

Eindhoven Footnotes

2 Not Knowing the City of Knowledge



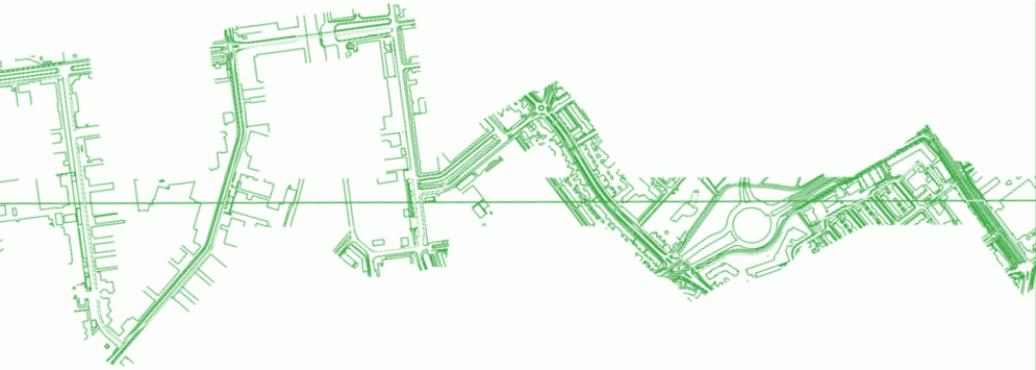
Eindhoven Footnotes

2 Not Knowing the City of Knowledge



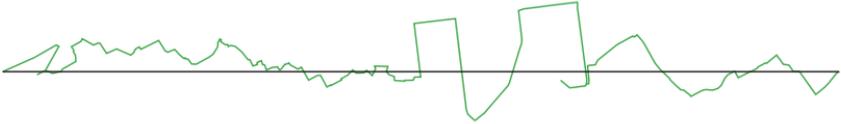
Introduction

Jacqueline Schoemaker



SOMETIMES SOMEONE ASKS me to pass on to others a method of approaching public space that was passed on to me several years ago. It's a simple method, one you can apply yourself, anywhere you are, if you feel that the territory you customarily move about in, or even some territory you don't know at all, needs closer examination. Here's what you do: you draw a random straight line on a topographical map of the territory you're about to explore, and you walk, as closely as possible, on that line. You don't choose where you walk but you let yourself be dictated by a predetermined route that doesn't follow but cuts right through the logic of the planned environment, the logic, that is, of the social, political and economic fabrics that make up the territory. You become a stranger to those structures, you

don't walk from home to work or from a concert to the train station, but you walk westward, or you walk until the steady rain makes you seek shelter.



How do you walk a straight line? You can't. In reality, you make an irregular zigzag movement while you walk. The straight line that you drew on the map cuts through houses, office buildings, railway lines, enclosed industrial areas, roads under construction, woods without footpaths. In order to stay as closely as possible on the straight line, you have to diverge from it, continually.

In *Not Knowing the City of Knowledge*, Justin, Marie and Alejandro each followed a random straight line through Eindhoven, walking either for two hours or until they reached the end of the line, and taking a picture left and right of their position exactly every ten minutes. For Marie, who included the apparently random left-and-right pictures in this publication, the walk heightened her sense of need, the need to connect to others, even if it was only to borrow a pen. Justin focussed on the myriad of seemingly harmless instruments of segregation applied in



