

Mutata, a quiet presence

Masquerading as *Quilos and the Windmill* (a name borrowed from Jorge Luis Borges), we are creative explorers responding to each other from different countries, and Mutata is our constant companion.

Unseen and unheard, she is always at-work in our-work, working silently, her mask enables her to become any kind of creature. Often feral, she appears and disappears within the folds and margins of our stories, always and already working between the lines and between us.

She is extrovert but elusive, at the same time animal and human, real and imagined. Her shadow lingers, linking and separating our ideas and actions. She is us - or the personification of what we might be - she is our third. And she inhabits a third place where fractured thoughts are held - albeit momentarily.

(Ad)venturing across and between places, we respond to whatever is to hand: people, things, sounds, movements - and Mutata is always there, at the same time, a part of us, apart from us, and more than us - she is our thought space, the bridge and vessel that takes us to new territories.

Entering into engagement with a 'third' (our personification of an-other - or entering into a state of an-other-ness) enables us to develop and draw on inter-relationships both imaginal and literary, and in turn encourages different and new voices - childlike, feral, poetic and dissonant - to emerge.

Through our 'third', we two find ourselves fully engaged in collaborative practice - the real and imagined artist between and among us literally caught in the act; reacting to, and replenishing our work through a quiet intertextuality and fictional presence.

In Derridean terms, she might be a 'supplement', supplementing our words and actions with her own, active in the spaces between and beyond we two. Working silently beneath the surface, she often (re)surfaces in the guise of a story-teller, costuming and rehearsing our next adventure. She is the space of our thoughts.