

(and waste)

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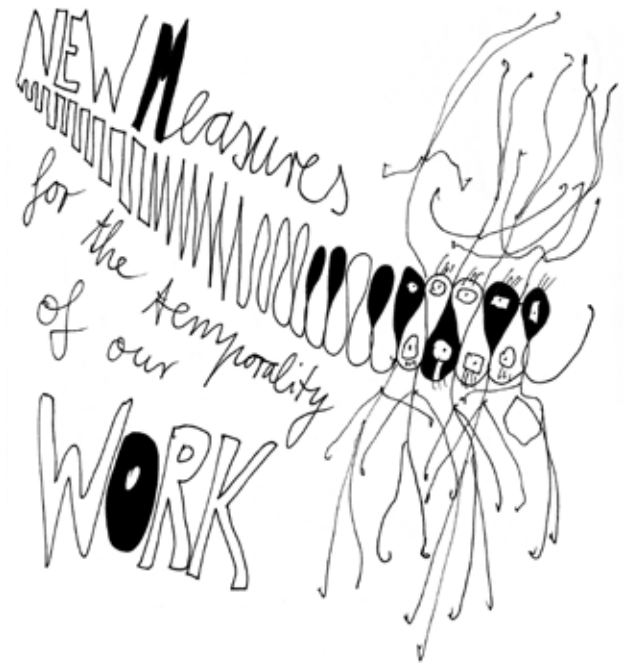
Giulia Palladini &
Erik Göngrich

collaboration

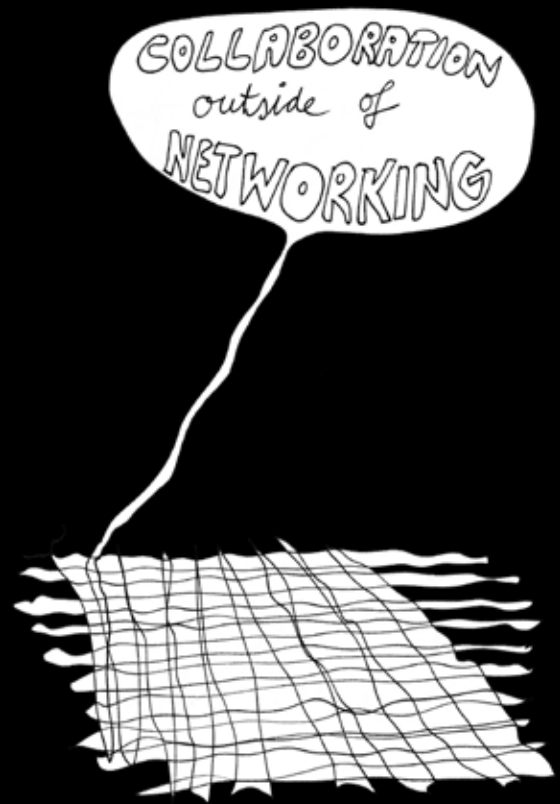
Giulia - The work of art making and the work of thought production have a very singular temporality. It is a temporality characterised by anticipation and delay. A temporality haunted by the potential realisation of labour in a specific unit or form, suspended between the blurring boundaries of its beginning and its end. This temporality is also characterised by repetition, return, glimpses of ideas which do not arrive on time at the appointment with their possible realisation as value, or which keep returning well beyond the moment in which they could possibly have met a suitable form. This temporality characterises the act of production and its outside: it is the indefinable domain of preparation, procrastination, repetition, mistake, fatigue, and most of all, waiting.

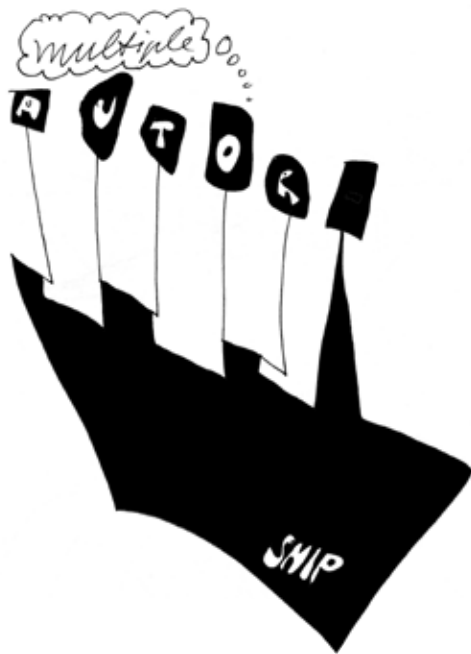


G - There is a measurement of work which is imposed on us from the necessity for accountability, which is paramount in neoliberal capitalism and its related organisation of work - the need for creative work to be first promised and then realised, funded, exhibited and valued in its public form. There is, on the other hand, the intrinsic immeasurable nature of creative work in its continuity - the delightful excess of a process of production, the *longue durée* of a work which reclaims its own measure. How do we create another measurement for the temporality of our work?



