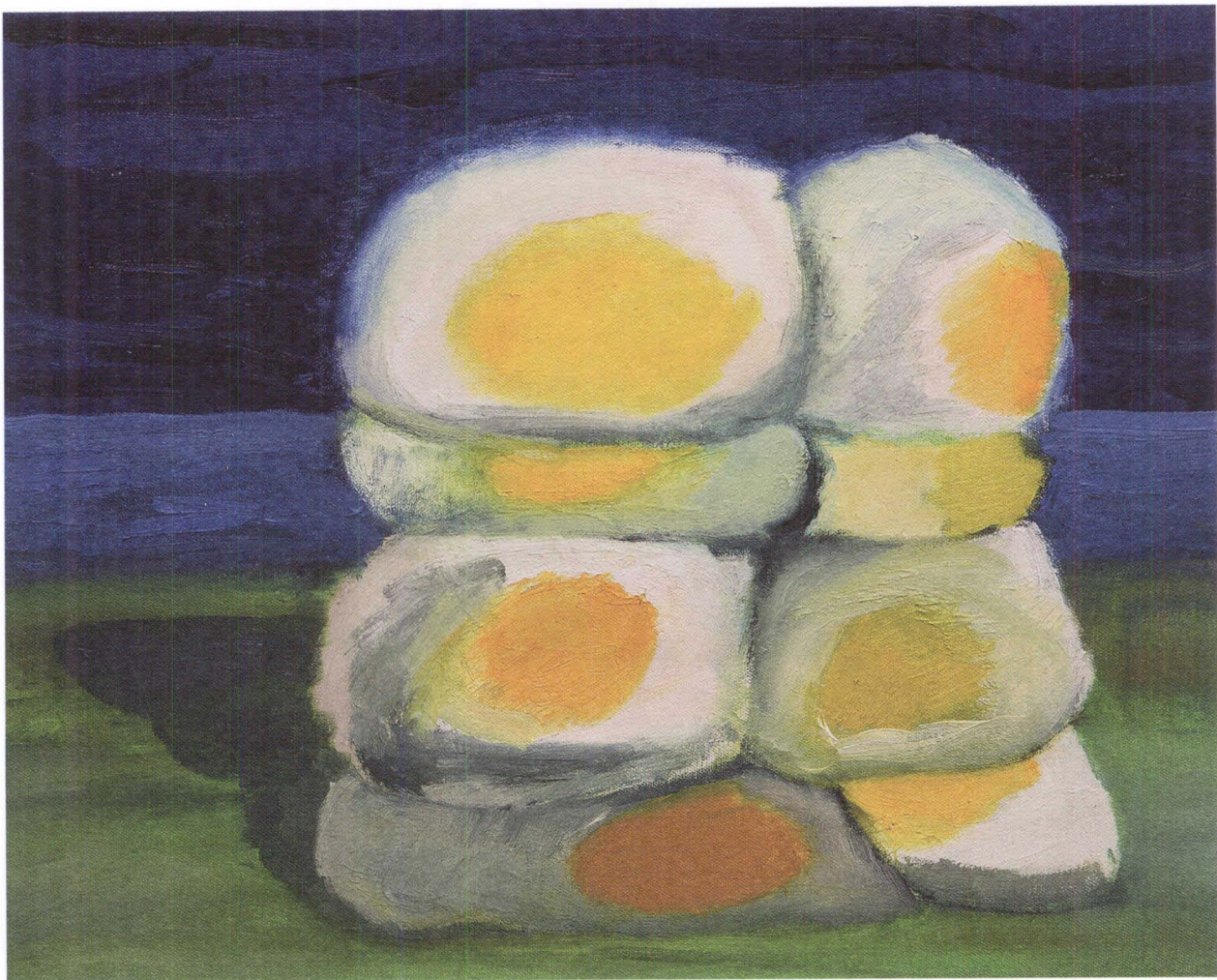


Bodies in a Yolk Loop

Rachelle Sawatsky & Tiziana La Melia

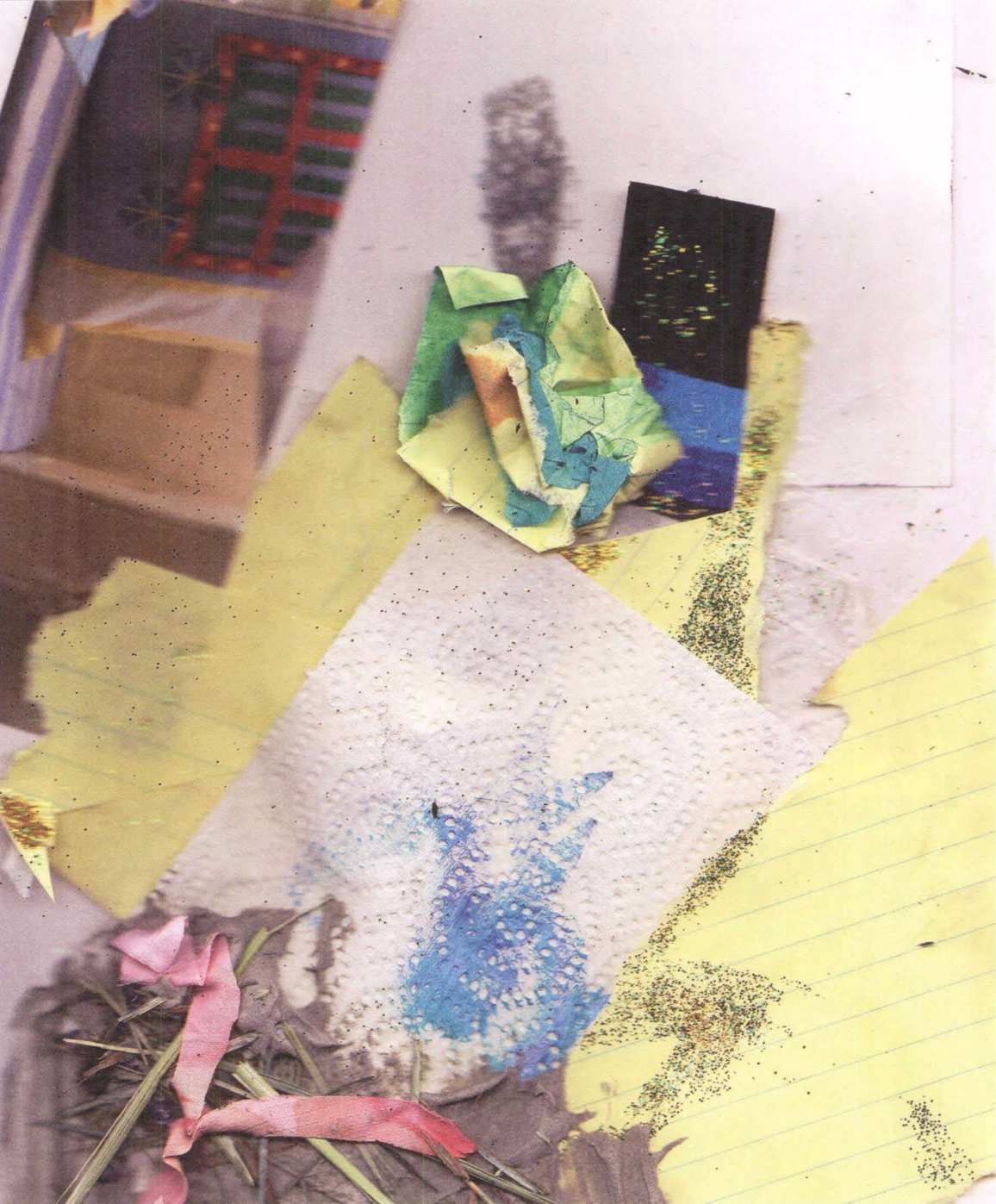


Rachelle Sawatsky. *Tower of Meaning*, 2015
oil on canvas, 18 x 22 inches

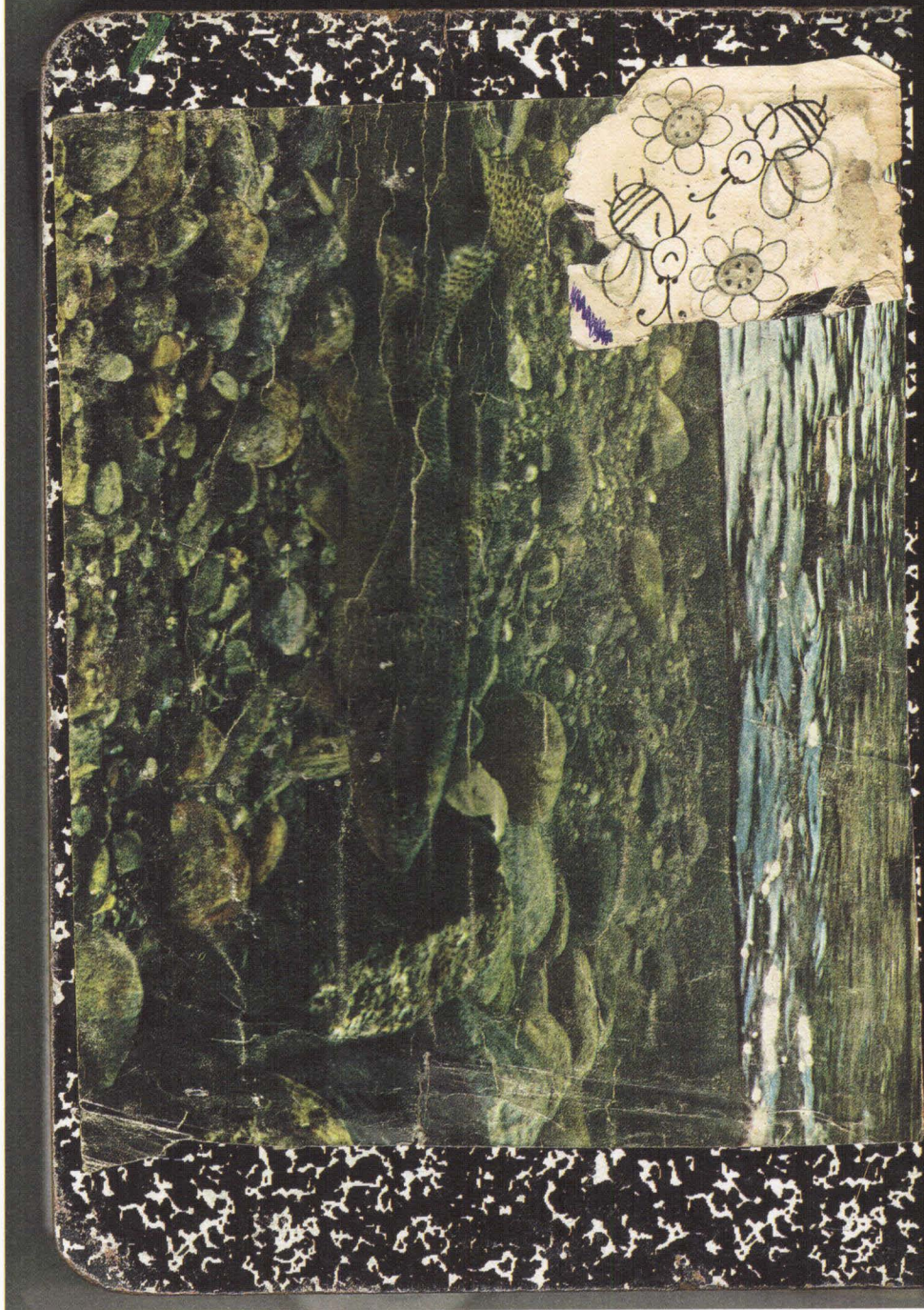
What does a
medieval
poet do?



Rachelle Sawatsky. *What would a medieval poet do?* For Tiziana La Melia, 2017
watercolour and collage on paper, 11 x 8 ½ inches



Rachelle Sawatsky and David Gilbert. *Reparation – For Tiziana La Melia*, 2017
mixed media on paper, 11 x 8.5 inches



Tiziana La Melia. *composition book for rachelle*, 2016
paper and glue on composition notebook scan



Tiziana La Melia. *Picture taken at a pond in Pougues-les-Eaux, 2015*
jpeg

What worries you anytime that you are worried curls time

Tiziana La Melia

Some people didn't read their worry notes.¹ Some had no words for it. They joked and doodled their clowns of fear. Was it too hot to worry? Our clothes stuck to our skin, and polite grins stuck to our faces. Time seemed to curl and dilate at the same time. Before making it to some office to complain we were drinking beers on the curb, holding the bottles to our necks, on our way, almost home.

Was anger a silent spasm subsumed as gossip and bottled up? Or a useless tensing quietly building a bird nest in the fasciae with every instance of strain, like when you carry your groceries or when you are sleeping. Striking extraordinary poses along a shoulder, torqueing the hip, flexing the neck, pumping the arm, rolling the ankle.

A therapist massaged the roof of my mouth, then the small intestine. When he touches he is reading. "How is your digestion?" he asks. Nerves turned into pose. The body's spastic prose.

