MACEIRÁ, 5 march 2019
written in the morning

Dear Joany,

Thank you for your letter. How precious it is these days to receive a written message from somebody. I mean, REAL written, so by hand, pen and paper. Not just a little message, but an extended framed document of thoughts and feelings.
CLL→
Time transforms when I write; it transforms the quality of thinking, I think I go deeper in my thoughts. When I write I ACTUALLY take the time to observe what is really inside of myself in terms of emotion, reflection and any kind of sensation that I feel like sharing... Don, enough about all this 😐.

! ↳ What happens when you write

It was a beautiful day yesterday, I am happy with the direction the work is taking. There's a touch of fragility and honesty feelable, just a touch though 😐. I wish you could open a bit more in getting in relation to what is honestly going on inside of you, but yeah, don't push it, give it time.
What is this Ophelia figure that we are searching for, what realm inside of you is that realm that reveals the power of infinite love, youth, madness and reason, all forming together this gem of mystic human wisdom? Hmm... maybe I speak in poetry, doesn't matter (I hope), hence you I know you are open and sensitive enough to understand the tongue of poetry.
It is unbelievable that after 12 years of being involved in the act of creating work with so many people, dancers, composers, designers... it NEVER becomes easier or at I never get a feeling of getting used to it. I am actually more and more becoming aware of how vulnerable my energy and being is during such processes. Twelve years I didn't feel AT ALL like that: I was just SURE about everything. Now I sense a very high temperament of sensitivity. It is like having a very precious gift in my hands, not knowing what it is, but I need to do something with it, exploring it, looking at it from all sides, even the insides. I have that beautiful

ACT OF CREATION