

# NOTE TO SELF

I've recently found myself writing more and more on the Mac. The bastard machine insidiously enters further into my very subconscious, the keys and type replacing my own hand. The scattered thought process. Knowing I can return to any point in the document. Nothing seems to hold much weight. Yet once typed, my thoughts are presented to me instantaneously in a meticulously designed typeface, in a word processor created by countless programmers and distributed through global networks of commerce—rife with all the connotations you want. It isn't so much a paranoid vision of faceless corporations, shady government agencies or 4chan mining my thoughts to commodify, oppress or ridicule me I take issue with. It's that the medium itself represents a very different model within which to write. There is always an expectation of quick, free and easy dissemination on a vast scale. This poses no problem for most text-based communiques, in fact it's perfect for a majority of circumstances. When it comes to reflective writing though, it just doesn't make sense to me.

This is primarily due to the fact that I've found writing to predominately be a process rather than an outcome. Typified by clichéd manic scrawling, the words desperately attempt to formalise thought. It's not that enjoyable, it feels a little nauseating. But it's important, because more than anything it embodies a relatively unbridled sense of expression. It is a crucial point in which the individual has the ability to begin defining themselves within the dominant structure of language. To warp and twist that most fundamental of societal prerequisites, both linguistically and visually. Such writing is very much a process, the act becomes a means of simultaneously externalising and re-internalising thought. The publication or even re-reading of the material is redundant, the text is merely a bi-product. This is essential, for as soon as the notion of distribution arises, then the writing takes on an inherently different form—an acute awareness of the spectator obstructs the self-reflectivity.

Art sociologist Pascal Gielen prescribes 'murmuring' as an essential quality of how artistic expression might negate economic exploitation. Being where language reaches its limits, murmuring is mercurial in nature. Gielen suggests it is perhaps where creativity and new forms might begin to emerge. I'd be inclined to agree. As a stuttering and stammering, the frenetic writing process arguably becomes something of a radical act. To defamiliarise language with your own hand in such a way offers a transient moment of autonomy. It is reminiscent of Giles Deleuze and Felix Guattari's notion of 'becoming' as 'the moment in which the line frees itself from the point'. Expressing a similar sentiment to Gielen, there is something beyond the very literal comparison to be

made between writing, the line and the point. These fleeting moments of dismeasure within pre-established structures or systems are of great importance, something I constantly seek to understand or instigate. They represent the ability to momentarily escape banality and cliché, which in themselves take on near-ideological properties in the contemporary context. I would argue that through such an activity, we can engage with our world and the structures imposed on or supporting us in a manner which extends the possibility for alternative ways to be and to participate.