

Now you asked me to reflect on what we spoke about on the eyes. Performing this piece as a soliloquy makes sense for me, opening the windows for people to see everything that happens inside, in this back room of the head where the madness is growing, an invitation into your little mad house without being able to see anyone yourself; being blind from what's really there in front of you because you're living too much in the past, not being able to let go and completely sucked into your own world, your own little world. It's also a statement in itself, inviting audience to be a spectator to a process like this but (as a performer you obviously acknowledge their presence) as a character not seeing them, still feeling like you're alone in the room. This for me is a statement in itself regarding how a person who goes mad reacts to people around. How can you be visible and in-visible at the same time? The body is still present, the

? person changes because of this madness or because you actually get closer to the core and guts of that person? Can you say you lost a person or do you actually get to see the person fully, free from judgements or second-guessing that keep certain things contained, showing all the beauty and ugliness, the fragility, the extremities, the narrowness, the deepest desires or feelings that person has are wide in the open at a certain point; there is no place to hide anymore.

Now on this notice I have to think more on how to reflect on this piece and how to write a good text. I'm just collecting all my thoughts, feelings, inspirations and opinions to see where it goes...

Love,

Joany