Without drums and trumpets

A Thesis

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by

Rob van Erve

The Ohio State University
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Master's Examination Committee:
Deborah Horrell
Oona Nelson
Jon Erickson

Approved by

Deborah Horrell
Adviser
Department of Art
To my sister.
VITA

January 21, 1961 Born - Tilburg, Netherlands

FIELDS OF STUDY

Major Field: Art

Major Field of Study: Art
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INTRODUCTION

This thesis contains my process of working, through writing and photographs. Since writing is a focal part of my creative output it becomes part of my work, be it literally or symbolically. All my senses are involved in providing me with experiences, ignorant of borders and/or restrictions. Thus, all observations and physical actions have a part in a piece of writing, a handwriting, a signature. Together they form the foundation for a new experience, followed by a new work; an entrance to yet another experience.
Said the butcher to the baker: "What do you know about music, you're not a lawyer?"

Nothing is sacred anymore. So I decided to write about God. It is good to write about God. It is good because it doesn't seem to be the topic anymore, or at least not in the arts for that matter. Times have changed, so to speak. There has been a sort of taboo because of all kinds of influences that do not come directly from God. A lot of those influences come directly from man. Or is it Man?

Man created several commodities to serve a deeper purpose throughout previous centuries. The purpose was God. God was honored by many ways of service, like prayers, offerings, statues, buildings, music, books, sects, wars, etc. God has been the reason for a lot of things. Some people think God is responsible for the beginnings of the world. Some people think that God is an idea, a word that transcends into people's minds and lives there (forever). Either way, people do not agree on how to describe God's teaching, or God's work.

One of the biggest hurdles is the word "belief". Or is it "Belief"? To believe, the verb, does not contain a need, or a must, or in other words, a doctrine. It is a more open-ended verb, and it can therefore be explained to everybody's satisfaction. As described in the Random House Dictionary of the English Language (1968), to believe is to have confidence
in the truth or the reliability of something without proof" or "to have confidence or faith in
the truth of (a positive assertion, story, etc.) or "to be more or less confident" or "to be
persuaded of the truth or existence of ... " or "to have faith in the reliability, honesty,
benevolence, etc. of ... ".

An elaborated explanation of a verb may seem to be misplaced in this dissertation,
but it is a foundation and a very important part of both my thesis and my work.

We know that most beliefs are gnawed on at the roots, and that they are always
subject to doubts and hesitant behavior, whether in deeds, thoughts or writing. And the
longer we live our lives (with "we" I mean those who live here and now) we will see certain
beliefs torn down because of the inclusion of an amount of improprieties, which make us
decide that our views must be changed. Sometimes, it is not even our own mind that
recognizes the defects, but another instigator like a critic, a philosopher, a preacher, an
artist or a musician, a historian, a school, etc.. People who take a certain stand on an issue
can "help" you make up your mind or brainwash it and can bring about very subtle changes
in your opinion.

Having an opinion has become common-ground since the start of the Romantic era.
The act of beheading divergent minds changed into dismissal, expellation or extermination.
Nonetheless, the human individual that was re-invented (Paradise regained through personal
choices and self-determination) there and then is still making good use of the outgrowth of
its treasure, the opinion. Although opinions have existed for a long period of time, they
always seemed to be under siege of a smaller, but much more powerful army called
"leadership". For the longest time, opinions have been jeopardized by the "salons" of
thought, which created the right and the wrong in the world. Very gradually those "salons"
submitted to their own critiques and slowly became subject to change themselves. Instead
of waiting for the turning of the other cheek by those who were criticized, the leadership
started to turn its own cheeks and has, by now, come full circle. God had to let go
somewhere along the line.

