

Daniel Tagno; Brom; Try One; Nick; Christian Schellenberger; Thomas Wiczak; Spair; Matthias Wermke; Mare 139; Skki; Peter Osten;
Stefan Micheel; Meira Ahmemulic; Donwood Bricks; Wilhelm Klotzek; Akim One; P. Vector Codierer; Bus126; Konrad Mühe; Thomas Bratzke

WRITING THE MEMORY OF THE CITY

**»The memory is overflowing:
It repeats the symbols, so the city
can begin to exist.«**

»Invisible Cities«, Italo Calvino

The city inscribes its memory. Incessantly. It wishes to be reinvented and rebuilt daily. It creates itself from an abundance of signs and gestures, markings and symbols. It is both the source and collector for countless phenomena and events whose meanings permeate invisible space, whose signs express their own significance and create cities of their own. These cities overlap with one another and merge, they violate and pierce one another, they recognize and multiply one another. Heart-rending. Bursting with energy. A confrontation of many spirits whose effects are revealed on the surface. They always refer to people, and to their desires and hopes. In a whirlwind, they attempt to concretize thought constructions and bear witness to free will, through decisions made anew each day.

A wild text has inscribed itself onto the surface of the self-constructed buildings, a text that, it seems, is only self-evident to insiders. Outer walls turn into inner walls. The surfaces on which this writing appears are either firmly sunk into the earth, or move about in prescribed tracks through the entire city. Neither writer nor reader, nor even the observer of these two, retains a complete overview of these signs. In a chaos of stories superimposed over one another, these signs never stop expanding, leaving traces and setting illogical tracks.

Berlin is built up and torn down daily, it is renovated and reconditioned in a never-ending process of transformation. The new overwrites the old, and hints at something even older. Newly established places are named after pre-existing ones, streets are named for people long gone. Berlin is a city filled with signs of remembrance. In a constant state of realization, it completes itself and grows into itself, while remembering. The texts on its architectural surfaces are never extinguished. Strewn with wild signatures that are painted over each day, and that return, renewed, each day, Berlin is still City of Writing of these times. A book that one does not leaf through, but rather a book that one walks through.

This book assembles 15 Berlin artists from a circle that originated through Writing. They are linked by a long, partially shared experience in Berlin's public space. The artists played a role in designing this presentation of their work. Together with the authors of the essays, they lead us on a journey away from the common city image, and into a remarkable landscape of outlooks and strata, spaces and dreams, visible and invisible cities.

MY TRUTH

YOUR SKIN IS LIKE

I LOVE YOU

THE LAST DAY TILL INFINITY

FORGET THE FUNNY FEELINGS

STAY HERE WITH ME

PLEASE CALL ME NOW

DANCE THAT BOOGAY

THE HOW TO GIVE

YOUR SKIN SMELLS

HOW TO GIVE

YOUR TRUTH

-my truth

-your skin is like

-i love you

-the last day till infinity

- forget the funny feelings

-stay here with me

-please call me now

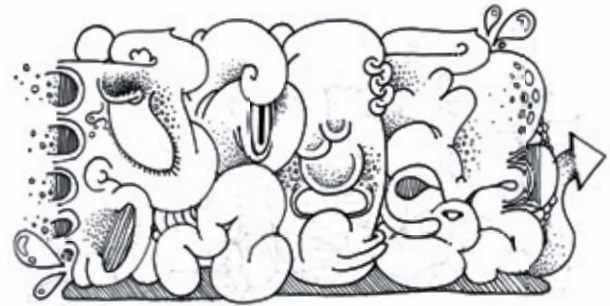
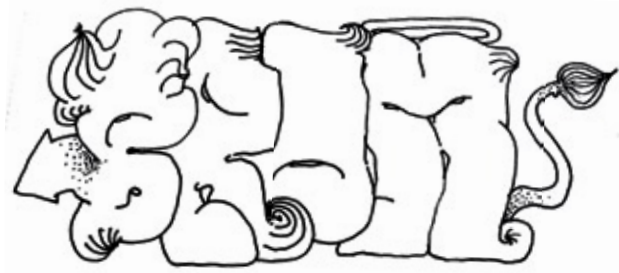
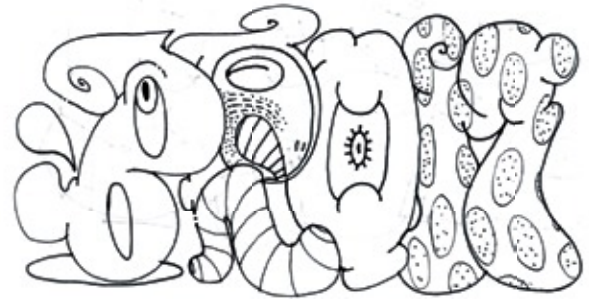
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-the how to give

