, what insights can be gleaned
and captured, not only on the questions
but also on the methods used etc.

And then flying up to a meta position
to think about positionality and 'work-
ing' (epistemology, ontology, if you like...
this needs some explaining... coming up
soon)

Back to the artist, having said that about the
artist's job being about 'assessing artistic merit',
which sounds almost clinical as a way

to describe a process that's so.... how
so say it.... intuitive, but also kind of jerky - as in
moving at different speeds, sometimes flowing
and sometimes grinding to a stand-still -
and very much about thinking and making
together actually. The collaborators and
the collaborative processes were absolutely
pivotal in these past 2 projects. And for
that reason the love is very present. It's
a social process at least as much as an
artistic one. Or relational. So it makes total
sense that the love is so activated and imp-
ortant.

20 Feb T

I have a meeting with Veerle and Bo in
a few minutes. I/we need a plan, again!
for the homelessness-as-work group.

Some time ago I came up with this whole
'process design', but somehow the project just
isn't moving. Is it just a lack of money?
Or do we need to approach it completely
differently?

Instinctively I feel we might want to re-
focus on the joy. There was joy when we
were simply coming together and making
things together. The t-shirts, the bodied,

Those were our best sessions. And these sessions were also uncomplicated, in that they were about the moment, we didn't need anything extra (everyone was in some form or other remunerated) and it didn't matter that the group wasn't really a group.

People could just rock up and there was no need for commitments or promises outside the moment itself.

Basically stuff that was too happen outside the meetings doesn't work. Even the letter writing with Veronica has dried up. So I'm wondering how we can re-ignite the project to fit that pattern. And I'm wondering if we should maybe see what we can make already with what we have.

Another thing to prioritise is Board Veele, because without them it seems a bit pointless. So what could make it work better for them?

Money for sure.
More direction? A clearer goal?

I definitely need to finish my email to the financial person at het Straat consultant to get her on board.

10.55. We've had the meeting. It was great.

Our plan is to:

a put everything we have together and see if we can make a kind of mock up magazine from that.

b approach new meetings as moments of creating chapters, so doing it in the moment. (Embracing the fluidity of the group.)

c have a live meeting the 3 of us on 17 march to work on a dossier.

d finalise an application at Ekroon.

e Reconnect with S.C. for that and plan a new meeting on April 16th.

We resolved to reconnect with our joy. And to concentrate on setting up a solid structure first in which we ground the project in our own practices/researches and make sure our (especially Bo and Veerle's) needs are met. Feels good!

Feb 25th '25. ○

I would like to try to articulate a particular trail I'm on at the moment because it seems very fruitful and generative. And there are so many serendipitous meetings/exchanges happening that I really think it's worth paying attention to. I may have to start with some bullet points to get me going.

- From consent understood in the context of consent forms in participatory research practices to a more comprehensive and pertinent understanding of the notion of consent, namely: consent that departs from desire (what do you want to do) instead of from prohibitions (what do you not want what are your borders.) And consent that presumes 2 equal partners instead of one desiring ~~another~~ one subject and another person as the object who is setting limits.
- This brought me to discourses on consent in sexual ethics and in BDSM. Why? Because this is an area where a lot of thought has gone into the notion of

consent so that there is a really developed discourses. And because here there is a clear connection to desire.

- Reading for example the text *Presupposition of Consent* by Jonathan Jenkins Ithikawa I find very helpful parallels. For example the heavily gender inscribed consent based sexual ethics as criticised from feminist circles (man wants, woman sets boundaries) mirrors precisely the researcher - researched/participant binary on which many consent-based participative research practises are based on.

Other texts: A phenomenological approach to sexual ethics + The Ethical Significance of being an erotic Object (Ellie Anderson etc.)

- At the same time, in my performative practices both on the subject of ^{care} ^(care) ^(care) as in the work on alter Egos, I've been concentrating on scores that are explicitly task based, and understanding those tasks as forms of support, as ways to help the one who is tasked to locate and realise a desire, so rather like a dom/sub relationship where we understand the role of

the dom/domine as the one who is actually in way at the service of the sub, in the sense that she may aim primarily at fulfilling the desire of the sub.

- In the performance Usher, in some Alternate Ego's fe., the scores Anje and I gave to our characters ONE + TWO were designed to help the other person approach, embody and begin to become the 'Alter Ego' this person/character was coveting.

2-3-2025 T

① How do all the elements I'm working on relate, connect, and how do they all connect to the research question.

② Could it be that the research question needs re-formulation, or are we simply working in different chapters? I.e.:

- Unrecognised and uncelebrated work (The work of Illness, of homelessness etc)
- Consent, support and desire in participation and collaboration (what is described in the journal entry

before this one.)

In each chapter we could say that there are continuous sub-questions such as: How can this be addressed through artistic strategies / how can this be worked on or researched 'artistically'? What is (good) Work? Performance of work... still not quite sure how to sharpen this, but the original application it was about regarding all work as performance but this seems too blunt or imprecise now. In fact it's becoming more urgent to precise what I mean with performance + performativity. And re-reading the initial research proposal I see that Q n° 3 is about ethical practices so the whole consent, support + desire thing is actually there!

