

I have become more at ease. I feel much more comfortable in the pitch-black darkness that shrouds me now, than when I was first ushered in here. Suddenly, I feel a wet body in front of me. The person whose body it is giving me a hug as passionate as an embrace can be, without becoming sexual. With my head against his chest, I feel his heart beat. Then he disappears into the darkness and I know I will never know who he was. Outside Avant Gardens blackbox I am asked to leave my jacket, purse and shoes. A physical undressing which, as it turned out, hinted towards what we – the audience – could expect. We each got a glass of water to drink – a purification ritual. Then we flowed one by one into the Sidney Leoni's world of senses: Undertone.

One would think that the eyes adjust to the dark after a while. It does not happen, but the body and the other senses become more and more independent and I go from being cautious and hesitant to becoming curious. So many impressions are hidden in the dark, in addition to the presence of performers and spectators, one can hear sounds: dripping, movements from small, nocturnal animals. I am in a rainforest. Somebody gets up from the ground, wriggling his body around my legs, breathing down my neck, before he or she suddenly disappears. It's intimate, but entirely unproblematic. The sounds of water falling becomes more insistent, demanding more and more attention until I realize that I must be standing in front of a noisy waterfall flowing over a rock high up there and hitting the damp earth near me, down in the dark. Small drops of water are sprinkled over me. It's moisture from the waterfall, I reflect, while I try to imagine a performer standing right in front of me with a spray bottle. It is impossible to see anything. I sense the movement of someone brushing against arm. The scent of the liquid cloud hits me, it is very clear without being nauseating, just sweet. I try to place it, but come to the conclusion that it only exists here, in this black room with the sounds and bodies. Yet, it's designed and it takes me away from the rainforest and towards something human.

Meanwhile, the sound of the waterfall turns into a slow, mechanical rotating sound. The sound is gradually picking up, spinning faster and faster, getting sharper and sharper. A wind blows suddenly against me without my being able to tell where it's coming from. The driving force behind the noise must be a helicopter, a hungry beast of hissing rotations and rusty metal. I am a refugee in a post apocalyptic war scenario. I bump into other bodies, more than previously. I feel a hand, hold it for a moment, until I feel a pressure on my back and realize that we are all being herded in a small cubicle, close, like animals. It feels like we stand there for a long time before something somewhere lets go and we glide apart again.

It is impossible to say how much time has passed before a green light almost oozes towards us, revealing ourselves to each other. Suddenly we are shy. We no longer move, but standing and shifting weight from one foot to the other while we assess the situation. We are static, and don't dare look into each other's eyes for too long. The sight we have regained hinders us. Something in me longs for something primitive, sensual and uncomplicated. Yet we know that we have been a part of something big, and we leave the venue and each other with a certainty that we, for a moment, only were people – together.