

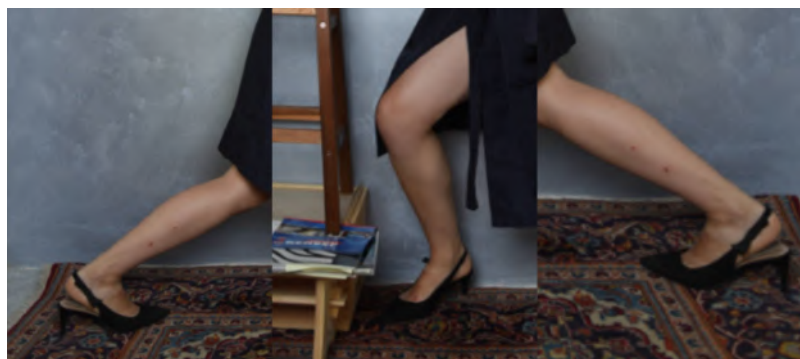




“If you bring forth what is within you, what you bring forth will save you. If you don’t bring forth what is within you, what you don’t bring forth will destroy you.”

—Gospel of Thomas: 70.







TITLES IN PINK QUOTES  
IN GREEN PROSE IN  
PURPLE PHOTOS IN BLUE  
LYRICS IN RED THE REST  
IN BLA! BLA! BLACK.





# INVITEJXAN

Ideally you read this  
on a warm sunny day.  
If it's warm squeeze some oranges/lemons  
so you have something to sip on  
If it's not,  
make some tea.

(not coffee)

Now,  
go on youtube  
write **30min Loop of Bach's "Air on the G String"**  
Put the sound on 20%.

breathe in

breathe out

come in!



# DEDIKEJXAN

I dedicate this work to my classmate Josefine Aavild Rahn.

Josefine kissed me intensely during a group improvisation exercise as part of the audition to get into the Mime School. We were not asked to kiss each other. . .I thought I'd point that out.

We were asked to interact with the rest of the group during an improvisation!

Well, this is what Josefine Aavild Rahn understood with interaction:

*Kissing, opening up, turning on, playing, touching, looking,  
smiling,  
seducing, trying, crying,  
moving towards, moving away,  
skin.*

To my 22-year old, morally-closeted,  
drenched-in-catholic-teachings-self this was absolutely  
uncalled for!

I had no idea who she was and neither did she.

Slowly she moved on to kissing almost all of us.

Some accepted to be kissed and others refused this invitation.

Ha!

From a serious final audition this turned into a beautiful game.  
People attempting to kiss each other in different ways to the  
laughter and enjoyment of whoever was watching us.  
What a fun playground she created!

When we finished the audition, to absolve myself of this sinful  
encounter and any pleasure I might have experienced, I  
called my boyfriend, at the time.  
I thought this behaviour should be reported IMMEDIATELY!  
I informed him of what had happened adding:  
*I hope the blonde Danish girl in a dark blue turtle neck does  
not get in!*

Thankfully for me and the rest of the mime, she did!  
4 years later, I am still a bit intimidated by her daring  
openness.  
It's a mirror held up to my sometimes closed physicality or  
fear of too much pleasure.  
Pleasure? What is that? Why are we moving our hips so  
much?!

Mostly however,  
I am allured by her beauty, softness and natural tendency  
towards mischief.

For a variety of reasons she will not graduate with our year,  
but she will be with us in spirit.

Love, this is for you.

I think it's apt to dedicate this to you as my intention is to enjoy writing, recollecting and splashing pleasure over these pages.

Thank you for being yourself Jo!  
Just by doing that you are lubricating me and those around you into the pure joy of being alone.  
(that was a typo but I'll leave it like that)

**Fig.1**

**This figure demonstrates Josefine in an open-air hot tub in 2019 pressing her bare chest against glass. It was my first time in a sauna with both male and female counterparts. Josefine thought that I should join.**





# KATEGORAJSEJXAN

This work is not sorted  
by themes,  
year  
or  
topic.

It's a cocktail.





# WHY WRITE A BIBLE?

Why not !

It's nice to have my own bible to refer to  
instead of one written by someone else for me.

This work,  
like the bible,  
is a collection of stories, songs, letters,  
poetry, prose, prophecies  
that are all linked by the belief that they are  
revelations of God.

Thankfully for me,  
I do not believe in God  
as a man with a white beard anymore.  
But I am still in conversation with  
God,  
the Divine,  
The Universe  
Mother Earth  
whatever you want to call it.

I think A LOT  
about what god is,  
how god is,  
where he/she/it/they/them  
is or are  
and how we are in  
communication with that.

