

ZUGEWINN GEMEINSCHAFT

5th Werkleitz Biennial
July 31st – August 4th 2002

Editorial

This publication appears on the occasion of the 5th Werkleitz Biennial and is entitled – like the festival itself – "ZUGEWINGEMEINSCHAFT" (Community of Surplus). Along with a 12-page picture supplement, it includes documentation of the exhibition, a film / video archive and a compendium of texts written for this paper.

The field of reference chosen by the Biennial's curatorial team consists of three "objects" that determine the framework for this publication: Rainer Werner Fassbinder's Western *Whity* (1970) thematizes sexual dependence, racist violence, and counter-violence in projections on the United States of America, the conditions in Germany, and a Spanish landscape. In 1973, the GDR organized a festival of youth orientated-cultural internationalism, the *X. World Festival of Youths and Students*, which was supported by prominent guests from around the world. And the statement "Open borders?" seeks new political and cultural definitions in the face of a redistribution of power and migration movements.

Accompanied by a conversation between the curators in which they talk about their intentions and the actual circumstances that led to the selection of the three themes and the planning of the Biennale, we invited several authors to discuss the these topics in this publication. Examining *Whity*, the film historian Marc Siegel locates a form of resistance in the victim's roles within Fassbinder's work. Herman Asselberghs and Dieter Lesage examine what made the right-wing populist Pim Fortuyn, who was murdered in May 2002, so attractive for many. In an autobiographical essay, Vaginal Davis focuses on sexuality, blackness, racism and her fascination with Angela Davis, who also gets taken up later in Boris Buden's analyses of the contrast between the political icon Davis and former GDR president Erich Honecker – both stood side by side during the X. World Festival – as a cut in the family photo. A large round-table discussion on the World Festival along with an interview with the filmmaker Ina Alverman, describe the way this event was perceived and the resulting effects.

Autonomous interpretations of the concept "open borders" by transnational migrants, is the topic of Manuela Bojadžiev's and Vassilis Tsianos' text. In addition, Dana Diminescu describes business strategies, family contacts and hospitality as "integration from below". Both texts share the opinion that migration movements are already taking place independent – in a positive sense – of the controls and regulations by governments or the industry.

The more than 40 artists, filmmakers and video artists participating in the exhibition program developed their works for the Biennale, to a large extent, along the lines of the implications of the three "objects". They were asked to contribute to this publication in the form of an appendix or commentary on their installations, research, and fixed or moving images. Shortly before the opening, the installations in Werkleitz and Tornitz will be photographed for the color supplement.

A summary of the events section is included in the middle of the third section of this publication. It can be detached and functions as an orientation guide as well as a brief record of the events. The more than twenty films, videos, performances and lectures are also described in texts and pictures.

Many thanks to the authors, artists, colleagues, and also the Heinrich-Böll-Foundation Saxony-Anhalt, who all supported this publication with far more than their own contributions.

Ed.: Florian Zeyfang



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The following conversation between several members of the curatorial team was recorded with the aim of describing the approach to the project and the way in which it developed. Discussion participants were: Jochen Becker (jb), Reinhild Benning (rb), Robin Curtis (rc), Stephan Geene (sg), Merle Kröger (mk), Holger Kube Ventura (hkv), Philip Scheffner (ps) and Dierk Schmidt (ds). The discussion took place in Berlin on May 26th.

Point of Departure

hkv: What bothered me about the past Werkleitz Biennials was the division of the four disciplines: art, film/video, performance and Internet. There also seemed to be very little communication between the involved curators. For the 5th Werkleitz Biennial, which I'm organizing as artistic director, a working group was formed and acted along the lines of contents and across disciplines before concrete contributions were considered. The aim was to avoid hierarchical relationships between curators and participants, between "art" and "non-art".

For these reasons, I invited the current team, as well as several additional people, to a preparatory summer camp in Tornitz/Werkleitz. The point of departure for the discussions was a thematic exposé entitled "nation/al/ien" that dealt with questions such as: What would a German identity be? What is the meaning of being characterized by a nation-state? How can one talk about these things and how can they be criticized? During the course of three days, we came to a position regarding what does not belong to this complex of themes. The title, in particular, was not considered to be very constructive, because "nation/nationalities" asserts exactly that which is to be criticized. The Biennial itself was only a marginal issue during the summer camp.

mk: I didn't feel myself being addressed as a curator, as you only knew our non-curatorial work. It was an unusual situation to be invited in the name of something I would not have necessarily chosen myself. Then you were faced with people you partially knew, and who in turn all have their own history as organizers.

sg: In the end, the issue became quite an individual and unique form of so-called curating, which at times completely dissolves, particularly in cases where the exhibition organizers are also participants. A "curatorial approach" per se is stupid.

jb: Up until now, I have been involved in self-initiated and self-organized projects, or when invited we have tried to organize ourselves as an internal group. However, this time it was different: there's a team, but the members didn't join up with each other on their own.

Several people know each other quite well from earlier joint practices and must therefore, deal with the question to what extent a dominant block might establish itself. This isn't solved in a "natural" way by some of these people simply leaving. The numerous meetings and long discussions helped to clarify questions such as "What are these people engaged in? And what are we going to do together now?" This required a lot of time. For this reason I find an introduction in the form of a conversation adequate because it was in debates such as this one that the decisions were made.

ps: The thematic complex Holger originally proposed with "nation/al/ien" was intensely discussed before it was altered. This process resulted in the following critical questions: If one does a project that already addresses concepts of the nation-state in the title, why is it that the curators are all "white"? Why do most have a German passport? Where are the "Others" in the context of this strange team of non-curators? With such a title, either the group must be put together in an entirely different way, or we must depart from this clear thematic reference and try to look at a less reductive field of work. Instead of saying, "the issues are immigration, migration and exclusion", we introduced three concepts or fields into the game that allude to the mechanisms of exclusion, the nation-state and racism.

ds: Another idea was to also make a connection to a different point in time, something which

would avoid the exhibition contributions overall from turning into a collection of examples that merely illustrate the present lines of conflict and invite indirect discourse, so to say...

hkv: A triangle was created. The first reference or "object" we came upon was *Whity*, a fairly unknown film by Rainer Werner Fassbinder. That was in September 2001, when we started with our weekly meetings.

Whity

jb: Renate contributed the idea that one should talk about "being white" rather than about "people of color" because we represent the notion of "being white". A further conflict develops from the fact that we not only have German passports, but that all of us are West Germans – except Robin who is Canadian. Why do West Germans go to East German states and thematize racism there? What is the rationale, and how can you make it clear on site? How do you deal with questions that arise when people who are more metropolitan-oriented bring all these issues to a rural population? These questions led to the idea of covering a broader scope through the use of thematic fields. Take Fassbinder: to what degree does his film work in an East German context. Is *Whity* something that resonates, can it operate across different fields and thus avoid the above-mentioned conflicts?

mk: If we want to deal with the current situation in Germany, not only as a topic the way some artistic actions and exhibitions do, but to view it as a field, we must return to the FRG and the GDR. We have to examine the ways in which the social climate developed, and also look at the atmospheres that strongly influenced the situation we are now confronting. Fassbinder's entire context is reflected in *Whity*, and it questions the society I grew up in – the FRG. Fassbinder examined this climate in a complex way.

The 10th World Festival of Youths and Students

ps: It's similar with regard to the second "object", the "10th World Festival of Youths and Students" in East Berlin in 1973. Both are pretty strange icons; none of us had seen *Whity*, and no one attended the World Festival. We used these two "events" as a starting-point for an investigation. We viewed *Whity* and were irritated: what's there and what can be made of it? It was the same with the World Festival. In the end, our research resulted in different intersections between these two and a third thematic field – "Open Borders?"

rc: In this manner we arrived at two objects situated in the early 70s and could thus address post colonial theory. Since the late 80s, there has been a certain awareness of post-colonial theory, but it hardly played a role in Germany. Neither cultural conflicts, such as racism, nor utopias that had to do with the encounter of different cultures, were thematized in the Federal Republic.

Both the World Festival and *Whity*, were unfamiliar to us all because we were too young at the time. We had to concern ourselves with the ways they were dealt with back then, and also with the awareness that there is a longer history than one usually assumes. However, we can only reconstruct the context of those years.

Whity is actually a wonderful example of such an approach: the film is hard to find, is seldom screened, and barely accessible. You can't get *Whity* in PAL format, for example. And that's

interesting: why doesn't this film exist in a format "compatible with our system"?

jb: The World Festival is similarly invisible. At the Zeitgeschichtliche Forum Leipzig, a branch of the Deutsche Historische Museum in Bonn, the crimes of the GDR are shown, but the euphoric World Festival is missing, or at least I didn't spot it in this collection of GDR slender. I was only familiar with excerpts. If you ask people in the East, however, the event is still extremely present.

The issue isn't the joy in discovering something strange, to put my stamp on, but reconstructing its meaning and significance.

sg: The selection of the three objects is really arbitrary and there's something eccentric about basing an exhibition on them. However, it becomes clear that this project doesn't start off with a theory, but instead it is materially formed. The elements function more in the way they are combined. There are two elements from the 70s, and the third element is situated on another level. Together, the three result in a rather askewed view that opens things up because we wanted it to be an approach and not a result.

hkv: The World Festival represents a projection screen for positive ideas of "society" and "community." "Internationalism", for instance, was a word for examination, as it was utilized as a projection screen for the left in the FRG.

sg: The various projections are reversed. All you need to do is picture Angela Davis next to Honecker to make it clear how crazy this World Festival was: 1968 Black Panther liberation in contrast to the stiff bureaucracy of the GDR administration or, the pompous antifascist and internationalistic line. In regard to Fassbinder in general and *Whity* in particular, I also find many things highly ambivalent. In its attempt to turn some dissident antitheater project into mainstream cinema, *Whity* utterly failed.

The early 70s – that's a temporal reference that for me establishes many complicated references: per-

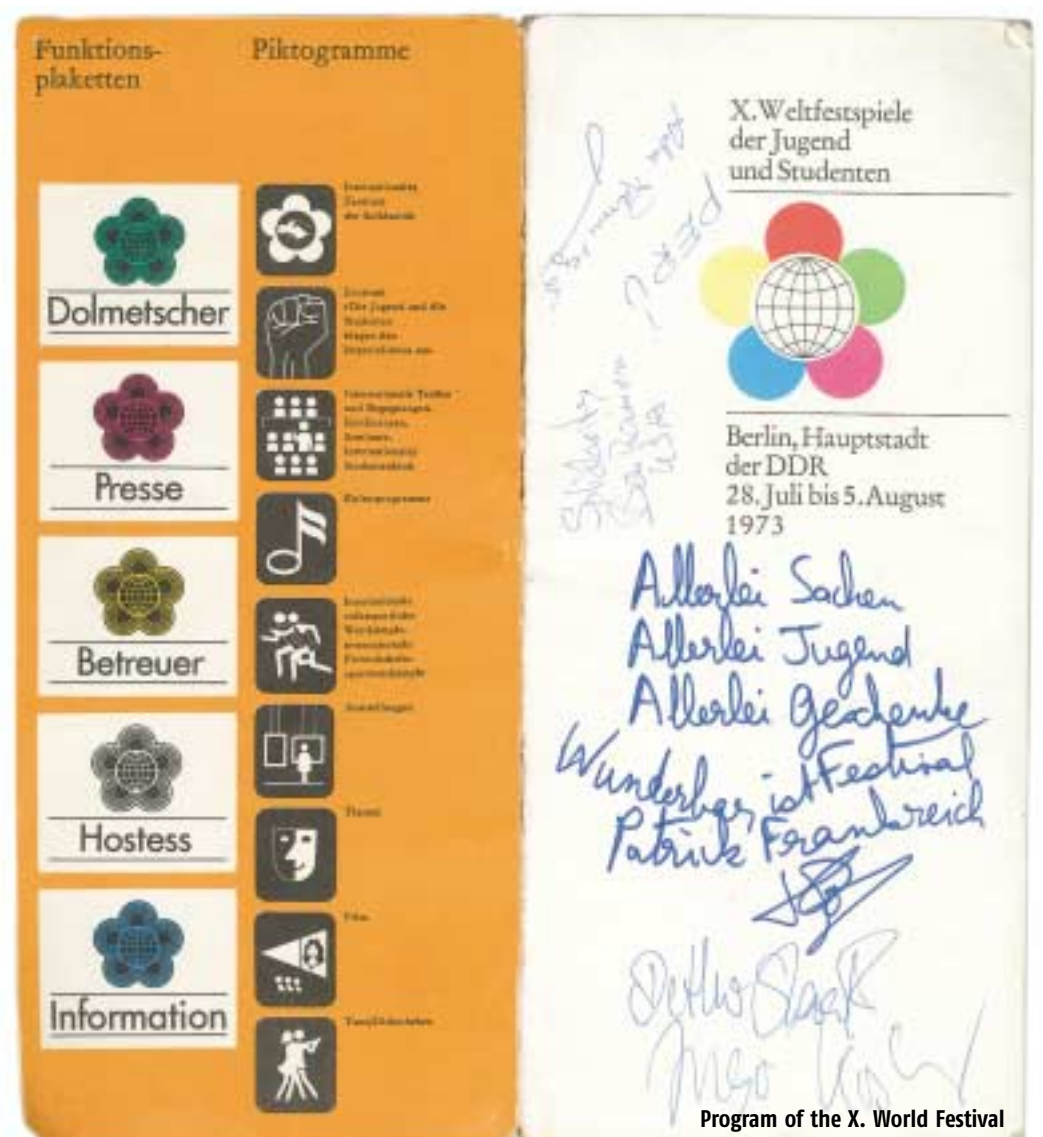
haps 1989 brought the post-war amnesia to an end and made evident the scope in which history occurs. At the beginning of the 70s, it was not foreseeable what would become of the revolutionary and reformist movements of the 60s, that this movement would peter out in such a way. But, you can already see in Fassbinder, a very skeptical politicalness that in the end situates politics on the level of sexuality, where forced heterosexuality is "abolished" as a matter of course, for instance.

ds: The question remains how the three objects can be portrayed. This applies specifically to the World Festival. For example, will we show it as a representation of "internationalism"? Do we rely on the available archival material or, on articles written by fans, relicts of the event, and even fanzines? Or instead, do we show the World Festival and its context in relation to their economic and political interconnections? Do we make comments and editorial selections? How do we crystallize our interests in this event? Do we voice our fascination or sympathy for this event, if it exists? And if we do so, how can we avoid romanticizing it? These are questions that force us to take on a position of responsibility, especially since *Whity* and the World Festival are fairly unknown.

Open Borders?

ps: Now an impression could be that the third concept, "Open Borders?" constitutes a kind of contemporary intersection of the other two thematic fields. The way I understand it, though, is that we formulated "Open Borders?" as a question as well as a demand, and viewed it structurally as a topical, concrete reference to the opening of state borders.

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Program of the X. World Festival

SOMEWHERE, A TENDERNESS: ON FASSBINDER'S "WHITY"

Marc Siegel

The first image in Rainer Werner Fassbinder's cinemascope Western melodrama *Whity* (1970) is a still of the title character's black body in a white suit (Günter Kaufmann), lying face down in the mud, clutching a red rose. Peer Raben's opening song, "I Kill Him" – sung by Kaufmann himself – accompanies the image as well as the credits, which are projected onto Whity's body. The image is repeated later in the film at the end of the scene in which Whity, a mulatto slave, is beaten up by a bunch of rowdy cowboys and thrown out of the small town saloon. Whity had come to the saloon to see his white lover Hanna (Hanna Schygulla), the saloon singer and town whore. Upon his arrival, Hanna sings him a song, walks slowly over to him, presents him with a red rose, sits on his lap and, at the song's end, kisses him on the lips. Her attention to Whity irritates the white townspeople in the saloon, in particular one gruff guy at the bar played by Fassbinder who announces, "That's enough!" and challenges the others, "Are you all cowards?" Led by this cowboy, the other men proceed to beat up Whity, who offers no resistance whatsoever, and throw him out the door. The scene ends with the above mentioned close-up of Whity's beaten up black body, face down in the mud, one hand cradling Hanna's red rose.

I Kill Him

Fassbinder's protagonists often get beaten up or beaten down. Indeed, some of the most memorable images from his films are those of bodies beaten up, thrown out of apartments, exhausted from drink and drugs, and left to die before our very eyes. To mention just a few of my favorites: there's the beginning of *In einem Jahr mit dreizehn Monden* in which the transsexual Elvira (Volker Spengler) gets beaten up while cruising for sex in a Frankfurt park and the end of the same film with Elvira collapsed dead on her bed; the end of *Faustrecht der Freiheit* in which the homosexual Franz Biberkopf or Fox (Fassbinder) is lying dead in a subway station, his corpse robbed by a couple of young kids; or the end of *Der Händler der vier Jahreszeiten* in which the fruit peddler Hans (Hans Hirschmüller) drinks himself to death in front of his family and friends and collapses onto the table in the bar. The stories that accompany these images typically detail the various betrayals, double-crossings or sleazy economic deals that drove someone to suicide or led them to getting thrown out, beaten up, or killed. What's most striking perhaps in Fassbinder's tales of abuse and social injustice is that his protagonists – who are often members of oppressed groups in society, women, blacks, foreigners, homosexuals, working class people – display no self-pity. They not only complain very little about the social injustices that are heaped upon them; rather, some of them really seem to enjoy these abuses. Take the slave Whity, for instance, who eagerly offers his black body to be whipped by his white master as a substitute for that of the master's white son. Whity receives the blows of the whip with an expression that resembles pleasure as much as pain. As Thomas Elsaesser has noted, one often speaks of Fassbinder's representation of social outcasts in terms of victimhood. If we continue to do so, he suggests, then we need to understand victimhood in Fassbinder not as a problem state from which the characters attempt to escape, but rather as already a "solution". As he puts it, victimhood in Fassbinder is "a way of repositioning the dialectic of oppressor/oppressed, refusing the complicity of the power struggles over sexual and class identity. Some of Fassbinder's protagonists seek salvation and integrity not outside the barriers of sex and class, but by living exploitation *from within* ... What appears to be defeatism or mere self-abandonment, in fact founds another truth of selfhood and thus corresponds to a different – differently



"Somewhere, there is a tenderness that has no room in the minds of these people."¹

gendered and in the present society unliveable – morality. Death, unbearably pointless as it may seem, is not a defeat for them, but the memorial to a victory as yet deferred."²

By refusing his protagonists an escape route outside the barriers of sex, class and race, Fassbinder forces them to explore the possibilities of resistance from within. We could perhaps extend Elsaesser's observations and suggest that part of the radicality of Fassbinder's politics of marginality stems from, what we might call, his critique of the outside. By outside, I'm thinking of the utopian notion that there could be a space removed from the messiness of race, class, gender, and sexual inequities from which one could safely critique the powers that be. Fassbinder's critique of the outside may be one reason why his representations of minorities won't go down so easily with liberals. As Michael Hardt and Antonio Negri put it, "the end of the outside is the end of liberal politics."³ Liberal politics, they argue, is dependent on the clear (modernist) distinction between inside/outside, with the outside distinguished as the proper place of politics, the place "where we act in the presence of others." But faced with the transformations of global capital, the massive spread of communication and information networks, the place outside is no longer so easily differentiated from that of the inside. For Hardt and Negri, "the modern dialectic of inside and outside has been replaced by a play of degrees and intensities, of hybridity and artificiality" (187-8).

Anyone need an intrigue?

Whity is set in a desolate small town somewhere in the American West in 1878. It tells the story of the Nicolson family: the strong-armed patriarch Ben Nicolson; his spoiled, perverse second wife, Katherine; his two sons from a previous marriage, the homosexual, Frank, and the mentally ill, Davie; his slave, Whity, who is also his bastard son, and Whity's black mother⁴. Whity is both the family's object of desire and object of

contempt. Each family member attempts to seduce him and solicit his help in killing Ben Nicolson, so that they alone could inherit the Nicolson estate. Though Whity submits readily and without resistance to their taunts and abuses, he reacts silently to their erotic and violent solicitations. At night, he goes to meet Hanna either in the saloon or in her bedroom, which he dutifully enters from the window after waiting patiently for her clients to leave. Hanna urges him to leave the town and this horrible family who abuse him. But Whity insists on staying. In the end, he murders each one of them and flees. In the final scene, he and Hanna are seen in the desert where, without enough water, they will most certainly die of thirst.

Whity was the first film Fassbinder made outside of Germany and as such it marked a significant departure from his earlier work. Thanks to the money the anti-theater group received for the Bundesfilmpreis for their 1969 film *Götter der Pest*, they were able to afford a budget that was more than three times the amount of any previous film.⁵ According to Kurt Raab, actor Ulli Lommel, who had a budding interest in producing, suggested to Fassbinder the idea of filming in Spain⁶. Fassbinder immediately agreed to it and quickly conceived the story of the mulatto servant of a white rancher family in part in order to feature Günther Kaufmann, his then current love interest. Shooting away in Spain also played in perfectly with Fassbinder's plan of getting

Kaufmann away from his wife and kids in Bavaria. *Whity* was shot in and around Almeria, the same region in Andalusia where many Italian spaghetti westerns were filmed. Similar to those films, *Whity* borrows from Hollywood, most notably from Raoul Walsh's *Band of Angels* and Josef von Sternberg's *Morocco*. Such was the case with Fassbinder's previous films as well, which appropriated Hollywood genre motifs, mainly from gangster films, to the contemporary urban settings in Munich. Those films displayed a matter-of-fact realism that was lent a degree of criticality through the artificiality of the anti-theater presentational style. *Whity*, however, was the first Fassbinder film to cloak itself fully in the look and feel of a grand-style Hollywood period piece. As such, it was his first film to have a concerted costume and production design.⁷

At its premiere at the Berlin Film Festival in 1971, *Whity* caught critics and audiences off-guard. The film was a total flop and never appeared in theaters or on television. It is still widely regarded as Fassbinder's least successful film.⁸ Critics at the time tended to attribute the film's failure to its foreignness -its Western setting, costumes, set design and beautiful cinemascope technicolor. In contrast to Fassbinder's earlier films which were read as speaking directly about issues of relevance to contemporary Germans, *Whity* displayed, according to critic Alf Brustellin, "a, by this time, completely secondary experience."⁹ This denial of *Whity's* topical

¹ Rainer Werner Fassbinder, *Whity*, in *Rainer Werner Fassbinder* Ed. Laurence Kardish with Juliane Lorenz (New York: MOMA, 1997), 91.

² Thomas Elsaesser, *Fassbinder's Germany: History, Identity, Subject* (Amsterdam: Amsterdam University Press, 1996) 250.

³ Michael Hardt and Antonio Negri, *Empire* (Cambridge and London: Harvard University Press, 2000), 189.

⁴ Perhaps I should say "blackened mother" since the actress appears to be in black face. Though the sons' faces are whitened, those of Whity and the other characters are not noticeably altered. The film thus presents skin color in somewhat of a range of shades and tones. Could this be understood as yet another way in which Fassbinder refuses to give audiences a black and white story, so to speak, and instead presents racial difference as a play of degrees and intensities?

⁵ The anti-theater is the name of the artistic collective with which Fassbinder lived and worked since 1968. The group continued producing theater and then film under that name until their break-up/reorganization in 1971.

⁶ See Raab's wonderfully gossipy account of *Whity* in his book, Kurt Raab and Karsten Peters, *Die Sehnsucht des Rainer Werner Fassbinder*. (München: Bertelsmann, 1982), 150-6.

⁷ Interestingly, Kurt Raab, Production and Costume Designer for *Whity*, won a Bundesfilmpreis for his efforts.

⁸ It is, however, the first Fassbinder film to have appeared on DVD in the United States.

⁹ Qtd. In Wilhelm Roth, *Annotated Filmography, Fassbinder* (New York: Tanam Press, 1981), 125.

relevance – though hard to believe from a contemporary perspective – permeates most of the literature on Fassbinder's

films, with Anna Kuhn expressing a characteristic sentiment in her description of *Whity* as “a self-contained melodrama devoid of criticism of postwar German society.”¹⁰

The lack of regard for the film in critical scholarship about Fassbinder's work is countered by the film's almost singular importance for Fassbinder and his co-workers. Kurt Raab for instance regards the film as “something like a key film for me, not in terms of form and content, but because I became aware of certain forms of behavior with Fassbinder that until then had remained concealed to me.”¹¹ For Fassbinder as well, the film was central, not because of its big budget or its big-scale Hollywood genre look, but because the production offered him a perspective on the personal relations within the anti-theater collective. As he noted in an interview,

“That it was a western and a film with a big budget is not what is so important to me. Rather the fact that for the first time the group was able to be considered from the outside....It became clear that many of the relationships in which one believed no longer existed or existed differently than one thought. In Munich everything was very quick. It was crazy, ten films in a year. One was constantly busy. Outside, in Spain there was a kind of crystallization, of some relationships that revealed themselves to be non-existent, of others that were profoundly transformed... Maybe this is the most important thing about this film.”¹²

Being outside of the country, outside of their typical working situation for the first time, Fassbinder and his crew developed a perspective on the dynamics of the group. For Fassbinder, this experience and perspective from outside, was decisive. It led him not only to restructure the working and living situation of the anti-theater collective, but also to call into question “the dream of the collective” altogether.¹³ This dream

of the collective was a dream for a kind of outside – within a kind of utopian space where through one's life and work one could critique the existing power structure. In this sense considering the group from the outside offered Fassbinder a perspective on the outside itself.

Goodbye, my love, goodbye

“cr: It very rarely happens that your characters actually rebel against the conditions they live in. Though it does happen in *Whity*, where the slave kills his master and escapes.

rwf: Yet in actual fact, the entire film is pitted against the black man, because he always hesitates and fails to defend himself against injustice. In the end he does shoot the people who oppressed him, but then he goes off into the desert and dies, having come to realize certain things without being able to act. He goes into the desert because he doesn't dare face the inevitable consequences. I find it OK that he kills his oppressors, but it is not OK that he then goes into the desert. For by doing that he accepts the superiority of the others. Had he truly believed in his action, he would have allied himself with other oppressed individuals, and they would have acted together. The singlehanded act at the end of the movie is not a solution. Thus, in the last instance the film even turns against Blacks.”¹⁴

In contrast to its opening image of Whity's beaten up/beaten down body, the film closes with an image of Whity's upright body, dancing with Hanna in the desert. Of course, they are dancing with full knowledge of their impending death. That they know they are going to die has already been made clear by the one line of dialogue spoken in the scene, Hanna's matter of fact response to Whity's actions of drinking and pouring over his body the remains of their water supply: “It is clear to you that we will now die of thirst.” Whity doesn't respond to Hanna. They both then frolic in the sand together only to eventually get back up again and start dancing, as if



R.W.Fassbinder in *Schatten der Engel*, directed by Daniel Schmid, 1975

prompted by the sound of the closing song heard on the soundtrack. The song further emphasizes the impossibility of their love, of their quest for a future together outside. “It doesn't go together. Your way of life and mine... Goodbye, my love, goodbye.”

