

**Guido Tarricone**

Timesheet

To: Adecco

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Dear Sir/Madam,

I hope this email finds you well.

Despite my assignment being cut off, I am still under a 0 hours contract with you, so I thought it would make sense to still share the timesheet for the week.

Monday was strange: for the first time in a while my first thought wasn't to get up and prepare for work. Well, to be fair, my first thought is actually always coffee, be it weekday or weekend, it never changes. However, I couldn't lie in bed for too long, as I had to help a friend translating a text into Italian. I have done transcreation - as it is sometimes called - before, but since this was an artistic text and moreover it was for a friend, I grasped for the first time how big of a responsibility it is to understand what a person is trying to convey, extrapolate it from its original context, and reshape it into a new language so that within its new context the original meaning will be conveyed.

A lot of trust must be involved too, since the original writer won't be able to check the result. But I think I did a good job!

By the time I finished it was time for lunch. I quickly ate a salad because I wanted to be at the studio in the early afternoon. I am planning to take more time for my meals and to experiment a little more culinarily soon, though.

It was a while since I had time to go to the studio, so I spent most of the time tidying up my stuff, and catching up with some project I left hanging in the last couple of months.

I then went back home and prepared dinner for Tom, a former colleague of mine during my assignment who also is employed by you.

I didn't cook anything fancy, but a well done pasta always do the trick.

After dinner we went to the cinema to watch the Sisters Brothers: the film was ok, although during the first part I was almost falling asleep.

Once back at home, I wasn't sleepy at all and I rolled in bed for a while before finally closing my eyes at around 4 am.

Tuesday I woke up at around 1PM.

Not ideal, I know. Not that I was late for anything, anyway. Plus, sleeping is great and dreaming is a nice diversion to be thinking all the time.

After a quick lunch I worked on my art projects: a video about shared emotional responses on social media, which I am about to complete, and another one which I recently started and is about captcha. I didn't work for long, but I managed to get a lot done. I then left to meet Tom, again, and his friends. It was a nice night, with a few too many beers, but a lot of interesting topics discussed, like art, irony and nostalgia (yes, that was me, of course).

I went home a bit drunk and had dinner at a very late time. Before going to bed I played FIFA and I worked a little more on the captcha project, since the following day I wanted to send out the files for the prototypes to be done.

Wednesday I woke up late again. It took me very little to completely change my routine.

Nevertheless, I sent the files for my art project as planned and discussed the details over the phone.

Now we will have to wait for the prototypes.

When somebody else manufactures something for you, I feel it is a little like shopping online. You know what you are getting, but you will only understand if that item really suits you only when you have it is physically with you. Nevertheless, I like the little impatience that keep building before the arrival, and the element of surprise when you unbox.

In the afternoon I played some more FIFA and then worked on the video project.

At around 18 Tom and I went to meet Laura, another former colleague from our assignment, although for a brief time. She was also employed by you!

We had some laugh, a beer and food. I left earlier than them, and went home where I read a few pages of Capitalist realism, by Mark Fisher.

Usually I would too busy or too tired to do so in the evenings, and the only possible reading time would be during the morning commute to work.

Finally I watched a few episodes of a new tv series before falling asleep quite late again.

Thursday, surprisingly, I woke up earlier than the previous days. Around 10.

However, after the coffee, I realized that I wasn't feeling that well, so went back to bed. And inevitably I fell asleep for a few hours.

It wasn't my intention to mislead you, but please believe me if I say that I tried, at least, to have a more productive day.

This is kind of a transition week, from the next I'll recalibrate.

I also realised that spending time with Tom as we used to do at the office, where we became close friends, helped me to feel less lonely.

I don't know if it is because of the creative environment, but I do prefer when at work relationships are not just at a professional level.

Of course it is not possible to do so with everybody, but having friends rather than just colleagues helped me to trick myself into thinking work as of a place where I can spend time with like minded people, distancing myself from the inner loneliness that follows me everywhere.

The other side of the coin is that when you are not working, you are going to miss it.

I was unemployed for a long time only once, if we exclude when I quit and moved to London to attend an MA, and I must admit I am not sure of how well I am able to handle this new post-assignment condition where most of the time is spent by yourself.

Luckily, on Thursday, there was the opening of a friend's exhibition in Peckham and I took advantage of the long trip to continue reading my book. My friend's work was quite good, so it was worth the visit, and I met friends and fellow artists, while also having random chats with strangers-and-now-acquaintances.

I went back home, had some pasta, watched another episode of that TV series that I started and went to bed.

Friday I had to finish the editing of my video project, as during the weekend Eleonora, a long time friend of mine, would have helped me with the color correction.

I worked on it till the afternoon, and then I went to meet Tom for a quick beer before Alexandra landed in London.

She's great! I met her for the first time in Hamburg, when I went to see my friend Eleonora - she was spending some time there for a freelance - and Tom was there with her.

Later in the evening we had dinner together, but they wanted to go to an Italian restaurant, and I agreed because didn't want to be too much of a pain. We had a good time although the food wasn't excellent. For dessert, I really wanted a panna cotta, but they didn't have any.

Since I was then already in the mindset of having a dessert I chose an affogato, which is a cup of coffee poured on ice cream. As you will easily believe, I couldn't fall asleep until the morning. Luckily the weekend had just started.

Best,

Guido