The Festival of Asian Performing Arts presents a 我不会想,「是啦,是啦。」天亮时他送我,你知道有 production Two winds of was fle Si Mr Lu Tian L 15 May 1986 on, 4am, fither woke up, walked towards me. I was still asleep. He said to me, It's not day yet, why are you up so early?" He sat down and spoke: "You must be thrifty." He cried as he uttered these words. I didn't think or know what to think. I When day broke, he sent me off. Do you know how long the journey took? 2 ied all the way. I didn't think or know what to think. I left, just like that." "At the crack of day "sleeping? serious, you must b replied, "Of course milestones. Father CONCEIVED AND DIRECTED BY ONG KENG SEN in collaboration with WU WENGUANG (Beijing) WENHUI (Beijing) ROBIN LOON (Singapore)

K RAJAGOPAL (Singapore) CHRISTINE JONES (New York) SCOTT ZIELINSKI (New York)

PARCO BBBIS JUNCTION - FORUM THE SUPPING MALL - SCOTTS SUPPING CENTRE - SPECIALIST SUPPING CENTRE - RAFFLES CITY - TAKASHIMAYA DEPT STORE (LEFEL 2)

- BIRZA PLAZA - JUNCTION B - TICTORIA CONCERTUALL - COLD STORAGE JELITA - IMM BUILDING - SINGAPORE INDOR STADIUM TICKETING HOTLINE: 348 5555

Glaxoffel

12



Workhorse Afloat is the second of a trilogy of docu-performance excavating Singapore history and its relationship with contemporary urban life in Asia.

1995: BROKEN BIRDS 1997: WORKHORSE AFI DAT

Fort Conning Park, Singapore 179618, Phone: 338 4077 Fax: 338 6297 Ticketing: 338 6725 E-mail: tworks @singapore towns: E-mail: tworks @singapore towns: E-mail: tworks @singapore towns: E-mail: tworks @singapore towns:

Conceived & directed by Ona Kena Sen

mme, he has directed epic king with artistic and social significance. This includes nur nuch Admiral. The last has been invited to Canada this year.

tions as the Limon Institute in New York, the Erick Hawkins School of Dance, the

K RAJAGOPAL, Film-maker, Aanae (Brother)

CHRISTINE JONES, Set Design

SCOTT ZIELINSKI, Lighting Designe

mally and in New York, In Europe, his design

of Destinies of Flowers In The Mirror

TANG FU KUEN is presently serving

SUBRAMANIAM'S STORY

An interview conducted with a foreign Indian worker. The name of this person has been changed.

My name is Subramaniam. I am 26 this year. I am going home in November.

I have been in Singapore for three and a half years. I cannot say that I like Singapore. I never wanted to come here.

I always wanted to be a soldier because I think it is an honour to defend my country.

Lapplied to be a soldier three times. The first time I was rejected. That was because I got my school certificate wet and the water washed off the results. I penciled the results in and they say that I had written it myself. They put a stamp on the back of my certificate and threw me out of the office. They wouldn't take me in again.

I wanted to become a policeman but they said I was too short.

My father was the one who wanted me to leave for Singapore. He said, "You cannot stay here. You better give up becoming a soldier. I am going to borrow money from your mother's sister and send you to Singapore."

I wanted to learn printing. I said to my father, "Why don't you give me the money and I learn printing?" He said, "No. You are going."

People from my village have been coming to Singapore since 1984. I heard many things about Singapore before I came. They said that Singapore is good and clean and you can earn a lot of money: in four years you can earn 400,000 rupees. But I have also heard that some companies in Singapore treat their workers very badly.

The day I left for Singapore was the saddest day of my life. I thought that I was never coming home. I was depressed for six months in Singapore and I kept wanting to run back home - but my friends here helped me get over it.

Finally, I am going home in November. Why do I want to go home? Who doesn't

want to see his parents?

Regrets? Not much - except that I feel that I didn't earn enough money. I am only taking home about 100,000 rupees. My company didn't pay well and there was no overtime.