These complex and beautiful final images of *Whity* display a kind of tenderness that surfaced only occasionally at other moments in the film—mainly in connection with Hanna and Whity or with Whity and Davie. By differentiating between Whity's prone body at the start of the film and his upright body at the film's end, I by no means intend to suggest that *Whity* somehow narrates the story of a successful uprising. Nor do I consider the desert a somewhere for a ten-

derness that has no room in the minds of these people. Rather, I take the complexity of information in the final images – the upright bodies; the expression of tenderness; the expression of their inescapable incompatibility; and the fact of their impending death – as Fassbinder's way of communicating the impossibility of a simple outside to the forces of social and racial oppression depicted in the film. As he puts it, “You have to show people how they could put up resistance without ending up in the desert.”¹⁵

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¹⁰ Anna Kuhn, *Rainer Werner Fassbinder: The Alienated Vision*, in *New German Filmmakers* Ed. Klaus Phillips (New York: Frederick Ungar Publishing, 1984), 87-8. Thomas Elsaesser has initiated a shift in interpretations of *Whity*, suggesting links with Fassbinder's ongoing concerns and interestingly thematic connection to Pier Paolo Pasolini's film *Teorema*, made one year earlier, and certainly considered relevant to the concerns of the day. See Elsaesser, 273.

¹¹ Raab and Peters, 150. Actor and Regie-Assistant Harry Baer's biography on Fassbinder, devotes a whole chapter to *der Film, der nie ins Kino kam*. Harry Baer, *Schlafen*

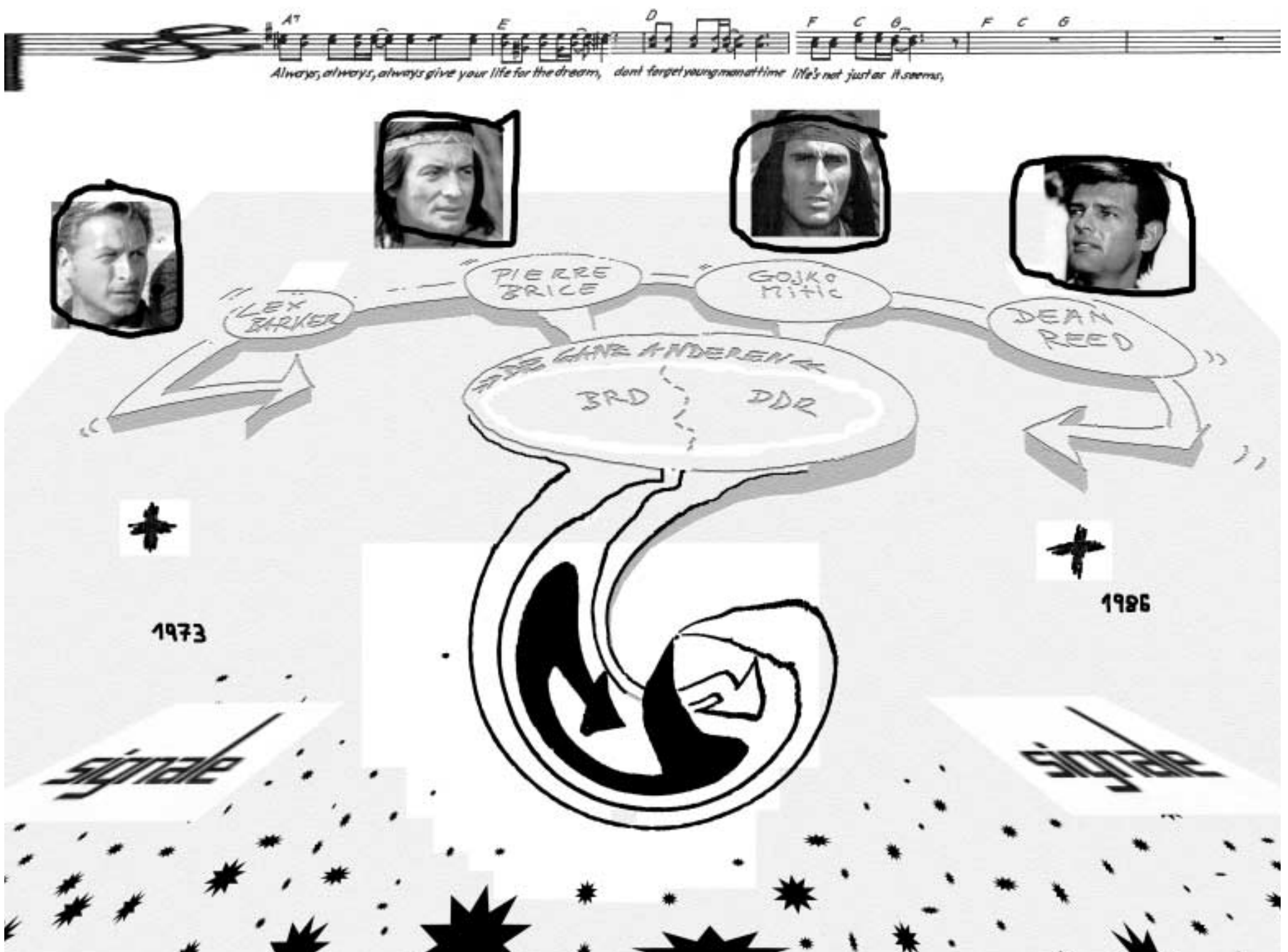
kann ich wenn ich tot bin: Das atemlose Leben des Rainer Werner Fassbinder (Köln: Kiepenhauer & Witsch, 1982).

¹² Wolfgang Limmer, “Entretien avec Fassbinder”, *Masques: revue des homosexualités* No. 15 (1982), 46.

¹³ Christian Braad Thomsen, “Conversations with Rainer Werner Fassbinder”, in *Rainer Werner Fassbinder* ed. Kardish, 88.

¹⁴ Braad Thomsen, 87.

¹⁵ Qtd. in “Filmography” in *Rainer Werner Fassbinder* ed. Kardish, 53.



sg: I think that the increasing – also the increasingly public – awareness that one lives among different national entities, that migration is a crucial part of the transnational European entity, including threatening backlashes and forms of neo-fascism, will be reflected in many projects.

rb: In “Open Border?” those things which do not fit into the other areas will be explicitly thematized, e.g., the gender debate. Then there are also contributions that take this concept quite literally and demand that borders be abolished. From a psychological point of view, this motif is suitable for compiling works addressing the fundamental preconditions of our discussion.

sg: The gender debate also takes place in *Whity*, in the works referring to it and in the film program itself.

The Curatorial Process

mk: We sent “packages” containing material on the three objects to the people we intended to invite. At first I thought we would get them all back. There was some need for discussion, but not the total perplexity that I had feared.

ps: Instead of the classical curatorial concept – there’s this installation by this or that person, and we want to have it – the folder went out to different people working in a wide variety of fields to see what they would do with it.

hkv: This concept of the three “objects” aroused quite a lot of interest, by the way. For the press, it seems to be noticeably distinct from what one normally associates with “identifying” projects – those thematic exhibitions that promise to meet ones expectations and allegedly give clear-cut answers.

mk: One danger is that we will produce a lot of misunderstandings. Due to the fact that each artist must develop his/her own thoughts, it will have to be seen whether they function together in the end. While compiling the screening program, we noticed how difficult it is to assess whether a film fits – precisely because there is not a single theme.

rc: Things only really fit when they’re compiled and not placed in individual categories. We can only put together blocks as arguments that then comprise the whole.

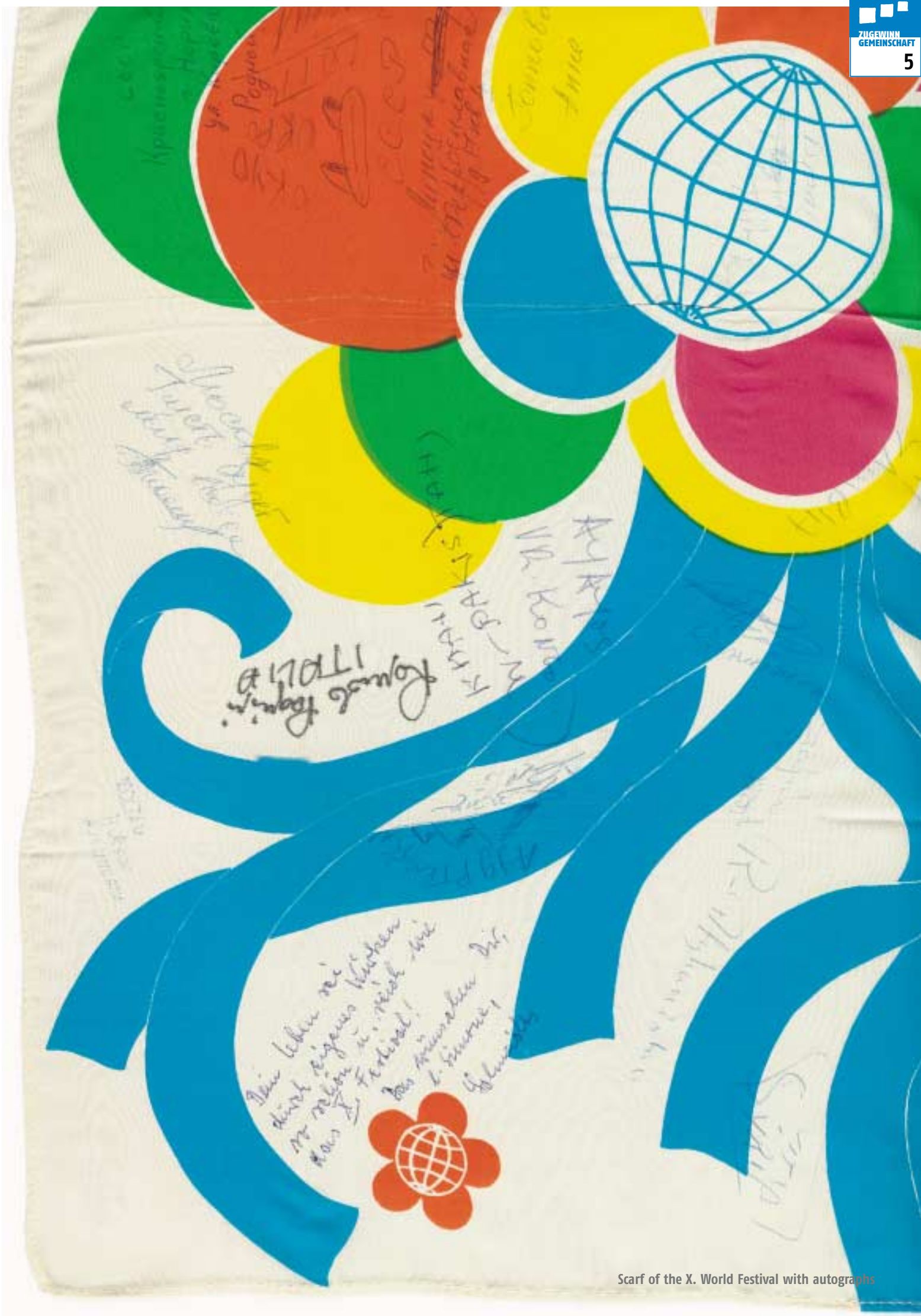
The Title

hkv: For months on end, debates took place over even the smallest attempts to come up with a title. Small faults were constantly found in the concrete suggestions. We finally came up with *Zugewinngemeinschaft* (Community of Surplus).

rb: I found the term characteristic for our group, because our work is process-oriented and not result-oriented. The fact that such a puzzling word, which might occur in only as a subordinate clause, was made the title seems typical. The term *Community of Surplus*, (or in legally correct terms “statutory matrimonial property regime”), is hard to make associations with and resulted from a series of incessant debates. “Statutory matrimonial property regime” is used in marital law and in business. In marital law it designates a property regime by which each spouse retains ownership and management of his or her property during marriage, but the increase in the combined net worth of the spouses during marriage is distributed equally, no matter how much property was brought in beforehand. “Community of Surplus” can be interpreted in a number of ways.

ds: In contrast to the “objects” that have a positive connotation, the title is more negative. The first way this term can be interpreted, beyond its legal meaning in marital law, which we can’t assume many people know, corresponds to and assesses the present debate on an immigration law. In a negative way, the title makes a strange and at the same time specific reference to a community, an institution or a nation-state, while the three objects around which the contributions circle are more or less sympathetic.

mk: I was very much in favor of this title, but when I read it now, I find it has unpleasant overtones: “Community of Surplus” sounds frighteningly pragmatic.



Scarf of the X. World Festival with autographs

sg: In the context of the debates on immigration the word turns into an accusation implying we only accept those we need – that’s the community of surplus.

jb: It sounds materialistic. I think of East-West and the profits of unification, as booty.

ps: The word has a very directed effect, very strategic. My first association was that a community is constructed according to crystal clear guidelines and afterwards a surplus occurs. That’s a strategic thing, beyond any kind of organic creation of a community – an aspect I can also see in the World Festival. In *Whity* there are these overtones as well. This “strategic creation of a community” is ambivalent because it can turn into something very effective – but it can also contain more or less explicit power structures and/or mechanisms of exclusion.

hkv: In Hans-Joachim Werner’s film “Vorbereitung auf die X. Weltfestspiele in Berlin 1973 / Preparation for the 10th World Festival in Berlin 1973” from 1972 it becomes apparent to what extent the Festival was also a factor of industrial gain. The entire GDR, with promises that they could attend, started working like crazy, and the cooperatives that surpassed the planned production target were allowed to send more people to the event. It also fuelled the economy.

rc: I can’t imagine that one would be able to immediately relate to the title. People will have to look at the exhibits, at the screenings and other contributions that make reference to the three main objects, and then ask themselves: what do these have to do with a “Community of Surplus”? It’s a question written on paper, something you take along when experiencing the Biennial, as a program. I don’t believe any single object can by itself give an answer. But, it can lead to a very productive question-and-answer game.

mk: No single work covers the entire field. Within the program, and also the entire screenings, we attempt to develop a dramaturgy that allows interconnections to develop. To this end, we want to create as many points of connection as possible.

We and the Biennial

ps: Between the thematic fields and the works stands the question pertaining to the construction of a WE. I see this as something running through all three fields. To what extent is a WE, here and now, possible without exclusion? I’d like this question – it is a question and not a

statement – to be posed by many sides and in a differentiated way.

jb: The material we used as a starting-point will be adapted for presentation. At first we thought of it as a catalyst, and if the background of our objects were better known, we could maybe drop this material.

mk: To make the work – the research and this tentative grouping – visible, instead of keeping it in the background as the curator’s secret, is part of our curatorial approach.

sg: We do not want to differentiate between the contributions that were made in response to what we presented as guidelines and the guidelines themselves. In the end, the very special exhibition circumstances in Werkleitz/Tornitz intensify this concept significantly: for someone visiting the exhibition, it is hard enough to decide what belongs to the place, and what was created there by the participants.

We don’t want to invest too much effort in making clear “here” is only coincidentally interesting because that’s the way the place is – “here” is where it starts getting really interesting because it’s an artistic contribution – that would lead to great artificiality. What is strangely aural about art would become even stranger and more aural; there’s a name attached to it and that’s why it’s

an artistic contribution, somebody had an intention – with that over there, no one had an intention, it's simply there.

ps: The people Holger addressed all do a lot of research, we don't adhere to this hierarchy between research and finished product as much.

hkv: What advantages and draw-backs would there be in giving a sort of matrix along the saying: "There are three 'objects' and it is not a coincidence that the contributions repeatedly refer to them?"

ps: It would be absurd to give instructions, as we did not want to fixate on a clear theme. Through the selection via the process of research, and through the fact that this research remains present, cross-references are established and conveyed. The issue isn't creating a watertight documentation of the World Festival or giving a really sound film analysis of *Whity*. It's about making these thematic fields available for drawing new conclusions, time and time again.

Procedural Questions

hkv: This group made decisions pertaining to all areas of the Biennial. Not only in regard to the contributions, but also in terms of the project's overall look, how it is represented, how money is allotted, how decision-making is shared and hierarchies are avoided, etc. I think that is something pretty rare.

ps: But there are hidden hierarchies. The discussion on money always wound up with Holger.

hkv: I don't understand what that has to do with hierarchy. Of course it's not the group's job to worry about getting a hold of money. But, decisions on how to use it were mostly made democratically. That's something I'm unfamiliar with in institutional projects.

ps: For me, it's more like cushioned self-organized work. Normally I would think: Does the poster have to be in two colors, just so I can save another 500 Marks? I don't have to worry about that here, because there's an institution acting as a cushion that applies for the money. I find that very pleasant too.

ds: We did address and discuss these "hidden hierarchies", but never voiced a principle objection against them. In such a heterogeneous and large group, no one wanted to take on this responsibility, which goes far beyond the partial responsibilities within the group. Often actions were taken with an odd mixture of distance and interest. And, maybe it was only because the responsibility was equally split between the 14 people, that a continuity in the development of the Biennial resulted. But, this was also due to the fact that we left the financial administration to the institution. The conditions Holger and the Werkleitz Gesellschaft presented to us were acceptable, and they also functioned as a regulator and buffer within our heterogeneity. Whether that led to too many compromises is something the Biennial will reveal.

rc: I would have organized the Biennial differently; I would have structured it more hierarchically because I'm keen on knowing where the limits are. I invest my time differently, because I like to know what I'm responsible for. The decision that things were to take place non-hierarchically was Holger's decision – not mine. There was no consensus in that respect.

hkv: Joint decision-making with regard to graphics, public relations and the allocation of money was a concrete demand made by the group!

ps: But, we could have agreed on using the entire sum of money to produce a film. I still think that option would have been great. Not that I necessarily wanted such a film – but that this radical decision could have been an option... In the end, I was sad that it didn't work out.

mk: And that's not a game. We often tried to cross the limits when working with institutions, for example by doing a radio show instead of an exhibition. We asked: do we have to do something with the space or can it be something else? And does it actually have to be art? Those were not mock debates.

sg: Developing a project for Werkleitz is different than for some museum. It took a long time before we knew what our position was, what the financial frame was, etc. It only worked because there was trust in the framework's conditions: we knew Holger and Werkleitz as well.

rb: The guidelines were relatively clear: In Werkleitz we maneuver within an institution, but this institution is not a classical hierarchical one, since it originated as a self-initiative. But it

still is an institution: you can break its limits, but then you have to take on responsibility for the people working there. The institution made clear to us the following: If this Biennial breaks with the old concept and only five or ten works are shown, or even just one film, then we, as an institution, are in deep trouble. Did a discussion make sense starting at that point?

mk: These are indeed questions I can ask. Since I'm not part of an institution, I don't regard myself as being in a position to have to make considerations for the future of the institution by acting obediently from the very beginning. If I "only" act upon the order of an institution, I can attempt to question the limits imposed upon me and see where we come to an agreement – or in case we don't, say: then I won't work for you.

ps: But, here it was an absurd situation: we were commissioned by the institution to do something different from what the institution usually does.

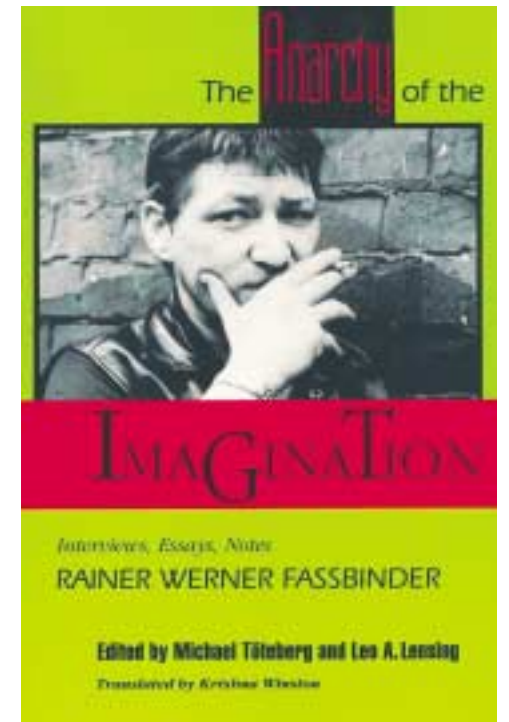
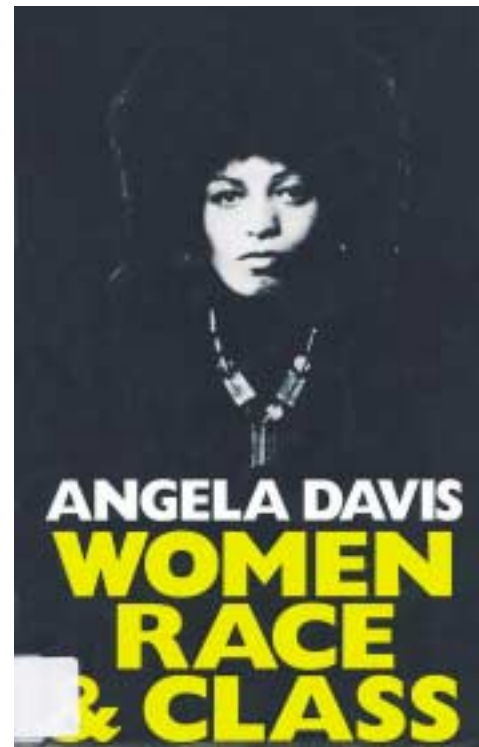
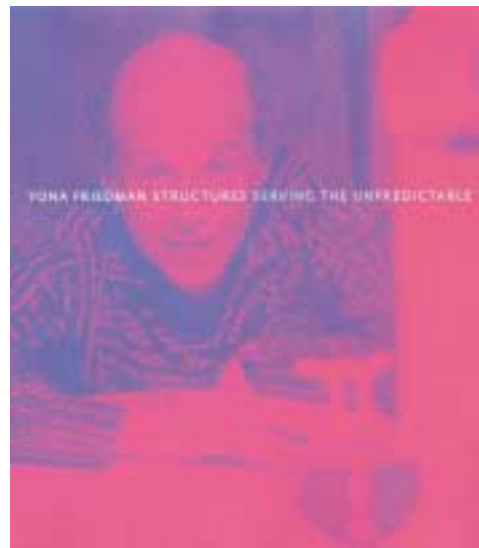
hkv: That was an interest and not a commission. I stated that I didn't find a Biennial along the lines of disciplines interesting, but of course the team of curators was free to do exactly that. But, to produce merely one film would have jeopardized the institution: it may not have received money for the next Biennial.

This discussion was held from two different sides. With the group, the fundamental question was: "what do we want to do together in the first place?" My perspective and that of the Werkleitz Gesellschaft was: "we need a Biennial."

MATRICES FOR A MULTITUDE OF THOUGHTS ON INDIVIDUAL FREEDOM (work-in-progress)

Manon de Boer

Three books that are part of the work-in-progress presented by Manon de Boer at the Werkleitz Biennial: Angela Davis' *Women Race and Class*; Rainer Werner Fassbinder's *The Anarchy of the Imagination*; Yona Friedman's *Structures Serving the Unpredictable*.



WHITY EGO-SHOOTER

Janko Vook

The escalation that occurs in the final minutes of Fassbinder's *Whity* does not achieve the same liberating effect as the typical Western showdown. *Whity* cannot satisfactorily escape from the oppressive social situation he is in by murdering his oppressors. The moving shot, taken from a subjective point of view, puts one in the mind of today's 3D-Ego-Shooter computer games.

Janko Vook's *Whity Ego-Shooter* recreates the final scene in the form of one of these computer games. Here, visitors can try to achieve their own freedom through armed force.



A QUESTION OF GENDER, OR, WHAT YOU WILL?!

Jutta Jahn



OLIVIA

TWELFTH NIGHT



PERCE (A CLOWN)

TWELFTH NIGHT

Viola: I am the man. If it be so – as 'tis.

“We say ‘this is a man’ or ‘this is a woman.’ This is useful because then language immediately tells us what we should be, what we should feel, and how we should behave, what social/sexual/cultural rules we have to follow in the world. And if someone should think that s/he does not really fit these discursive categories because he, as man finds much that is feminine, or she as woman finds much that is masculine, bad luck for her/him, because there are no words and discursive conventions to cover these cases.”¹

Clown: Nothing that is so is so.

The concept of *gender* has been present in academic discussions for some ten years, and incorporated a discussion of sex as a socio-historical category beyond biological determinants. Even with public awareness, polarisations are beginning to undergo a variety of shifts. In addition to the traditional articulation of heterosexual formations, transgressions of clear gender definitions are becoming established that offer individual freedom of choice as an option.

In the following article, I would like to outline *doing gender* through the public presentation of body and sex, which is formulated above all else, in the widespread and influential media landscape. At the same time, I shall point out historical image and language patterns of *genderisation* in our socio-cultural context.

Viola: Then think you right: I am not what I am.

The Shakespearean quotes from *Twelfth Night* accompanying the text², manneristically reflect a time, when if looked at superficially, analogous phenomena were rife. The deluge of media information overtaking us today can with justice, be compared with the successful advance of print media (book-printing, pamphlets, graphics), which distorted early modern society with similar random information conglomerates, while at the same time affected views of the world and projected ways of life, in an equally arbitrary fashion.

An examination of the early modern age with respect to *gender* allows us to see the struggle for the right life project, which is endangered by uncertainties and fallacies. This life project

gained a definite form in the wake of the Reformation.

