

Live Collaborative Essay #2
(The Temporal Space)

Sunday 19th May 2019

Performed by:

Erola Arcalís
Ramona Guntert
Joshua Leon
Steff Jamieson
Emma Bäcklund

on the occasion of

'Rehearsing the Real'

Peckham24, Copeland Park, Peckham, London
17 - 19 May 2019

Instructions for reading

1. The reading will last exactly 1 hour.
2. Text striked through means it is an offering, but the intention is that it is not read.
Like this: ~~tracing the limit formed by the end of metaphysics entails repeating the movements by which philosophy exhausted its possibilities—this, in order to release what philosophy has closed upon in its effort to secure an ideal order of meaning.~~
3. Actions will be indicated in Parentheses like this [Joshua reads from Maggie Nelson The Argonauts page 12 paragraph 3 -----]. These actions will work to different formatting to the read text as means for differentiation.
4. Moments of silence will last for a period time decided by the next action or voice.
5. Each person's voices and references are inserted in a font assigned by themselves as means for differentiation.
6. At any point, should Steff make a clear and precise action, a moment of silence will follow.

Time and scene: 1:30pm, a room with 8 chairs, one framed photograph, an incomplete tiled floor, a library of books placed in a disorganised manner, a table with two printed texts atop, an assortment of camouflage prints. The performers enter the room assuming positions of their own accord.

[Joshua begins reading-----]

Exhaustion is fundamental to the creation of new subjects: it is only once all possibilities have become exhausted that something truly new can come about. It seems a creative life of resistance can only come about through exhaustion.”

How do I imagine the space?

Looking from two ends in. Walking from two ends in. Being there is in between coming and going. It is like a process. Us, as well as the viewer can be the process. Everyone has in a non hierarchal way or the chance to be part of it. Speak listen or look. That is what an experience can feel like. An experience which can be felt at any stage of the process while making, but also researching.

Interestingly photography is never in the centre of it. It's the image making or taking through language and the process of research. Not the outcome, it is the process. And if there is no end and beginning just a time frame. I am curious where it will start and end. Not knowing is good. But also gives a feeling of loss. While I feel part of it I feel I am losing the control over my work where it starts and ends and if it is even work. Is it about looking at it? Or looking away.

[Steff pours a glass of water and drinks -----]

[a silence -----]

[Emma reads in Swedish -----]

“..jag kommer aldrig att kunna lägga vecken på dina ögonlock
till rätta
först efternamn, så förnamn
om de kunde harkla sig, skulle de utstöta
ringar på vattnet från flocken av veck
du utvecklar
en fallskärm när du slår i ögonen
men den ska vikas ihop igen
världen är skallig
mellan dina ögonfransar
det vet du”

[Joshua reads, Erola stands up, Ramona moves her position-----]

This room could be in a house but it isn't. This room could be a library but it isn't. This room could be a lecture hall but it isn't. There is enough here to suggest, and only suggest that this could be a room, a room which at times is inhabited, and at other times is merely an invitation for inhabitation. The books are marked, so someone has read them. Or have they been marked for my benefit. Should I read the marked lines? Do these marked lines point somewhere? Why are these chairs all different? Why is there just this one table? What are these instructions on table? If I walk across this space will I be watched? Do I make this space, do we make this space? If I engage, am I am player, or am I a viewer? Nothing is quite fixed, the floor snakes, the walls are unpainted, the photograph is elusive, the the context is submerged.

In the rhythmic sequence of representations, in which the tragic transport exhibits itself, that which one calls the caesura in poetic metre, the pure word, the counter-rhythmic interruption, is necessary; precisely in order to counter the raging change of representations at its summit so that it is no longer the change of representations but representation itself which appears.”

I think of how the reality is created through a representation of it. Or we could call it an empty shell that is left behind

Below is an approx measurement for the diameter of the dodecagon and an idea of the overall size of the space. There are two entrances into the space,

main entrance shown in the image below. The dodecagon will also have two entrances to be accessible from two sides, this will greatly impact on where we place props/tables etc. We initially thought about a central round table perhaps??

