

there's nothing left to bloom anymore, no other possibility then start to wilt, slowly and painfully being emptied by a cancer gall. Hope starts to leave, disappear, makes place for emptiness and bitterness. Rationality leaves you until the point the only thing you have left to fall back on is your emotions, feelings, that are overstimulated by this point. **Madness** grows and keeps growing, it takes out all your masks, everything you once could hide is now impossible to hide anymore. Transparent, honest, vulnerable, **naked**. You are left with nothing but at the same time being left with nothing opens a million doors for new possibilities. So maybe in this case, taking off everything in the end is a way out of this madness, a way to move on, start from zero again until everything starts over and repeats itself once more; some people drown, others learn how to swim but no one should close or shut their eyes from those who are drowning. Who is responsible for madness? We all are, we all contribute in this spiral of madness, whether this is with awareness or not but how beautiful would it be to have more awareness or create more awareness? Without creating a feeling of responsibility! Being aware or feeling responsible are two different things, in my opinion it's very difficult to hold anyone responsible for madness; it's too strong and there are too many things involved to pinpoint fingers and anyway what change does it make to figure out or say who is responsible? The '**mad**' person stays **alone** and once again the focus is weirdly shifted from what is really important in that present moment.

Now talking about madness in his piece, **what do we want to show?** Painful beauty, madness hidden in the back room, very small but present, danger, attraction, sadness, loss, madness becoming more and more present over time, this non-stop growing cancer gall. Nostalgia, affection, honesty, melancholy, transparency / nakedness.