On Thu, Jan 23, 2014 at 8:24 AM, Ginny Hutchison wrote:

Hey. Hi. Hello. Dear. Here I am again on the train. 50 glorious minutes of suspended animation on the 7.15 – one of 85, so scotrail wifi tells me, other I's tapping out thoughts in the morning psychodrama between subject and skin.

A few self-conscious coughs. I cough, mostly tar. (Another oral fixation to add to my anxiety)

Yesterday I walked to an occult shop in Edinburgh to buy Tarot cards for me and Sarah. It was shut but on the way I remembered an image from a set of alchemical cards that a friend brought me from Italy a few years back. It's a medieval illustration of the homunculus, a sealed vessel in which representations of the male and female figure are fused, boiled in the bag, the androgynous world of the philosopher's stone, the wee man inside. Later on I met Sarah and she told me about a dream she had about growing a cock. I've had that dream.

Tickets pleasssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssssss.

Controlling through silence. (Is there such a thing as a warm silence?). The cards she asks me to lay out on the table are a series of facts though I question the reality of that, particularly at this time in the morning. The morning before I had blood tests. The doctor says it's a shitty way to start the day. I don't quite understand until the blood is syringed out and I feel a little bit empty. Anyway, she insists that I am plural and for some reason this makes me feel like I've lost something and I cry a bit. Without missing a beat she asks me why crying in public makes me uncomfortable. For fuck sake.

The crack.

I realise I've zoned out but I blame her, she's like a snake with her contradictions. I think she finds my anecdotes about the spitting cobra amusing. (I once was prescribed this by a homeopathist). She throws the silence out again. The trick is to feel comfortable with this.

The crack is a tunnel. Hold on.

She picks a card. (I'm still convinced this is fiction). It's smoke and mirrors, I offer, I'm good at it. Control through losing control, I think she's saying, the trick is to feel comfortable with it.

I, I, I, I... It comes out like a stutter rap. Apparently this is ok. She looks at me again in silence. She saw me. Our relationship becomes a series of gestures, smoking and mirrors...

I see you. All my love.

PS. Do guys dream of fannies?

On Wednesday, January 22, 2014 1:41 PM, Ginny Hutchison wrote:
I'm writing

On Tuesday, January 21, 2014 10:42 AM, sarah forrest wrote:
I woke up at 4am this morning, attempted silence but my hip hit the glass cabinet and a porcelain mug toppled, rolled and fell to the ground. I read your email Amelia, coffee in hand, and I began to respond, but then i stopped and saved it on my other computer.

I was wondering whether my voice is in your head? wh
in your head? One thing you said Amelia

my own understandings of what I want to do will probal
always be resonating with and contingent on what we a

and i identify with this so much, and it makes me think
and that its always now

The vulnerability of the exposed throat, lets nip it open
side - a curiosity of whats below the skin - but it makes
voice. The result of the voice - a call to action, it can al
impossible to grasp. it's so bloody slippery

in the seminar with Mladen Dollar i sent you a link to, h
the voice. He talks about the old school philosophers (f
philosophy to be given credit it had to be enacted, sta
stories, histories, anecdotes, were woven through theo
where the subject is mostly as removed from the text a
trustworthy, as subjects maybe we're too irrational, em
this way the philosophers worked made sense for me o
inseparable from the thinker. the thinker inseparable fr
lives of others. But when i read your email Amelia, and
thinking about the repercussions of thought. Voice cau
impact the world, but with thought...what are the reper
trying to find a way to think together? Are we trying to
collectively? with language can we find ways that we c
rather than represents it?
with our voices are we calling in to action something w
building or attempting to build? something with an ec

these are just thoughts...

i wondered though whether the text might begin or be

There's a bit in I Love Dick where Chris and Sylvere's c
they're sitting talking to one another and each of them
formulating their own response. I wondered what this
slow it down to the pace of writing?

thoughts thoughts thoughts...

thanks Ginny for the quotes from the train
they're great
more thoughts to follow

xxxxx