I think there are more but let's leave it at that for the moment.

I would love to make this visible somehow! The way each project intersects in the different chapters or subjects, I'd love to understand that better.

callisthenis
+ other
performance
works about
care, support,
aversion. Un-
paid + untrain-
ed.

Performances
+ workshops
about
Alter Ego's

co-creative
workshop ses-
sions illness
as work
Group
publications
+ symposium

co-creative
workshop ses-
sions
collaborative
process work-
ing with the
Grant
Consultant

* What is (good) work?

Consent, support + desire

Artistic strategies as
research

Performance is/as
work (... ?)

Unrecognised + uncelebrated
work

* For now I'm understand-
ing this part as related to
the work of the love, see
entry of 16 Feb. So good
work understood as, to put
it a bit provocatively, love.
This needs critical elabor-
ation.

Conclusion

Ok, what this makes
clear is that we don't
really know what we
mean by the perform-
ance as work thing yet.

But besides that we're
seeing most or all topics
in each project.

3 March 2025 ○

Or is it actually more something like this;

- 'What is (good) work?'
 - 'Uncelebrated or unrecognised work'
 - 'Consent, support and desire in Participation and collaboration'

- ~~'Artistic strategies as research'~~ *Performance as work + research*
 - ~~'Performance as /in work'~~ (What is performativity actually, how can we reclaim it from its corporate denotation (work performance))
 - 'Alter Ego-ing: versions and alter ego's that work'

—

13 march 2023

Notes while reading from interviews, conditions etc. in the illness as work drive.

Interesting that the word *Samenwerk-*en pops up in different interviews.

Social exclusion, loneliness or social anxiety is another.

The head falling apart that Bert describes is amazing. (Interview Bert - Anna 31-1-25)

I do keep thinking about the performance I saw last Friday in Gent, called 'Illness as a Metaphor',¹ a group of people with chronic or other illnesses create a kind of dialogue with Susan Sontag's book.

People initially all come up as someone else. As each other. This worked really well. And I can't help thinking how cool it would be if we could in fact create a performance together. We

* By Pearl Centre. Seen 7-3-25, Vierset.

could use what we have as texts (the interviews, the conditions and everything, taking out sentences or quotes, stringing them together to create a script).

I'm giggling about the bit where Wim says he prefers his 'invalier' Physio Therapist, even though she's super young etc. and how it was quite a thing for him to tell his old therapist this. (Interview Severine, Thérèse, Wim, 31 jan 2025). Of Thérèse die zegt dat ze een doorleever is. Wat een woord! Of dat ze haar hulp helpt. Die nu ook long kanker heeft. Mentale strijd met ziekte. Daar gaat het veel over.

14 maart.

Truus en Peter hebben het o.c. over de aanwezigheid van veel aspecten v.h. leven met ziekte, en ook over wat het doet met je relatie met je partner.

Bart en Anna hebben het ook over

sociale verhoudingen: verlangen naar
connectie vs. onzekerheid. En ze heb-
ben het over samenwerken wat
grappig is want daar hadden
Nikla, Israh en ik het ook over.
Het feit dat veel stress in werke-
-en dat kan denk ik worden door-
getrokken naar het vlak van ziekte-
-rit in het sociale: Trouwen Peter
hebben het over de eenzaamheid van
ziekte omdat veel dingen onzicht-
baar zijn, Nikla over hoe moeilijk
het soms is aan alle verwachtingen
te voldoen. Sierik over hoe zeer
we geprogrammeerd zijn alleen 'product-
ief' werk (betaald werk) te doen
voor de consumptie maatschappij (voort)
te gaan, ook voor ons zelf, en
dit 'aan jezelf werken' soms simpelweg
doen wat je moet doen om de dag door
te komen, met veel schuldgevoel of
onbegrip (van jezelf en van buiten) komt.

14 maart:



Aan het einde van de bijeenkomst ZAW vandaag kwamen we op het volgende: wat als we naast dat we ziekte als werk zien, zorg als een samenwerking zien. Een samenwerking tussen de zorgontvanger en de zorggever. En wat als we die samenwerking aanpakken zoals wij in de groep samenwerking aanpakken: voordat je begint, denk je na over je noden, wat je nodig hebt om dit werk te doen. Maar ook, en dit is een gedachte die ik later had, over wat is het werk dat ik hier wil doen? Wat wil ik ermee?

Het werk zal altijd zwaar zijn, voor beide partijen, daar verander je niets aan. Maar door het als werk te zien, en in dit geval als samenwerking, door deze lens er op te leggen, kunnen we misschien wel, enerzijds, voor elkaar en voor onszelf erkennen dát het werk is (hard werken, niet zomaar, niet vanzelfsprekend), en dat je met elkaar iets te willen hebt, namelijk hoe je dat werk het liefste doet binnen de mogelijkheden, en wat je er mee wil. Dat klinkt misschien gek, want soms heb je nou eenmaal hulp nodig, dus de ambitie bij dat werk is gewoon overleven. Maar als je hier over doordenkt, valt er misschien toch meer over te zeggen.

