

## LOGBOOK

daily 20–30 minutes of writing between 17:00–19:00

17.01.2013

I start to write this diary or logbook or documentation only now, half way into the residency. Why not earlier? What is it that I have against diaries? Where does this kind of text come from and how much expression of 'I' can I stand without stopping to write right now?

It might have something to do with my excessive diary writing from the age of eleven until about eighteen, a completely forgotten and denied activity, which I only think of now, while writing. Successful denial, obviously. They tend to show up when moving house, lying in some box, yet they are never opened.

These books may be one of the rare places I will have written 'I', the 'I' as in a large capital I, linked with outbursts of despair, anger, fear, love, more anger, remembering pens written with until worn down to destruction, cracked pencils, scrapped papers with holes and torn pages – all that. Excessive and expressive, driven by passion yet in control, at least on the verge towards some kind of control by confronting the problem in its verbalisation, articulation, so it wouldn't ride me so hard. The other places where 'I' is written are unsendable letters. A few did find their way to the post office or were sent by SEND to whomever it concerned. Yet I would doubt whether it always had so much to do with the person receiving such a letter. They were love letters, maybe letters of pain and sadness, always both at the same time, and more often of the narcissistic kind that isn't so much about the other than about oneself. Unsendable, uncensored letters.

So to be honest, I trust neither diaries nor unsendable letters. I protect them – or myself? For sure, I don't even read them myself. Not because I consider that these kind of texts should be kept secret or something utterly personal. The 'I' texts. They are uncanny since they express too much, their narcissism is so tight there is no room for the empathy of another. They leave no space for reading. They need a subject. One cannot escape this grammar, except maybe by learning languages that don't know subject-object constructions.

Of course, I can try to make the writing of the logbook a technology – me becoming this interface or medium for a physical-material-immaterial protocol. Ok, twenty minutes.