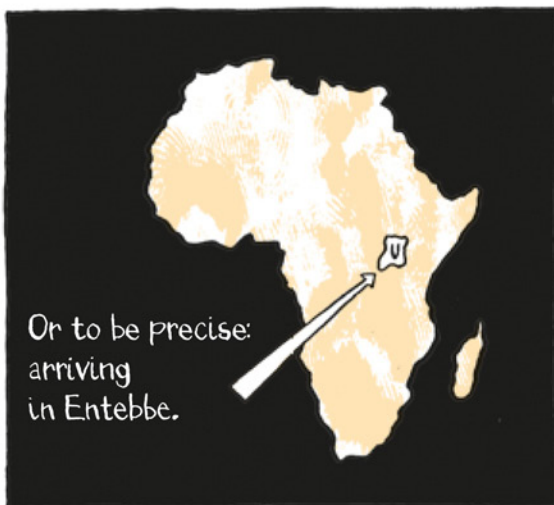


My most formative
early memory is
moving to Uganda.



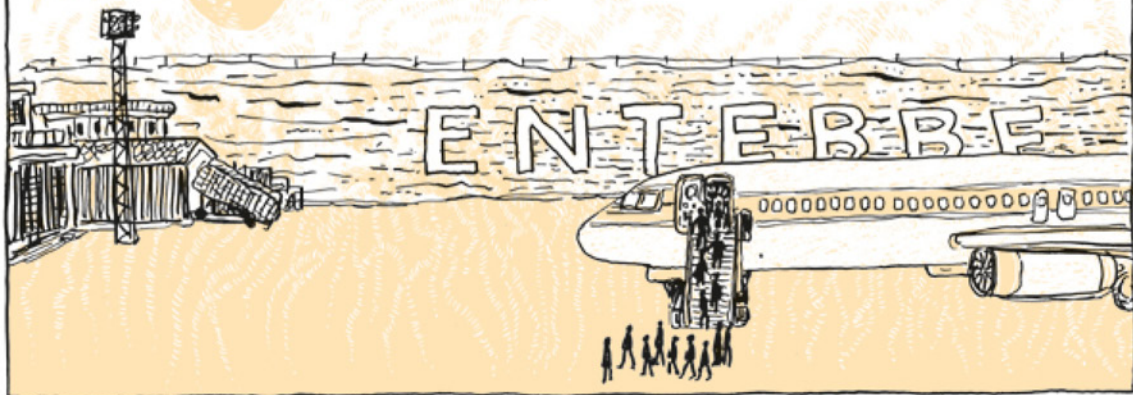
Or to be precise:
arriving
in Entebbe.



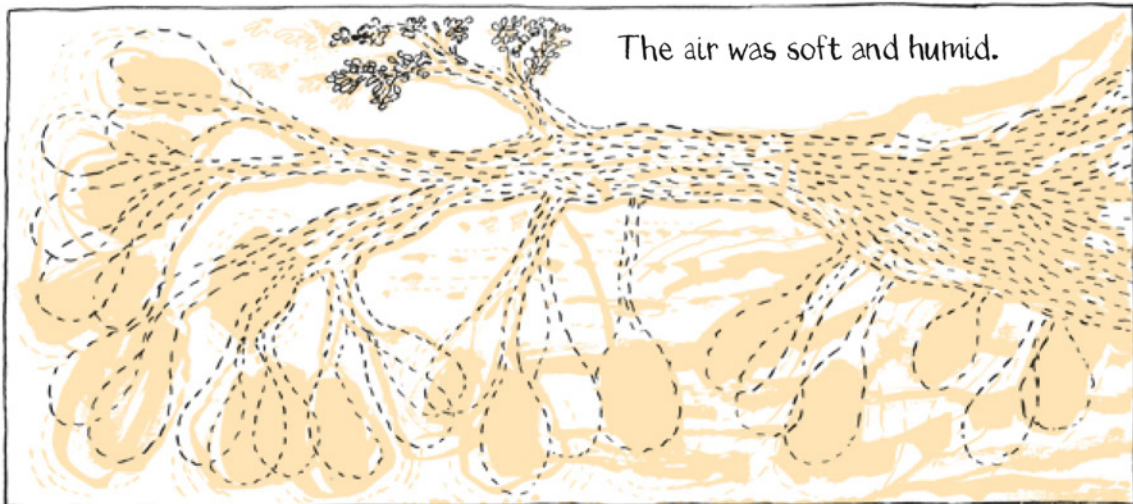
The
flight
was
boring.