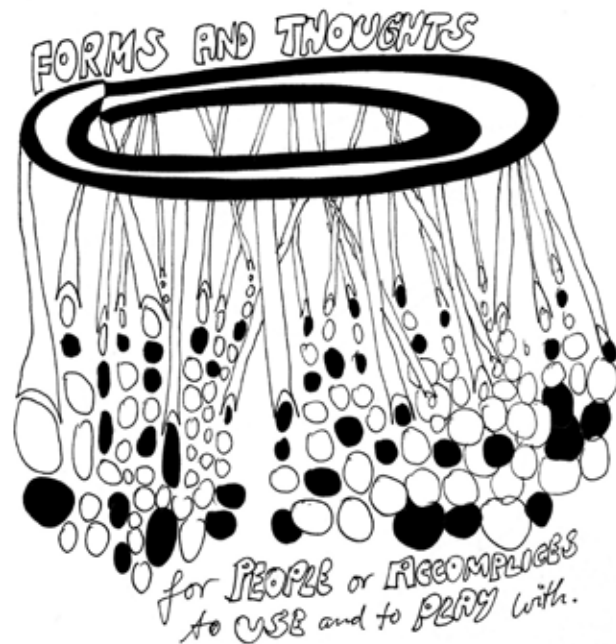
G - We both prefer the word 'complicity' to collaboration, although in our past work we have both engaged in many forms of collaboration. I wonder why. Perhaps this has to do with a desire to reclaim the practice of collaboration outside of the language of 'networking' which is rampant in current discourses on artistic practice, and seems to be a key word in any funding scheme for any art or research project today. It has to do, at least on my part, with a certain suspicion toward the way the idea of collaboration has been infected, in a sense, by such language, reducing the complexity of the many effects at stake in the coming together of different subjectivities at work.





G - In a sense, complicity seems to point to a secret plan which the explicit form of collaboration does not reveal - it might function as a horizon of intimacy and solidarity which endures beyond the singular collaboration, and also counter the absolute solitude of production, along with its long lasting mythology in narratives of writing and art-making. Complicity is perhaps the secret intimacy enabling creative work to sustain itself beyond our own burden of 'authorship', and at the same time it reconfigures collaboration as something not necessarily synonymous with 'sharing'. We can be strangers but accomplices - partners in crime. To a certain extent, our playful

idea of realising a 'Luna Park of thought' (see pp. 58-59) can be imagined as creating an environment for our complicity. We were both fascinated by how a collaboration between a thinker and an artist could proceed, beyond the classical pattern in which a theory is applied to the art work, or the other way around, an art work is commented on in writing. We are also fascinated by imagining together the creation of a machine of sorts, in which thoughts and forms can be rehearsed and used - made available for people to play with: us, first of all, and then someone else perhaps - strangers, or accomplices alike.