With their rejection of celibacy – the state of being unmarried – the Protestants elevated marriage to the proper and first order of human life. This represented a reduction when compared with the many unmarried forms of life in the Middle Ages which, whether voluntary or not, represented alternatives to marriage. Life in a monastery or convent, pious brotherhoods and congregations, being a Beguine or Beghard, celibacy, voluntary hermitship or pilgrimage: all of these were socially accepted and sometimes highly regarded ways of life, some of which could also be chosen by women.

These ways of life had become obsolete, and marriage became the smallest cell or basic building block of the state. This process of social formation occurred in stages. In *Twelfth Night*, heterosexual orientation is explicitly expressed. However, on the other side, sexual options were also formulated, which shimmer brightly in the context of the lucid confusion depicted in the play. Options that in a 17th century play, could still be playfully added to the social order where gradually channelled later into rigid bipolar patterns of socialisation that are again being questioned today.

Olivia: I would you were as I would have you be!

The theory of a constant, interactive process of production of gender identities – *doing gender* – shifts the focus onto phenomena of mixture, intermediate spaces and extensions that have been overlooked until now. The body as a fixed quantity and the social construction of our concept of body are also coming under increased analysis. The body is seen as a material place, subject to a number of cultural signifiers, while its so-called *female* or *male* characteristics are described not as organically binding, but as socially constructed, thus calling its biological unambiguousness into question.

Even in the public sphere, the heterosexual structure is crumbling. It is possible to name various forms that aim either to shore up the structure, or further erode it. This is manifest in the images conveyed by the media. Here, two basic tendencies can be distinguished.

The gradual disappearance of norms and standards that precisely define male and female, and the state of uncertainty with regard to the social and habitual, are countered by a constant presentation of clearly defined sexuality. Here, offensive use is made of the physical presentation of the sexual.

A veritable deluge of images depicts women offering themselves sexually and who thus seem optically available. In this form, *natural* heterosexuality is illustrated in a compulsive manner; it has to bolster male heterosexual identity in order to compensate for undermining this identity's social placement. Women, for their part, are told here that their body, presented to them optically in its *ideal form*, defines them sexually and integrates them into the heterosexual structure. At the same time, they are called upon to shape themselves equally and decidedly.

The male body is also used to formulate a heterosexual definition aimed at offsetting the way formerly binding signs of masculinity, such as status and role, are being undermined. Among other things, this is seen in the tendency to present an idealized picture of the male body reflecting the right kind of fitness training, and to subject it to biological over-definition. If we look at the face and body “corrections”³ that for many women are now just a matter of course, and are becoming more and more important for men as well, the production of a sexually determined body serves here to fend off the structural dissolution of the heterosexual system of reference. This could explain the excessive media presence of the female and, to an increasing degree, the male nude in an idealized, “corrected” form.

Viola: ...and yet, by the very fangs of malice I swear, I am not that I play.

The ways in which the body can be used as a material carrier of identity is, however, also demonstrated in the opposite tendency: in the blurring and dissolution of heterosexual identities through cross-dressing and masquerade.

Film and show business offer many examples of this through the increasing number of everyday manifestations of various subcultures (heterosexual and homosexual cross-dressers). Here, external adornment of the body allows sexual identity

Questionnaire

Zama, 22, India.

When you think of Germany, what three adjectives spontaneously come to mind?

Liberal, friendly, and Nazis as well, welcoming.

What is wastefulness to you?

??

In your opinion, what do migrants need when they come to Germany?

A visa, health insurance, public liability insurance. The language too. I don't really know, I'm here as a trainee.

What was, and is the biggest obstacle for you?

My Bachelor's degree from the university.

What doors have been opened for you so far?

I come from a liberal family. But, I didn't realise until I got here that you don't have to marry to have a child. That's in my head. Love is more important.

What is the most recent present you have received?

A teddy bear.

Where do your friends come from?

My friends from India aren't there. They come from Germany. My girlfriend is German, and my best male friend is an Iraqi.

How do you find friends?

In Germany, everyone is friendly, but not everyone is a friend. I have four or five good friends in Germany.

What do you live from?

A mixture of materialism and feelings.

What qualifications do you have?

A degree in computer science

What do you think you'll be doing in five years time?

Maybe studying, getting my diploma in two years, perhaps working.

What are you doing now to achieve this?

After I've finished studying I also want to get married.

What makes you happy?

I don't know.

What do you celebrate?

Ramadan, Bakrid, birthdays, my parents' wedding anniversary.

What languages do you speak?

Hindi, Urdu, English, Tamil, Telgu, Arabic, Marshat, Punjabi, German

In what languages do you dream, celebrate and swear?

80% in English, sometimes 15% in German.

What is the longest word you know?

“Franckesche Stiftungen”, the place where I live.

Was there anything else we should have asked you?

Perhaps what the connection is between foreigners and the unemployed in Germany. That's something I think about a lot.

Tatjana, 43, Kazakhstan

When you think of Germany, what three adjectives spontaneously come to mind?

Only doing things for yourself – perhaps egoistic, rich, friendly

What is wastefulness to you?

(With a dictionary) If you buy something you don't need. Buying things for the fun of it.

In your opinion, what do migrants need when they come to Germany?

Knowledge of the language, the desire to do something. Not to sit about at home.

What was, and is the biggest obstacle for you?

Bureaucracy.

What doors have been opened for you so far?

I can sing in a choir, learn German. Learning a profession is difficult.

What is the most recent present you have received?

A picture from my son, yesterday.

Where do your friends come from?

From Russia, the Ukraine, White Russia

How do you find friends?

At language courses, at work, in the garden.

What do you live from?

Unemployment benefits.

What qualifications do you have?

Teacher of Russian and music.

Please continue on next page

What do you think you'll be doing in five years time?

I would like to retrain, then work.

What are you doing now to achieve this?

I helped in a kindergarten for two years, did a language course, a course for migrants.

What makes you happy?

When my children are healthy.

What do you celebrate?

Christmas, Easter, all the celebrations there are here.

What languages do you speak?

Russian and German.

In what languages do you dream, celebrate and swear?

I swear in Russian, but sometimes I dream in German.

What is the longest word you know?

Sehenswürdigkeit ["sight" as in "sightseeing"]

Was there anything else we should have asked you?

Hmm, I don't know.

Shahin, 28, Iraq

When you think of Germany, what three adjectives spontaneously come to mind?

None.

What is wastefulness to you?

I can't work, can't study, I only sit here in the refugee home.

In your opinion, what do migrants need when they come to Germany?

Freedom.

What was, and is the biggest obstacle for you?

Sitting in the refugee home, loneliness; I imagined it all differently. The problems in Iraq drove me away. I didn't want to live here.

What doors have been opened for you so far?

I'm looking for a girlfriend.

What is the most recent present you have received?

Now, the coffee at the Böll Foundation. Herr Heyroth has a big present for me: work as a carpenter.

Where do your friends come from?

I don't have any. I'm looking for a girlfriend.

How do you find friends?

I have myself.

What do you live from?

Carpentry. I get everything from the home.

What qualifications do you have?

Carpentry.

What do you think you'll be doing in five years time?

For seven years I had been trying to get to Europe via Turkey. I always had to go back to Iraq. I want to learn German, work, and not have to get money from other people. I want to find freedom.

What are you doing now to achieve this?

I am working in the Bauhof [church-run aid centre for migrants], learning techniques, making contact with people.

What makes you happy?

Working. When I work I have something to do and don't make problems for other people.

What do you celebrate?

Ramadan.

What languages do you speak?

Kurdish, Farsi, Turkish, Belgian, Armenian

In what languages do you dream, celebrate and swear?

I dream, swear and celebrate in Kurdish.

What is the longest word you know?

I want culture in Germany.

Was there anything else we should have asked you?

??

Haza, 40, Iraq

When you think of Germany, what three adjectives spontaneously come to mind?

Industrial, not as democratic as it should be, racist.

What is wastefulness to you?

Not having freedom is a waste.

In your opinion, what do migrants need when they come to Germany?

To master the language, to make contact with German people for integration.

What was, and is the biggest obstacle for you?

please continue on next page

to be interpreted at will. Dressing up or the exchange of clothing is combined with body language, gestures and facial expressions that reinforce the chosen identity on the surface of the body by means of inscriptions into the body itself.

This is not all that new. Elizabethan theatre also explored cross-dressing, female roles were traditionally played by male actors. "When this tradition died out after Shakespeare, one contemporary witness was outraged: a woman could never play a woman as well as a man could. It was a matter of the embodiment of the idea of a woman."⁴ The "breeches part" for actresses in the theatre tradition of the 19th century should also be mentioned in connection with this.

From there, we come to present day drag queens and kings, who exaggerate female/male traits and characteristics, thus producing an over-simplified imitation of the sexual elements they prefer. I do not wish to contradict the fact that "cross-dressing and transvestism basically denote a necessary criticism of binary thinking"⁵. These offensively displayed heterosexual norms both serve to transport and to interrogate the clichés associated with them.

Ambiguous sexual appeal is normalized through advertising messages aimed at an androgynous or hermaphroditic effect. They take up and reflect the erosion of bipolar sexual definition brought about by the target group they are addressing. The ambiguity of these signals includes the potential of the sexual for individual identity. All of these sexual ambiguities contain lesbian, homosexual and bisexual implications in a more, or less subtle and sophisticated form.

These advertisements are, in particular, aimed at young consumers. As opposed to the Ephesus-like male figures in advertisements during the seventies, who took full account of the feminist demand for female characteristics in men, male and female models display sexual ambivalence, thus addressing several target groups.

My randomly selected examples show in a relatively laconic way – that is, without much additional comment – that the habitus of ambiguity, too, can be deliberately instrumentalised.

**Duke: Cesario, come;
For so you shall be while you are a man;
But when in other habits you are seen,
Orsino's mistress, and his fancy's queen.**



Androgyny and arbitrariness of the sexual are masked in bodily attitudes and facial expressions, which are almost identical in female (*Guggenheim*) and male models (*fashion meeting*), shown with similar gestural motivations. It is also interesting in the case of the male model that he is sitting in a withdrawn, feminine pose, while the female model with a masculine attitude on the right-hand, has moved invasively into his territory.

Duke: One face, one voice, one habit, and two persons! A natural perspective, that is and is not.

Both sets of pairs display a twin-like similarity in the type and choice of fashion details such as hair colour, haircut, clothes and size. (*Der neue Kick/Arcor*) Sexual characteristics are also levelled through their poses and the angles at which they are standing, both denote equality – following the picture of the male Virgo and the virginal man.

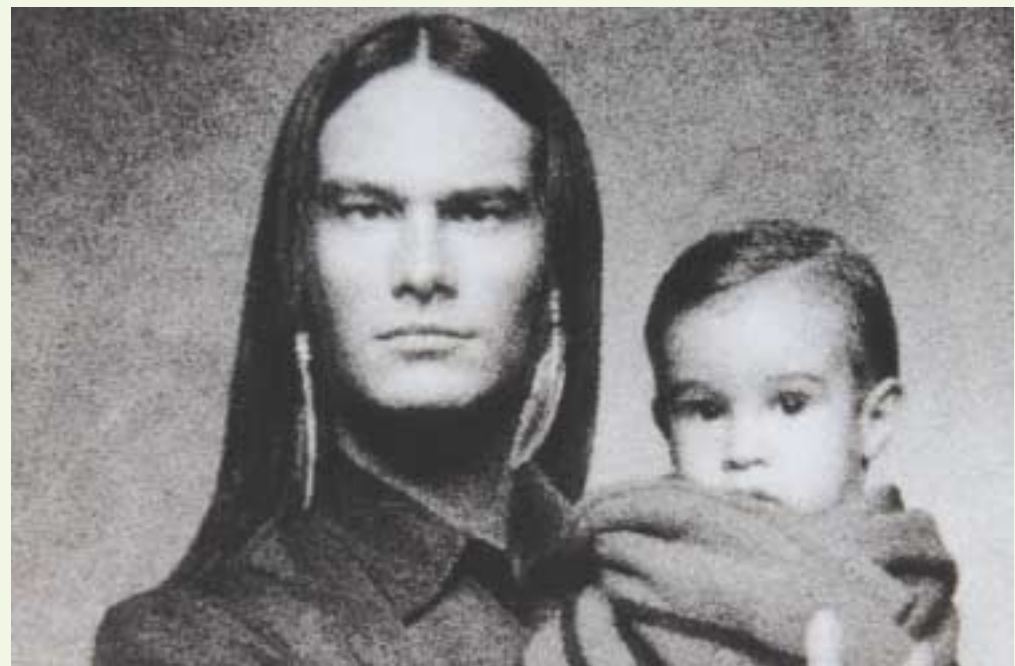
Antonio: How have you made division of yourself? An apple cleft in two is not more twin Than these two creatures.

(*Sioux*) The pair, shown here in separate photos, takes up elements of protection and care pertaining to female and male, which are reinforced by the totally identical child used in both pictures. Here, external elements such as hair and clothing are again formulated in the same way, but reference ethnic and racial characteristics of Native Americans. Child and equality in another cultural context play with the picture of the noble, uncivilised savage and also with the utopian concept of equality; however, the woman seems somewhat more strained.

Olivia: Most wonderful!

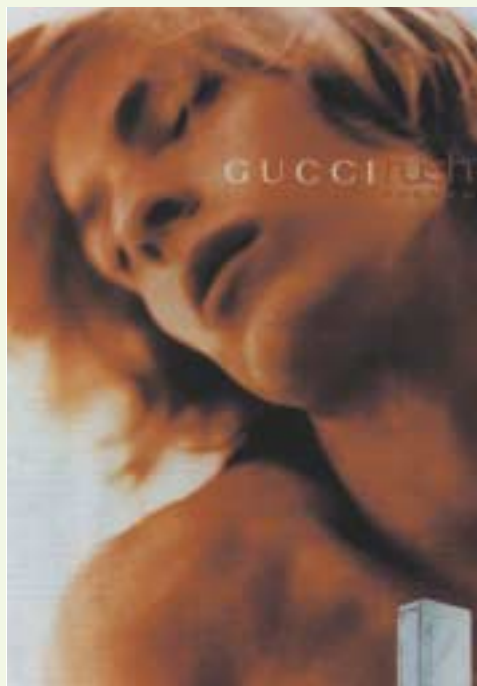
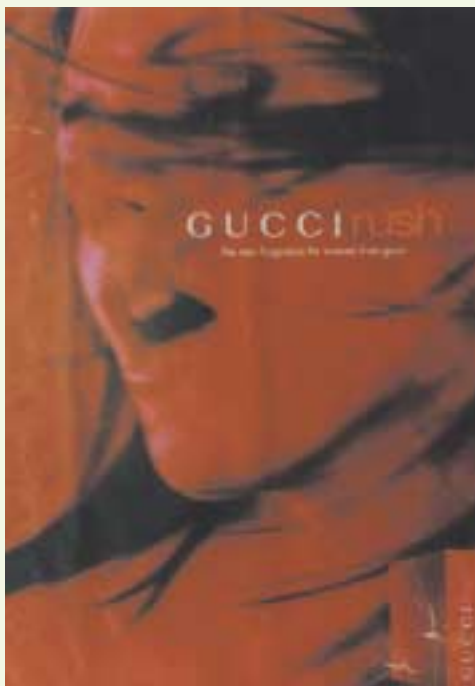
Sebastian to Olivia: You would have been contracted to a maid; Nor are you therein, by my life, deceiv'd; You are betroth'd both to a maid and man.

Gucci's advertising strategy stresses an identical emotional and emphatic expression of the sexual for both men and women. The sexual categories lose their borders in the expression of ecstasy: the female and the male merge. Gender dissolves at the climax of sexuality.



Duke: For they shall yet belie thy happy years That say thou art a man: Diana's lip Is not more smooth and rubious; And all is semblative a woman's part.

Jetznetz's advertisement also refers to the androgyny of the figures it uses, but this time the confused impression is not constructed through clothes/dressing up, pose and emotion. Instead, it is achieved by the stringing together of facial elements that seem to come from both male and female faces, but in the end connote sensitive, receptive masculinity.



My examples of the ways *gender* is addressed in the gorgeous, colourful world of media, demonstrate that the emphasis in these advertisements on intermediate spaces at the borders of sexuality, is playful and pleasure-orientated. They aim to awaken affective consumer interest. The other resonates in categorical ambiguity, or confusion, which is formed in a semi-creative manner; the categories emphasise the life projects of the target group to be addressed.

The claims in the virtual world go even further. At home on a computer with access to the World Wide Web, it is possible for people to redefine identity as often as desired. In the smallest, private free space with access to the virtual universe, every individual is a monad with all possible biological and gender characteristics. God-like, s/he can create her/his own parallel universe, a universe that is not structured according to an external, hegemonic, defining authority. To what extent these options, or the apparent variety of definitions offered by this medium contribute to a real dissolution of borders within the binary structures is debatable. However, especially as users tend to use them more to live out their sexual obsessions in seclusion, the public presenta-

tion of each individual gender definition remains within the traditional framework. However, the *material* world is not falling behind in these areas. Sex-change operations that intervene physically, show that even the biologically determined sex of a person is no longer a constant. In feminist discussions, new communications technologies and biotechnologies are also seen as a possibilities for the development of new concepts of body, gender and identity due to the fact that they destabilise the body as the guarantor for identity and gender, and thus patriarchal system itself. Here, too, I should like to note that this hypothesis has first to be tested against reality, for new technologies can equally be used to stabilise systems.

Olivia: I do I know not what, and fear to find Mine eye too great a flatterer for my mind.

The quotes from Shakespeare's *Twelfth Night* depict his period in images similar to ours. For instance, after all the lesbian/homoerotic confusion in the play, there are two clearly defined heterosexual pairs in meaningful and *natural* asymmetrical positions as a product of cultural

inversion. The confusion of accepted order in the play's script had to be regulated in the "happy ending" of *Twelfth Night*: the respective determined external form functions as the definition of the conforming interior. Cracks, fissures, ambiguities are patched up and sealed. The era of metamorphoses – the period of mannerism – was the last flicker of irrationality before the final victory of reason. In this internal structural period of transition – before the channelling of all sexual articulations into the two 'natural' sexes within marriage – other possibilities were still clearly conceivable. New and old formations and role concepts coalesced into new forms. Much that was later said to be "reasonable and natural" was then recognized as culture that had to be attained, the conquering of chaotic, inbred nature. Nature's raw material was confined by the rigid forms of reliable categories.

Our outlook is different, even oppositional. Although the pictures are similar, these days we are concerned precisely with the cracks and fissures, with borderline experiences and what lies between. The transitory elements of dissolution, the irrational, which elude the seemingly essential categorisations, are the focus of attention. The fears and uncertainties thus raised are not to be confined, but to be regarded as necessary. The *reliable* categories are now up for consideration. As the examples of advertising cited here show, the erosion of sexual stereotypes has already achieved a degree of social acceptance. The possibility of formulating one's own identity without regard for clearly defined roles, *doing gender* on one's own responsibility, is now an available offer.

Clown: Nothing that is so is so.

"Gender can no longer be reduced to the unit *woman and man*, to a social position, to a political mandate, to the marked body, to gestures and facial expressions, or to a way of speaking or looking. However, this means asking the question about gender again in a different way. Namely, not just about the *how* of its production, but above all the *where* and *wherefore* of this production and this usage – in the areas of art, media, in the street, in bed, in language, and through voice.

This means that gender is not to be understood as an addition, not as AND media, not as AND art or AND politics. Rather, gender is to be seen as a network in the context of the participation of media, art and politics in its significant manifestations."⁶

¹ Frank Günther, „Aus der Übersetzerwerkstatt: Knick in der Optik oder Von X und Y und anderen Zeichen, Wundern und Symbolen“ (From the Translator's Workshop: Bend in the Optics or Of X and Y and Other Signs, Wonders and Symbols) in Shakespeare, *Was ihr wollt (Twelfth Night)*, ed. Frank Günther, Munich: dtv, 1996, 221.

² Quotes taken from: *ibid.*

³ In September 2001, the German newspaper *Bild* contained a report about a woman who held up six banks in three hours, stealing around 75,000 marks. After her arrest, she told the police she urgently needed money for a fat-removal operation.

⁴ Günther, 203-4.

⁵ Claudia Preschl, „Geschlechterverhältnisse im Blick von Liebe und Begehren. Ein Beitrag zum Kino“ (Sexual Relations in the Gaze of Love and Desire. An Article on Cinema) in: Maria-Luise Angerer, *The body of gender: Körper. Geschlechter. Identitäten. (TheBody of Gender: Bodies. Genders. Identities)* Vienna: Passagen-Verlag, 1995, 135.

⁶ Marie-Luise Angerer; w.khm.de/news2000/angerer.htm

THE BREAK

Pavlo Zinchuk

Today, for example ...

It's Thursday. It's raining, and people walk past my window carrying umbrellas. I sit in a café, drink tea, smoke and write. I only have time to write when I drink tea, and in trams taking me to my next appointment...

I got up at 8 o'clock. At 9 o'clock I was already at the social security office, where I was given medical insurance record cards for the doctors, thank God. Once, I was at the AOK health insurance four times, and then at the social security office as well. They couldn't understand where we – my family and I – were meant to be and who had to pay. I'm glad it didn't take so long today. I'm tired, because I go to the social security

office almost every day – with its full waiting room, two or three chairs for ten to fifteen people, and one to two hours of waiting.

By 9.45 a.m. I was already at the school. Today is the second day. Yesterday I enrolled for a German course. The woman in charge of me at the social security office said: "He doesn't need a course, he has to work." I can't understand that; and no one is interested in what I studied in the Ukraine. Not in what I want, either.

The social security office thinks it would be better for the country if I worked in the stadium...I can't understand that either. But what can I say? Thank you...

At the course and on the street I meet other people.

There's a different way of behaving here. Here, I don't just learn the language, I also get to know the culture. And here I can say "Thank you" and mean it.

I've already been living in Germany for a year. I'm starting to understand and get a feeling for the people and the culture. Before, I felt like a bird without a sky...

Now it's 2.30 p.m.. There are ten euros left in my pocket. And there are still four days to go before I get my social security benefit. I'll manage...

It's barely raining, and in the marketplace, between mirrors, you can see the sun! It is spring now and everything is green.

I have to go. I still have so much to do today.

Coping with the German mentality.

What doors have been opened for you so far?

A bit more life, I have allowed myself more liberties.

What is the most recent present you have received?

A Christmas present. A manicure and pedicure set.

Where do your friends come from?

Two or three from Iraq, three from Russia, one from Iran.

How do you find friends?

I found them in Iraq, but cannot build up a close relationship with them.

What do you live from?

I'm taking part in a training program, only three months, then social welfare.

What qualifications do you have?

I am an agricultural engineer.

What do you think you'll be doing in five years time?

I'd like to find a job and travel.

What are you doing now to achieve this?

A training program, one month's practical training as a florist.

What makes you happy?

Being together with my family. Being healthy, having money.

What do you celebrate?

Newroz, Ramadan, Bakrid.

What languages do you speak?

Arabic, Kurdish, English, German.

In what languages do you dream, celebrate and swear?

I swear in Arabic, dream in Kurdish.

What is the longest word you know?

Aufenthaltbestätigung (confirmation of residency).

Was there anything else we should have asked you?

I would have expected a political question.

Pavlo, 21, Ukraine

When you think of Germany, what three adjectives spontaneously come to mind?

Interesting, new, ?

What is wastefulness to you?

I don't know that word.

In your opinion, what do migrants need when they come to Germany?

Knowledge of the language and of the laws of the respective country.

What was and is the biggest obstacle for you?

Lack of understanding.

What doors have been opened for you so far?

??

What is the most recent present you have received?

A present to me from myself: Chanel perfume.

Where do your friends come from?

From Germany.

How do you find friends?

Interesting. They have to be clever and intelligent.

What do you live from?

From books and feelings.

What qualifications do you have?

School, two years of university.

What do you think you'll be doing in five years time?

I'll be writing books.

What are you doing now to achieve this?

I am writing and reading a lot.

What makes you happy?

My feelings.

What do you celebrate?

Birthdays, New Year.

What languages do you speak?

Russian, Ukrainian, Hebrew, German; I understand English and Czech.

In what languages do you dream, celebrate and swear?

It depends who I am with. But, mostly Russian, German, Hebrew.

What is the longest word you know?

?

Questionnaire Annerose, 69, Germany

When you think of Germany, what three adjectives spontaneously come to mind?

Beautiful, frustrating, incompetent.

Please continue on next page.

What is wastefulness to you?

When things are thrown away without anyone being helped.

In your opinion, what do migrants need when they come to Germany?

Knowledge of the language, good will, tolerance.

What was, and is the biggest obstacle for you?

I have the feeling that I am missing the '68 movement.

What doors have been opened for you so far?

During the dissolution of East Germany: the New Forum. Educational opportunities.

Personal contacts that have helped me.

What is the most recent present you have received?

My grandchild.

Where do your friends come from?

They all come from my social sphere and they either: have the same interests or, take part in the same activities or, have the same attitudes to life.

How do you find friends?

Completely necessary.

What do you live from?

From my pension.

What qualifications do you have?

A degree.

What do you think you'll be doing in five years time?

I'll still be devoting my time to women's issues.

What are you doing now to achieve this?

Looking for the New Man. Working for the "Frauenpolitischer Runder Tisch" (Round Table for Feminist Politics.)

What makes you happy?

Health, Harmony, Sun, Family.

What do you celebrate?

Whatever comes along, not just official holidays.

What languages do you speak?

Russian, English, German.

In what languages do you dream, celebrate and swear?

German.

What is the longest word you know?

Landleberwurstverarbeitungsmaschine (sausage processing machine).

Was there anything else we should have asked you?

No.

Anke, 34, Germany

When you think of Germany, what three adjectives spontaneously come to mind?

Punctual, orderly, arrogant.

What is wastefulness to you?

Spending or using something you don't absolutely have to.

In your opinion, what do migrants need when they come to Germany?

Courage.

What was, and is the biggest obstacle for you?

Living abroad.

What doors have been opened for you so far?

A lot, and always when I needed them.

What is the most recent present you have received?

A "Glückswürfel." (small cake)

Where do your friends come from?

From my immediate social sphere.

How do you find friends?

Important.

What do you live from?

From money I pick up here and there and from friends; I don't have an income.

What qualifications do you have?

A Master's degree.

What do you think you'll be doing in five years time?

Hopefully working.

What are you doing now to achieve this?

I'm looking hard and searching for a job.

