



A diplomat's wife.
Photo: 1963. She's 31
years old. First time in
the US (N.Y.). G&T in
hand at a cocktail
party. In the
background: stacking
chairs. She left 71
diaries behind and
correspondence.



The photograph on the cover [*recto*] is a candidate positive to try out the technique of photogravure myself. I have been invited to do this for quite a while—both by Jan Pettersson and now by Enrique Guadarrama Solis, who has been taught by him. But until I did the present series of leaflets, I didn't have a good reason to. One is not a Jack of all trades with photogravure.

Unless one learns something from the process that—if assigned accurately to a surface—can hatch precision in a different domain, where I have some expertise. That is, sensitising myself to a level of trivial detail, next to boredom, for the insight they may hold and keep in store. That is, by mirroring the process of photogravure, w/its attention to detail in all phases, and pass it on.

In the process of working with the present leaflet-series, it was Ed Rauscha's photogravure *Your a dead man* (6/7) that did it for me: its statement of *surface* in photogravure—present in the form of white patches—and the premise set by the *surfaces*, in this work, for the separate occurrence of *writing*, as a technique based on emulation, substitution and erasure within language.

It is not only the antithesis of horrible surfaces (5/7) but an art-installation in which the emulation, substitution and erasure of [writing](#) in language, are trapped in the play of assignment and precision in a photogravure. That is, they are both handled and perceived, and thereby emerge as present subjects of handling and perception: as a stuff/sticky materials of tricks we can play.

This is clearly present in the title—which is not outside, but part of the work—where there appears to be a misspelling: this is also pointed out by Jan Pettersson who renders it *You're a dead man*, in the subtext to the image in his book (2007) *Photogravure: an archaeological search*, where I found the reference. What I also found is his idea of apprenticeships to the surface.

Featuring his series *The true Lasse*. Multiplication as variety of image, multiplication as varieties of available surfaces, writing and it debts: but also, in return, the possibility of redeeming a material from the work of dust. The re/research of memory, remembrance, membering and embodying. The cover [*recto*]: a photo of the person to whom I was an apprentice in diary-writing.

Diaries may be real—at least in their intention—in the same sense that photogravure is real. She left behind a legacy of 71 *diaries*. Content: trivial, day-to-day, next to boredom. Dramatic events now and then. Otherwise, dinners, receptions, cocktail-parties and a lush variety of cultural events: concerts, operas, dance performances, theatre now and then... and all the big exhibits.

On the photo, the diary-writer is 29 years old. It is her first time in Paris. The fabric of her dress is duchesse. The shawl of silken lace. In the background some stacking chairs, as a signature of the modern world. She is shaping her role, sense of self and of life. Day by day. Year by year. In different locations in the world: Paris, N.Y., Geneva, Brussels, Baghdad, Athens and the Hague.

I have a sense that working from the positive in a photogravure will ready me for working with and through her diaries. And this is the precise sense that I put into *scotography*. Scotos in Greek (σκότος) connotes: darkness of death, darkness of the netherworlds, darkness of the womb, blindness, mystery and shadow. My diary-master departed in 2018, and I am starting the work now.