Now, right and wrong are weighed and re-weighed until there are no longer
questions about ideologies and ethics, but only about procedures. The law is falling over its
own feet and belief is on the verge of returning to us. "What do you know about music,
you're not a lawyer?" All this implies that belief is still part and property of humanity and,
what is more, that it never left us or that it would be able to leave. Without belief, what
exactly would be an adequate definition for the human race? God must have had a good
time during all those years. And he probably still does, because in modern-day language
belief is often called or explained as: freedom of speech. It is used on and off in very
different contexts. In the artworld, freedom of speech is then again translated into freedom
of imagery, although in some art the imagery is language. Freedom of speech has a high
priority in "civilized" communities and nothing sets hearts more on fire than a limitation of
this freedom, be it in a positive or in a negative way. The positive way could for instance
be applicable for neo-nazism, racism and sexism. On the negative side, I could file the
taking down of artshows because of presumed pornographic imagery.

Examples of the beliefs in the artworld are for instance the explanations of the
characteristics of groups of work into "isms". A work of art does not exist if it doesn't fit
into a category or school or stream or, at least, in some kind of box. Since it is so
devastating to ignore or deny all this "boxing" of artworks, allow me to write first about
issues that seem not at all related, but that are, in fact, closer to the heart of the matter than
they seem.
Silence can be found anywhere, even in places where one would say it does not exist. Sometimes silence is not found in places without sound. John Cage once noted that "every smaller unit of a larger composition reflected as a macrocosm the features of the whole." In 1952 this took him to his famous silent work called "4'33" ", a piece in three movements during which no sounds are intentionally produced. Intervention by the musician was abandoned altogether.

Silence can be found while walking from Broadway into Central Park in New York City, or when walking into an alley, turning away from a major street in any city, or when one moves up approximately 20 floors in an elevator. And, of course, there are the "places for silence", where the find is easier. I do not feel very confident to bring up the word "church" because it seems to be a very catholic place for prayer, and that is not the point here. I bring it up to have a name for all those places that can not be defined in the same way, but that have the same properties, since service, reflection and prayer are home to a variety of people in different religious and non-religious groups.

This brings me to my own work and to what I would like to express and why. I look back upon years with thematic consistence and find myself caught up in a prayer. Although I tend to call my work a never-ending story I always see the backlit silhouettes of the real reasons and I can describe them to myself as non-translucent solid angelwings. The last time that I travelled on a flaming-red velvet-carpeted street, carrying bricks from one building to another and back, was long ago. The memory still haunts me, particularly due to the angelwings. Every window I passed had a pair of them in it. Every time I passed them I pulled my neck in and prayed for them not to notice me, but of course I knew they did. But now that I am older, my prayers, and thus my work, incorporate every step that I take, every sign that I see and every cigarette that I smoke.
The most frightening experience in my life is the state of sleep. That is when I am most vulnerable, a state in which I can not defend or attack. That is when I am truly passive, since I have no dreams. The place for silence that I want to create or find is not one to sleep in. Activity may be reduced to the most basic structure that we live our lives in: "presence". Within my needs "presence" is good enough. There is no need to do more, for to me "presence" itself is a prayer. I would rather not analyze "presence" and with that, kill it. It does not have to be explained to the core, and in addition to that, I don't think that that would fit the idea of the word "presence."

It occurred to me that "presence" always has a positive connotation. When a presence pertains to something bad, there will always be an addition to it. A bad presence is the death of an actor or actress, as well as the 'death of a salesman.' A salesman. Maybe that is what my work is about. Maybe that is what I am about. I sell presence, belief, prayers. I try to knock on your door, several times, several days, maybe even years, until you let me in. I can be very persistant and obnoxious. I can also be subtle, laidback and very loving. I will always have reason to be in a certain state of mind, and that reason will always be connected to a prayer. "If I were the man you wanted, I would not be the man that I am" (Lyle Lovett). Maybe you think that I've fooled you an awful lot of times, but it was always with good intentions. I am making my own theatre of good intentions, but I'm not looking for a rounded character. Behind the fake and farce of theatre I look for the truth, and I would not be able to find a truth without a belief, and neither can ... an audience.
SISTER