[Steff brings a book to the table -----]
[a silence -----]

[Joshua reads from this book for two to three minutes -----]

[Emma comes to the table and removes the book Joshua is reading from in front of him, Steff pours a glass of water, Erola attempts to find a seat on a chair if she is not sat on one already, Ramona does not move -----]

[A long silence-----]

[Joshua reads from Antonio Gramsci, Selections from the Prison Notebooks, page 10 -----]

“The mode of being of the new intellectual can no longer consist in eloquence, which is an exterior and momentary mover of feelings and passions, but in active participation in practical life, as constructor, organiser, “permanent persuader” and not just a simple orator (but superior at the same time to the abstract mathematical spirit); from technique-as-work one proceeds to technique-as-science and to the humanistic conception of history, without which one remains “specialised” and does not become directive” (specialised and political)”

Perhaps we can move in-between the constructed and that which happens naturally then and there (dialogues) so maybe it could be that we at some stages have a “reading performance” of lines we read from a paper, perhaps audience also read from paper. They have an instruction but they are free in what way/tone they want to read.

[Steff collects the water glasses into one place -----]

[a silence -----]

So Erola and I had a long phone chat yesterday about the whole thing. It was productive.

One thing we thought we could perhaps do is buy second hand books (maybe 6 each or something) and thereby create a library. So i thought maybe we make a list each of books, talk to Tom about it and see if we can budget it in. My studio is probably closest if we want to get them shipped somewhere.

Also we then thought about how the space unfolds. - and thought maybe we create nooks as well as the main table - convo space. We were saying we really want the audience to find themselves in the space and be able to be involved, but also it is a chance to think about making something that hints towards a work rather than is definitive.

I agree and I think we all liked the idea that it will be a space that will lead to new work, a research. A space towards work rather than a space with work and I think especially in the context of a photography festival super exciting. It is processed based rather than outcome based.

WHAT THE SPACE MEANS, HOW THE SPACE EXISTS

I think about the inner circle as a stage. The objects, images and text that appear all exist as props for that specific occasion. We together are building that stage and somehow the play. That is the most exciting bit to me. Here is where all our practices can come together, as all of them identify with a strong theatrical/performative component.

[Emma brings a book to the table placing it open on a specific page -----]

[Erola brings a book to the table placing it open on a specific page -----]

[Ramona brings a book to the table placing it open on a specific page -----]

[Joshua reads from portions from the three books, assembling them together----]

[Steff moves a glass to the table -----]

[a silence -----]

I am thinking that the element of time becomes also interesting in this manner. So were it not to be a specific portion of text it could be an approximate length of time. This speaks towards a sense of exhausting the text, which also thinks about exhausting the space, which I feel is a way to embed and maintain energy. I know exhausting sounds counter intuitive, but it is a feeling I am drawing out of this sense of temporality we are playing with. That in essence we want to fill the space with an energy that is constant and fulfilling but has the potential to reach a limit whereby it cannot return again. It is also involved in a secondary concern that relates to an artist I have been looking at called *Michael Asher*, who used to teach at CalArts, and had a particular method for his class.

As the festival is a short duration, we can be more active in the space as our energy only needs to last for 3 days, rather than a month etc...

Josh - love the idea of playing with the time we have available, cutting off speech mid way and not always fully forming sentences. The lack of speech and articulation and the unsayable are very close to my practice too and would very much like for this to be incorporated/acknowledged in the performance - I can see this as my main contribution to the performance in some way. Perhaps bringing in strategies of silence, or avoiding direct questions, answerings with questions etc. In the Argonauts there is a passage discussing Anne Carson's refusal to answer personal interview questions by using empty brackets [[]] - this is playing on my mind a lot... (pg60/61)

What is a space and how through its emptiness can it still exist? Idea of Friday evening. Us being there in an empty space, also in relationship to an exhibition. Talking of what can happen and how it is activated, not just us but people coming and going. Working with forms and shapes I imagine to inhabit a wall on

Friday with an empty cardboard (174 x 143 cm) where I will also (maybe part of the performance) paste images, stitch them on and remove them. It will be a mix of my own images but also archive images. Similar what I have showed you during our last meeting. I imagine also with other cardboard objects. Circles and found material, growing from the wall. An extension from the space and through its physicality it will be more an experience rather than an image. It is not about the image, through the act of pastin, the structure of the underneath material will come through. The image become the environment.

