

Dear Mr. Sorrentino,

Your pope series have moved me - - - I decided to share my thought about it with you and so express my gratitude.

You play with intimately intimidating baroque-resembling imagery, gestures and language of cynicism, chauvinism and various metamorphoses of amorous pleasure. You acknowledge the human nature as is, including the limits of reason and the mysticism of faith.

Watching Jude Law's performance would lessen my loneliness on a level that is rarely penetrable by something not inherently sacred. I mean I do recognize his physical handsomeness, but this is way beyond that regarding Lenny and also very much regarding Jude, a hard-working actor with an, as far as I know, unprecedented shape-shifting charisma thorough which he structures a different mind, heart that it fits the character. Having him play Pius XIII.? Genius.

Hearing the words 'I might be even more handsome than Jesus' as he (in this role) becomes a holy, untouchable, supposedly perfect sex-symbol, it is interesting to reminisce, how he, looking not unlike the Picture of Dorian Gray, played Lord Alfred Douglas, a lover to Oscar Wilde, in 1997.

Oscar Wilde, who wrote a story named Young King about a person, who would let go of all his wealth and at the day of his coronation kneeling before the Lord in the simplest clothing, more importantly who wrote a letter from prison about at last comprehending poverty, humility, modesty, unironically saying 'non sum dignus' to love and grasping the ways of Christ through poetry. Whether you are aware of this context or not, even if it is merely a figment of my imagination. The link between Alfie and Lenny. However coincidental, is so direct, inner and carnal, it is on a certain level binding. Although Jude is merely doing his job.

As Pius XIII. began to breathe, it went from a contemplative symbol of hope, to an annoying, frightening and seemingly never-ending pseudo miracle only through being put on a pedestal. Then there is the episode when Lenny is awake in Venice - the aura of it all seems uneven. Looking back I realized that the timeline is in a diagonal perspective. Exquisite.

Having the new pope be English, dandy feels so amusing and ironic. Having two symbolic roses, red and white, in his garden also feels like a subtle nod towards Wilde. Having John Paul III. delicately preach about the importance of poetry... John Malkovich complements Law nearly flawlessly.

Preserving a certain dose of purity, simplicity - truly humble goodness... my absolute favourite moment is Lenny saying 'Doesn't matter. Come home.'

Being highly receptive towards nearly everything, experiencing monumental emotion within subtle nuance, I cannot absorb much and I constantly suffer from sensory overload. I cannot educate myself broadly and deeply enough to be considered an intellectual. I hear an intense vocation to heal myself and others through being a poet. The everpresent sensation of inadequacy, performance of fate and friendship of Christ moving me simultaneously... I am terrified to sculpt my identity.

I am fragile and I tend to be naïve. Maybe I am merely misinterpreting a shallow, quasi-heretic, banally provocative piece. But I did find something more within. I felt moved, held, amused, accompanied, aroused, uplifted and engaged with the material.

The Young/New Pope lead me to an idea - that such shift in identity may be possible to an extent whether one is the pope or not. As a continuous performance art piece I am wearing Pope's Dress Code (white clothes and red shoes). It is about exploring and evolving the sphere of my identity resonant with my vocation. It triggers emotions I knew I had, but could not reach before. It seem overpowering. It is unburdening. My performance art professor, Tomas Ruller, organizes open-situation performances - only framed by space and time. I apply the dress code and each time it transforms my consciousness a little.

Thank you for inspiring me.

Sincerely,
Eva Marie Růžena.