I've met God often in these four years studying Mime  
in a variety of ways.  
4 years of a lot of  
pain, pleasure, bodies, movement, shaking on Aleksej's  
shoulder during acrobatics, splashing paint with Tom, life,  
death, uncertainty, anger, emptiness, laughter, parties,  
massaging bodies and souls, questioning, searching, playing,  
playing again, playing again in the same way but differently,  
singing, improvising, sweating,  
masturbating, incubating, curating,  
meditating,  
writing,  
writhing,  
charging with life,  
and then collapsing,  
sising, simmering, bubbling,  
smelling, tasting,  
Travvvvveling!  
OH. YES.

Travelling back and forth,  
back and forth,  
back and forth!  
Malta -> Amsterdam.  
Amsterdam - > Malta.  
Here, there.  
And there and here!  
In two places at the same time...  
or three!  
In the air, the sky, the clouds!  
And where is home and what is home?  
And who was I there?  
What am I becoming?  
Why did I leave?  
I should have never left!  
FUCK.

I miss Malta.

YES I DO!

NO!

THAAAAAAAAANK GOD I LEFT.

I'll never go there again.  
the Maltese are crazy and suppressed and closed and...

What the fuck do I want?  
I miss my family.  
I miss my friends  
there's no sense of community here in Amsterdam  
people don't care...

everyone is so individualistic.

It's cold.

I don't want to go out!

I want to go to the beach

APEROL SPRITZ

I want Kinnie. Twistees and gbejna!

I am tired of my family.

I am tired of my friends.

I'll go back to Amsterdam.

I'll stay there.

People are open-minded

mind-their own business

train is on time

oh but now it's raining.

It's grey.

It's still grey.

Wow, it's really grey here.

But there are trees!

A LOT OF THEM.

THIS IS THE FINAL CALL FOR RUTH BORG

Ruth you are changing a lot, says a friend.

Yes, i'm scared.

Don't be scared.

GOOD GOD!

I am so happy I am learning all this!

I am so fucking grateful I made this step to come here

Wow, I can do this!

I can move like this!

I can move my body like this!

Oh and this is allowed!

Is this also allowed back home?

Ruth just go, don't think too much.

YESSSS

YESSSS

Shake your hips.

Now, find the middle, asks a teacher.

Stand in ZERO!

Stand in neutral.

Is that your ZERO?

Ok let's start again!

Father asks:

Ruth are you smoking weed in Amsterdam?

Yes.

What does that feel like?

Pretty nice!

Mum asks:

Do you smoke a lot?

No mum. And when you come here you will both have to try it!

No.

YES!!!

FORGET IT!

YES!!

WOW.  
4 years of this.  
Of in-betweenness, not-knowing, naked bodies, loneliness,  
conversations, existentialism, attempting, engaging,  
disengaging,  
hey ruth how are you?  
injuries,  
break-ups,  
that of my own,  
that of my parents,  
falling in love again,  
with myself,  
my partner,  
oysters,  
champagne.  
art, life, love,  
my room  
first dull, grey,  
now more colourful, and feminine and homy.

This was all part of the mime journey.  
It happened in the school,  
outside of the school,  
in alleys,  
at night  
or during the day.  
I refer to it all as *the mime journey* as this was the reason why  
I came here.  
I came here to this school to learn my craft not knowing I was  
coming to the school of life.  
Haha

With the mime came 4 years of dutch too!

JAAAA!

ZEKER

NATUURLIJK!

MAAR WAT IS PRECIES DE MIME OPLEIDING DAN?

heel mooi, gezellig, knuffel, biertje, dagje, grapje, ongelooflijk, even normaal doen, dat was niet de bedoeling, genieten van, JA! DAAR!, licht, kort en krachtig. Blijf zoeken, blijf spelen, blijf ademen, je hoeft niet te begrijpen, gewoon doen, wij gaan beginnen jongens, ok even koffiepauze, nog een kier, wie heeft de evaluaties gestuurd?

I try to capture this journey of mine mostly through the lens of pleasure. It's not coherent, there is no story, no plot. Here I capture a tangled, inconsistent representation of the ongoing moments I was part of. They were exquisite and challenging and juicy. Does that make sense?

This is the most important lesson I learnt at the mime. That pleasure is a big abundant teacher. I grew up in a culture where suffering and pain due to our big catholic background is idolised as the true teacher. So when I was not suffering or in pain or sweating I discounted everything. I even thought that anything other than pain was not quite real.