What makes you happy?

Sun, and when I can feel good about myself and the people around me.

What do you celebrate?

I like to celebrate a lot of things, as they come.

What languages do you speak?

German, English.

In what languages do you dream, celebrate and swear?

German.

What is the longest word you know?

Komplexannahmestelle (in former East Germany: a collection centre for equipment in need of repair).

AIDS: AN IMPORT PRODUCT

Claudia Hammer AIDS-Hilfe Halle e.V.

Refugees, migrants and emigrants in Germany are caught up in a system in which they are told what to do, legally incapacitated, and subjected to humiliation on a daily basis. In many regions, refugees are forced to accept benefits in kind, and banned from helping to earn their own living. They are isolated from the rest of the world in shared accommodation, restricted to one allocated area through the 'Residenzpflicht' (residence obligation) and, because of the minimal spending money they receive, limited in the extent to which they can visit friends and relatives or take part in social life.

In the past few years, almost two million emigrants have left their former homes in order to start a new life in Germany. They often know little German and have professional qualifications that are not accepted here. There is also a lack of acceptance on the part of the German population, which sees the emigrants as competition in the labour and housing market. All these factors have made their integration into Germany's welfare and health-care systems, and society as a whole, extremely problematic.

Health

Health, however, is an essential prerequisite if people are to develop their abilities to the full. The German federal systems of education and training, as well as the health-care system, have great shortcomings with regard to migrants. Asylum-seekers, war refugees, migrants detained at airports, migrants with short-term residency permits, migrants on the list for deportation, spouses and minors are all entitled to health care according to the "AsylbLG" (Asylbewerberleistungsgesetz – Asylum Seekers Benefits Act). However, these people primarily receive benefits in kind: this may mean low-quality food packages, shared accommodation, vouchers, but never cash. The limitations on their quality of life are pre-programmed.

Migrants form what is called a "multi-problematic" patient group. A specific pattern of treatment problems arises almost automatically. For example, consultations on health matters are often used to compensate for problems related to the way migrants are lodged and fed. An unsatisfactory living situation is the most frequent source of psychological strain (the lack of private space). Issues about food and its importance for health are also essential; however, they were discussed for the first time in 1995 in Sweden at a congress on the problems involved in feeding migrants.

The level of health care asylum seekers and refugees receive is dependent on their legal status. The AsylbLG allows them "necessary medical and dental treatment," mostly reduced to the treatment of "acute illnesses and pain" – a formulation that begs many questions, particularly that of the care of the chronically ill and people with psychological disorders or special diseases such as AIDS. Is AIDS a sub-acute, chronic illness. What is the definition here?

Access

Migrants have enormous problems in gaining the access they need to German health care. These problems include the regulations limiting its provision, such as the "AsylbLG," but they also arise because the specific situation of migrants is generally not taken into account: for example, in the recent health-care reform. A lack of orientation guides and advice services at all levels of the health-care system also makes access difficult.

Objective difficulties in communication, such as the lack of medical staff who are native speakers of the respective language, could be remedied by setting up a telephone network of interpreters. Information in the various languages could also be provided, adapted to the forms of communication appropriate to each culture. Piles of brochures in written Swahili will not reach Swahili-speaking migrants – written language is not always the appropriate form. The lack of specific offers adapted to particular target groups is an additional deficiency.

Cultural Phenomena

Health and illness are not just psychological and physiological states; they are also culturally determined. In every culture there are certain illnesses, "accepted" illnesses, which do not exist in other cultures or, if they do, only in a modified form. If the German health service is to understand these patients and their problems, it will have to gain an understanding of the symptoms and illnesses that are accepted in each region.

For instance, the cultural background of the migrants/patients determines what is an illness and what is not. Opinions and convictions regarding the causes of particular illnesses, the experience of pain and dealing with pain, what is called a symptom, what people are frightened of, how people communicate their pain, symptoms or fears – all these things are determined by regional customs. The expectations had of doctors, nurses, care-providers and other helpers are different everywhere, as are conceptions regarding the type and duration of treatment.

Women

As with other groups of migrants, in the case of asylum-seekers and refugees it is the women who are most affected by communication problems in the area of health and psychological care. This has an influence on diagnostic and therapeutic methods of treatment. Without a detailed discussion with the patient, it is difficult to determine the causes of illnesses (torture, physical abuse, sexual violence). Women also require help with translation more frequently than men during consultations, and in most cases it is non-professional people who act as interpreters: family members, spouses or children. In the case of HIV/AIDS, this often leads to disaster; informative, and frank discussions are almost impossible.

Employment of migrants

The amendment to the AsylbLG through the law of 1/6/1997 was intended to provide a uniform legal framework for the unresolved questions of migration. In practice, however, it does not mean any real improvement in conditions of care, but a further reduction in the standard of services. Nonetheless, regional and local authorities still offer possibilities for an intelligent use of the scant resources; this is, however, dependent on the personal attitudes and qualifications of the relevant personnel. The employment of qualified migrants at all levels in the health services would be a chance to combat restrictions and arbitrary decision-making.

Medial insurance cards

The question of the reliability and financial viability of preventive measures and effective health education programmes, which are crucial in the case of HIV/AIDS, also remains unanswered. Theoretically, according to Section 4 of the AsylbLG, migrants have unlimited rights to medical treatment (and thus also to outpatient treatment with a medical insurance record card) whenever an illness comes into the above-mentioned category of "acute or painful." However, even a doctor needs to carry out a thorough diagnostic examination in order to decide whether the symptom experienced by the patient is indicative of an illness needing treatment,

what the illness is, and what treatment is needed. A medical insurance record card is urgently needed simply to be able to obtain a diagnosis and thus ascertain whether treatment is called for under Section 4.

It is illegal for medically unqualified administrative personnel to refuse to hand out medical insurance record cards on the premise that a complaint does not require treatment, for example, thus barring the way to a diagnosis by a doctor. It is also illegal for them to claim that an official medical examination is necessary before any treatment can begin, and then make an appointment for this only after weeks or even months of waiting.

AIDS as a new social context

Because of the economic crisis, German society has undergone a constant change of values with regard to migrants in the past few years. Politics are made at pub tables. It is not far from slogans such as "German Work for Germans" and "Foreigners Take Our Women, Our Housing, Our Work, and Give Us AIDS," to Waigel's claim that foreigners are to blame for unemployment.

Schroeder's heckling demands to immediately deport criminal foreigners, without the chance of appeal, come from the desire for a strong leader, or from his attempt to become one. This is a dangerous way of looking for supposed votes, and is designed to distract attention from the fact that those responsible for an misdirected economic policy cannot offer any other remedy than to blame those who have always had the weakest lobby.

These populist statements are being accompanied by a tightening of asylum laws, as can be seen in the debate on the new immigration law. The "third country ruling" reduced the number of asylum-seekers who come to Germany. At the same time, there are improved economic co-operations with countries of dubious political character. This means that these nations are not considered to be as dangerous as they were five years ago – although nothing about their systems has changed. The more positive assessment, however, allows asylum-seekers to be deported more quickly. What consequences will this have, what task does it create for the *AIDS-Hilfe* (AIDS Help) organisation, and what specific demands are made regarding the care of migrants, especially asylum-seekers?

The 'AIDS-HILFE' Organization

AIDS-Hilfe groups provide political representation for those people who have no lobby of their own, who cannot defend themselves verbally or otherwise against exclusion, defamation or injustices. *AIDS-Hilfen* groups have to fight for all people to have the same degree of access to the health-care system and the same rights to plan their lives on an individual basis, no matter what group, religion, or nationality they belong to. HIV prevention has to be carried out according to the respective ethnic situation and cultural background; it has to incorporate knowledge and experiences derived from these cultural backgrounds.

HOMOSEXUAL RIGHTS AROUND THE WORLD, 2000 (EXCERPT)

Henrik Olesen

Countries where homosexual acts are punishable by death

Afghanistan, Iran, Mauritania, Pakistan, Saudi Arabia, Sudan, Yemen

Countries with sodomy laws

Afghanistan, Algeria, Angola, Anguilla, Armenia, Azerbaijan, Bangladesh, Barbados, Bahrain, Benin, Bhutan, Bosnia & Herzegovina, Botswana, British Virgin Islands, Brunei, Burma (Myanmar), Burundi, Cameroon, Cape Verde, Cayman Islands, Cook Islands, Djibouti, Ethiopia, Fiji, Georgia, Ghana, Grenada, Guyana, India, Iran, Jamaica, Kenya, Kiribati, Kuwait, Lebanon, Liberia, Libya, Malawi, Malaysia, Maldives, Mali, Marshall Islands, Mauritania, Mauritius, Montserrat, Morocco, Mozambique, Namibia, Nauru, Nicaragua, Nigeria, Niue, Oman, Pakistan, Papua New Guinea, Puerto Rico, Qatar, Saint Lucia, Samoa, Saudi Arabia, Seychelles, Sierra Leone, Singapore, Solomon Islands, Somalia, Sri Lanka, Sudan, Swaziland, Syria, Tahiti, Tajikistan, Tanzania, Togo, Tokelau, Tonga, Trinidad & Tobago, Tunisia, Turks & Caicos Islands, Tuvalu, Uganda, United Arab Emirates, United States, Uzbekistan, Yemen, Zambia, Zimbabwe

Countries that have a higher age of sexual consent for homosexuals than for heterosexuals:

Albania, Antigua and Barbuda, Australia, Austria, Bahamas, Brazil, Bulgaria, Burkina Faso, Channel Islands, Chile, Croatia, Cyprus, Ireland, Estonia, Falkland Islands, Faroe Islands, Gibraltar, Hong Kong, Hungary, Liechtenstein, Portugal, South Africa, Suriname, United Kingdom

Countries that give domestic partner benefits to homosexual couples:

Australia, Belgium, Brazil, Canada, Denmark, France, Greenland, Hungary, Iceland, Israel, Italy, Netherlands, Norway, Spain, Sweden

Homosexual rights around the world

Afghanistan has a sodomy law; the punishment is execution, the methods are throwing homosexuals down from a high roof or hill or by burying them beside a wall, which is then toppled over onto them.

Albania has no sodomy laws; the age of sexual consent is 18 for homosexual males and 14 for lesbians and heterosexuals.

Algeria: Homosexual activity is illegal; punishable with up to 3 years imprisonment and a fine between 1,000 and 10,000 Algerian dinars.

Andorra has no sodomy laws.

Angola: Homosexual acts are illegal; described as offences against public morality.

Antigua and Barbuda has no sodomy laws; the age of sexual consent is 18 for homosexual males and 16 for lesbians and heterosexuals.

Argentina has no sodomy laws.

Armenia has a sodomy law, punishable with up to 5 years in prison for anal sex. Oral sex is legal. Lesbian sex is not mentioned in the law.

Aruba has no sodomy laws; the age of sexual consent is 16 for all. A homosexual contact with minors under the age of 16 is punishable with a penalty of up to 4 years imprisonment. Heterosexual contacts with minors under the age of 16 are only criminal under certain conditions.

Australia: No states or territories have sodomy laws. State/Territory Age of Sexual Consent: New South Wales*: 18 South Australia: 17 Northern Territory*: 18 Tasmania*: 17 Australian Capital Territory: 16 Victoria: 16 Queensland: 16 for oral sex & 18 for anal sex. Western Australia: 21 for gay men & 16 for lesbians (*Indicates there are no laws regarding lesbian sex). The heterosexual age of sexual consent is 16 in all but 2 states, in Tasmania and South Australia it is 17. Queensland, Northern Territory, South Australia, Victoria, and Western Australia ban donor insemination services to lesbians. Queensland bans gays and lesbians from foster parenting.

Austria has no sodomy laws; the age of sexual consent is 18 for gay men and 14 for lesbians and heterosexuals. "Same Sex Lewdness" with persons under 18 Years: a man over 19 years of age who engages in same-sex lewdness with a person who has attained the age of 14 but not yet the age of 18 years can be punished with imprisonment from six months to five years. 1. Allows homosexuals in its military, however while gay conscripts are welcome for the compulsory service, openly gay people have no chance of embarking on a professional career in the army. 2. The 1992 Reproductive Medicine Act explicitly excludes lesbians and all single women from the benefit of artificial insemination or invitro fertilization methods, those are restricted to married women or women in long-term heterosexual partnerships only.

Azerbaijan has a sodomy law; punishable with 5 to 7 years in prison for anal sex. Oral sex is legal. Lesbian sex is not mentioned in the law.

Bahamas has no sodomy laws for sex in private; the age of sexual consent is 18 for homosexuals and 16 for heterosexuals. There is a law against sex in public; punishable with up to 20 years in prison. Another source says Sections 390 and 530 Penal Code criminalizes homosexual acts between men, with a penalty of up to 10 years' imprisonment. Section 529 criminalizes homosexual contacts between women, with a penalty of up to 2 years' imprisonment, and that the laws are still enforced to a certain degree. Does allow homosexuals in its military.

Bahrain has a sodomy law, punishable with imprisonment not exceeding 10 years, with or without corporal punishment.

Bangladesh has a sodomy law, punishable with deportation, fines, and/or up to 10 years to life imprisonment.

Barbados: Homosexual activity is illegal.

Belarus has no sodomy laws; the age of sexual consent is 18 for males, and between 14 and 18 for females, depending on their sexual maturity. 1.

Sexual activity with a person under 18 is punished with prison term of up to 8 years. 2. In the Army, untraditional relationships between men are considered contrary to military requirements and laws, and are severely prosecuted.

Belgium has no sodomy laws; the age of sexual consent is 16 for all. 1. Allows homosexuals in its military. 2. Has a Statutory Cohabitation Contract. The contract is available to any two adults who are not otherwise married or contracted, regardless of their gender or blood relationship; it is signed before a notary public and entered into the register of the town where they live. The contract's main advantage appears to be access to the courts in event of a property dispute upon dissolution; its main responsibility is joint liability for living expenses, proportionate to the means of the partners. Absent proof of individual title, all assets acquired during the term of the contract are considered to be jointly owned. However, it specifically notes that the couples are treated as separate individuals with respect to submitting income tax returns, rate of taxation, inheritance, and parental status with respect to children, adoption, fertility services, social security and pension rights, and immigration.

Belize has no sodomy laws.

Benin has a sodomy law.

Bhutan: Male homosexual sex is forbidden by law; punishable with a maximum sentence of life in prison.

Bolivia has no sodomy laws; the age of sexual consent is 17. Sexual activity with someone under 17 is punishable with up to 5 years imprisonment.

Bosnia and Herzegovina: Republika Srpska is the only remaining Federation with a sodomy law; punishing male homosexual activity with a penalty of up to 1 year imprisonment. The remainder of the nation has no sodomy laws; the age of sexual consent is 16 for all. (...)

Hans-Peter Scharlach

THIS
LAND

Video
Installation
1996/97



MONTE CARLO

Series of c-prints, 2001

A paradoxical politician

Ever since he first appeared in the political arena in the Netherlands, Pim Fortuyn had been a resolute and loudmouth iconoclast, a new type of politician for whom paradox became a trademark: an elitist populist, a permissive paragon of virtue, and a modern traditionalist. This public figure, who first made an impressive appearance in local elections on March 15, 2002, and headed for nationwide triumph during the general elections on May 15, 2002, seemed destined for success under the glare of the cameras.

Nowadays, the construction of a political persona must be taken literally; there is no leading politician who hasn't had in-depth media training and expert hair styling advice. Fortuyn, in contrast, was a natural talent. His short, catchy phrases never seemed to stem from high-paid ghostwriters, but instead appeared to be the result of his own incisiveness. His media savviness can certainly be attributed to his long-standing experience as a professor facing packed lecture halls at various universities combined with his past career as a columnist. Still, it escaped no one's attention that his quick tongue and flamboyant manner in front of the camera was inherent to his temperament. Fortuyn was an exceptional, homosexual. Perhaps complex, but very normal.

The political is the personal

How can Fortuyn's election slogan, "At your service," be understood as anything other than a sleazy double entendre – a roguish allusion to Fortuyn's own sexual activities that transpired in, according to his own words, the dark rooms of gay clubs? "At your service" meant as much as "I am available". It was clear to close observers that this newcomer to the political stage had learned the rules of the "taking and being taken" game in a completely different arena outside of the public sphere. The military salute accompanying the slogan could be read as an energetic gesture. However, it equally suggested – at least the way Fortuyn himself performed it – a parody of the rituals of the formal club, which constituted not only the "violet" government, (Red and blue: Socialists and Liberals) but which continues to represent the political class through and through.

Prior to and also after Fortuyn's death, various commentators have pointed out that his rudimentary party program had the effect of a proverbial bull in a china shop on the established order. The same can be said about his image as a respectable, yet universal outsider: the boisterous gay queen cocking a snook at the "straight establishment". Even if Fortuyn was "queer," his ideas were "square." His verbose language coupled with his simplifying solutions, compelled his predominantly heterosexual voters to gladly excuse his homosexual coquetties. These voters were not so eager to talk about the fact that their Pim was a homo. That detail didn't obscure the fact that Fortuyn expressed their political opinions.

The success of this openly gay politician among the homosexual electorate, on the other hand, is hardly surprising. As long as equal rights for homosexuals are unrealized, there is a constant need for public homosexual role models. The first openly homosexual prime minister in a modern democracy would, for many, have been conclusive proof of a truly tolerant society. The fact that large segments of the homosexual community applauded Fortuyn's aspirations for a representative position, mainly illustrate the appalling limits of apolitical sexual politics. He gained ground during the pre-election phase predominantly with politically uninformed homosexuals. But, it can indeed be regarded as highly astonishing that in a country, which otherwise reacts in an oversensitive way to pedophilic scandals, a considerable number of heterosexual, often morally outraged, citizens voted for a declared pederast. In interviews, Fortuyn did nothing to conceal his interest in very young men or his fondness for rimming.

It would never entered the minds of the ladies and gentlemen who comprise the press to ask heterosexual politicians about their sexual activities. Fortuyn, however, obviously enjoyed his confessions. Like no other person relishing such a presence in the media, Fortuyn succeeded in utilizing the elicited information he imparted regarding his sexual activities and his sexual tolerance as a protective shield against the much more severe allegations of open racism. Fortuyn was the first politician to voluntarily break away from the asexual sexual politics that still dominate the media. No matter how much sex belongs to what goes on in the media and in public life, any

public person who is actually associated with sex risks being humiliated and demonized. If there's something politicians have learned from Clinton's affair with Lewinsky, it is that sex appeal, in their field, better not end in actual sex. Fortuyn was all too aware of the fact that in the age of media saturation a sex scandal hovers above the heads of each and every politician, and all the more so, if they're homosexual. He kept control over any scandal from the very beginning, so that other opportunists wouldn't step in and do so instead. He was never threatened by being caught in flagrante delicto in the way George Michael was. He never wanted his sexual identity to be incinerated by sex. At the end of the day, he was the man who said what he did and did what he said; the first politician to take ass-licking literally.

Modern traditionalism

How can political truth coalesce with an open sex life – a publicly homosexual sex life at that? How does a social reputation go along with anonymous sex in dark rooms? Fortuyn's premature death leaves these brand-new questions for contemporary politics unanswered. His indecency, no doubt, helped promote his lightning rod career as someone who represented provocation. The long-term effects of this unusual image can only be assessed in a provisional way. Other contenders with similar inclinations are certain to follow. As the sexual practices, which at first sight appear as deviant for the majority of heterosexual voters, will perhaps, upon closer examination, result in a lasting recognition. Fortuyn, in the end, was not only a politician with daring preferences; he was a neoliberal politician with a unique and distinct taste. And aren't the traits of the free market, so joyfully acclaimed by the neoliberals, precisely fun, desire and difference?

In the eyes of many undecided voters, this openly homosexual politician was indeed able to represent the firm: a standing rock against the tide; a person who dared to talk about his sexual identity – especially if it clearly deviated from the norm – and who succeeded in keeping his private life under control. Such a person definitely sends a clear message to a society that seems to be changing as fast and as extreme as a white-water raft floating out of control. In addition, sexual tolerance and allowing for new forms of sexuality are signs of modernity. Social visibility of homosexuality (e.g., in the lively residential areas of homosexuals in large cities such as Shanghai, Tokyo and Paris) is regarded as the standard for measuring the beneficial aspects of globalization. Fortuyn did not refrain from abusing this modernist aspect particular to his sexual status. He just had to contrast the wonderfully permissive Netherlands with those countries in which (homo-)sexuality remains taboo. He loved pestering conservative Islamists, because every time they felt compelled to rant and rave about unnatural practices and Western decadence, he was able to underscore his progressiveness.

This time tested racist tactic is a sad cliché, something which homosexual couples certainly experience themselves in the more affordable and thus "ethnically" mixed residential areas of larger cities. Anytime someone pisses into their mailbox, or scratches their car they'll find their year-long Moroccan neighbor pointing his finger at the newly arrived Congolese refugee. Previous victims of stigmatization know how to stigmatize. Fortuyn seems to have been no exception to this rule, and he held the immigrants responsible for the rising crime rate. He immediately wanted to terminate the Schengen Agreement, close down the national borders and determine ethnic quotas for each city, residential district and school. His simplistic proposal to first see to it that order prevails in the Netherlands and then work on the rest of world ironically resembled one of the secularly founded resolutions of the Taliban regime in Afghanistan. With his possibly even more insane intent to do away with all computers in

Dutch schools, he displayed a close affinity to the ultra-orthodox Jews in Israel, who caution against the Internet, because it opens up the gates to the outside world.

While Fortuyn would have nothing of limiting sexual morals, he couldn't get enough of limiting what *national identity* is. "Homosexuals can act as they like, but foreigners must act according to what is deemed proper. It's about time to strike back, with complete self-control, but effectively and hard, and make the Turkish, Moroccan, Surinam and Antillean communities responsible, without beating around the bush, for the bad behavior of groups from their communities. Our task is to form a people and a nation in order to survive, and that implies that foreigners either participate to the full and feel themselves as Netherlands, or return to where they came from". This is how the populist from Rotterdam briefly summarized his assimilation program. He was the first Dutch politician who knew how to position nationalism above a societal agenda. He got extremely angry whenever his city suddenly turned into a Little Istanbul anytime the local Turkish soccer team won. Chances are that his conservative, heterosexual voters thought he same about the yearly Gay Parades in their towns – up until this emancipated homosexual in a suit and tie made it clear to them that "in our modernized part of the world" queers of all sorts and origin strive for normalizing these chaotic conditions.

Pigmenting Nationalism

After the debacle with the Leefbaar Nederland Party, Pim Fortuyn, who as top candidate was forced to quickly establish his own list for the parliamentary elections. Suddenly, the attractive 27-year-old communications manager João Varela of Capeverdean origin, wound up in second place. João Varela is, in Pim Fortuyn's story, a bit reminiscent of *Whity*. Not so much because the genealogy of many people coming from Cape Verde is determined by frequent *métissages* – between black male and female slaves and white colonialists, but because Varela was a fortunate foreigner in Fortuyn's story: a successful businessman and therefore almost a perfect Dutch. In addition, he was said to have offered himself to spontaneously help out chic Mr. Fortuyn at the very moment he was being stigmatized as a racist. Varela appeared as Mr. Fortuyn's perfect butler. By being included in Fortuyn's list of candidates, the Capeverdean communications manager of a cosmetics firm wanted to help invalidate the allegation of Fortuyn being a racist. One could call this strategy a strategy aimed at pigmenting nationalism. A profitable partnership!

Even the alleged murderer of Pim Fortuyn involuntarily contributed to Fortuyn's de-stigmatization. An hour after Pim Fortuyn was murdered in a parking lot at Hilversum's media park, the spokesperson of the local police had good news: the alleged murderer was arrested, and even more, he was a white Netherlander, a fact that was especially emphasized. Not only migrant organizations were relieved. The overall relief was similar to when it turned out that Israeli Prime Minister Rabin was murdered, not by a Palestinian, but by a radical Jew. The fear was, shortly beforehand, that Fortuyn might have been killed by a foreigner, something that would have publicized Fortuyn's unambiguous racist statements. But it could have also been the result of a primarily racist reflex: was this again the act of a foreigner!? Fortuyn's racism, however, was not a motivation for the murder. If Fortuyn was killed by a white Netherlander instead of a foreigner, it would have been an understatement, so to say. In this case, Fortuyn's so-called racism was not that bad after all. In all of the interviews after the murder, Pim Fortuyn's family insisted that Pim was a symbol for all Netherlands, regardless of race.

But the harsh political reality will soon take on another look. After Fortuyn's murder, the



überzeugt durch Argumente



Ashkan Mohammadi: Comics (-> S. 32)

inevitable question of his political heritage soon followed. Who would be his successor as party chairman? And – even more interestingly – who would take his place as candidate for prime minister? A number of Dutch media pointed out with great satisfaction that second on the list, João Varella, could perhaps become the first black prime minister of an European country. The irony was widely recognized, but speculations were formulated quite seriously. After Pim Fortuyn's murder, all hands were on deck to guarantee a stable political order in the Netherlands, and the mainstream media contributed their part to sorting out the chaos they had helped create. The fact that for the first time a black person might become prime minister of the Netherlands was expressed as a subtle threat: now that Pim Fortuyn is dead, you better not cast your vote for Fortuyn's list, because your vote could then have the contrary effect. Just imagine: a black prime minister! It really needn't be said that Fortuyn's party never seriously considered running João Varella as their new chairman. And Fortuyn's voters understood right from the beginning that Pim was smart enough and that a foreigner was only necessary for the good cause.