Ik ga het even zelf proberen: ik heb artrose in allebei mijn knieën, ik ben het aan het uitstellen maar eigenlijk moet ik 2 nieuwe knieën. Ik weet uit ervaring dat je na zo'n operatie behoorlijk wat zorg nodig hebt. Omdat ik alleen woon, ga ik iets moeten organiseren zoals een rotatie dienst van vrienden en partner om me, zeker in het begin, te helpen met zeg maar alles. Mensen zullen bij me moeten komen slapen. Boodschappen doen, eten koken, helpen wassen enz, me naar de fysio rijden...

Eigenlijk denk ik dan: Vreselijk. Dat kan je toch niet vragen? Wat een belasting! Maar wat als ik denk: ok, dit is een project. We gaan moeten samenwerken. Misschien maar even beginnen met een teamoverleg!

Wie kan wat doen, en wat heb je nodig om dat te doen? En ik? Wat heb ik nodig om mijn werk van zorgontvanger te doen? Ik heb nodig dat iedereen zijn grenzen aangeeft. Als ik weet dat je daar niet overheen gaat (tenzij het echt niet anders kan) hoef ik me niet schuldig te voelen. Dat zal mijn werk aanzienlijk makkelijker maken. En wat is mijn ambitie in deze samenwerking? Iets moeilijker, voor de hand liggend is natuurlijk: een beetje uit de brand te willen worden geholpen. Maar in een ideale situatie misschien ook: dat we de tijd samen ook benutten als 'tijd samen'. Even bijpraten, wat er niet altijd van komt in de drukte. De intimiteit van deze hulp situatie erkennen, er misschien iets van leren, kijken of de zachtheid die daar bij kan komen ons iets brengt? Zoiets?

9 April 2025

He haven't written anything in almost a month.
This is not good. It's very telling about
the situation we're in right now.

Too much teaching / CHOS
This is a pickle cos we are (as PD-ers)
obliged to do some teaching. And
that's cool. But teaching is like a vortex
you get sucked into. It's like this bottom-
less pit. There's always more + more + more.

And I've committed myself to do the same
amount next year so as to be done with
it for the rest of the year, but then I
will have to make a plan for how to survive
it. Because it's a real drain on creative
energy. Think about the WORKING CONDITIONS??

There are some other factors too, I probably
shouldn't have offered to help out Paloma
with her performance in Antwerp Extra City
cos I hated that. I'm still feeling seriously
shit about how that went: it was a messy and
chaotic process, Paloma doing too many things
at the same time, resulting in her forgetting
her text half way and leaving me forced
to improvise an ending, which was completely
off script and weird. And also there was a

super weird atmosphere because somehow she had got everyone's backs up. I suppose I should be brushing her back trusting she did everything right and they were just assholes but some how I don't. Oh dear I don't think this can be in this journal but now it is.

flung on.

Getting bogged down.

Even dit zoomen, helicopter view.
What's going on?

Fabiola → focus on 3 texts/text types as our basic theoretical framework.
* Good idea! Now read the texts!

Nirav

→ ga uit
→ samen

→ script: the performer.

→ Butler, who's afraid of Gender.

*

samenwerken als ambacht

framen als iets dat je moet leren.

Opgenomen met docenten.

'Good work' strand is missing: follow up on my idea about the lack of preparation for the relation side of work/working contexts.

Ach Veerle + Walker for a meeting and see if we can do an export went within the HKU. Email them today!

Dark na over het wereld beeld als een model voorstaat.

Wriisa → Her take is that she's, on the one hand, gonna help me figure out how to get the work out in the world. Other hand help me set up my artistic framework. So

1. She got me to go to Centraal Museum and look at works from the collection

Voorwaarden! To see if I could connect with any-
body and imagine proposing an inter-
vention, an exhibition, may be a per-
formance. Actually yes. A perfor-
mance. Would be nice to make a

R.Q. performance with a piece anyway.
Or some pieces. I took a lot of
pictures. Should spend some time on
those, upload them and have a good
look at them. Also good prep for
next supervision date with Annis.
* but museum
of local art
closes.

I We went to an opening together, also
at senbank. Was quite nice, though
I still don't really get the point of
going to openings. It was nice to be
with friends, old friends actually. Was
cool but I never did understand how
that becomes more than that. In
any case I must go back and
see the exhib again cos all I did
was socialise.

