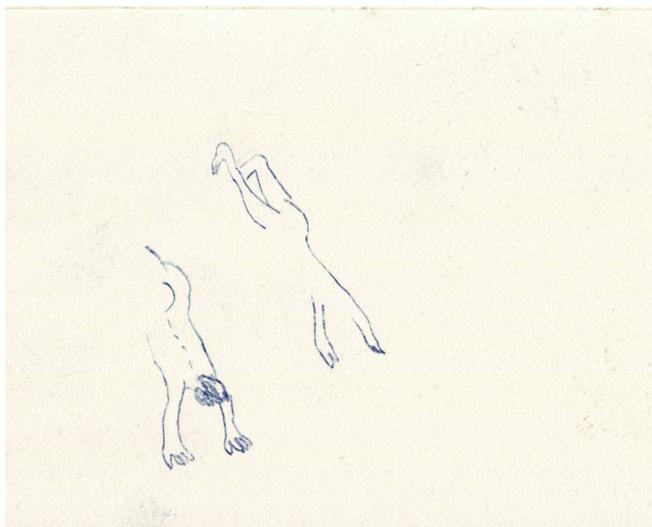


S U S S U R R O



dominique de martiis

It is about acceptance, in my opinion, and a continuous fight.

I always picture a walk with that person
“ we will walk together again”

It is dark there, where you are, no fear

At least I still dream of you sometime,
At least I still live in sleep

I saw you losing yourself, and me with
you

Only when I'm asleep, unconscious, only
there we meet.

When I'm awake there can't be serenity,
only there we're safe, nowhere to be
found.

I understood my existence is similar to
the poles of Venice
They rot in the middle;
This constant feeling of being in-between.
Half on the surface, half underwater.
The -in- lies in the absence of it.
In between the surface and the water,
there is where it rots.
There is where we are.

I have always been looking for the center
of gravity,
that place of intimacy, that center where I
hoped to find stability.
I understood stability is non existent,
My stability lies in not having one
My center of gravity is the absence of it
My stability is knowing to not have one

I feel better now, my thoughts feel calm
and collected.
It is a Sunday evening, and I'm no longer
in pain.

A letter I wrote to my Grandma after her passing,
and a letter I wrote to myself, while I'm passing.

Introduction

I wish this thesis to be a collection of thoughts, of reflections and of letters I wrote for myself.

I hope you, reader, will allow yourself to see a bit of yourself in me, as I already know, I see a bit of myself in you.

A silent conversation.

I wasn't sure really on what I wanted to share, nor how, so I decided to go back to my notes.

They then revealed to me what I wanted to explore in this thesis.

Rather than the initial concept or final outcome, I want to touch upon what is hidden, nuanced spaces and the subtle gesture.

I want to use this thesis as a tool to dissect my reality, and by writing my thoughts

here, to stop and manipulate time. I want to share with you how I think theatre is the place where the living and the dead meet.

The in-between space.

I'm interested in the questions and never in the answers, or better, where the answer lies in another question.

I feel stuck in a liminal space, or rather than stuck, I feel my body and mind floating, I never could place myself anywhere, neither on the ground nor on my dreams.

I say On, because I'm never Inside my dreams.

I'm above them, above myself. Like the dream is a cube and I'm standing on top of it.

I was looking for a center of gravity, peace, stability.

I came to realize this stability lies in the not having one

My center of gravity is the absence of it

My stability, my peace, is knowing I will never find one.

From the translation of my body into different materials, towards casting, towards death, reaching theatre. From the loss of my Grandma to the desperate search for myself. Running after myself. I want to take you from life to death, from death to re birth, which is what we are seeking through theatre.

In this thesis you will find contradictive thoughts, one after the other. They're all necessary, they all need each other.

Death has always been a strong presence in my life, since I can remember really.

Both unconsciously and consciously.

I'm talking about my own mortality, as well the Death that we all share.

I don't go one day without thinking of this word, especially at night, it almost feels as if I'm chewing it.

Mastico la parola morte ogni giorno.

La morte mi è sempre in bocca

Mastico la morte ogni giorno, non sto mai a digiuno.

Una fame mai sfamata

Death is always a hunger

A hunger never fed.

Always in my mouth, always being chewed, always being swallowed

Yet never satisfied.

I chew on the word death everyday.

death

sits

always

I chew it everyday, I never fast

a hunger never fed

in

my

mouth

Nascondere. To hide oneself.

I don't know if it ever happend to you, to lie awake in bed in the middle of the night, and to crave the ability to sleep.

Yet, you're enjoying the silence, almost numbness.

Being awake while the world is asleep; the hour of secrets.

I've always felt I existed only at night, the genuine version of myself exists only at night. My truth exists only at night.

At night I start writing whatever comes to mind, because only then I have all the space in the world, and because I feel that writing is my only moment of true honesty.

-I'm writing right now, am I being honest?

21-12-2021

'Is one honest only in poetry?
Is one honest only when they write?
Only when something stays in written
form? In thought form.
What makes me real?
My actions are different than my thoughts
I don't mean no harm in my mind
Shall I just communicate by letters?
Will that keep them safe?
Will that keep me safe?
Am I honest only in soundless gestures
and in written words?'

While all this spiraling is happening, while I had strong insomnia and craving sleep, I decided to recreate my face using plaster.

