Worknote

As she half closed her eyes, everything became flesh

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„And, since she'd half-closed her bleary eyes, everything became flesh once more." This words from Clarice Lispector's short story *Daydream and Drunkenness of a Young Lady* continues as follows: *„- the foot of the bed made of flesh, the window made of flesh, the suit made of flesh her husband had tossed on the chair, and everything nearly aching. And she, bigger and bigger, reeling, swollen, gigantic. If only she could get closer to herself, she'd see she was bigger still. Each of her arms could be traversed by a person, unaware it was an arm, and you could dive into each eye and swim, without knowing it was an eye. And all around everything aching a little. The things made of flesh had neuralgia."* The endless swelling of my fat and muscles fills the tiny room I moved into last week. The flesh of my body expands and contracts, rubbing against the flesh and skin of what were once objects, sniffing each other's body odor. A slight tremor. A subtly sticky contact. The contact is not a connection, but a kind of friction. The two beings are unpleasant to each other in their very first encounter. When something touches something, it is the closest thing to rejection or failure. The trivial, the ridiculous, the embarrassing, the serious. In the end, everything is a body. We try to understand each other in ways that endlessly reject each other. No, there is only a desperation to be understood. Perception and reality are terribly interwined. It is almost impossible to seperate the two. This world is much closer to a dream you might have tonight than you think. Nothing may be happening in this world than you think. There is only a desperation to be understood. Trembling and touching. Flesh talking to flesh. This is such a place. 09.01.2025