Callisthenics → we have started work on a new
conditions piece in the end for better or for
worse but somehow we couldn't
not do that. We will just have to
find our way through, keep cool,
stay focussed. Annis will come to

* dramaburg that's great. Maybe
make a bit of a retro planning.
COVID CHAOS.

upcoming:

- May 16th → Focus on the way
I do things, how they become
method. Maybe some key-
points or something.
- May 15th → Symposium around the
new issue of Performance Research
with Veerle proposing a session.
- 22 mei → See abstract
lecturers with day
- This spring/summer
Article on Elhizur A.R.,
my contribution: new discourses
and consent.
- ongoing → Auty C. eerste zoom: conditions
hoe wilt u samen werken
- June 20 → PD symposium on NOT
"Impact"
- ZAW → Before summer → draft of
magazine. Make a planning.
finish the report

10 April 2025

—, and also ⑤ I guess.

The student researcher who is alternately lost and confident.

I need to write down the story of the collective journey we made with the project Performing Workings on the subjects of ethics, consent and de Ethische Toetsing.

There are many different protagonists in this story but for the sake of the article we're preparing we will concentrate on 4 roles, and 5 voices.

There is the artist-researcher, the participant in the research, the data steward and ethics expert and the ethics committee charged with the duty of the research on its ethical standards.

I will speak as the artist-researcher. Even before starting on ^{this} particular research project this artist-researcher was pre-

occupied with concepts of ethics in situations of collaboration and participation, specifically understood in light of sharing authorship, distributing agency and joint decision making.

In I was confronted for the first time with the existence of, and necessity for, the 'togetherness' in an ethics context of an artist-research project, through a course that the PD program I am part of offered. Participants in the course were asked to prepare a short presentation on our researches in light of the subject at hand, so I decided to share some ethical dilemmas I'd encountered. It started some years ago when I was sharing my body with a Walter ego and realised the power imbalance between us, through the difference in access to that shared body. Then I talked about ^{solutions for} authorship dilemmas in co-creative projects with students and lastly about the even more complex co-creative trajectories I'd initiated in the P.W. where I was, at that moment, embroiled in understanding how a research question can be arrived at collectively and whole processes

can support a group of individuals to connect with what they themselves want to do, (make research) in such a project. I decided to share some of the sources I was consulting for this like 'The What of Consent, the What of Giving and Receiving' and ... at the beginning of the workshop.

It became immediately clear that I was speaking a completely different language from the course leaders. They had come to teach us about consent-forms, institutional ethics committees, data management and the like, which were all ~~new~~ unfamiliar and incongruous words in my ears.

I wrote down during the first day of the workshop, that I was completely thrown off, 'feeling at once incredibly ignorant and somehow 'over qualified'. My approach to ethics being in a way more nuanced, but also really ignorant of formal and institutional requirements (the P.D. candidates).

The course leaders advised us to check online if we could already find any ethical guidelines or checklists sanctioned by the universities (HBO's) we were all working for. I Googled ethical guidelines HKU, and

landed in an enormous amount of highly developed protocols, guidelines and codes of conduct which I stared at in awe for quite a while before realising I was on the website of the Hong Kong University.

'My' HKU, conversely, did not yet have an ethical committee it turned out. And the honour to spark the necessity for one to be created was all mine.

Thankfully, I jumped ^{Enter} Judith Leest!

Judith, working for the Centre of research at the HKU, was tasked with creating an ethical checklist, a procedure and overseeing the instalment of ~~a~~ brand new ethics committee for the HKU.

From our first meeting to the end of the process I was deeply aware of how lucky I was to have the support and coaching of Judith and her colleague Susan Klover. And together we also realised what a unique opportunity we had to develop protocols and procedures in which institutional needs and artistic conditions could be put in dialogue with each other.

Differently than many other art-schools in the NH, the HLU is not part of a conglomerate of other Hoge-school opleidingen, so in its ethical guidelines etc. it can really specifically address the context of artistic research.

Coming from academia, Jadiké brought her knowledge and experience from that context, and as an artist and artistic researcher I began articulating my approach and practice on and of ethics in research and collaboration. We found that we had plenty to learn from each other. And this was also true later on in the process when I submitted my case to the ethics committee and was initially rejected. The committee found some things were lacking but also realized that in other areas, my take on ethical practice was more rigorous or evolved than how it was considered in academic and institutional contexts. In fact, in certain areas the lack was because of this more nuanced approach to ethics. A good and clear example is the concept of consent and its expression in the informed consent form.

In participative research situations, ethics committees will demand that a researcher presents participants with an informed consent form, stating particularities around duration and intensity of expected participation, roles, privacy protection, and it describes the boundaries of what is and can be expected from both/all parties. The document serves to protect, on the one hand, the participant, specifically the so called 'vulnerable participant' from doing things they haven't agreed to or that are considered unethical. On the other hand, it protects the researcher and the institution they are working for from legal problems afterwards.

So the document is a defensive measure on all sides.