I remember the day before I left India, my friends came to visit me. I couldn't sleep I was thinking to myself, "How am I going to cook for myself and do all these things by myself? Why must I go through this in my life?" I was very depressed but my friends brought me out to watch an old Indian film starring Sivaji Ganesan.

I like old movies because their storylines are better and the acting is stronger. The new movies are not so good - they are lower in standard.

After the movie, my friends talked about old times and we had dinner in a very expensive restaurant. The next morning, they sent me off. I cried. My parents staved at home and an uncle and some friends sent me all the way to the Madras airport. It takes about fifteen hours by bus to travel from my village to Madras.

The employers here don't respect people like me. They think that I am here because I have no choice and that means they can treat me hadly. They think that we are here just to earn money and that we should be grateful to them as we are better paid here than in India. What they don't realize is that we are earning a lot of money for them.

They only like you if you are servile, or at least pretend to be servile. People who are smart act servile and they are treated well. If you resist, then you will not do well.

In the three and a half years that I have been here, Singapore has changed a lot. There are more rules now than when I first came and now I have to learn to be very careful or else I will get into trouble. Singapore has progressed - I think it was number twenty when I first came and now it is number seven. A lot of investments and job opportunities. everyone is searching for excellence.

My job? I lay cables along the tarmac roadside. Each roll of cable is about two hundred and fifty metres long and I lav them out after the pipes are laid.

The hardest part of my job is the sun. It gets so hot that sometimes I can't breathe. The dust makes me cough.

Also. I live in a place that is very stuffy. It is the worst place in Singapore. I live with forty other people in a place in Kim Chuan Road. There are eight people in one room. You don't believe me? Come and see and you will find out.

If I get sick, I can see the doctor and the company will reimburse me. If I get an MC, I will not get paid. Once I was on MC for five days. They cut my pay for five days.

Before I came to Singapore, I was interested in many things. Printing is one of them. I like printing because I like words. I read a lot when I was in India. I also acted in a few plays. I like art and camerawork. I think my future is in printing. I will go home and take up a course in printing so that maybe I can start my own business, I will go work in Madras because there are better prospects in the city. There is no progress in farming. Maybe my youngest brother will take over my father's land. We have one acre of land.

I go to Tekah market about three times a week, I go there to do my marketing. Sometimes when I am depressed, I will buy fruits and go to the park there. Once in a while, I will have a meal at Thambi's, I know it's spending money but it makes me happy. The food is different here. It is not as tasty.

I write home twice a week and I try to call home once a month. We have no phone at home so I have to call a shop. The people will tell my father that I have called and I will call back half an hour later. I speak to my father mostly because my mother doesn't

like to leave the house. But I am closer to my mother.

I brought old photos of my family to keep me company here. And a play. It is called "What Is Summer?" - a very good play about family. Strong storyline. The main moral is that if you do good, you will win.

In Singapore, I have no friends who share my interests. At night, I either watch news on TV or I will read.

Most of the time. I am too tired.

The first thing I will do when I get home is to give out all my presents for my family and friends. Saris, an iron, stationery, watches and foreign things, Also, I will give my family gold. The next thing I will do is to find out about the printing school.

I remember that my mother and aunt told me to behave myself when I am in Singapore - to be very disciplined and not to have bad hobbies. I also promised them that I will marry the girl they choose for me.

I will only marry at thirty one - I give myself five years to establish myself in printing.

I have no courage to meet girls here. The local Indian women, only the married ones, are nice. Some of them see me on the roadside in the sun, they will buy drinks for me. The single ones will stop speaking Tamil when I come near them. They will speak English.

I speak a little English. One of my old foreman knows English and so he taught me. I don't speak it very well but I can understand. Actually, I don't speak it at all.

What will I remember about Singapore when I leave? No more hardship, I am certain that I am headed for better days

Has it been worth it?

Yes.

What will I say to the people in my village when they ask me about Singapore? Even if I say don't go, nobody will believe me. They will think that I am stopping them from earning money.

They will learn when they come here.