

Sensing Body and City (2020) – Voice Over– Johanna Reichhart

I.

I'm in Berlin right now
And I'm walkin' with *soft focus*

— and I want you to walk with me

My Inner Speed is 10
my outer speed is 0

“Places are fragmentary and inward-turning histories, pasts that others are not allowed to read, accumulated times that can be unfolded but like stories held in reserve, remaining in an enigmatic state, symbolizations encysted in the pain or pleasure of the body.”

— Michel de Certeau, *The Practice of Everyday Life* (1988)

II.

Let me get dressed first
And then I take you out

All photos are lost
So I have to find new images
for my summer, autumn and winter and Berlin

— How to remember without photos, without film?

I tried to find images for Berlin
And it first failed

They are mixed with expectations
What to see and what to desire

And actually it's *yours*
And my memory
— And images that I saw in movies

Let me read me read something to you about the construction of reality:

„it's your eyes that are turning the sun into light. It's the nerve ends in your skin that are turning electric vibrations in the air into heat and temperature. It's your eardrums that are turning vibrations in the air into sound. In that way we are creating the world.“

— Alan Watts, *Guided Meditation Awakening the Mind* (youtube video posted 2013)

It's November, so I hope you are dressed up warm enough

*When I was a Kid I saw red when I closed my eyes
And I was sure it was my flesh
like I would turn my eyes inside and see my guts*

III.

I will never get rid of the ones from *Possession* from Żuławski or *Der Himmel über Berlin*

I'm living close to Platz der Luftbrücke
and I always mix with images from war times I saw
And Isabelle Adjani losing her mind in the station

There are phenomenologies about women walking in the city
Because the Flâneur is present all the time
We know how he looks with his head and his walking stick already
—So how do you picture a woman walkin' in the city?

*I'm walking all the cities I have been to
All these shapes my steps now*

IV.

I'm at Hermannplatz right now
It's August

I see different layers
The first is concrete
Bricks
A golden stature
Bacteria

The dream I had about it
Me having a breakdown at Hermannplatz

A collapsing shattering body

The square had a well
But all eyes were on me collapsing next to it

You tried to pick me up

— *Sometimes dreamed spaces mix with your memory and the present time*

But it was you in the last days of the summer
You were collapsed there
Something was extending in our bodies

And we carried it
In our guts
In our tissues

*And I didn't eat
I didn't sleep*

*My outer speed is 7
My Inner 3*

V.

Sometimes the skin of the city is like my your own skin
What gets through what stays outside
And how I move in between

You are afraid to touch anything
You are afraid your hands will get dirty
You could wash them anywhere
But you don't
You just leave your hands in the pocket
Your hands on the phone
Your hands on the headphone
On the cable of the headphones
Or your portemonnaie
Your belt bag
Your pockets
Hands in the pockets
Mobile phone
In the pockets
– *Again*

So what is this skin like?

VI.

“Ants can detect small movement through 5cm of earth
Butterfly has hairs on its wings to detect changes in air pressure.
Cockroach can detect movement as small as 2,000 times the diameter of a hydrogen atom.
Earthworm, entire body covered with chemoreceptors (taste reception).
Fly, each eye has 3,000 lenses and blowflies taste with 3,000 sensory hairs on their feet.
Pigeon, with eyes mounted laterally on their heads, pigeons can view 340 degrees..
everywhere except in back of their heads. Can detect sounds as low as 0,1 Hz.
Mice, can hear frequencies between 1,000 and 100,000 Hz. By comparison, humans can hear
frequencies between 20 and 20,000 Hz.”

VII.

I'm in the middle of the field right now
It's just in front of my house
In case you haven't been here
It had been functioning as an airport in West-Berlin

And the summer here sounded like this..

Now there are only crows

My outer speed is 5

My Inner speed 5

We had a fight here in the summer
And it began raining
That was fitting the mood very good

You took my hand
And pulled me home
That made me feel like stubborn child that should be brought home

VIII.

Flat feeling, flat impressions
New flat, new phone, new photo's
All photos are lost on my phone
-What was the summer like?

All memories deleted

My feet are cold
Sunny day
-will it be one of the last ones?

This state is temporary
Temporary flat
Temporary phone
temporary fiends
study is temporary
Relationships, Break-up's temporary
Heaviness is temporary
Bus stop is temporary

The City is temporary
The food, the summer the winter, the job is temporary
Sometimes the skin of the city is just dissonant with mine

IX.

Non-spaces are supposed to make no sense
But they make more sense to me
Than the signs and the stories I barley know

The in-between, the cracks and the unfinished spaces
are more interesting to me

While looking for images for the city
I would just film what I expect
What I already know

Baustelle erinnert mich immer an Wüste
An weite, an Plätze an denen der Blick schweifen kann
Keine Enge, Krater

This one is next to Hermannplatz
Buildings wearing dresses
This one seems to hide a temple

X.

I have a silent image when I think of Berlin
It is the landscape I see from the train

I'm leaving Berlin

It's a journey inside the smooth space:

„Der haptische, glatte raum [...] operiert von nah zu nah. Zum Beispiel die Wüste, die Steppe, die Eiswüste oder das Meer, ein lokaler Raum reiner Verbindung. Anders als häufig gesagt wird, sieht man dort nicht von weitem, und man sieht diesen Raum nicht aus der Ferne, man sieht niemals von ‚Angesicht zu Angesicht‘ und ebenso wenig ist man ‚drinnen‘, man ist ‚auf‘.“

— Deleuze, Gilles/Guattari, Felix, Kapitalismus und Schizophrenie. Tausend Plateaus (1992)