

Guido Tarricone

Re: Timesheet

To: Adecco

GT

Dear Sylvain,

Thank you for your answer and kind offer.

Just as kindly, I'll have to turn it down.

If on one hand I can't deny having had the impulse to look immediately for another job, on the other I think it's important to explore what can be achieved when this time is reclaimed for ourselves. I am aware that I am in a privileged position to be able to even consider this possibility, but it is distressing to realize that there is an absolute lack of sustainable alternatives to what is regarded, by society standards, as "real work".

Therefore, I will try and do "imaginary work" for now, as it also seems appropriate while being on a 0 hours contract, and I will see how it goes.

Please find below the timesheet for last week.

Monday I woke up at 10.30 and although I lied in bed for almost an hour, at least I had woken up at a decent time.

I started the day sending a few emails around, and I then called a supplier to have some aluminium sheets cut so that I could collect them on Tuesday.

These sheets will come in use for a project that I haven't discussed with you yet, as at the moment it is still a rough idea.

For lunch I prepared myself an avocado toast, which I think was an improvement if compared to last week meals.

In the early afternoon I called my parents, but my mom wasn't at home, so I chatted with my dad for a while and I will call them again in the upcoming days. I must confess I don't enjoy chatting over the phone that much. It's that I can't stand small talk. And although I have amazing discussions with my family when we are together, it is quite hard to do so from afar. Hence, phone conversations often become predictable and I get distracted very easily which in turn makes me feel silly.

Later in the afternoon I watched a video art project which through role play, explored and made a critique of incel ideology.

I then read an essay about art, language and interpretation. It was beautifully written, although I just partially agreed with it.

While reading I sipped a beer, and listened to classical music. The sun was also starting to set, so the scene felt a little bohème, but I deeply enjoyed that.

I cooked pasta for dinner and I watched another episode of the TV series I mentioned to you last week before going to bed.

Tuesday was a very busy day. I woke up at around 11 and I saw that the cost estimate for the perspex laser cutting was a bit off. I discussed it with the service provider and in the meantime I started looking for alternatives. I then left home and went to South Acton to pick up the aluminium sheets. It took almost three hours to get there and back, but I used this time to progress with the reading of my book. On the way back I received a text from Marco - a friend and fellow artist - who asked me if I wanted to join him for Vessel, a performance happening later in the evening at Sadler's Wells, as he had a spare ticket.

Arrived at home, I ate something very quickly, a ham and cheese toast, had a quick shower, and left again.

We met at a pub near Sadler's Wells and then, when his flatmate and her friend joined, we moved to the theatre. The bell was ringing incessantly and it made me think about high school, when the progression of our days was marked by just that sound.

The performance was very good, the first part enchanted me whereas the second, when it sensibly slowed down, was in my opinion a little harder to digest.

After the show we had time for a beer in one of those old pubs with the worn down carpet all over the floor.

I then went back home, where I finally had the first proper meal of the day, and watched the last episode of the TV series.

Wednesday I took some time in the morning to contact the new providers that could laser cut the perspex. However, at some point I found out that I hadn't been considered for an art prize I applied for. Although it is normal to encounter rejections, this news heavily affected my mood.

I don't know if it was because I applied with two recent works, and therefore it made me feel like I am progressing in the wrong direction, or if it was because now I don't have anymore the excuse of being in a full time job which takes much time and requires a lot of mental energies.

I guess that the decision to focus on my art makes me feel even more exposed to failure. It's probably for the best, although not easy at all.

In the afternoon I called my parents again, and they were having a little trip to the seaside. We discussed about this and other more light hearted matters.

In the evening I went to south London for a screening of video art and I met a few friends there. It was funny because during the screening we were drinking beers and we were offered pop corns as if we were at the movies. The videos were humorous and not too long, so it resulted in a pleasant experience.

Luca told Marco and me about a performance he did, and we even had a glass of Absinthe as it was somehow involved in the performance and there was still some left from it. Then I had a long chat with Marco about how everybody that we know is trying to find a balance between the need of an income and the need for the time to work on their art. Marco also had some nice thoughts about my work which made me feel better.

Thursday I went at Eleonora's, as she helped me to edit a video project I am working on. It was a full day of work, but there is not much to say about it as it was mostly about refining what I had already done. The peculiar thing was that we were almost confined in her room because in the communal space of her warehouse a full crew was making a film. I could leave for a cigarette or go to the bathroom only in-between scenes!

When we finished working, Eleonora and I joined the crew for a beer at a pub nearby. We discussed about Extinction Rebellion and, more broadly, the current state of politics. When the crew left, two guys we didn't sit at the big table next to us. One of the two was what I would define aggressively friendly. Although at times I can be a little disruptive myself, I hate this behavior when it puts other people in distress. This was the case, especially when he started nicknaming another man that sit with a woman at our table shortly after them. When I saw that the man smiled nervously after being called multiple times Valderrama, like a famous Colombian football player, and explained that he was actually english with Caribbean origins, and not Colombian, I tried to explain to the guy that it wasn't a pleasant attitude and that it was creating discomfort. With my surprise he seemed to understand, but then he offered all of us drugs to make amends. We turned it down, and Eleonora and I left since by then we had finished our second beer. I went back home and I almost immediately fell asleep. Unfortunately, I woke up at 1 and couldn't sleep again until 5 in the morning.

Friday I understandably woke up relatively late and I didn't know that it was considered holidays in the U.K.! Funnily enough, I had to start working on a transcreation freelance right that day. Before doing so for the rest of the afternoon, I went out with my flatmate Joe for lunch and we enjoyed the beautiful weather.

In the evening I prepared my luggage as I would travel to Italy on Saturday and then Joe and I headed to the Victoria, our local pub.

We didn't stay out for long, and when home I watched the discussion live between Zizek and Peterson called Happiness: Marxism vs. Capitalism.

The debate went on till very late, but at some point I fell asleep, so I will have to catch up with the rest of it next week.

Best,
Guido