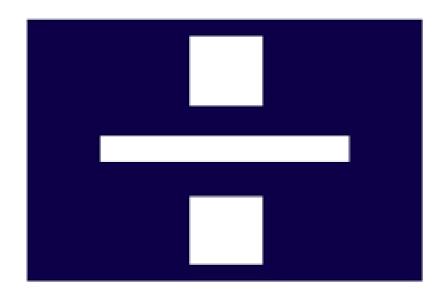




DEAR MOM, WHAT DO PEOPLE DO WHEN CROSSING THE BOUNDARY?



Une installation collective d'Anatole Abitbol, David Amberg, Pauline Beck, Elias Klein, Marlies Pahlenberg, Inia Steinbach, Gao Wenqian, Pocono Zhao Yu. Sous la direction de Domique Hurth.









Montage de l'exposition

















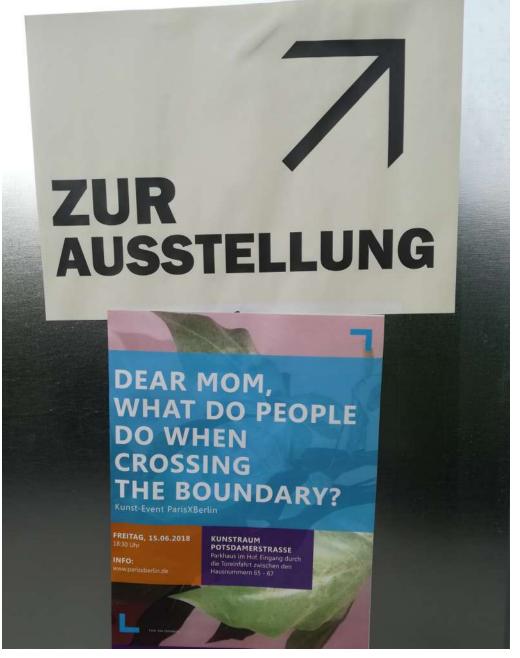


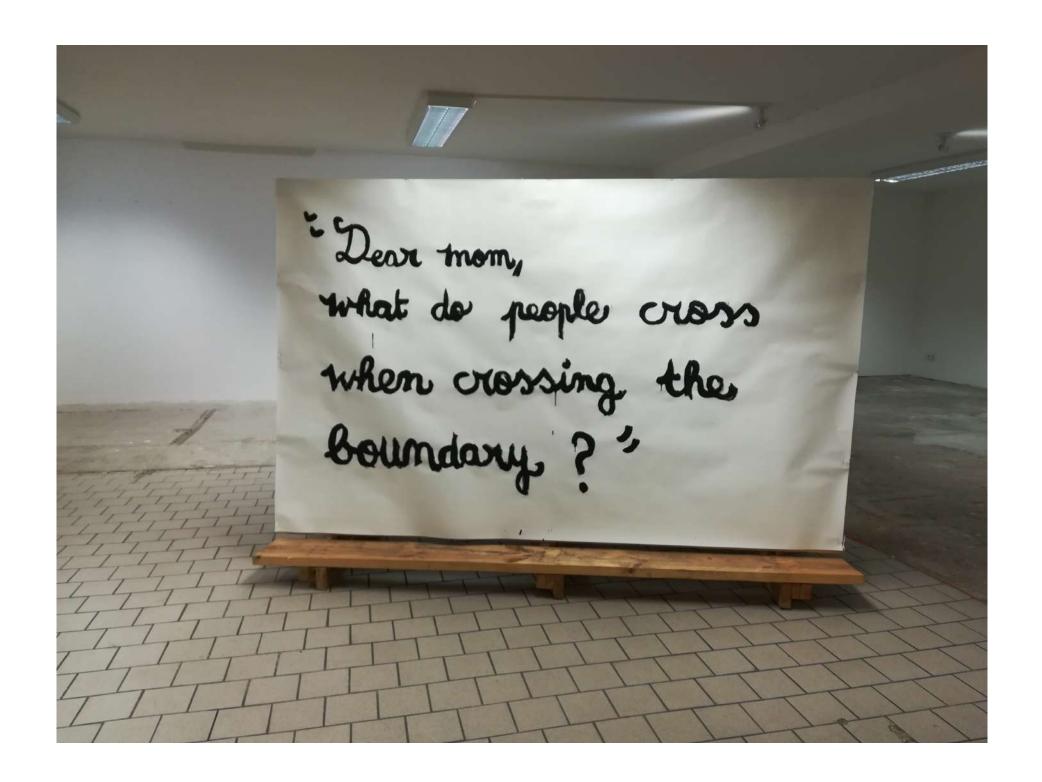












DEAR MOM, WHAT DO PEOPLE DO WHEN CROSSING THE BOUNDARY?



1. Please take a coat and put it gently around your shoulders.

Walk a couple of steps into the space, and once you find a spot you like, stand there still. You begin to breathe deeply and slowly. You are preparing yourself for a journey. Let all the fear leave your body. The fear of the other, the fear of border control, the fear of not having your passport with you, the fear of leaving people behind, the fear of not finding home. And when you are feeling so relaxed and comfortable, you might like to feel that you are opening up to the space around you and you start to feel that there are different layers of identity in yourself. Leave behind the world of either/or, and enter the state of both/and. Feel the coat on your body, Feel the warmth it gives you spreading to every muscle, cell, fibre and bone. Your senses empower limitations, your senses expand vision within borders, your senses promote understanding through pleasure.





