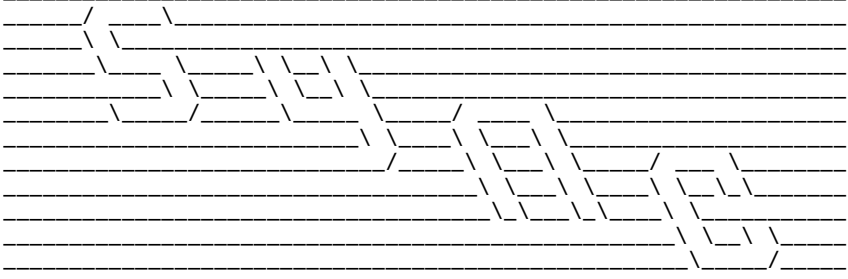
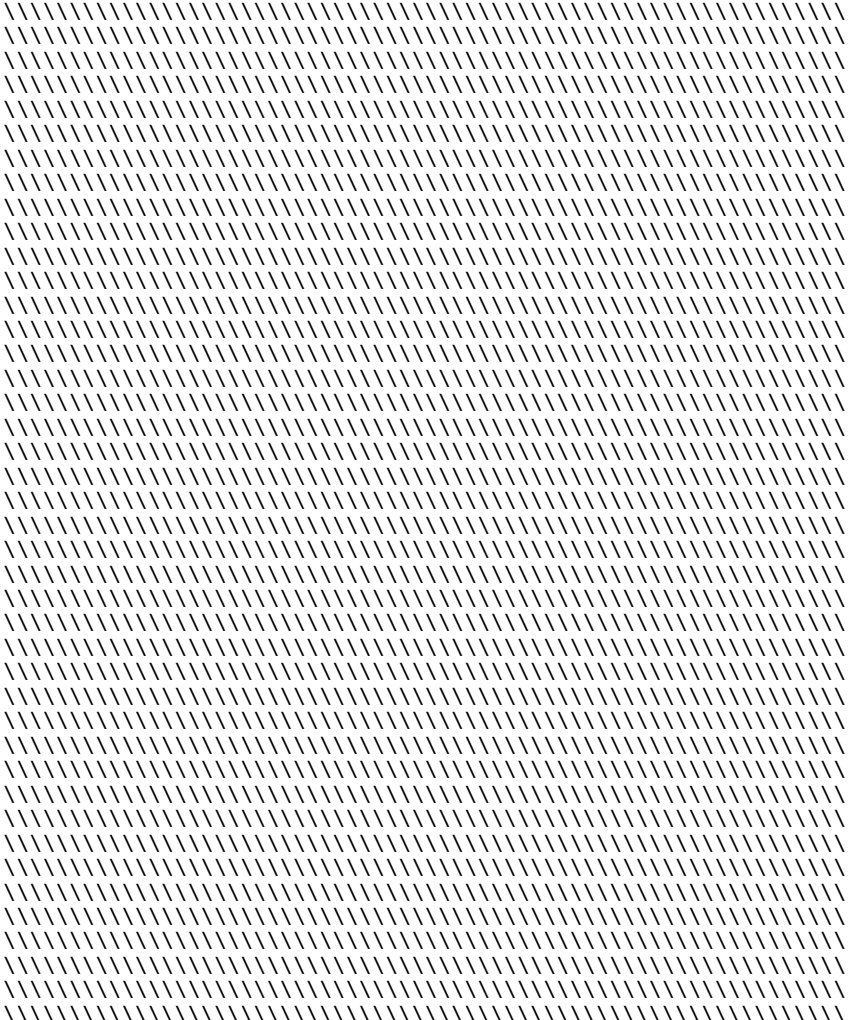


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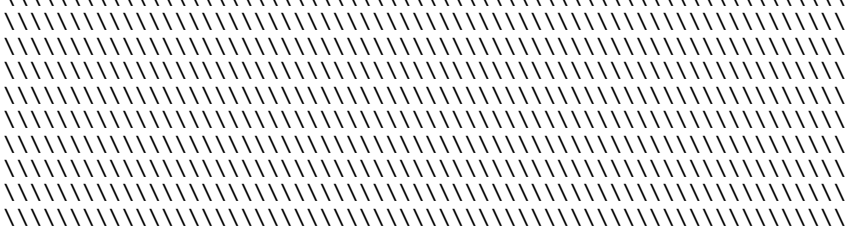


Blank handwriting practice lines.

Blank handwriting practice lines.



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



current

Clock signal: Today is December 12th. Syncing. Two days left until publication. Clock signal: today is December 13th. Syncing. One day left until publication. Clock signal: today is December 14th, 9 am. Syncing. Still trying to finish things up, bringing this to an end somehow.

Clock signal: Right now, I am sitting at my parent's house in a small city on the edge of the Ruhrgebiet. This is where I spent my teenage years. My room still somewhat intact has now become a strange hybrid of things that I left when I moved out to study. Things that I brought here when I had no place to store them and stuff that my parents put here, probably to move them out of sight. Yet, I am sitting right between these objects with different time layers mingling together and flooding the room. I feel strangely disembodied, subjected to this environment. A relation between things, which has everything to do with me and nothing to do with me at all.

Clock signal: Synchronization is the coordination of events to operate a system in unison. Systems that operate with all parts in synchrony are said to be synchronous or in sync. In electrical engineering terms, for digital logic and data transfer, a synchronous circuit requires a clock signal.