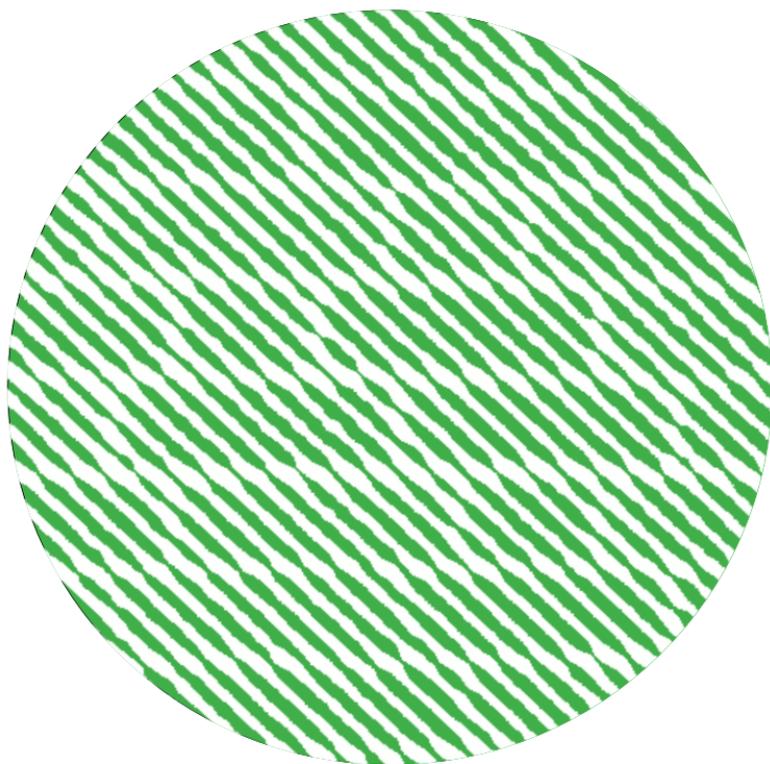
INTRODUCTION

public space, like bushes, flower pots, ditches etc., that often go unnoticed but become all the more apparent when you try to follow a straight line. His 'pavement series' reveals the variety of materials and textures chosen for the Eindhoven roads. Alejandro walked in the rain – he didn't seek shelter – and questioned the idea of (artistic) production altogether. He probed refusal as a strategy, but thankfully accepted the conditions of the walk. His essay reflects a possible way out of this dilemma: to produce, not despite of but as a means of refusal.



A Walk on a Sunday

Marie Rime



MARIE RIME

I did the walk on a Sunday in January. I cannot remember the exact day but it was very sunny.



I walked from my house to the starting point. We had to take pictures every ten minutes during the walk. I remember I want to follow the procedure scrupulously. I decide to set a timer on my phone. I stand in the direction of the line and turn 90° degree on the right first, take a picture, go back to the original position turn 90° on left, take a picture.



I am wearing headphones. The alarm rings in them, softly. I stop in this small park. The sun is very bright. I pay a little bit attention on the frame of the right picture.



A WALK ON A SUNDAY



I have "the nose on my map". I spend a lot of time looking at it. But I know the area so I also want to walk fast to get to the places I don't know. I have to walk a bit away from the drawn line. I realize I didn't bring a pen. I'm visualizing the way I look at the map trying not to forget.



I am walking on the sidewalk. I am very close to the shop window. There is a very closed frame image and a wider one on the other side.



MARIE RIME



I like the right picture, very graphic. In between this set of pictures and the previous ones I stopped in a restaurant to ask for a pen so I could draw my path sofar. I didn't stop the 10 minutes countdown so the distance between the two places is less. Starting from this set of pictures I don't know the area anymore.



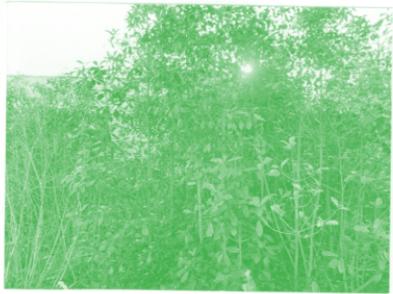
We can see myself in the right picture. The sun appears directly in the frame of the camera on the left picture. It is the second time that this setup happens.



A WALK ON A SUNDAY



In between this set of pictures and the previous ones I stopped to ask for a pen again or maybe before. I can't remember exactly. I know I stopped in a coffee shop the second time. I can't remember if I stopped a third time. I am walking in a very residential neighborhood. I like to peep in front windows and look inside houses. Look if I see people, what they are doing, their decoration. Most of them are quite similar.



Same setup as before a wide frame and a very close-up picture. The sunshine is half hidden by the foliage.



MARIE RIME



I reached the end of the line. Once again a similar setup. We can see my shadow and the sun pointing directly into the camera. These different setups could be listed. They were also created by the fact of walking in a line.

The entire walk was quite quick. It took me 1h30 to complete it. I was very happy at the end because there was a bus stop next to the end point so I didn't have to walk some extra. I talked only to the bus driver who sold me a ticket because I forgot my OV-card and to the people I asked for a pen. I was very surprised in the end that I was mostly able to follow the line and even thought it might have been drawn that way on purpose.



