She offered some notes on The Host

You said, Clarice said ‘we oscillate between flight and longing, coherence is mutilation, I want disorder, a disintegrated self — inarticulate experience, coherence, I don’t want it anymore’.

With her strange lyrical syntax and introspection, Clarice Lispector I presume. And her female protagonists who recognise the limitations of language and through their individual experience shed light on their awareness and to some degree self-knowledge. Looking like Marlene Dietrich and writing like Virginia Wolf, I feel discomfort as I read this.

One thought and then another, a slippery consciousness, as you say you are both sides of the conversation, one persona to the next, and in the mirror of the bathroom she is unable to distinguish out of all the women’s faces which is her own. Her edge’s friable, a dissolution? Or more precisely an in-between state, sound is a compulsion but how do you write? This itch, this scratch an insatiable longing, a torment, repetition and an incessant cough. Clearing the throat to make way for the opening sentence, but you keep waiting, suspension? Or something more troubling, inertia? Metaphors for this anxious state of creativity?

An unconscious scratching as the thinking takes hold, welts on her skin, a physical example. The writing process as distracted, uncomfortable, inhabited. The song settles inside of the body it follows, a rhythm, a persistent jingle, a pleasure turned to irritation, eventually a contagion, that must be passed on.

Shelley Duval sings the refrain over, as the fat, comic sound plods. Another woman with a practical and kind voice says something like ‘narratives of repetition as punishment torment’. But the bodies keep dancing locked in a set of physical actions that create a satisfying tap. An occasional, outside voice (each time male) offers direction and encouragement, these kindnesses jarring. And earthworms. The varying monologues of personal recall, mimicking one another, synchronised, mesmerised, on mass, hearteningly mindless. They hold the rhythm and the shapes get thrown, safety, support in a group dynamic, homogenous, I see you, you see me, together we can’t stop. And Shelley Duval sings the refrain over, as the fat, comic sound plods and the crisp, repetitive tap of the shoe possesses the single dancer, urging her on, locked in a set of physical actions that create a satisfying tap. An occasional, outside voice (each time male) offers direction and encouragement, these kindnesses jarring. And earthworms. The varying monologues of personal recall, experience shared, wikiHow reassurance and halted or stuck lyric — one kind of consciousness, near the surface, cerebral, spoken, announced and the other in the body, felt, pulsating, rhythmic. Which strangely can be heard. Internally. From the mouth to the ear. Or the body travelling in another direction to the mind. The body taking pleasure, soothing and then betraying in the casual repetition of the refrain that things run away from us. When we least expect it our anxieties are performed in body like the phrase in house, grinding teeth, leading to weakened enamel, leading to abscesses, leading to root canals, leading to teeth being removed, low level worrying, casual but forever persistent. Can I be me? Or rather here I am in the experience of aliveness and creativity. As Clarice said creating and writing are synonymous with living itself.