The heat bounced back off the runway.



The air was soft and humid.

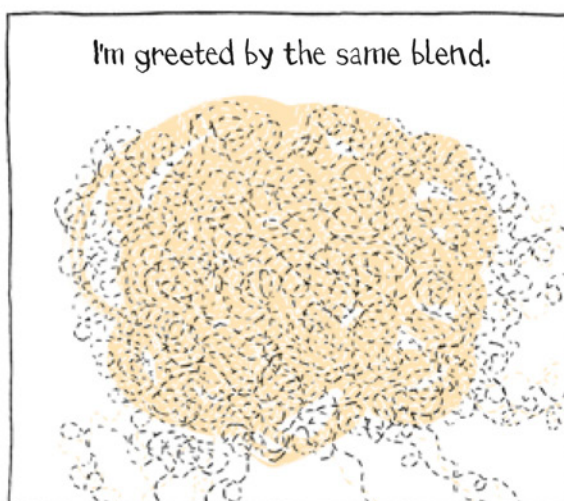
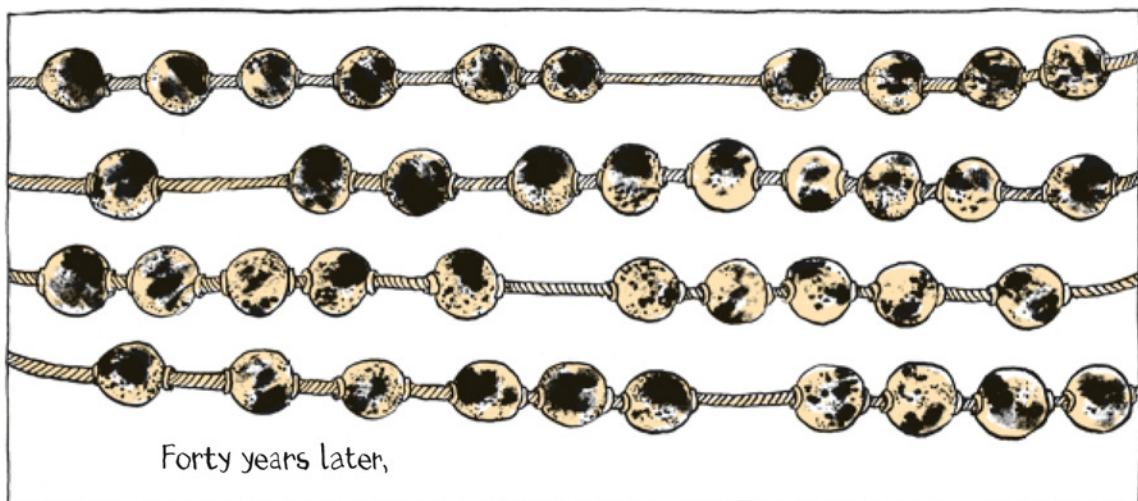


So many
new sounds.

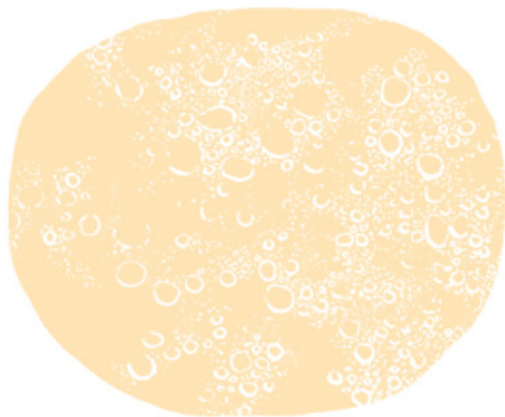




First in Uganda and then in Kenya.



The extreme humidity.



Wie ist die Luft hier?
Ist das so heiß?
Ach, ja!

I've never been
to Mozambique.