“How to begin when, after all, there is no pure or somehow originary state for affect? Affect arises in the midst of in- between-ness: in the capacities to act and be acted upon. Affect is an impingement or extrusion of a momentary or sometimes more sustained state of relation as well as the passage (and the duration of passage) of forces or intensities. That is, affect is found in those intensities that pass body to body (human, nonhuman, part-body, and otherwise), in those resonances that circulate about, between, and sometimes stick to bodies and worlds, and in the very passages or variations between these intensities and resonances themselves. Affect, at its most anthropomorphic, is the name we give to those forces—visceral forces beneath, alongside, or generally other than conscious knowing, vital forces insisting beyond emotion—that can serve to drive us toward movement, toward thought and extension, that can likewise suspend us (as if in neutral) across a barely registering accretion of force-relations, or that can even leave us overwhelmed by the world’s apparent intractability.”

[Joshua reads from Pierre Guyotat, COMA, page 123 -----]

“the question again emerges of the right that we do or do not possess, creators of figures that we are, to decide that one of our figures will *appear*, or worse, the “central” figure - before that other right, of equal importance, to decide that it will disappear or die.

Painting guides my hand: my entire future creation is in my interior gaze: when the torments of my life cease, it come to lie before me: of figures of what future fictions I shall write are there, all of them before me with all of their backing, their settings, their lighting, their depth like a painting of Creation, it is up to me to animate them now, to have them speak without lifting an eye from them. But how can I make them speak from my mute throat”

[Steff interrupts by moving a glass to the floor and pouring water in it -----]

[a long silence -----]

[Joshua reads a quote from Camden Arts Centre’s File Notes - October 2013-June 2014 (File Note #89) conversation between Jesse Wine and Quinn Latimer -----]

‘Vessels as self-portraits. Vessels as devotional items to make the goddesses rejoice. Vessels as bowls and vases. Vessels as indicators of economic class. Vessels as travelling white men. Vessels as admonitions to the self to do better, as aspirational. Vessels as letters. Vessels as documents of the self at a certain time. Vessels as time.

[Peter Brook, The Empty Space-----]

“I can take any empty space and call it a bare stage. A man walks across this empty space, whilst someone else is watching him, and this is all that is needed for an act of theatre to be engaged. A stage space has two rules: (1) Anything can happen and (2) Something must happen.”

We will make the theatre happen, and we will also return the space to a form of emptiness.”

Ramona, I have just seen your last entry and I am really excited about the images you shared. The four pictures that appear in the contact sheet work really well together.

It particularly interests me the relationship between positive and negative, both as a photographic image and as a mould. I enjoy the illusion of not being able to recognise the source nor the process. The photograph of the photograph of the install of your

show in France synthesises those ideas very well and draws my attention.

I like both the lamps - but am aware that perhaps the black one is bit more dated than the white and i am always wary of any form of nostalgia as that becomes laborious. However if it is about deciding, then pick one and the one that arrives is the one that we will use.

I find it super interesting Steff what you shared about Vessels, and the creative process.. A thought becoming form and the paradox of anxieties and satisfaction within that. The urge of making form, formulating etc, based on a necessary need, the need to put thought into form. This in relation to what you wrote Josh, about the rhythm between liquidness and concreteness, weight and weightlessness within the space, and that Erola's photograph becomes very important in relation to the liquid, transforming, fragmented, uncertain, sometimes doubtful and camouflaged elements in the space. As perhaps the liquid elements need to be in relation to be understood as liquid, and this in relation feels very important. The in relation also suggests an in-between space.. A zwischenraum, an inhale, a moment just before or just after, a pause, a pulse, a silence, an interval, a tension before release in movement. This in relation to Aby Warburg Pathosformel and his focus on the interval, in-between space of images and on the insignificant or overlooked, and the Mnemosyne atlas with its non-linear arrangement and associative technique and the inevitable nature of it never becoming complete as of his sudden death, and the black boards and photographs that were lost somewhere in Germany during the war.