3.Let's remember the story we were told. Once upon a time there were two countries, at war with each other. In order to make peace after many years of conflict, they decided to build a bridge across the ocean. But because they never learned each other's language properly, they could never agree on the details, so the two halves of the bridge they started to build never met. To this day the bridge extends far into the ocean from both sides, and simply ends half way, miles in the wrong direction from the meeting point. And the two countries are still at war.

2.Now use your eyes to find a spot on the wall on which you could like to focus all of your attention. It could be a crack, a spot on the ceiling, or water on the floor. Now that you have found that spot – that special spot on which you have chosen to focus all of your attention – let yourself really concentrate on that one spot; let yourself totally concentrate on that spot that was special for you, concentrate on it just as hard as you can. As you do that you can still be aware of my voice and you can let all of your body become very relaxed and comfortable.

Before you let go completely, and go into a deep state, just let yourself listen carefully to everything I say to you. It's going to happen automatically. So you don't need to think about that now. You will have no conscious control over what happens. I would like to think about a place beyond oceans that you would like to reach. You always wanted to go there, you are not sure if it exists, this does not matter right now. Today we will go on this journey together, I will guide you.





4. Now let's come back to where we are right now: to this place. A curious person would dig deeper into the ground you are right now standing on and find things that have been separated from us through time. I want you to concentrate on your breathing, breathing in pure relaxation and exhaling all the tension in the body, feel yourself relaxing even deeper with each and every breath while continuing your journey and descending deeper into the ground. You feel a warm wonderful sense of relaxation; you drift even deeper down with each and every breath. The more relaxed you are the more you open up to your surroundings and merge with everything around you.

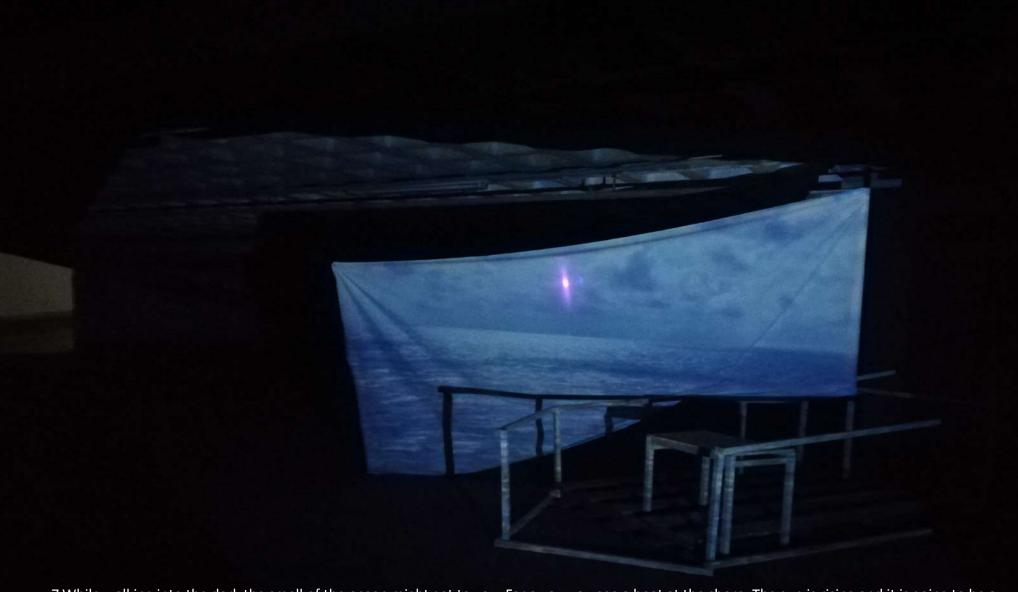
5. Now that you let yourself open to the surroundings around you, I would like you to concentrate yourself on the following questions. What is the sense of giving a boundary to all that, of giving it a name and ceasing to love where the name ceases to apply? What is love of one's country; is it hate of one's uncountry? If this country gets any kinder or gentler it's literally going to cease to exist.



The only true borders lie between day and night, between life and death, between hope and lose; Doors have locks, citizens have guns and countries have borders.

6.I want you to concentrate on your senses and how they perceive information that comes to you through the space. Information seeps through the walls topped by barbed wire, listen carefully: Do you hear the songs of the sirens, how beautiful they sing. Feel like you are getting carried away their





7. While walking into the dark the smell of the ocean might get to you. Far away, you see a boat at the shore. The sun is rising and it is going to be a beautiful day. Maybe you think about what's behind you and wonder where this ocean might end. You decide to step into the boat and take a seat on the wooden bench. The sail is blowing in the wing in the wind and start to carry you out on the water. You feel the movement of the waves. As the boat takes you further you concentrate on the horizon, this flat line right ahead of you. You go on and on but it never changes its shape. You feel how easy it is to let go. No one can stop you here, there's nothing in your way. You may have a destination In your head, or you may not know where you are going. You are crossing a border right now that you didn't know ever existed. Here, it doesn't exist. You have no fear of what will come next but you are in full confidence that it will be good for you and exactly what you were looking for.

Now you have made this journey on your own in your mind. You are mentally prepared when you make this same journey in reality. When you do you will be very pleasantly surprised at how easy it is to feel so calm, relaxed all the time and wonder why you didn't do it long ago.





In a moment I am going to count to five and at the count of five you will be wide awake, with the beautiful feelings flowing through your mind. One, two, three, four, five.











Vernissage de l'exposition









Au centre, Mr Denis Lambert, Directeur général du Crous de Paris et Mme Petra Mai Hartung, Directrice du Studierentenwerk de Berlin.