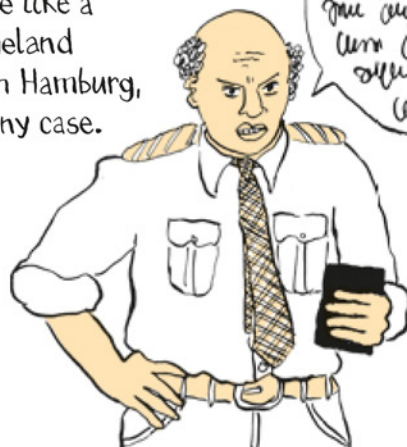
Wie ist die Luft hier?
Ist das so heiß?
Ach, ja!

And yet it feels
so familiar.



More like a
hometown
than Hamburg,
in any case.

Wie ist die Luft hier?
Ist das so heiß?
Ach, ja!



I feel at home here,

?!



INSTANTLY.



What
is
home?

In Pemba, I run into former East German contract workers.



Ay Muzungu!
Donde vem?

Eu sou alemão,
de Hamburgo.



Ah, Sie sind aus Deutschland ...

Do you
know
Ilmenau?

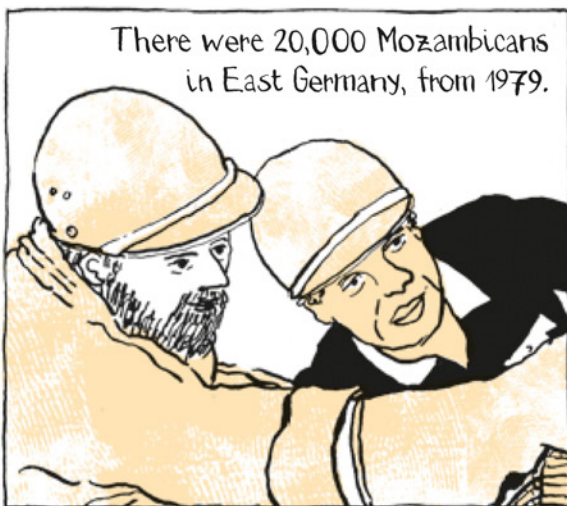
?!



I lived
in Thuringia
for nine
years ...



There were 20,000 Mozambicans
in East Germany, from 1979.



Often doing
very unpleasant jobs.



After years of absence



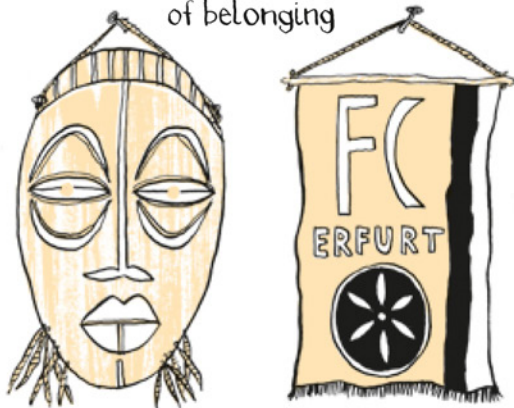
they had to return
home in 1990,



strangers in their own land.

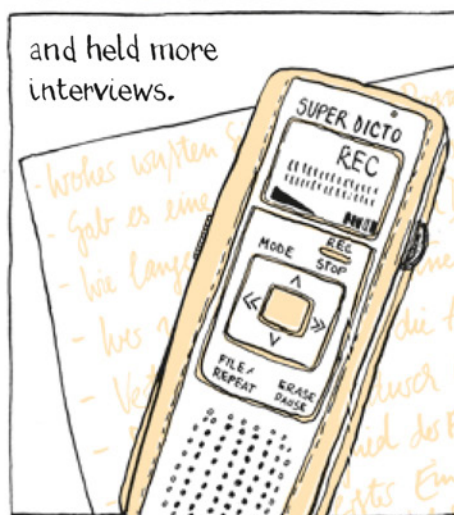
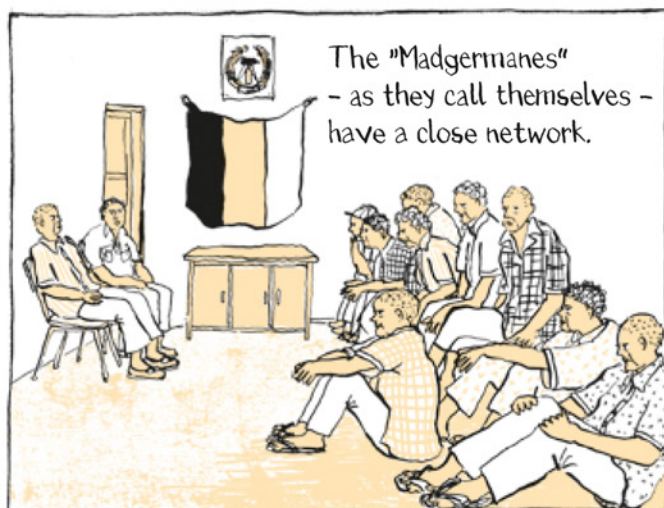


