

*It is difficult, staying away from each other. It is also diametrically opposed to the desire from which a person starts to play, the aloofness blatantly stands in the way of playing. It is debilitating, thinking about performances of which you do not know when they will be able to be played, and in what circumstances. It takes an awful lot of effort, studying texts of which you don't know if you will be allowed to speak them. Theatre has never felt exhausting before, it rarely takes too much effort. It makes me wonder how much effort you can put in before you lose the play. How much effort theatre can endure, I mean, how long you can keep calling it 'playing'.*

*I hope to see everyone again soon, packed close together in crowded halls. And afterwards, there will be extensive kissing and plenty of shaking hands. And we just drink from each other's glasses to celebrate: that we can play again!*