Here I learnt that pleasure is also a big teacher. Along with  
pleasure's best friends like the senses, playing, the body  
etc... I learnt that actually even in pain there can be pleasure.  
And now I am not talking about this in the sexual sense (only)  
but I also mean that there can also be pleasure and beauty in  
seeing your parents break up after a 40 years of marriage.  
That there can also be pleasure in moving even if you feel  
completely out of your body and fat and heavy.  
That there can also be enjoyment as you caress the hand of  
your dying mother-in law in hospital.  
There is also light to be found in the darkest of places.

So yes, here I go!  
I call this a bible  
as  
I shall turn to it,  
as believers turn to the bible,  
when they are lost and need a reminder of what it is  
they believe in.

To remember  
what is important for me,  
how that moves me  
and why it matters to me.

I'll turn to this  
when I need.

**A GUIDE BACK TO SALVEJXAN.**





**Fig.2 Salvation can look something like this.  
This figure depicts the appearance of our alter egos in class as  
provoked by the incredible Willemijn Zevenhuijzen.**

**“Show up,  
and work with the energy you have today”**

**—Fabian Santarciel de la Quintana**

mime technique teacher, performer and theatre maker



**Fig 3 - This is a dear photo. Here I am posing in an outfit that my mother helped me make. I'm sure she found this on the too-provocative end of the spectrum. I was going to remove the hat to which she greatly disapproved, saying that with the hat on, I looked edgy. And further, that it is unclear if I look like a man or woman.**

**My mother was born in the sixties. Conservative and catholic Malta. I am not sure from where she got this fire and open mindedness from. The older she gets I see this MUCH clearer.**

**“KEEP YOUR SHAME FOR LATER”**

—Christina Flick  
performer and theatre director



Fig 4 - This is our beautiful class in first year dripping in sweet sweat after *Prelude* directed by Fabian.

## Deerde Kier

Deerde Kier <sup>het</sup> was in de Keukien. Neukien  
in de Keukien. Dat heb ik ook van Tom  
geleerd. Ik moet op letten wat ik van hem  
leer. Ik heb de opdracht met Justin  
geprobeerd omdat ik was laag van enthousiasme  
om de opdracht. Ik doe <sup>te doen</sup> it niet elke dag en  
ik voel schuldig. Als ~~th~~ we samen denken met  
ogen open, terwijl de aubergine in de oven kookt,  
ik herener me dat hij voelt onrustig als hij  
denkt met ogen open. Precies anders dan mij. Ik  
voel hoe moeilijk het kan zijn om naar hen en naar  
mijzelf en de ruimte tegelijkertijd te kijken en ook  
mijn lichaam voelen. Ik merk, en ik ben blij, dat  
mijn noodzaak to perform wordt minder en minder.

Fig 5 - Writing in het nederlands.

**Allow.... Allow... Allow...**

**...and please, touch yourself!**

**—Marijn de Langen**

Theatre history teacher,  
mentor for this thesis  
and guide from the heavens.



Fig 6- This figure depicts me playing a priest. In the scene he is fantasising about having sex with the virgin mary. This role is being played by my classmate Charlotte Gillain who I was VERY grateful to be with in this performance. I needed some moral support to do this.

As per usual, thank you dear.





Taf li rrid insir parti mill-mewġ,  
Jew ċagħqa fuq bajja, ramla waħda fil-plajja.  
Ma rridx sehem mill-frott tal-art.  
Onfoħli, itfini, ħassarni, insini.  
Taf li rrid miegħek immur, miegħek immur, miegħek  
immur.  
Il-ġenna li trid mhux qiegħda 'l bogħod.  
Titlaq inti, nitlaq jien, filkas jien noqgħod barra.  
Naf, ma tafx, li dis-sena fjakk il-ħsad.  
Kienet sena ta' qtigħ il-qalb.  
Taf li rrid miegħek immur, miegħek immur.  
Mhux ħtija tagħna li qegħdin hawn illum.