-your skin smells

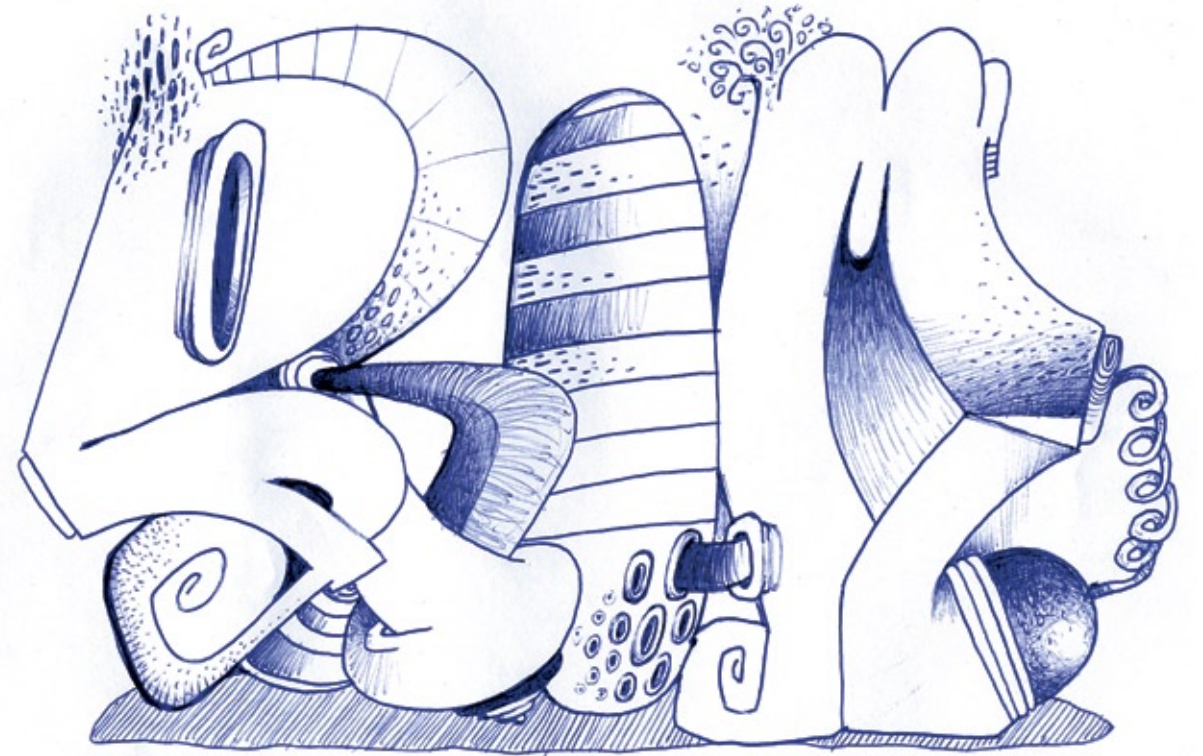
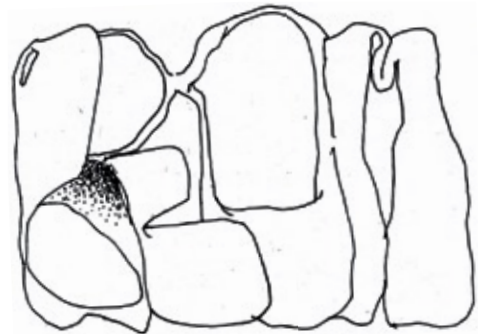
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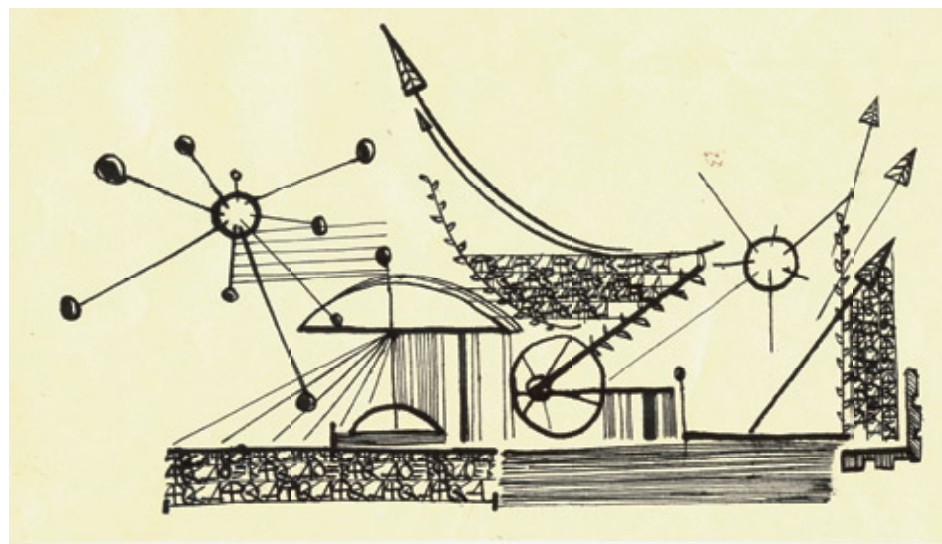
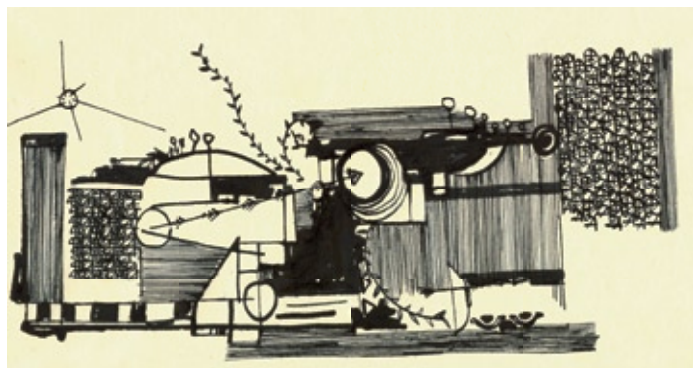
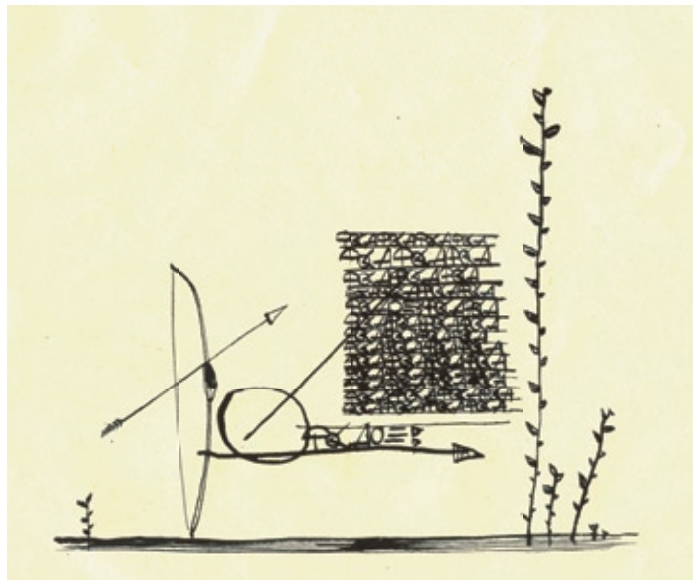
-your truth



1400 AB

LUKAS





Driven by prospects of success, driven from the insights of the past by the chance of success. Found, lost in the bottomless pits of blackness. A kept promise, the not just dark but tar-black grounds of the grottoes, caves and dens. Toppled-down boulders, detritus, avalanches and mud. Who hasn't already tried to search, to allow himself to be propelled?

The outcome is clear?

No, no and no again; what are you trying to arrogate to yourself – you, the discoverer? How I'm laughing. You, the inventor, the one who's clearing away the rubble, ashes and bones, ha, ha. The one who makes his fingers dirty from the remains of the bones? You?

Be that as it may, to vent about who you are, for what purpose you allow yourself to be used, what you – just you – are capable of: That takes on features which you, I and many others as well cannot comprehend or wish to comprehend and if they did comprehend, they would have to throw up and in many cases to take their own life. Everything began long before my time, during a time when there was only a presentiment of me. My mother, your father – oh no, my father. I think it began soon after my birth. With a children's toy, with the clacking, the rattling of a trashy toy dangling over my cradle which I would have preferred to hang myself on rather than see it as something to lull me to sleep. These trashy little figures, the clowns, the dollies, the hobgoblins.

