

*beim Einlass stehe ich mit Kopfhörern tanzend in einer Halfpipe mitten im Raum  
dann nehme ich die Kopfhörer ab und stelle mich zum Publikum auf*

Let's be honest now! Every text is fiction.

*vor einer Wand liegen zwölf weiße Kissen, ohne Bezug, ich befestige die Kissen an der Wand während  
ich spreche – ein Kissen pro Satz*

I am the mother who raised her daughter on her own.

I am the only child.

I am the daughter who took care of her younger sister and four brothers.

I am the mother who got divorced.

I am the mother who decided to get divorced.

I am the daughter who loves her mother.

I am the daughter who hates her mother.

I am the mother whose husband died too early.

I am the 40-year-old daughter, who is still the little child of her mother.

I am the mother who is glad and proud to have given birth to her children.

I am the daughter who won't have any children – because I don't want.

*ich stelle mich vor die Wand – ein Video von mir wird auf mich projiziert*

I am the daughter of my mother.

*ich trete aus dem Video heraus und schaue mich selbst als Projektion an*

I'm 31 years old.

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What can be told on an evening called „Oh shit, I turned into my mother“?! Everybody is smiling at me when hearing the title the first time. In this moment probably everybody thinks of his or her own mother. But what comes up in your mind – like spontaneously? Something good? Something strange? Or maybe something that hurts – though you cannot exactly enunciate what it is?

What can an evening called „Oh shit, I turned into my mother“ tell you at all? Is it research? Is it art? Or is it fucking therapy: in the end we're all sitting here crying our hearts out about the good and bad our mothers gave us, swearing, crying, screaming and shouting at her though she is not there?! And in the end we will go home purified in mind and soul ...

No! It's not about that!

*ein Kissen stecke ich unter mein Shirt*

*ich beginne meinen ‚Bauch‘ zu streicheln*

The biography of everyone starts in the body of the mother.

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