The criminalization of immigration

Other European countries have also discerned that nationalistic parties include foreigners – not for the sake of making their original party program more moderate, but, quite to the contrary, as a strategy to radicalize their programs. With migrants on board, nationalistic parties protect themselves against any suspicion of racism, just like women are used in order to invalidate the accusation of sexism. As soon as they prove that they are not racists, the nationalists can step up their nationalistic agenda. Fortuyn wasn't honest when he said that foreigners already living in Holland could remain, but that no additional foreigners would be allowed in. This actually equates to nothing more than the new common sense of Western, so-called liberal democracies. The only difference of opinion is in regard to how large the crack in the door should be: a large crack, a small crack, or barely any crack at all. All European countries advocate for the enforcement of a repressive immigration policy, and Fortuyn would have preferred to be even more repressive. But even Fortuyn didn't intend to shut the door

completely. His idea to allow Danes, Germans and British in, but not Belgians, sounded like one of those Belgian jokes so popular in Holland. Fortuyn's discourse was not heterodox, but – if you'll allow – homodox, in the sense of doxa. Fortuyn loved the same principles as the ruling Dutch ministers – only he loved them too much. Years ago, Stephan Heym questioned communism in the GDR by saying: what kind of system is it, if it can only function by obliging the people to remain inside the system? This question must be reversed in regard to capitalism: what kind of system is it, if it can only function by excluding people? The Berlin Wall may have come down, but the call to turn all of Europe into a reverse East Berlin is not to be heard loudly right now. It's not just about the image, the metaphor of a wall. Walls have already been built, and there's barbed wire all around the Spanish enclaves of Ceuta and Melilla on the African continent. The wall between Europe and Africa is longer than the Berlin Wall ever was. So the Berlin Wall never really came down, it was just relocated. As the fall of the Berlin Wall took place not too long ago, and the demand for a new, much longer wall is

currently increasing, one must assume that the Berlin Wall was a scandal only in the eyes of the nationalists. The wall was simply located in a false position. The wall should have been erected along the border to Poland. And since Poland will soon join the European Union, a wall should at least be built between Poland and Russia. We now have received initial reports from the Russian enclave, Kaliningrad on the Baltic Sea, that talk about a fear of being closed in. This should indeed give Europe, which a short time ago was highly moved by the pictures of the crumbling Berlin Wall, cause for thought. Until recently, a West German who helped an East German cross the wall was considered a hero. Today, if a German helps a Russian enter the country, he's either a left-wing anarchist or someone trafficking human beings. He's a criminal in either case. In many European countries it is no longer possible to marry a foreigner without the marriage being meticulously scrutinized. Nationality and the right to remain in a Western country are forms of the "surplus gained" from a mixed marriage that, according to the marital contract, cannot simply be divided. For spouses born abroad, the surplus gained in terms of nationality and the right of residency can, in principle, not be alienated. This is a reason for the mistrust of the authorities, which by all means want to stem immigration. At the same time, this state of affairs could motivate us to come up with ideas. Perhaps marriage, the most exposed symbol of sexual traditionalism, can be re-utilized as an act of political progressiveness. A different world is possible: Let's marry non-European foreigners! And so that homosexuals can also take this politically progressive step, we must of course endorse the possibility of marriage between homosexuals.

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MODELL DEUTSCHLAND

Martin Conrath & Marion Kreißler

In anticipation of the upcoming German elections, "Modell Deutschland" presents research on the continuity of political propaganda between East and West Germany as reflected in election posters from the 70ies. Approximately ten different motives will be publicly displayed via one hundred 100 x 70 cm sized poster reproductions.

Juxtaposed with more recent poster examples and commentary on outdoor banners, the themes and issues conveyed by the earlier models becomes re-contextualized, subject to new interpretations and further scrutiny over the validity of their promises.

During the course of the Biennial, visitors and inhabitants alike are asked to contribute their reactions and memories in the form of a survey. These surveys will be collected and a forum for further discussion will take place via the Internet.

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Fotos: Roman März*



Even now, Fassbinder seems like too much, still way ahead of us, so out there. Using *Whity* as a starting point in its unveiling of the master/slave dialectic and power relations in the form of a movie musical or popular vernacular, this video installation's collusion of race, gender and sexuality as baroque presentation or masquerade and distortion, acts as a rejoinder to that outrageous German film. *Flower Drum Song* – another ur-text but this one for Asian Americans – reanimates these issues in a contemporary, equally bewitching context placed in the “cold room” of the Tornitz church.

Three-channels: lifesize video projection of dancer Laurie Young with two mini-LCD monitors featuring Benny Nemerofsky Ramsay singing to Nancy Kwan singing “I Enjoy Being a Girl (Jew, Fag...)”.

"Cleaving"

With: Laurie Young, Benny Nemerofsky Ramsay

Clip: Flower Drum Song, 1965

(with Nancy Kwan)

Camera: Alexander Decker

Sound: Paul Fischer

Editor: Jörg Drefs

Translator: Gaby Gehlen



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**Wir fördern
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Motiv: Aus dem von der MDM geförderten Film: „Weg!“



“Who’s been eating from my plate?” ask the seven dwarves, when they return to their little house and find that everything is completely different than normal. But what has happened? What kind of orderliness can frighten the dwarves by its unexpectedness?

In the opening credits to the Walt Disney version of *Snow White*, parents are asked to watch the film with their children if possible – after all, it teaches “important moral values.”

There is nothing new about this, in fact, it is the general task of fairytales in the first place. But even with Walt Disney, it is no longer clear what morals are at play: the dwarves’ house has not been tidied up at all, the table has not been set nor the beds made awaiting the return of those who dwell there; everything is dusty and a complete mess. Even before meeting the dwarves, Snow White tidies up the house because she thinks there must be children living there who no longer have a mother. And the dwarves are terribly frightened when they see their house suddenly tidy, and ask: “who has cleaned my cup?” Their amazement grows when they discover that it is not a monster, but “a woman.” Snow White, on the other hand, scarcely awake, pulls the blankets up over her – by no means naked – breasts and cries: “You’re not children, you’re men!”



In this moment of confrontation, there is an encoding of gender relationships. Walt Disney is not the only one to take the opportunity of giving his own particular moral views in this regard. In one Polish picture book, when Królowna Sniezga asks if she can stay with the dwarves, she receives a housekeeping contract as an answer: “yes, if you do the cleaning for us.” And in a Turkish version, the dwarves beg Pamuk Prences to take care of them – which means that they want her to be ready to keep them company as well as do the housework.

In other versions, she has to become a nursemaid or allows herself to be protected. Sometimes, her childlike innocence, or her sheer beauty suffices as “payment” for being allowed to remain in the dwarves’ house. Although the story of *Snow White* and its most important elements are familiar all over the world – from “Mirror, Mirror, on the Wall,” the evil Queen and the glass coffin, to the inevitable Prince – the tale thus contains a turning point that allows different versions, but can always be used for putting across various gender constructions.

Here, it is not a matter of providing a new interpretation of this fairy tale. Instead, this project, carried out as part of the Werkleitz Biennial, will, like the other versions, recount the moment in which Snow White encounters the seven dwarves a particular meaning. In this moment, something is created that is omnipresent and familiar, yet barely seen: gender is constructed. The neuter Snow White becomes a woman, and the sexually undefined dwarves suddenly become boys or men.

When the dwarves are spoken to as such, they suddenly display all the behaviour patterns that patriarchal societies ascribe to males: they want to be protectors, they want the power to forbid, they want to have fun, they also want tenderness, eroticism and sex, and they want to be looked after, all while continuing with their work in the mines.

At the same time, they always have to compare the way they see their own chivalry, industriousness, mutual caring and erotic potential with the ideal of manliness as represented by the Prince, generating a complex muddle of both Homo-erotic and homophobic relationships amongst themselves.

In this way, it is possible to observe *doing gender*, the production of gender roles in the practice of social relationships: what happens when “girl meets boys”?

Moreover, it allows one to examine the theory of *doing sex*, the production of *sex* or the constitution of the two groups *man* and *woman* at the moment they come into contact with one another: How occurs when “girl-meeting creates boys” (and vice versa)?

The rest of the fairytale with its hate, passion, tolerance and love remains at the fringe, but cannot be ignored. The story is too well known for that; its overtones are present in every excerpt in the same way a film is present in our minds when we see a still taken from it. However, the project will not concentrate solely on the phenomenon of the *gender boundary*, but also look at possible plot options using further cinematic versions based on the *Snow White* theme.

Should Snow White marry a dwarf instead, spurning the boring Prince (*Snow White* with Sigourney Weaver)? Should she found a “School for Servants” with the Prince, in which people are turned into dwarves (*Institut Benjamenta* after Robert Walser)? Should she escape the choice between poison or matrimony by entering the glass coffin on her own free will (Madonna in *Evita*)?

And the dwarves: Should they attempt a rebellion (*Spur der Steine*)? Should they make a profession of their protector role (The Magnificent Seven)? Or is the only way of escape from patriarchal communities of “men and women” a joint dwarf rebellion (*Auch Zwerge haben mal klein angefangen* by Werner Herzog)?



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ES TUT UNS LEID – ABER WIR HABEN KEINE ZIMMER FÜR AUSLÄNDER

Vaginal Davis

When I was a teenager in the mid 1970s I received a scholarship to attend a posh boarding school in Switzerland. My mother cried for three weeks begging me not to go. She insisted that blacks were not welcome in the famous land of neutrality and that I'd wind up a human pastry baked to perfection in a large toaster oven, or filthy gas chamber. If that wasn't enough she said Dr. Mengele would perform exotic operations on my genitalia and knee caps or whatever was still left of my body after incineration.

In 1993 when I was invited to Hamburg to perform at the Six Sex Weeks Festival at the Schmidt Theatre my mother went into cardiac arrest. As the paramedics were taking her to the hospital she kept screaming, "oh baby, don't go to Germany, Mr. Hitler will kill you!" My mother seriously believed that Hitler's disembodied head was somehow kept alive in a jar somewhere in Argentina, barking commands to followers worldwide. Mother confused an Oliver Stone fascist conspiracy theory with the schlock movie classic, *They Saved Hitler's Brain*.

For many years I wondered if this was the same reaction that my idol Angela Davis' parents had when she decided to study Philosophy at the University of Frankfurt. But even so, I'm sure her mother wasn't a hissy neurotic, prone to outlandish histrionics, as was always the case with my recently deceased matriarch.

American blacks rarely travel to Europe, unless they are entertainers or in the armed forces. The standard black stereotypical notion of any German speaking country is as follows: hedonistic blondness, or humorless stern authoritarians. As sophisticated as Angela Davis was upon arriving in Frankfurt in 1964, I'm sure it still caused her some concern when she went looking for housing in and around the university and was repeatedly told, "Sorry we don't have rooms for foreigners."

I was 16 when I decided to change my name to Vaginal Davis in sexual homage to Angela Davis. I was studying film through a program for disadvantaged youth with Los Angeles Film Exposition or Film X, as it was called at the time. My teachers were legendary Hollywood filmmakers like King Vidor, cinematographer James Wong Howe and writer Oscar Saul who adapted *A Street Car Named Desire* to the screen in 1951. I was shown films from around the world, and had my first exposure to the sick and twisted genius of directors like Fassbinder and Pasolini. After seeing Angela Davis in a bootlegged copy of the Soviet documentary *Our Friend Angela* where she visits the Soviet Union and is presented with flowers, awards, and a tiara that keeps falling out of her giant Afro, I became mesmerized by her image and had to read everything about her.

It was very naive and petulant of my weenage self to declare myself a Marxist, and on top of that, a self proclaimed communist leader. Did I have any followers? No, just a strong and abiding need to fashion my own myths. I figured if communism was good enough for Angela it was good enough for me, and besides didn't Russians have really big penises? Not as big as Israelis' or Germans' but still mighty hefty.

In my deluded state I was determined I would lead a new utopian movement. Knowing all about Angela Davis wasn't enough. I had to also read everything that she read. I started with the Pre-Socratics, and then moved to Plato and Aristotle. Kant's *Critique of Pure Reason*? I drank it all day. What I couldn't borrow from the downtown or UCLA library I stole from a ritzy chain bookstore in Beverly Hills. I pilfered *Eros and Civilization* by Herbert Marcuse along with texts by Adorno and Horkheimer. I was on a roll. Of course I didn't understand most of what I read. But that didn't matter. Having grown up poor in the notorious housing projects and ghettos of Watts and East Los Angeles during the late 1960s, I was taught protest chants and empowerment dances by black national activists. My favorite chant from this period came directly from George Jackson and the Soledad brothers. I later adapted it into the repertoire of my post punk political performance art troupe, The Afro



Vaginal Davis

Sisters. Starting in 1982 we would begin each performance by singing in unison:

"All we meet, walking down the street,
with nothing to eat,
and shackles on our feet,
don't get any sleep.
Black power! black power!
destroy, white boy."

Me and my Afro Sisters, a mixture of biological Anglo women and a Latin man, who I gave the names Clitoris Turner, Urethra Franklin and Fertile La Toyah Jackson, were the first performance artists based in Los Angeles to mix punk DIY aesthetics, the all-girl R&B group dynamic with the rhetoric of the black power movement. This was all taking place in the early 1980s, long before retro 70s chic came into vogue. In 1970 Angela Davis was on the cover of *Life Magazine* and on every post office wall, as America's Most Wanted criminal. My low art performance parody project could never reach such illustrious heights. How was I to make a difference and stay true to the teachings of Angela Davis?

In early 1999 I was taken to lunch by a young fan named Chessler who I'd kept in contact with over the years. He first became enamored of me when he was 15, and had begged his society mother to take him to see one of my underground performance pieces satirizing Patty Hearst and The Symbionese Liberation Front. In

my version, the Afro Sisters and I masqueraded as the Sexual-Eeze Liberation Army. Chessler reminded me of my fractured manifesto:

"Immaculate children of WASP wealth, become a supporter of the black power struggle. Embrace your inner dinge. Destroy the evil white Satan Lucifer Devil Man and his corporate multinational power structure. Watch your nipples harden and skin magically darken as anarchy reigns. Rejoice in a frenzied state of sexual abandon, and you'll never get old and wrinkly, like an appledoll or burn when out in the sun. Put your penis where your mouth is and suck the milk from my large black breastage. I will sustain you, and provide you with proper nourishment, so kill your mother and father. I am your new and improved parental figurine, who will set a high standard as I teach you my filthy, dark native jungle dances."

My call-to-arms was a half-baked meshing of the SCUM Manifesto and Helter Skelter. The actual rant also involved a process for white children to atone for the sins of their ancestors against the black nation by helping place me at the center of a new power order. I would become the charismatic leader of a newly created black centered state, where only the most attractive Caucasian boys would be used for breeding purposes. As the queen mother bee I'd use these boys seminal nectar to spawn a new generation of sexy mulatto babies. All this really wasn't meant to be taken seriously, but Chessler's fifteen-year old

straight white boy with black Moses complex mind, was impressionable and he found my fantasia titillating.

After Chessler graduated from Brown University he took a position with a multi-national entertainment conglomerate. Not because the business fascinated him, but just to sabotage it from within. He and his large circle of friends have all become successful power players and captains of industry. They formed this secret organization while still in college called The Madame Defarges. I had long forgotten that in one of my written diatribes I gave out before performances I mentioned that I wanted followers to become my Madame Defarges armed with very sharp knitting needles ready and willing to pluck out the eyes of thine enemies.

Never in a million years would I imagine that I'd become some post-Ivy League version of Six Degrees of Kevin Bacon, with me substituting for Kevin Bacon. Actually Chessler's Madame DeFarges are more like The Ellen James Society from the John Irving novel *The World According To Garp* except they don't mutilate themselves. The Madame DeFarges are intent on wrecking havoc in the entertainment world. They've been very successful. The recent turmoil in the music world that has commercial artists revolting against their record company masters is due to their subtle manipulation. Soon there will be no more EMI, Sony Music Corp, Warner Bros, Capital or Universal/MCA. What a blessed event that will be. And its not going to stop there.

But what about me? Do I really want to become a not so benevolent despot and symbol for political and sexual fulfillment? Well I'm really flattered and I admire that the Madame DeFarges are trying to escape the mediocrity of white middle-classism, but latching on to me as a savior, is only going to bring them discontent and disillusionment. Angela Davis would be the better choice.

My mother always said I'd wind up in prison. So if I survive an assassination attempt I wouldn't mind going to prison. I like prison. You don't have to pay rent, and drag queens get the best-looking, most virile convicts as husbands.

Vaginal Davis, the doyeanne of punk rock drag is a cultural raconteur whose medium is her own whimsy. She is a frequent contributor to LA Weekly, Dutch, New Music Express, and Lingua franca. Look for her first novel Mary Magdelene sometime in 2003 and a worldwide tour of her next performance piece Orifice Descending in the fall.



Ms. D's birthday present

¹ Dinge literally means dirty, dark, soiled or black, but it is also an olde school derogatory gay term for black men. It refers to white men who are only sexually excited by black men and nothing else will provide them sexual solace. White men who only desire black men are called *Dinge Queens*.

A CUT INTO THE VOID

Boris Buden

Erich Honecker and Angela Davis together? In one photo? As participants at the same event? Who would get upset about that nowadays? At the time, the people who, despite all their differences, believed in a common fight against world capitalism also thought it normal for the state and party leader of a socialist Eastern bloc country and a radical US-American civil rights campaigner, feminist and Black Panther activist, to have a common political aim: world revolution! But, who today still believes in world revolution?

And why should the other side, which never believed in such a thing anyway, worry about the strange liaison between Honecker and Davis? Wasn't it just visible proof that every leftist idea, every act of leftist rebellion, and even every attempt to call the capitalist system into question, has to end in a type of totalitarianism? Honecker stands for a repressive, anti-democratic regime and its extensive human rights violations, for the Berlin Wall, for restricting and suppressing freedom of opinion, action and all other liberties. For today's hegemonic, liberal-democratic attitude, is his name anything more than a synonym for communist totalitarianism and its crimes, for all those gulags and "killing fields," for Stalin and Pol Pot, for the black book of communism, which in the final analysis, is no different from that of fascism and Nazism?

Today, anyone who still sees Angela Davis and Erich Honecker's appearance together as a problem obviously does not believe the rhetoric of liberal democracy, and is not prepared simply to accept the absolute dominance of global capitalism as an incontrovertible fact. The portrait of Davis and Honecker causes a sense of unease in those who believe in the possibility for an alternative, better world. They are the people who are trying today, in the words of Walter Benjamin, to reclaim tradition from conformism and to fan the spark of hope in the past. But how can this occur when this damned photo, potentially compromises every collective action undertaken against global capitalism, every anti-capitalistic concept of solidarity, and even every leftist criticism of the prevailing situation?

Once upon a time there was a happy family

When pictures reflect an unpleasant past people usually do what they often do with pictures from a failed marriage: they take a pair of scissors and simply cut the former partner out. By doing so, they hope to salvage something of their past happiness for the future, to wipe away memories of their own illusions and wrong decisions, and, last but not least, to symbolically punish the evil partner. Not so much to hurt him/her, but to reassure themselves that s/he was to blame for the whole disaster.

But how does this process function in our example, a photo album from the life of an internationalist family that then seemed so happy? We are speaking here of the pictures taken at the *X. World Festival of Youth and Students* in 1973 in East Berlin, where among other things, the joint appearance of Angela Davis and Erich Honecker was documented in the photo mentioned above, a photo that has such a disturbing effect on many of us today.

Of course, it is not Honecker as a person that one attempts to cut out of the picture, but what he embodies – his totalitarian state, or those scenes that in some way recall its uniformity and bureaucratic discipline, its ideological rituals and fossilized hierarchy. To this end, the strictly choreographed mass acrobatics in public squares, the recorded meetings, the unbearably boring formal public speeches – in short, the whole official side of the event – are quickly discarded. What then remains of the World Festival of Youth should show the pure core of internationalism in all its spontaneity, freed from any state patronage and ideological manipulation: an informal meeting of young people from different countries, their genuine, hippie-like gathering – and Angela Davis.

In contrast to Honecker, the senile apparatchik-in-chief, Angela Davis exudes a number of other values even today: beautiful and young, black,



Angela Davis, Erich Honecker

trendy, and simultaneously class-conscious, race-conscious, minority-conscious and gender-conscious – and convincingly internationalist to boot. For today's post-communist world, she undoubtedly embodies the revolt against capitalism, imperialism, and patriarchy in a much more attractive form than Honecker, overthrown by his own people, does. Moreover, she not only counterbalances his cut-out figure, but also represents a form of continuity: she seems to promise a future that was buried with Honecker. It is as if, even today she can raise the hope that the emancipative essence of the communist idea could still be salvaged. In fact, this hope urgently demands a retroactive separation between Davis and Honecker, and cuts the old internationalism out of the happy family photo. While motivation for this operation is clear, its ideological character and its political logic in the present historical context still need clarification.

Carnival

What does it mean to pit the margins against the centre, and therefore make something that had been officially excluded the focus of the entire event? First of all, it means questioning the prevailing hierarchy: to elevate to the top that which was at the bottom, and to cast down that

often, people forget that Carnival is a sanctioned "rebellion" in every regard; that it operates as a temporary break the hegemony of the ruling authority, a sort of blow-off valve for accumulated social dissatisfaction. And more importantly, it should by no means be confused with a revolutionary action.

However, as is obvious in Bakhtin's work, in its original form and ideological and political motivation, it represents a cryptic, anti-Stalinist allegory. The celebration of the physical and the erotic, an incentive for liberation and transgression, the relativization and mockery of authority – everything that Bakhtin regarded as extremely positive in his concept of Carnival was also understood as an open challenge to Stalinist authoritarianism. Therefore, the allegory of Carnival offers a comprehensive and effective critique of Stalinist ideology and its political practices. What is more, it opens up a much broader internationalist horizon for anti-Stalinist criticism; namely, a direct link to leftist anti-authoritarianism in the West, both in its theoretical and its practical articulation. We are, of course, talking about the socio-cultural critical inheritance of the Frankfurt Institute for Social Research, which, in its analysis of the capitalist form of rule, began examining the psycho-social structures of authority as early as 1936. Here, one needs only to think of the famous studies of authority and family, or of the book *The Authoritarian Personality*, published in America.

The student revolts of the sixties addressed the problem of authority from the practical, political point of view. Anti-authoritarianism in its various forms also became a theme for the so-called "new" social movements that entered the Western European political scene at the same time, and had a strong, lasting influence on it. "Question Authority!" was one of the most-used slogans of the American counter-culture in the seventies.

The anti-authoritarian cut

In the concept of Carnival, anti-capitalist criticism thus already seemed to have found a category whose emancipative meaning was recognized beyond the borders of the two blocs. It was as if, on both sides of the Iron Curtain, people were concerned with one and the same thing – fighting authority in all its forms.

The same is valid for the critical operation we carry out here with regard to the *X. World Festival of Youth and Students*. Cutting out its official side, as embodied in the figure of Erich Honecker, must be read as an anti-authoritarian cut. The attempt to cut Honecker out of the picture in order to reclaim the emancipative potential of the communist (and generally anti-capitalist) movements from present-day conformism and save it for political posterity – is represented in the concept of Carnival.

This anti-authoritarian cut into the group portrait of the *X. World Festival* reveals the international mega-Carnival in its purest form: a global festival for the people – a free, informal "open-air amusement" that, in our optimistic interpretation, parodies and caricatures the totalitarian background of the official festival and thus degrades the prescribed rituals of the official authority. Bakhtin summed up the meaning of Carnival with the concept of "grotesque realism," praising its process-oriented, hybrid, mobile nature, its transgression, obscenity, its exaggerations and inversions, its predilection for difference, for diversity, etc. In the grotesque revelry of Carnival, Bakhtin exclusively saw a positive power.

which was at the top or, as in our case, to cut it out of the portrait. Many believe that this symbolic inversion of centre and periphery, of high and low, itself has an emancipative effect. To sum up the meaning of this inversion in a single picture, we can make an analogy to Bakhtin's Carnival.

In Mikhail Bakhtin's famous study of Rabelais, he remarkably describes the phenomenon of Carnival as standing in stark contrast to an official celebration. Carnival celebrates a liberation from the established order and its dogmatic truths. It denotes a temporary abolition of hierarchies, privileges, norms and prohibitions. For Bakhtin, Carnival on the one hand, represents the populist, utopian vision of a world seen from below, while on the other, it formulates – precisely through the inversion of hierarchy I have mentioned – a critique of a particular society's balance of power, its high culture, and its discriminatory practices. It is the world of the liberated and the liberating crossing of fixed boundaries – the space in which a socially accepted transgression can occur.

Following Western reception of Bakhtin's Rabelais study in the sixties, Carnival entered literary and cultural criticism as a model, an ideal, and an analytical category. There have, however, occasionally been critical objections to the overestimation of its political importance. All too

Alas, today we do not see anything associated with Carnival that calls to mind any sort of conscious political articula-

tion, and still even less any "quasi-revolutionary state of emergency." The idea that the *X. World Festival of Youth and Students*, "carnivalized" and challenged the authority of the real-socialist state, evokes something completely different – a fantasy, dear to today's liberal mainstream, of a transnational cultural space (the "third space"), in which a hybridization of cultural identities and the so-called "processes of cultural translation and negotiation" could take place; the fantasy of a space of division and cultural crossover, a space of a new transnational culture that, as Homi Bhabha stresses, is not based on the exoticism of multiculturalism, but on the inscription and articulation of hybridity in culture.

The internationalism called forth by this liberal-democratic fantasy is not political, but cultural. It is not concerned with the economic and political contradictions of present-day globalization, but instead with cultural translation and negotiation processes, which cross over and merge. It does not target the subjects of a radical political and social change, but the heroes of a new, internationalist, hybrid world literature. It does not express the political awareness of the damned of this world, but the ideology of a global cultural and intellectual elite. And its anti-authoritarianism has long since lost its bite.

From the culture of order to the order of culture

The rebellious figures from the period of the student revolts are today an integrated component to the existing capitalist system. In *The Conquest of Cool*, Thomas Frank used the example of the advertising and fashion industry to demonstrate how the anti-authoritarian hype of the sixties, with all its demands for authenticity, individuality, difference and rebellion, was transformed into the hegemonic mainstream of the nineties. Now, the old world of Fordian mass production, together with its political counterpart, the national welfare state, has also entered the phase of inexorable decline. So-called "flexibility" – and not authority! – primarily determines present-day capitalist production. Its authentic form of organization was founded in the magical concept of the "network." The pressure brought to bear by the authoritarian hierarchy, typical of the Fordian company, has considerably diminished. These days, the call is for spontaneous one-to-one communication between members of a network. This has become an important factor in production. Motivation is no longer stimulated by an external, repressive form of discipline. On the contrary, it seems to arise on its own as an internalized cry for creative self-fulfillment in every new work project. Employees today are no longer chained to their workplaces; they are sent home



or simply made mobile, sometimes by using the newest telecommunications technology. Work has to be fun and have a liberating effect; it is best sold and bought as "leisure." It is as if the whole sphere of production had become a sort of ultra-productive Carnival.

