

Response to talk with Jake Boston

By Genna Gardini

As part of the QMUL Conversation programme, I spoke with the artist Jake Boston about our work - his as a theatre-maker and performer, mine as a writer and theatre-maker (and a PhD student, although that felt a little incidental in the talk). We had shared examples of our stuff before meeting online - interviews and reviews of Jake's solo-show; a video work and poem of mine. Jake's show, *Bare Knuckle*, is about fighting and his father; the work I sent is about having MS. While I'm writing this reflection on our talk now, I'm looking at the notes I prepared before it. As with most things, all of my preparation was unnecessary (it was easy to talk to Jake), but this part stands out - a line that reads, "I can see some links between our work, which at first seem so different, and are so different." Below that, a list:

- The individual
- The body
- The conversation with someone else

And then, in small and messy letters to the side:

- (grief.)

Isn't this interesting, I think now, that I would write that word as if it didn't matter, as if it wasn't the whole point.