I wanted at least one of us to be able to sleep.

-That was the beginning of translations.
My final disappearance will be the last.'

-After my grandma's passing, I had the urge of replicating my body in plaster, later in cement. Plaster, a material commonly used to cast statues, and cement, renowned for its durability and permanence. It was my fervent hope that these replicas of myself might travel the bounds of space and time, seeking her out wherever she may be. Bridging a gap between the living and the dead. In this envisioned reunion, I would become the vessel, and my replica, the true embodiment of myself.

I send the copy of my body to her.

I send myself.

The object (me) stays here.



Usually, a replica does not have a function of its own,
yet here they have a spiritual function, greater than
me

Questo corpo, che è riproduzione di me, è me
Distraggo la vera me

Rebuilding you, Grandma
as I disappear with you.

05-02-2022

'I promised her I would have left before her. Not even
God was enough to save her.

I don't want to go at night, I'm already away then.

This process of replica

All these translations, I lose a bit of myself each time.'

Yet, I tried once more.

This time my aim was to recreate her, or well, her absence.

I used an artificial intelligence tool to recreate a version of her.

I was intrigued in this process because I could recreate her, out of her absence, creating a new presence.

This makes me think of the Pompeii casts; where bodies were preserved by filling the void left by their absence with cast material. Their new presence is formed by pouring cast material into the negative of their body, into the cavity, into the hole, into their

absence. Their positive is what we can see today.
They're still there, endlessly with us.

Similarly, I have used her formlessness, her void,
her absence, to create a new presence. I was looking
for ways in which absence can be transformed into
something tangible. It looked like her, it sounded
like her, but it is not truly her.

I like to think of the parallelism between me, Pompeii and my grandma. I see myself as a similar void, I'm also a cavity, a hole; even if 'alive'. I have poured plaster into my feeling absent, and I created a new body. A body that feels more alive than mine.

I was going through all the possible ways of disappearance, of translation.

Not to forget about drawings, that is maybe one of the biggest translations. And not to forget about words. Written words. Silenced gestures.

I still felt her though, I may have not found her, nor have I died, yet she was there with me. It wasn't in the idea nor in the final result that I could meet her, it was in the gesture.

The act of translation brought me closer and closer to her.

The death of the object

When I discuss the 'death of the object,' I am referring to my own passing—I am the object. The plaster replicas have become the true embodiment of myself. All the translations and recreations I've made so far represent the real me. It is through the destruction of my original self that I affirm the reality and significance of these translations.

Mi Annullo.



I carry your face on mine ever since.

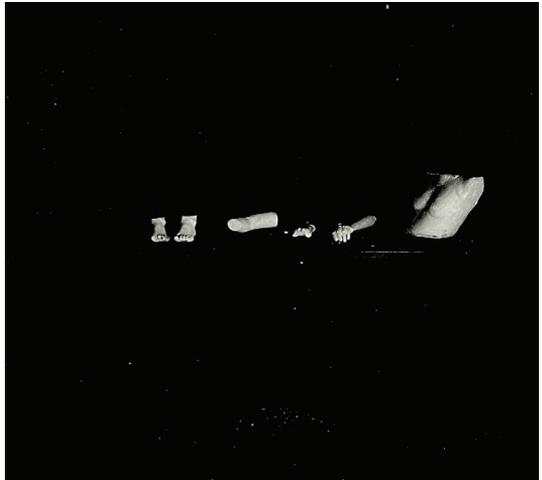
Hope I will find you again someday and give you mine

15-05-2022

'I thought I had to recreate me, I thought I had to die to see you. This all didn't work out I thought I should then recreate you. This all didn't work, and with a smile I say it will never work, there will never be an end result. Because there cannot be a space where you and I are together, the absence of this space is our space. The moments I'm with you are in the gesture and not the object. I hope I will never have peace; I hope I will never be fed and always be hungry, I hope I will forever question. When I will stop it will be the moment I die. Thank you for being with me as I am with you and with all of you. A tear and a smile'

10-06-2023

“Today is your birthday
and I miss you and I left his
world with you. I’m slowly
seeing this void you were
in when you had dementia.
Only when I’m asleep-un-
conscious-dead- only then
can I find you. Now that I
see all these body parts float-
ing in the dark, in the void, I
feel closer to you.”



This picture above is a work I made in June 2023, illustrating my casted body parts suspended in a void. I needed to create new translations, new versions of myself; shape me, to really see me. Finally, I gained a visual representation of the void that had previously existed solely in my mind—the very space I had always envisioned her inhabiting during her struggle with dementia.

02-06-2022

'I want this room to be a memorial
of myself.

A memory of my life, and a memo-
ry of my death

Almost like an archive, a way to still
find that peace that won't be found

Yet still agreeing with the thought
that not finding it, is the peace itself

I want to have the chance to orga-
nize my end.

I'm building a ritual.

In this room it's almost as if I'm out
of my body.

I'm seeing myself from the outside,
from above, beneath, left and right.

Inwards and outwards.

I'm present at my own wake, at my
own death, my own disappearance.

A disappearance that makes my
presence, present.'

Loop

I feel like I'm running after myself, in a circle.

Yet also running towards myself, with the awareness that we will never meet.

I had a dream the other night. It was night, and it was black and white with defined whites and high con- trasted blacks.

