

EXTRACT: MARIA ZAHLE

How does she feel now? The same malaise? Has she grown stronger?

Her inner monologue would never be spoken in a placid voice.

Sometimes she voices what she sees to orientate how she feels. Do you see?

Not that she is rudderless exactly...

No, that voice is her rudder but things with her move sometimes too swiftly. There are switchbacks and chicanes of language, questions thrown upon innocent objects. She manoeuvres the objects into certain positions, forms a new still life. It is like building a thought, then speaking it...

The painting is still important?

It keeps falling in and out of focus. She likes inanimate objects that make demands on her. It is as though it invites her in so that they can ponder its problems together. Both she and it wonder where that window leads to. One shutter is half open, a clean light marking the insurmountable boundary between her interior and the out there. The lid of the instrument case had fallen wide open, exposing itself, and the drama of music would be flooding the room, the consciousness of painting. Surfaces, surfaces. Clumsy brushed shapes of black, orange, green, and lilac overlapping each other in the most heart-breaking way. Diving into a world of gaping holes and hinged doors the picture feels immense, what is within it, containing everything. Where did I just

come from? The beach, the desk, the armchair, the music, the view, the painting.

The inscrutable and unendingly subtle nature of colour in space...

It is not a clarification we are talking about.

Perhaps a distillation?

Thought of what is more difficult to say.