



[indistinct chatter]

Q. A beginning is a very delicate time.
A. This is not a beginning.



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1. (flares and whispers)

A memory: a nightmare at age 2 in which the wooden figure of an old man in traditional Korean dress comes alive. The inanimate wood comes alive, nothing else.

The other memory is the comment of a stranger: she lets me know that my shoe laces have come undone. I have to translate the Korean for my parents, all the while being convinced that I haven't actually understood the language, that the translation is my invention.

Memories of another place: blurry. The first tangible memory is the return from Korea to Germany at age 3, the arrival at Frankfurt Airport, feeling like a stranger. For some time: loss of language.

I climb the mountain and see the city.
I climb the mountain and go round in circles.
I climb the mountain and cry out loud: I want to
go back down.
No. I climb the mountain and whisper.

I cut little windows into a milk carton. When I
light a candle inside the paper house seems to
come alive. Through a window I climb in. The
inside is shiny to repell moisture.
Inside outside, carton places, milky.

3. (random noise)

I wanted to tell you about this place that I went
back to visit. All day long, I walked through the
alleys, trying to recognize something. I was sure
that I knew where I was. As a matter of fact, I
later discovered a temple I had passed on an old
photograph. But at the time, I didn't recognize
anything.

Even the building in which I had lived – a pass-
ing walker had finally led me there – was only a
building among others. It was as if seeing it for
the first time, it was pink, the playground was
not the one from pictures.

**I climb the mountain.
Turning round in circles.
The longer I am here, the less I can grasp what
memories I might have had, they vanish under
the now, under the time in between.**



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Various sources, May 24, 2015

Silkworms seem to be able to collect and transmit memories. Researchers studying the sounds the caterpillars make while eating, discovered that this seemed in fact to be a code and have been able to translate parts of it. The protein which is the structural center of the silkworm cocoon and has in the past been used for memory enhancement in humans, plays a significant role in the storing of these memories.

The caterpillars used in the study are descendants of silkworms raised by a New Jersey teacher in the 1960s. According to sources, she had recounted stories of her life while feeding them, among them the fears she had when she contracted polio in 1955. The silkworms seem to have an affinity for strong emotions like fear, that they then weave into their cocoons.

It is believed that in this way the silkworms can also recreate modes of fear from the past. What this means exactly, however, remains unclear.

January 6, 2016 Warning spam - the following
email may contain a virus, do not open

Dear Neighbor,

Let us imagine that home really is where the
heart is - a bastion, a nest, a place you never
want to leave. Where there is both freedom and
security. Where everything we need is right in
front of our doorstep.

A house only becomes a home when you fill it
with individuality and personality. Here, every-
thing is possible: except uniformity.

It might seem silly but I've always dreamt of
one of those showers that they have in ho-
tels. Where, after a long day's work, you enter
through the heavy glass door and stand under
the soft stream of the water with the feeling:
everything will be okay.

Sincerely yours,
Virginia Connors



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Arrival before noon.
The planet resembles Earth.
There are no empty spaces.
Every place filled with memory.
By the graves of former kings and queens,
the memories seem heavy.

Location: Jeju-do (island)
Origin: Ophelia (human name), moon of Uranus
made of ice, rock
Ophelia was first photographed by the space
craft Voyager 2 in 1986
Voyager 2: contains collection with “best” of
Earth (sound, image)
contains nothing negative

In biology, an organism is any individual entity
that exhibits the properties of life. It is a syn-
onym for “life form”. A “life form” travels across
the universe and lands on this planet.

Sometime in the future or sometime in the past.

At the seashore, someone is collecting memory
fragments.

I don't know, someone says.
Everything has a name.

Arrival before nightfall.

Arrival before dawn.

The sound of voices can be heard.

Someone is classifying algae,
evaluating hierarchies.

Someone else is quoting Shakespeare.

To be or not to be, says Hamlet.
Oh what a noble mind, says Ophelia.
Then: a familiar song.
Ophelia's song of madness,
losing language.



Let's assume... this is a report.

We spent several weeks conducting a survey of the surrounding sand dune population. Our question was if we could learn alternative ways of remembering from them.

The sand dune population is deeply entwined in the beginnings of this town. It was founded by an inventor who bought the land on which the sand dunes live in the 1930s to plant trees as a supply for his furniture store. It took years until anything grew. Today there is a forest and a town..

Let's assume an inventor invented a town. He tried to plant for years without any success. Only when the dunes started speaking to him, did he find a solution. Their condition was to use certain plants they could form a symbiosis with - melilotus, ammophila, pinus - in that order.

This is not a report, this is a story, says my daughter.

How do you speak with dunes?
You have to ask questions. You have to write, without knowing whose story it is you are writing.

QUESTIONNAIRE

What is your preference in climate?
Which group activities do you enjoy?
What is your current mode of transportation?
How do you transmit knowledge?
When does a story begin?

Note 1 - If two media of different density flow past each other, they create an undulating interface.

Note 2 - This town might not have been built upon but is a form of the sand dunes. Ever shifting, they will one day soon change their form again.

Shhhh



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