This late capitalist, Carnivalesque world of flexible accumulation is also matched by the dominant current paradigm for subjectivity: the hybrid,

transnational, transcultural, transsexual, transgressive – or, as Žižek appropriately describes it – the multiplied perverse, post-modern subject without any fixed paternal authority, who jumps back and forth between different self-images and continually reinvents his/herself. This subject's anti-authoritarianism has long been part of the problem, not of the solution. For example, it plays an important ideological role in the

neoliberal dismantling of the welfare state and the latter's so-called burdensome, bureaucratic, alienating, unprofitable and economically wasteful structures. The fact that the hard-won social achievements of the labour movement are being destroyed in the process does not worry the new capitalist class. Anyway, the old forms of class struggle, with its centrally-organized parties and unions run on an authoritarian basis, have no place in the brave new world of liberal-democratically sanctioned subversion.

The anti-authoritarian cut into the past obviously does not succeed in reclaiming the emancipative tradition from conformism, nor does it fan the spark of hope in the past. It becomes itself an act of conformism that extinguishes the last smoldering embers of the revolutionary tradition. Anti-authoritarianism has become the hegemonic practice of its former enemy.

In this concrete case, the anti-authoritarian cut thus poses a difficult decision: either Angela Davis with Honecker as a sequence of joint failure, as a nice, non-conformist, rebellious prospect on the way toward the old revolutionary internationalism dead-end – or Angela Davis without Honecker, as the princess of a quasi-subversive global Carnival. It's not just the fact that this would do her an injustice. The rebirth of international political solidarity from the spirit of celebratory populism is also condemned to failure.

The will of the left wing has become helplessly nostalgic. But nostalgia, which only takes its bearings from the rear-view mirror, will never become a critique of the existing situation, but only the resentment of the vanquished, a resentment that only confirms their helplessness in the face of the existing situation.

And anyway – where is the authoritarian order still to be found, the order that oppresses us and hinders our emancipation, an order against which we can rebel? Is it in our collapsing nations and hybridized cultural identities? Or in our nation-states deprived of power on a global political level? There is no way leading back to a vision of a world of nations liberated both within and from one another that democratically join together in a global order. And for this reason, there is also no longer any internationalism in whose name the old cultural order could be freshly subverted.

Instead, it would be more sensible to attack the new cultural order, because in a world of social, political and economic disorder, it is culture that has today become the only concept of order.

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*Pictures taken from: X. Festival Weltfestspiele der Jugend und Studenten Berlin – Hauptstadt der DDR 1973
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THE SHORT SUMMER OF EUPHORIA

THE 10TH WORLD FESTIVAL OF YOUTHS AND STUDENTS, 1973, EAST BERLIN

A Discussion

Simone Hain (sh), b. 1956 in Elsterwerda, is an architecture historian who euphorically experienced the World festival. **Wolfgang Kil (wk)**, b. 1949 in Berlin, is an architect and architecture critic, he watched the crowd mill around with the distance of a slightly older person. He was 24 at the time. **Ronald Lippok (rl)**, b. 1963 in East Berlin, is a musician (Torococorot, Tarwater) and artist. Ronald dimly remembers the festival; he was 10 years old in 1973. **Ina Rossow (ir)**, b. 1975 in Halle/Saale, studied cultural sciences in Leipzig. The World Festival was the topic of her Master's thesis and she compiled the World Festival (WF) archive for Werkleitz. **Jochen Becker (jb)**, b. 1962 in Frankfurt am Main, who writes on urban development and art, is a cultural producer and member of the curatorial team of the Werkleitz Biennale. **Florian Zeyfang (fz)**, b. 1965 in Stuttgart, is an artist, writer, and as editor of this publication, he is interested in what remains of internationalism.

ir: It is amazing what a lasting impression the World Festival had on so many. On behalf of the Dokumentationszentrum Alltagskultur der DDR (Documentation Center for Everyday Culture in the GDR) in Eisenhüttenstadt, we posted an ad requesting newspapers in *Hallo Berlin* and the *Märkische Oderzeitung* and we were overwhelmed by more than 100 calls and letters. Everyone wanted to tell us about his or her own experiences and started talking away on the phone, saying how great everything was and what else we really needed to know.

sh: My experience is what took place on the streets. I didn't sleep during that time, at most maybe just one hour standing somewhere and leaning against a wall. Everyone was totally euphoric. Everybody collected autographs. I had a pair of suede sandals that went all the way up over my ankles on which you could write. I'm maybe the only one here who can give you a direct account of the 10th World Festival. That was our festival; we weren't hired to cheer and wave flags in the crowd.

wk: Outside of the official events, the atmosphere was extremely important. There was this sort of hippie feeling, a lot of people with guitars on Alexanderplatz, sitting on the ground, hanging around, washing themselves in the fountain. It was unprecedented, in the GDR people were not allowed to sleep outside at night. I think a lot of people just wanted to have a good time apart from the events.

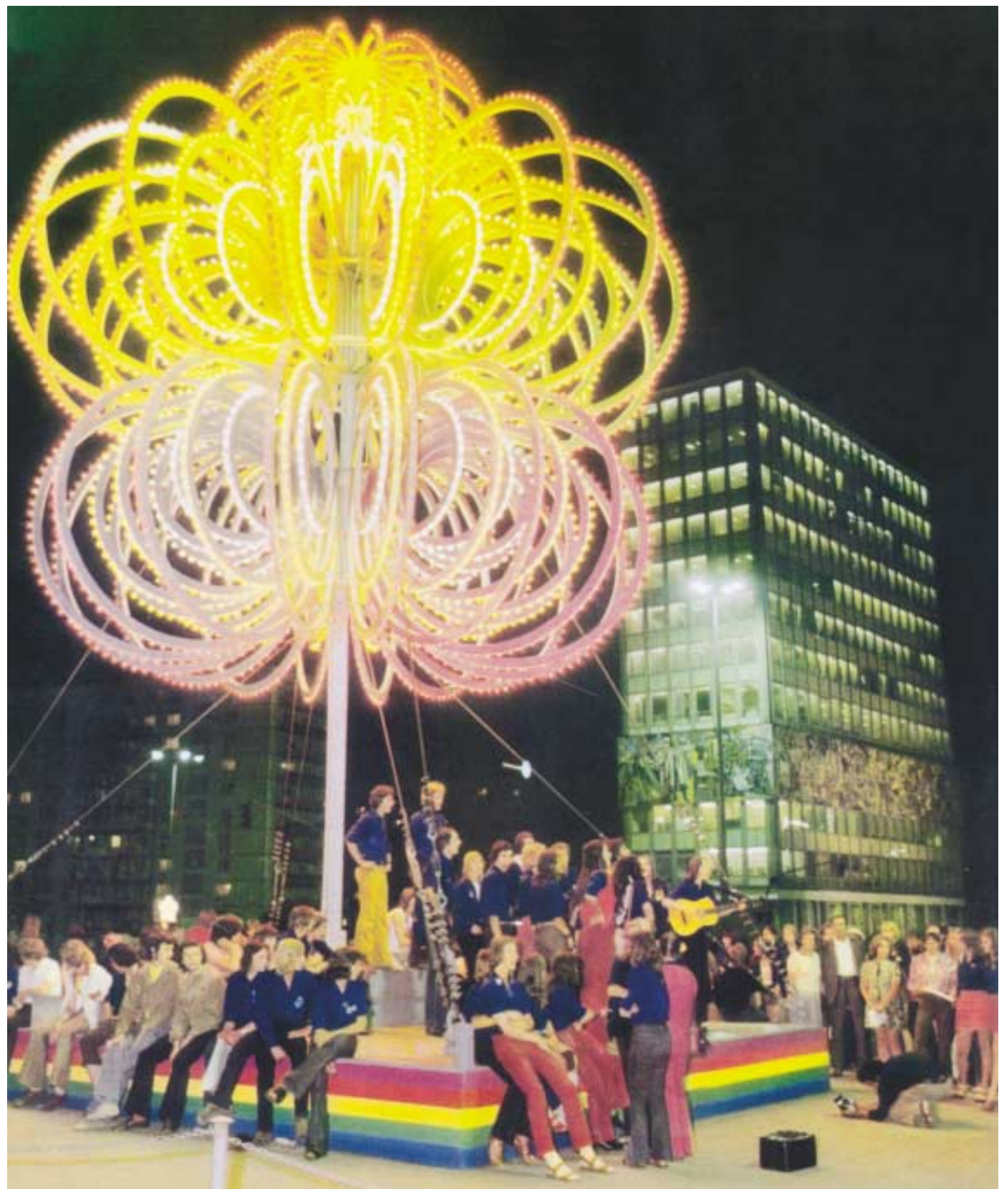
My most lasting memory is that I caught a really bad cold. Because I was out all night and had to be at work in the mornings, I was constantly tired and thought at noon, when nothing's happening, I'll lie down on the lawn in front of the television tower and take a nap during my lunch-break. When I woke up, I realized that I had been lying in a huge puddle of mud the whole time. They flooded the lawn so that nobody would lie down on it. I took that maliciously.

sh: My parents' generation was enthused by the World Festival in 1951 as well. They tell each other stories about it at funerals: "Where you at the World Festival too? Did you also want to travel to Berlin?". The fact that I was allowed to participate in 1973 was an honor. I was in high school and the delegate of our district. I must have carried out the orders in regard to the festival very well, because the local press did an article on me. My girlfriend and I had collected a lot of money for more than a year through diverse activities. We had a small share in financing the festival and therefore, we felt that we were hosts.

ir: There were official GDR delegations, just like there were national delegations from other countries around the world. Each delegation consisted of about 1000 people, only the absolute crème de la crème. They were given political schooling beforehand: there was a big camp by the Werbellin Lake where the delegations were brought into line.

sh: But the district delegations didn't take part in that; we weren't schooled. The official members were briefed for the international political forums and tribunals – like "Anti-imperialistic solidarity" or "Apartheid, today and yesterday". These forums were only open to people who ranked as sort of diplomats.

wk: I completed my architecture studies in 1972 and did my first practical year in a Berlin housing-construction combine. My office was on Magazinstraße near Alexanderplatz, so I had



the major advantage of being right in the middle of the World Festival. But, being born in 1948, I felt that I was already too old for it. I don't mean it in a physical sense: members of the Junge Union (the youth organization of the West German Christian Democrats, CDU) such as Eberhard Diepgen and Klaus-Rüdiger Landowsky, who for us, were considered very exciting at the time, were all a lot older. I don't know about the Jusos (youth organization of the West German Social Democrats, SPD), they weren't as conspicuous for me.² I didn't feel addressed by the programs, although there were program points for older, more mature people...

As I wasn't a member of a delegation, I thought about what I could do on my own. There were these discussions taking place at Alexanderplatz where I was completely bewildered listening to East-Berlin residents – and not only FDJ-guys (Free German Youth, the GDR youth organi-

zation) – but, also Jusos and members of the Junge Union were there arguing. Of course the Stasi (Staatssicherheit = State Security Service) was always present. But, they had a hard time.

fz: Even the Junge Union was there? Interesting that the CDU allowed them to attend.

wk: They were really proud of that fact. It was most likely some kind of politically calculated proof of openness on the part of the GDR government that the Junge Union could attend with their own delegation. They arrived wearing T-shirts with *Junge Union* printed on them. It was the time of Willy Brandt, the time of a policy of détente toward the East, maybe that was the reason. In all respects it was an attempt at opening up, no matter by what means. I was astonished that such public debates on the streets could be held at all; I didn't believe they would allow it. The SED only succeeded in persuading the Junge Union and the Jusos to come

to East Berlin by promising that everything would take place in public.

sh: The chips were down constantly: there was a lot of talk about "police state" and "Orwell". Those from the West were also schooled. I felt an unbelievable tingle the entire time. My biggest wish was that all this was a test and that it would then become the normal state of things. They were

¹ During the 3rd World Festival 1951 in Berlin, the FDJ (Freie Deutsche Jugend, Free German Youth, the GDR youth organization) marched towards West Berlin on August 15, allegedly upon an invitation by the West Berlin senate. The march was brutally halted by the West Berlin police. East German newspapers did large stories on the incident and published photos of the casualties. It is unclear to what extent the FDJ deliberately planned and provoked the reaction by the police. Since 1951, the FDJ has been banned in West Germany.

² From the Federal Republic of Germany 800 official delegates from more than 40 youth and student organizations participated in the festival, among them the *Junge Union*. There is no information on the number of guests who entered the country with a tourist visa.

finally allowing something. We were quite aware the whole time that it was an exceptional situation.

fz: Here, the World Festival has this myth of being unique. But, it did in fact take place on a regular basis in different cities.

wk: After Berlin it was Havana's turn and then P'yongyang. Western cities were always a kind of gray zone. In Helsinki and Vienna, East Germans only participated as an official delegation, but there were a lot of Poles and Czechs who came on a private basis. Therefore, these were cities that could be reached. The entire festival system was linked to the International Students Association based in Prague.³

ir: The advantage of the World Festival taking place in Berlin was of course that the youths of the GDR could travel there without visa problems. Unfortunately, I haven't investigated to what extent non-delegates from the GDR took part in other festivals.

Pop

fz: Within the Werkleitz Biennial, the topic "World Festival" was taken up as a backwards projection. The issue related more to the view on the mood of awakening in the 70s, on the ideas of internationalism and socialism—not only in the GDR, despite the fact that the festival was a state-organized event.

wk: In the early 70s, the SED was interested in signaling a change in power, pointing to Honecker and currying favor with the youth. This may sound nasty now, but it's intended to be taken seriously. One can't just regard this country as having been simply a sort of machinery of oppression – they had plans for this nation. There was a real desire to gain an international reputation, to finally enter the global arena as an equal. At that time there was a very special line of tradition surrounding the World Festivals. They were always simultaneously campaigning to unify Germany – under socialist conditions of course. Or, they acted as a patriarchal gesture: let's allow them to dance on the tables over the weekend, then they'll perform better at the work-bench. The notion, that in the end a kind of *Woodstock* took place, is a result of the Zeitgeist, there was nothing else available in terms of form. The music got louder, became electrified, and there were a lot of discos. Everything had to be colorful, everything was pop and the message became: stop using those big fat slogans and let's make colorful balloons instead.

I can remember the colors, these funny balls that were attached to all of the poles or the pictures around Alexanderplatz. To me, that element was strangely small-minded and parochial, and it

contradicted the intensity of the movement that took place between the people. Traffic rules no longer existed. People walked freely across the streets, and also trampled all the flowers. In a positive sense, it could be read as 'laissez faire', a situation that this bureaucratic Prussian state would normally not tolerate.

Poles were sitting there playing guitar. Those were of course the people who came to Berlin because they couldn't make it to Woodstock. The motivation was the same, even if they came from the town of Elsterwerda: it was about getting the maximum share of offbeat experience in Alexanderplatz. Everyone made it their own thing, and that's what characterized the experience of a generation. The organizers had no way of influencing this outcome.

City Design

wk: It was typical of the GDR's international reputation that the World Festival took place without a single political slogan. There were absolutely no banners in the entire city. The only decoration consisted of the famous children's pictures at Alexanderplatz. The total absence of propaganda was part of the program, something that was especially conspicuous in the city plans. The only thing that interested me as an architect, was how they managed to develop a completely new, and for the GDR, very unconventional, colorful and extremely rational street-furniture program. One could have built real arenas or grandstands out of them.

ir: One could perhaps say that the use of banners was minimized, but there were a few in public spaces. The official slogan of the 10th World Festival "For anti-imperialistic solidarity, peace and friendship" was displayed on billboards or stenciled cross buildings and pedestrian bridges.

wk: I really don't remember that. But even if that was so – the official parole for the festival was far away from the usual forms of propaganda that were posted in the GDR during that period.

ir: The design was omnipresent: five colors symbolically stood for the petals of the festival flower and were incorporated in the design of T-shirts, giant windmills and stands.

rl: Axel Bertram, the chief graphic artist at the Art Academy in Weißensee, was something like a super designer responsible for all of this. He designed the famous flower, which I recently discovered in my garden again when I wanted to repair the toilet. I removed the wallpaper and the wall behind it was completely decorated with these festival flowers – that's private archeology. The Art Academy Weißensee had a design department that followed the tradition of Bauhaus where a lot of applied art was produced. Among other things, it was their task to create an overall design for the festival.

wk: With the student collective there already was an established context of "young people". Young design. These were also the signals that were sent out.

ir: There were already initial signs of this at the World Festival in 1951, when people from the Design Academy Weißensee designed the scarves



for the festival. Like in 1973, they also had scarves you could buy.

wk: I found the graphic design of the World Festival very petite bourgeois. The spirals of the Olympics were much more intelligent because they created an abstract sign. I saw them attached to the lapels of Western suits as silver pins and was always fascinated by the great graphical construction. I never would have wanted to wear one of those funny buttons of the World Festival. They had these pale, washed-out colors...

jb: The Olympics took place in Munich a year before, and functioned as West Germany's opening up to the world, and also acted as a kind attempt to de-nazify the 1936 Berlin Olympic Games. Otl Aicher, who also worked for BMW and Lufthansa, created a consistent color design. There was also an international program with music from South Africa and South America, for example.

wk: You can assume that the visual outfit of the World Festival was indeed intended as a response and an answer to the Olympics.

New Recruits from the Left

jb: I can remember a photo with Jesse Jackson next to Arafat. The new political recruits were ready to start. They wanted to pursue something like a global international world politics. The appear-

ance of Arafat was certainly a provocation for the West – after the attacks on the Israeli sportsmen a year earlier in Munich.

wk: Sometime during these weeks, I was walking down Friedrichstraße, when suddenly a convoy of huge dark Volvo limousines stopped in front of the Metropol Theater with screeching tires. Then Arafat came out of the fourth automobile to meet Honecker in the Metropol Theater. One can maybe count Angela Davis as political folklore, but Arafat was already at the time a pretty important figure of political events and he performed real politics. I think the World Festival was of great international importance for the politics of the GDR.

My time as a student was full of pop; Che Guevara was also only an icon for me. What we actually read in terms of political theory was Marx, everything else surrounding that was only regarded as chic: no reason to hurry to Berlin on account of Angela Davis. Arafat was no longer considered a game, and did not become one of the common festival stories – these cars were real and the bodyguards would have really used their guns. It was a year after the assault on the Olympics in Munich, Arafat was a target.

fz: Arafat in the summer of 1973 – shortly afterwards, 'Black September' took place and thousands of Palestinians were killed in Jordan. And, Allende was overthrown soon afterwards, too... Politically it was a heated time.

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³ VII. WFS in Vienna 1959, VIII. WFS in Helsinki 1962, IX. WFS in Sofia 1968, XI. WFS in Havana 1978, XII. WFS in Moscow 1985, XIII. WFS in P'yongyang 1989, XIV. WFS in Havana 1995, XV. WFS in Algier 2001. The World Festivals were organized by the World Federation of Democratic Youth WFDY, and since 1951 also by the International Student Federation.

wk: Certainly a lot took place behind the scenes as well. I only wound up in a closed event once. There, however, everything was terribly stilted and bureaucratic, and there was really nothing at stake, it was purely representational.

International Issues

fz: How was the relationship between West and East Germans?

sh: Everyone talked with one another, and the Latin Americans were especially embraced. Next to the Algerian French and the communist Cypriots, the Palestinian Lebanese and the Arabian Israelis, they were closest to us. Nationally as well as internationally, they were not recognized, existences that fell between the cracks. I can remember an incredibly interesting discussion with people from India. They were surprised that we all spoke English and could communicate fluently...

The heated German-German discussions were held near the Marien Church. I communicated very well with the Cypriots. Coming from an ethnically split island, they showed solidarity with us divided Germans.

fz: How was it with the USA? We only know of Angela Davis. Did they also send delegates, did they make an impression on you?

sh: Laura Mingest or Ben Ramirez were also there, just like Mariella from Prague or a couple of wonderful hippies from Zakopane or Marseille. And the most imposing, non-conformist examples had names like Wilhelm and came from Kiel or Leipzig. I thought they came straight from the Colombian underground!

The Vietnamese were especially celebrated. I believe they were all war heroes. Totally enraptured, they explained using their hands and feet why they were the ones who were allowed to travel to Berlin – it mostly had to do with how many airplanes they gunned down, one of them brought down 50... The most popular souvenirs of the World Festival were aluminum rings made from American aircraft.

jb: Could foreign contract workers also attend the World Festival? Or apprentices and students who weren't born in the GDR? Did they also come and visit 'their' people?

wk: There weren't any foreign contract workers there at the time yet. In the second case it depended on the status of the country you came from. The students with whom I took classes

had very different opportunities in terms of freedom of movement. The Arabians for instance, the Iraqis and Jordanians, had a lot of freedom. The Palestinians too, although at the time they weren't allowed to be referred to as such. They and the Greeks were allowed to move about absolutely freely. In the case of the Vietnamese students, the Vietnamese embassy saw to it that they obediently stayed where they were supposed to. And in addition, they spoke German so poorly that they couldn't have traveled around the country that well.

jb: What does it mean for a country, in which the 10th World Festival was organized so intensively as an internationalistic festival, that today there are areas which neo-Nazis have declared "nationally liberated zones"?

wk: Hard to say. At school, socialist ideas – in terms of solidarity for example – were conveyed as stereotyped phrases, and they actually never reached anyone deep inside. It's now insinuated that the World Festival was an opportunity to experience this kind of solidarity on a personal level and make it real: just by meeting an African one has heard of all the time and has supported in a solidary way by writing letters, making flowers, etc. But in regard to the 'nationally liberated zones' – it's simply a different country now.

Internationalism

fz: Was internationalism a relevant concept for you at the time and what does it mean today?

wk: My concept of politics never dealt with the reality in the GDR, that was impossible. Anytime I reflected politically on something in the GDR it was always within a world-wide context. My internationalism was different than the one that played a role in official politics. The way it was dealt with there was in terms of giving instructions: one must show solidarity, donate and write letters. These were all symbolic gestures. At the same time, there were so many people that would have loved to have traveled to Cuba and help out during the sugar cane harvest. But that's not how far solidarity went. Instead, you should write letters and take care of your duties at home.

But of course you don't have to ask on whose side I am in regard to this issue. Vietnam, Grenada, Chile etc. – a couple of my anti-American reflexes can indeed be traced back.

fz: Internationalism is therefore anti-Americanism?

wk: The way I've experienced world history until now, a lot speaks in favor of the maxim: 'America's enemies could become my friends'.

fz: A Cuban friend of mine said: for us, internationalism was always sending off troops to somewhere.

wk: We always had to send trucks, sewing machines or sleeping bags to the regions in crisis; the Cubans didn't have anything but sugar. They sent contingents of 10,000 soldiers to Angola and Mozambique. I never understood how such a small country could spare so many people.

fz: For some, the question of internationalism is posed anew today.

jb: Internationalism was often initiated by the government. Now there's grassroots globalization in the form of globalization critique, which no longer only includes national liberation movements, but entails much more complex and also transnational alliances. Such an understanding has little to do with the internationalism of the 70s.

Travel/Freedom

sh: Even beforehand, I made contact with any foreigner who popped up in my little Saxon town of Gröditz. There was a large steel plant and many foreign students: Colombians, Angolans, Vietnamese were trained to become engineers. And when the Colombian went to visit a friend who was studying in Munich, he brought back books on Latin America for me. I needed these contacts to get my hands on literature. At the time, I intended to take up Latin American studies and then become a journalist. For my generation, the GDR was simply too small and absolutely unbearable without this perspective.

jb: How did other people endure it? Later, you were in Africa, but many never left the country. Didn't it make matters worse after one

experienced a hint of how things could be during the World Festival?

sh: From when I was 18 up to shortly before the end of the GDR, I was hardly in the GDR anymore. I was abroad for seven years. Many friends at least worked on the BAM (railway project Baikal-Amur-Magistrale) for a year, or they got to Mozambique via FDJ projects. There were various FDJ initiatives through which one could get out.

wk: You had to act in a flexible way, be inventive. Those who didn't succeed in that regard probably went to the West – many went to the West. That all really started in 1976.

Working on the oil pipe line "Friendship", or in German short "Trasse", was obviously meant as a romp, an outlet. There were so many people who wanted to go to the desert, the jungle, into the mud. They simply wanted the real thing, as an adventure. Siberia is all that remained. Tens of thousands of youths worked along the line. For the late GDR, this line was their myth of the Wild West. Films were shot on it and pop groups were sent 'to the front' for entertainment. There was almost one musician, actor or filmmaker for each worker. For this country it was like an adventure playground, a substitute world and a situation in which you could prove yourself. Of course we needed the gas, but that was no reason to organize such an enormous traveling circus.

ir: The same is true of hitchhiking, on a smaller scale. That was a very important thing in the 70s. Being on the road was important: feeling released, finally not having to think about any kind of border. Alexander Osang put that in a nutshell with his book *Lohn der Angst. Bulgarien sehen. Und sterben* (The reward for fear. See Bulgaria. And die.)

Short Set-Off

wk: One could have thought one was living in a closed system. But that wasn't true. You were constantly busy coming to terms with changes. No matter if they were true changes or just fake movements – there was at any rate a huge quest going on. This society muddled its way forward. And forward meant: toward openness. There was a concept of the future, which you thought you could grasp: in the future only prosperity and freedom of movement were waiting.

The opinion was that once Ulbricht died, Stalin's heritage would finally be over and done with. Then the more modern type of guy appeared, Erich Honecker, – and after all, he was from the West German state of Saarland. The World Festival promoted this idea. It's not that all this didn't leave a trace: afterwards, the local culture business made headway. Films were again produced, the press expanded. In the field of theater incredibly exciting things happened. There was a new generation, not only in the politburo but also in the field of culture, all the way up to the editorial departments.

