

Everything that screams in my interiors bounces off the thick walls. It bounces a couple of times and finding no exit falls and rots. This place shall be over-filled soon. Either I find a way to open it, or I shall wait for a great explosion. Or I suffocate there. Places behind the barrier, behind the first shell, the second shell, places of no weight, places of truth, of which there are many in one. Truth unformable truth uncountable truth possible. Authentic creation is – according to Kantor – first of all thinking about yourself, a manifestation of longing for the fullness of presence and regaining the fullness of identity (like regaining your voice). Welding together yourself with the fragments of your memory.

Hatching. Laugh, if you want to find some outlet, cry out of discomfort. Silent hatching, brutal hatching. Hatching with conviction, avoiding hatching, trusting in hatching. Look! (Other Theatre School, 2019, New Year Show)

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