[Emma coughs, Ramona moves to sit next to her -----]

[Steff stands up and moves to the shelf -----]

[a silence -----]

[Joshua finds Paul Celan, Selected Poems in the space, he opens it to page 191, and reads
Radix Matrix from where he is

-----]

[Steff brings a glass of water to him, placing it on the floor -----]

[a silence -----]

[Ramona reads in German -----]

“Ein Körper ist schon ans sich, auch sein
Verschlingen, sine Erniedrigung bis zur
stinkenden Jauche oder bis zur Lähmung. Die
Existenz enthält nicht nur die Ausscheidung
(zyklisches Element): sondern ein Körper wird
Raum, ein Körper vertreibt sich, auf identische
Weise. Er entschreibt sich als Körper.”

What is a ‘real’ gesture, and what is not. Repetition
in images metaphor for this ongoing.

Hiding or finding a treasure
Head resting on hand
Finger to forehead (understanding)
One arm raised
Objects over one's head
Conversation
Dressing or undressing
Drinking with a hollow hand
Holding one's foot
Head resting on hand
Nymph clasping ankle
Nymph dabbing hand in spring

Similarly, the completeness and stillness
within Erola's photo needs the fluidity to *be*, so
I think its a beautiful rhythm. But also, a
paradox, as what you mentioned Josh about
the weight but also absence within the
photograph, absence of flesh almost. It is the
most concrete element in the room, but also
the most flat and fictive..

but also the confusion of the two. And then,
the fleshness comes again in the presence of
bodies of course, ours, the audience, but also

in Ramona's work which maybe almost will feel like the room-body, skin and layerings, three-dimensionality, wall constantly growing in its own perfections and imperfections, renewing itself, shredding, protecting, revealing their bareness. Walls pretending to be walls, wanting to be walls. My cropped images of gestures in a more literal corporeal, anatomic way but also decisions on emphasis and focus on specific parts. And of course Steff's floor that is at first complete but slowly will have to accept the decay and worn-out-ness that inevitable occur over time and as a result of activity and presence. For it to stay 'perfect' it can only exist within the space of passivity. Super interesting also your own personal process within this Steff, of having to accept this imperfectness. Damn, there's so much to say and think about all this..

[Steff lifts her hand for a moment -----]

[a short silence -----]

[Joshua finds Jacques Derrida, Sovereignties in Questions, opens to page 86, and begins to read-----]

“Each time I speak or manifest something to another, I bear witness to the extent that, even if I neither say nor show the truth, even if, behind the “mask”, I am lying, hiding, or betraying, every utterance implies “I am telling you the truth; I am telling you what I think; I bear witness in front of you to that to which I bear witness in front of me, what is present to me (singularly, irreplaceably). And I can always be lying to you. So I am in front of you as in front of a judge, before the law or the representative of the law. As soon as I bear witness, I am in front of you as before the law, but as a result, you who are my witness, I am in front of you as before the law, but, as a result, you who are my witness, you who witness my bearing witness, you are also judge and arbiter, judge and party as much as judge and arbiter.”

On a personal level I am still a bit lost as to what exactly my intention is. I understand the premise of the space being seen as a collaborative research space, but how is this to come to be. It seems to me that whilst we are not intending to make finished work we are intending to make work. So then I am left with the question of what is my work? Yes I am happy to bring a table. Yes I am happy to find some chairs. I still want to borrow these from the surrounding Peckham area. And yes I am very interested in building a library. But there remains the question, and perhaps the reason I have a struggle is that I don't or haven't made a fixed image or work for some time - this is of course a personal endeavour and one that is complex. So then there is a necessity for me to find some form of documentation, or description as to how I went about getting these objects, why they are in the space and their story. - this is where I see the tie to my work as a whole, as so much of what I am attempting to do and play with relates to the notion and idea of a kind of Proustian significance to objects and of course to the ready made re-invented.