I dreamt of being in a room and I was looking outside a window.

It was an old rural house.

The point of view was not of my eyes but from the videocamera, as if my eyes were in my hands.

The camera was placed outside the window, showing the inside.

Me and what was behind me.

I can't know what I was looking at, as the only point of view was

out of my body.

I was smoking looking outside.

After some time, behind me, a door opens, gently.

There is the other me, spying on the 'real' me.

I didn't know yet someone was in the room, but the camera knew.

At the end of my dream, I recognize another presence, so I turn
and I finally see, it was me.

The me and the other me lock eyes.

I then understand that the other me is Death, who came to take
me.

When our eyes meet I realize I'm dying, and then I wake up.

This dream haunts me ever since; I'm currently working on a short movie about it. I want to make a film to be able to grasp it, though this is another form of translation and of my desperate need for peace. I can make a movie about it but I can't fully reach it. I know it, and because I know it, I do it.

The meeting of our eyes represents a moment of profound recognition. It's when the truth is fully realized and accepted.

An Intimate Encounter with Mortality: The fact that the realization comes through eye contact adds a layer of intimacy to my encounter with death.

Me opening a door.

Me being behind me in every room.

I am death and I'm always around myself.

A place where I can reunite with all of you.

16-08-2023

‘Non è un funerale. Funerale è qualcosa di fermo, è una fine.
Funerale è qualcosa di terreno.

Quello che cerco io è una traslazione, un passaggio da luogo
a luogo Transizione, traslazione.

I thought I wanted to create my funeral. Create a ritual.

But it isn't a funeral. Funeral is something still, it's an end.
I'm talking about my Christian Catholic upbringing.

Funeral is something from the earthy, from the soil.

What I'm looking for is a translation, a passage from place-
to-place Transition, translation

A place to create a conversation.

07-11-2022

‘This space feels like a theatre.

Should I be in a theatre?

Elevation of reality But still fake

(Is it tho?)

At theatre there’s a thin line between what’s imagination and
what’s reality

FRAGILITY

The theatre is similar to life itself, it’s the most powerful
form of arts, as it’s the double of life. It has the job of repre-
senting a small crisis

This crisis becomes a consciousness

To be conscious, present at the act.
Thinking about the human condition
Can reality be mistaken for reality?

I'm holding time between my fingers, this moment is unre-
peatable.

It's not about understanding but experiencing.'

Beginning of endless project

Present at my own wake, hovering at myself.

21-11-23

Following the corners



Present at my wake-hovering at myself

This still above is part of a video I made, where I found myself trapped, by myself and by my shadow. Running after myself, like in a circle, trying to reach me, knowing we will never meet.

Running after myself, at the same time running away from me.

I created a room for myself, and I realised I'm still in there.

This was another attempt for closure, another desperate attempt.

The corner was the only place where I could hide, and where my one shadow became two. And us three became one.



“I met Death Today. We are Playing Chess.”

There is someone specifically who helped me deal with my thoughts about death, with deal I mean accept. I remember it was Covid, I was 24 years old and I felt numb

I was often by myself in my room then, and I remembered the existence of Ingmar Bergman.

Bergman is one of the greatest directors in the history of cinema.

His movies represent the human condition, with all its ugliness and beauty.

He talks about death in all his movies, as he was struggling with this topic himself, though there is especially one that years ago really helped me accept my own fear of death. And again, I was feeling lonely in my head and thoughts; seeing his movies gave me hope in myself and humanity. As he portrays honesty, rawness, despair, love. I felt his words and I think he felt mine. Silenced conversations.

The movie I'm talking about is The Seventh Seal.

This iconic image is
inspired by the me-
dieval church paint-
ing (1480–1490) by
Albertus Pictor



Is it so terribly inconceivable to comprehend God with one's senses? Why does he hide in a cloud of half-promises and unseen miracles? How can we believe in the faithful when we lack faith? What will happen to us who want to believe, but cannot? What about those who neither want to nor can believe? Why can't I kill God in me? Why does He live on in me in a humiliating way – despite my wanting to evict Him from my heart? Why is He, despite all, a mocking reality I can't be rid of?

This quote from Antonius Block stayed with me until today. Like the very present feeling of when you got yourself burnt. That fiery, strong, almost numbness yet very alive feeling. It burns within me still today. There will never be a scar.

The awareness of the end of life; an allegory with a theme that is quite simple:

A man, his eternal search of God, with Death as his only certainty.

The movie, the representation of death by an actor who has obviously white make up on his face.

The power of art, you will believe anything you are shown. I am told that person is death, I will believe it, and the actor will suddenly disappear.

In this movie I felt listened to, taken care of, accepted.

I started then re watching all of Bergman's movies, and I found more and more of myself in each of them. It was like looking at myself in the mirror, but with no shame.

One year later, in July 2021, I left for Sweden. I had planned this the year before: I wanted to look for Bergman, what I have surprisingly found was myself.