— *Miegħek Immur* by Maltese band Brodu



IT BECAME

CLEAR TO ME

THAT

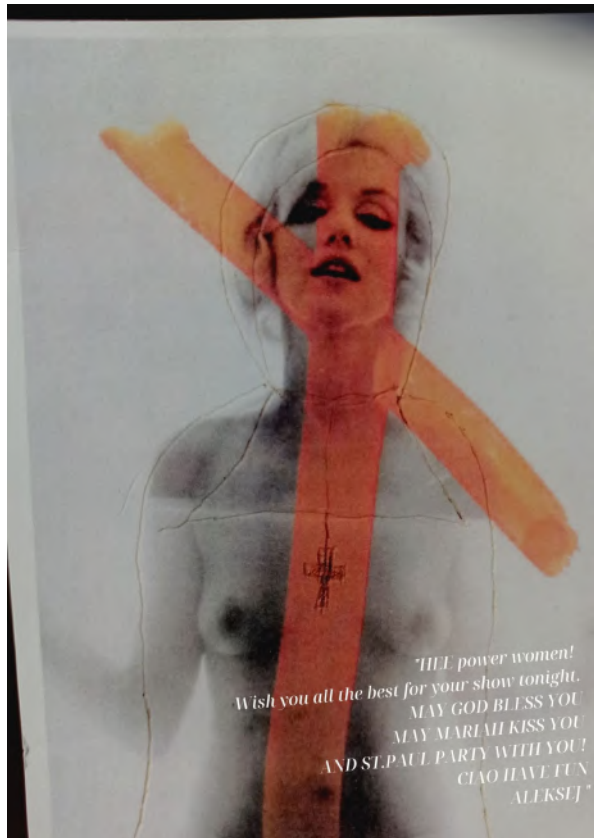
There is great value in understanding what drives your work and acts of creative self reflection. However there is equal value in putting an end to theory and to get down to the act of making. Trusting that the work will speak for itself without the need for an outright explanation of its conceptual groundwork.



**Fig 7 - Screenshots from the live zoom performance with Fleur van den Berg. It was a small solo I called *Ogen Open, Ogen Dicht*. (*Eyes Open, Eyes Closed*)**

My love has got no money, he's got his strong beliefs  
My love has got no power, he's got his strong beliefs  
My love has got no fame, he's got his strong beliefs  
My love has got no money, he's got his strong beliefs  
Want more and more  
People just want more and more  
Freedom and love, what he's looking for  
Want more and more  
People just want more and more  
Freedom and love, what he's looking for  
Freed from desire, mind and senses purified  
Freed from desire, mind and senses purified  
Freed from desire, mind and senses purified  
Freed from desire  
Nanananana nana nanana nanana  
Nanananana nana nanana nana  
Nanananana nana nanana nanana  
Nanananana nana nanana nana

—*Freed from Desire*, GALA



**Fig 8-Aleksej sending devoted support to me and Charlotte for our performance with Kostantinos. Thank you Aleksej. Not just for the postcard but for all the mischief. Mainly for reminding me that I do not always need a reason to do things. I can just *SPIT FIRE!!***



# I LIKE THEATRE THAT

KISSES

slaps

is drenched in sweat

is playful and clean

is both fat and lean

I like theatre with bodies

we slide on each other's sweat

first fast then slow

then fast fast slow

slow fast

top go

the middle please

not

high or low

Yes,

now

the bodies have become playgrounds.



Fig 9 - Decroux Lab with Marjn de Langen and Fleur van den Berg 2020



**“So Ruth, I would always advise that you just give the ingredients to the performers. Do not say “make a salad” to them....even though you want a salad. I use this as a metaphor of course.**

**Give them ingredients for the salad and see what they will do with it. Trust in this. They might make you a salad as you hoped for and you’ll be happy. But they might do something else. Something which can make you even happier because you had no idea before that moment that this is what you want.**

**So please, let go of control, and let them surprise you!”**

—Aitana Cordero mentor for *Staging Rage*



# THERE IS A BEAUTY

There is a beauty in telling the truth slant.  
There is a beauty in theatricalising things.  
There is a beauty in being able to make things more poetic.  
There is a beauty in costumes, makeup and heels.  
There is beauty in glitter.

Yes, there is a beauty in putting the magnifying glass on  
things as I like to do,  
exaggerate them and perform them.  
There is a beauty in dancing and moving with things.  
There is a beauty in imagining alternate realities and  
universes!

There is beauty in envisaging a new place where we can land  
together.

There is beauty and there is also freedom.  
There is liberation because there is a disengagement from our  
daily reality.  
This is the theatre.  
Thank you.

Thank you to the theatre whose treasures and wonders I have  
only dipped my finger in.

There is beauty in telling things as they are too.

For four years here at the mime I have been exposed to the  
beauty and magic to be found in  
the abstraction,  
that which is unclear to the eye but vibrating in the soul.  
I have been encouraged to make my own associations.

I am trying to work in between the magic of poetry and  
abstract and images and also wanting to tell my own story.  
Wanting to say things exactly as they happened.  
Wanting to say  
this is what I saw  
this is what excites me  
this is exactly what's going on in people's lives at the moment  
this is what hurt me  
this is a flashing image that keeps coming in my mind  
this is my fantasy.

And there is still a fear in owning that.  
FULLY.