[Erola collects a book, she places it on the table and removes all the other books there-----]

[Joshua opens the book and finds a place to begin reading, he reads for an extended period of time -----]

[time passes-----]

[Steff searches for a chair to sit on, if there isn't one free, she sits at the legs of one -----]

[a long silence -----]

[Joshua begins reading again for a long and exhausting period-----]

"At once intimate and impersonal, affect accumulates across both relatedness and interruptions in relatedness, becoming a palimpsest of force-encounters traversing the ebbs and swells of intensities that pass between "bodies" (bodies defined not by an outer skin-envelope or other surface boundary but by their potential to reciprocate or co-participate in

the passages of affect). Bindings and unbindings, becomings and un-becomings, jarring disorientations and rhythmic attunements. Affect marks a body's belonging to a world of encounters or; a world's belonging to a body of encounters but also, in non-belonging, through all those far sadder (de)compositions of mutual in-compossibilities. Always there are ambiguous or "mixed" encounters that impinge and extrude for worse and for better, but (most usually) in-between. In this ever-gathering accretion of force-relations (or, conversely, in the peeling or wearing away of such sedimentations) lie the real powers of affect, affect as potential: a body's capacity to affect and to be affected" (Seigworth and Gregg, An inventory of shimmer. Affect Theory.)

Now then this leads me on to how I could go about disseminating such a concept or construction. And after what we spoke of and what I drew from the overall conversation yesterday I feel perhaps my role in all this is to situate myself exactly at the intersections. By this what I mean is very much to be both a vessel, a player and an organiser of the space.

As a vessel I see myself interacting with the body of offerings from each of you, whether this is pre-organised or instantaneous (as i suggested receiving text messages and finding and reading or highlighting certain things during our programmed public moments.) This for me is a performative act, and one that actually has some urgency and interest to me.

I would propose that should we feel this is a line and idea to follow that rather than only asking to have texts or research read, there is also the potential for questions to be prompted. - in some regard there is also the notion of puppetry at work here, so we need to tread carefully because I dont want to be John Malkovich. A good example of the kind of things that would be super interesting to discuss might be what Steff said about the notion of the unsaybale. This to me is premise for a very vibrant discussion.

So you see in this role as the public figure for the group there is a very fascinating series of dimensions -

the performance, the conversational and the vessel.
All of which I feel perhaps speak loudly back into my actual practice. I would of course suggest that there is more space than we think here

The performative body, mimicry and repetition of gesture are some of the core interests in my own practice and relate very much to my interest in dance. For me, choreography and photography are hand in hand. In my research into Aby Warburg's image atlas, I have been considering the Nymph's metamorphic quality, as the Nymph is both a cause and the object of transformation. For me, this symbolises how Ramona, Steff, Josh, Erola and I want to treat the image: as a fluxuous thing that is not confined to a static or flat space.

First, it feels important to me to underline the idea of the temporality of the space. Therefore, the work or the actions that occur within the dodecagon should exist too only within the parameters of that physical and temporal space. That time being 3 or 3,5 days. Once that space disappears, so it will the work that inhabits it.

Second, the space and the work exist only in constant transformation - it is a space that is still becoming. Perhaps here we should think about how we want to change that space or how would it be activated. We will have the collective live readings/essay that Josh proposed, but more things may happen with the rest of the objects/images in the room.

Nice thoughts everyone. I am here transforming my writing into Verdana. All so complex and beautiful. I really want to dive into it, but I almost feel a bit paralyzed to do so. It gives a lot and seeing the images of you Erola and Steph makes me imagine the space even better and all its layers created through giving. Giving time and thoughts.

