



GREEK STORY

Installation für eigenen Raum.
 Optimale Präsentation als 300° Panorama mit
 5 Videoprojektoren und Monolog im
 Ausstellungskontext. Funktioniert auch als
 Videolounge ohne Monolog.

Beschreibung:

Ein Wald aus riesigen Tulpen. Ein künstlicher
 Geruch von Blumen liegt in der Luft. Ab und
 zu läuft eine nackte, hochschwängere Frau
 zwischen den Riesenblumen. Es gibt Sessel
 zum Verweilen. Über eine Soundanlage
 erzählt eine Frau ihre Geschichte auf englisch
 mit holländischen Akzent. Anfangs wird es
 nicht wirklich klar worauf sie hinaus läuft, aber
 ihrgend etwas stimmt nicht...

Team:

Matthias Fritsch (Konzept, Visualisierung)
 Melissa de Raaf (Monolog, Schauspielerin)
 Tim Eastman (Sounddesign)

Installation for single room.

Best presented as a 300 degree panorama with 5
 video projectors and monologue in exhibition
 context. Works also as videolounge without
 monologue.

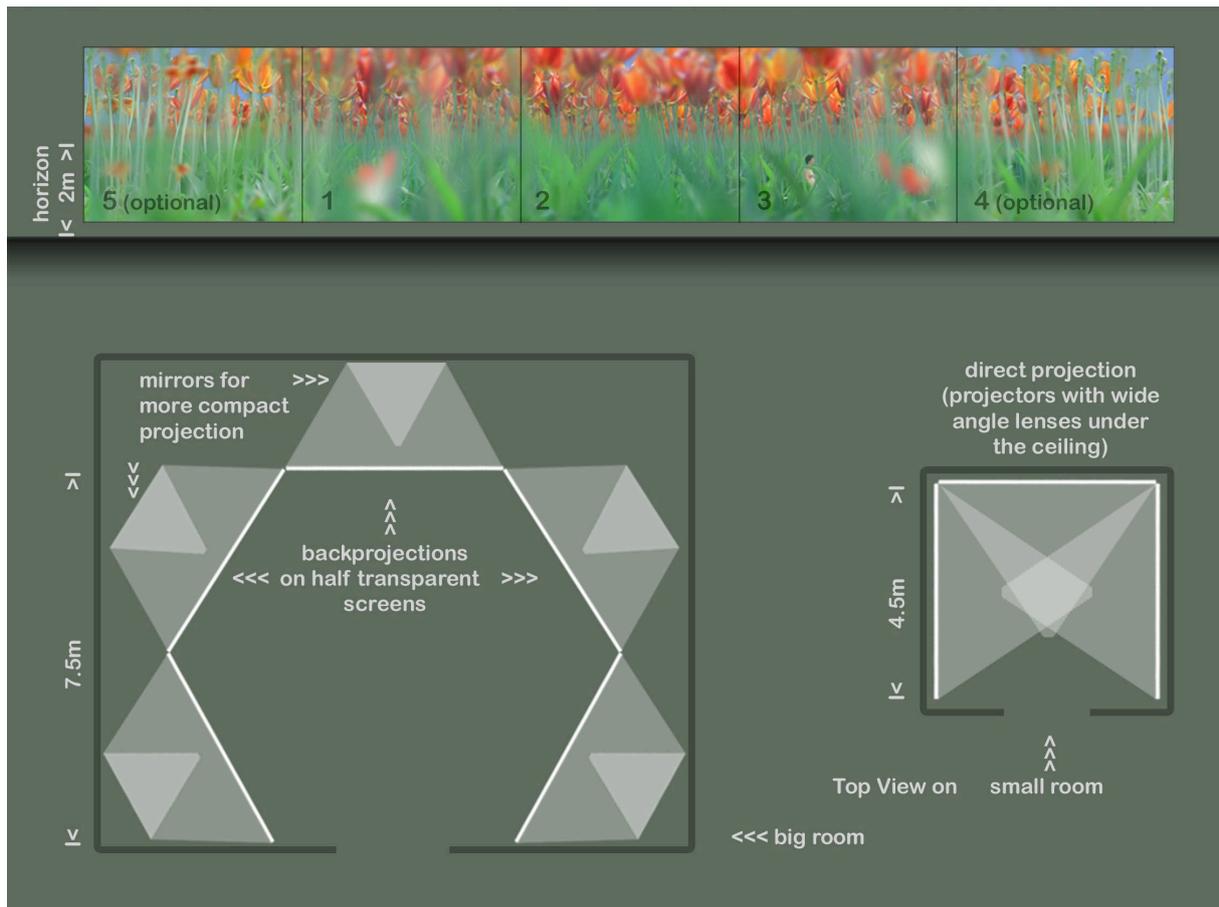
description:

You find yourself in a forest of giant tulips. It
 smells like artificial flowers and sometimes you
 see a naked pregnant woman walking between
 the flowers. There are chairs in the room. Via
 headphones you can listen to an english
 monologue of a Dutch woman. It is not very clear
 what she is talking about, but there is something
 wrong...