# THE NEW LADY OF SORROWS



**Fig 10- Olga Tsyganova. This woman! She sent this photo over for some assignment she had at school. It reminded me of the virgin mary, but different, and I thought, yes. YES!!**





# FLEUR WRITES BACK

5 May 2020

Ruth, about your question *'why don't I feel more?'*

You feel a lot actually! (everything as you say yourself).

Not what you think you want to or think you should feel, but you feel a lot a lot. There is judgement or certain expectation of what you're supposed to feel and when you're supposed to feel that.

You disconnect...

What is wrong with disconnecting!!!???

What is wrong with disconnecting when it makes you breathe again??? What, for fuck sake, is wrong with disconnecting???

Disconnecting only means you are, in fact, already or just, connected with something else and that something else you are connected with is stronger at that moment... you are fully connected with anger, fear, sadness, what else!?? So the slow sex has to wait a bit, so what!? Or what if anger fear and sadness are part of sex, what if they belong, cause they belong to you and it is you, he and you, are having sex with...

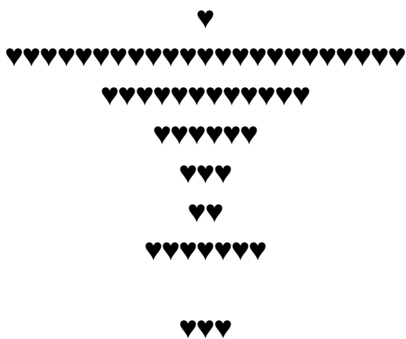
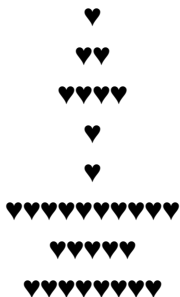
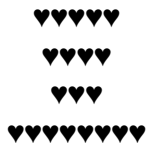
The shame you feel with the word fantasy and you making people fantasize, I also thought I might have to do with a sexual connotation and a programmed judgement on it... maybe.

My words above are far from right, far from flawless. I hope we will talk further together, cause it feels important and kwetsbaar and not finished and necessary to be talked about and not to be left alone, not to be left unsaid, not to be left unheard and not to be left unfelt.

So I want to ask you to let me know as soon as you are ready to  
(continue to) talk, you and me.

With love for you Ruth,  
Fleur.







**“If you fall, take a step, and begin again.**

**And remember, don’t fuck with the spine.”**

**—Jon Silber**

Chikung/Qigong Teacher at the mime. Our class was his last year.



# THE SHRINE



**Fig 12- A shrine I made on October 31st 2020 as an ode to my parent's break-up. Their break up created space, air and more room for love-without-burden. I am grateful for their bravery.**

**Thank you Ibelisse Guardia Ferragutti for introducing me to the world of ritual, ceremony and communion again. This time, one that feels like me. This shrine was an anchor when I was very lost.**



# THAT IS NOT TOO PERSONAL

So in the second year we are asked to share our inspiration sources.

All of them!

Share all your inspiration sources was the task.

Ok.

I had many doubts about this as it felt like I was going to share all the gifts I had collected for myself so quickly with everyone. Screenshots from movies, quotes, music (UNDERGROUND MUSIC ESPECIALLY), photographs, paintings etc...

Something I learnt at the mime was that actually your gifts, pleasure and life multiply when shared with others. On the other hand when you live a life of hiding, and keeping for yourself you feel alone and sad and greedy in a corner on your own. As an artist and theatre maker I worked a lot from this closed space before coming to the mime. I thought I should not share my inspiration and definitely not my ideas unless with a select few. My ideas might leak or be taken away so better leave them in my precious cabinet. The only thing I did not know was sometimes things stay in the precious cabinet then for quite....some... time. Because fear and holiness start to form around them like a thick layer of dust which then makes it hard to pick up. Unless you have good cleaning materials.

In sharing these inspiration sources we also had the question  
What is your main source of inspiration? What is it that feeds  
you most?

My heart replied immediately but I did not dare to write it down  
at first.

I thought my answer is so NOT contemporary and is definitely  
TOO personal.

I shared the following from something I wrote when I was still  
at the University of Malta:

# PROSE IN PURPLE (1)

Written in 2018

My home, my parents.

Margaret and Adrian. Both born in 1953.

They are all I write about. I carry them with me wherever I go.

I wonder what they are doing when I am not next to them.

