

Diary of Malfunction 2006 – 2007 London

3 October

There are only walls where I live. On the left, on the right. Above and down below. Dizzy walls without knowledge of the 'straight'.

24 October

All culpable, false and dysfunctional.

12 December

I would say: a vacuum... But actually it is more the fusty air trapped in a giant bubble.

6 January

Today I am thinking about walls standing against each other without any connection. It should be something meaningful, but I do not understand.

28 January

The room rearranged through insomnia: a morning revelation.

11 February

I am searching for living organisms. I want to listen to them. They must say something.

21 February

I feel for the third time how the room strains and slacks. The ache of the white muscular.

9 March

At certain points in the room, the floor is squeaking. I like to keep stepping on it and conduct the yowls of the carpet.

27 March

Surrounded by the geometrical space I wonder whether my body will be transformed if I do not use it. If only I could reduce myself to evens and edges.

5 April

I am cutting myself out from here. Through the wound of the wall, the warm viscera of the house.

21 April

I stretch my body. Nothing comes up against me. The perspective – as a vision – finally breaks off.

Sarolta Szabo