

L'ALTRA SETE
Di Alice Torriani

“It’s curious, don’t you believe? I asked you to draw an image of peace and tranquility and you drew a... a...A penis.”

“You shouldn’t find it hard to say penis, you’re a therapist, aren’t you?”

“Alice, we’re not going anywhere like this. It’s our first therapy session, I’ll coach you for as long as you’ll stay here, you’d better cooperate with me, don’t you believe?” I hate to figure out expressions that people use frequently. Dr Di Forgia’s one must be *don’t you believe?*, which doesn’t show much self-assurance by the way, maybe I should be the therapist, it’s a shame that my degree in set design doesn’t fall under the shrink’s course of study. As soon as I figure out what a person’s verbal quirks are, I stop paying attention to what they’re telling me and start counting the recurring expressions, I maniacally await them, one after the other, and I flinch slightly every time they occur

“Don’t you believe?” Yet again. “I don’t know, it’s that I find it difficult to believe in anything right now.”

“I understand.” He shouldn’t have said that, no, *understand* is a word that requires to be used sparingly, delicately, intelligently, and accurately. We use it to say I can imagine, I guessed it, I’m here for you, but what understand means is: I’ve gone through it and I comprehend, I run through your arteries, I’m in your plasma, I’ve taken all the blows that life threw at me and I get it. It’s a physical act, it’s unavoidable, the mind has nothing to do with it. Who knows what Dr Di Forgia understood from the top of his little thick glasses, as a defenseless mole. No matter what he decided to be today, Freudian, Lacanian, Winnicottian or Jungian, right now Mister Mole is definitely thinking about his Chesterfield couch, its comfy dip created by his ass in fifteen years of nights in front of the TV. That’s what he’s thinking about, right when I feel like I won’t be able to breathe much longer.

“I leave you alone for today, then. I’ll see you Friday same time. I’d like you to do one thing for me. I call them the *morning pages*. One of these mornings, as soon as you wake up, but you’re still in that stage when you don’t feel fully lucid, write two pages of whatever comes to mind, anything: disconnected thoughts, sentences, bits of songs, whatever’s on your mind, just like that, messy, random, don’t ask yourself any questions and don’t worry about whether it makes no logical sense or it’s unreadable.” I’m torn between being puzzled and surprised: Mister Mole uses unexpected techniques for an animal suitable for underground life and digging tunnels. “I’m really asking from my heart.” Who knows where is a mole’s heart. “It’s important, if you don’t think it’s of some use, at least do it as a favor. For me, of course.”

“Alright.” Did I say that?