



CHANGE

I've been to fifty greenbelts. I've been to two. I've never missed a greenbelt since I started. Except that one year. And, well, that other year too. I only camp. I never camp. I stay nearby. I don't know what I'd do if it moved, I greet the same tree every year and touch it — each of us one year older. One year, I did what I said I'd never do and went just for a day and though I thought I'd feel sad, I was glad to have gone to what I could. The year I couldn't make it, I found a café that served chai, and sat and thought about the people around the tables nearby me as if we were all under the canopy of the Tiny Tea Tent; it wasn't enough and it was. It's my first time at greenbelt. The thing I miss is the performance cafe, but then I found a corner in the new place where I could see the stage and lean my back against a tree. I spend one afternoon every year going to something I don't know anything about. I'm thinking of skipping a year. I mark out my weekend diary like a map and follow it meticulously. I'm thinking of going next year. I volunteered one year and saw nothing and missed nothing. I get the shuttle every year and hope it'll be the same driver.





Art
Belief
Queues
Justice

ART

There was nobody on the stage. But there were three people over it, suspended by wires I couldn't see. They did not speak, and I even forget the music. What I remember was their bodies tumbling through air, making space and shape and story. It was an event of generosity: they made the swum-through air a blank space for projection, and I found the story of my week happening in the flight of the dancers.

No wait. There was music. I remember. I was just remembering and I remember how — paused in mid-air — the dancers were held by a single note of a piano, as if a C were enough to suspend them in the hospitable nothing.

I was sitting on the floor of the auditorium, watching the air above the stage, enraptured. Afterwards — during the intermission — I realised I could be exhilarated and exhausted at once. I'd spend the first half breathing and not breathing.

There was a family in front of me, adults, children.

During the intermission the art continued. The children made of their dad's body a nothing over which to dance, and they repeated the language of movement they'd seen in the air only a few minutes before. Art begets art. And they'd learnt a language by what they saw, and they made the language now. What were they making? Movement. What were they making? Trust. What were they making? Life. A poem. A memory to be forgotten by everyone but me. They were making art. They were making making.