As if there was a sister in my childhood years, this title was on my mind for a long time. I never had a sister, and I know that I never will, but God knows that I looked for one. I have always worked closely with women, as much as I have always sought their company instead of hanging out with guys. I did not need a gang to do bad things with, because it is better to do bad things on your own, so that no-one can betray you. Furthermore, I found out that I didn't have any decent conversations with the guys because the talking always ended up in a rapid-fire barrage of prestige, competition, status, power and more. So for the longest time I compromised by stating that I liked the Rolling Stones, which was cool with the guys. But to me the most interesting thing about the Rolling Stones was the intuitive, animalistic behavior of that cocky male queen, stud and bitch, always emanating an immense sexual strength: Mick Jagger. Just like my sister never saw the daylight, she will never see Mick Jagger.

For my M.F.A. Thesis show, I originally worked on a sculptural installation, but after a summer in West Virginia, I shifted gears to finalize a performance piece that I started writing there. The text grew on me from a small solo piece to a big production with "a cast of thousands." "Play" (as I started to refer to it) started out from the same thematic principles that I've been using in performances throughout the years. "An evening of love, thoughts and education," done in the spring of 1992 was a very straightforward example of
these principles: the gender-problems, the war between the sexes, the pushing and pulling between male and female, the play that ends in a slap and the reversal of power structures.

My personal experiences where friendship between a man and a woman still exists and where it turns into love made me reflect on my search for a sister. A wife and a sister seem to be worlds apart, yet to me this world only means that I have to wait for a stop sign to cross the street.

So I set out to find myself a sister, and I found that before finding her I would have to find a place to stand. There are a lot of wars to be fought between finding a decent place to stand and finding a person to stand with. While I crossed that street, I can see a person that I have to meet or talk to, or I can be run over, or shot.... Wars are to be fought with an inner self, but also (maybe even more, especially in the U.S.) with one's surroundings, with the social atmosphere that one lives in. The openly expressed brotherly love for a sister that is not your sister is looked upon as cheating, Freudian misbehavior, a backseat love affair while your wife is behind the wheel. I am a true believer of this love and therefore I must fight that war.

All the walls that I jumped off when I was a kid start to jump back on me. I was amazed at the reactions of my playing saxophone in front of Jericho's walls. All it finally did was crack them. I realized that all that I had done was a drawing, a drawing in ceramics and mortar. The war of the worlds should probably be solved by the sound of horns, I guess, but the unfortunate part for me is that the horns should be played by women. I am unable to be part of the horn section. The horn in my "Play" was handled by a woman and it was handled well. The gist of the piece is the loss and found solution to problems in a male oriented society, while at the same time it does not give away any clues. "Play" is full and it can be stripped bare of all the surplus in human action, yet for now it is the only way
for me to show my thesis. I see this piece being played around a table, a long table, with me and my sister, both sitting at one of the very narrow ends. Opposition and conflict cannot always be shown through positioning people opposite of each other, nor can love and affection be shown through putting them center stage. If there is rule for something then there will always be a reason for breaking it.

"If you were to be my sister, I would love you, unconditionally, and I would tell all my friends: See, this is my sister, she is all there is left to love." Although I hate to say this, I must emphasize that in Europe, where my hair grew long and my lungs sucked up their first gallons of oxygen, there exists such a love and "I'm still holding her hand. Maybe she doesn't know."

But the piece is done, the stage is bare and the man finally got what he deserves. He got a slap. He figured that, at some point she would want to be in command. But she, the woman, found out that all he was doing was providing himself with a place to stand. Afraid and bewildered at the same time, they get sucked into a play, a game, a way to pass the time. But in the end, like a woman, she answers him.

"Take this brother, may it serve you well." The man has to realize that he has not found a sister, that there is still no place to stand for him, not even though they end up singing. A drastic split-up of the two main characters reverses the whole image into a mirror, and even the slap in the face is, for a big part, sucked up into this "reconciliation." It must be clear that the slap could never be a stage-slap; it had to be real and it had to hurt. Well, it did.

