

MARCH 19.

10:00 Woke up.

Remembered that this is the day and it started.

It is unusual not to be able to say good-morning to my lover.

It feels awkward.

10:30 If I would want to write all of my thoughts, it would take these three days of non stop writing.

So many random thoughts, starting from tv series that recently finished watching to what should I eat for breakfast, or just random unknown shouts in my head that wants to go through my mouth.

It's been only half an hour and I already feel strange.

11:00 Made some porridge, nothing special.

Just black coffee is something unusual, but I was unable to say that we do not have milk and too lazy to go to the shop.

I always thought, I am the one who is all the time being quiet, but now it is different, it's not just being quiet-it is total silence.

At least I can laugh.

11:30 It feels like all the social media loses its meaning when you do not communicate through language. Actually, it is so natural to be in silence.

Mark said that he is able to read every emotion I am sending while communicating with him.

I became more open, feeling my heart wide open.

We kissed in silence and though it was usual kisses it felt somehow special.

I can not stop smiling.

12:00 Getting ready to go to Minerva.

I was brushing my teeth and thought that if I would talk, I would do it while brushing my teeth.

My head is in a bit of a confusion, one moment I enjoy this silence, another- I urge to start talking.

Thought, I only have this urge when I am alone, not when surrounded by people, I enjoy listening.

12:30 It is a first silence day and I am going to the most sociable place. Probably I want to go there because I just love putting myself in missions that are impossible or extremely hard to accomplish.

All in all, everything seems very pure.

I am happy.

13:00 I admit, I was afraid of going to Minerva.

First step inside, and I hear my name coming from the main hall.

I quickly show to my throat and she understands. She calls it silence retreatment.

Only 15 mins past here made me realize how strongly we are longing for some different kind of a connection.

If I do not talk, I open my arms and touch people heads while smiling.

I am still with a smile on my face.

It feels that my eyes are more open than ever, or maybe they started talking instead of the mouth.

13:30 I found a way how to communicate through social media, using emoji faces!
More people I meet, more different reactions I get. Some laughed, but I laughed too, some opened up even more, some got scared how to communicate.
I answer with smile.
It became very natural.

14:00 One girl told me that she feels so comfortable next to me. It is so satisfying to be able to connect without language.
I feel more open and positive.
And productive.

14:30 I got invited for a dinner tomorrow!
I feel that people actually find it interesting.
Funny assimilation, sun is shining- God is smiling.
I started seeing everyday things differently.
It is funny how some react that something happened to me, that I lost my voice, but when I show the explanation letter, everybody smiles together.
Being very optimistic makes me think that I am bringing huge awareness of other kinds of communication.

15:00 I got so into my project that through this day I made half that I was doing during three weeks!
Head became clear.
Somehow I feel that I had actually never talked.
So naturally productive.

15:30 People started communicating with me physically, like hugging or kissing.
While writing this, one girl saw me and thanked for making her realise something.
It seem that sometimes not talking actually brings some realizations.
I do not feel that I need something external to communicate.
Smile is still on my face.

16:00 People surprise me.
When they realise I am not speaking they start asking questions, but my only answer is smile, but somehow it feels that I fulfill their questions. They smile back.

16:30 My close friend did not even realize I am in silence and kept talking to me non stop. It felt that she already knew I am not talking.
I made two groups of people based on their reactions: one, who get scared and walk away, and others, who get excited.
It became like some kind of a social experiment.
The class of philosophy started.

17:00 Now in class only one person is speaking, a teacher. Everybody, like me, are in silence, beautifully in their heads.
I discovered that when you keep in silence you become an observer.
Blending into environment and becoming one.
Touching my own face feels different, makes me realize I am still here, not faded outside to the horizons.
I learnt to show a sign that everything comes from my heart now, but not sure everybody understands.
I smile so much, my cheeks hurt.

17:30 "In search of miraculous" by Bas Jan Adler, today's inspiration from philosophy class. On Mondays after these classes I am always hyper excited and want to share my thoughts with everybody.

Today it is different, I will only share it with myself.

I have so many questions, but have no way to ask it.

"A potato is a potato. A fat clay is a fat clay. Is there no place for the miraculous?"

My miraculous started in search for calmness surrounded by people but being in silence.