The Imagined & the Resistance of the Real

Justin Agyin

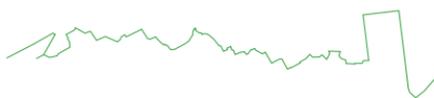
A PROJECTION OF AN IDEAL straight red line, drawn on a section cut from an atlas map. The atlas map: a section of Eindhoven. The red line: a proposal for walking a straight line from the center of Eindhoven—not downtown, but the determined center point within the municipal borders—to the periphery of the city. To the territorial outer perimeter of Eindhoven. ¶ Excited about the idea of a projected straight line over the existing city. The challenge to see in how far you can, or rather dare, to undermine the real and act out the imagined felt tangible. Starting from the center of Eindhoven, which happens to be close to my studio apartment, I align myself with the red line on the map and try to visualise it in the sky above me. I imagine my movement, trying to adhere to the line as close as possible, as transposing the line from the imagined into the real, precipitating from the sky onto the ground, inscribing it on to Eindhoven. However, the line is nowhere to be found but on the map and in my imagination. ¶ Soon after I started walking I started to notice the resistance of the real versus me living out some sort of Haussman-



nian fantasy. Apart from the obvious obstruction formed by buildings there are also objects on a smaller level, the details of the streetscape, that start to offer resistance to my attempt of adhering to the red line. Trying to stay close to that red line means crossing streets and roads perpendicularly at predetermined crossings, but sometimes diagonally too. I have my bike with me, as I dreaded having to walk the same line back. With my bike I bump into the concrete edging of the curb and again bump off the curb, onto the curb and off the curb, onto the curb and off the curb... ¶ Moving on, a (not so) wild line of bushes appear. It's not just any line, but a neat, square one that have a crunchy, brown leaf fall. They're from a type of bush that's been planted along streets throughout the Netherlands that affirm the differentiation in traffic flows in residential areas. They make me wonder when they entered our streetscape, as their presence is absent from old photos and postcards. ¶ My first true challenge: a roundabout on Eindhoven's coronary traffic artery—the ring—at the intersection of Beukenlaan and Tilburgseweg. I see an opening in the bushes in the pit of the roundabout. Briefly, I consider crossing the roundabout, feeling that by doing so I would prove something, as if crossing a busy intersection is held in high esteem, rather than being considered as an act of foolishness. I like to tell myself



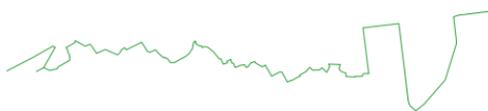
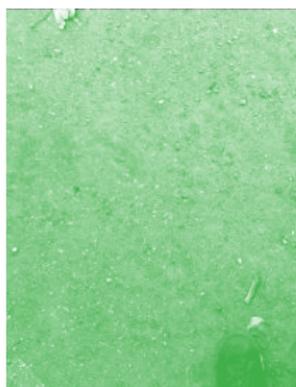
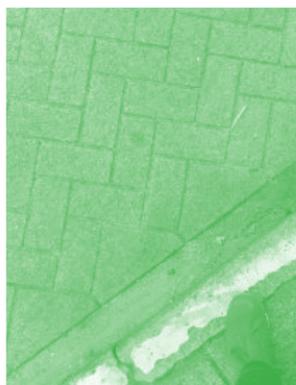
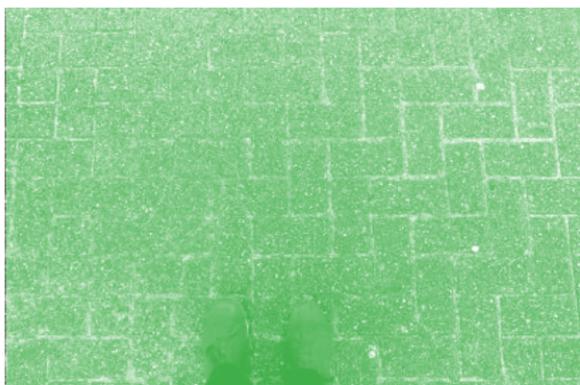
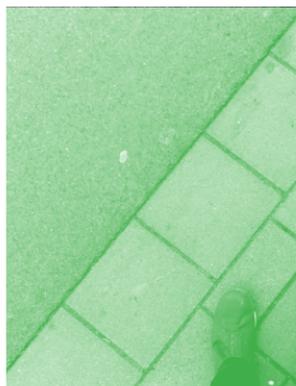
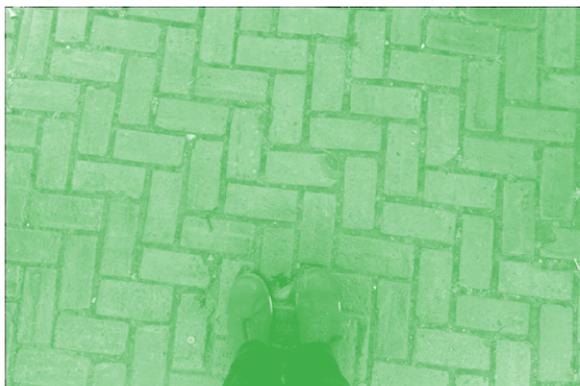
that If I hadn't had my bike with me, I would have crossed it. ¶ As I progress I notice that it starts to become more challenging to stick close to the line. The grain of the urban fabric increases or rather, the urban fabric starts to disintegrate as I move into the industrial park De Hurk. With large swoops I circle around the line and anticipate every intersection with the line. I'm moving through an environment which is inhospitable to pedestrians. It just tolerates cyclists: trucks and cars dominate. ¶ From the map I had already discerned that the next part will be a feat for this mission: an overcooked cauliflower neighbourhood (Bloemkoolwijk) from the seventies. As I didn't feel like climbing buildings and trespassing that particular afternoon, I thought I'd have more luck in the Genderbeemd and Ooievaarsnest neighborhoods by continuing the intense relationship with the projected red line that had developed over the preceding hour. And I was right, almost intuitively I found my way to the highway dyke of the A and N2. ¶ I take a piss in some bushes close to a street called Twickel, which is apparently a fourteenth century castle in Overijssel as told by the street sign, and start to imagine reaching the end of the line. After walking back from a cul-de-sac type of dead end, I, finally, start approaching the outer perimeter of Eindhoven's municipal territory. And with that, the endpoint of the red line on the map I have