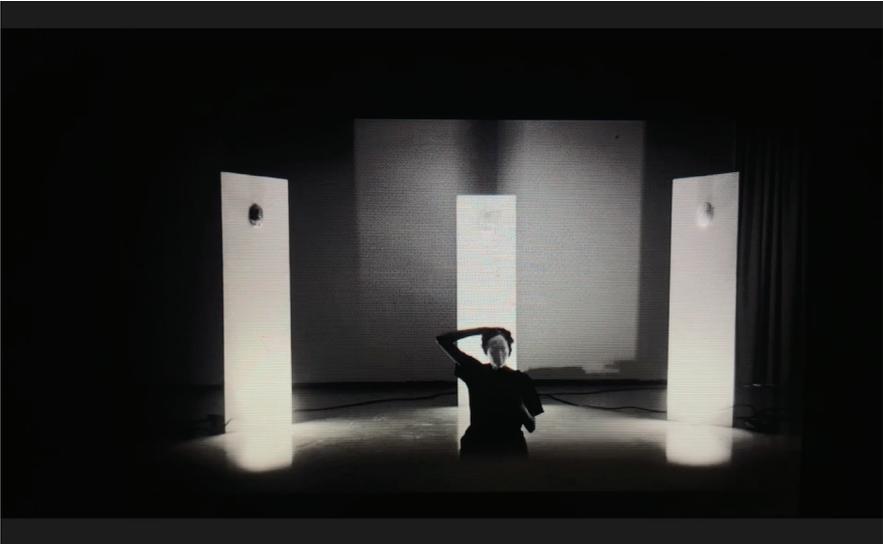
I went to see where he shot most of his movies, on Fårö island, on the Baltic Sea.

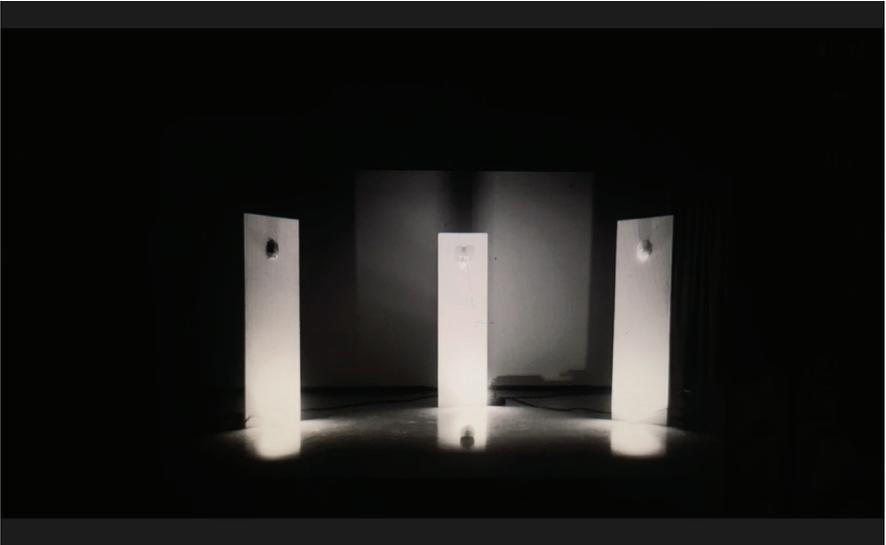
I walked and walked everywhere, I went to see his grave and left him a note.

I felt at peace there, it was a place where death and life didn't matter anymore.

And the I met the Desert

While trying to understand what dementia could feel like and where my grandma might have been, I remembered a trip to the desert in 2019, one year before she passed away. I felt the absence of time there, as if I were in a void.





These monoliths become Time itself.

Anyone who happens to pass by becomes
a part of it.

I want to place my work there and never
see it again, finding comfort in the knowl-
edge that it exists.

Time will eventually consume these
monoliths, allowing people to witness the
passage of time even if they cannot feel it.

I aim to create time in a timeless place.

I'm trying to reach my grandma.

It doesn't matter what you're surrounded by, if you're not ready to see it

I find comfort in looking back over the years. It feels as if I'm seeing the version of myself just behind me, and somehow, the one just ahead. It's reassuring to know I'm still part of this time circle. What unconsciously held me together all these years was theatre, though I wasn't ready to recognize it until now.

I attended a theatre summer course in Italy from 2017 to 2021, and after all these transitions, I remembered. Theatre is like a whisper in your ear—you need to be close to hear it, to feel it. INTIMACY

I had always felt present on the stage, whether there were people or I was alone. I remember the sensation of lying on that hard, squeaky wooden floor. It's almost as if you can't lie to it; it always knows when you're there.

Presence is something I have always struggled with, echoing that place of intimacy I mentioned earlier. It's a search for inner peace, a hunger that drives me to keep looking, knowing I'll never find it or be satisfied. The absence of this space is Theatre.

To me, Theatre is the place where the dead and the living encounter one another. It's where I feel truly present, where nothing matters and everything does. In that void, I found where my grandma was, and I finally found myself floating in that space.

Theatre and the desert share a remarkable similarity in this way. Both offer a timeless, boundless place where presence and absence coexist. Just as in theatre, the desert allows for a profound connection to oneself and the world, blurring the lines between reality and imagination.

I discovered an absence that paradoxically manifests as a presence. How I've been translating my presence into an absence, and how I've been transforming my grandma's absence to construct a new presence

Theatre is a present space, and it's the double of life, it's the place of fiction, therefore is also an absence. The poles of Venice that rot in the middle, the dream and death as twins, the translations, the gestures. It's always been there, it's always been with me.

