

## The Writer's group in Schwäbisch Gmünd, Germany

*Reinhard Nowak*

The Writer's group in Schwäbisch Gmünd is associated with the local Volkshochschule. The group met regularly, once a month, from October 2009 to July 2011. The group's tutor, Eva Christina Zeller, is a well known author of poems, stories and of drama. She had a lot of experience with tutoring creative writing when she started in our project.

The group started with more than ten members. Then it became smaller and more professional. The photo shows the writer's group at the end of the project (from the left):



Janez Travner, borne 1938 in Slovenia. He lives in Germany since 1963. Emine Beyer, borne in 1968 in Turkey. She moved to Germany with her family in 1974. Helga Klein was borne in 1959 in Schäßburg, Siebenbürgen (Romania). She moved to Germany with her husband and two children in 1985. Annabella Akcal, borne in 1970 in Schwäbisch Gmünd. Her family comes from Istanbul. Anđelka Krizanovic emigrated at the age of 9 years as refugee of civil war from Bosnia-Herzegovina. Colette Eisenhuth was borne in Belgium in 1962. She worked for several years in Tanzania, then moved to Germany, went back to Africa and returned to Europe to stay in Schwäbisch Gmünd with her family. Reinhard Nowak is coordinating the project.

## **Der Geschmack meiner Heimat oder Alle Erinnerung ist Gegenwart**

*Eva Christina Zeller*

Wie geht es Migranten und Migrantinnen, wenn sie ihre eigene Geschichte aufschreiben wollen?

Nicht anders als Nicht-Migranten auch: Vor dem weißen Papier sind alle Schreibenden Anfänger, jeden Tag von Neuem.

Wir sitzen also, wenn wir schreiben, alle in einem Boot; genauer gesagt in der VHS in Schwäbisch Gmünd. Wir sehen draußen das tröstliche und Schutz gewährende Dach des Gmünder Münsters. Wir sehen alle das gleiche Dach. Und doch sind unsere Erfahrungen von Häusern und Geborgenheit ganz andere. Um diese Unterschiede geht es in den Texten. Woher kommen wir? Wohin gehen wir? Was ist der Geschmack unserer Heimat?

Wie können wir den beschreiben?

Damit fängt alles an. Mit dem Sprechen und Schreiben lernen. Mit dem vorsichtigen Buchstabieren von Erfahrungen, mit dem Zähmen des eigenen Schmerzes.

Er muss ein wenig gezähmt werden, damit er bereit ist, sich auf einem weißen Blatt niederzulassen.

Wie haben wir das gemacht? Wir haben Briefe geschrieben und uns an den Ausgangspunkt der Reise zurück phantasiert. Wir haben uns gegenseitig erzählt und befragt. Wir haben mit Clustern und Schreibspielen den Schmerz und die Freude umgarnt, wir haben alte Fotografien betrachtet und den Hintergrund, das im Schatten liegende und Verschattete mit Worten gebannt.

Wir sitzen alle in einem Boot und kommen doch von anderen Ufern. Alle Teilnehmenden haben sich auf eine Rückreise begeben, getreu dem Motto, das von Novalis stammt: „Alle Erinnerung ist Gegenwart.“ Die Autoren haben Worte und Sätze und Geschichten ans Licht geholt und sie festgehalten. Sehnsucht und Heimweh, Ängste, Wut und Widerstand saßen mit im Nachen.

Aber was geangelt wurde, kann sich sehen lassen.

