

## ***Let's Change the Subject***

1.28.18

*Moving/Writing/Distilling Process with Vanessa Dewolf*

### **Part 1**

I forgot at first that we'd be distilling this movement, & then remembered & then thought – maybe I could distill what I was talking about – or the zigzag spatial patterns, or something else – textures (well, I often DO distill textures, so that's nothing new really) --

Woosh woosh! Feeling slightly ill lets me off many hooks – no pressure to have energy or definition -- & interestingly, I don't feel nausea while moving, just when I stop.

Shouldn't a therapist customize the process for each individual?

Well, maybe she will – give her a chance. Give IT a chance.

I'm not a quitter. You know that, I know that, everyone knows that.

But I never said –

Let's change the subject.

OK.

Something about how the spine, & the tissues between the ribs, relate to life, & art, & process.

OK.

Well?

Well what?

I thought you had some ideas about this.

No, I just thought of the topic. That's quite enough for me, for today – I'm feeling ill, it's my stomach.

Oh, your stomach again?

Yes. As a little girl, it was my weak place – my place to feel anxiety. To give me an excuse to go home from school.

Oh yeah, that's right – in fourth grade.

Yup, & the teacher, Mrs. Kneafsey (See? I even remember her name!) never believed I really had a stomach ache -- & gave me a somewhat sarcastic note to the nurse written in cursive, thinking I wouldn't be able to read it – but I COULD read cursive, & resented the implications of her tone!

Of course –

And now, today, here I am again, with the stomach ache, & dizziness.

Let's change the subject.

OK – there's the whole issue of Andrew Wyeth, his wife, who effectively steered & managed his career.

That story – we've heard it before.

And now's the time to hear it again.

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## **PART 2**

I probably would've gone on longer, in other circumstances. You didn't have to stop because I stopped, I was happy watching you.

Happy?

Yes, perfectly happy – the only instance in which I voluntarily use the word 'perfect' – in its adverbial form.

Oh. Huh –

The sacrament was wet today, by the way.

Yes, I noticed – I wasn't going to say anything.

Well, things getting wet – I suppose you've had enough of that in your life.

Yes, quite enough.

Let's change the subject.

Oh, again? You initiate a subject change AGAIN?

Yes, again...& again & again & again.

Wackadoodle oomph oomph.

You're losing me.

I've always known I'd lose you when the time came.

And has it come?

Yes, I think so, I think it has.

But the memories!

You won't lose THEM, just me.

Oh – OK – well, in that case –

In that case, what?

I don't know, it's just an expression, a way of keeping going when you don't know what you're going to say.

It's a sine curve.

Yes – well, sort of. Sort of a sine.

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### **PART 3**

I totally forgot about the snail -- & our human-snail communications – not to mention baskets.

Yes, baskets – that was an important topic.

Something about baskets & stomachs. –

There's a similarity there –

Indeed.

Why does everything fall away? Everything except an incident in the fourth grade?

You already know the answer to this.

Yes it was a rhetorical question.

Let's change the subject. Maybe mention something about your self-acknowledged fake sleeping. At this point I'd be glad for any kind of sleeping – fake, authentic, deep, dreamless, dream-filled, light, extensive, minimal, careless, professional, experimental, traditional,

Stop!

Why?

I don't know, just stop. Let's go onto a side-street. Maybe one that goes uphill.

Like in Vermont?

Yes & also like in many other places.

She enjoyed the wall – the option of a shoulder-arm stretch, the option of rhythm, the option of stillness.

I also like the wall.

It doesn't move.

That's what's so comforting.

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#### **PART 4**

Why does the bottom drop out, right at the beginning?

I know, the sense of loss – of losing everything –

Now I recall the looseness, the redefinition of specificity –

Yes, & not mirrors, but something mirror-like.

Oh, mirror-like –

And the loss, different kinds of loss, even memory loss –

Or memory malleability.

That's a good way of describing it –

She said, happily watching me.

Perfectly happily –

Despite the looseness –

The sine curves, the endless changes of subject, the nausea –

Quite. How long? How long?

I know, it always seems eternal, but it isn't.

Eternity is intimidating. It always has been.

Nothin' we can do about it, what's done is done.

What? What are you talking about? Are you even being ironic? Those clichés –

I like clichés. They pop up.

Oh god. Oh god.  
We could always change the subject again.

Yes, let's.

I crave specifics! But can't remember any!

That's a tight spot you've backed yourself into.

Backed? What do you mean, backed? I went forward into this trap, not backward.

Does it make a difference?

Of course, it makes ALL the difference.

That, as well, could be classified as a cliché.

What – ALL the difference?

Yes, ALL the difference.