As for myself, I never hoped that I would find a place to stand through a performance. I do not apologize for my life, nor do I look for forgiveness. I never expected to find peace and quiet after a 15-scene play that sprung from my own experiences. To me, the mess is still there, and the hardest part is that it is not just mine. I just sit here and see.
It looks like it is here to stay, that mess. I can only clear my mind for approximately a month or two, maybe three, after this performance. But, I always have the feeling that it can never be totally found out, the mess, and that maybe "it will take three ages and 15 minutes... ."

The reason for working on this script for a whole year is simple. If there are no answers in the news or in the papers, then you have to write them yourself. My material comes from the streets, where I walk with an observing mind. I do not just say "hello" or "goodbye", and I do not mingle.

I just see, observe. There are too many people I have to meet, so the distance through a looking-glass is a welcome support. Any move that the chorus made on stage was pulled out of the dirt and scraped from the concrete and tar. The good part in this is that I have no problem to describe and translate what is happening around me. The bad part is that I have the feeling that I am the only one who cares so much about it that it is worth doing that. Maybe I have spent too much time on the streets, in the Netherlands, looking and waiting for my sister. Here, in the United States, my sister is ahead of me. Very often I am following, shadowing, running after her. If my way of living taught my anything then it must be that realism is the death of a salesman (again). If I cannot transform what I see into something else that is more, better, faster or bigger, then the reason for a big part of my existence is gone. I know that my sister holds all those things. She is more, better, faster and bigger, and thus, I must be on the hunt. Very obviously, she has to have command, even if there is nothing here. She has to be the one that playfully spits a creek of golden-brown over him, as if to share, but still always in control. His role is to receive, to wait and to join in.
Why? Because patience is a dear material to shape and because somebody called him Sebastian.
LETTER HOME

It is good to be sad once in a while, although sadness is not my home (I presume). After going out last night to hear Samuel Barber's "Adagio for strings" at the Ohio theatre downtown, and after buying my ration of cigarettes for the next long night, I was brought back home in my mind. I guess that nothing makes you travel faster than your mind. My little journey led me to a reflection upon a couple of years to come to a very distinct but sad conclusion. I have been in the United States for almost two years now and I have to face the fact that they were amongst the most unproductive years that I have known. It is still years too early to draw the conclusion that therefore the quality of my work must have gone upwards, but I have the very unsatisfying feeling that this must be the case. I talk about an unsatisfying feeling because one can never be sure. But it is probably exactly that uncertainty that kept and keeps me going.

I have to go back approximately eight years to relive my first performance to be able to think about the scars that it left me with. I had not actually made anything and was painfully confronted with the fact that sometimes the things that you do NOT make are more worthwhile. It hurt me then and it still does. This point in time also marked the end of a very intense sportscareer and the regaining of a body that had lacked nurturing and rest for a long time. Yes, I can see you smiling now. I see your face reaching over the ocean, your skin burnt with salt, and your lips prompting your favorite question. "Nurturing? Does the smoking belong in the same realm as the rest of your high-fire maintenance?"
Let me tell you that there is not much anymore in my life than my work, or rather, next to my work. More and more, I start to realize that all I can really do is tell a story. It is a continuous story. It can go on for ever and ever, and it does not have a title. It is not called, "untitled", it does not need a title. Although I would consider "story", for that would be to the point and almost perfect. All I would need to do is change the date once in a while to be able to describe the progress throughout the years.

Another turning point pops up in 1992. After an evening of love, thoughts and education through a performance in collaboration with Claudia Kurz, a linguistics-student at O.S.U., I find myself swimming rivers upstream, towards no horizon. The rivers are the horizon. To the left and the right is my audience. They watch me swim. I ask them to leave, but they do not give an inch. I get angry. My anger lifts me out of the water and throws me in a tiny circle. The extremely severe bondage of my grasp on my own emotions ties me to bronze memorial-plaques with texts about war. I am channeling my emotions. I am becoming a broadcast, very well planned and organized, of my dearest treasure, a part that I never wanted to give away but that I always gave priority in everything that I did: "passion."

