

## LOGBOOK

daily 20–30 minutes of writing between 17:00–19:00

18.01.2013

What wasn't mentioned in the formulation of the task for the logbook: I won't read what I wrote. Sometimes later, maybe. I remember having been stuck with the grammar thing and the 'I', from some sentiment of felt and denied embarrassment remembering the format of a diary, the classic format of self expression and constitution of some kind of self, for old children and young teenagers, or girls and boys that stay girls and boys forever, now probably actualised in the formats of Facebook, Twitter, etc. Well.

Here the text has a relation to me in ten days, who will by then have become someone else. Or what if I now died, today or tomorrow. Definitely not a very active thing to do, one can of course create suicidal settings, yet the dying happens by itself. One could - - - now if it wasn't against the format and the task, I'd be deleting by now. Death comes very suddenly and immediately, of course it has its place in thinking *after finitude* (Quentin Meillassoux), yet still, how can that be followed up and why do I tackle something far too big so unprepared – like, go away – CUT. Now I remember Max saying recently that philosophy was too busy dealing with life and too little with dying, no idea what exactly but it has something to do with passivity. I have started to take the calming drops, herbal, it's hemp and passion flower. I dislike this conversational tone and I might be tempted to delete, yet it will stay the way it went, out there. Maybe an exception can be that if there are very cryptic orthographic things, I can change it later. Otherwise: a chain of rules, negotiations, and deals made with keys, time unit, space, and what is written here.

I am postponing. I postpone to position myself, some processes of procrastination, in times of IWC it makes sense to hold on to materials, rather than to subjectivity. If I give in to expression my subjectivity or whatever has been boiling down from affective labour, the production of identity and the labour of performing it, in the mix with signs of creativity and obvious positions within the context of the contemporary production modes, whatever – going some in the sense of *anonymous materials* (Reza Negarestani) might hint at tactics that prove helpful in practices of camouflage but for sure, alienation lands in the soup, there is no escape or exit, only procrastination; definitely, this is not a game that in any way can be won, no slowness or no laziness or other kind of refusal, all alternatives invented become spices or a nice little extra on the menu.

This is why: passivity. This is why: material. Matter, obviously. I cannot relate to it. To be subjected to rules of order, games of play, too, to become part of the protocol and find an attention towards other forces than mine and the capacities I already hold and can imagine, think, sense now.

There is a restlessness beyond diffuse existential drive, or libidinal force. There is a restlessness and, in it, a force, a quest for another kind of agency. And here probably enters the political. Questions of heteronomy and autonomy come into play, which is not the same as passivity and activity, that is oh so clear – and passivity, the way I think it, is a helpful problem. Like, how to produce contingency, similar problem, it's not gonna be following what you want it to do, and you will never tackle it with simple tricks like chance operations or mathematical systems. Oh no. No answers and no clarity today, steep thesis with no ends, pseudo academic loops, and some warm fingertips hammering the keys.

It should be about how it is going – how I am doing during this residency, that highly regimented free space and surplus of time – how I feel while trying to be passive – it is producing a loop of self-referentiality right now, rather than being conditioned by stuff, and I would be rather sure this is to do with the format of a diary, of an ‘I’ text, of language, etc.

Spaces of self-referentiality aren’t unpleasant to be in, my muscle cramps are constant, tinnitus constantly in my left ear, my orientation punctually diffuse. The crisis came last week, I am still recovering from it, yet it seems it was rather *productive*. (Crisis is always productive, depends who pays the prize of course.)

How is it to work all alone and solitary? Yes it does make a difference, I haven’t been so alone for a long time. Sometimes, when I do meet others for lunch, I am not able to speak yet, it can take a while until articulation comes. In silence it often sounds clear and sharp though. Once it’s verbalised, once it’s out in the air, it changes its state of matter or aggregate: it either fades and becomes banal or it tends to seem confused or dim, far from sharpness and brilliance, or it remains silent, says nothing while talking; sometimes people are very good at using polisher and making things that are rather dull shine and seem brilliant, yet when refined they spread glitter and impress. Smooth-talking polishers of eloquence and rhetoric.

I love simple, clear sentences. Ich liebe einfache, klare Sätze. Arrays, assemblies, settlements. They can unsettle due to a simple trick: they suspend the instance of attention that was checking on what was there, and as it is simple and clear, it will be quickly grasped and then attention is guided away from what it means because that might be a little boring, or maybe not, and then one can start perceiving what is there, on the terms of what it does. Ontology of simple clear sentences. I have a hard time uttering those guys.

Ah ja. I nearly forgot. I am full of fear. Real fear. Not *Furcht* but ANGST. Everything is fine and, obviously, I am capable of calming down without having to panic. There are the calming drops, wonderful, all kinds of body work, physical technologies, breathing, etc. Yet it is here and I haven’t felt it like this for a very long time. Or it didn’t find its articulation, simply due to labour rhythms and temporality of work, whatever. Angst very generally and with no reason at all. I miss my grandfather, it must be about exactly a year ago I saw him last. He left at the end of March 2012 and my plane was twenty-four hours too late. Passivity and suffering and endurance and embarking and allowing and listening are modes in which things are likely to be set to work. And this can also have something to do with fear.