

LOGBOOK

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

24.02.2013

today again not by hand but on screen. I will write the next sentences without looking at the keys and without watching the screen. So if there are mistakes and typos I will later mark them *like this*.

I *jave* talked with EM today about how one *establihses a relatn* to the screen, once writing on the *cumputer*. It's about the gaze. Now I feel alienated. Very much now since *i* don't *msee* what *im* writing. But *ir* works surprisingly well. And it *si* pretty fast, too, like this.

The screen is evil and makes me go hypnotised for instant trance – bbbboooooom.

Stidop is *empty* (studio) paper, wires, wardrobe hangers, mirror – *mstly* ignored – books, chairs, *keays*, recording device, video camera, drinking bottles, blankets, plastic mats, *balloons*. Papiere, Kael *Kabel*. Now I am tired I start to look up again.

My green jumper has a calming effect on me. Coldness outside and the snow make me think that it is due to them that it is so quiet in here. Nobody on the streets near the canal down on the west and it's a pleasant and nice silence today. Snow.

Other days the heating takes over the space, or my blood, or restlessness, and noise in the building and/or the absence of conversations makes whatever there is audible. Today is Sunday and silence is letting me be today. Day of doing nothing, this oh so holy day of reproduction, recreation, muse, laziness, well-being. If anybody at all is still practising this today, I would not know them. Work dominated lives all around.

It's really very quiet. Sunday night after 21:00, with a one-hour delay, usually the time unit for this task is 17–20:00, maybe reflecting the atmosphere of that day, the temperature, the mood, the *verfasstheit* – all things doing their thing in the overall constellation of how my day comes to be.

Using *my* and *I* is still producing resistance. My day – whose day and what about it can I own? Do I ever own a day, do I possess time in general, what about me should be mine anyway – particularly with artistic practice, which if anything is common, how could it ever be mine – yup, process has become a trap in economies based in experience with the merchandise all related 'I' things.

There I could articulate some things about passivity, taken from right now:

- A mode of production and maybe even being – more concrete: producing settings, environments, constellations, in which things, stuff, materials emancipate and are not at my disposal; I can try relating but it's not in my hands and is out of my control, out of my reach even – even better: I might not even be necessary to get them going and they may be going and doing stuff that goes completely unnoticed by me. Also: discourses around the making of an ecology.
- Passivity can never be produced directly. In a certain setting, environment, or constellation, I can experience myself as passive – through processes I am involved in that break my capacities or intentions.

- Parameters of duration and repetition – a certain automatisisation – can be helpful. In general, rigid settings help me witness what the material or (infra)structure is actually doing. Old rediscovered knowledge of freedom in rigid rules.
- This is a mode of enabling, of offering, of receiving, of being involved in, of letting happen, of becoming medium (with all its connotations), of collecting and assembling, with Bruno Latour:

Assemble and Order.

And then: to take operations seemingly belonging to non-work or lying outside valorised labour, operations with no use and no surplus value, and claim that they are valuable exactly *because* they are valueless. Because: these operations, or even occupations and activities promise neither development, change, and a rise in performance and efficiency, nor any other surplus value, and draw their effect (force, what they do) explicitly from an object. Not from a subject or out of the production of (artistic) subjectivity. Or if anything, then subject–objects. And afterwards, it will always be defined as work and productivity. And therefore valorised. But for a moment there, art doesn't have to justify or be useful in the realm of possible alternative whatevers. So yeah, I do hold the positioning of an art with the function of no function still as a valuable one. Potentiality etc. Obviously, the sleep of an artist has become valuable by now – *shockingly enough, the argument of HONESTY and ENGAGEMENT has risen again, shocking since it's all about her authentic and d e e p e s t self. Her dreams. Her visions. Her subjectivity, obviously. Rant on. And so on and so on.*