Time went by, and what happened? Nothing, except that my nice, warm, soft, plush baby clothes didn't fit me anymore, that my bottom wasn't powdered any longer, that I couldn't take my nourishment from luscious fruit anymore and that I was prevented from peeing and shitting wherever I wanted to. Everything changed all at once; I wasn't even aware of it, and suddenly I was sitting next to absolute idiots in chairs organised in rows and had to listen to an ignorant person standing up front. And the first question I remember and that made the ignorant person standing in the front angry was:

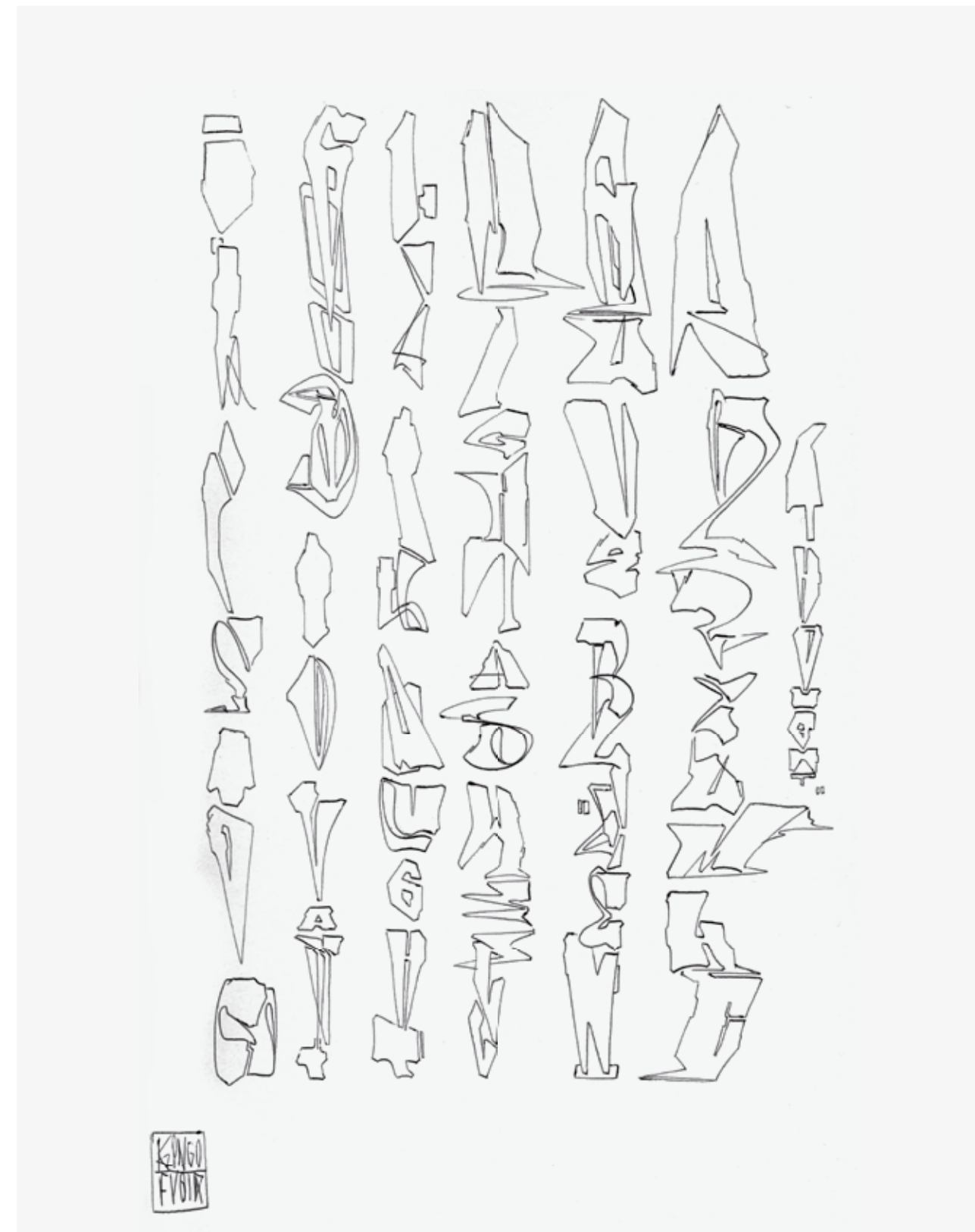
»Why is an A an A and why is a chair a chair and why isn't chair called table and why isn't book called canary and why isn't letter called bowel movement and why isn't pencil called missile-defence station?«

*why is the jug called jug;
 why is the stick called stick;
 why is the bird called bird;
 why is the twig called twig;
 why is the ball called ball;
 why is the fence called fence;
 why is the tree called tree;
 why is the vase called vase;
 why is the wheel called wheel;
 why is the umbrella called umbrella;
 why is the handwriting called handwriting;
 why is the letter called letter.
 Who invented all of that and why is it so?«*

I sit at my desk and try to process things that have happened.

A painful thought, a joyful memory. Something that carries a driving power in itself. The deeper the sensation, the more powerful is the image that I generate. When the image is completed, the moment is extinguished and the image is now only a transmitter of the sensation that once existed.

It is a cleansing process. A look into the future. A look back to the world I knew and an attempt to understand the world that I have not made.



It Is Too Good To Last, He Thought. Might As Well Have Been A Dream, He Thought



//29.08.06 - Access to an underground garage. Thought of Felix K. Impressed by Oz.



//01.09.06 - The first time in the sewer system. Went with Fiona into an entry shaft, stretched out our backs, and made tags. The largest tunnels of the Berlin sewer system are only about 150 centimetres high. You get a backache really fast. You have to build yourself a vehicle in order to be able to move on further into the tunnels.



//19.10.06 - A blind underground train shaft without tracks. Practice tunnel for the Berlin Fire Department. Chalk tags, with Suon.



//19.08.06 - Showed Aorb the acoustic room that Hesht and I discovered 5 years ago. Back then, the water was still ankle deep there.



//21.12.06 - Bridge room. Here, a dove attacked me.

The former border is barely recognizable in Berlin. The Wall has been mostly torn down; the »death strip« has been built up in the city centre. Bridges connect east and west. Rail tracks that had lain unused since the division of Berlin were again in use. And new elevated rails and tunnels were built.

I am interested in these places.

I look for entrances into these places in order to work there. I work anonymously, because otherwise I could not complete my projects. My work is planned specifically in order to protect my anonymity.