We walked through the *giardini* without a worry. But inside the palace the walls were sprinkled with abstract concerns. Afterlives about the inbetweens before and after. Egg yolks and candle smoke filled in the dresses decorated with asterisks. Bored and suffering, the worry became an idling dog, its no-body, on vacation, and still. Later, at the pond, the worry felt erotic and the frogs hopped towards things like larvae and garbage and a blooming gloom.

She said, "the way that worry settles in itself is more sculptural." I am reminded of the knotted back of the grotesque figures we filmed with our iPhones around the Fountain of Shape. Blobs sprinkled with faces, birthdays, angels, dust, divorce, numbers, prayers, donkeys, curses, loves and waning, toothy moons — sinking flatter, faster, faster.

1 Referring to a writing-sculpture/theory workshop conducted with Sonia D'Alto at the Accademia Belle Arti di Napoli: *Clay Disease: New Blobs of Time from Word to Work to Object*.

On the one hand, this stillness was a resistance. Hold my other hand. Please vent, I will listen. I wish I had some money to give us so we could relax and have time to build custom salads and avoid intolerances.

Do you remember when you wanted to write about anger and I couldn't find the puzzle piece in my heart?²

The view with no railings

Rachelle Sawatsky

I am a person being a child sometimes, being one who likes shiny objects and ribbons. I am imagining being a soul in a muddy canyon underground who looks through a porthole in the world and decides how they might re-enter. How they might roll into the world with a frontward roll or a backwards cartwheel or by flinging their arms and legs like dead weight, as if to say, "I'm already dead, the world can't get me down." What is the most affirmative way to enter the world? The brightest and most positive? Is it unusual that most babies enter head first with their thinking parts? Or is it indicative of their natural impulse for danger as they risk falling on their heads?

Sometimes I find myself wanting to use my body as a descriptive tool. See me reading my arm, see me picking a flower, see me being affected. See me powerful and powerless. See me being an instrument. See my pointy hands. See my thought shapes like whiskers when we are together. We talked about the view with no railings. How our sensory organs are so poor that there is so much they do not perceive. It is difficult to discern whether to look further requires more imagination, faith, or will.

2 The path of resistance is description.

Along the road there are people that steal your money
and make you angry.

You write rage-y texts about domestic violence and poverty and unnamed men, you keep
trying to write them as if you are blotting something.

I will throw bleach in your eyes
until you shit white, you scrawl.

— Deleted fragment from *Yellow Snail* by Rachelle Sawatsky, November 2014.

When I am relaxed in the face I am making something. When I am relaxed I am not thinking about branches of conflicts or posterity. When I am relaxed my cheeks occupy most of my face. I am all cheeks, turning many cheeks. It is not associative or theoretical. It is feeling poles, like steel bars and building them up around you. It is imagining the strength of poles and the messiness of banging the floorboards and the kicking up of imaginary dirt. And all the while doing this staying positive in your face. How do I describe substantive political struggle in my body? I notice that my movements are less jerky when I am relaxed in the face. It is walking on the edges and forgetting you are being watched by another.

In ten minutes I have ten thoughts. I am small paintings, one with a sun sinking in the ocean as if having a bath. I am relaxing, shuffling feet without rhythm.

I am imagining soda pop overflowing in a glass so fast it feels as if it is evaporating into the air. I poured it. Now it's completely out of my control. The other day I was driving in the car and I was in the passenger seat in the front and I said "Look at that it's Quatro Vientes," gesturing at the Mexican restaurant we passed on the street and my hand hit the glass, my jade ring making a sound. They both started laughing. You are like a bird flying into the glass. My glasses were dirty I said in my defense. I discovered a term once for the condition of not being able to perceive the edges of your body. I use it to defend my tendency to walk into things. To outmaneuver this, I spend a lot of time reading, as if a book could cure the edges of my body and harden them. On my left hand I have a fantasy of having stronger, protective edges. On my right hand I have a fantasy of dancing and getting hit on. I am at the Plaza on a Friday night with older Latina lesbians or remember going to raves in the 90s. In this fantasy I imagine my soul as an egg yolk that can be poked with a pin without any of the form going to waste, it being a beautiful tone of yellow. It is being without the fear of dissipation.

I made these drawings and the small paintings to describe the egg yolk experience. I wasn't thinking about anything to do with art. As a child, I thought that cooking, for instance making peanut butter and banana sandwiches in preschool, was "art" just as much as finger-painting or plasticine.

Tiziana La Melia and Rachelle Sawatsky's collaboration was commissioned for TCR's 'Polymorphous Translation' issue.