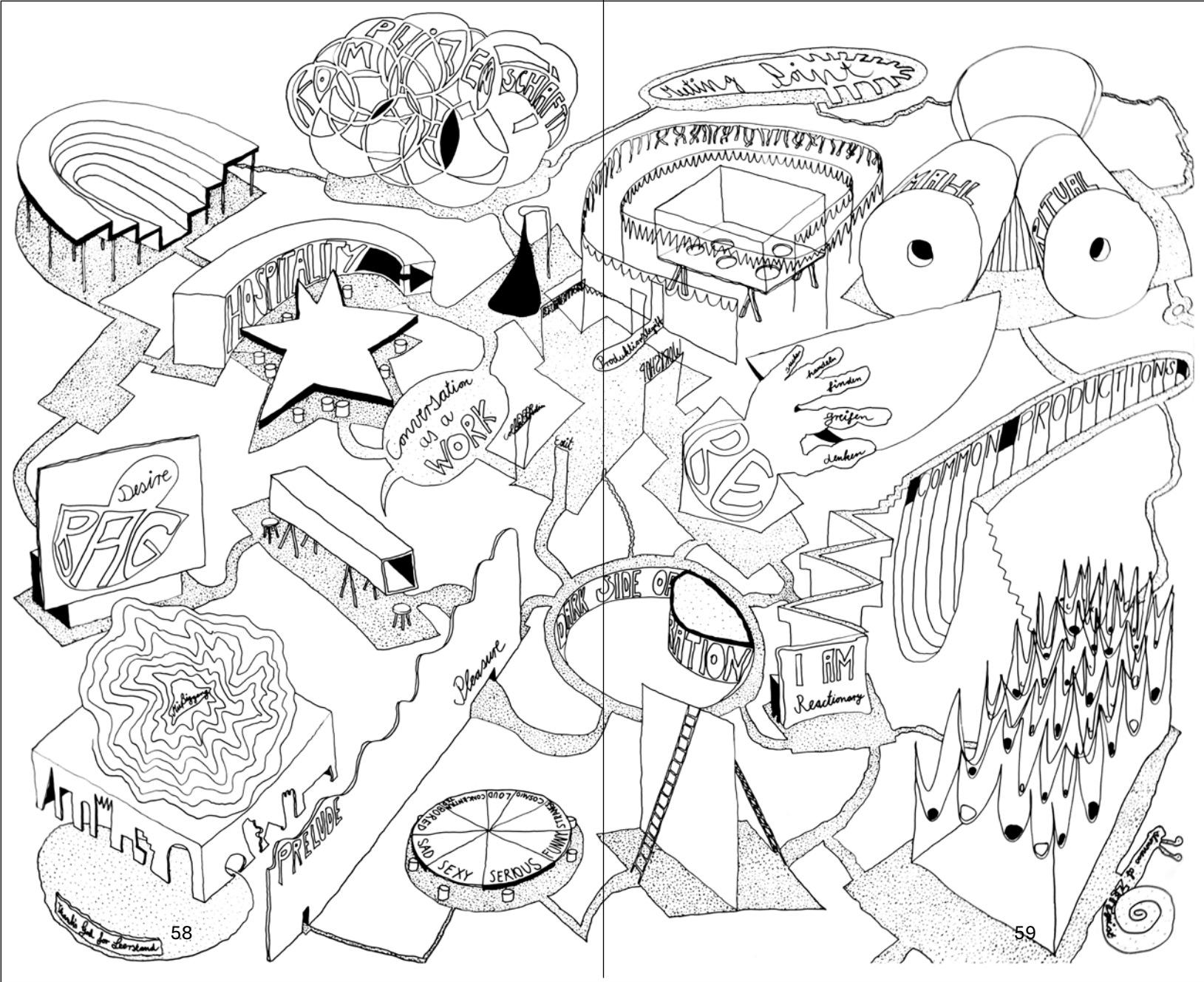
G - What is waste in our work? Is it what is left behind, what happens outside of the limits of a particular unit recognised as 'work'? Is it that which never gets to be recognised, paid or evaluated as 'work'? Is it that which is 'not yet' work? Is it all the time that we don't consider to be the core of our work: writing, drawing, taking notes, building a form – but is, however, necessary for the 'work' to be done – writing emails, meeting people, meeting deadlines, coming to terms with conditions of production we would not necessarily choose?



G - Jack Smith - an artist whose work has been central to my understanding of the strange, delightful, frightening temporality of art-making – once imagined a city built around a huge heap of junk, which he called the Free Paradise of Abandoned Objects. This undisciplined pile of objects would be made of everything discarded by the inhabitants of the city, taken up by others then discarded again. What fascinates me in this image is that it operates on an imaginative level well beyond a simple rhetoric of recycling. In this utopian idea of a city built around discarded objects, there is both the potential for objects to be taken up and used again according to different desires and necessities, as well as a radical image of an architecture of waste. In other words, waste would be made visible, public, terrifying as it is, potentially decaying as it is, leading to nothing or to something but creating precarious forms on the way, forms accidentally made by the juxtaposition of broken toys, empty tyres, rotting flowers, photographs of people whose names are long forgotten. How can we imagine such an architecture of waste for our working process? Could we?



'Fun fair of thoughts' by Erik
Göngrich and Thomas Rustemeyer, drawing from thoughts and words by Giulia Palladini, in the frame of the project 'Zu ICH um WIR zu sein', curated by Cora Hegewald, Galerie der Hochschule für Grafik Buchkunst, Leipzig 2014. ○



PI
SCHIFF

Making Point

CONCENTRATION

HOSPITALITY

CONCENTRATION
as a
WORK

Desire
PAC

PRELUDE

DARK SIDE OF
REATION

I AM
Reactionary

COMMON PRODUCTIONS

SAID SEXY SERIOUS TUNING

MUSICAL NOTES

Hand Set for Standard

REACTOR