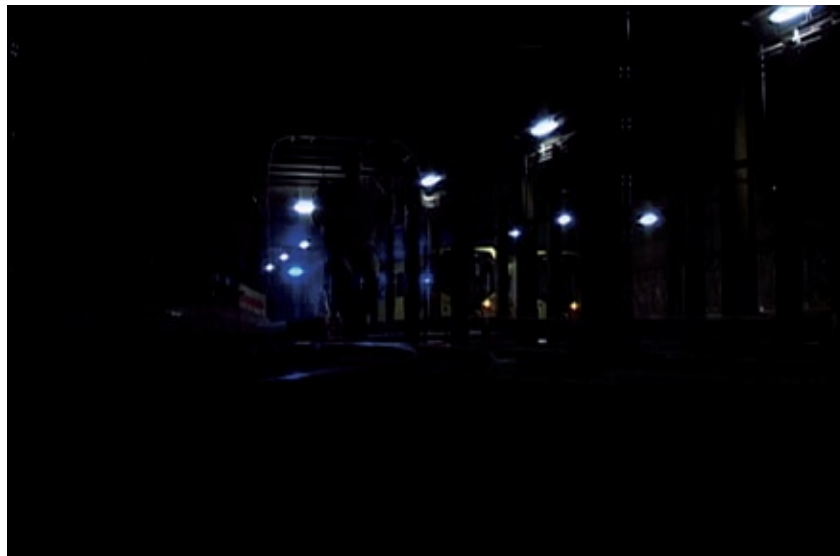
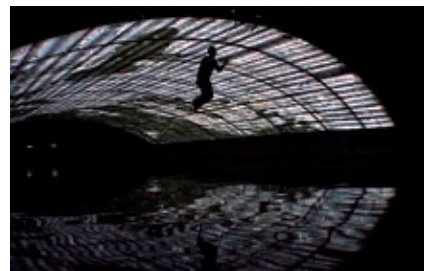
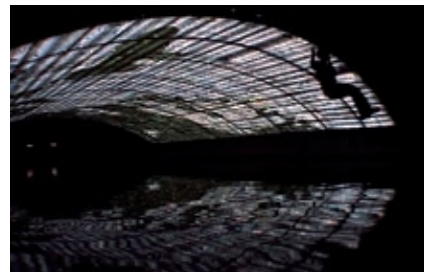
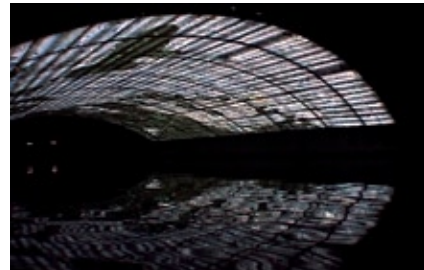
Thanks Anyway
Berlin 2006

Matthias Wermke cleans the windshields of public transportation vehicles in Berlin.



The Neon-Orange Cow
Berlin 2005

Matthias Wermke installs a swing in public places in Berlin and swings on it.



THE WRITER

December 2004

The apartment block in Treptow is locked. I ring all the bells twice, a lady opens the door, I explain my errand, a key appears in my hand. I change quickly. I go up and down Weserstraße. The shop has vanished. Several places are shut up with signs saying To Let, two places announce quite simply: In Liquidation.

I try Weichselstraße, recognise the tempo, break into a melody which promises that the trophy shop will appear up ahead. There it is.

A man with a moustache comes out of the store-room, takes a big gulp of water from a two-litre bottle standing by itself on a shelf. Other shelves are full of trophies. He goes towards the counter as I open the door.

»Hello«, he says, before I've had a chance to step inside.

It says on the door that he shuts at 6 o'clock. It's now 5.57.

»I'll just have a quick look«, I say, anxious at the thought that he'll throw me out, or that he'll see through me before I find out what's hidden in the trophies, in the shop, in my instinct that I want to get my hands on the trophies.

»You could at least say hello«, he answers, a touch sarcastically.

I explain that I misunderstood. He asks me to speak more slowly as his English is poor. I tell him I was here during the summer but that the shop was closed then.

»Not at all«, he says, »I'm open every day, except at lunchtime.«

I tell him precisely when I was here, to which he answers:

»I was off sick for four weeks.«

»Are they all new trophies or are there old ones too«, I wonder, having noticed during our confusing conversation that the trophies are not inscribed.

Unaddressed happiness.

»I've been here for fifteen years«, he says in answer to my question.

I become impatient, want to look around. I haven't much time, let my gaze drift over trophies in every imaginable form. There are animals there, portrayals of actions associated with unique sporting achievements. A kick of a football, which can come with the inscription: Ass kicking. A bowling ball, dishes in different sizes. Not a single inscription.

The man with the moustache goes back to what I now see is a combined store and workroom. He sits down at the table where he does the engraving. There's a sign at the counter which says he will engrave as many letters as you want at no extra charge.

»Ohne Buchstabenbegrenzung.«

I follow him into his workroom, he points out that he is closed for the day. I tell him I'm from Sweden and would like to come back and take a few pictures. He asks me again to speak more slowly as he can only muster some old, almost forgotten school English. I reckon he's between 50 and 55 years of age.

»That's fine«, he replies, »but you can take three pictures, not two hundred.«

I thank him for that. According to the sign his name is Peter Scharon.

I walk along the canal. The trophies are no longer out of reach. I must have one, with my own writing. The trophy must be an exclamation, a cry. Something that sets happiness in motion, chases it off to look for its owner.

7.15 p.m. I walk past the trophy shop. It's in darkness, Peter Scharon is sitting behind the counter. How long has he known that he was going to work with trophies? He must have been my age when he started. I wonder if he has ever won a trophy himself. If he knows how it feels. If he has ever got an inscription wrong? How many trophies has he engraved? How long was the longest writing? I tear a sheet from my writing-pad, write down the sentence he will engrave on my trophy. Throw it in the canal. Film the whole thing.

Several days later:

I'm at the trophy shop ordering a trophy of my own. He is suspicious of me, of the way I pass by spying on the place, like a thief. I repeat my story about how I'm an artist from Sweden working on a project about the future. It sounds dubious even to my ears. I say I want to have an inscription engraved and film the whole thing. Peter thinks I could come back next week.

»Too much to do«, he explains.

When I tell him I'm leaving on Friday he decides to let me come back in the afternoon at 4 o'clock.

He's sticking labels and laminates with various engravings on a bunch of trophies lined up on the counter.

»You'll need to write down what I've to put«, he says in a voice that suggests I ought to know this, as if I had missed the most vital part of our conversation. I'm given a yellow slip and write: »I am calling you«. He doesn't bat an eyelid. We choose a caption that will be stuck onto the trophy. There are sports and dates to choose from, I choose, at Peter's suggestion, »2004«. He seems relieved to have found out what I was after. Glad that I'm not planning a robbery. But not so pleased to have his routine disturbed.

I go for a swift walk through the park, happy. I've come a bit closer, to what, I don't yet know. In that moment I see a white sheet of paper floating among the leaves in the canal. I take a photo.

When Peter's just about to begin on my inscription, the machine goes on strike. I think he presses the wrong buttons at the start.



He gets angry, shuts the whole thing off, puts the plastic cover over the machine as if he's giving up, gesticulates violently, takes deep breaths followed by heavy sighs. Then he begins again, ill at ease in front of the camera. He apologises for the muddle in the workroom which is also the store-room for the trophies. There are masses of still unopened cups, salvers waiting to be engraved, medals to be handed out. Junk. It's obvious that he seldom has visitors. The desk which can be glimpsed through the door, which is usually ajar, hides the chaos within.

