

**Wayne Thiebaud, *Boston Creams*, 1962**



**\*\*First Question First\*\***

What is *your* immediate reaction to this artwork?

Trust it. Write about it. Use the guide sheet for help.

Continue reading for another perspective and journal questions.

## Wayne Thiebaud, *Boston Creams*, 1962

Excerpt from my journal:

*Four days of Halloween candy, experimenting or relenting, running away from the pain. No good comes of it. Yes, while stuffing it down (nowhere for "it" to go), I felt momentarily distracted then almost medicated. The pain, grief was still there, but trying to feel it or release it through tears felt stymied. A muddied grief. A dishonoring of the pain. How do I feel? I feel as though somebody I loved more than words can say has died. It is 4 months tomorrow since he joined the universe of stars, of micro-dust floating through every breath I take. . . as I was just reminded when I watched the light making visible the usually invisible particles in the air. Our American culture instructs us to eat it all away, get on with it, keep busy and cheerful. Ice cream won't make it all better. In fact, it'll make "it" (loss, missing him so much, general anxiety around aging, losing who I love, on and on . . . same old existential realities of being human), a lot worse, complicated, and endless. Food. As always, not the answer. I couldn't even write in this journal this week.*

Q.) What role does food have in your daily life now? Are you conscious of it as nourishment? Are you eating enough? Are you eating too much, letting it numb your loss? Write about food – a basic need – in your life.