This realization completely destroyed me, I burst into tears. I finally found myself, but I found myself in the ab-sence of something, therefore in the presence. I found myself in a liminar space.

Every entity also contains its opposite.

Death (Life)

Life (Death)

Which is precisely what I feel when I'm on the stage.





27-10-23

‘Theatre is the most powerful artistic language, because it’s the double of the life. It’s a mirror but it’s not a commentary.

the greek lesson is to abandon hope in theatre to make a choice

it s a symptom, not a cure.

it is to be attentive’

theatre and time

shaping it like clay

there isn't just one meaning

the viewer can do what they want with what they're offered

As a spectator, after a show, I want to be different, a bit

I want to be touched by an image, a sound, a word, a face.

I want to be touched profoundly across the language, despite the language
when I don't understand what is shown right before my eyes, there is where I'm
touched the most because I have to move, to work,

18-06-23

I don't want to make my point, or a point Even I am lost in my own work

There is no goal, no solution, no answer

By using theatre I want to create a problem, a crisis, so that we must create a thought, a consciousness.

un'indagine sul reale

Il teatro come strumento di conoscenza e d'indagine della natura delle cose

Theatre as a tool to question the nature of reality, the nature of things

27-07-23

‘Voglio mostrare la morte, qualcosa che non si può percepire, e allo stesso tempo quindi, mostro la vita. Per un attimo nascondo la vita per mostrare la morte, e nascondo la morte per mostrare la vita’

I want to show death, something that cannot be perceived, and at the same time, therefore, I show life. For a moment, I hide life to show death, and I hide death to show life.

15-10-23

‘Volevo mostrare la morte, ma l’ho trovata Per trovarmi mi sono
abbandonata

Abbandono del pubblico

Sono presente a me stessa

Ho curvato il mio sguardo’

I wanted to show death, but I found it.

To find myself, I had to abandoned myself.

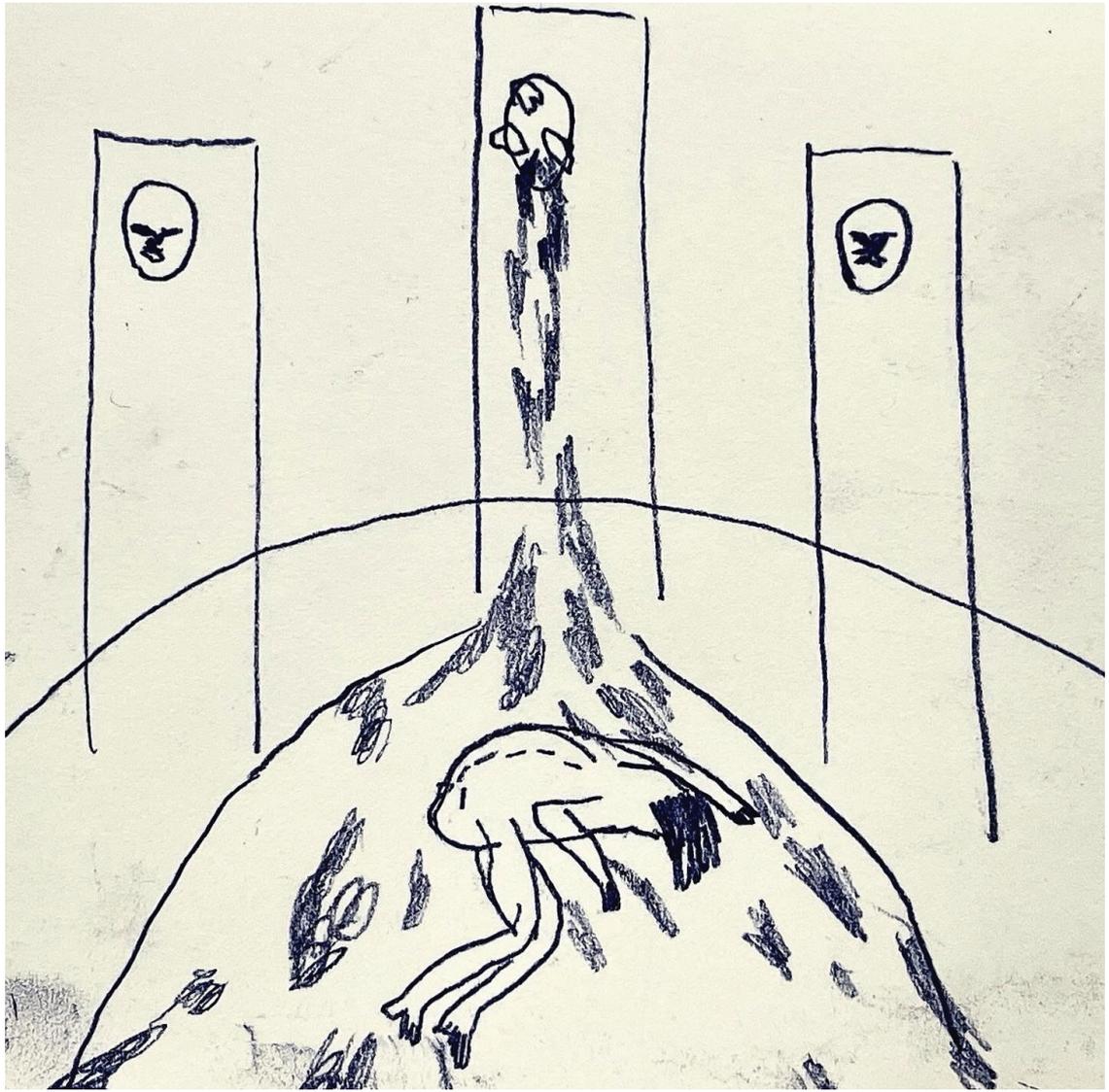
Abandonment of the audience.

