

YOU'RE BREAKING UP.

11am Damian will ring me to talk about where we are at. It seems that the floor is badly damaged. Paint/ink in a rising tide. Pity we didn't anticipate this & discuss our collective attitude to this before I did Ships in the Night, because I would like to claim the floor as a permanent extension of the work. Yes, big pity that we didn't think & discuss before because after the blind performance I could have opened my eyes & without looking at the wall I could have used something like a squeegee or a small sheet of steel to trowel & scrape the black mix into remnants of Constructivist signs all over the floor - squares, triangles, circles, pentagons, parallelograms. I think monumental/radical to turn the floor into a permanent Futurist Ending in the wrong plane. A sort of shadow futurism of a blind painting performance... A big problem though for the artists who come after me. A "body" already marked with stigmata demanding co-existence. A permanent Readymade in relation to all future art [the tattooed bodies of the orphaned young...].

Note: Everything is worn out: revolutions, profits, miracles. The planet itself shows signs of fatigue & breakdown from the ozone layer to the temperature of the ocean - Stanley Cavell. And that was yesterday!

Diary entry, 14.03.2026.

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Woke up at 2:15am after a dream about Tim. I've had this dream about Tim before. In the dream Tim has become this extraordinarily powerful artist. He emerges out of all my confusion & the demoralization of his last years as a kind of secret, towering artist and I'm cringing in his wake. This time he turns up miraculously teleported in and he's got something to show me. We sit down & look. They're interesting but the momentum is building. The sense of somebody who is somebody else, that Tim has helpers who are interested in him - helpers who were once interested in me. Just before this meeting ends, he suddenly shows me this book he has made. It's a Xerox-book of self-portraits. They look like my self-portraits, but they're mysterious, indeterminate, as though there was another person behind them. I'm astonished as I turn the pages. It's a world of Tim I never knew existed & I feel tremendously disturbed & sad. Suddenly Tess & others are around me. I insist that Tess look at the book. She doesn't want to & suddenly the pages of the book I am turning become actual in an increasingly grotesque way. I wake up thinking, "I'll become a bad artist like all the others".

Diary entry, 06.03.2026