I however had been exploring consent through sources such as where named before with Brigrines in BDSM and sex positive contexts. There, consent is approached from the angle of desire: what do you want, what do I want and how can we help each other to realise what we want to do. Applied to a participative research situation, this

translates as: what do you as a participant want to get out of this collaboration and what do you need, from me, the researcher, the institution, and from the process to realize this. (more on this later)

From the book *The Wheel of Consent* I had learnt, that 'What do you want?' is not a question with an answer but the result of a process of collective and individual exploration. So when I had been focussing on designing a process for this exploration, 'all' the institutional assessment asked of me was a simple form with a signature. And while I could produce this for one group I was working with simply because they were used to this procedure and I could easily explain its necessity to them, in a different group this would have been highly disruptive of a careful, attentive process I'd been slowly working on for almost a year.

Reciprocally, while the Ethics Committee couldn't simply pass my research, amongst

other things because of the lack of informed consent with this 2nd group, the comité members were also excited by the approach that I took. And this was the first spark for the ambition of writing an article all together.

To Follow

- Describe my blind spots (as pointed out by J. e. Truax)
- Describe the process of the 'fact' and 'Beyond Participation'
- Develop comparison Sexual Consent vs BDSM / Sex positive discourses on consent and consent in participation.

April 13 2025

Mam died 2 days ago. Am in the state at the moment and thinking the reason to write that down is so as to remind my future self of the moment.

Lots of things going through my mind, like some work things that are nagging (I should make the report for ZAV) but I know it's not realistic to think I will work this week.

I'm frustrated about not feeling anything about Mam dying. It's like not being able to shit or something. Like really blocked. I should write a speech actually or something to say, but it's like without feeling anything I don't know what to say. I wonder if this is an (unconscious) strategy to sort of absent yourself. It's a bit childish. Sliding. Running away. Not wanting the responsibility of feeling something. Ik zweef er een beetje boven. Alsof ik maar het construct moeder-dochter-familie er bij maar er niet zelf in zit, dus niet vanuit mijn rol/plaats/positie maar van een afstand.

niet zo

maar zo

Zou ik misschien tegen man moeten praten omdat ik dan in 'mijn plaats' moet stappen?

Ik zeg wel steeds tegen iedereen dat ik het niet tegen hen, het voeten, maar vraag me dus af of dat waar is.

Goed.

Wat zou ik tegen man zeggen?
Welke man? En welke ik?

Goede vraag.

Misschien vanuit de Joto's danke?

15 April 2025
? Lieve Man, you are multiple,
Jij bent, net als iedereen althans, verschillende
mens, in je verschillende levensfasen, rollen,
en relaties.

Ik herde je niet toen je kind was maar door hoe je als
volwassene over jezelf vertelde heb ik wel een beeld.

Een stoerie, eigenzinnig, dromerig. Het meest vertelde
verhaal is misschien dat je ^{was later in NL} van school spijbelde
om naar de paardenmarkt te gaan en er die avond
tot verbijstering van je moeder een jong thuis werd
afgeleverd. Ik stel me voor hoe het dan benige
kind tussen het paarden volk stond koelbloedig haar
arm gestrekt om te breken op het dier, waar je waar-
schijnlijk een verband mee had gesloten: jij zou haar redden.

Ik heb je ook niet als tiener of als
jonge vrouw gekend maar wie ik zie op
deze foto's, en hoor in je eigen verhalen, is
nog steeds een stoer, ^{nu} bloed mooi, heel
levenslustig ^{en} avontuurlijk. Je blik is licht
ironisch, of schalks, is misschien een beter
woord. En smeuvelend. Je bent warm glaciend.

Wie altijd afbrecht in je verhalen, zorgvuldig
toegezicht, is iemand die door een complexe
opeenstapeling van gebeurtenissen, zoals kind
zijn in een japaans kamp in Indonesië,
later opvoeren in
unwennig NL terwijl je anders naar Ierland
verhuisde, en weer later liet zich bedriegen
sterven van je moeder, is een veel kwets-
bare Curtie, op de vlucht voor ontstane
demonen zoals eenzaamheid, pijn en ziekte,
en alles wat je gevoel van vrijheid zou kunnen
bedreigen.

Ik weet niet of je kan zeggen dat een baby of
of een jongkind haar ouders 'heert', maar volgens
mijn logica (you are multiple) past het te zeggen
door jouw kind te zijn kende ik een versie van
jou die niemand anders kende.
Mijn warme, levenslustige moeder.
Mijn onstuimige moeder.

Je had geweldige spelletjes en fantasieën waar je vrij was, ik weet van. midden in de nacht haalde je ons uit bed om de kabouters in de tuin te zien. (Dat had je eigen moeder trouwens ook bij jou gedaan).

Je hield ons thuis van school als er ijs was en schreef voor alle vriendjes een briefje van de dokter, we gingen allemaal schakken.

Je kon trouwens ook behoorlijk boos zijn.

Jouw vrijheidsdrang, jouw levensvraagde.

Je zette je baby's in Oostergij op het balkon en ging skien. Bij derghousteven de sneeuw weg blazen: daar zijn ze nog 2 heerlijk slapende popjes. Ik beeld heb me misschien in, omdat ik dit verhaal zo vaak heb gehoord, maar meer dat ik me dit gevoel echt herinner: harde zon, knisperend wit, warm van binnen en kou als een 2^{de} deken om me heen, de beste slaap ooit.