I become curious about the years of muddle, keen to take a lot more than three photos. I sneak three photos. Peter tells me he knows I deceived him by asking me if I'm taking photos or filming. I answer diplomatically that I'm thinking of doing both things.

»Then I'll have to take care not to say anything stupid«, is Peter's answer.

Then he makes a spelling mistake. He writes »I am dalling you« instead of »I am calling you«. I want to laugh aloud but at the same time don't want to shake the film-camera. He is nervous. I'm ready for anything, that he will shut off the machine and put the cover over it again. But he takes it calmly, spells aloud in his German accent and starts again from the beginning. When at last he is finished he rushes out to stick the label on. It happens too quickly, I just manage to film him finishing, and he is about to hold up the trophy when the outer door opens, and he rolls his eyes. Then I want to finish too so I can go out and laugh. He wraps up the trophy and stamps his address on a visiting-card so that I can send him some pictures. I want to take some stills in the shop before I go.

»Is that all right«, I wonder.

»Yes, he replies, »but you can only take three pictures ...«

»... and not two hundred«, I interject. Then I take thirty-two pictures.

Peter Scharon has been uneasy since I came through the door. He seems to think I am after something. Do the trophies carry some secret? A secret he is keeping? He even doubted that I was from Sweden and suggested that in a country like Sweden there must be several shops like his.

-Why was I so interested in his shop in particular?

Canale Grande. I eat a large portion of ice-cream, drenched in Bailey's and other liqueurs, with nuts and chocolate sauce. I'm celebrating my trophy.

July 2005

Peter is with a customer. He recognises me immediately, pays me no more than the half second's attention needed to place me. The customer has given him a big order. This gives me time to check out any changes there have been in the range of trophies. I begin to the right of the entrance. The type of trophy I bought last time is no longer there. Suddenly I see my trophy. It's standing by itself on a shelf and is dark bronze, like all the animal sculptures in Berlin Zoo. The surface of the trophy looks like fissures in asphalt. The section to the left is dominated by sporting trophies. Were they also ordered in this rather sub-

tle way last time? Spread out on the floor are medals waiting to be engraved. They look expensive. Some have paper round them. Junk. Peter's annoyance at my visit is making me unsure of myself. My nervousness makes me want to laugh out loud. I keep my back turned to him so I can calm down. Below the notice-board to the right of the entrance lie all the scraps of paper that Peter has hung on the door at some time, all of which begin with »Dear customer«. They are long messages. On the shortest, the one I manage to make out without showing I'm being nosy, it says: »Dear customers I will be back soon, 3.10.« I nearly burst out laughing. Peter, like myself, is anxious to know what I'm going to say. Why I'm here. I wish I knew! My nervousness is trying to get out, as laughter, tears, I dive deeper into the shelves to calm myself. Why doesn't he chuck things out? These piles of papers, trophies and medals everywhere. Is he just untidy or is there a reason?

Is there something there, among the piles, lying fermenting, needing to mature before it leaves the shop and reaches its recipient? Or, have the great achievements that the trophies are intended to reward not taken place yet? The messages are written on the same kind of yellow slips that you have to use to write down the text for your engraving. Does he think he's going to be away again for the same reason, at the same time, and that he'll be able to re-use them? I want to take one but I don't dare.



When the man eventually leaves with his carton, containing the trophies, all packed in separately, Peter and I are alone. Although first the customer and I almost bump into each other. Peter looks at me sceptically. I ask if he remembers me. Mostly for something to say. I explain that I was here filming him as he engraved my trophy. I hand over photos from the same occasion I've reminded him of. There are some snaps taken out in the shop, three where he is working on the engraving, one where he's standing behind the counter with a customer. I explain that the picture quality isn't the best, because of the poor light in the shop. I say it's even darker in the workroom, with a powerful little desk-lamp which makes it impossible to take good pictures. He doesn't agree, either about the poor light or the bad photo quality. I take out my bronze asphalt and say I'd like to try out another one. A new trophy.

»What's to go on it? What kind of symbol do you want?«

Peter takes out a rabbit which he holds in front of the empty, flat, round surface of my trophy. I shake my head.

»Or, should it be 2005?« Peter wonders.

»It's OK. The engraving will be almost the same as last time«, I say, as Peter gives me a yellow slip to write on.



I write, in large print and clearly: *Calling You*. I fill in the letters twice. Meanwhile Peter sticks on the label with the year »2005«.

»Are you thinking of doing it now?« I wonder.

»It'll take five minutes«, Peter replies.

The outer door opens, an elderly lady comes in.

»And a few minutes more, maybe three«, Peter adds.

I let him talk to the woman and look at his pile of mail. Three unopened envelopes. One is from the bank, I think. When he takes my asphalt trophy and measures

out the plate which is to be affixed to the marble stand for the asphalt, I ask if I can watch while he does the engraving. He's on his way to the workroom, waves his hand at the same time as scratching his head, replies: »No.« Stops, looks at me as if my suggestion contained something indecent. I stay there, alone. Hear him sigh, press buttons, swear and sigh again. The machine sounds a little bit like a laser, as I imagine it. I peep behind the counter, he's reading a paperback called *Das Blaue* something by a German called S something. What's lying around is mostly papers and medals. When he comes out I don't look at him, I look down at the counter, say I'll probably come again. In a week or two. The words come out of me like out of a laser. I say I'm fascinated by the trophies as bearers of happiness.

»Think how happy all those people will be when they get one of these things you've made. You, who fashion happiness day in and day out, and spread happiness to so many people.«

Peter is silent. Doesn't look at me.

»This is from me to you.«

He hands me the engraved trophy.

»For the pictures.«

I say it's not necessary. That of course I'll pay. That he doesn't have to do this, but I'm very grateful.

»Are you sure?« he asks.

An empty pane in my head.

»Yes«, I reply.

My head smashes the pane.

»OK. Well then. If that's what you want ... 7,5 euros, thanks.«

»Here you are«, I say. And – »thank you«.

»Thank you too«, Peter replies.

In the same instant I understand.

»Next time I'd really like to do an interview«, I say to Peter.

Peter stands up.

»No camera,« I add. »I can write down all the questions and get them translated and you can have a look at them first.«

Peter repeats what I've said: First I'll go to Sweden, then I'll come back, meanwhile he can look at his English books.

»And you can look at your German books«, he says to me, smiling.

I think it's a smile. I haven't seen him smile before. He shakes my hand and sees me to the door. I thank him. He thanks me. He's wearing a flowery shirt.