I am present to myself

I bent my gaze.

‘Theatre is necessary because it is useless. It does not change the world and never has. Jurisprudence changes the world. The theatre I respect is always a scene of crisis and not the expression of good feelings. I assume the evil of the time because it is identical to that which dwells in my ordinary life. On stage, the fault is always mine.’

Romeo Castellucci



The whisper of theatre

My next project involves reconstructing the monoliths I mentioned earlier, this time with an audience present. Two of the monoliths will bear casts of my face in plaster, while the middle monolith will feature a hole. From this aperture, water will flow gently, slowly, almost imperceptibly. I have an enduring fascination with holes—whether they're in the floor, walls, ceilings, objects, or even humans. In essence, I find cavities extremely beautiful.

The two monoliths bearing my face represent both myself and my grandmother. Meanwhile, the hole in the monolith signifies a third presence—an embodiment of fear, guilt, sin, or the void.

And then there's the water—an emblem of life, rebirth, and purification.

The audience will enter the room and find a stone bench for seating. Only a maximum of five people will be allowed in at a time. From the first day to the last day of the exhibition, water will gradually fill the room.

If you happen to be there on the first day, you may not notice water pouring out of the hole, as there will be a clear separation between you and the stage—a significant distance. However, as time passes, the room will fill with more and more water. Slowly, it will pour onto the monolith, almost caressing it, then reaching the floor and advancing towards the viewer—an elevation of time.

The audience is compelled to react, almost as if perceiving what's on the stage as a threat. Typically, when one goes to the theatre, they buy a ticket and comfortably sit in their chair. Now, it's as if the representation on the stage disturbs them. They will have to decide whether to stay and get wet or not enter at all.

The viewer suffers the stage

I thought I'd like to appear sometimes on the stage and lay on the ground with water surrounding me. Appearing like flashings of car lights that almost blind you.

I wouldn't announce my presence to the audience; instead, I'd simply appear and disappear again. When I'm not physically there, I'm still present in the space. And when I am there, I'm also somehow not fully present.

It's the whisper of theatre, il sussurro del teatro.

The etymology of the word “sussurrare” can be traced back to the Latin verb “susurrare,” derived from “su-surrus,” which denotes a soft sound or a whisper.

“Mormorio” translates to “murmuring” or “murmur” in English. Murmuring, a gentle and pleasing noise of leaves moved by the wind, flowing waters, subdued voices.

‘His voice faded into a whisper; or of a musical instrument: the sweet whisper of a flute.’

To me, theatre is a whisper, and I'd like my work to be it too.

Like a low and gentle sound, so that only who's close can hear it. It requires intimacy. It's a secret. The slow almost unnoticeable stream of water.

25-06-23

Il teatro

Come lanciarti una palla e tu devi prenderla

Nella vita reale te ne puoi andare

È violenza ma non puoi scegliere di non vederla E' necessaria

Theatre

Like throwing you a ball and you have to catch it, can't avoid

In real life you can leave

It's violence but you can't choose not to see it It's necessary

I remember I wrote this after seeing one of Romeo Castellucci's
plays (BROS) I missed the smell of theatre.

21-03-23

When I place something Mine on the stage, What was mine, isn't
anymore

It doesn't belong to me,

It belongs to the audience.

So whatever it is you might feel, it's part of it. A shared vision

I'd like for me and the audience to swim together in this guilt, in
this pain To dive in it

Guilt which is always within me.

As Castellucci mentioned in one of his interviews: ² Colpa ana-
gramma Palco

COLPA
PALCO

GUILT
STAGE

In English it translates to 'Guilt anagram Stage'. It doesn't work well in another language, though in Italian it's the same letters in a different order.

The first guilt is that of existence, the original sin. The guilt of being born. The first enigma.

I feel guilty, though I could never understand why.

I think it's deeply rooted within me, also because of my christian catholic upbringing. As Romeo Castellucci once again said :
"Catholics can sin every day, and then be absolved and sin again the next day."

The guilt of being born.

Il vuoto del palco
Il vuoto del pubblico

Abbandono

The void of the stage.
The void of the audience.
Abandonment.

“The theatre, according to the current interpretation, is the place of vision, which suggests that it coincides with the physical place, with a geometry.

However, the θέατρον, indicates the “gathering of the audience to witness something” and only secondarily refers to the place where they gather. Theatre is thus a word used, in the first instance, to refer to the spectator; and this suggests that the building rises ‘around’ him, to support his immersion in the vision. Thus, the current interpretation is overturned.

The centre of the scene is not the stage, but the spectator himself, the one who exercises the Vision around which the images are arranged.”

