

MACY'S DIARY

WEEK 2

To my Jefferson,

what to say, i saw you this morning, you ignored me. i felt a knot in my stomach. how did we become so distant? you made it happen. i have to understand, i know i do, you need to feel control of the situation i think. hope your life is sunshine. mine is pretty sweet. could be sweeter with you as my friend but i guess these things take time or if ever.

iv started on my dream. im there! you always knew even if i doubted myself. now i just have to work on being the best there and getting that scholarship in thrid year. i spent the evening going through my drawers seeing whether i sprove of my clothes or not. i still have the red bull tee. its very sexy.

*** is high energy- excitement and giggles everyday. pretty much everyone is friendly and open to converstaion if you just sit down next to them and start chatting. i feel fat at the moment. my bum is doing funny things in the tight excercise pants. i love my bum but not in tights. :) so we are working on compositions at the moment. 5 minute devised pieces. they are based on arrival and our words are chaos, growth and acceptance. its really exciting working with designers, entertainments technologists (techies) and costume construction people. they work in such bold and clear strokes. i really like my acting class. there are two girls that hang out al the time and im a bit jealous that they are besties. there's tracy the vegan who doesn't shave and john from porirua who i make idrty jokes to about him fuckin his dancer girlfriend in the dressing rooms. we had our photos taken. mum and dad came to the powhiri. im crying now because you are missing al of this and i can't make you part of it. you are missing so much.

michelle weighs about a hundered kg if not ten over. i see her looking around like i used to wanting to be more like the slimmer ones in first year. jane had curves like mine, i think she is bossy but quite sexy. im going to try and loose some weight. i want to be seventy. i think it could happen really easily. i just need to keep busy.

i read my favourite poem. people liked it and i lent the book to drew. she hasn't given it back yet.

just got a email from my dad, he was upset because i treated him badly before powhiri. he bought pixel and expected to sleep in my room which i had offered to him but i wouldn't let him and then he slept in the van at the drama school. i felt embarrassed and didn't want anyone to know. sily i know but you would understand me. hes crazy. he gets his operation at the end of the month. hernia.

i miss ngawi, martinborough and the ruamahunga. i miss vineyards, the mountains and mulberry meringue pie. i miss you as well. im tired, got to get some excercise to keep my blood happy and oxygenated. all my kindest thoughts.

WEEK 4

hey there happy man,

we did our showig on friday. it was quite good, i felt i did a really good performance but couldn't help but feeling nervous whether people liked it or not. i heard one girl say how the performancees kept getting better and better. we were the first group so as you can imagine i got annoyed and felt very insecure about the work. there was some really good ones. beautiful dreamy lighting and violin. our lighting turned out dumb because it there was too much of it in my opinion. people said they liked ours though and the school thought they were awesome. it was a good experience- i really want to get good at collaboration work.

this week we started classes for real. iv discovered already that im very analytical and over think my movement. i kinda guessed this would be my problem and yes, paul picked up on it straight away. at least i know already and can start work on it. im a bit scared of using my brain less- don't see why i have to but its about instincts and dicovering the way i used

to know how to move. like when you are a kid and all fit and flexy. i really want to send these to you but i know i can't. i hope u aren't freaked out when you know iv been writing to you for so long. its also a time of clearing my thoughts like a diary. i know you need this space and its unfair to sedn these.

so, my class is pretty cool. we snag a song at mandy's farewell last night. it was boring and the evening felt like a lot of work after our first day of class. mandy seems like a very egocentric and energetic driven woman. kinda so accomplished to the point of grossness. has 4 kids and still worked full time. but anyway, jessica is bossy, santi is quiet and jeri is still in cute girl mode which she swears she is a tough maori chick.

we are learning krapawera- i don't know how to spell it. my muscles are killing me. my body is more sore that it had ever been. feet, calves, hamstring, triceps. its amazing though and im going to learn how to do excellent cartwheels and handstands- i would love to be able to do a no handed cartwheel but perhaps by third year. actors sure have to be athletes though.

we also had voice which i think im going to like- you feel safe and free to be yourself in mabel's classes.

today we did more collab work. 50 minutes, a group of 6 and a whole list of things to include in the show like a tango, a refernce to the play antigone, 20 seconds of sychronised movement. fran said it was fun but we can do better. i think she was going to say that no matter what though.

i hope u re doing well. im going to see my dad this weekend as he is having his operation 2moro, and hopefully have a swim in the ruamahunga river. check out the fair and go to gails.

missing your company,
macy

END OF WEEK 4

iv just been on the dicksmiths website. imagine that! i want to buy a camera. im going to be a film actor in new zealand and a maker as well. im spending my scholarship money on it. i really want to buy a mac laptop but alas, im being sensible. thinking of you. im at my dads. his operation went well. hes quite sore though. its hard being here at his house, im staying in our room, the room where we made love on a mattress a week after we first had sex. where we stayed before and after we went to vietnam. you are still so rich in my life and i miss you every day. i feel terrible about how i treated you when we tried to be friends. i was selfish. i shared too much and you were ever amazing and your kindness transcends this realm.