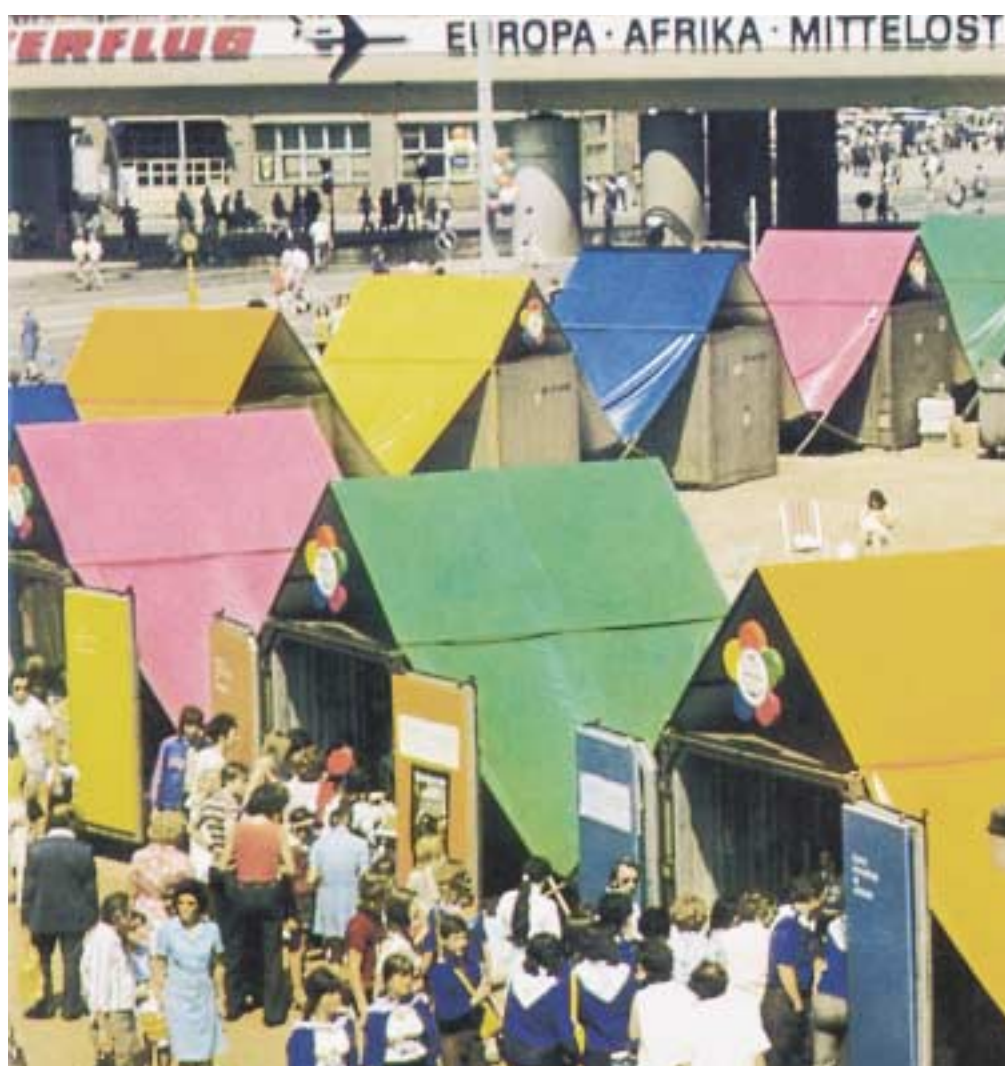
New debates were initiated. Although you did have the feeling that the exceptional situation, which the World Festival had created ended overnight, the progression was not stopped the way it was in 1968. It only ended in 1976, with the Biermann affair. East German society never recovered from that set-back.

sh: What remained were the youth clubs. They originated as festival clubs, through self-help and self-initiatives. At first they involved repairing and renovating, in the provinces as well. It was something autonomous. In this respect, the World Festival wasn't a deception – these clubs lived on afterwards.

Then Ulbricht died

sh: And then right in the middle of the World Festival Ulbricht died! And everyone thought the events would be cancelled. We were at the railroad station when the news reached us. Our FDJ and delegate leader said: now a minute of mourning! Up to this moment we were extremely tense in regard to whether this asshole would ruin everything for us.

wk: Friends who were in the army at this time told me that during the entire course of the festival no



one could take a leave. When the news broke that Ulbricht had died, the order was: "Mount!" because over night the

entire decoration would have had to have been removed. The next day, the city would have been entirely stripped and bare.

ir: But Ulbricht, kind-hearted like a grandfather, said on his death-bed: "Keep on celebrating!"

sh: Then there were announcements and greetings from Egon Krenz, the top dog of the national preparation committee. The gist of what he said was: we'll put him on ice for a week and no program points will be cancelled. Afterwards people said: 'hey, we're fans of Egon Krenz'.

In the end, we regarded it all as a gigantic experimental set-up. The issue was a single question: whether they would finally trust us young people. And we thought that the big shots would now show some understanding, with all those restrictions, and that finally a breakthrough would occur, real modernization. Maybe at the end of the day, one would be able to love one's little country... I was too young in 1968 – but what if socialism were even fun? And of course the question on everybody's mind was: what will the new guy do? Change the government? Replace the members?

wk: The change in power had long taken place already..

ir: I think they got rid of Ulbricht in 1971.

sh: The exercise in loosening-up clearly had Honecker's handwriting. The entire World Festival was an unbelievable, and for German conditions, surprisingly spontaneous embrace of other

peoples. And this beautiful and happy festival constantly scraped and crashed against the old, omnipresent demarcation and security syndrome of the state. At times, it was completely uncertain how things would turn out.

The Autumn of Euphoria

jb: But at one point, the exceptional state *X. World Festival of Youths and Students* changed?

wk: Overnight! Suddenly Alexanderplatz was swept clean. During the festival, the Weltzeituhr (clock showing times around the world) became a meeting point, it functioned like a live mail-box. From the very first evening on, people pasted messages all over the column. That was something we were unfamiliar with. It remained that way all week, and you got used to the sight. Then on the morning after, the column was scrubbed clean! Everything was cleaned – it was an unmistakable signal: now it's over!

ir: There's a nice text by Reiner Kunze, *Nachhall* (Lingering Echo), in which he describes precisely this phenomenon.

sh: In front of Hotel Berolina, where I met my darling every evening, I was warned: now it's over. I was angry. At the final rally I approached my social studies teacher and cried. She took me in her arms. She had the same perception: the time of utopia was over.

I was at this hotel every evening, kissing an economics student from Mexico – we greeted those gray guys who were supposed to be watching out! He was an official member of the international preparation committee and part of the

folklore jury. The whole time it was clear that I belonged to one of the guests – but starting today it's unfortunately over. Mail never arrived, the correspondence was cut off.

fz: Actively cut off?

ir: I can't imagine that our correspondence just petered out by itself. One of the women I interviewed got to know an Indian. She planned to travel to Calcutta, but the contact at one point simply stopped, no more letters arrived. Today, it can't be established whether he stopped writing or if the letters were intercepted.

One East Berliner got to know a Juso member. They sent each other material, books and other things. He said he once found a hand-written note from the State Security in his envelope.

Too Young to be a Hippie

rl: During that time, our American relatives visited us. It was the summer in which I discovered pop music. I was ten years old and received a loud cassette player from my uncle as a present for the Jugendweihe (GDR ceremony in which fourteen-year-olds are given adult social status). The visit of the Americans that summer, the festival, the music...

They were just visiting us, it had nothing to do with the World Festival. I carried a guitar around without knowing how to play it. I walked around all day with this guitar acting as if I was a musician. I can remember the atmosphere: a lot of people sat around and everything was lively. I also remember that a lot of people of color were there, something which was also

unusual for Berlin.

jb: Later on you were a punk? Did you write off the World Festival as belonging to the age of the hippies?

rl: It was too far back to get aggravated by the World Festival afterwards as a punk. As opposed to this bohemian scene, the punk scene no longer had any idea that the GDR could be worth a thing. It was really a kind of parallel world that this scene had created – also a very political one. But it was more nihilistic, you weren't interested in the state, you preferred doing your own thing.

jb: One hung around on the streets again?

rl: There were two places we met. One was Alexanderplatz, there were beerhouses down inside the television tower. Then there were sausage stands up front on the side of the television tower. That's where we met. Then the punks were driven away from Alexanderplatz. They then all went to the Kulturhaus Treptow because there were no other spaces, no clubs. The first punk concert I saw was at the Yugoslav embassy, where a couple of ambassador's sons acted like punks.

But that episode was soon over, it lasted two months. My brother Robert, a punk rocker, was picked up on Alexanderplatz and led to a room where he was interrogated. He was photographed and my parents were informed. The police wanted to know where he was headed to, whom he wanted to meet, why he walked around dressed up like that and who his friends were... He was then prohibited from accessing Alexanderplatz.



(as if) beauty never ends, Jayce Salloum © 2002 (4)

LUNCH IN THE ASHES

"Lunch In The Ashes" is a composite of four individual works by the artists Maria Thereza Alves (Berlin), Madhusree Dutta (Bombay), Jayce Salloum (Vancouver) and Shelly Silver (New York City).

The idea to invite these artists, whose works are generally not created in a German context, originated from their joint projects and long-standing friendships. The artists deal with the concepts of internationalism, borders and utopia. Accompanied by six months of email communication, these videos were produced, and weave a network of subjective, site-specific and political thoughts: to have lunch in the ashes of grand utopian promises.

(AS IF) BEAUTY NEVER ENDS

Jayce Salloum

my thoughts fly through the air
like an eagle wings soaring high above
i am faster than a speeding bullet, more powerful
than a locomotive,
i am able to leap tall buildings in a single bound
i die
i restoreth my soul
you rule over me and i will have nothing to do
with it,
your are not my master, nor my slave
stealing visions
mixing blood
breaking nation
hope springs eternal
no borders are free,
those within our own minds are even more
dangerous
separating us
islands stitched together
perishing thought
sanctioned dreams
it is another sickening time we are in. as if it ever
ends.

What is it that makes you want to run out and grab a gun, a bomb, a tank, a plane and blow the world to bits? It is not a lack of memory or a misplaced notion of history, it is because the

body doesn't forget the experiences it has gone through. It feels the wounds you carry, of you, your family and friends.

The fascist leaders, robber barons, and their cronies – large and small – steal our lives. They destroy our livelihood, demolish our homes, decimate and humiliate us at every turn and are deceptive in their lies and arbitrary in their infliction.

Nobody cares about facts, about what actually happened: who exiled whom, who took over what, and what is being said about it. Those in power act only in their own interests, there is no surprise in that. Why then do their repressed subjects follow their lead.

Beauty still needs a place. The corpses with their rotting flesh remind us of the massacres; why we forget those carcasses and the lives that were once lived, why we savor their loss and the revisionist history that is imposed and consumed: sheeplike, lapped up, and swallowed. Dystopia reigns supreme coveting the threads of hope that we keep intact. The disgusting contemptible rhetoric of peace plans and unfulfilled resolutions are enforced when will colludes with private interest. The visible body cuts; in space we seek escape. We are living and dying in another sickening time, as if it never ends.



X. World Festival of Youth and Students, 1973

A YEAR LATER

Maria Thereza Alves

Red, Yellow and Blue divide the world in the map of the socialist system in a textbook for DDR high school students in 1974.

Brazil is blue and, as is almost all the Americas, capitalist – except for Cuba, which is in Red.

1974 was not a good year in Brazil, but it was the year my family returned for the first time since we immigrated to the USA in 1968. That first year in the US, my parents took me to Central Park in New York City in my new Easter outfit: blue skirt, blue shirt and blue balloon. There were some hippies under the trees. As she pointed them out, my mother said I would become like them if I was not a good girl. I wanted to join them and live under the trees, but realized they would probably not welcome someone in a blue Easter outfit with a matching balloon.

To celebrate the return to Brazil, my cousins and I went to a party. We could not simultaneously come into the house since more than 4 people together was illegal and constituted a threat to the state. Under a portrait of Che, music was played low and we spoke softly. Later, Zeco, a cousin, gave me a mimeographed pamphlet of the Communist Party of Brazil. He said I should read it and pass it on or hide it. He said that if I was caught I was not to say that he had given it to me. He was seventeen and I was thirteen.

In 1974, General Ernesto Geisel, the son of German parents, became the new dictator of Brazil and purchased Brazil's first, and unnecessary, nuclear power plants - from the FRD.

In the DDR book, There is a picture of a group of young people sitting. One is playing the guitar and they are having a smiling exchange with a police officer. (This book has lots of photos of young people smiling.) Around a fire at the beach one night, my cousins and I were gathered and were singing. A young man crashed into our group, leaped over the fire and ran into the dark of the rainforest just behind us. Two policemen followed and asked my eldest cousin if we had seen anyone come by. Piu, without stopping the rifts on the guitar, said that no one had. Later, we went to a Rita Lee rock concert. We filed into the small auditorium, sat down and quietly waited. Around us on every inch of wall, soldiers stood with pointed rifle and bayonets. Rita Lee was arrested.

They say that 1974 was a year of transition - when the worst of the military dictatorship was past us - they say.

Domingos, today a fellow co-founder of the Green Party of Brazil, (back then a guerrilla from Rio, who had been exchanged for a kidnapped FRD ambassador) said, "you still could not speak, you still could not hear."

first time as separate and outside of the family structure. I found myself different, but not different enough. One image sticks in my mind: it is late at night. I am lying on a beach on Prince Edwards Island, after throwing up from drinking too much. My head is in the lap of the group leader, she is slowly stroking my hair. Still nauseous, I look up at the full moon and then my eyes move longingly to a boat moving elegantly on the horizon. Where was it going to? Did it sail every night?

There was nothing utopian about this messy, ambivalent and searching summer. Politics, equality, solidarity or friendship on a larger scale than that of a small dysfunctional group, do not enter into my memories, although this group of flannel-shirted, all white, all middle to upper middle class kids must certainly have had heated self-righteous discussions on the state of the world.

Perhaps this was the first summer I realized that even if one leaves one's present conditions, one isn't born anew; shiny, naked and free. I wouldn't go so far as to say I experienced a shattering of a utopian dream during those six weeks, I never would have thought of it that way. But it was my first summer of not only experiencing the desire for life to be otherwise, but taking an active move to do something about it. Was this desire fulfilled by physically getting away? No. Getting away requires much more than a physical movement.

And so the above, finally can be classified as a sort of story, but I am not satisfied. My personal experiences don't take me very far. My mind strays elsewhere. My mind again grabs for this word utopia and searches elsewhere.

The first use of the word utopia, according to my Oxford English Dictionary anyway, was in 1516 by Sir Thomas Moore, referring to an imaginary island which enjoys a perfect social, legal and political system. From this I set aside the words *imaginary*, *perfect* and *island*. Small pebbles put on the sand of my remembered beach.

For Moore then, a Utopia hinges on the leap, the imagining that things could be otherwise. But the otherwise is not just any otherwise. It is perfect. And separate. A place that is self-contained, surrounded by something else, something other. Victor Hugo offers up an interesting, though less happy view of Utopian and perfection:

"Our life dreams the Utopia. Our death achieves the Ideal."

Is (a search for) perfection always tied up with a longing for death? I think to the unspoken Utopias of religion, as well as their obsessions with opposing absolutes: good and evil. Heaven and hell. I think how well-tailored, how effective absolutes in general are to manipulate others, to make them, either through desire or fear... believe. The fear of, the attraction to this place of unexperienced perfection and death.

And then I find this quote by Emma Goldman: "Every daring attempt to make a great change in existing conditions, every lofty vision of new possibilities for the human race, has been labeled Utopian."

She implies that labelling something "Utopian" is equivalent to writing it off. A way to discredit and diffuse a desire for change, difference and possibility. More specific historically, an easy way for the status quo to write off uncomfortable ideas of social change. The word becoming an unspoken equivalent to impossible, unreachable and naïve.

I most often think in the conditional, my attractions run more to the muddy than the absolute, which gets me into trouble both with organized political and religious groups. It does not increase my direct effectiveness politically either, which is why I think I am most comfortable in making what can ambivalently be called art. This is not to say that I don't believe in, or don't want to fight for change – I do believe in unbelievable, unthinkable change. Because I have seen, have lived through such change already. It exists. It has happened. In small and huge ways that touch my life directly and often indirectly, through the cushion of American...

So, I continue searching, perhaps goofing off. I have no access to East Germany in the summer of 1973, so I try once again to move closer to my country, something of my experience and home. I find a poem in a magazine. It is not about a perfect social, legal or political system, it is about rhythm and blues. A kind of music I listened to a lot in 1973. The poem is called *The Encyclopedia of Rhythm and Blues* and it is by Anthony Walton. The last few lines go like this:

as if a song had wings
extended into flight and feathers of shelter –
as if true love and its fraternal twin, the blues,
possessed equally the powers of devotion
and redemption, as if the one true heaven
were standing around the corner, laughing
drunk, and locked with lust and abandon
into the ever-loving arms of the mortal world.

This is not a political poem, and perhaps I should be faulted for not dealing with the rest of Sir Thomas Moore's definition of Utopia, which refers to enjoying a perfect social, legal and political system. But this didn't really enter into my youthful summer of 1973, which anyway was marked by infighting, cliques and petty jealousies as well as wild celebratory nights full of confidences and intimacies. The overwhelming feeling that we want to do...something. That we can – we can at least try.

Moore's island is just plain not the image that I have in my brain right now, maybe never. Right now it is this picture from the poem of "the one true heaven... laughing drunk." I think to this "one true heaven" and certainly the combination of words relate somehow to Moore's island. But instead of being separate and perfect, it can be found cohorting messily, like a friendly drunk who can still stand and fuck and tell a good joke, with the mortal world - my world. Lusting and loved.

DOES THIS SHIP SAIL NIGHTLY?

Utopia and the summer of 1973

Shelly Silver

I talked this afternoon, with a friend visiting from Poland, about the Festival of Socialist Youth in the GDR in 1973. She, as people will, took off in her own direction. This whole "experiment" she stated, the "socialist experiment" started after World War II, as an arrangement between postwar governments. Who took part in the experiment was arbitrary. The division of Europe was made (as only politicians can) as if by a ruler, with no concern for the countries, the cultures or the people. And this eastern part was 'sold' to the Soviets, as she put it, to pay for 40 years of peace in Western Europe. Of course in this kind of experiment, the residents, the "lab rabbits" were not asked - one gave one's life to take part, without consent. You can see this festival, she finally explained, as a kind of propoganda, both for the outside world, as well as to mollify the restless youth of the East. It was easy, and perhaps still is, for certain Western activists' desires to be projected onto this festival, as well as these countries, without sufficient knowledge of what was in fact occurring there, which she described as ugly and bleak.

I am assuming that she's talking more about her own experiences in 1973 in Poland. Poland being closer to East Germany than the United

States, I found myself listening to her, and here retelling what she said although she wasn't in East Germany and did not attend the festival. I can't talk about this festival myself; I was far away at the time, living a very different life. If I try to circle closer - to find some way to narrow into an experience I personally can relate to, I finally rest on two things; the date, the summer of 1973, and the word "Utopia".

I was alive in 1973. I was a long-haired teenager, in some ways younger than I acted, in other ways older than I am now. Did my thoughts drift toward utopia? The word utopia rests on the table. I pick it up. Examine it from several angles. Cut myself on a jagged edge. Ouch! It is the summer of 1973.

I would like to tell a coherent story, but I (worry that I) have no real story to tell. Perhaps my mind blocks out the specifics of the summer of 1973, when I was fifteen. Wanting (which is an insufficient word to describe how I was feeling) to get away from my family, I painstakingly saved up money from an assortment of low paying jobs - housecleaning, waitressing, babysitting - to pay for a six-week bicycle trip to Canada.

It was a summer of experimenting with freedom and sex and the surprise of seeing myself for the



Shelly Silver and friends: Nova Scotia, July 1973

UTOPIA: 1973

Madhusree Dutta

1973. I was a student in a south Asian country – India. Well, in those days, as neighbors with the Afghans, we were not so remote from the rest of the world.

In 1973 I did not know the word utopia, nobody around me knew it either. Neither its birth nor eventual death registered in my world. Is it an English word? German or French? Well, it is definitely a word/culture born out of European reality. During the Second World War, my country was fighting for its independence from the British. The main protagonist of the independence struggle, Mr. Gandhi's National Congress, was a party with clear nationalist agenda. They refused to be in opposition to Germany as British was their main and only enemy. The Communist party of India gave a call to help the British to fight fascism. They were dubbed anti-nationalist, a blow they have never recovered from. The National congress ruled democratic India for next fifty years with a gap of only 18 months.

Were the communists suffering from utopia? The popular taunt used against them was: if it rains in east Europe, they would open an umbrella here.

1973 witnessed a magnificent workers' strike of the Railways, arguably the largest railway network in the world. The leader, a socialist who became a folk hero was my first ideological idol. He presently occupies the post of defense minister in the xenophobic government of India, and every morning, he issues fresh nuclear threats to the neighbouring countries. It is definitely far more severe than finding the clay feet of the idol.

1975. We learned the word Fascism. Mrs. Indira Gandhi, the then prime minister, announced a state of emergency and suspended all of the constitutional rights of its citizens. Intellectuals, artists, students, and academics were arrested and often massacred within the jail cells. The daring ones within the students' community, gathered around dump basements in humid Calcutta: Soviet style study classes were on. Comrade! Some stranger was asking for a bottle of water. Oh! That is how they address each other all over the world. We learned to sing the "International," both in English and Bengali. Some advanced comrades could even sing the Russian version. The other fraction of the student movement wrote on the brick wall, in blood red ink: The chairman of China is our chairman. We fought a severe battle in the college canteen – China or Russia. Friendships



and relationships were made and broken over this issue. The day before the final exam, my best friend refused to share her lecture notes with me; she did not want to help a class enemy like me. I was known to be soft towards the Soviets, if for nothing else, then for their literary giants. In short, we all thought we belonged.

2001, 21st June. I was sitting in a café in St. Petersburg, Russia. Attending the Message to Man International Film Festival. My documentary film, as usual, ran in a semi-empty auditorium the previous day. But, that day the hall was packed. The police was controlling a huge crowd outside the auditorium. Leni Riefenstahl was to be honored by the festival authority that evening. The whole of St. Petersburg wanted a glimpse of the legend.

Confused, I wondered whether or not, I am in a lifelong jet lag. I picked up a tabloid, one of the very few English readables available in St. Petersburg (the former Leningrad). It was full of tidbits about Hitler's seize of Leningrad in 1942. The city was preparing for the anniversary next day!

One gossip column made a statement that countered the general belief that Stalin was so heart broken over Hitler's betrayal and attack on Leningrad that he could not function for a week, which had led to Hitler's pivotal advance into the city. But the Kremlin visitors' book, only recently made available, continues the report, and showed that Stalin did attend to his routine appointments on that morning. Well, so the whole narrative is now reduced to whether one short-big man was heart broken by the errant behaviour of another short-big man or not!

Utopia died. But, did I ever belong to the narrative of utopia, or is my sense of belonging to the culture of utopia itself, the biggest utopia. The party may be over, but I was not even invited to start with.

Where do I reside?
Just about next to the Afghans –
Oh! Please listen to me, we are also into nukes
And whole of my youth
I tried to stitch a shirt like yours
Utopia, you have named the brand/
was it b/w or colours?

GAMES WITHOUT FRONTIERS

Possible beginnings for a common catalogue

Merle Kröger

"I was sixteen years old", the woman tells me on the phone, "of course it was a unique event. It was the only moment of multiculturalism I can remember. I was euphoric and I thought everything would change." She tells me that it is her first day at the national television archive of Germany. Maybe that is the reason that she is so nice. She is talking about Germany, 1973. It was a hot summer, even behind the Iron Curtain in Berlin, capital of the GDR.

I was six years old and I probably spent most of the summer at the lake, up north, on the other side of the wall. Maybe it was the summer, when my mother was a member of the local "games without frontiers" team. They had to practice canoing in ridiculous Red Indian costumes for months. I felt ashamed because she was only pretending. I was a Red Indian. Of course they lost the game and the whole nation watched it on TV.

Later, I learned that there was another Germany. Later I went to East Berlin with my school and the history teacher said to us: "don't look into their eyes and don't throw your Western money on the floor." Later I traveled through South America and wrote long letters to East Berlin from places, which I thought they'd never see. Later my best friend from East Berlin called me from Venezuela at 4a.m. to tell me that he was there too. The wall had come down.

I flip through the photos from the World Youth Festival in East Berlin, 1973. Teenagers from all over the world form a pattern on the grass. Their fists were raised up to the blue sky. They seem ready to act. Is it possible to create a state ruled utopia? They remind me of my mother in the Red Indian costume. Internationalism became

fashionable. Thousands of girls in the GDR wore the Afro hairdo of Angela Davis. "We invited them to our houses and we were invited to go all over the world", the woman on the phone said. "But", I wanted to ask, "you knew that you'd never go there" – but I didn't. Maybe it was just the idea to go that was so strong. The idea.

I was a Red Indian. I suffered. I fought the white imperialists. I died. It was just the idea of solidarity as there probably had never been a single Native American in Northern Germany in the hot summer of 1973.

Maybe it was that idea that grew beyond all the official political statements: "solidarity with the national independent movements of Asia and Africa, with the Palestinian folk and the communist youth of Chile!" I look into the faces of the Chilean delegation. Their idea has become a vulnerable fragile reality. Two months later, on September 11th, 1973, it was destroyed.

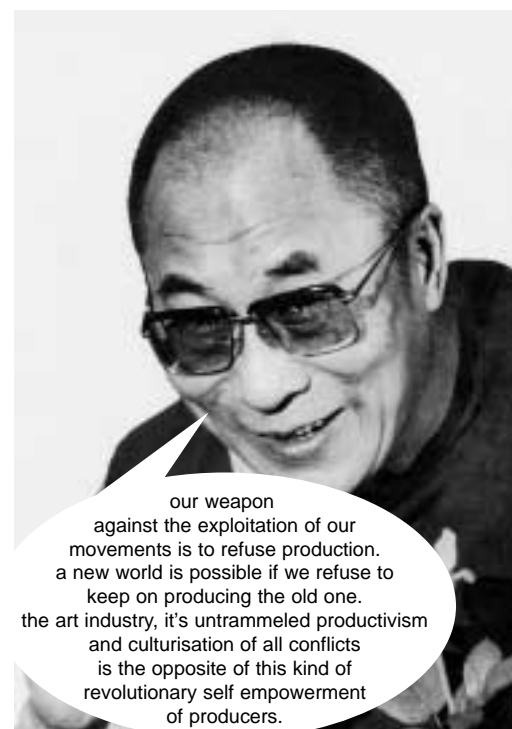
Today, almost thirty years later, we haven't come closer to understanding the idea. National movements have become suspicious for the "national aspect" of their fight. How to criticize globalization without the tools of the nation, the ethnic, the retreat on "natural" boundaries of culture, religion, belonging? Hybrid identities are created by intellectual elites who share the same educational and class standards all over the world.

