These places were filled with memories. How does one endure such things? With years passing by and everything fading into the uncertainty of memory... Is this me? Was that me? The one experiencing all of this, or just an observer? Decide, the one experiencing or the one observing? It feels like not the one experiencing. In the past, someone else, but now me. Someone else when it’s in the past.

There is no reality beyond the consciousness and awareness of humans, no time, no space. When that cognitive state is shattered into pieces, whatever existed one second before the first colliding photons in the universe exists no more, meaning it doesn’t exist... Our minds allow us to peek out of a tiny window for a brief moment to grasp life just a little, to temporarily forget the frailty of our mortal bodies, like a brief experience of being a god. There is nothing beyond that.

- I feel as if... I feel as if I’m losing all my leaves, one after another.
- Your leaves?
- The branches! And the wind. I don’t understand what’s happening anymore.

“La Madre” adapted by Armagan Uysal from the original play titled “The Father”, penned by the French author Florian Zeller in 2012, and translated into English by Christopher Hampton in 2014, takes a unique approach to portraying Alzheimer’s disease without adhering to a conventional narrative style. Delving deeply into the inner experience of the illness, the play challenges viewers to reconsider individuals not merely as pitiable objects, but through their own perspectives. In a single act, it immerses the audience into another’s mind and emotions, inviting them to explore the power of empathy and understanding.

- Tell me Diego, this really is my apartment, isn’t it?