People here have told me that I should become an actor, or at least that I should start auditioning for plays. I loathed the idea of doing something that cannot live in me or grow in me or maybe find fertile ground in my emotions. I hate to channel, to prepare, to victimize or to stuff my fate through rehearsal and cold calculation. So I refused. And here I sit, and smoke, and write to you. I am an actor. I am tired because I just died on stage. Could you hand me my coffee, please? I am not looking for struggle. I am not trying to be low on the totem pole so that I can say: "Here is my work, it is my life. You can throw it out because to me it is worth just as much as my life, and die we must."
No. I do not want to go to New York or Los Angeles and crawl through the dirt to grow up in public and "make" whatever "it" is. I have this firm idea that "it" is not there, if "it" ever was.

I can see the beauty of a breakthrough, shaking the stronghold of criticism, and I can feel the heat of burnt fuel in an applause, but it is not what I want, award and recognition.

As Madonna said in her movie, "Truth or Dare" about Kevin Costner's comment on her show: "Anyone who calls my show "neat" has to leave." And Warren Beatty accused her of acting all the time. Everything has to be on camera or it is not real. If you have no registration of it then it cannot have happened. Well, Warren, let me tell you (although you should know this by now) that if you are acting all the time, then you are not acting.

Warren's reply would probably sound something like: "But, but..." And Madonna's aside to that would be: "It is not even called living, it is called dwelling."

Years ago, when I was young and tender, I was in a car with a friend whom I was fairly close to. She left me waiting in the car while she ran out to do an errand, after we had had this long discussion about art and emotions in general, and in my work. She was questioning my thoughts about being so deeply involved that there would be no definite need to title a work or to even put a name under it because the identity of the maker would always be obvious (according to me). While she left me waiting, I took out my sketch book and made the most beautiful life-drawing that I ever did of a part of her steering wheel. Beautiful rich and deep blacks with shining glimmers and a little touch of colors reflected here and there. I put the date on it and not my name. I do not know why. I had nothing to prove to her. Then I gave her the drawing. She did what you are not supposed to do with a drawing. She folded it, five or six times, into a little package that she then put in her drivers license. She
had it with her always and everywhere. Two years later, she died from injuries caused by a car accident. Her family never knew me. Maybe she was right.

It is a strange world. Today the weather was beautiful. Last week was cold and wintery, snow, wind and rain. Today it was a hot spring day. One should not go to a concert with Barber's "Adagio for strings" on the program, not on a day like this. Not even if Midori will play a very jumpy "Scottish fantasy" by Max Bruch. Barber completely drains me, and so afterwards I could not think of anything else but of smoking a cigarette. The response of the audience was tremendous, Midori was applauded back on stage four times. This "artist of inspiring gifts" (as the New York Times called her) must be close to 21 years old now. And she was smiling, it almost seemed to me that she was a stronger woman during the applause then during the performance. It looked as if she was acting, as if she was pulling up a defensive wall around herself, because her most harboring and sheltering grounds had ceased to exist. The music was over.

But the music is never over. It never stops. The beauty of it, as you well know, is that after the last chord has died down, the music goes on in your head, forever. No energy gets lost. It settles itself, somewhere in your brain, along with a sunset and a terrible newsbroadcast. We are capable of so much, and yet we use so little of all that. All the experiences that we throw away or that we don't even notice. All those parts of life that we ignore.