They faced fundamental questions
of belonging

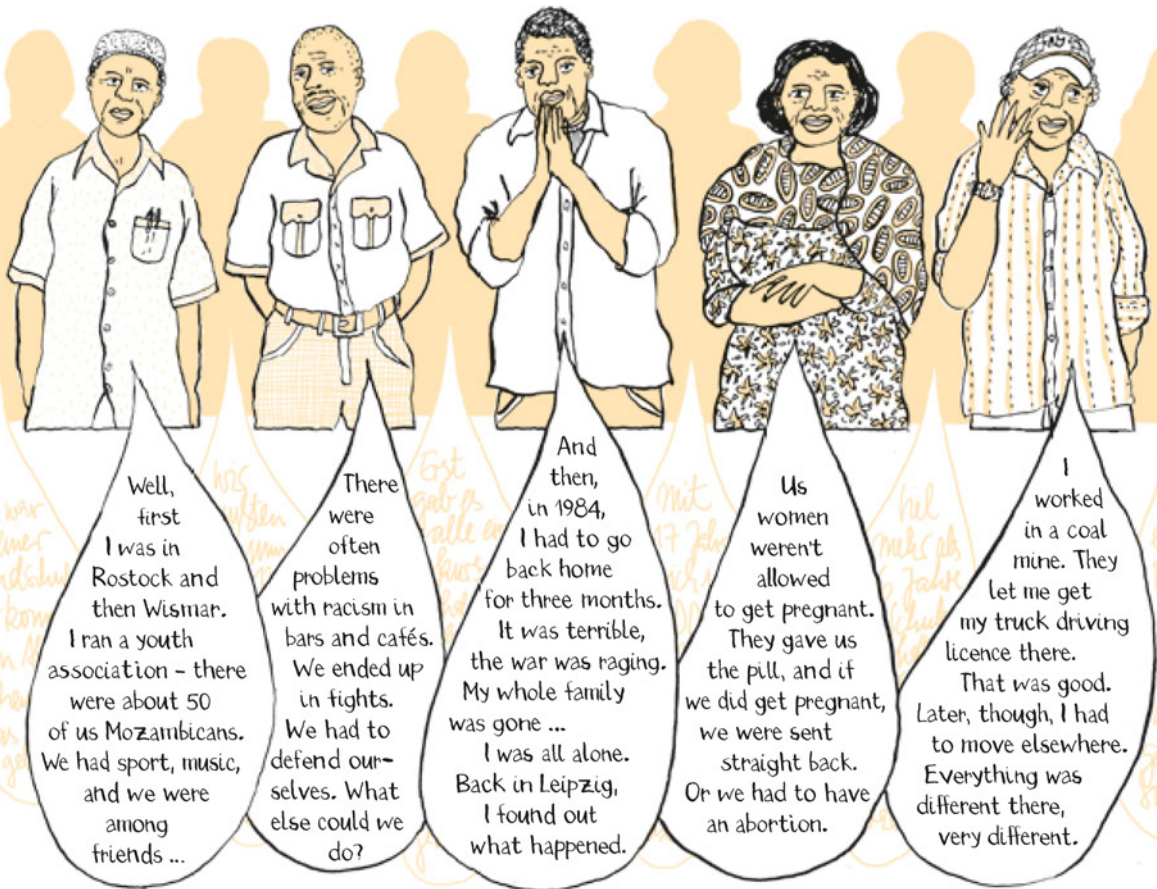


and where to call home.





Many thanks to all my interviewees for their patience and cooperation.



Together, their stories make up the fictional characters of



José

Basilio

and Annabella.