

Guido Tarricone

Timesheet

To: Adecco

GT

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

Adecco

RE: Timesheet

To: Guido Tarricone

SR

Thanks for letting us know Guido! :)

Please keep an eye on the Adecco website if you do see any roles you would be interested in!

Kind regards

Sylvain

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

Adecco

RE: Timesheet

To: Guido Tarricone

SR

Thanks Guido, however this is unnecessary.

Please do let me know if you have any questions.

Kind regards

Sylvain

Guido Tarricone

Re: Timesheet

To: Adecco

GT

Dear Sylvain,

I convene with you and I understand that unnecessary is often regarded as a waste of time. But why is that so?

How come if you are not productive you have this unescapable feeling of also being meaningless? And why unproductive seems to be often just a synonym for not monetizable?

In these first weeks after the end of my assignment, my biggest concern was to keep myself busy. I was operating under the constant pressure of actively spending the 8 hours that I used to spend for my assignment, and I was afraid of feeling like wasting that time if I slowed down: why do you think doing something without a concrete end, or even doing nothing at all, is so problematic?

I am aware that lately my communications haven't been related to any assignment matter in particular. But since I am still under a contract with Adecco, I am wondering what does it make of this exchange. Is it work for you? Or it is not? Funnily enough I have been asking myself similar questions this week, as my paid freelance continued also over Easter Monday. But what if I was taking some time to think about my own project instead? Would I also have been working during the holidays? What is work then? And, more importantly, when is work when it becomes more and more cognitive work?

If anything, I decided that working on the paid freelance shouldn't be included in my timesheet, so please feel free to disregard the part in last week timesheet that concerns it.

I also valued your feedback, so I will try and keep this one short and focused.

Monday

I spent some time with friends at a bbq. I arrived almost in the afternoon, and I tried to not speak about big problems as I usually tend to do all the time. Unexpectedly it was them who started one big discussion after asking how come my assignment at Google ended. What surprised me is that, even if we were quite at the side of the party, someone felt the need to come and ask why we didn't speak about something lighter. This stuck with me.

In the evening I went to see the woman I have been seeing in the last months. She lives in Italy. Long distance relationships are difficult, but chilling on the couch together doing nothing was everything.

Tuesday

I went back home, finished my book and started a new one. I also arranged a meeting with a curator for Thursday.

Wednesday

I found a new supplier for the perspex cutting, hopefully I will receive the prototypes soon. I also searched for printers for the other project I am working on.

I watched TV series and read. In the evening I went for a beer with a friend. It was nice and we chatted quite a while since we hadn't seen each other for almost a year.

Thursday

The meeting with the curator has been postponed to Friday. I worked on my portfolio and then I met two friends in the evening: my former flatmate and an artist friend who I met in London and is now living in Milan. That was nice as well.

Friday

I met with the curator. We had a nice chat and he seemed to appreciate my work. Then a friend of him joined us, also a curator, and she also wanted to know more about my work. Then another artists joined. It was a nice evening until I had to leave. Do you know what's funny? I left without paying, and I only realized it half an hour later. Sometimes I wonder if I am self-sabotaging. I apologized with him and will try to return the favor soon. Hopefully this will become just a funny anecdote.

Best,
Guido

Guido Tarricone

Re: Timesheet

To: Adecco

GT

Dear Sylvain,

sorry for being late with my weekly timesheet.

Let me also say that your lack of response to my last email made me feel a little neglected as an Adecco employee.

On the other hand, I hope that you used that time for some activity that you enjoy, even if it's just a coffee break. Maybe you hadn't, but just the thought you might makes me glad, so it was worth it.

For what concerns myself, everything is ok, and I am almost entirely committed to my art now. It is a strong feeling to be so dedicated, it's not that often that you have such a chance.

I would also like to let you know that this week's timesheet will be slightly different, as I tried to not take a note of all my activities on a daily base so that I could see what I would "organically" remember at the end of the week. Funnily, last week was so full that it's not going to be easy at all! How I could even think back then to have time to work and do art at the same time?

Monday I felt a bit low, so I met my longtime Italian friends and we went out for dinner. They brought me to an American place which seemed to be straight out from Happy Days.

You should know that I am critical of this continuous nostalgic feeling that we are induced to experience, as I believe it makes us long for something that appears to be simple and defined but which is in the end unachievable (not until they will invent the time machine at least). In this uncertain times the only grasp of certainty seems to be within reach only by constantly reliving a period that we already know (directly or not), and in so doing we are numbed to the actual complexities and problems we are surrounded with.

This aside, it was a nice evening, and one of my friends gave me some wonderful news which for a little while put everything else in the background <3

Tuesday I flew back to London. I arrived in the afternoon and in the evening I met with Dom, a friend I share the studio with. We need to decide what we want to do with it, because we have been prompted to sign a new contract and this means that, despite having been there for a year and half already, we won't be able to break the contract before other six months. Considering that almost everyone in London, let alone artists, can never be sure of where they will be located the following month, I find these 6 month minimum (or even the total absence of) breaking clause absurd and totally unfair.

Wednesday was holiday in all Europe but not the UK. Because the UK wants to have the holidays just on Mondays. As if driving on the left wasn't enough.

In the evening I went to a friend's birthday party. Other people from the Royal college joined, and I also invited another friend who I hadn't seen for a while.

She is struggling as me, and almost anybody else I know, to find a balance between time, money, and...well, not feeling lonely. London can be though, we all know that.

That's why I am so happy when I get the chance to enjoy moments like these: meeting your friends from art school, having long chats and drinks and most generally...a good time.

I find it hard to be light, and I guess you will have sensed that too by now. It's not easy to be. Maybe it's character. Maybe it's because it's quite hard to be when you are sensitive to what the hell is going on nowadays. The Heaviness is sometimes even a responsibility, although it will make you boring to most.

But, as anybody else, I do need some carefree moments too from time to time, and this was definitely one.

Thursday Luca and I went to the presentation of a magazine about art and football. It was nicely done and we met an Italian artist who created as a work of art, a series of football teams in pro evolution soccer based on the most famous art movements. From Renaissance to present times, they were all in there, and the players had the features of the artists belonging to those movements! Funny and well done. We had a great time playing at it! We got along with the artist very well so we went for a beer with him afterwards and then we even came to my place to play FIFA which, let me tell you, is way better than PES as a game!

Friday there was the opening of a rooftop bar in Dalston, and I joined the inauguration.

However, it was so cold that I could barely feel my hand after a while.

Where has the Spring goneeeee ;(After a couple of glasses we went to eat together and then I went to sleep because the week had really tested me.

Best,
Guido

Guido Tarricone
Unresigned resignation
To: Adecco

GT

To whom it may concern

Adecco

299 Oxford Street, Mayfair, London W1C 2DZ

Please accept this video as formal notification of my resignation.

Best regards,

Guido Tarricone



Adecco

RE: Timesheet

To: Guido Tarricone

SR

Hi Guido,

Many thanks for your email. Please find attached your P60 and P45.

Kind regards
Sylvain