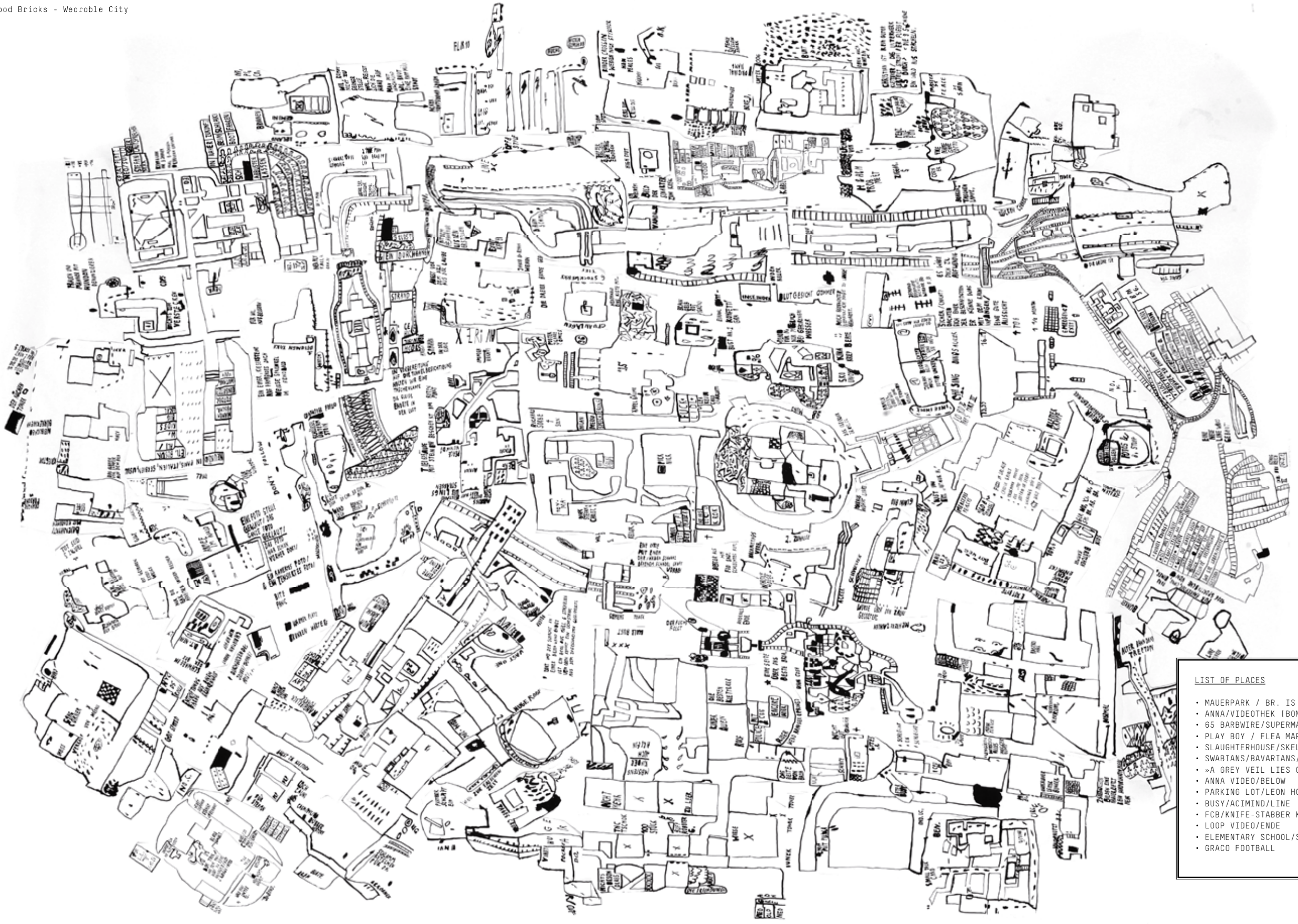
Canale Grande. I order my liqueur ice-cream. The proverb says you can't buy happiness. I can't get my money back. How long do you have to wait before the ground shakes beneath your feet again?

Surely when Peter's engraving he swears and sighs so much in order to banish bad luck, burn it off with the laser, destroy it beyond invisibility. A soldier who wages several wars every day. My fellow-countrymen in Berlin, those I meet in the Café Kant, have all ended up here for one pressing reason or another. What's mine? Was it the one I found today but lost? My tears fall. As if for a war. Who are the enemy? How do I know which side I'm on? How do you fight a war which makes itself invisible? Sometimes you come across remnants of it. A dead foot. Half a name. A torn map. Words blown apart. As long as Aleph stays in hiding I know that things are uncertain. Unstable. The war continues.

In memory of Peter Scharon.

»The Writer« represents two extracts from a larger project in which I am following tags in the streets of Berlin, using them to discover the city. I have returned to Berlin several times to repeat those ten days, day by day. During my first walk I constructed my own map of the city, without knowing there would be a repeat performance. For ten days I follow the city's handwritten names, they take me out to the eastern and western suburbs, through Kreuzberg, Mitte, Neukölln and Prenzlauer Berg. I make careful notes, record how the names and letters move around, via narrow lanes, broad avenues, centres and peripheries and describe meetings with people and places that the tags lead me to. The city writes over its names, forgotten names are resuscitated, and new ones come into being. The goal for many writers is that their tags should always look the same. But the artist is aware of the impossibility of his aspiration, the aspiration of his repetition is not perfection but the repetition itself. Is the constant repeating of the word, the selfsame name, a prayer?

MEIRA AHMEMULIC



- LIST OF PLACES
- MAUERPARK / BR. IS A NAZI /
 - ANNA/VIDEOTHEK (BOMBING NIGHT DEP.) (DNS)
 - 65 BARBWARE/SUPERMARKT
 - PLAY BOY / FLEA MARKET
 - SLAUGHTERHOUSE/SKELETON/PARK
 - SWABIANS/BAVARIANS/PARTY/LOOP VIDEO
 - »A GREY VEIL LIES OVER THAT CI.«
 - ANNA VIDEO/BELOW
 - PARKING LOT/LEON HOME
 - BUSY/ACIMIND/LINE
 - FCB/KNIFE-STABBER KLEMI
 - LOOP VIDEO/ENDE
 - ELEMENTARY SCHOOL/SWIMMING POOL
 - GRACO FOOTBALL

The selected places probably aren't very important.
They exist even without us. We make them exist just for us.
We went to the places; the places didn't come to us.
They don't have us to thank for their place.
They weren't looking for anything, we were. I don't know why that is so.
Maybe it has something to do with childhood. Hopefully, it does.



Double bottom

In 1930, during his vocational training, an English technician in Germany upgraded a double bottom of 30 m² between two layers in the area of the city. Most of the structure was made of steel which he painted dark green. This dark green coat of paint played a decisive part for the majority of German fences being painted with green varnish again and again over the years.

The colour adapts to the green of the leaves and the lawns in parks and blends in with them, and where no plants grow, the fence is a replacement in terms of colour for them.