"Silence can be also very subtle"- Hille.

18:00 Class finished and most of the students left home, except me.

Went for a smoke and came back to an empty studio, suddenly my favourite song starts playing, I take the chance and fall deep into music, with silly dance moves, shaking like crazy.

I was able to express myself.

My thoughts from the morning till now changed completely.

It is calm not only externally but also internally.

A productive day in Minerva- achieved.

18:30 Outside is already dark. I realised that out of the excitement, I forgot to eat through the whole day.

I feel weak physically.

The whole day working on a project made me very tired. Tired because I was not able to express my thoughts on what I am working.

I have an urge to share, to get feedbacks.

19:00 Going home.

My stomach hurts and my head is empty. Nothing inside. Empty.

I have these pains for half a year now and thought being in silence will also help fix them. I was wrong. My physical pain does not like silence.

19:30 Came back home and went to greet one of my family member-Julia. She forgot that I am in silence. Pure and cute feeling.

I ate a lavash with rice and chili sauce. Something more special. Stomach still hurts occupying my thoughts with pain.

After the whole day in silence I feel now it is the moment to take something from it too. Meditation sounds a good idea.

My brain refused to meditate, it does not want to shut my stream of thoughts, because probably that's the only thing I have now.

I feel already tired.

20:00 My mood is changing every half an hour.

I was just tired, but now I want to dance.

Today strangely there is a constant urge to move.

My lover said I look cute when I am in silence.

It is true, I feel like a magical flower pot.

20:30 I do not know if it was a right decision, but I started getting way too much into my head.

I did many things today, that I am super grateful for. But my head is not satisfied yet.

I do not know why.

21:00 Home is full of people, as usual, I enjoy it.

Everybody is occupied with their things.

I am also, as usual, sitting next to the table and working on my projects. Just this time, with loud, heavy music.

I feel, I am getting scared of a complete silence, I always need some sound.

21:30 I do not want to write anymore. It became like a mission, but truly, I only want

to be and enjoy being. Let the stream of thoughts just flow, like a river.

22:00 It is not only a challenge to me, but also to the people who are always near me.

At home we are not used to be in silence.

My brain starts getting drained from writing, a bit how it used to feel in high school.

Will roll a tiny joint and go to sleep.

MARCH 20.

10:30 Woke up quite late. I want to talk!
Had really strange dreams, I was not talking
in them too.

I want to tell it to somebody...
I accidentally said few words, they just
popped out so naturally, that I forgot I was
in silence yesterday.
Today I feel this mission became harder.
I am a bit confused.

11:00 Porridge for breakfast. I want to
talk!
It's getting harder to communicate with my
lover.
I still have an urge to tell my dreams.
It is getting harder to write.
My head became empty.

11:30 I am a lazy panda.
Do not have a motivation to do something or
go somewhere.
Maybe I am just a bit afraid to move today.

12:00 Getting ready to go to Minerva,
thought not really motivated to work.
I want to talk!

12:30 I feel that some people take it too
serious, they get scared, or others think that
I am faking it, I wish this would be true and
I would be able to talk.

13:00 A friend from my hometown spoke non
stop, she did not care that I am not talking.
It made me smile again.
Now I am in the studio, will try to make this
day at least a bit productive.

13:30 I feel that I have already befriended
myself in silence and now it starts feeling
like a torture.
I really find it hard to write every half an
hour.
It makes me frustrated even more.

14:00 Another friend stepped into. I saw him
last time at the party, last weekend. I was so
excited to see him and hear some gossips, but
sadly I was unable to ask him anything.
I was like a kid, jumping around wanting to
hear something.
I made some realizations, do I really need to
hear gossips about other people? Why I even
wanted to?

14:30 I keep on working, not thinking too
much, strangely I start getting the feeling of
being restless.
Am I really a talkative person?-do not think
so.
I wish I would be one.

15:00 I got anxious and started running
around the building. Not knowing where to put
myself.
Silence is not enough anymore.
Yesterday I thought about this as a social
experiment, but now I feel it is more about
realising your true self.

15:30 A friend, that I have a very different
connection than between others, helped me.
I really wanted to say thank you, but I knew
he understood.
We meditated focusing on heart.
He knows the best way how to communicate.
We both were in silence, played some silly
children games.
I got calmer.