Je bent in je laatste jaren geraakt waar je het heetst baart was. Verdouwe!

Je dromen hadden vrij spel.

maar je hebt gevochten als een leeuw hé man.

Zo warm, zo licht, was je ook sterk.
Ik heb je altijd achter me voeten staan.
- onvoorwaardelijk onafleidend (unwavering)
Jij ook trouwens, en jultic voor elkaar...
Wat een pact!!!

Liefste Mann

You are multiple. Ik drang je in me, je bent
een gloeiend koeltje dat ik hier in mijn
borst heb.

Ik ga ^{we} samen op avontuur.

23-4-2024

2 man. Het was zoals Ernie zegt een
geweldige sandoeff op donderdag (17 april).
Maar ook een beetje alienation, vond ik
het als ik het eerlijk mag zeggen. Ik vond
het mooi maar ook best bizar om 6 dagen met
jouw dode lichaam samen te leven. Het was ergens
tj- om 's morgens je kamer binnen te lopen en
'Hoi Man' te roepen, en bloemen voor je te plaatsen
erzo. Maar ook een ^{beetje} absurd, zo'n lij op een koel
plank, langzaam verkleurend en inzakkend en
een klein beetje skinhead. Ik was ook wel op-
gelucht (en voor het eerst heel geëmotioneerd)
toen we dinsdag (de 15de) de kist dicht deden.

22-4-2025

✓ ○ Idea: what's clearly underdeveloped right now in the Illness and Work magazine is the part. I was thinking that, perhaps a way to involve the post — collective could be to invite them to help us develop the part. Maybe a workshop? With the group? Suggest in an email to Severien?

Something completely different: Reading research doc. Esmer van Groot. Shari (2022, 23 November)
Measure Society: public. Borenschunser: "Voor mij is het. Jbgn. politiek: als je niet in verbinding staat met je lijf denk ik dat je klimaatverandering niet serieus neemt. Omdat je niet kunt voelen dat alles met elkaar verbonden is." Heel mooi.

Crack this out. This is perfect.

So interesting that Dries Verhoeven and Riche Vos have been selected for Venice!

Beeldende performance. Interesting word.

I'm thinking if this could help in thinking about what to do for the Symposium on June 20th.

Write to Liza: I would like it if we could involve Thjs, would be a nice chance to work with him!

2 23 April 2025

Mam died, already 12 days ago. It doesn't actually feel that far away yet. I would like to write about it but also sort of don't want to. At the same time. There is a lot to say. But I don't think it's me that wants to talk.

⑤
Yes that's better. It might sound weird but indeed I, the researcher, is the one who has things to say about the past week. I was continuously present you see. I was watching the daughter as she assisted in the washing and dressing of her mother's corpse. I was the one registering that we were touched to see her naked one more time, the sight and touch of her long thin body, old and girlish at once, so familiar and so alien. Reminds me of the Beauvoir quote we used in Callisthenes about her mother's body, none existed less and none more.

The daughter seemed to be hiding in a corner of our being through the whole process of the first days. She was covering. She only began to appear on Tuesday, see entries 13 + 15 April.

5
—
25
April

The whole process, from the moment it became apparent Mam was going to die, to the 'public' moments of Tuesday and Thursday (15+17 April), continuing into the now, with administration, thank you notes etc. is highly scored, as ritualistic processes necessarily are. It's fascinating to see how versed Ernie is in this, I'm following behind like a rookie, like the kid sister I obviously am.

So this is how it's done.

But part of me is rebellious. Or at least questioning. Attentive or aware that we are performing a score that, for me, came out of no-where and presents itself as given. Who says this is how it's done? What do I even think of it? Where am I? How did living together with a corpse for 6 days become normal? What about the electricity keeping that freezer going? (A banal question, I know, but it did cross my mind a few times.)

25 April 2025, Combat.

2 Dear Henry and Paloma
My mum died exactly 2 weeks ago.
I threw myself into the first train to
NL when I heard she wasn't doing well,
it was the night train to Prague. I
arrived half an hour too late, she was
gone. I'm so sorry to have missed her last
moments but I will not dwell on this,
nothing can be ^{done} about it.

I thought of you both often
these past few weeks.

Washing and dressing my mother
some hours after she passed, seeing
and touching her naked body one more
time, girlish and old at once, your
quote, Paloma, from Simone Beauvoir,
took on a whole new meaning. The one
about her mother's body,
and none existed more for her.

There it lay, this body from which
I was born, which fed me, held me,
which was treated so callously by my mo-
ther herself which betrayed her so
harshly, understandably in a way - now cold and
stiff, and quite beautiful.

Haar strijd is gestreden. I'm unspeakably
happy for her that her battle is over
and ~~am~~ so sad this battle

ate up the last years of her other-
wise quite blessed life. But let's not dwell.

