

THE LADY IN THE MIRROR
by Robert R. Rhodes

The Science Advisor's Review for "IN THE ATTIC"

A 1-Act Play by Liz Amadio

Liz Amadio was inspired to write this play when she saw a watercolor by Susan Tammany that Liz calls "The Journey" – showing pictures from a travel journal. And in Mona's mind, the time period to which she travels "In The Attic" is the 1940s in France: the tenuous world of war where her great-grandmother Simona and her lover's art employed a palette of "turmoil, sacrifice, and horror" – it was a romantic time, when Mona herself should have been living.

Early in our lives, we construct a model in our minds of the world around us to simulate the way things look, feel, sound, taste and behave. This model is constantly updated by our sensory perceptions, but it is always the changes to this model in our minds that are perceived. Thus Mona "conjures" up her great-grandmother when she finds what she thinks are loveletters, and she dons her great-grandmother's dress to become the woman she desires to become – a traveler, a writer who writes about her travels.

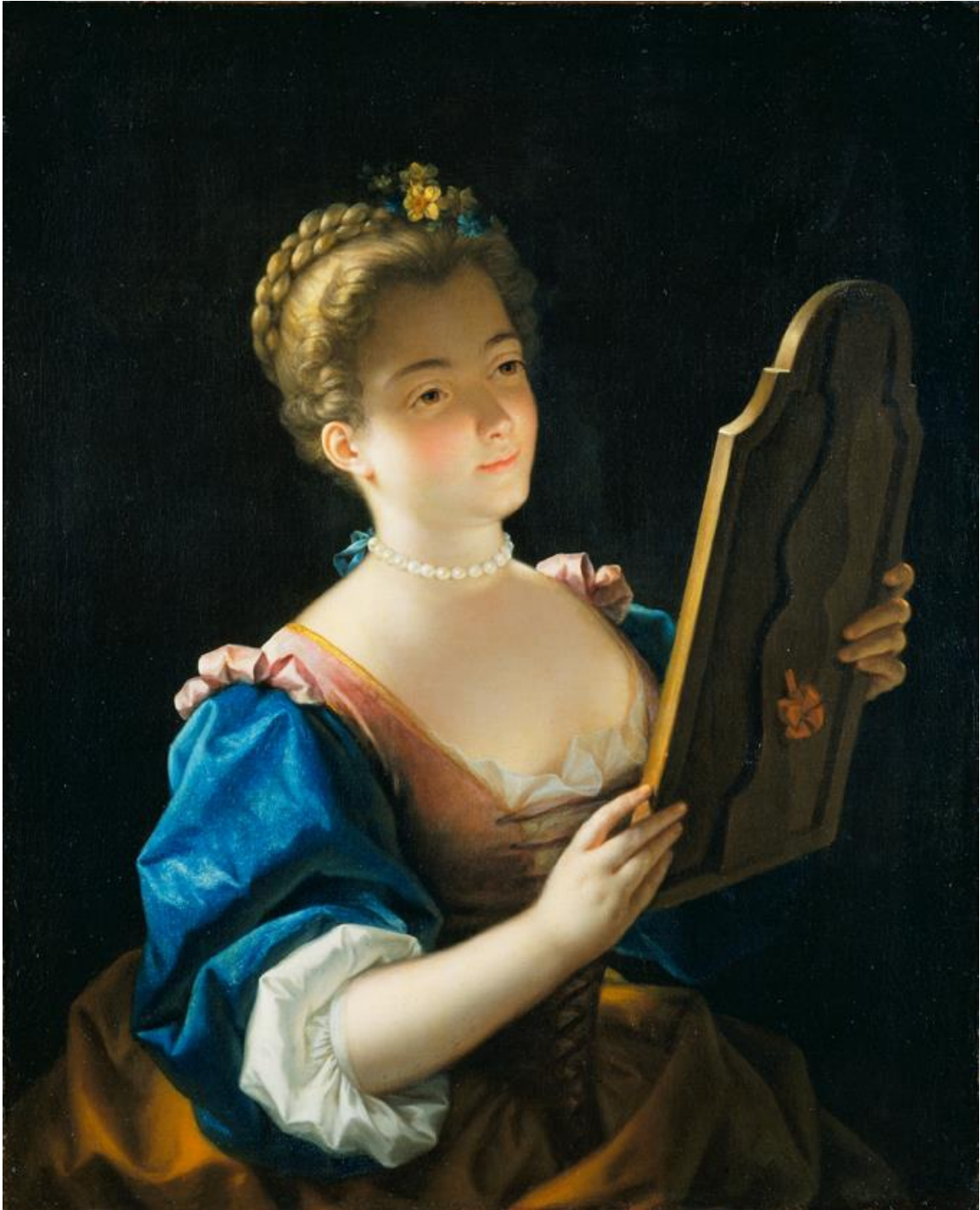
What she discovers is her own best adviser, a woman who bears the same name as she, but tells her that she has to create her mind-scape for herself.

"Love doesn't just sit there like a stone, it has to be made, like bread: re-made all the time, made new. When it was made, they lay in each other's arms, holding love, asleep." – Ursula K. Leguin in THE LATHE OF HEAVEN

Do we travel the world to escape our memories or to find them?

We are not normally aware of thinking itself, nor the motivations and emotions that generate our thoughts -- "consciousness" is only the snapshot of the surface landscape, below which emotional currents flow like magma below the land; ideas and thoughts appear on the surface like mountains and rivers do on the surface of the earth. Indeed, our thoughts

tend to gather small streams into rivers over the progression of our lives. It is the mighty river of love that drives Mona to see her great-grandmother Simona, who in the end is really a reflection of herself.



Raoux – La Jeune Fille au Miroir, from The Wallace Collection