“According to this analysis, θεῖον is a noun derived from the verb see, contemplate

Contemplate, retrieved in its archaic topai, means “to look at the sky from the temple” and it refers then to an architectural structure that in turn defines the field of vision and brings the temple closer to the theatre through the common root of the verb cut separate from the rest. Thus indicating an isolated space, other. Both - the temple and the theatre - thus designate a perimeter in which another statute, another logic, applies. The theatre is, like the temple, the organ of contemplation. That is to say, the space that is constituted and organised specifically to witness the spectacle of heaven, which, in the first place, can only be intuited, never fully grasped; it can ‘only’ be represented in images.”³

When I read these words it all came together, and I found especially touching the image of the temple. Theatre is indeed a place where things can only be intuited, not fully grasped.

And here again, the nature of things: we do not fully see it, but we can perceive it by flashes.

Not because it is not accessible, but simply not in front of us, since we are immersed in it, we are part of it. The mystery can only be felt, and theatre, just like philosophy, does not limit itself in reproducing what is visible, but opens a place, the stage, for the things of the world to be visible as if for the first time.

I can't not mention Greek philosophers. Heraclitus, Anaxagoras. We are talking of people who existed in 470 B.C circa. And their words and views and values are still so present more than 2000 years later. When I think about this my heart melts, I feel so connected to them and I find incredible that what they felt then, we still feel today.

'In Anaxagoras' epigram, reality is conceived as a prism, whose faces are not all simultaneously visible.

In every entity, there is a Present and Manifest level, together with an unknown and Absent level that dwells at the bottom of things.

Vision, to which the word theatre refers,(coming from Greek) is in reality a showing of the hidden side of the world, the other side of the prism that is nature: that which cannot yet be seen because it is being born. What is seen on stage is literally what cannot be seen under normal conditions.

The scene is a slight deviation, almost unnoticeable.

A displacement that produces a suspension of the seen and the heard.

Suspension of reality and time.'⁴

A transformation takes place on stage, a new image is created. It is not a reproduction of reality, but a suspension of it, where the process remains invisible.

To be an image, a work, needs to deal with phantoms.

In fact the word ghost, in greek, is organised around showing and appearing.

It refers to something that hints, suggests, without fully saying. To something that allows a glimpse because it testifies o an incompleteness, an impossibility.

The theatre scene, for me, is reproducing ghosts
This does not mean inventing something, but rather listen-
ing to the world as openly as possible.

Let's talk about the word Vision.

Anaxagoras:

'the visible, and the eye of the invisible'

What appears on the stage is the iridescence of hidden things.

"Visible things are a glimpse of invisible things".

"Starting from the visible (the bread) we will come to understand
the existence of the invisible (the seeds)"

So the stage always has a visible, and an invisible, hidden.

‘This invisible, which bears witness to something behind what is seen, does not exist without the other dimension, the visible. Which manifests its glow.

The invisible to which we refer is nothing more than the motion that makes something exist.

All phenomena are in any case within nature; what exist, if anything, are supra-median phenomena: phenomena that lie just above or just after the middle term through which our perception grasps things.’⁵

The Actor

The actor doubles up, oscillating between the performance of the gesture and a potential view from outside, resembling observing oneself while in action. This concept resonates strongly with the insights presented in 'Toccare il Reale', and in 'Disputa sull'atto di creazione' where the authors explore the multifaceted nature of the actor's role in theatre. According to Romeo Castellucci, the first book i mentioned, and according to Claudia Castellucci, actors have the ability to transcend their own skin, becoming multiple and duplicated, thereby escaping the confines of their defined and limited self. Similarly, the book discusses how theatre serves as a space for actors to split and dissociate, exploring various identities and expressions beyond the boundaries of their individuality.

What is invisible is already present before our eyes.

When I bring something onto the stage, it's the fruit of my intuition guided by a deep understanding of reality. To manifest this intuition, it requires a form and a formative thought, transforming an intangible image into something tangible.

This is the essence of mimesis—the staged image doesn't merely replicate what's visible but unveils dimensions of reality that were previously unseen. It's as if the actor's perception becomes transparent to the spectator, acting as a filter through which the audience can see. Through this lens, spectators come into contact with realms of reality they hadn't explored before, seeing through the eyes of the actor.

Seeing and visible are different. “Visible” refers to what is readily perceivable, while “seeing” involves a deeper comprehension or penetration of the visible. It’s the act of perceiving and understanding what is before us.

Additionally, “seeing” often entails a certain distance—a psychological or physical space that allows for observation and interpretation. This distance allows us to gain perspective and insight into what we perceive.

I need the viewer in order for my work to be elevated, to not be a mere reflection.

What the viewer does is essential, crucial.

'What is on the stage requires the participatory gaze of the spectator because something is missing. What is missing is exactly the part of the spectator. If you like, theatre does not take place on the stage, it does not even take place only in the room, it takes place in the middle, between the stage and the hall, where there is an invisible veil. The encounter of the gaze with the thing is the fifth wall - not the fourth -; the spectator's mind as the fifth wall. This is the ultimate stage.

One needs the audience to break the barrier and go beyond, and travel.⁷

I need the viewer to put my images to life.

What I have surprisingly found is a place for all of us, where we
can all be together All of those who aren't "here" anymore, together
with all of those who are. Where there is no life nor death
Where we float together
Theatre is a tool that made me find-lose all of you, and myself A
transition space, a floating space
Yet at the same time it's not peace.
It's a crisis, it doesn't answer any questions

I found the space i thought i'd never find
I found the absence of the space, that makes the space

“My space is the absence of it”

Theatre

And the audience needs to be there for it to be able to be recognised, for the engine to be able to work. To activate the mechanism with which we are able to See.