Now she is a little burning coal that I
hold in my heart and she travels with me.

She was a very adventurous person, and al-
ready I can feel her sense of adventure
changing my gaze differently.

You know, it's good to have her
back.

Lots of love from me to you both,
gratefully yours,
Philippe.

25 April 2025

○ A thought, while reading *The Problem with Work*, the part about Marx shifting the gaze from the market to the hidden abode of production, which I interpret as the locus where the actual work takes place: the work floor, the office, classroom, boardroom, corridor etc etc. This is as Marx also points out the social space and the space where working conditions are at play. And it's the one aspect of work we are not prepared for at school or uni. We are not educated in managing our social relations at work, decision making processes, conflict resolutions, and care for each other and ourselves in work / when at work.

And I'm thinking how the project with the illness as work group is actually an experiment in creating a really 'care-ful' 'hidden abode', with the fact that almost everyone in one way or another is living with illness as our saving grace, because we simply can't NOT have a care-ful abode. We don't have a choice. Vulnerability is the point of departure, and this changes everything also for those of us who aren't necessarily

ill ourselves, we don't pit ourselves against one and other, we rather depart from vulnerability and rationality and see from there what is possible.

May 10th 2025

On Polyphony

First question: who's talking?

The researcher: Polyphony has several dimensions that are all important for us in our research, but they function differently. There is a political dimension because understanding the world as polyphonic implies an anti-essentialist and anti-individualistic attitude. An attitude that is rather committed to embracing complexity, entanglement and interdependence. Or put differently: knowing the world to be messy and noisy and embracing that as a good thing. There is a dimension that we might call conceptual-psychological, which attends to the notion that we are multiple. That we exist in different versions of

our selves, with different voices and different knowledges.

And there is 2nd dimension that attends to that multiplicity in others. This is perhaps the most challenging dimension because it asks us to bend ourselves to the waves and tides of each other to attune our different selves to the different selves of our friends, lovers, collaborators and even, -the most challenging of all - of ~~our~~ (chosen) family members. The contradictions that live in ourselves are not easy to deal with and there is understanding, moving with and accepting the contradictions in everyone around us. There! One of us thrives on these challenges, and that is the artist in us.

The Artist ^{For me} is Polyglot is a given and a point of departure. All art is re-creation, as we're all building on

what was done before we were even thought of, we're standing on the shoulders of everyone who ever tried to express or externalise something and in the shadow of every object that was made to resonate with or gesture the world or something in it.

A point of departure for this artist in particular, because I don't like working alone. I'm a collaborator in heart and soul, I thrive on the ping-pong of ideas and inclinations, the swimming in a murky sea soup of collective spew, and because I'm in a symbiotic relationship with another version of me, the lover.

The Lover: he's a lover I'm not exaggerating when I say I'm overtly, incurably polyamorous. This year is only 5 months old and I fell in love with 12 new people already at least 14 new ideas and countless new physical expressions

of love. Love understood as one of the conditions — or opportunities — of cross-pollination, the igniting of some kind of fire, or the manifestation of a shared thrill.

To be honest this year hasn't been easy, because all these loves came with as many challenges of that love. Hovers & tiffs.

So many.

I'm not versed in arguing, I didn't learn how to do it when I was young and now I need to learn, humbly.

The Student: The biggest lesson I learned this month was that arguing is an act so intimate, so valuable that it compares only with illness and sex. I'm studying, but I'm not confident that I would pass the exam ^{yet} if there was one.

The daughter: exactly four weeks ago my mother died, very suddenly very beautifully, a death that was at once awaited

and still wholly unexpected.

Washing and dressing her body some hours after she passed (with my father fast asleep beside her), I conjured the researcher in me, because I needed someone by my side to help me remember what was happening, to be able to reflect on this later, to process, I guess. And she helped me a lot. Together with the researcher I can look back and understand why I longed to see my mother's naked body one more time, this body that made me, nurtured me, is so familiar to me, and alien at the same time, girlish and ancient at once. The body connects me to all the versions of her I have known. And this is key.

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5 May 2025

T Cheli in gesprek met $\odot$ en ∇

Ik moet voor een presentatie bij B&K mijn manieren van werken beschrijven als methode, om te een gesprek vanuit methode te denken naar discipline.

En als ik het goed begrijp gaat het specifiek over manieren van werken in transdisciplinaire contexten.

De methoden die ik moet komen allemaal vanuit performance.

Eenzijds vanuit een begrip van performance als een manier om te denken met en vanuit het lichaam, ofwel: het lichaam te activeren in het denken en ook kennis van het lichaam zelf te betrekken.

Anderzijds is het gedacht vanuit performance als een discipline met eigen gereedschappen en strategieën.

Beeldt uit een workshop nootje!

Een voorbeeld is de zogenaamde 'score'.

Een score is een manier om een performance

Rec'd

spel regis
toon

→ beelden boek.

instructie op specifiek te verwijzen
maakt het heel duidelijk wat het is en vraagt

ion, of ook, te doen.