16:00 After a long break I came back to
studio, but now deciding either to stay and
do something productive or go home and sleep.
Probably both options shows that I am getting
tired being in silence.
The thing that distracts from these
thoughts-people talking.

16:30 I am going to have a silence dinner!
This will be magical.
I am not motivated for anything, but I will
just let it go, let it be.
I will just be.

17:00 Silence dinner begun.
It feels that we are actually talking, no
awkwardness.
Just being and enjoying food.
Nothing much to say.

17:30 We went on a rooftop of a 5 floor
building.
I just wanted to scream how grateful I am for
finally feeling spring and seeing all of the
lovely city-Groningen.
Somehow it was quite magical, bright sky and
silence.
I closed my eyes and felt like blending into
a horizon.
I remembered the best days of spring.

18:00 Came back to the studio.
A lot of people working.
They started questioning how is it to be with
me, when I do not talk.
I felt that they do not even see me anymore.
I just laughed.
Silence became such a natural thing, that I
would not know what to question here.

MARCH 21.

13:00 I failed on writing every half an hour.
Yesterday I just wanted to be, not catching my thoughts.
I felt that writing gives me in some a way a language.
I wanted to get rid of it, not caring.
Yesterday I became a mirror to others, I switched of my thoughts, I became them.
I became a being,I was just being.
It felt magical.
I listened to a lecture by Allan Watts,about silence.
It gave me new strength.

13:30 Today it is very natural to be in silence.
It felt that there is actually no verbal communication.
I can hug,kiss people, show them some minimal signs.
It feels that I was born like this.

14:00 I love Wednesdays. I have a performance class.
There my silence again got a meaning as a social experiment towards other people.
They got excited again.
I love it, I love the attention these days.
It became my air.
Now I am avoiding being totally alone, I do not want to disappear in fear.

14:30 I feel that I am in constant conversation with people.
Usually my thoughts are like a river, they flow non stop, but the moment I try to catch them, they disappear into the void.
Maybe I just need to start being again,not concentrating on every step I make.

15:00 It is hard to express something when you are annoyed.
My lover does not understand my expressions.
And I can not explain anything to him.
It makes me triple sad.
I catch myself being angry on a lot of things, just because I can not express things.

15:30 With some people I found comfort being in silence, it became more convenient than to talk.
I feel secure with these people, but there are some that makes me wanna jump out of anger.

16:00 I catch myself pretending on being a professional in my artistic path.
I go crazy making plans for far far future.
Then at one moment I stop and realise- I am here,now, in silence.
Why I can not just enjoy it.
I make everything so complicated for myself.
I do not know if it is normal, but sometimes it works for me.
Trying to understand how it works in silence.

16:30 Trying to finish artwork about questions and feel drained.
Probably soon will head home and try to survive this day.
I get anxious at home, I want company in silence but my lover only knows how to comfort me with words.
I am afraid that when tomorrow I will talk again it will be just complains.
But deep inside I only want to say how much I love everything that surrounds me.

17:00 I went to the shop where I need to ask for the things I want to get.
I showed my 'excuse' letter.
The shop-girl read it and started communicating through signs.
She made me smile.
I managed to get everything I needed.

17:30 Came back home.
I think to be at home is the most hardest thing and it makes me downhearted.
My family only communicates with me during dinner.
If there is no verbal communication, there would not be any other kind of communication.

18:00 Maybe my family is also challenging me.
I accepted the thing I was hearing from the people around me about my love.
He can talk non stop (I see it as a gift), but now that I am in silence, it feels that he blames me that we can not communicate in other ways.
It makes me sorrowful.
I want this day to end.
I want to hear my voice.
I do not want to write anymore.

21:00 Probably my last note.
I feel different after these three days.
I still need to wait for tomorrow, to really see the difference.
My head is calm, nothing, empty.
Boring inside and outside.
It feels like I did a cleaning to my brain.
I am not sure, but now I feel I could live like this, just being an observer.
Maybe after more days you get totally used.
And after years it really becomes normal.
For me, it was a challenge.
Challenge actually seeing who I am.
Seeing people that surround me.
I am gratefully sad.