Experience. Experience is what I look for and translate. Experience is what forms that utmost quality, that superior feeling, that ecstasy. I eat and drink experiences, I live off of them, I fight with them, I talk to them, I look for translations, dialogues. I use myself up to find an ultimate way of saying that which I wanted to be quiet. I prostitute myself and my life in a way. It is a terrible state of mind. Nothing is sacred anymore. But it is the
only way I know. Like method acting depends on how far you can become someone else, how deep you can crawl into someone else's skin, I am depending on burning up my own fuel. Sometimes I will spread out the ashes over the heads in an audience, sometimes the ashes materialize in a more tangible substance, a piece, a work. Either way, I will end up empty, left behind by a parasite called "a piece", and slowly my fatigue starts to turn into a drastic hate towards it. Distance is something that has a hard existence in my vocabulary, until a work is finished and close to buried. Then, a fight can begin. Donatello, in one of the first "modern" performances in this world's art history, cried out during the making of his "Zuccone": "But speak, speak, or the devil may come and get me."

But why am I writing all this to you, my friend? You, who expects a letter that may give you more clues about my way of living here, in Columbus, and about the University, and maybe even about the weather. Well, as you read, my life did not change, nor did my age. I am writing you this because I am so fed up with talking, I am so full of everything that I am holding back, I am so tired of every night that wrestles with my mind. I have to spill it out somehow. Once I wrote about an author who emerges through a text. Well, here, for this part, the author IS the text. No actor needs to file this complaint. Cobwebs are things to cherish, for you have all those threads to hang on to. You will not fall, but neither can you get out. Or away.

Away. Let me tell you something about what I saw in West Virginia last summer. I was being part of a workshop on myths, a theatre course. Well, it was not exactly a course, but that is a long story.

Anyway, on a mountain close to Thomas, West Virginia (where we spent the most time) there are two trees that grew very close to each other. They grew into an embrace. The people who saw them started calling them the "kissing trees." Nature planted their
seeds so that they are supporting each other. But are they? Are they not eating each other's food also? Are they not pushing each other away, in an eternal fight for light and space? Take a look at the picture that I enclosed. Compare it to the picture of the two people that are tied up, facing each other.

![Figure 1](image1.jpg) ![Figure 2](image2.jpg)

Do you see a similarity? Is there a connection between what you hear, what you see and what you (want to) know?

Artaud believed that everything that happens on a stage apart from the language, is suppressed by that language. He believes that the gesture, the physical presence, can do so much more for an interpretation of a play (for instance) than words. The visuals get caught up and pushed back in words, in language. This simple story about the trees is a good example of his problem. Maybe (although I hate to admit it) he was right.

So what have I learned here? Maybe I should write to you what I have learned, because
I am part of an educational system again. Around here people view me as a closet person, a man with secrets, someone who hides out in the work that he is doing, until the time has come to set an example of ... what?

I am in a ceramic department, yet I am not a ceramist. I walk around in my area at night and sneak into the kilnroom, amazed at what people do with clay. And every time that I look at a piece of greenware, I feel like I am stealing something from it because it has not been fired yet, so that it cannot defend itself against intruders like me. But when I walk into the gallery at the end of the year to look at those same pieces, fired, glazed and displayed, I do not get that same burglary idea. The magic is gone. I am pulling up walls, like Midori after her concert. I am defending myself against the product of one of my fellow students, against a thing. It is hard for me to describe the relationship "viewer-work" to you, or maybe even "audience-work", since first I would like to be even more familiar with your ways of seeing things. The word "viewer" implies that that person is looking at something, and that maybe the rest of the senses should be shut down. The word "audience" implies that one listens when part of it, and the rest of the body is put to rest.

I find it impossible not to smell a piece of art, be it a ceramic work or a performance, and yes, you will say that I am a crazy man. But as I wrote, experiences are my only way of working, and thus I have to be as complete as possible. Maybe you can write me back and tell me about soccer games in Holland, so that I can react to that while reading it, very direct, in an energetic, almost violent way. Maybe you will tell me about my cat, and I will drink my own tears. And maybe you will be willing to dig in real deep and find me a quote by Artaud that defends me instead of him. But in between the lines I will smell you, while you are telling our mutual friends that I am a crazy man. Or even sick. Well, maybe I am a sick man. Maybe I'm not the person who should
be writing letters to you. Maybe you are not the person who should be reading them. But the scary part is that MAYBE I am right.
GIFT

Figure 3

As a special gesture to all those that I never met and to all the people that I knew I performed "Gift" in Hopkins Hall Gallery as part of the 48/hour turnover exhibitions.