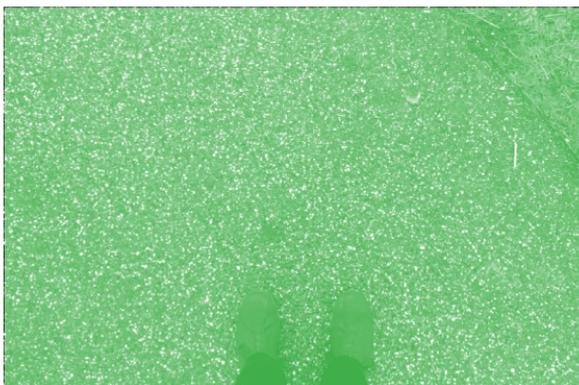
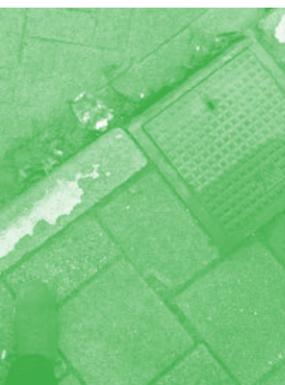
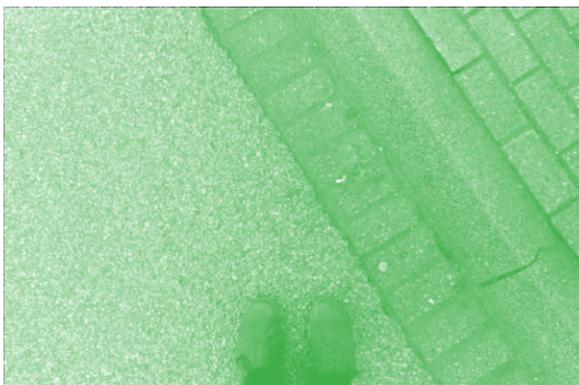
been staring at for the past two hours. The end-point is however, trapped, locked in the middle of the A2 highway. ¶ I see an emergency door in the sound barrier atop the highway dyke. A stairway leads towards it, inviting me up. I park my bike and consider going there; there where the red line would end, knowing full well there is no red line, but I can't help imagining what it would be and feel like to reach it. For a few seconds I let my mind race and further occupy itself with a strange kind of obsession that is instigated by no more than a line of red ink on a sheet of paper. ¶ A man with a dog, a mother and daughter on a bike, the sound of cars going one hundred and thirty kilometres per hour. I decide not to do it and take a picture of my feet to console myself. I walk southwards on the road parallel to the highway, to the point why I'm at the same latitude on the map as the end of the projected red line, telling myself that I have reached it, that I had unlocked the ultimate achievement I had set for myself for that semi-sunny afternoon.



