

Reflection One - Back to the beginning

This short text is for:

- Everyone who lives in Sittard and wants to know what I'm doing there.
- Everyone who doesn't live in Sittard and wants to go there when I present something.

It's October 2018. I lived in Sittard until August 2012. Now I live in many places, but hardly there. I come back roughly half of three months to work. Between 2012 and 2018 I chose the profession of 'artist' and this residency in Sittard (-Geleen nowadays) gives me a multiple space. Figuratively in the sense of a space for experiment, to develop my work process and literally in the form of a place, the city.

Just before my residency in Sittard began, something monumental happened, something out of the blue, something irreversible, something horribly painful. My 20-year-old cousin died after a fatal accident. In one, almost physical blow this city became a place without her. A place where she is not and yet will be forever. Someone who has died is immortal. This town is also a place where I am no longer, and where I will be now temporarily. Which makes me think again about the emptiness and how filled it can be. I saw my cousin perhaps once every four months between 2012 and 2018, occasionally saw her name on my phone in our family app group, a "Congratulations!" on every other cousin's birthday. Now she's suddenly in my life almost every day.

The English word 'without' brings home the idea that nothing exists in a vacuum. Something can only exist when it will, or has been, 'with'. Or in other words, by being without it is also 'with'. I'm going to explore this concept during this residency: with the presence and absence of things, people, me, you. This project *With Out* will take place in Sittard's vacant buildings and I'm also going to make a start, a try-out, for a new performance. It is an ode to this town, to what it doesn't have. It's an ode to everything that you will always be.

The public performance dates will be announced later.