The material for this piece comes from my experiences in the United States, seeing the hardships in the world of contact between people. I was looking for a connection with
human beings without words, without knowledge, without competition. After a long process of finding a reason to do this, I knew that my tools should be just presence and silence. All I needed to do was to provide, to present, to give. Eventually, in the economy of giving, there is nothing to expect, or to give. Acceptance of what is there and of how small it may be is better than a high expectation of material wealth.

My gift was my presence, and my visitors gave through a response on paper (examples on following pages), deposited in a glass box, or even more just by sitting down.

I am convinced that understanding and tolerance can grow in circumstances like I provided in the gallery and that after a while problems will be solved. I totally understand my reasons for the piece, and that they needn't be known to the audience. I also know that it needs to be performed more, and it will.
Plate I

GIFT

PASSION

1) understanding
2) tolerance
3) compassion

F E A R
Plate II

GIFT

I really wish I knew what to say or what to think. I wish that I could be happy with what I have because I really am so lucky. We take advantage of the things that are constant and always there but give us joy & still do. The daily wear & tear on me breaks everything apart and makes me act selfishly & insensitive.
#3 DIRT IS SILENT

Once my father picked up a handful of dirt. He told me it could tell him a different story everyday. For years I tried to coax a story from dirt. But I couldn't hear anything. My father told me that I would never hear any stories because I couldn't hear proper.
CONCLUSION

While drinking my last cups of coffee on this campus, I reflect on my two years of graduate school, and I see the changes that my work has gone through. Now that I already started work on a new piece, that will be performed in the Netherlands, I all of a sudden realize that language has been way more important to me in the U.S. than it ever was in Europe. I’ve kept a diary that tells me the same thing. I need more language to express myself because of the difference in silence between, for instance, Columbus, Ohio and Tilburg, Netherlands. I need more because the Dutch abbreviated way of expression is not applicable to the English language.

When I look back upon my works here, then I must conclude that the piece that stayed with me the longest time is "Gift", a presence dressed in silence. This textless, soundless piece started to grow in my mind immediately after it was over, and it hasn’t been out of my mind since. I’ve had a lot of thoughts about the people who sat with me and who spent minutes or hours of their precious time. According to the messages that they left me, I can look back on a solid piece, that left a lot of confusion and questions, both of which I see as positive. All the times that I talked to fellow students and friends and my committee about the fact that I think that it is important to attempt to make people think are caught on that long narrow table. If I evoked any special thought in someone, a thought that was not there before, then I feel confident to look back in a positive way.
I know now that I did something then that can not be provoked (anymore) by, for example, T.V. or movies. Both of these media are rushing through people's houses and are touching everything that is there. A constant flow of blue-green flickering light hits walls in every house, but it passes its cause for flowing, the viewer.

These media don't belong in the realm of "A Place for Silence", not anymore. Their pace threw them out of the curve and they are still skidding, going around everything that comes in their way. In a way, they surpassed their purpose, being a place for people to spend time "in". T.V. never holds still in one spot anymore, and, of course, it never will be able to, from now on.

I want to make a difference in my work; I want to provide that "place for silence". When I came to O.S.U. I was part of the anti-movement against shutting down the Photo-and Cinema-Department. I made a poster of my written protest and nobody understood what it was about. So maybe that is where my spot is- in front of the barricades even before the barricades arrive. Maybe I should be addressing things that are not spit out and crushed to death yet. I should give people back their time to think. I should go beyond closed doors. Because, after all, I am a salesman.
BIBLIOGRAPHY