I sat on this structure for a while (it had the form of the hull of a ship) and enjoyed the dark green coat of paint. Underground trains were rolling by above. It was possible to have the view from the captain's bridge of a container ship.



The climbing bridges and the dream of becoming a train driver.

Haven't seen anyone all day.
Writing down design and maintenance numbers.
Doing the same work (stealing after the fact).
Sitting on an old milestone and waiting.
Cable NT in the little brother of the underhouse. Belongs to the family of the R-line. One round of maintenance every spring.
Summer 2007 the construction of the bridge's towers begins.
4 weeks construction time. Improve access.

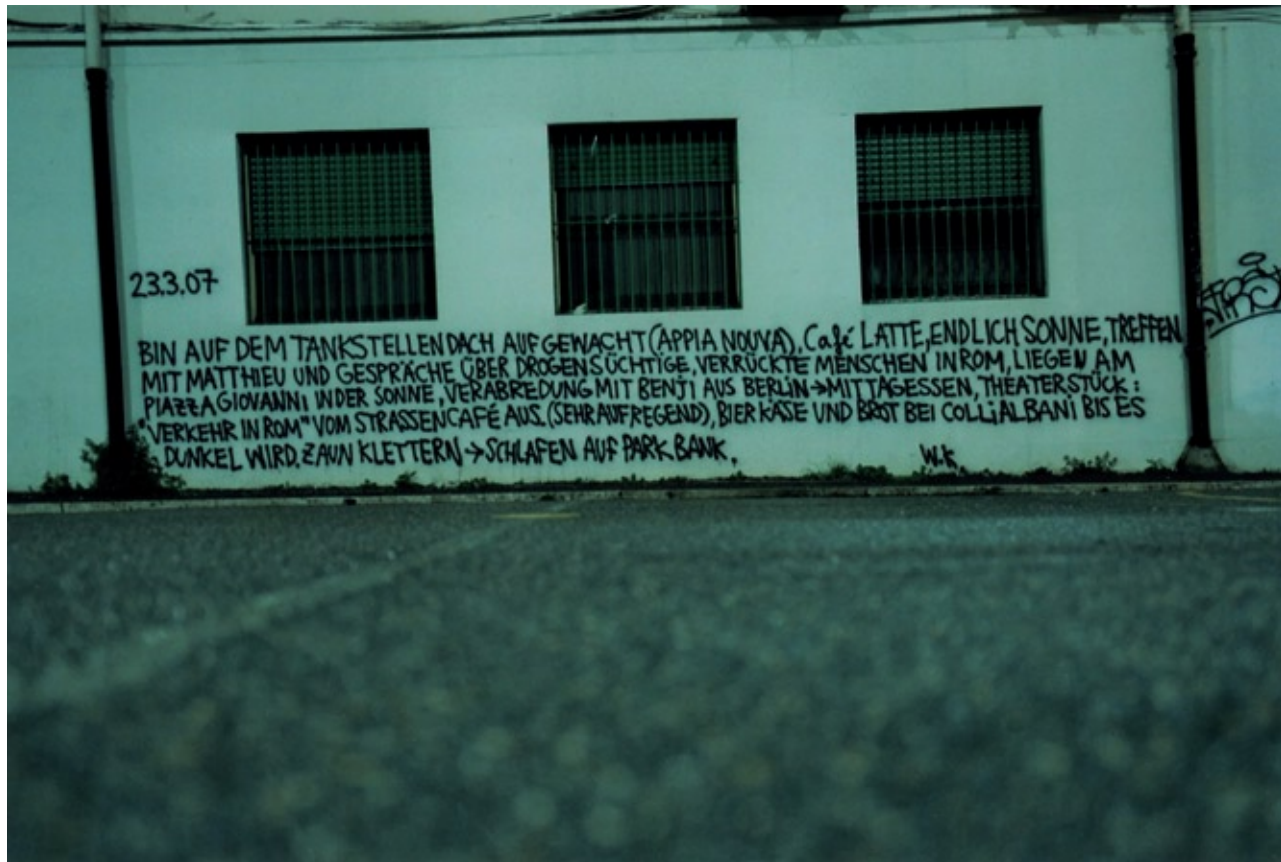


Collective kaputt

A bustle developed within a short time because of the new transport connection and cultural offerings. Much is monophonic. Little is polyphonic.

old undercoat white fur
a layer of dust white fur kaputt
developed over the years red red white
with your finger from a distance, everything is together
remove the topmost layer
pale red metal the function:
a new colour
being at home there

it works:
through 9 years
there is a way
A piece of the kerb is missing
The fence is in the same place



Day 3 - 23rd March 2007

10.00 a.m. - Last night I slept on the roof of a petrol station. The petrol station is diagonally across from Frasca, the Romans' spray-paint store (Metro Colli Albani). I thought this would be a good place, since there are no rats and no places where people pee. It was good. After I got myself a few pieces of cardboard, I could fall asleep easily. I woke up at sunrise. This time I didn't have cold feet - only my toes were cold. I almost couldn't feel them anymore. During the night I woke up often in order to remember my dream. Still I only managed once to write something down. Eventually it turned light and the sun shone for the first time since I was here. I lay on the roof in the shade and wanted to get down to the park as quickly as possible to warm myself up.

I had to hide myself from the petrol-station employees, so that they wouldn't notice me and maybe find out that I had stolen their ladder in order to get up on the roof. After a half an hour I was able to leave the roof without being seen.

I went into a café and this time was able to be relaxed about ordering a coffee with milk and a chocolate croissant. When I was done eating, I first sat down in the sun by the shaft entrance to Colli Albani and brushed my teeth.

01.00 p.m. - Piazza Giovanni - Two hours ago I met Matthieu. We talked about drug addicts and crazy people, of which there seem to be an awful lot in Rome. I wonder who destroys whom. The people the city, or the city the people? I still haven't met Gabriele; it seems to be a problem. I see him everywhere, but I don't meet him. Still, it's not so bad: The sun is shining! And for the first time I sit in a T-shirt in the park and look at the aqueduct. I would love to spend the night on it. My stomach rumbles; I have to eat something.



07.00 p.m. - Colli Albani - I met Benni for lunch. He comes from Berlin and is filming a documentary about writers and their life in Rome. The food was delicious - different kinds of pizza and fish. Afterwards we sat in a street café, chatted and watched the traffic. We found out that our projects have similarities. I observe myself and the city. He tries to find out how the city affects its residents. An important part of Rome is certainly its traffic. From our table we looked out on a major crossing. While we were having our conversation, a bus came to a stop right at that corner and couldn't drive any further. So all the traffic piled up behind it. Which then led to people constantly honking and to everyone reacting to the situation as they wanted to. Some simply continued driving in the oncoming lane or on the sidewalk; others stubbornly remained where they were and blocked other cars. After an hour of thorough chaos the traffic police arrived and calmed the situation using whistles or loud voices. They recommended that the bus driver put a warning triangle behind his bus. Meanwhile, still more police came, all with very characteristic facial features, and directed the traffic using wild gesticulations. Soon employees of the bus company also arrived and sent the bus driver home so they could devote themselves in peace to solving the problem. In the midst of all this, another bus got stuck, this time in the second lane. Now the honking became constant. The two of us sat there in a trance.



