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The passion according to gh summary

The Passion G.H.BY Clarice LispectorTRANSLATED FROM THE PORTUGUESEBY Idra Novey 2012) Passion according to G.H., Clarice Lispector's mystical 1964 novel, is about a well-to-do Rio sculptor, G.H., who enters his maid's room, sees a cockroach crawling out of a wardrobe, and panicked slams the door - crushing a cockroach - and then watches it die. At the end of the novel, at the height of the spiritual crisis, comes the most famous and genuinely shocking scene in Brazilian literature... Spirituality is a difficult subject and even harder to talk about. The average person does not live in a permanent state of receptiveness to what is beyond the cage of himself, and when a profound experience occurs un-clear to him, he may spend the rest of his life trying to describe it. Clarice Lispector's The Passion According G.H. is a recording of one woman's struggle to give voice to such an insightful moment and unravel the outline of what, if anything, could be beyond the reach of conventional language. The novel is told by the wealthy Brazilian sculptor G.H., who is not so much a three-dimensional entity as a state of mind traced through a scathingly strange and allusive prose. I don't think there's a plot to talk about. Rather, the narrative is like the internal monologue of a person undergoing spiritual and physical transformation. Lispector had certainly read kafka, and while his metamorphosis has an obvious effect, he tries something completely different. According to G.H., passion is a recording of one woman's struggle to give voice to such an insightful moment and unravel the outline of what, if anything, could be beyond the reach of conventional language. From the beginning, when he asks a potential reader to reach out, the narrative depends on the reader's involvement in G.H.'s true identity. I am now going to tell you how I stepped into the unspeakable that was always my blind and secret search, Lispector writes, How I stepped into what is between numbers 1 and 2, how I saw the line of mystery and fire, and what is a secretive line. Between the two notes, between the two facts, there is a fact, between two grains of sand, no matter how close there is between the senses, there is a feeling between the senses - there is a line of mystery and fire in the intermediate hour of primitive matter, which is the breathing of the world, and the constant breathing of the world is what we hear and call silence. One of Lispector's most unclassified texts, The Passion According G.H. has just been repubed with New Directions preface Caetano Veloso's foreword and Idra Novey's tight new turn (significantly better than in 1988). ronald Sousa, who decided to correct Lispector's unconventional grammar and syntax). When the novel was originally published in 1964, Lispector already had an important place in Brazilian literature. His debut novel Near to the Wild Heart, released at the age of just 23, had been a critical sensation, and her collection of stories, Family Ties, found such a wide audience that Clarice became something of a national treasure, identified solely by her first name. But Lispector couldn't stop himself from taking risks on the page, and while Passion has several elements in common with his previous books, it also marks a departure for Lispector towards more experimental, fragmentary work. Given that Passion is deeply concerned about spiritual growth, it should come as no surprise that the novel is often synopsized in a simplistic, if technically accurate, way that implies causation in an almost deliberately misleading way. In fact, G.H.'s encounter with the cockroach and his mystical crises are sublimated — either denied or forgotten until he begins to tell his story to the reader. At the beginning of his monologue, G.H. realizes that the case - the thing itself, as he calls it - only comes to being revealed when he has forgotten everything he knew before. But how can he give voice to his experience when he is no longer himself? The struggle with such a contradiction - to want to know everything and to acknowledge that absolute knowledge guarantees its own destruction - brings to mind the lighting of Rimbaud (and indeed Hélène Cixous described Lispector as what Rimbaud would have been if she had been a mother and reached fifty years). Lispector has a penchant for subtle verbal play, and his sentences are often associated with this paradox on a language-otopian level. Think of one of my favorite songs, a desperate plea to the Virgin Mary that spreads to poetry: Holy Mary, Mother of God, I offer you my life in exchange for the moment that yesterday is not true. A cockroach with white matter looked at me. I don't know if he saw me, I don't know what a cockroach sees. But we looked at each other, and I also don't know what she sees. But if its eyes didn't see me, its existence existed in the early world I had entered, creatures exist as other ways of seeing each other. The tone and register of Lispector's sentences constantly shift from fact to ecstatic (I offer you my life), simple (I don't know what the cockroach sees) statements to abstruse (its existence existed). Like Rimbaud, G.H. needs to invent a new language so he can adapt deeply to his private visions. I would add that Lispector's inner ear was tuned to a note between two notes, and that he was breathing in rhythm with the breath of the world. The closer G.H. gets to describing the thing itself, the more abstract his thoughts become, but his journey toward abstraction is not linear. Just when he feels he is heading for divine primary life, he breaks down and appeals to the reader: Stretch out your hand. Because I don't know what I'm saying anymore. I think I made it all up, this didn't exist! But if I can figure out what happened to me last night, who can guarantee I didn't invent my life until yesterday? In the second moment, he tells us that: ... If I reach the end of this story, I will go, not tomorrow, but on this very day, to eat and dance in 'Top-Bambino'... I eat crevettes à la anything, and I know because I eat crevettes, tonight, tonight, is my normal life continues... In his darkly humorous way, he seems to remind us that it is all too easy to return to our normal lives unchanged, after what can seem like a transforming experience. This separates us from nonhuman life. G.H. constantly moves towards and withdraws from inefficiency, while the cockroach is part of inefficiency for him. The cockroach is all cilia and antennae, ancient as a legend, without a name for pain or love. G.H. has a tongue, which is why he's destined to seek and I'm destined to return empty-handed. But I'll be back with the unspeakable. An unsaid can only be given to me through the failure of my tongue. It's only when construction fails that I can get what it couldn't achieve. Lispector was destined to write sentences that experienced the boundaries of language in order to find a new way to tell. It is interesting to note that Portuguese may not have been his first language: he was born in the town of Chechelnic in Ukraine, he moved with his family to Brazil while still a baby. Regardless of whether he had learned Russian, it seems that language may have influenced his prose. In the introduction to the English edition of her 1989 Soulstorm short story book, Grace Paley pondered the question: Unless Clarice Lispector's parents were linguists with early Portuguese skills, they must have spoken Russian, as my parents did for most of my childhood. It must have been the Russian-Portuguese meeting that produced the tone, the rhythms that even in translation (probably difficult) are so surprising and correct. I would add that Lispector's inner ear was tuned to a note between two musical tunes, and that he was breathing in rhythm with the breath of the world. 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