They are together but lonely but they love each other but they

are so hurt by each other. So many paradoxes, opposites,

contrasts related to these two individuals. There is a great

pain and also excessive beauty related to them. I spent most

of my life in the middle of their dichotomy. Wondering who

was right in a fight, why my father called my mother a slut and

why she called him a cold-hearted asshole. But then also why

she laughs so whole-heartedly at his jokes and his terrible

skills in knowing the lyrics to songs. Meanwhile he thinks she

is a wonder woman who has given him four bright children

and who will send her cappuccino back three times if need be

unless she gets a piping hot one because she is paying for it.

I cannot understand how two people can love each other so

much, give their life to each other, their children, their

development but also cause each other so much sadness and

loneliness as well.

The reason why I find moments touching in music, film or photos or whatever is because it reminds me of my home or my parents.

In **2013** while doing voluntary work with the sisters of Mother Theresa I wrote the following in my diary.

*When I'm away, home permeates my deepest thoughts in fleeting spurts; while in Naples, talking to others, in front of a stony sea. Like a kangaroo, I carry home in a little pouch at the front. Wherever I go. I find my home intriguing, painful and beautiful. All at the same time. I feel a constant need to write a story about my home...Some plunge in the reality of their home without ever leaving while others seek to run away from the reality of their home. I choose to lie somewhere in between.*

At that moment in my life sharing this was a big deal.  
I was scared of:

*Keep your private life to yourself please.  
Here we make theatre and art.*

There was this HUGE separation between those two and also a sense of YES let's keep those two things separate please. Well, on one hand I feel that this separation is important because if it becomes too private then I also become drenched sometimes in it. Yet there is a big pleasure in being able to work with something that moves me and being able to give it air through theatre.  
To play, move and sing with it.

Opening up like this with my classmates has not only become normal but our level of intimacy has increased on such a level that this has also spilled in my/our work.

Nothing is too personal  
or too private  
or secret.

YES!

It's more about how, with who and when to share so intimately.



**Fig 13- A photoshoot with Maltese friend and photographer Marija Grech. We became friends at 17 I think. Marija with her natural inclination for playfulness, beauty and mischief always eased me into enjoying posing naked and to delight in that fully.**

## **“New movements generate new thoughts”**

—Written by Will spoor from the transcript of the *moving statics* which he made in London in 1969. Will Spoor (1927-2014) was a Dutch mime player who studied with Etienne Decroux in Paris between 1951 and 1956. Spoor was engaged in the development of movement notations for mime players.

Pink, it's my new obsession  
Pink, it's not even a question  
Pink on the lips of your lover  
'Cause pink is the love you discover  
Pink as the bing on your cherry  
Pink, 'cause you are so very  
Pink, it's the color of passion  
'Cause today it just goes with the fashion  
Pink, it was love at first sight  
Yeah, pink, when I turn out the light  
And pink gets me high as a kite  
And I think everything is going to be alright  
No matter what we do tonight

—***Pink***, Aerosmith





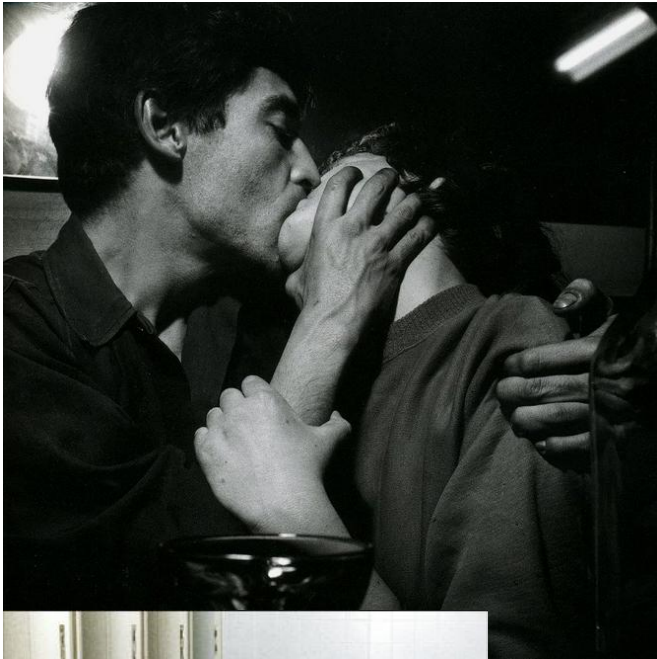
KISS

(DON'T OVERDO IT)



“I think because most of us are so repressed, our fantasies go to extremes to counterbalance all that contained longing.”

—*Pleasure Activism*, Adrienne Marie Brown (2019)



**Figs 14-Screenshots  
from some of my  
favourite films of  
people kissing.**





**“What do you want to feel?”**

**—Charlotte Gillain**

Classmate and queen of Love, compassion, fierceness  
and the feminine.