THE IMAGINED & THE RESISTANCE OF THE REAL



JUSTIN AGYIN



Conditions as Reasons

Alejandro Cerón

THE INTELLIGENCE OF THE CITY runs deep above our heads and underground below our feet. It is both visible and invisible, and often surfaces serving purposes we hardly see or understand, but we can feel them. Not knowing the city of knowledge, I will only touch upon the topic obliquely. It is problematic. The idea of a 'smart city' imply the existence of a dumb city. ¶ Working with and through conditions I write about production. If making is not reducible to its conditions, it is also not detached from them. When Jacqueline Schoemaker proposed we walk a straight line through the city for two hours, and take pictures of our right and left views every ten minutes, she ended up saying 'we'll make something out of it'. Why? Why make something out of it? ¶ I would prefer not to, but the motivation to contribute to the conversation gets me out of the Bartlevy's mode where I've been, maybe.¶ I couldn't find reasons to produce anything out of her proposition, but I am motivated. Who needs reasons when there are conditions? Aren't current condi-

¶ Bartlevy is the main character from Herman Melville's short story *Bartlevy the Scrivener: A story of Wall Street* (*Putnam's Magazine*, 1853).



tions enough of a reason? ¶ This city is upgrading its intelligence, getting better and smarter. Even the 2017 Caucus at the Van Abbemuseum was named ‘Becoming More’. I can still totally recall words of guest philosopher Michael Marder: how about becoming less? ¶ The city of knowledge is getting ready for its future in the present. This future may look like something we have already seen. Indeed, since the tentacles of technologies for the measurement and quantification of performance are inscrutable, the future may feel a lot like here, now—a mere reproduction of what has happened before. ¶ But let me suggest negation and refusal, not as a way to passive classic nothingness, but as active affirmative gestures with the potential to open empty spaces full of suspended social, therein political, opportunity. Since critique is often subsumed by its very object, we might consider this active negation as a constructive strategy to transform the subject, departing from uncut devotion to the critique of an illusion makes us delusional.² Whose interests are being served? Whose message is being conveyed? Who is interested about this? ¶ Suddenly it is cold outside, and very hot inside. Rain pours down, as it has for days, from a pinkish sky that wants to be yellow. Meanwhile

² Moten, F and Harney, S. *The Undercommons: Fugitive Planning and Black Study* (Minor Compositions, 2013). p.19.



in (my) comfort zone, I stare at a postcard size reproduction of *The siesta* (1890) by Dutch artist Vincent van Gogh. He painted *The siesta* from a mental asylum in Saint-Rémy de Provence and died a few months after. Van Gogh copied *The siesta* having been inspired by another *siesta* by French painter Jean-Fraçois Millet. The painting depicts a bucolic scenario with two farmers napping in the front view. I practice instrumental siestas almost everyday: resting to be more productive. I am not looking for truth neither in negation nor in irony. ¶ Many times we crave for isolation, and it is complicity and connections that we at most times look for. I want to believe there is always hope to produce relations based on trust and mutuality. Out of dispossession, we make joyful blues out of shared struggle. If we are too tired to think or too awake to dream, we make jazz and watch our backs, like the two horses I encountered in Orpheuslaan, walking a straight line, not knowing the city of knowledge. ¶ Walking like a stranger foreign to this map, I walk outsider thoughts out of refusal. It is not production that I refuse, but a market-driven mode of production: extractive, exploitative and expansive. I refuse capitalist logic (endo)colonising desire. This refusal displaces domination. ¶ Many times, when I point out some nonsense I remember bell hooks stating that ‘in a culture of domination almost everyone engages in behav-



ours that contradict their beliefs and values.’
 The contradiction we are, the contradiction we live, and the title of this publication, motivate and condition my contribution. My memory is now lacking, I am going to start inventing stuff.

