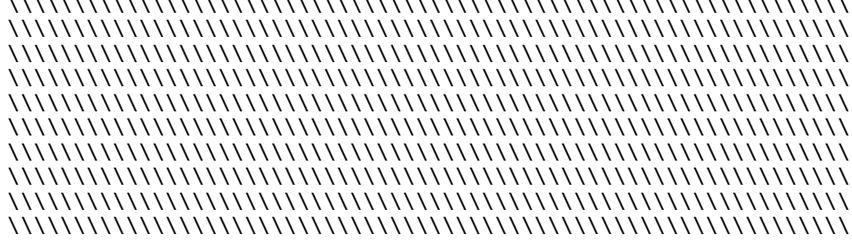


\\ an ongoing artistic journal in digitally published zines \\



interim

This is one way to put it: I started writing artistic texts when I was 16 or 17 years old. Artistic in this case means poetic, which in this case means my texts didn't serve any particular interest. Texts that were not meant to be read or shared. I might have written them as a kind of secret because I enjoyed writing something pleasantly different and hide it away. Maybe while writing I imagined myself as a different person. Maybe I was just looking at texts I liked and tried to create something similar to become something else. Searching for nodes of my past. But this is only a construction site. Safety information on information. Step back. Truth is, of course I had written poetic texts before, rap texts or short verses alongside graffiti sketches. If I think about that time, though, it feels like something changed in my perception and use of writing. Text, I started to hide in my drawer, between pages of books, inside folders etc.

What pops up today, about 15 years later, is the way I tried to hide those texts from a possible audience and was at the same time longing for any kind of material valorization. When I wrote awkwardly old-fashioned verses following a very strict meter I usually copied from some classical German or ancient Greek author, I would finish up the poem by rewriting it. When the composition was finished, I would take my best pen or even a quill and carefully draw the letters on a nice sheet of paper purchased especially for that occasion. Back then writing poetic texts was synonymous with different layers of handwriting for me. A finished text was closely connected to a certain handwriting style that I seem to have established at about the same time – probably for that very practice and most likely evolved from my obsession with stylewriting that started a few years earlier. I still feel ashamed of these sheets, which I even used to decorate with drawings or ornaments and sometimes placed in handmade envelopes or special folders, where they remain untouched till this day.

sync in this sense has almost zero material validation. At least if you think of materiality as a quality and not as a relation between things. It can be read on a variety of screens, printed on a variety of papers using different types of inks, zooms and resolutions. Its material realization is a spectrum, but far from arbitrary. Look closer, this is construction siteseeing. Because the layout has been carefully designed and because accessibility and regularity are more important to the concept than paper or ink. And this also influences the text. Another way to put it: the texts of this project have become far more conceptual than I had expected. Even though I thought the project would more often rely on copying and pasting whatever text I would encounter or write during a week, I was drawn to planning things out. That led to a list of ideas for possible issues. I believe the conceptuality of the single zines arose from these practices of notation and planning – ultimately of insecurities and control. I had to keep ideas small in order for

