

Translation from Undīne Adamaite 's critique (24. September 2017 in Diena)

<https://www.diena.lv/raksts/kd/recenzijas/festivala-homo-novus-recenzija-si-bus-izrade-tev-mana-balss-14181222?picidx=2>

... And there is a miracle! New Turkish director Begum Erciyas (Berlin) Voicing Pieces - a show for one person - repossess me with a similar feeling of happiness and a coup d'état. In the eyes of the organizers of the Homo Novus Festival, it's likely to be just a nice nymf. I would understand that they would rather have read a thorough review of the "heavyweight" program - Milo Rau's show...

An old German on the market square

Voicing Pieces by Begüm Erciyas is like a dream, you can easily decide to never wake up from. "Voicing Pieces plays with the complex relationship of a person with his own voice," says the announcement. It really happens. This experience has a psychotherapeutic effect. But it's as much a piece of art, beautiful and original, playful and witty. No doubt, this little performance has managed to take some kind of darkness, heaviness out of me. I don't think that from now on I will be enjoying my voice while listening to my interviews. It's a feeling of liberation on much deeper, substantial level.

But everything starts with the traditional "polyclinic" ritual. Arriving at the time of the Gertrude Ielas Theater (viewers enter every 15 minutes). The staircase is already busy and some guy is waiting for his turn. With hope I ask the volunteer girl: maybe I mixed up my times, and I'm ready to get out of the way. There is no problem, she says. I am next! I know how stupid it sounds, but I hear my tongue asking the girl: "Is it scary?". As if going to the dentist. "What do you mean?" says. And adds: some audiences come back several times. At that moment, one can read several questions in my eyes. I do not believe this is possible..

The volunteer girl enters with me into a dark room, where the strange black clouds, which have already been seen in promotional materials, are appearing. They look like sticking giant chewing gums (black only). I will have to put a headset on and then put my head inside the "clouds". There are three. I go in. It feels like you would have to put your head inside a cloud or into the Black Square of Malevitch. Or, could this be the first photographer? A light comes on. Brightly lit letters appear. The task is to read all letters in a row. I read: "Hi, my voice! This will be a show for you". Sentence by sentence. They are both logical and surreal, short and long; technically functional, poetical, classical quotes, and unfamiliar literature. Different echoing and acting, the voice seems to be separating from you. You are actually just mumbling to yourself, while talking to Romeo from the balcony or when you are suddenly standing on the market square and talking to an old German, who asks you, "Is everything ok there?". You are trying to read about a writer who wrote all his novels drunk. Voice interrupts. The voice is delayed, stroked and layered. You try to run as the sea rises up the road. In one moment things sound amusing, like mirrored mirrors, but it is not. Everything is serious, even pathetic in the next sentence. I read about this being a show of my voice falling down from the rocks and flying with the wind. If there would be another fourth station, I would definitely cry. From a feeling of relief, tenderness and self-esteem.

Such a miracle happened. Now I can no longer really repeat my arguments in conversations about how "participation can never overtake place of the viewer's engagement"...