¶ The accumulation of data does not necessarily make us smarter. While I ponder modes of contaminating cooperation, talking things, texts and people pile up in my Downloads. Theories do not matter. It is what we make out of those theories that is important. The suspended potentiality of doing nothing out of something might feel wasteful or even useless. Again reproducing contradiction, I set up to sail away from assumptions towards unsettling slippery indetermina-
 tion. ¶ ‘Did you slow down towards the end?’ asked Jaqueline. ‘I stopped at a café and got distracted asking for a pen. Nobody questioned me and I didn’t dare to ask. Then I forgot what I wanted to say’ responded Marie. ‘I didn’t provoke any encounters either’ she continued.

¶ She seemed annoyed with herself, her frowned grew. ‘Walking a straight line not knowing the city of knowledge is a lot about necessity’ she concluded. ‘Is it the need of knowing or understanding? Not really. It is more the need to connect with people. The need for a response.’ ¶ It is not strange, if we call upon a dialogue we expect a response, sometimes not noticing that the dialogue is always playing out ever before us,



with or without us. As Josef Albers wrote in 1958: ‘Calm down/ What happens/ Happens mostly/ Without you’. ¶ Something happened after, only two weeks ago. ‘What is the purpose in mind?’ asked Jacqueline. ‘Who had that in mind?’ Silence, we stared at one another. ‘You never thought what am I doing?’ The response was more silence. ¶ And eventually Justin replied that for him it was more important to reach the end than to do it in two hours. ¶ Going faster entails covering more distance, but there is a compromise, a catch 22. To go faster we might sacrifice relevant details. What these are is not relevant to my point. I stressed my concerns from the beginning, obliquely. My early resistance to produce an outcome has a motivation—my negative approach to production is not nothing. As Marie noted, this is about the necessity to connect with other people—to counter corrosive individuation. I would add it is about where we cast our attention. Where to invest our intensities and intentions? What do we make out of these frictions, and the tensions produced by desire? Surely we may feel the necessity to interrupt certain productive inertia —particular resistance to time as a resource for financial profit. When making nothing out of something becomes the driving force of a practice, it threatens the very reason for that practice to exist. But this unsettlement produces strength before



struggle, and hope in what could be. It is something we miss, something we have tasted before: a feasible utopia that is happening all the time. Sometimes we find out things we already knew: we do not need reasons when we have conditions.



OMP 161.2

Eindhoven Footnotes:
Not Knowing the City
of Knowledge

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Callum Dean | Mon, Jul 1, 12:36 PM

In his contribution, Alejandro mentioned this quote from bell hooks: ‘in a culture of domination almost everyone engages in behaviours that contradicts their beliefs and values.’ In her original text she continues by saying that ‘this is why some sociologists and psychologists are writing about the reality that in our nation individuals lie more and more about all manner of things large and small’, and that ‘this lying often leads to forms of denial wherein individuals are unable to distinguish between fantasy and fact, between wishful dreaming and reality.’¹

To expand the reflexivity of the project, I’m curious where you see Eindhoven Footnotes in this vein: Between the invocation of Situationist spatial praxis, and the position of this zine in networks of cultural finance; between its reliance on un(der)paid labourers and it’s socially progressive values; ‘between wishful dreaming and reality’; where are we, where do we go, and how do we get there?

Josh Plough | Tue, Jul 2, 1:51 PM

Hello Callum,

Well yes, this is something I think about a lot. The contradictions that are rife at the core of ‘progressive’ yet what some would consider exploitative practice. I guess to start with I’d look at the values of this project, which have changed since it began. The initial value of the project as I saw it nearly a year ago was to try and educate, explain (insert any other condescending verb) the public of Eindhoven about technology.² I soon realised that it had been tried before and had not so much failed as gone completely unnoticed. It seems no one particularly cares: fair enough. There’s only so much ‘it’s behind you’ pantomiming the creative field can do.³

¹ *Teaching Community: A Pedagogy of Hope*, bell hooks

² 10:04 July 7
When re-reading your question I realise it’s here that I get a little confused and misinterpret the term value. But it riled me up and then I just went off on one.

I realise I'm using the word value in this reply where it could be exchanged with 'aim'. But the values are what push the aims, the needs and the want. I also use the term in more a monetary sense as opposed to the whole moralising one.

But this doesn't really answer your question.

hooks is right.

