
September News 🌻 Upcoming Shows, Workout with Me, and Learnings from NY!

From Adele Lim <adele-lim@outlook.com>

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To Adele Lim <adele-lim@outlook.com>

Hello friends, old and new! 💙

Despite the eagerness of capitalism, summer is NOT, in fact, over yet! To elongate the remaining 18 days of summer, I shall selfishly practice gratitude—thank you so, SO much to everyone who read through and responded to my June email (I read all your lovely responses!!), supported [Wild Ragerz](#), saw [The Golden Door: An American Immigrant Song Cycle](#), and who reached out on my birthday — I have been overwhelmed with community! 🥹

I have so many things to share with you!! As always, please please *please* feel free to respond, I'd love to hear your thoughts and/or what's going on with you (,,,°_°,,,)♡ Buckle up if yar plannin on readin through this whole newsletter (took Cosmin ~7 minutes), or feel free to skim for the important parts which I promise to bold clearly 🙄 Yes, I understand it's long, no, it won't hurt my feelings if you don't read all the way through, and, I will cry with appreciation if you do!

- You're invited to **[Hells Canyon](#)** (Sep 5-21)!!! 🍷
- Come hang at [Pure Barre](#) (Lynnwood) 💪
- Official [website](#) launch?? 🙄
- ~ Reflection Section: [Linklater](#) takeaways from New York 💕 ~



IT'S HERE!!! [Hells Canyon](#)'s West Coast premiere opens **this Friday, September 5th** (!!!!!!!), and I cannot WAIT for this show to be birthed into the greater Seattle community (pun VERY intended).

Summary: *Ariel Lim, seven months pregnant, arrives at a remote cabin with a handful of old friends. Resentments surface and buried histories claw their way into the light, when the group hears something outside—trying to get in... or out? In this horror-thriller, there are some decisions you cannot outrun.*

Location: [12th Avenue Arts](#) (Capitol Hill), Mainstage

Special Dates:

- Sep 5 | Opening Night Celebration! 🥳🌟
- Sep 7 | AAPI Affinity Night #1 🍷
 - I'll be singing during our 5-7pm pre-show lobby event!! 💕
 - **PWYC + Mask required**
- Sep 14 | Understudy Performance! 🧡
- Sep 18 | **Livestreamed Performance** 📺

- Sep 21 | AAPI Affinity Night #2 🍣
 - Our only 2-show day, plz help cheer us on. 🥺 Also my family is coming!!! 🥰
 - **PWYC + Mask required**

I've been hesitant and lacking in my public promotion of this play because, truly, it has just been so important, sacred even, to me. I don't really know how to put it into words, so please bear with me! Y'all, I feel like I have never worked so hard on a script. First of all, this script is amazeballs, thank you Keiko Green for writing it, and Amber (Tanaka) for picking it up! And also, I can only describe this arrival of players and pieces at these exact times and places as, well, fate. And who am I to disrespect her?? It's not just that this is the first time I am getting to play a character of Chinese descent as a Chinese person, who happens to have the same last name (?!?!), though I was, uh... gob smacked to realize both of those things. It's also that I have been noodling on the intersections of rage, race politics, oneness and the question of "How can we all get along?", when I came upon this halfway house of someone else's story, a story rooted in the history of the land we directly inhabit today.

Speaking of the land, I wanted to share more about that (spoiler: unfinished) story I alluded to in my last newsletter: I visited Hells Canyon just before our rehearsal process started, because... why not? My intention was to take this opportunity and newfound knowledge of the [Hells Canyon Massacre](#) to pay my respects, deepen my own cultural and antiracist work, and ensure I was entering into our rehearsal process with as full a contextual preparation as possible. All that for only a 6-hour drive and an opportunity to see the deepest river gorge in North America—or so I thought. 🥺

To prep, I read [Massacred for Gold: The Chinese in Hells Canyon](#) by R. Gregory Nokes (highly recommend), recruited my trail-seasoned partner, secured lodging with some difficulty, and finally, the day came. I remember being some mix of terrified and anxious. It didn't help to realize that the dates I was visiting, purely out of convenience of it being Memorial Day weekend, overlapped *exactly* with the anniversary of the massacre—May 25, 1887. *insert [THE SCREAM](#)* TLDR, everything was logistically much harder than we thought, but **the main event was that my body FREAKED out**. I kind of dissociated? My skin felt like it was on fire and as if I was weirdly inhabiting it, like, I was strangely detached underneath my skin? Then there was the cramping, and I couldn't shake the feeling of being watched. Slight TMI warning, but it's important—this all then led to my period arriving, get this, *early*. Literally and respectfully, WTF?? I was like, is this... a f*cked up kind of foreshadowing?? (*insert [butterfly meme](#)*) ((If this doesn't make sense, it might help to see the show. 🥺))