'Gebruik je gereedschap!'

'Blijf opstaan voor mogelijkheden!'

De handelingen of vaardigheden worden zo van het signaliere naar het breder toepasbare gebracht, en de formalisering communiceert vormen van kennis.

Beelden
S.G. + ZAW

Scores kunnen voorin onder in tekst, maar ook beeld, → schets, collage, combinaties van alles. Het gezamenlijk werken aan die scores er over uitwisselen en ze uitproberen heeft een hele centrale plaats in mijn werkwijze. Dat is zo ontstaan. Het ziet er misschien uit als lekker samen knutselen, (dat is het ook) maar het is inmiddels een onmisbaar deel van de methode geworden. Het is een manier om op een andere manier dan in gesprek met elkaar uit te wisselen en het is reflectie, expressie en 'on-disciplinair'. Een score geeft ook houvast aan het samen werken in een groep. Het geeft richting aan wat je samen wil doen en han- de voorwaarden ervoor verduidelijken.

T-
sluit

Vanuit de notie van de score zijn we in het collectief Zicht als Werk ook begonnen werken aan een pact of overeenkomst voor hoe we samen willen werken: wat heeft iedereen nodig om het werk dat ze in dit project willen doen, te kunnen doen? Beeld Pact
En wat willen we allemaal doen.

In performance bestaat ook de term 'task based - score'. Beeld Forties

De score verwoordt een daak. Another Version?
Performance zoals ik het beoefen en izzik, (en dit maght dat ^{het} wel overlapt ^{me} met niet het zelfde is als theater) is essentie: Showing - doing: Het doen van het doen. Niet van doen alsod, maar nadrukkelijk van het doen.

Dus het maken van zo'n pact en dat publiceren is performatief. We tonen hoe we dat ~~doen~~, participatie of onderzoek samen werken.

De task-based score is ook be-
langrijk in zijn prestatieve werk.
(beelden Dis, Calli, Antye) Ook
hier heeft het de functie om het
'showing doing' te faciliteren, of dragen.

En binnen de context van transitie-
ritueel werken, even goed. Hier
(foto's & mei) is de score: Naar
aankomst van een onderdeel van de Part
voorwaarde verwoord in het
plaats is zelf op de lijn. Rechts
het kent → dit is heel belangrijk voor
mij, links is het ongeheerd. Dat is
een bekende oefening, maar toch heel
verijend in dit geval want doordat
iemand bijvoorbeeld alleen kwam 'te
staan, een positie die voor de persoon
en de groep fysiek voelbaar was
werd er een heel ander licht op deze
voorwaarde geworpen.

(Mensen denken bij iets prestatie / vaak
an iets heel fysiek uitdagend,
maar zo wordt het in transitie ritueel

co-creative-contexten in mijn
praktijk heel zeld. - Ik ben
niet uit op iets ongemushtijds, dat is
telkens niet nodig.

Task-based zit dicht bij spel. Voemen
van spel komen ook veel voor in
mijn praktijk.

Beelden Toon
Spel

Voorbeeld: 'Wat is Werk' bij voor. Een
Gesprek over aanzichtbaar werk, waarbij
we eerst een kaartspel maakten, waarop
mens en iets uitdrukten over wat in hun
leven aanzichtbaar werk is, en we vervolgens
met behulp van spelregels die rollen en
handelingen daidelen, en verbindingen maakte
tussen die voorbeelden.

26 May T in conversation with ①
What are important things to write about
in relation to the ethics article? A description
of how I work such as we did in the last
few pages is good to add. Then maybe some-
thing like ① Why would you want to look at JDS-
ser-

as an inspiration for understanding consent in the context of participative or collaborative research?

The point of the exercise is to see if this understanding of consent can on the one hand emancipate participants from a defensive and passive role - the one to whom things are done or asked of, and thus the one who must define and guard their boundaries - and the researcher from the role of the one who makes demands, and the one with the sole claim to desire* in the sense of wanting and gaining something from the project and the 'other'.

② What's the problem with doing that?

One problem is that BDSU contracts are mostly conceived and created for 2 or 3 participants, not groups, and in the very particular context in which the practice itself is the aim, while in the case of participative research the practice is meant to serve a research goal.

So the concept has to be transposed to a different constal-

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lation in a different context, and with a different purpose.

Another problem is that in a BDSM context desire is more obviously present from the beginning ^{in all parties} even when it still needs development and exploration, it is the point of departure.

While in a participative research situation this 'desire'*, while presumably present in the researcher (or their commission), may not ^{necessarily} be obviously present in the participant. It is therefore imperative that a process is developed to uncover, explore this, and allow it to develop and evolve. This can be very time consuming, it requires some specific skills, and a large commitment from everyone involved.

③ How did we do it, what did we do well and what did we do wrong?

* desire is used here to express the notion of 'wanting something', 'having an aim' or 'wanting something done'.

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