The name of my project is monument plan. This project is a process of writing a collection of backward entries. I started this plan on Mar 10th, 2017 and last entry will be about, and dated on Oct 30th, 1997, the day i was born. As a result, this plan will be actually completed 19 years in the future.

I will talk about this project from three directions.

The first keyword is casualness. Calvino regarded lightness as a necessary way to reach the hardness and big questions of life. In this project, the function of casualness is as same as lightness. Artists always want to create something serious to talk about the big issues and try hard to express themselves. But it turns out that the more endeavor i made to talk about something serious, the more narrow and limited my work would be. As a result, I decide to reduce this project to casualness entirely. I make this project just as an ordinary human not an artist. From content to the way i show it, I abandon any decoration and polish to reduce this project to the life itself. Daily entry is like a sponge which can absorb both big opinions and subtle details from every single corner from my life and then retells them in a natural and flexible tongue. Diaries talking about daily life seemed to be informal and trivial, but by informality and casualness i got the freedom to be extremely open.

The second part is about the choice of the medium, which is a kind metaphor. Some people criticize the fragility and chimera of the information age. Using words as bricks, I am building a virtual monument in the virtual world and will not keep any physical backup. I let my personal history drift in the turbulence of information comprised by invisible data, which in my mind is as same as our experience of the substantial world comprised by words and opinions.

the last part is the relationship among language, narration and history. In addition to my mother tongue, Chinese, I also use English to write the entries. One sentence in two different language systems will sometimes cause a kind of subtle divergence. The split generates a great illusion in the narration of my history. A kind of intertextuality was developed in this bilingual narration. Moreover, my memory becomes weaker and weaker as I strain to recall events far in the past. By reversing the order of entries, I don’t tell my life directly but use time as a filter to abstract different possibilities from my real daily experience. From honest recording to weaving and assuming, this plan is a great laboratory of language. Is the diary narration a kind of mimicry of the past or a kind of scrutiny of one’s history with a developing view? Does feeling and sense come from the actual experience or the narration?

This plan will last for 19 years. How will it influence me or become a part of my life? Will it be stopped due to some unexpected reasons? I don’t know. But as for me, this part, uncertainty and possibility are the most charming things in the world.