In the end, we did not, in fact, make it to the exact site of the massacre due to terrain safety and daylight. It was frustrating and unsatisfying to say the least. One sad mile off from Chinese Massacre Cove, held off by cliffs that looked irresponsible to rock climb without gear or the luxury of time, we just ate our lil' squished sandos and trudged home in defeat—my partner with pants soaked by Snake River, mine heavily stained through with cervix goop from my stress-induced (or perhaps... ghost-induced?? jk hehe) period, both of us covered in burs and barely able to appreciate the grandiosity of the land. Most sadly of all, we didn't get to light the joss sticks Pearl so kindly gifted me to pay our respects since I was saving them for the cove, but THE POINT IS 1) it was a crazy experience, and 2) we're going to try again next year, knowing what we know now!

Last thing—I wanted to highlight this quote that stood out to me the most from [Nokes' book](#) I mentioned above (sorry I don't have the page number on hand, don't @ me):

But as someone educated in Oregon schools, I wondered why I had never heard of the massacre, certainly one of the worst crimes in the state's history. I was soon to discover the reasons: one,

people in Wallowa County, both then and now, didn't want the story to be told, and, two, authorities at all levels of government—federal, state, and county—cared so little about the Chinese that they made at best only a half-hearted attempt to investigate.

Ah, that hurts to read, every time. But read it again.

That feeling of being other, of being covertly excluded, the pressure to overachieve just to have a seat at the table, of beginning from a place of culturally bankruptcy, and all the negotiating of cultures to feel like you can be legible somewhere only to end up with a fractured sense of self—I'm saying this to myself and to other immigrants who identify: that's real. That is literally rooted in systemic efforts to exploit us. We are not making it up. **In the US government's reparational payments to China for all the racial violence the Chinese experienced on American soil, the headcount of those massacred in Hells Canyon, which is the largest of all currently known incidents, was not included. The cover up was deliberate.**

So, to my lovely, talented, firecracker ensemble,
to our genius, ambitious, hardworking WET & Yun prod teams,
to our INCREDIBLE, committed, deserving director Amber,
to Keiko,
to Nokes,
to everyone who is planning on coming to see the show:

Thank you. Thank you for caring. Thank you for your trust. Thank you for choosing to tell and to witness this story—thank you for seeing us.

The thing they didn't want us to do? We're doing it. We're telling the story. Let's fucking go.



WHOOO we love a 180!! I gotta say, I have been actually so proud of how far I've come exactly one year into my teaching journey at Pure Barre. It was a Niagra Falls learning curve, but teaching PB is now a part of my day that always energizes me, also in large part because I love my strong ASF, dedicated, generous and hilarious community of regulars, and I believe in the accessibility and effectiveness of the PB formula.

So, all that to say, if you've ever been curious about taking a barre class, especially if finances have been a barrier for you, come through!!! We don't gatekeep around here 🙏

- Newly, staff family & friends now get **50% off memberships** 🤪 (that's you!!)
- I have **2 free guest passes each month**, no membership required (also could be for you!!)—I just have to be there with you in-person!
- *Note: this all applies to the Lynnwood and Shoreline Pure Barre studios only!*

Separately, our 🍁 **Fall Fit Challenge** 🍁 which is 30 classes in 60 days, September 2 - October 31, has begun! Don't ask me why, but I decided to sign myself up for two months of pain. Soo... suffer with me? 🙌🙌 Jkjk, it's fun I promise, come for the slow dopamine!!



I have been sneakily soft launching this in my resumes and email signatures, but I am officially announcing my website www.adelelim.com, eek!!!

I've been on the fence about creating a website for a couple years now, but I figured it could decrease reliance on social media (PLEASE), and it would be a useful exercise in reflecting on my artistry so... here we are!

Shoot me a message if you check it out, I'd love to hear about your experience! 🤗💖 Or... just to send me the strength to keep it updated. 🙏 (By the time you read this, the gallery may or may not still be under construction. 🙏)



Reflection time!!~ Soo, guess who went to New York for the first time ever in August?? ☆*: .o.(≥▽≤)o
 .o.:*☆ Honestly, I am still in disbelief but, what a time to be alive! Despite everything, I am caught by community, the excitement of learning new things, and the desire to create. I went primarily to visit a good friend who invited me to come during her directing fellowship (♥!!), my mom also semi-surprised me and bussed in from Boston (👀), and as the universe would have it, there was an in-person Linklater workshop exactly in the timeframe I was able to visit, and they kindly granted me a scholarship! 🙏
 (That's our class up there hehe. We didn't have much time to connect, but I deeply appreciated everyone's thoughts and energies. ♥♥)

I first heard about Linklater while auditioning for *Snow Queen* (thank you Johamy!), and after struggling for the last year or so with vocal / physical / *everything* burnout from both acting and teaching, it recently occurred to me that there was perhaps something I could learn through Linklater to release tension and return to my body's natural state of pliancy and play. I'm so happy to report back that it *was*, in fact, as mind blowing and effective as I had hoped, so I thought I'd share a few high-level takeaways with y'all!