I'd like to build a theatre where the stage is always empty

Where the audience can go and see this empty stage and they can grieve Where We can contemplate, we're immersed in it. We don't see it but we feel it.

An empty stage where its walls are crying Where we're all together in this guilt

Maybe that's why I've always been so touched by theatre
By the emptiness of the stage,
By me laying down on that warm wooden floor in Cesena
Maybe that's why my heart is pounding whenever I sit
on those uncomfortable audience chairs. It was me who I
was seeing, it was all of us. With acceptance, with no pre
judgement
I wasn't ready to see it
I was so overwhelmed by the feeling
I always knew that when I was on the stage I felt present,
and when I was the audience I was abandoning myself.
And that somehow I always was so deeply connected to
that empty stage
I wasn't ready to see

I wasn't ready to see

I found a place where I die, and where I accept it,

A no space, really

I found a peace that confirms a crisis

The audience helps me understand this

Though I also want to share this feeling with the audience

I want them to be their own death

I was looking at myself the whole time, I was looking at all of us, who is alive
and who is away.

I'm crying right now,

as if I had seen myself for the first time

The theatre as a place to contemplate
The desert as a place to contemplate.

While reflecting on the actor's role and the transformative power of theatre, I'm reminded that I don't view myself as strictly an artist or solely an actor.

Instead, I see myself as embodying all forms of expression. Whether through acting, writing, painting...

It is about acceptance, in my opinion, and a continuous fight.

I always picture a walk with that person
“we will walk together again”
It is dark there, where you are, no fear

At least I still dream of you sometime,
At least I still live in sleep

I saw you losing yourself, and me with you
Only when I'm asleep, unconscious, only there we meet.
When I'm awake there can't be serenity,
only there we're safe, nowhere to be found.

I understood my existence is similar to the poles of Venice They rot
in the middle;

Th s constant feeling of being in-between.

Half on the surface, half underwater.

The -in- lies in the absence of it.

In between the surface and the water, there is where it rots. There is
where we are.

I have always been looking for the center of gravity, thatplaceofin-
timacy,thatcenterwhereIhopedtofi dstability. I understood stability
is non existent,

My stability lies in not having one

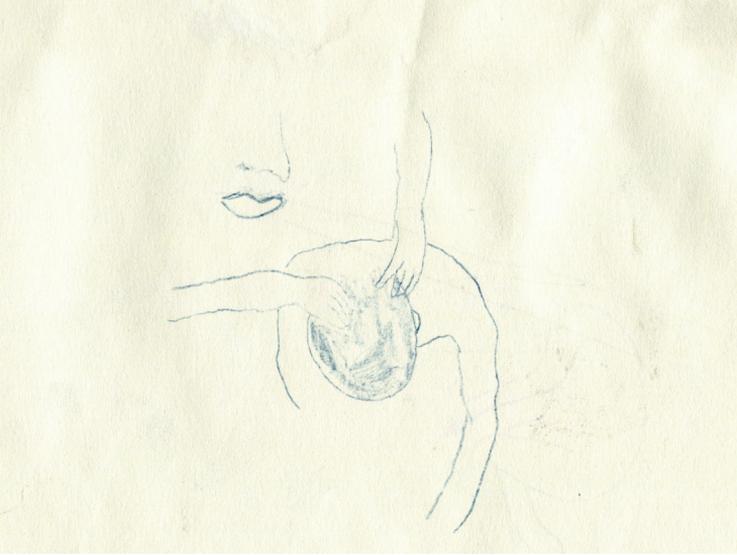
My center of gravity is the absence of it

My stability is knowing to not have one

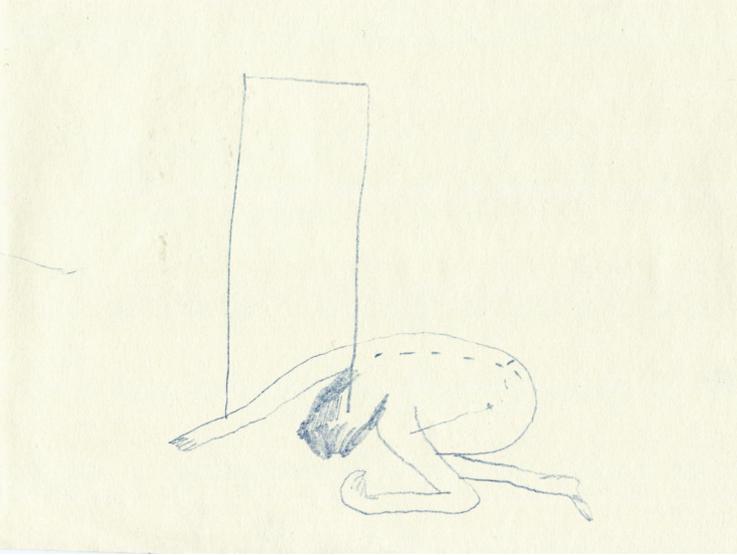
I feel better now, my thoughts feel calm and collected. It is a Sunday evening, and I'm no longer in pain.

This book has no end, these words have no end. I haven't reached a final point; if you were to open it again...









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