today was a really good day at school. paul used me as an example in the movement class. we are exploring gravity and levity and learning how to use them to help us move with ease. i was good at it. its like becoming a child again and i was having heaps of fun. its all to do with flow- which we will study for 3 years. makes me laugh , the average shortland st watcher doesn't give a shit about whether an actor is flowing or not!

then we had screen and me and my scene partner trevor were praised for being truthful and for establishing a connection with each other. he was the man at my audition that reminded me of you and he stood opposite me for my shakespeare piece. he was the one i cried in front of. i like this fact, it does give me connection to him which is awesome at this stage of the course. thinking of our walks around featherston. our scooting in vietnam and sunny wairarapa afternoons with you.

WEEK SIX

things i want to tell you,

i arm wrestled bill today. he let me win. hes from england and is 28.

i miss you everyday, do you still miss me? im am frequently confused as to how i feel about

you.

i doubt myself everyday, my weight, beauty, ability and talent.

i watched the 3rd years do some acting up at 93KP (vic) and it was inspiring.

im growing muscles

WEEK 7

my muscles have started hurting more as today went on. we had training first and I spent about half an hour running. it's not so hard when you are in a group! we had voice which is very talky at the moment- not very practical actually working on our voices. i got really really hungry towards the end. i desperately want to get down to 70 kg- i want to be lighter so i feel more confident and not like one of the big girls in the class. also so that classes are easier. its hard though because, i do do so much physical work that my body craves fat and more food than i need. i think i have to employ that wait half an hour rule. its also comfort because im not the happiest at the moment. i don't get time to go for walks and relax, i don't get time to enjoy the sunshine and savour a coffee with you. i can't understand why i still miss you. i know you are awesome and rock the party but why still- why cant i accept that we are no longer in each others worlds. i crave your company. i crave your ability to understand me. i pick myself up now. i have to. there is no one else to.

i want to tell you how sorry i am for what happened just before christmas. I can't believe i treated you so much like a piece of flesh, so unlovingly. And when you took care of me after my break up, I feel so much guilt, regret and sadness at how selfish I was. How dare I treat you like that when you mean so much to me. How kind and giving you were. so unworldly beautiful.

WEEK 8

Even if we never speak again, you are my kindness creature and that i will treasure forever. I am so sorry. I want to tell you that but even that is selfish. I don't want to disturb your world, set you back or confuse you on your path. you are heading somewhere amazing, i know. so am i although im terrified of where that is.

do you miss me? have you fallen in love- is she better for you than I was? Did mitch tell you i popped in- it was to see your mum and i was hoping for your sake that you weren't there. lucky you guys were out i guess. i miss our trips to see family. i miss you.

week Two / term 2

woah, things are getting busy busy. I have text meth due (a way of getting the character out of the text following about 20 pages of writing) and we have got some exciting things happening this term. stayover at the island bay marae. we've been learning heaps of hapa haka. my wiri is really good. thats when you shake your hand with life force. i sang solo in class. i sang when you're good to mama from chicago. it was nervewracking but everyone thought i was great so im feeling heaps more confident about my singing now. im working on a new song called "maybe this time" from cabaret. I think thats your mums favourite musical. training is going good now- im getting muscly-er. i reckon i could waste you in a fight. bring it.

my class is great, i am really admiring people's strength to stretch themselves and extend beyond what they thought was capable.

For text meth, we are doing a play called Blue Surge. its about class divides and most people are playing cops and prostitutes but i am playing a conservative fiancée to the cop. she is an art teacher and comes from a wealthy background.

we are also working on essays. i am proposing a verbatim topic about a new zealand

conflict. its really exciting. mary takes us for cultural and theoretical studies. remember mary? she took me for devised work at uni.

speaking of devised work. what did you think of darling buds of maybe? i hated lots of it but Bob turned into a real cunt face during the process and got real shitty at me when i pulled out because of my story. seen any of that? as if i was going to turn down paid work for a devised work for fringe. career anyone?

did you hear missy is coming back on july 17th- if we are friends by then we should go to the airport and meet her with hanzo bonanza.

Its my year of 21st this year. first up is anna barton. should be epic. lots of praise and love for anna from all her rich aunties and other farmers.

i had a job selling nepresso coffee machines that paid twenty an hour and i had to drive to different stores to do the promotion. iv been sick for a week with a cold, thought i could do the promotion then turned up and felt dizzy so i went home. I got fired cos apparently its in the contract- which i hadn't signed yet, so how was i to know. but i think it was because my boss got in trouble with her boss. sucks though cos it means i don't get paid for the work i had already done because i wasn't yet on a contract. !

I am washing dishes casually at a restaurant in town. its cool cos its easy, relaxed and they feed me yummy food. how is your flat going? mine is cool, bit cold now that its winter but iv got my hot water bottle.

i better get on with homework, as if you choose not to read this it would have been a waste of time.

macy