

# «Double Blick»

SASHA AMAYA & SO YOUNG H. KIM

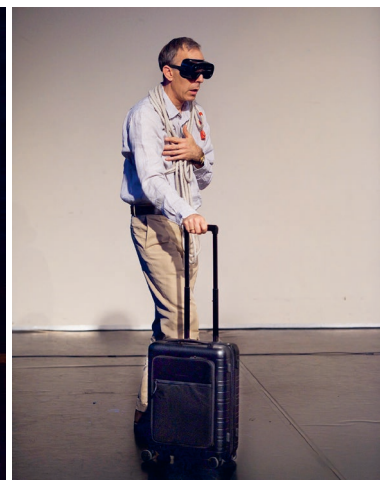
SY Non-EU citizen, artist, woman with black eyes.  
Identification card in my wallet,  
...but do I feel like I've arrived [here]?  
Someone once said to me that moving to another country is like being re-born. You learn everything from the beginning: language, culture, system. Indeed, it took me quite a while to solve the Möbius Band of apartment, bank account, and visa – each of which a pre-requisite of the other. But an important difference is that this time I was not thrown into this world but chose to exist in this state of being a foreign body. In other words, this body is not of baby, but the full-fledged one, with a knowledge of her own and the flexibility to digest the other side of the story. The perk of being an immigrant. Exposing yourself to a foreign condition grants oneself access to a sphere of otherness, a chance to examine your previous history from your privilege, as a citizen of your mother land.

When the white cis German man stands in the middle of the stage with crumbled papers in his hand, sharing his own experience of linguistic and cultural difference can occur as a domestic immigrant, I ask myself if his experience has ever turned into fertile soil for his artistic creation, or stayed traumatic as it was. A ball made of paper thrown across the stage. It made a crumbling sound, brings back memories from my very first day in Berlin. My hands were full with heavy two luggages, from airport to rent flat, while I was standing at escalator. All of sudden, there was a foreign hand, rummaging in my jacket pocket, making a crumbling sound.

A piece of bread left from the flight, wrapped in plastic. A stranger's and my eyes are locked. As time passed, the level of fear to be or to see the «fremd-ness» faded away. So did the sheer curiosity, that has motivated me to leave the motherland.

Throughout the piece, my gaze often attached to Jasna's face. While Clément divided and reconnected lines and spaces on the screen, I felt the strong urge

To pick up the ball of crumbled paper  
From the stage and put it in her pocket.  
To look into her eyes and goes -  
«So. Do you finally feel like you've arrived here?»



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«ICH BIN TSCHEUD»  
CLÉMENT LAYES &  
JASNA L. VINOVRŠKI

PERFORMANCE  
PREMIERE

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UFERSTUDIO 5

SA Clement draws a spiral. On the outside cusp of the spiral we are gathered, like little peas in a curved pod, from all over the world. As the spiral tightens, he and Jasna appear, two little bright dots from Europe, vibrating and humming back and forth, finding their place. And at the centre of the spiral, tucked in a little arc of ink, is our narrator, standing at the centre of Germany. Volkswagen! he incants, his arms bridging into a V as he looks up to the Himmel. His pale button-down shirt and light-rimmed glasses the stage set for a melody that sings of what makes Germany German. At least on the outside. But outsides and insides are always more complicated than one thinks, and it is therefore we outsiders who sit on the rim as the insider turns himself inside out. It is from the south, we are told, that he comes, and when his parents relocate him, it is a difference of not just culture and everyday habits, but of language, too, a true inability to understand those around him; first in his new home, and later back «at home». For those of us who have travelled so far and been so lost in the ocean of a totally new language, nay sometimes even scripts, to hear a story of different dialects upheld as difference is piercing. And yet, and yet. . . The dismantling of the idea of Germanness qua Siemens, qua Bosch, qua button-down shirts and light-rimmed glasses, splinters our concept of Deutsch. Not one thing, but a puzzle to be refashioned, variously, incompletely, diversely. Not just for us, but even for those at the inside of the inside — maybe. We put the pieces back together, t-s-c-h-e-u-d, our urushi the mash of bright and broken experiences we make on this journey to make a home.