Notions of Doubt - i wrote that yesterday as we were talking about it.

I wonder if maybe we include it? Or perhaps rather we keep it, and use it for something we do next. Yes next. Last night the energy was at its best, hence why we all feel so good about it, and I am aware this is partly because the show is close and decisions get made in precise and effective ways at that point, but there is something far more than that in this 'community' of ours, which is a deep and honest ability to respond, accept and interpret ideas. Erola thank you for the nice words, but realistically the result comes out of the forces we have all inserted, my job (if it can be called as such) was to find a solution that 'housed' us all. I suppose that is more often a position a writer is given and responsible for. The concern of responsibility should also be given credit, because here we are all taking responsibility and working with a level of trust that is enabling us to feel we are on the potential of something.

The issue of truth in relationship to the work of art weaves its way into the aesthetic theory of three principle figures, Schelling, Heidegger and Adorno. Heidegger does not appear to acknowledge the influence of Schelling in his presentation of the truth content of the art work. He uses word Aletheia, an ancient Greek goddess figure that is transformed by Heidegger into a figure of thought that indicates the idea of truth as something that is revealed Aletheia though is not simply the act of revealing, or the being of unconcealment but rather the term contains both gestures undoing strict opposition in the process. In effect both condition happen together even though they are permeated by difference. In his theorisation of the work of art Heidegger describes it as issuing through the strife of world and earth so that the earth might be earth and the world the world with truth being set to work within this process. ~~Truth is thus conceived as an event or as occurrence (ereignis) with an open region. The movement of unconcealment can only occur in fact in the open.~~

[Steff pours a glass of water if there is any water in the jug. If not she still makes the action.
Erola tidies a pile of books. Ramona moves any empty chair from one place to another.
Emma coughs -----]

[a silence -----]

[Joshua begins reading again -----]

Now then there is my actual doubts. First i have no clue how long to make this text, and fear that I may end up over writing. There is also the fact that somethings I am including I become attached to and really want to read. This is already creating a sense of loss for me. 'The vessel' is not big enough to contain the weight of all our material. One thing that we have also not spoken about that has become apparent to me, is this precise sentiment of weight. I am not sure if it was with you all that we spoke about the notion of the meridian, which is the line that passess through the centre of the earth effectively. In Celan's work there is this idea that his attempting to reach the meridian. What this means is he is attempting to excavate the world, its history and emotions, to write his poems. He gave a speech called the meridian on the award of a prize in Germany. Which is also a strange twist of history since he was Jewish, in exile, with parents who died at the hands of germans, in auschwitz, and then writes in german and wins a prize for german language writing, even though he wasn't even german. And this whole sentence explains exactly the sense of the meridian, and then the weight. By weight what I mean is that by offering up all the sources, all the knowledge, emotional, historical, political and social we know, we create a sense of weight and weightlessness.

I believe the typeface changes are good, but I personally find it hard to know when each of us is talking.

Josh - Thanks for pulling together such a witty, complex - yet accessible script. It comes across as very human and the level of care - or great intuition is clear. Thanks for clarifying the different texts - I too thought that meant I would be speaking a lot (so happy to learn I am not :)

Erola, the weekend was intense and incredibly frustrating for you, with the darkroom being particularly cruel and volatile. It's so easy to fixate on any imperfections of the print or to feel uncomfortable showing work which you

are not completely happy with, however, your images are so strong and ground all of our work together. I really enjoyed your smaller prints too, and hope they make it into the show - would you consider bringing in contact sheets, to truly exhaust the image? Or perhaps this is sharing too private a moment with the viewer...but could be interesting?

Josh's offerings of Deleuze on exhaustion is an interesting read. To exhaust an image or a text, emotional exhaustion, exhausting the stop (in keeping with the darkroom thread).

The ideas of exhausting all possibilities to let way for a new approach is very much inline with the testing grounds for making. And a very hopeful slant on the exhausted.