I think the 'values' of a project are always superseded by its 'cultural value' when funding is involved. But we're in a privileged context in the first place to consider the contradictions of funding and artistic practice. We need to show the city of Eindhoven that positions like a city curator and places like Onomatopoe have to exist to nudge critical reflection. Not in terms of value but necessity. If that means we delude ourselves a bit more then so be it. Let's keep collectively wandering this fata morgana, maybe we'll find water or maybe it'll just be more dirt.

I haven't really answered your question about Situationist Practice and networks of cultural finance. After reading back on my answers I've completely skewed them to meet my own ends. I don't think Situationist practice is sacrosanct, it too has to exist in our current culture. So this means when we try to breathe new life into it we inevitably infect it with our own conditions. So there is an antagonism between "radical practice" supported by rigid funding that hides exploitation. But as mentioned above, we need to rethink how the money is distributed and how it supports us. I think appropriation and distortion are simply inherent to a practice that tries to graft radical theory to 2019.

'Where are we?'

In a system that is supportive but in the end degenerative to proper progressive action.

'Where do we go?'

How about towards an environment where we build creative practice into what are deemed to be more serious professions; siphoning off their hierarchy and cash in the process? Artists and accountants unite!

§ 10:11 July 7

It also really reads like I needed to get something off my chest and open up about the frailty of the project.

‘How do we get there?’

I have no idea. I think we still lack the language and skill sets to carve a path.■

What about you? You’ve read my winding answer. You were an intern at Onomatopoe and worked on the project and also received some of the funding. How do you propose we get to a place where artistic practice and life in general isn’t part of a culture of domination?

I said just acknowledging things isn’t enough, so how would make walking a straight line through a city relevant to 2019?

Josh

Callum Dean | Wed, Jul 3, 2:05 PM

Hi Josh,

I’ll start by trying to answer your last questions. However, I’m sure there are things I will miss.

‘How do you propose we get to a place where artistic practice and life in general isn’t part of a culture of domination?’

The culture of domination which hooks writes about is immanent to Capitalism, so I don’t believe that artistic practice or life can be truly free from it without some kind of political change. Acknowledging this is, as you said, just the first step, but a necessary one nonetheless.

The next step, I believe, is to integrate this problematic into our mode of cultural production. ‘Practice, unproblematized, risks reproducing established identities and political forms, confirming the present rather than accentuating its limits.’ says Nicholas Thoburn in Anti-Book. I think it’s worth considering the effects this would have on various aspects of production: structurally, aesthetically, financially (as you said ‘artists and accountants unite!’), &c.■

■ 11:44 July 7

This is always such an easy get out of jail free card kind of answer. Lack, lack, lack. I’m (s)lacking with my replies.

■ 17:26 July 9

At a structural and financial level I believe we can do more to enact our values and mitigate certain inherited inequalities.

‘How would make walking a straight line through a city relevant to 2019?’

In Theory of the Dérive, Guy Debord writes that ‘in a dérive one or more persons during a certain period drop their relations, their work and leisure activities, and all their other usual motives for movement and action, and let themselves be drawn by the attractions of the terrain and the encounters they find there.’ This undercutting of the spatial relations prescribed by economic factors was a central political strategy of the SI, and remains important today. I suppose the comments I made on Situationism in my first email were less to do with a belief in it’s sacrosanctity, but more a question about how our financial and cultural position affect our engagement with it.

I’m sure this postscript is just the beginning of an exchange which will continue to develop throughout the lifespan of Eindhoven Footnotes. But for now I want to ask you how you see the project progressing in the future, and what do you think is needed to develop the language and skill sets you see as necessary to political action proper?👁

Callum

Josh Plough | Wed, Jul 3, 3:36 PM

Howdy Callum,
Thanks for your reply.
Here are some of my thoughts:

I don’t think I’m as optimistic as you about the relevance of the dérive; I think its wishful and nostalgic thinking. It didn’t help Paris, I doubt it would do anything to

6 15:30 July 9

This struggled call for ‘political action proper’ is probably fueled by the lack of political agency I feel in the field of design/cultural production. Perhaps this relates to the acknowledgement of limitations which was mentioned earlier.