NOW PLEASE, DROP THE  
PEN, PAUSE THE ZEN,  
AND PLAY! YES.

CREATE, SKATE, MAKE,  
STAY UP LATE, DRAW A  
SHAPE, BE THE SNAKE.

**Fig 15- Tom and I in slip (2019). Thank you Tom. Not just for this work but for making me feel at home in the Netherlands.**



Dicen que por las noches  
Nomás se le iba en puro llorar  
Dicen que no dormía  
Nomás se le iba en puro tomar  
Juran que el mismo cielo  
Se estremecía al oír su llanto  
Cómo sufría por ella  
Que hasta en su muerte la fue llamando  
Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay cantaba  
Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay gemía  
Ay, ay, ay, ay, ay cantaba  
De pasión mortal moría

—**Cucurrucucú Paloma**, Caetano Veloso

DO NOT CANCEL  
YOUR PREVIOUS  
FORMS

- VAILLANT

My classmate Gerben is sitting next to me.  
We agreed to meet to work on our thesis together.  
He has just commented after we had a short discussion that  
my focus is always on development, improvement and growth  
and getting better.

**“While this is a great quality, don't cancel your previous  
forms Ruth”**

I was shocked with this comment. Mostly because it was true.  
He invited me to not look back with dismissal and devalue  
towards the past but rather to with gratitude. As that, whatever  
it was, brought me here today.

**Embrace this too!  
Without looking back at it as weird,  
or amateur,  
or not real theatre,  
or childish,  
boring,  
black and white,  
linear,  
catholic,  
closed.**

Thank you Gerben.



Fig 16 - Malta Theatre Universe



# PURPLE PROSE (2)

*Written in 2015.*

*On days like these I look at my mother and father, at the emptiness and disappointment that has filled their marriage for more than thirty years and all of a sudden everything becomes very grotesque.*

*My mother is in the kitchen. My father on his way downstairs to the garage."You are offended by everything I say these days." my father yells at my mother "I cannot even talk to you anymore!" And with that he slams the door and heads downstairs.*

*I am in the courtyard outside writing notes on Russian theatre director Yevgeny Vakhtangov for an exam I have tomorrow. My father passes from in front of me on his way down. I do not lift up my head because I cannot meet his eyes. I don't know with which look I should meet him. Working on the play Turandot Yevgeny Vakhtangov defined his concept of Fantastic Realism as follows. My father feels humiliated and sad that my mother doesn't love him in the way he would like her to and that she is always angry at him. As I keep writing notes I hear him. He's on the computer now clicking away on the keyboard. He laughs wholeheartedly. Naturalism and Realism have no place in the theatre. They should be substituted with Fantastic Realism. Since my father*

*discovered youtube all he does is watch videos all the time. He watches comedians mostly. My mother hates comedians. She feels anxious watching Charlie Chaplin or Mr. Bean and cannot stand the tense situation they always find themselves in. Mother thinks that my father doesn't love her. Late at night on February 23, 1922 Vakhtangov held his last rehearsal. My mother and my father. The two characters who have left me the most perplexed in my life. When I think of them, I think of beautiful moments, I think of long silences, I think of the villages where they come from. When the rehearsal began, Vakhtangov already felt sick. I think of my father crying on one particular night. Then lifting his head, smiling and winking at me. He says: "I'll explain everything when you grow up.."*

*"WHAT IS THERE TO EXPLAIN?!" my mother yells.*

*"I WILL EXPLAIN!" he retaliates.*

*I am now twenty years old and my father has not explained a thing. Yevgeny Vakhtangov was running a temperature, was wearing a fur coat and had a wet towel pressed to his forehead. I often wonder what would happen if my parents broke up. When Yevgeny returned home after the rehearsal was over, he lay down and never got up again.*



Fig 17 - First year solo, *Gina* (2018), played in Malta.

Fig 18 - A photo of my beautiful father who I have come to touch more because of the mime, especially my classmate Niels. Thank you Niels for our intimate conversations on fathers and children. Hugging my father and touching him and being able to be close to him is an incredible gift to me which I did not always have. At this school I got tools to do this and it's a beautiful work of art, if I may say so myself.



They walk in the sky  
So near and so high  
They're stopping for none  
And when the day's done  
They agree that the sea  
Is the best place to be  
Wondrously free  
They live happily

They know from the past  
Life simply doesn't last  
So they live for today  
For tomorrow they may  
Not be able to walk in the skies

Sun slips into horizon  
Moon reaches for the stars  
Music is the healer  
No matter who you are  
No matter who you are...

