

Mon 27th of April 2020 / 16:03  
Concerning: Wytomyśl fruit garden archive

Dear Marta,

thanks a lot for sharing your voice notes, very joyful!

While listening to your first voice note from 15.4.20 I wrote:

“Blackbird singing. Walking and talking about listening to recordings from the past, to grandfather’s stories. I need to know how to listen to it. Thoughts popping up. Relationships - my mother to my grandfather, mine to my mother and my grandfather. The voice of my grandfather got weaker from 2015 to 2018. His voice changed so much in this years, he was almost 90 years old when he died. Bats flying. How to approach this material? Text is visible. Voice notes feel more right. Walking. Reincarnated. Memory research. Cups on the street. Transmigrating soul. Walking. Relation of kinship and time and life and death and memory. I want to learn more about this.”

Hearing you walking: the rhythm of your feet, the sound of touching the ground, rushes of wind mingle with distant engine noises, the rhythm of your breath, sometimes breathless from walking and talking. Pause. Hearing your head turning. Awake and being open for the encounters with other beings. Animals and objects fading in and out between your words. Sensing your movements in public space. Pause. Walking near by you over space and time. Alive.

One story of transmigrating soul arising:

When I was at the age of eleven I started to sew like manic. The following years I earned some pocket money by sewing blouses and skirts for my aunts. In the 80-s I made experiments with returns to a previous life, where I was living in Asia, working as a sewer in a manufactory. Maybe the knowledge of previous lives is still present as “talents” in the present life. In 1992 I met Akemi Takeya, a Japanese dancer and choreographer. We made a 5 minutes video-dance work based on the sound of a sewing machine and the interconnectedness over time and space, called HOLLY, HOLLY, HOLLYLUIA. I guess, the VHS-Video is still in the pile of stuff in my sleeping room waiting to be digitalized.

Big hug  
Anita