team:

Matthias Fritsch (concept, visualisation)
 Melissa de Raaf (text, actress)
 Tim Eastman (atmospheric sound)





Technische Anforderungen:

1 Raum mit 3 Wänden oder Hexagon aus 5 Leinwänden (6. Seite offen)

3-5 baugleiche Beamer
jeweils mit baugleichen DVD Playern
nach Möglichkeit Synchronisierungshardware

2-4 Aktivboxen

1-3 Sessel jeweils mit Kopfhörer (incl. CD-Player)

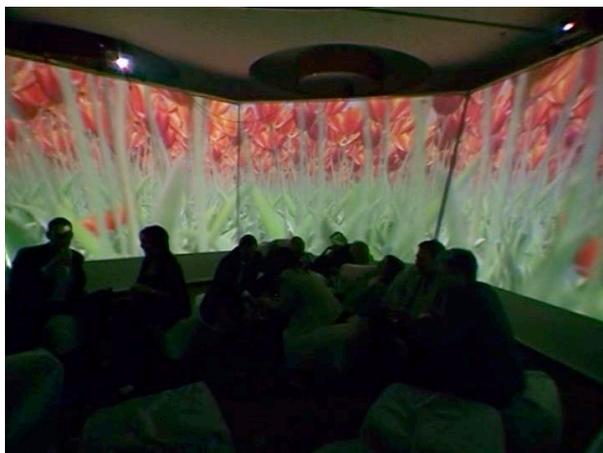
technical requirements:

1 room with 3 walls or hexagon of five screens

3-5 video projectors (same model)
3-5 DVD-players (same model)
if possible synchronisation hardware

2-4 active speakers

1-3 chairs, each one with a set of headphones (incl. cd-players)



THE GREEK STORY

(Text written and spoken by Melissa de Raaf)

I always wanted to live in the south, so I did.

Here it was a surprise to everyone that I decided to move out there. But you know how things go, I didn't have a fixed job, I really had 'had it' with this place here. I was ready to jump into a big adventure.

We only knew each other for a couple of months, but we knew it would work out alright. If I didn't like it, I could always go back.

We lived on a small island. View of the sea, olive trees, all that.

I took seeds from home to plant in my garden, which is ofcourse a bit silly. Those flowers come from Turkey, you know? Turkey... we could almost see it from the little hill in our backyard.

First I lived with him in Athens. After half a year, I saw all the interesting parts of the city. Or, at least, it felt like that. The summer there is terrible. Too many cars, people. Too much smog. So we moved out there on that island. Some said to me, isn't that even more boring than living in the city? But after we discovered our 'little accident', we thought it would be the best thing to do anyway.

And we'd been there before. A few days relaxing, that sort of thing. These cute white houses, bright blue sky, big sandy beach. It was meant as a romantic holiday. But all we did was sit in the pub, drink ouzo with the English blokes. But it was fun, I never laughed so much in my whole life.

Actually, it is strange that my flowers did so well. It is so dry out there, nothing seems to grow properly. Except for my flowers.

I didn't tell anyone in the beginning. And people hardly saw it. Maybe they had noticed that I didn't drink, or that parties were not the kind of place to look for me anymore. That was already for some time, but now it didn't interest me at all. Even later, people would come up to me, seeing me from the back, and be totally surprised when I turned around. Everything was perfect during that time. I was so happy. I felt super healthy, my skin was cured from even the tiniest little pimple. My hair was shiny, and I had all the energy in the world.

And the doctor also told me that everything was fine.

My little white house was small but very cosy. And also very practical. Bathroom next to our bedroom, even a big bathtub. Everything. It was so perfect.

After 41 weeks I got a bit anxious. I really didn't want to go to the hospital, and with 42 weeks... you have this rule that you have to go to a hospital. But I

never liked to do what others think is best. So I ate many, many pineapples.

And we had lots of sex. Orgasms could help get things started. Did you know that?

Then it started.

I could handle it quite well at first. I took a bath. And he helped me by just being there. Now when I think of it, he did everything at the same time. I remember that he put the camera on, trying to find the right angle. And in between he would come to me... but there was nothing he could do really.

Later, it started to hurt terribly. I must say, I didn't expect so much pain. When I talk to other women, it seems that everyone knows about what kind of pain i am talking about. But I don't think they really know...

He was very calm, he helped me...

And there he was, lying on my belly...

I guess first we were really happy. Exhausted, but happy. You can see that on our faces on the video, he told me. But all I remember was the blind panic. He didn't respond, he didn't even cry.

Then he called the doctor, who came over immediatly.

The ride to the hospital...

I really tried to do it. I really tried to be a mother, to be a family. But it was too hard. I don't think you will be able to understand that.

How can I explain? It was like watering a plant, which grows and grows, but doesn't start to bloom, which doesn't make any fruits.

And now, I am back here. The place I wanted to escape from so badly.

I am alone. As if nothing happenend.

I don't have flowers anymore. Already for six years now. No plant will ever enter my house again