7 11:08 Jul 7

I come across confrontational, reductive and reactionary... I really think it’s because I somehow see the project as a failure. I’m so fed up with this feeling of inertia that even keyboard smashing is somehow a release. #Troll. But it’s not a failure. I just struggle to see what the results are because it’s such an urgent yet annoyingly mercurial topic.

disrupt Eindhoven and it definitely wouldn't help in Hong Kong or Xinjiang, China. There's a great poem by Rupert Acton called 'Fuck Your London' where he writes:

"Fuck your London. Eat food in the street but don't eat street food. Listen to road rap. Walk aimlessly. Suffer crippling anxiety and depression. Visit local museums. Talk to no one. Cry. Smoke extremely strong weed strains with stupid names. Appreciate tags. Use public transport. London is closed. Never go clubbing but sometimes do. Attend CBT sessions. Psychogeography is nostalgia masquerading as radical practice."

To contradict myself I think Alejandro's piece explains the relevance of walking a straight very well.

Your point that 'In a market economy, even the disavowal of market forces becomes commodified' gives me that empty feeling. I also feel a little empty when I read that we need to 'to integrate this problematic into our mode of cultural production', because I don't think we ever will. Everyone is too busy balancing on a knife edge. The only things that are internalised are the various cancers we all develop from our poisoned planet. LOL. I'm being deliberately morbid: Morbidity as resistance.

Maybe ALWAYS was a bit strong when talking about the hierarchy between values and cultural value. And you're right that problematising our inherited structures is important. Funding buys us time to do so, but something just doesn't feel quite right.

As for the future, I always try and refer to as a future. My small victories against someone else's creeping capital and "vision". But the main thing I want to see continue is that people treat Onomatopoe and Footnotes as way of joining the debate. To not see it as "high brow" (as it was described by a city councillor) but to feel comfortable that their opinions and backgrounds are valid.

 <<https://rupertacton.tumblr.com>>

 11:38 Jul 7

As we talked about over the internet call I was smiling, bordering on laughing when I wrote this.

As for political action proper I'm not an activist nor an active fist (LOL).

I try and understand my own position to technology and urban space and then discuss it with a wider crowd. But all this talking has to lead somewhere: to action.

Jodi Dean wrote: 'specific or singular acts of resistance, statements of opinion or instances of transgression are not political in and of themselves; rather, they have to be politicized, that is articulated together with other struggles, resistances and ideals in the course or context of opposition to a shared enemy or opponent.'

This is something that Footnotes needs to do. So far we have been developing a network across Europe that brings our research into contact with that of others. Different cities and countries have their own struggles and by swapping, talking and re-contextualising we can build something together. What I consider a problem in Eindhoven can be seen as a luxury in Budapest. But the fact that we're exchanging ideas fills the project with energy.

How do you feel about a future?^{REC-11} How would you undermine the city of knowledge by internalising problematics into your cultural production?

Walking a straight line sober and wandering drunk,
Josh

Callum Dean | Jul 4, 2019, 1:14 AM

Hi Josh,

Just a few thoughts—I'll try and keep it brief as we are probably running out of pages in this signature, and more signatures means more labour!

I hope it's obvious that I don't think confronting the biopolitical regime that is developing in China is within the reaches of the flâneur! Whatever the value of disentangling or problematising our engagement with technology, or public space,

10 11:41 July 7

It makes me laugh that google's AI doesn't recognise the plurality in our future!

11 16:20 July 10

'Power can be defined as a form of engendered determinism.' Franco 'Bifo' Berardi

or whatever else, it will need to be—to borrow your quote from Jodi Dean—'articulated with other struggles'.

'How do you feel about a future?'

I feel passionately about one where exploitation and ecological catastrophe are mutually confronted. Not so keen on the other options.■

'How would you undermine the city of knowledge by internalising problematics into your cultural production?'

Being the designer on Eindhoven Footnotes, I have limited agency outside of the designed object—though having this discussion is one way of expanding that agency. All I can do is acknowledge (and then) work under my inherited conditions; or as discussed earlier in the zine, refuse.

I internalised problematics into my cultural production and all I got was this lousy zine.

Callum

■ 16:15 July 10

Idealistic! But why not be in this instance?

Josh Plough | Jul 4, 2019, 9:31 AM

Good morning C,

I would finish on some Mike Skinner lyrics:

There's no excuses, my friend

Let's push things forward

I should pay more attention to things to words like that; internalise them.

ATB,

Josh



EINDHOVEN FOOTNOTES is a year long project that means to engage and disseminate research related to the presence of technology in our 'smart' city.



**ONO
MATO
PEE**

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