I see Erola's photograph as something weightless, yet the reality is that it could potentially be the heaviest thing in the room. Why is it weightless to me, because of the absence, because of the flatness of its landscape. But of course these two components are in fact the very essence of its weight. And this essence or play of weight and weightlessness is present everywhere. Steff your floor, it will be scattered and disconnected, it will become dirty and destroyed to some degree, it should feel weightless as something that seems to be treated as non precious, yet it is fundamental to the room, it carries us, and links us, but most of all it will potentially show how these strange, hopping, skipping, connections can be made. Meanwhile the gestures and propositions Emma wants to include seem to have a thickness that is not apparent at first. And I personally enjoy the kind of slipperiness of Emma's offering, what is there is incredibly liquid and I would praise the contrast between the concreteness of Erola's photograph with Emma's gestures. But then there is of course a connection here too, in that Erola's image has only one item that can be consumed, the wine, which is of course liquid. Now then as for Ramona's work, as ever, you attempt to take an ethereal stance. To make something amorphous come into being. But that is of course one of the heaviest presentations you can offer. To say that this is something related not only to the nature of the space but the nature of the things. So i would urge us to think more and more about how we continue to weight the space and of a work, as more than an object or thing, but as offerings. And whether we too are invested in this notion of the meridian.

Last request - could you send an image to go with the event page please? Doesn't require too much thought.

But an image that relates in some way

Thank you

And enjoy Friday eve

“In a short text titled “The Exhausted,” Deleuze explains how exhaustion is fundamentally different from being tired with something. With reference to characters that populate the work of Samuel Beckett, Deleuze argues that exhaustion implies the exhaustion of all possibilities. It is to be done with all possibilities in a current state of affairs. This is not however a cause for lament. Exhaustion is fundamental to the creation of new subjects: it is only once all possibilities have become exhausted that something truly new can come about. It seems a creative life of resistance can only come about through exhaustion.

The script is now 28 pages long, with so many silences and actions and moments.

I will probably add more moments of reading portions from books, and will look to insert exhaustion in from this point on, while using much of what is there for the Sunday.

if you have time, have a glance. feel free to insert an action where and how you please, following the format.

I imagine there is easily an hours worth of work there now.

Of course, exhaustion can also turn into defeat. We may succumb to an illusion of freedom while our lives remain connected to life-support systems that render us catatonic, keep us alive until the point of death (the power over life that was mentioned above). This is something that could be said about certain elements of Deleuze scholarship today, which at times appears to lie defeated in the realization that all possibilities of Deleuze’s work may have been exhausted. However, to feel exhausted by Deleuze, and the Deleuzians, may not be a bad thing. It might also mean we can return to Deleuze’s books from a new angle. The possibilities may have been exhausted within existing images of thought — ~~within the image of the world we have created for ourselves~~ — but the

~~ability to think otherwise remains open. Other images — of thought, of the world — are possible.~~

[Steff removes the lamp from the table -----]

[a silence -----]

[Joshua begins reading again -----]

1. free space especially between two things (which can be a margin between something or a gap in an actually coherent whole)
"leave a meter, a line gap"
2. 2 .
time interval between operations, activities o. Ä.
Lies

How does it feel? What is the feeling of our space?

What does it mean to construct a space together? Where would you start? What does the space say about you, or what do you want to say to the space? An empty room could transform your day faster than you can imagine. A person walks across the space and the space begins. Any space can become the theatre for our actions. Details do not deter from the whole. Definitions are always on the move. We are transient in our relationships, but defined by our desire to stay. And stay. And stay.

What has me a bit more confused is what is the shape this will have as I have always worked very closely to the print. I have been thinking on the idea of building a set very similar than the one I saw in the Venice Bienale's documentary - I have even bought some of the table elements. But I am not sure whether they should physically exist as installation or as an image or both.

[Erola brings a stack of books to the table. Ramona brings a stack of books to the table. Emma brings a stack of books to the table. Steff brings a stack of books to the table. Josh brings a stack of books to the table.-----]

[a long silence -----]

