

**Awe, reverence, respect,  
self-respect, shamefastness,  
sense of honor, sobriety,  
moderation, regard for others,  
regard for the helpless,  
compassion, shyness,  
coyness, scandal, dignity,  
majesty, Majesty.1**

**We had a conversation about how dark your work is. How despite the rounded repetitions – of the streams of eeeees and bbbbs – the point of return is one that produces weight. It's not so much the muteness of the repetition that makes for the emotional charge, but rather a matter of inflation. The sticking point with inflation is not merely that it overproduces, but that it destroys value – it gives to the point where you don't know what the giving is worth anymore. And it's exactly at this point, of an excess that is all about destruction, where things really start happening. It's a point where all that weight also tells you something about desire.**

**In a list of mild personality disorders, sociologist Johan Asplund includes what he likes to call “anti-social talkativeness.”<sup>2</sup> The anti-social speaker uses the sociability of speech to achieve its absolute opposite. The anti-social speaker has realised that intense speech, a non-stop flow of words, is the perfect screen, the perfect divider. Behind this stream there is a space that has not been defined, and this is where the anti-social speaker takes refuge. For anyone who is familiar with anti-social talkativeness you know that this inflation of language also diverts your attention to other things. You notice the persons’ voice, but in a material sense: you notice the rhythm, the pitch, the breathing in between, you notice lips. The ‘anti’ part of the anti-social talker has its own way of dealing with content. The anti follows its own logic of production. It’s no coincidence that this particular prefix features so heavily in your choice of titles.**

**As we were walking back from your studio we talked about Destroy, She Said. It has a weird atmosphere, the book more so than the film, and we concluded that it's probably because it's all about the anti. It's a book which in Marguerite Duras' words, conjures "the desire that I always have to tear what has gone before into pieces ..." 3 In Destroy, She Said there is no primary character. There is a gliding from one character to another, and for Duras "they are all the same." When feeling for these characters – for Stein, for Elizabeth Alione, for Alissa – we end up with a great deal of transference, a similar place to where we find ourselves when dealing with your characters, printed on individual pages and standing in line. On the one hand, it feels like this logic of excess and destruction is one that we recognise. It's the one that depletes resources and locates the overproduction of goods where we cannot see it – it's a logic of self-destruction that we recognise in**

**capital. But Duras also talks about this process of destruction with hesitation and a palpable sense of anticipation. This form of inflation contains violence but also a desire for intimacy, a desire to produce to a point where certain boundaries and integrities start dissolving. That desire, and that longing have a lot to do with why the eeeees and bbbbs feel so heavy.**

**FH**

**1 Anne Carson, Grief Lessons, Four Plays by Euripides, New York Review Books, 2006, p. 163.**

**2 Johan Asplund, Om hälsningsceremonier, mikromakt och asocial pratsamhet, Bokförlaget Korpen, 1987.**

**3 'Destruction and Language' Marguerite Duras in conversation with Jacques Rivette and Jean Narboni in Destroy, She Said, Les Editions de Minuit, 1969, p. 91.**