

preliminary remarks

I've been printing out text as long as I've been writing it on a computer. My first time printing was probably some instructions for a table top game I did as homework in primary school. I wrote them down by hand and gave the manuscript to one of the neighbours' kids, who typed and printed it on her computer. Several pages which now seem nowhere to be found. My arcane pile of A4 printer paper.

Let's say this was the moment when writing and the materialization of text got irretrievably divided in my mind. A separation in theory, reestablished again every time it was put into practice. (Which is not entirely true, because I had already been typing around on mechanical and electric typewriters.) A few years later, my family got their own first computer, and I could finally type directly into Microsoft's Wordpad. Even though I was now able to oversee the whole process, this changed little in my perception of the very moment when words become text. I am still thinking print as I am typing digital, hitting analog keys while copying and pasting chunks of movable letters, just to finally fix them, hold them still in their layout, make them savable, printable – to let them be archived. The analog paradigm is working my words.

Yet I feel, that as long as I've been trying to write poetry – and I will spare you that story – I've been looking for moments of resistance. The becoming of text as a writing against, or rather a writing from inside. When I write, I usually follow some kind of visual or textual pattern that I implement before there is any text. The writing then seems to work against or around that stabilizing element. Writing as a sandbox game, in a way – the text as a moment of fluidity in a landscape of words.

But when I print them out, the words become still again. The text becomes memorable to me. It becomes mine the moment the paper leaves the printer. And at the same time, it doesn't. The printed poems are still breathing wherever I put them, in folders and boxes, whispering, communicating. New contexts whenever my body moves through the room, picks something up, leaves or loses something else.

It helps me to think text from this moment of becoming material, its moment of publication – even if it's just the small stack of A4 paper in the fourth drawer under my desk. And maybe this is the only way to think text at all. In this sense, there is not much of a difference between writing and publishing. The writing of text as a materialization, stabilization and circulation of text – on different levels and to different extents. SYNC might be exactly about that: an exploration of one particular practice of making public, a weekly writing routine, a journal, maybe poems, to move through digital and analog archives, to help me think about writing as publishing while actually doing it.

Each publication will go through different transformations: written in TextEdit, exported as PDF, published on a website and printed out on sheets of paper. A4 pages folded and arranged in a booklet that can be bound using a stabler to create a hybrid between mere paper stacks and the cheapest way of office binding. The material value increases, but still not as much as by handing it over to a copy shop for glue binding. And at the same time it retains its ability to get distributed and recreated easily by everybody owning a computer, a printer and a working internet connection: post-digital DIY publishing as done by La Bibliothèque Fantastique, et al.

Self-organized on demand publications flowing on the
standardizations of a degenerating publishing practice.

I imagine most of SYNC's content will be quite stupid. Copy & paste stuff, repeating text graphic patterns I like, excerpts from texts I have to write or texts I read or have to read, maybe poems, maybe reflections on form. I will try to write most of it in English to make it more accessible, parts of it might be in German though. So this will be a paste bin and some kind of personal archive with yet uncertain use. As of layouting, I am planning to reduce its appearance to mere TextEdit plain text Menlo aesthetics – just unicode characters on a page.

These are preliminary thoughts written down before anything has happened yet. And I am not sure how this will turn out or how long I'll be able to keep this up as a project of self publishing. In a way, this is a very personal project. But in some other way, I very much hope it won't be. At best, this could be an investigation into zines/booklets, book sprinting, and online/offline publishing today. At worst, it will be something like an inconvenient print on demand artist blog.

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