After 2 hours the play was at an end and everything became normal again. It was fun to watch the Roman traffic, which is made up of improvisation and concentration. Benni believes that this is exactly what does the people in. But I think it's what keeps them alive. What is very damaging, though, are the exhaust fumes that the moped drivers or bicycle riders breathe. Four to 5 times daily I inhale strong doses of this shit. For example, when I'm riding behind a bus or when my nose is almost sticking in a lorry's exhaust pipe.

Now I'm sitting on a park bench in the Piazza del Castelli Romani and it's slowly getting cold. But today I found a child's down jacket, which when knotted up will serve me as a foot sack.

Unfortunately, I can't go back to the petrol station today, because they found the ladder to the roof and hid it. First, though, I'm going to think about supper.





Casus V. Petrol i. A. v. P. Vector Codierer

The Hidden News Is Nevertheless Conveyed

An improvisation, without director or direction, staged only once, which despite its lack of clarity in the dramaturgical composition, becomes unbelievably concrete through the presence of stage design.

The stage designs represent the executed role and its spoken texts. They are witness to a momentary condition, creating the chronology of the production.

The text is lost, but the saturated stage design remains.









»It is the name of the building or look something will happen« A. Carlijn, Student, Budapest
 »I thought it was simply a word. A product« L. Csádo, Lawyer, Budapest
 »A fashion shop« Anonymous, Athlete, airport Frankfurt
 »Something relating to computers« Anonymous, Wuppertal
 »The ultimate rustproof graffiti« M. Mertha, Carpenter, Budapest
 »A Sect« Thomas W., Student, Berlin
 »An insurance.« Sebastian, Banker, Wuppertal
 »Contact the police, they will know what it means.« Katrin, Dentist's assistant, Budapest
 »A synagoge.« H. Ogül, Taxidriver, Berlin

»Are you sure?« J. Hernandez, Shoeblack, Madrid
 »Subsidiary company of Matrix« Matti Lakkonen, Helsinki
 »A disguised declaration of love« Mr. Krauczuk, Airport Berlin
 »A washing agent« Holger, Bonn
 »Yesterday I was told it's something different than a ewer« Daniel & Michael, Köln
 »A swimming pool« Justina, Mannheim
 »A news agency« Sandra, Mainz
 »I really have no idea.« Karel Popescu, Tourist, Budapest



Over Berlin's Rooftops



Objekt ID: 000-19-07-005-2P-1V
Address: Greifswalder Str. / Prenzlauer Berg, Berlin
Surface Area (H x W): 1,20m x 5,20m
Volume (H x W x D): 6,24m³
Characteristics: Culture and Media Park, situated on roof, excellent visibility
Carrier: Fire-proof plastic slabs
Contacts per day: 500 passers-by
Cost (incl. 0% fee): 00.000.00.00,00 Euro

Brooklyn New Economy



Objekt ID: 000-23-4-006-V2
Address: Metropolitan Ave. / Brooklyn, NYC
Surface Area (H x W): 3,80m x 0,80cm
Volume (H x W x D): 0,912m³
Characteristics: belle etage / loft in sought-after hip area
Carrier: Brick work
Contacts per day: 1200 passers-by, 1300 cars
Cost (incl. 0% fee): 00.000.00.00,00 Euro

Danish Dream



Objekt ID: 123-223-02-006-33DK
Address: Klostergade, Aarhus, Denmark
Surface Area (H x W): 5,20m x 1,30m
Volume (H x W x D): 2,70 m³
Characteristics: shopping area, great spot above the city's largest shopping centre
Carrier: Brick work
Contacts per day: 5000 passers-by/ passengers
Cost (incl. 0% fee): 00.000.00.00,00 Euro

In the Heart of Berlin



Objekt ID: 000-12-11-005-V2
Address: Schönhauser Alle / Prenzlauer Berg, Berlin
Surface Area (H x W): 0,75m x 2,50m
Volume (H x W x D): 0,375m³
Characteristics: stately sight, absolutely centrally located
Carrier: Freestone
Contacts per day: 7000 passers-by, 15000 cars
Cost (incl. 0% fee): 00.000.00.00,00 Euro

Marvellous Railroad Flair



Objekt ID: 133-0016x-Ni-005
Address: close to Südbahnhof train station / Cologne
Surface Area (H x W): 1,00m x 4,50m
Volume (H x W x D): 1,35m³
Characteristics: this object boasts a convincing sprig-like appearance
Carrier: Steel concrete
Contacts per day: 5000 passers-by, 200 passenger trains, 5500 cars
Cost (incl. 0% fee): 00.000.00.00,00 Euro

Broadway Business



Objekt ID: 223-004-05-006-Ex-B
Address: Subway 34 St Station / Broadway NYC
Surface Area (H x W): 0,80m x 0,90m [4x]
Volume (H x W x D): 0,324 m³
Characteristics: attractive eye-catcher in shopping street, well-known tourist area
Carrier: Illuminated plastic cube
Contacts per day: 30000 passers-by, 25000 cars
Cost (incl. 0% fee): 00.000.00.00,00 Euro

A True Gem in Copenhagen



Objekt ID: 3553-353535-3004DK
Address: Norreport / Copenhagen, DK
Surface Area (H x W): 5,20m x 1,30m
Volume (H x W x D): 3,38m³
Carrier: Multiplex wood
Contacts per day: 20000 passers-by, 10000 cars
Cost (incl. 0% fee): 00.000.00.00,00 Euro

Characteristics: This highly desirable object is situated nearby the charming historical centre of Copenhagen. The close proximity to the traffic junction Norreport provides an exceedingly high number of passers-by. Here your non-commercial message will find a receptive audience. Multi-use options available, also in three-dimensional area. Expandable areas can be arranged.

Chinatown, NYC



Objekt ID: 223-11-004-006NY
Address: East Broadway, Chinatown, NYC
Surface Area (H x W): 2,40m x 0,60m
Volume (H x W x D): 0,288m³
Carrier: Freestone
Contacts per day: 3000 passers-by, 5000 cars
Cost (incl. 0% fee): 00.000.00.00,00 Euro

Characteristics: In the centre of Chinatown, NYC we reserved an excellent space for your childish thoughts. Here you can behave creatively neutral in a sphere of cryptic signs and contribute to a rearrangement of this busy corner. Broken meaning everywhere – here you can find the freedom to move about!

Writing the Memory of the City

by Markus Mai & Thomas Wiczak

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