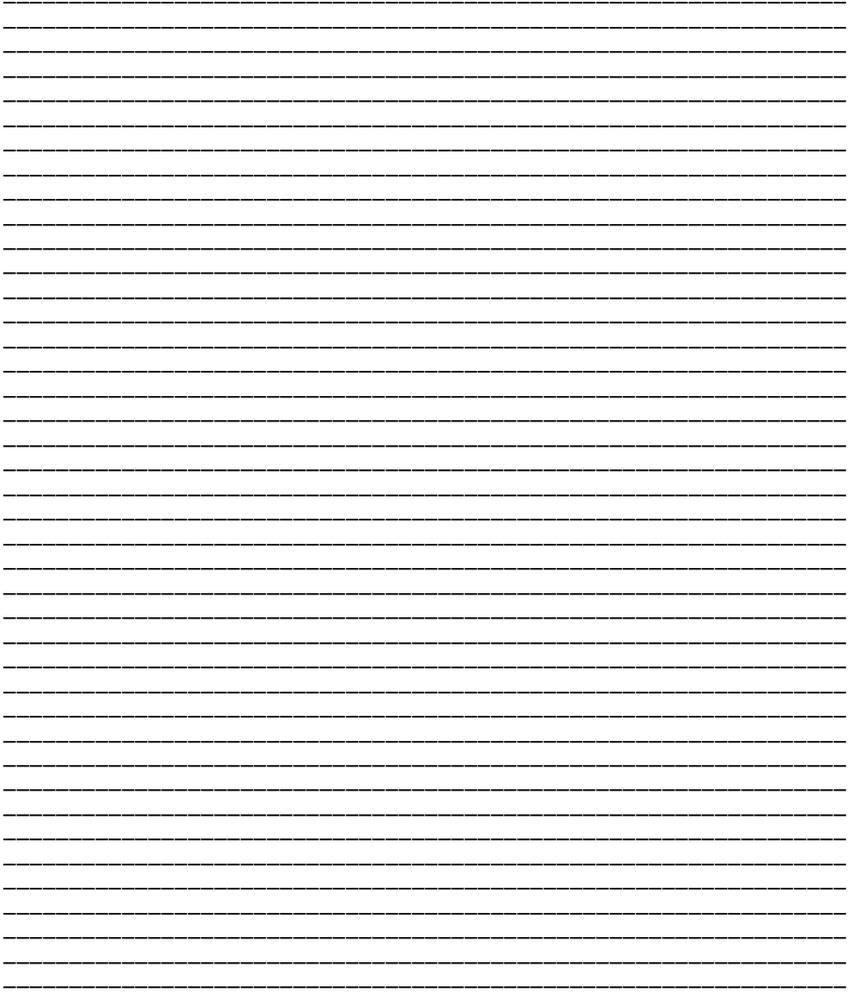
them to be manageable, for me to be able to think them through in such a short time and bring them to a satisfying end. I even had to split up some of them into single issues. This might also be the reason for the average length of about three duplex spreads of content per issue, which seems to relate to the complexities my brain can manage in one week. The time constraint, though, has been more important to me than compensating the inevitable loss of quality it evokes. The consistency on a personal as well as a conceptual level drives the project and makes it visible. So does regularly popping up on timelines and receiving likes or comments. In the beginning I still had a buffer of about 10 issues up front. This advantage has now disappeared and has been replaced by the reliability and impulse of the routine. At this point sync feels a lot like tactical poetry, mapping a very specific technical constellation I am interested in.

Thinking of my locked away pohäsie (cf. Naum), I have never written anything that has been exposed in such short cycles before. Even though sync draws inspiration from my own life, the opposite is also very true: the zine has already influenced my life apart from the routine it implements – through exhibitions, invitations, conversations and readings. I was so obsessed with how to perform the production of text that the question of how to perform the actual text slipped from my view. This, however, became very apparent, when I was invited to poetry readings but had no recent text to perform. sync had taken over every other writing I had done in the past. In order to still be visible in the literary scene, I had to think of ways to present sync, which is still an ongoing transformation of my reading habits – performing a text that is difficult to read and using zines as a leaflet to hand out are just two possibilities. I also make sure to take a few copies with me whenever I crash on someone's couch. "See, this is the project I am working on" – is far easier to say than to recap central arguments of my PhD thesis, for example. Take a look, this is what I spent some of my time with. A materialization of human labor that I can offer to people. Opening up pages.

Since I want to publish 50 zines this year, this text was planned as issue 25 or at least 26 to be somewhere in the middle. Now it will be published as issue 27 and it is already Sunday. Last week was the first time I didn't manage to publish a zine – one of two weeks I scheduled as surplus. So much for my emphasis on the time constraint. This text is important to me because I also want to make space for reflective writing in this project, even though it takes more time than conceptual or visual poems. And even with one week ahead of me I still feel I'm in a hurry, finishing up sentences on trains between München/Bern/Basel/Frankfurt/Berlin. The first time in weeks I can give more time to the thoughts I was hammering into my smartphone note app whenever a new idea popped up. And this still feels unfinished and fragile. One goal for the second half

of the year would be to reflect more on these different types of thought/text processes and their stability. They still inhabit the show/tell dichotomy, which in my mind collapses more and more like the separation of world and zine mentioned above. This is closely related to sync's form. The context and concept of its publication rhythm shape the work on the text.

In #21 I wrote about platform poetics as a reflected way to deal with the inevitable control mechanisms that platforms and their interfaces have on our way to perceive and produce text. On the one hand, sync is a way to establish a platform for my own writing and to think about and deal with its limitations and possibilities. On the other hand, it establishes a new counter-public to common analog and digital publishing practices by opening up the project to submissions for next year's publishing cycle (cf. #25). Ultimately, I hope that writing and publishing differently will inevitably produce new modes of perception. This might be one way of diversifying the practices of the publishing sphere. Writing and publishing in the lab, as cell-cultures on petri dishes begin to sprawl over the edges, acrid fumes rising. Writing as observation of the amorphous mass. Publishing as addition to the amorphous mass.



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