To preface, the workshop was only 10 hours long—our incredible and practiced instructor, **Sara Buffamanti** (HIGHLY recommend learning from / working with this human), was transparent about the limitations of cramming 13 weeks of material into that time. So maybe take all this with a grain of salt?? Also, do check out their virtual and in-person trainings [here](#), Kristin Linklater's [books](#), etc. I have been considering doing knowledge sharing sessions for whoever's interested 🙏, but more on that in the future!

In big strokes, toward the end of affective communication, we:

- Learned a simplified view of how the voice works (very cool, very flabbergasting that this is not more commonly taught)
- Built awareness around our bones & breathing musculature that support vocal expression
- Practiced organic breathing (hahummmah, and all that)
- Practiced releasing tension & increasing resonance in specific areas such as the diaphragm, hips and articulators (hips went crazyy)

But my favorite takeaway was this:

"Free and open expression lives on a spectrum of privilege." —a direct quote from Sara.

Hopefully obviously, not everybody exists / begins their journeys on the same level of the free-and-open-expression playing field, depending on their intersectional identity and lived experience. As artists, we are fortunate to constantly practice a specific kind of vulnerability; the kind where you *see* and are *seen*, where we allow ourselves to affect each other. It's a beautiful thing, and something I will forever work to hone more.

But... where do we draw the line?

We cannot, for the sake of our own wellbeing, safety even, constantly be occupying that level of vulnerability—while walking down the streets of Seattle at night as a Chinese, femme identifying and appearing person, for instance.

Which led me to think: what about in the rehearsal room? How do we navigate transitioning between our characters and our personal and professional selves? I'm sure this answer is different for everyone, so just some food for thought. We love boundaries and identity separation! (Right?) We love taking accountability for our own fragility! (Right??) We love working towards building a kind of professional trust where personal intimacy is not made a requirement! (RIGHT??? 🤖)

I can't tell you how often I feel like I let people down because I am not, in reality, as consistently bubbly, endearing, generous and awe-inspired as my type cast. Which is why I also feel so frickin' blessed for the role of Ariel in Hells Canyon—what do you mean I have permission to be low energy, to express rage, to remove the layers and layers of masking on stage?? UGH. Dream role. Anyway, I need a lot of quiet time y'all, I'm pretty fuckin' neurodivergent, in case you couldn't tell from this gigantic essay of a newsletter.

Second takeaway—**fear is the root cause in the chain reaction of our voices / communication**

breaking down. It makes so much sense!!! How we each come upon this fear, what the fear is, and when it comes up, is different for everyone (fear of rejection, sounding stupid, not getting what we want, who we surround ourselves with, etc.), and I think it is a really cool exercise, actually, to think about what our potential hangups are and when they first begun.

For example, when I first joined the theatre industry in 2023, I just didn't know what I didn't know, so everything was balls to the wall (in a good way!), and I was coming from a place of deep alignment and rest. Everyone was new to me, it was easy to assume best intentions, and getting *any* kind of contract, no matter the theatre, pay, script or cast reputation, was a big win in my book. Also, singing came easily, acting was fun, I was grateful to be seen at any audition, and every single show, every single person I met, was special to me.

Hahahahahaha how things have changed!

Some of it aligned, some of it not—I have better boundaries, can advocate for myself and others a LOT better, spot BS and mistreatment quicker, but also, I have slipped into scarcity mindset / the comparison trap many times, disconnected from gratitude, fed on external validation, and worst of all, internalized the negative projections of others, intentional or otherwise, and translated it into a kind of learned helplessness, bodily tension and silence. Some of you have heard me say this, but one manifestation of that for me, is that it is so difficult to sing nowadays. After much reflecting, I realized it's not because I

somehow suddenly got a lot worse, but I think it's because there's so much emotional and physical baggage in the way now, and so much *pushing* to create a product that others might find acceptable. Haa. Hopefully, taking 2025 slower / more intentionally, and taking this class, are the first steps to coming home to myself again—I do feel like things are trending in the right direction!

Final takeaway—**the spine is a superhighway!!!** RESPECT IT. ALIGN IT. ROLL UP AND DOWN IT 10 MILLION TIMES LIKE YOU WERE TAUGHT TO. Shit works man.

Okay okay okay, peacing out because I CANNOT edit my own writing anymore,

(P/S: PLEASE say hi if you come to see [Hells!!!!!!](#))

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Upcoming Projects:

- [Hells Canyon](#) | 📅 September 5-21 | Washington Ensemble Theatre
- [Wild Ragerz](#) | 📅 Fall Premiere | written & directed by Pearl Mei Lam