## La mia mezza mela

*Adriana Cela*

Quella lunga notte d'inverno abbiamo progettato la nostra vita insieme. Ci serviva poco: un lavoro per lui, una casa in affitto e pochi soldi, soldi che nessuno aveva. Lui è ritornato in Italia per mettere da parte quello che ci serviva. Io invece avevo un lavoro che mi piaceva ma poi... "Mi vuoi raggiungere?" Ho pensato a mille cose: genitori, amici, il mio lavoro, il mio mondo...ma la sua voce commossa era più importante. "Sì!"-ho detto!.....Lui dormiva accanto a me mentre viaggiavamo verso la nostra casa, che avevo sognata e che avrei arredata come mi piaceva. Ci saremmo divertiti, tutta la notte fuori senza nessuno ad aspettarci sveglio, ma essere insieme era la cosa più importante perché io senza di lui non sapevo vivere, era quello che mi mancava, quello che m'integrava, "l'altra metà della mela". Ora dormiva accanto a me, e io stavo male, mi mancava l'aria, volevo urlare "Basta"! Ma cosa? Cosa non andava e mi faceva perdere lacrime amare? Era tutto come previsto, come sognato, ma qualcosa non calcolato mi faceva star male. Lui non era "la metà della mela", io e lui eravamo la metà, l'altra metà era rimasta indietro nel paese delle mele e io mi sentivo un quarto di mela buttata nel paese delle pere, del quale non sapevo niente. Per la prima volta ho capito il vero significato della parola "straniera". Per la prima volta e non l'ultima mi sono sentita straniera. Quando conoscevo qualcuno, una domanda era sempre presente, e mi sembrava di vederla scritta sulla faccia dell'altro prima che lui me la chiedesse; mi sorrideva, mi salutava e qualche secondo dopo...fatto! Non ne avevo mai colto il significato, ma non mi piaceva. Ricordo una signora: "Ma suo marito è UNO DI NOI, vero?!" "No, viene dallo spazio, è un alieno come me!"- ho risposto (ma solo dentro di me). Ma perché tutti speravano che io avessi un uomo "di qua"? Forse così sarei cambiata, avrei dimenticato le mie tradizioni, la mia famiglia non sarebbe "così straniera", lo sarebbe solo a metà...Perché non ci volevano accettare così come eravamo, con le nostre diversità, perché dobbiamo essere uguali a tutti i costi? Anche se pensarci bene la diversità non c'è!

Adriana Cela è nata a Lushnje, Albania, nel 1982. Vive a Castelbolognese, è sposata e ha una figlia.

## **My better half**

*Adriana Cela*

On that long winter night we planned our life together: We didn't need so much, just a job for him, a house to rent and some money. So he went back to Italy, to work and save. As for me, I did have a job which I liked very much...but and one night: "Do you want to join me?" I went frantic, thinking of parents, friends, my job, all my world, but his moving, tender voice was more important than everything else. "Yes!" I said.....Now he was sleeping next to me, while traveling towards our home, the long desired home I would furnish and embellish as I wished. We would have a wonderful time together, we would spend all the night out and nobody would be waiting for us. HE was what I missed, what made me complete, 'my better half'! My better half was now sleeping next to me and I felt bad, I felt very bad, I wanted to shout: " Stop!". Why 'stop'? What was wrong? What made me cry so painfully? Everything was as I had planned it, as I had dreamt of, but something, unpredictable, was hurting me. He was NOT my better half, he and me were one half, while the other had been left behind, in the country of the apples, and I saw myself as a quarter of an apple marooned in the country of pears. And then came for me the time to understand the meaning of the word 'foreigner'. For the first time but not the last I felt I was a foreigner. Almost any time I met somebody the question was always the same. I could read that question on the very face of people, even before he asked me...he was there, smiling, greeting me and a few seconds later...done! I didn't know the exact meaning but I didn't like it, it was not a real question. I remember a lady: "Your husband IS ONE OF US, isn't he?" "NNOOO, he comes from the outer space, like me, I'm an alien!", I answered (silently to myself...). I couldn't stand it! Why everybody seemed to think, to hope, that my husband were 'from here'? Maybe, if so, I could change, and forget my traditions and my family wouldn't be 'foreigner', maybe only 'half-foreigner'...Why couldn't they accept us the way we were and are. But there are so many differences?

Adriana Cela was born in Lushnje, Albania, in 1982. She lives in Castelbolognese, She is married and has a daughter.