Clock signal: I wanted this text to reflect on my working process on sync as a whole, its difficulties and upsides and what it meant to me during this last year. But while trying to come to grips with this, I more and more feel that I can't. It might be I am feeling utterly exhausted. Exhaustion referring to a general physical and mental fatigue, but also to the project's cognitive system.

The more I have internalized the writing and publication process of sync's format, the less it has been able to nurture and motivate me. Now I am left with barely any words to describe how I feel about this. Even though I have always thought the latest sync has been more satisfying and convincing than the ones before, the very process of making them has become more and more mindless, habitual. This might sound like an exaggeration or a banality depending on your point of view. I blame the circumstances.

Clock signal: On the other hand, my intent to reflect on the working process while in the midst of it has been easier while projecting it into the future. Thinking about ways to improve the condition under which sync was made and published is a lot easier than making a general claim about the project as a whole – at least with this and one other issue still in line to be published. So, no claims, fair enough.

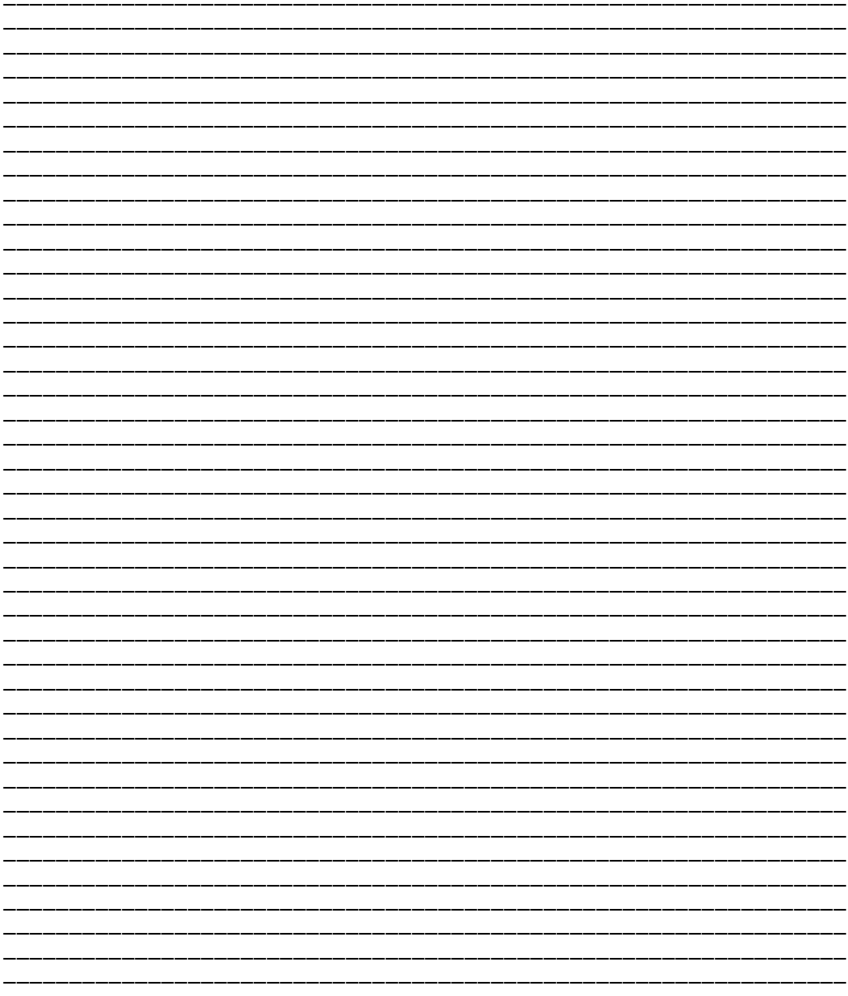
Clock signal: The smaller the steps structuring the publication circle the more biographical puctum might be read into it. A claim after all, but is it true? The many times I had to move during the last year, the insecurities and joys I experienced doing this project, the far too hot summer, all those days and nights I spent in the library, the academic writing and writing for other projects, the political and cultural conflicts surrounding me, the protests I participated in with friends, the conversations I had with them, etc.: Everything seems connected now – clocked through the routine of the zine and its greedy consistency.

At the same time every issue made approaching and working on sync easier. The concept consolidated itself and deleted me from the equation. I am present and absent, I feel disembodied. How can I possibly describe this synchronicity, a contradiction?

Clock signal: Rereading the sentences I wrote yesterday. Astonished at the absence of technology. Even though thinking about technology and techniques of writing and publishing were what drove this project in the first place. Maybe it was less about technology and more about a certain kind of knowledge becoming tacit knowledge. Practices becoming stable, routinized, moving out of sight. At the same time moving others to the front: estrangement.

Clock signal: Speculating about the future after all: what will happen next? I want to do a small edition of boxes that contain all the issues of sync as printed versions, plus two exclusive offline zines (to make up for the two weeks I skipped during the year). Also, as I mentioned in #25 I want to continue to upload zines once a week, this time switching entirely to editing. I want to write more, read more and protest more.

Clock signal: Synchronization as adding a second track to preexisting events, as in adding recorded sound to a silent film. Both tracks run together as long as the images keep moving, closely connected now, stabilized through a mechanism. Yet, after some time how can one decide which one was there first and which one last? Which of these is the clock signal and which one follows up? Writing, publishing, reading, living, dispersing teleologies.



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