—**They Walk in the Sky**, Bonobo (ft.Bajka)

# PURPLE PROSE (3)

How can I fully enjoy pleasure when I know that my father is alone at home?

How can I fully or slightly allow this caress when I know no one,

at this moment,

is caressing him?

How can I laugh at this table with this glass of wine when I know that he drinks alone?

How can I move when I know he sits often?

How can I turn and spoon my lover when I know that he is in a double bed, alone, wrestling his thoughts in exchange for sleep?

Yes I can.

Yes you can.

Find a way.

Keep finding ways.

And do it.

**Fig 19 - Photo by Ryan McGinley who combines two of my favourite things. Fire and water.**



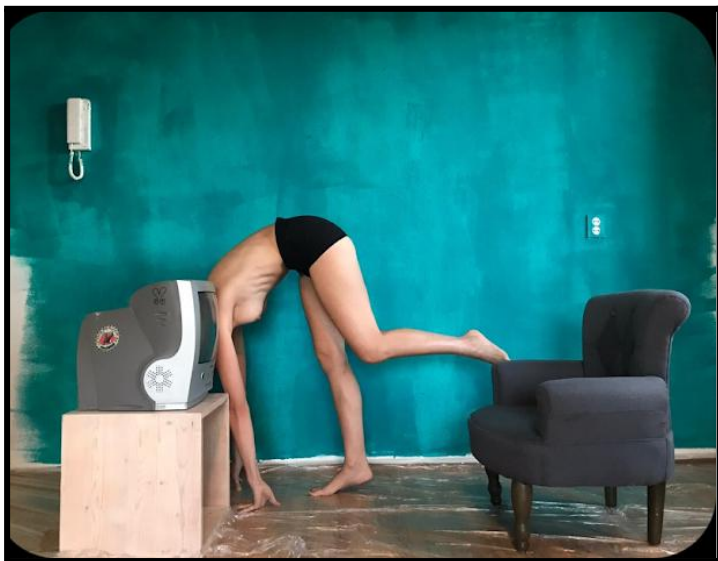


Fig 20 - Prep work for the solo, *The Disappearance*  
Act.



**“Try to stay in the grey, in the silence, in the not knowing a bit longer. In this way instead of the cliché songs your own song can come out.”**

**—Leela May Stockholm**

Voice improvisation teacher.

She opened my voice and taught me to hold its hand.





## THANK YOU FOR THE MUSIC

Thank you to the whole department teachers, students, incredible fucking classmates, **the legend mother of the mime Loes van der Pligt who made history birthing the jewel that is this department. What a woman!**

Thank you marijn who lubricated me into saying things I never dared say. To my mentor Fleur van den berg for her compassion. To **Suzanne, Daniel and Sarah** who I am blessed to share pumpinnn blood with! To Marija Gauci and Rebecca Gauci for their endless voice recordings and conversation during these four years. To Rachel Schuit who joined the class later and who blessed us by pulling us out to new spaces in nature. To Laura Boser, Bitha Babazadeh, Florinda Camilleri, Lisa Attard, Esmee Begemann, for their beautiful femininity, grace and strength. To Erik van de Wijdeven who I met in the very beginning of this journey at De Richel and who has now become a dear dear friend. Finally, thank you to Justin Schembri, who saw me crystal clear and embraced me before I could embrace myself. A farewell to his beautiful mother Rosette Schembri who died five weeks ago. May she fly on. She will live with us in sound and colour.

Don't, don't, don't, don't,  
Don't, don't, don't, don't,  
Don't, don't, don't, don't stop the party.  
Don't, don't, don't, don't,  
Don't, don't, don't,  
Stop, stop, stop,  
The, the, the, don't stop the party.  
Don't stop the party  
Don't, don't, don't, don't,  
Don't, don't, don't, don't,  
Stop, stop, stop,  
The, the, the, the party.

—**Don't Stop the Party**, Black Eyed Peas

My life, your life  
Don't cross them lines  
What you like, what I like  
Why can't we both be right?  
Attacking, defending  
Until there's nothing left worth winning  
Your pride and my pride  
Don't waste my time  
I don't wanna fight no more  
I don't wanna fight no more  
I don't wanna fight no more  
I don't wanna fight no more  
I don't wanna fight no more  
I don't wanna fight no more.

—**Don't Wanna Fight**, Alabama Shakes



**Fig 21 - Final photo by Charlene Galea who keeps making Malta tremble with her art. Thank you for this photo dear. Featuring Malta, Amsterdam, naked body, pink handcuffs and roller skates which I will be riding one day...soon...I hope!**