I am not saying that utopias should never become reality. But, in terms of internationalism, it is not so much the attainable aspect of it that interests me as it is the web of personal, biographical and radically subjective ideas; the idea of an image, the idea of a song, the idea of a movement.



THE FAMILY

Christine Lohr und P.Pêche



*respect to LL knarf rellöm

PROGRAM OBSERVATION

Excerpts from an interview with Ina Alvermann, Berlin, June 7th 2002



For thirty years, Ina Alvermann was a film editor for East German television, working mainly in the cultural field. In 1973 she made the documentary film “Die kämpfende Graphik” (Graphic Arts in Conflict), with her husband Dirk Alvermann as writer and director. The film took its point of departure from an exhibition held during the World Festival, and followed artists from various countries as they returned home. The German Radio Archives now list “Die kämpfende Graphik” as missing. It was probably lost some time during or after the dissolution of East Germany. Ina Alvermann (ia) lives as a freelance film editor in Prenzlauer Berg, Berlin. The interviewers were Philip Scheffner (ps) and Merle Kröger (mk).

ps: What was so special about the World Festival in 1973?

ia: The mood at this time was unbelievable, something like the current mood for the English queen's jubilee. The city was incredibly colorful, it came alive! A huge, colorful commotion, where people came together with the same idea: to meet for the sake of world peace, and to do everything possible for a world where there would never again be war or destruction. For me, it really was a “world festival.”

There had already been one World Festival of Youth in Berlin when I was a child, in 1953. We lived in Hellersdorf with my grandmother, and some of the participants came and slept on the floor. There was a real hullabaloo! Hellersdorf is only about ten minutes from here by car, but it's already a bit rustic and provincial. And suddenly it came alive! I was still only a child, and my mother cooked for them. And I still remember as if it were today how they all laid there on hay sacks in their blue FDJ (Free German Youth) shirts. And the weather always seemed wonderful. It was so lovely!

mk: How did you feel personally about this time, 1973, and the climate in East Germany?

ia: I finished studying in 1966/1967, and 1973 was a very good time for me professionally speaking. I was just starting to work for a cultural magazine program on television. The atmosphere was very relaxed, easy-going and pleasant, the working atmosphere too. I can remember that there were very frank discussions and that even official reviews of our work were pleasant.

mk: How did you get the idea of making a film about the World Festival?

ia: It was partly because the cultural magazine naturally wanted to cover the World Festival. And then Dirk and one of the editors had the idea of going further, of taking the World Festival as a framework, but then going further out into the world – into the Eastern bloc.

At the time, there was an exhibition in the Altes Museum called “Die kämpfende Graphik.” Dirk wanted to take that as a starting point – to talk to artists who had exhibited, to meet them here and then travel to their countries: Hungary, Czechoslovakia, Poland, Rumania, the Soviet Union.

And, although I don't think it was what was originally intended, we went quite deep into the prevailing situation, and captured a lot about these artists on film. And when I look back, it's a shame we no longer have the interviews. There was not a single interview that we had to leave out because it was negative, not at all. You could simply sense so much joie de vivre and so much global commitment on a small and large scale coming from the artists, but also from everyone else we spoke with.

mk: Do you still remember people who were featured in the film?

ia: I'm afraid I don't remember much about the ones that were photographed on the spot. We discussed things briefly, and then they were ready to give interviews. But when we went to the various countries, I have vivid memories of the artists there. There was the Hungarian, Imre Varga – the film shows his Lenin memorial, which stands on a flight of steps in a park quite a long way away from Budapest. It's really fantastic! It looks as if Lenin is really going down the steps with his cap on, that flat cap of his. It was autumn at the time, the leaves were falling, and someone was sweeping the monument, sweeping away the leaves – it was magical. Then there was Nazarenko, a Russian woman. While Dirk was there in Russia, which is known for its hospitality – you have to drink all the time – he told his camera assistant: “Look after me! Whenever “sto gramm” (100 g) of vodka is on the table, put some water in it, OK?” And it was just as well, because otherwise he probably wouldn't have survived it all so well.

The Rumanian, Marcel Kirnoaga, had put up lovely wooden sculptures in his city – I still remember him well.

And then there was a wonderful monument by a Pole in Treblinka – it consisted of large stones standing for the countries, for the victims from those countries. The cameraman was so moved, he went through the whole labyrinth filming it, and we soon decided to use it for the beginning.

mk: And how was the official inspection of your film?

ia: We had a strange experience with our boss, whom I liked a lot. Actually, he was a victim of his training in the Soviet Union; he came back, and was pretty difficult as head of culture. Anyway, just at the moment when the cameraman zoomed in on the stone for the Soviet Union, something happened with the camera. I tried to make up for it with a freeze frame. But the boss asked us: “Why isn't there a clean zoom on the Soviet Union, that's out of the question, it's just not on!”

The first roll was ready, and we knew the broadcast was to be in two days' time – in those days a film was still broadcast, splices and all. And then he comes, looks at the first roll, is horrified and says: “The film probably won't be broadcast.” He said he couldn't take it out of the schedule any more, but he was horrified by the film.

We knew we had to hold out for two days and two nights. Our motivation was of course pretty well spent, but we kept encouraging one another, and saying: “That can't be true, we can't be as wrong as that!”

mk: What do you think was the reason for his rejection?

ia: I think the film was too much on the light side; it was simply embedded in the cheerful atmosphere induced everywhere by this event in Berlin; it was just a happy time! And the film wasn't at all heavy. In our view it didn't aim to put across any specific message.

mk: And what happened after it was broadcast?

ia: Then the time came for the broadcast, and we were really shattered; our boss didn't want to talk with us anymore. Our film was shown, and then we said, “Let's ring up the program observer.”

ps: What's a program observer?

ia: Every day, at least two people would sit in a room watching the schedule from morning till night. They had to write assessments of particular programs: whether they are good or not, and why. These were sent to the editors as feedback that's used to structure the schedule. I don't think it's such a bad institution. We cutters had to do it too. Every four to six weeks we had to do a day of program observing.

So I rang up and said, “Can we come over, have you just had a look at the film?” – we were very dejected. “Yes, was it you who made the film? Come on over.” We got there looking a bit sheepish. You've done all that work and you've become a bit partial to your work, then you sit

there and think: “My God, are we completely stupid?” And then they said: “We're just writing!” They were so enthusiastic; they said they'd never seen anything like it. And we thought: “What now?” And the end of the story is that we received an award two days later, the Silver Laurel. But we couldn't be pleased about it any more. It's strange: you know what you have done and think you can't be all that wrong, but when you do get some recognition after such a lambasting, it's hard to cope with it.

mk: What do you say to the fact that the film has gone missing?

ia: I simply can't believe it. But it is possible that people who couldn't stand us – in the last years we had a lot of problems in the culture department – simply stored it under a different name so it can't be found. I thought it would definitely turn up.

Those of us who made the films should have reacted better. When we found out it was coming under the hammer, we should have taken it with us. But we only know that after the event! Back then, we thought: “No, you can't do that, it belongs in the archive, it isn't yours.” We simply put a different value on the films, and thought they would stay there and not disappear.

ps: What does internationalism mean to you today?

ia: I associate internationalism with being a human being in the first place. When I see everything that's happening in the world, I think I am totally naive. Or when I look at the news, which I have given up doing because it really only hurts me, disturbs me and makes me really frightened. I think it's important to revive internationalism. When I see what's happening in this regard in Germany, I have a feeling that it's being lost a little. The Germans are not really capable of it, because if we can't live together in a confined space ourselves, how is it meant to work in the rest of the world, and how can you actually believe in an idea called peace? I barely dare use this word anymore because it's so fraught! But I think it still exists where I do something or can do something as a film, or as an idea, or as a story or as a song!

When I listen to music, like Ernst Busch, for example who really conveys a lot about what internationalism is and means, I simply feel the power. And when I'm with people who have similar thoughts, I feel this could be a very great source of power, but that it's totally fragmented. In former East Germany, we used to say everyone needed their own niche – I think we need them much more today! Nowadays we live surrounded and ruled by capital; there's so little room for quiet stories, calm ones, just listening, just talking with people.

If you talk with people from other cultures, you have to be able to listen much more closely than with those who as a whole understand one another in the whole breadth of what surrounds us.



Political slogans often develop strange careers in Germany. While the odd metaphor “Fortress Europe” has long lost any remnants of a radical leftist connotation and has become a common migration politics term used even by conservative politicians, in a genealogical respect, the related slogan “open borders for all” ekes out a much less glamorous existence.



Refugee camp near Sangatte/Calais: the refugees live in tents and containers. The camp will supposedly be closed at the end of 2003.



View on the entrance of the Euro Tunnel to Great Britain (far back) and security barriers (guards, military police, electrified fences and NATO wire).

The demand for “open borders”, which until recently was even prominently included in the Greens’ party program, was gradually articulated as early as the mid-eighties under the slogan “For free flowing”. The outrage caused by the death of Cemal Altun in September 1983, triggered a wide debate. Cemal escaped through death by jumping out of the window of a German government building before the authorities – in the best spirit of anticommunist solidarity – could hand him back to the henchmen of the Turkish regime. It was surprising, though, that the demand for “open borders” voiced after this incident was not made from a viewpoint of emphatic “identification with the symptom of exclusion” i.e., the “subjective” reproduction interests of the existence (or the sheer survival) of migrants. It was instead, based on the anti-imperialistic or internationalistic based “objective” analysis of the exploitative relations between the metropolitan and the “Trikont” (Africa, Asia and Latin America).

This is not only to be understood as a provocation. In the debates on asylum rights and on the concept of the refugee as they occurred in Germany in the 1990s, advocating for the “right of residency for all” and “open borders” was a radical counterpoint to the mainstream – the renationalization of discourses, also within the left – and to the restrictions on pan-European migration and border regimes. The privileges of the metropolises and their citizens vis-à-vis the “rest” – the people immigrating from there – were thus radically questioned. In this manner, a discussion about the current international structure and legitimization of exploitation could, at least to some extent, be initiated. It was not, however, able to suppress the silence in regard to one’s own racist involvement.

At the beginning of the 90s, the increase in racist assaults and the spread of a nationalistic mood in Germany gradually strengthened the anti-racist political scene, this simultaneously marked the birth of a defensive division of labor with all of its odd side effects, (e.g., making the identity-political disposition of the left taboo in Germany). With the de facto abolition of the asylum law in 1993, circumstances changed; the state was again able to gain complete power over the definition of who is or who is not considered a refugee. The end of the liberal effort to handle asylum rights also put an end to the pivotal importance it held for migration processes and migrants. The mobilization of the left, and the liberal public, was aimed at defending the right to seek asylum. In combination with the “open borders for all” goal, a fissure developed between the demand’s radicalism and the actual defensiveness of a politics that could not be sustained in everyday life. Therefore, the slogan “open borders” outlived the conditions against which it

was aggressively directed. In its career as a normative yardstick for radical leftist political correctness, as a residue of an imaginary radical opposition, it from then on secured a relationship of immaculate exteriority to the powers it attempted to attack. Public campaigns demanding the “right of residency” were usually only effective in cases of extradition to particularly bad countries. Seen on a global level, migration was primarily understood as duress. Migrants were viewed as victims of globalization, and the neo-totalitarian sealing off of Europe’s borders – in combination with the “fortress metaphor” – was overemphasized.

Polysemy of the border regime

Borders cannot be understood as perforated walls surrounding territories of nation-states. Meanwhile, a lot has been said and written about the productivity and diverse functions of borders. Border regime does not merely designate the formal or informal mechanisms that countries develop to seal off their borders against migrants and refugees. A study of the German-Polish border conducted by the “Forschungsgesellschaft Flucht und Migration” in cooperation with the Polish Central Committee in Berlin, revealed how the border police and the criminal prosecution authorities have fallen back on the active help of the population living along the border during search operations. So-called citizen telephones and contact officials of the Federal Border Police Force, municipal round tables held by the border police and state police with local Chambers of Commerce, Municipal Public Affairs Offices and local Traffic Offices, and the integration of car rental firms and taxi drivers¹ are all now a fundamental part of operative border searches. “On the one hand, an increasing stigmatization of refugees as illegal and criminal can be observed, on the other, a growing union and esprit de corps among authorities and parts of the population.”²

Borders thus organize a topography of polycentric degrees of intensity controlling dangerous places. The borders have been expanded by the so-called border zone, which is legally determined by a width of 30 kilometers. For refugees seeking to cross the border this implies that their rights are restricted or abolished within this zone, because here they hardly have a chance to apply for asylum and are in danger of being immediately extradited to the neighboring country.³

The strategic combination of “legally empowering” those living along the border, and the “deprivation of rights” of migrants leads to numerous racist attacks in these regions. The “climate of suspicion” prevalent in these areas is not due to crime factors, but simply because of suspected

migration based on phenotypic criteria. All residents along the border can participate. The border is thus socially re-invented in everyday processes as in the Schengen outer border. In the eyes of these residents, refugees are transformed into illegal and criminal persons.

This is a phenomenon that could be observed in German cities especially after the attacks on September 11, 2001, in New York and Washington. The Sikh community in Frankfurt, for instance, had to struggle against the population’s increased willingness to denounce. In a district of Frankfurt, a “lead from the public” resulted in a helicopter chase after “men with turbans” and ended with the extradition of about 30 persons to India. In addition, the police attempted to exert extreme pressure on the Sikh community itself: it belongs to their religious statutes that people are offered food and shelter. Now an attempt is being made to force them to check the documents of visitors to their temples and, if necessary, hand persons without legal documents over to the police. The reach of the border regime is multiplied tenfold through the cooperation between employment offices and the border police during raids to “uncover illegal employment of foreigners”, e.g. on construction sites, and identity checks performed “independent of suspicion” in railroad stations and airports. A deterritorialization of borders in this sense can not only be discerned within the border zone’s expansion to 30 kilometers and along the railroad and highway networks, but borders traverse the national territory itself via the integration of the population and the presumptuousness towards communities, as is the case with the Sikh community in Frankfurt.

Interesting enough, though, a border is not a border. Borders neither have a consistent meaning nor do they address the same people. The examination of the Schengen outer border in the project mentioned above, revealed that on both sides different “border experiences” occur. In the Czech Republic and in Poland, there is no equivalent of this social development. Although in technical and legal terms a similar border regime was installed, the population acts differently. In interviews conducted along the Polish-German border, many emphasized the experiences they had with work and travel in the former GDR, in the old Federal Republic and in other countries. They say they know Europe and also belong to Europe. Transient refugees and people from the CIS who have small businesses along the Schengen border are not considered a threat. The border is possibly much less significant for them, because their horizon of life and experience, and their opportunities on the labor market extend into the EU: “The message conveyed by these people is that borders can indeed be crossed even if it involves life-threatening risks.”⁴

Autonomy of migration

That borders can be crossed, despite the repressive migration and border regime, is also the basis of Yann Moulrier Boutang’s reflections. He calls this movement the autonomy of migration. In this case it means that immigration – historically seen – could not be directly influenced by government policies. The politics of sealing off and regulating, such as that of the German government for example, can thus be answered with an argument that is not purely defensive. In an interview from 1993, Yann Moulrier Boutang pointed out that there is a “subjective factor,” which must be taken very seriously, influencing whether migrants leave or remain. This factor cannot be controlled by regulatory measures of the state: “That is apparently hard to understand, but important all the same; even if myriads of experts and officials and government and international facilities deal with emigration, they have no idea of this [...] autonomy of the migration streams. Instead, they believe all interrelated factors and phenomena can be attributed to the economic policy and are thus only the objects of administrative regulation. Of course in this approach the objectivity of politics and especially economic politics is overestimated in a grotesque way. That emigration possesses its own dynamics is disregarded. Emigration can be counteracted with repressive means, the return of immigrants to their countries of origin can be “promoted”, but the flows cannot be opened and shut according to a program or at one’s discretion.”⁵

Interpreted in this way, the law on immigration recently passed in Germany can be understood as an attempt to gain control over precisely this autonomy and canalize it. Peter Müller from the CDU at any rate states: “Despite restrictive regulations and controls, it has until now not been possible to decrease the unregulated, and for the most part, uncontrolled concurrence of the most varied groups of immigrants, not to mention including them in an overall immigration concept that meets the requirements, conforms to the labor market and is socially acceptable. The overall survey of immigration politics in Germany reveals an unsatisfactory disproportion of undesirable over desirable cases of immigration.”⁶

Therefore, immigration law in a very specific way acknowledges the relative autonomy of migration, as can be discerned in the attempt to comprehensively control immigration. It seems as if the ideologues devising the extradition apparatus had meticulously listed all the points that migrants until now had utilized as loopholes expressing relative autonomy from state politics. The abolition of the status of toleration as stipulated in the immigration law entails the

prohibition of 250,000 people, many of whom are not rejected asylum-seekers. The legalization regulations recommended by the Süsmuth commission, which would have applied to about 1.7 million migrants, have been done away with.⁷

What Moulrier Boutang called “hard to understand” is now being established for the first time as government fact and has been instrumentalized. In the attempt to legislatively control migration, government policy is entering un-

laws concerning foreign nationals and citizenship, in immigration law, and also in the everyday resistance of migrants. New contradictions are foreseeable. Immigration that resists control will continue to take place. Therefore, the enforcement of laws on the relative autonomy of migration with the aim of increased control by the nation-state, as is now intended with the immigration law, is a political time-bomb. Immigration law ignores the immigration and crossing of borders, which take place only under

enter Great Britain by foot, and who were forced to live in a desolate Red Cross camp comes to mind. They ran through French security officers and barriers to the Eurotunnel. The uprising ended with arrests and tear gas; railroad traffic had to be stopped for the night. It has been documented that every night dozens of refugees living in the trailers and tents of refugee camps risk the dangerous crossing, either by jumping onto trains or traversing the tunnel by foot. Most of them are caught, while others make it to the English side. For some, the trip ends in a tragedy. In June 2000, 58 Chinese refugees were found suffocated to death in the back of a truck on the English side of the Eurotunnel. In December, eight dead and five survivors were discovered in the back of a truck in a harbor in the south of Ireland.

The border establishes hierarchies where it allocates immigration paths which lead to destitution and the deprivation of rights. In face of these changes, the issue is therefore collective rights for immigrants. Collective rights can contribute to the multiplication of liberties for subjects whose collective resistance already undermines the systematic isolation caused by the overall structure of exclusion. If in this context the emphasis is not so much on the restrictions of borders, but on the relative autonomy of migration, the prohibited migration paths and practices of residency can be understood as modalities of a practice of resistance. What is important here is to recognize existing and developmental contexts of solidarity that enable an existence as Sans Papiers in the first place. This means understanding the fact that migration is never the action of an isolated individual, but dependent on a social network to turn an individual endeavor into a successful project.⁹ But not only that: These network structures help enhance the living conditions by securing better wage and labor conditions on the informal market, by locating apartments, etc. – at least for those who have access to these structures. So if the question is how such a relative autonomy of migration could be translated into a political agenda, the right of legalization of migrants living here without legal documents should be established, and a policy should be endorsed that demands political and social rights independent of citizenship. In principle, any person who is not a German citizen can lose his or her residency rights because of receiving social welfare or committing a crime – and thus become illegal.

The disposition of performance and productivity that assesses and exploits migrants based only on their work capacity, is presently influencing the debate on immigration and could undermine any policy endorsing immigration rights. A plausible campaign for immigration rights would offer an alternative to reducing anti-racist work to a question of racism, and also address housing conditions, the deficiencies in the educational system, exploitation, working conditions, gender relations, and might thus finally be in a position to question the way migrant groups are subjected to hierarchies by the laws concerning foreign citizens and the border regime. In short: a campaign that would correspond to the different ways migrants live, to their and our everyday lives, and forms of resistance.

Photos: „An Architektur. Gebrauch und Produktion gebauter Umwelt“
see www.anarchitektur.com

Manuela Bojadžijev is member of Kanak Attak and works on anti racist resistance of migrants in Germany
Vassilis Tsianos is sociologist, he lives and works in Hamburg and is member of Kanak Attak



Calais train station: refugees on their way to the camp near Sangatte.

certain territory: it intervenes in the unstable balance between equality and freedom within the national community, in the separation between people and nation. While in the German statute on immigration the barriers excluding people constituting the nation are upheld based on the imperative of integration, on a European level a tendency to dissociate citizenship from these traditional concepts can be seen. The project of European union, which actually resembles a type of inclusion, combines ways to counter uprisings on the edges of the migration regime, i.e., along the borders that now not only surround but, also traverse Europe – with the process of racist stratification in the interior.⁸ To establish that the autonomy of migration and its history are inscribed in current policies also means that the struggles are “present” in there manifestations of defeat: in the

criminal and illegal conditions, and which in the future, will constitute one of the most important ways to migrate to Germany or Europe.

The right of legalization

Here, the question of “open borders” is posed in a very concrete way. Grasping the different functions of borders, their permeability according to not only quantitative, but qualitative criteria, can alter perspectives by making the demand for “open borders” topical in an unsuspected manner by referring to a movement that is already effectively practicing the politics of “open borders”.

It is not appropriate to glorify this hierarchically-defined entry and it is not meant here. The desperate attempt of hundreds of refugees to

¹⁰ In various regions, taxi drivers were prosecuted if they transported people locally who may have secretly crossed the border and did not report them via radio to the police. In the border town Zittau, more than a third of the taxi drivers were subject to penal proceedings.” Helmut Dietrich, “Grenzgänger. Am Ende der alten Welt”, in: *Jungle World*, 51/2000.

² Cf. Helmut Dietrich, “Das Phantom einer homogenen Gesellschaft in der ostdeutschen Grenzregion”, in: *Mittelweg* 26, 5/1998.

³ Cf. Helmut Dietrich, “Grenzgänger. Am Ende der alten Welt”, in: *Jungle World*, 51/2000.

⁴ Ibid.

⁵ Cf. Yann Moulrier Boutang, Interview, in: *Materialien für einen neuen Antimperialismus* Nr. 5, Berlin/Göttingen 1993, p. 38

⁶ Peter Müller, “Von der Einwanderungskontrolle zum Zuwanderungsmanagement”, 7/1/2001

⁷ Cf. Manuela Bojadžijev, Tobias Mulot, Vassilis Tsianos, “Legalisierung statt Integration. Anmerkungen zum Zuwanderungsgesetz”, in: 1999, 01/2002.

⁸ Cf. Etienne Balibar, “Topographie der Grausamkeit. Staatsbürgerschaft und Menschenrechte im Zeitalter globaler Gewaltverhältnisse”, in: *Subtropen*, 12/2001.

⁹ Cf. Moulrier Boutang, “Nicht länger Reservearmee”, in: *Subtropen*, 04/2002

“WE WERE THE FIRST ...”

Kreuzberg Museum Berlin

Interviews with first and second-generation Turkish migrants

They came by train from Istanbul to Berlin via Munich in 1964: young people from Turkey, recruited by Berlin companies specializing in manufacturing electrical and precision engineering goods. They were to assemble televisions, put together telephones, and, above all, do piecework on the assembly line. They made good on the lack of labour in West Berlin after the Wall was built: Filiz Yüreklik worked for Telefunken; Yildiray Ilktac first went from Izmir to Baden-Württemberg, until he saw the poster “Your Chance: Berlin” with the portrait of Willy Brandt at the job centre, and took it to mean him; Zuhul Özver completed a course at the Berlin College of the Arts, became an interpreter and adviser for a bank, and in 1974 founded the first Turkish cinema in Berlin with her husband. What desires and dreams did they all have when they came to Berlin? Were they driven by necessity or curiosity? Whom did they leave behind? How did they manage in the new situation? How do they feel looking back on their life after almost 40 years?

The Kreuzberg Museum and the Kotti Association looked for answers to these questions as part of an exhibition project that not only recorded the experiences of the first migrants, but also those of their children, of the “second generation,” who were mostly born in Germany.

The installation “Hairdressing Chairs” shows a part of this project: sitting under the hairdryers, one hears

Turkish people with a migrant background talking about their life in Germany, in German or Turkish as desired. There are large portraits hanging in front of the chairs instead of mirrors and, instead of the

obligatory magazines found in hairdressing salons, visitors can leaf through the private photo albums of the interviewees.

Idea and concept: Kreuzberg Museum, Berlin
Realisation: Helga Lieser (Design) and Isabella Scheel (portrait photography)
Interviews: Martin Düspohl and Kamil Akgün,
Hairdressing chairs: Expo 2000, Hanover





„nord contre sud ou naissance (de l'image) d'une nation", cahiers du cinema no. 300, 1978 (2)

On the monitors the fragmented television and in a barrack/tent/trailer (the station), stands a computer on which not only the films can be accessed, but also flash animations, texts, photos. This program is available under „area tv tal“, also as net tv on www.bbooksz.de.

An antenna, connected to 2 monitors, on which a tv program is running. Then as the “reception” gets weaker, acoustic and picture noise, gradually a new program is received, the picture stabilizes, and remains this way for a while, then disappears again. This process repeats itself, like an automatic search through the frequency scale; back and forth, programs come back on, but have meanwhile progressed.

The tv fragments render a pattern, establish connections between the various programs, bridge temporal and spatial distances, and translate heterogeneity.

The program search refers to a tv storage, a program that can be seen in a station next to the “antenna”.

The program consists of the following :

portrait/interview of a web site (local contacts, the sans papiers, talk to romanian migrants in Paris because one speaks romanian, the art project [namediffusion: www.namediffusion.net](http://www.namediffusion.net))



mozambiques's revolutionary government invites the filmmakers jean-luc godard + anne-marie mièville to examine the conditions of introducing television. Both arrive in mozambique in 1978 after just having set up their own independent video studio in Switzerland (sonimage). they stay there – as far as known – for one year and leave prematurely. All that resulted were 30 pages of a photo-essay that appeared in the 300th issue of *cahiers du cinema*.

The cooperation between the gdr-government and the socialist revolutionary government of mozambique is investigated under the title of the relevant book: *our existence is at stake* (that of the gdr) at about the same time, starting in the mid-1970s.

the gdr government supported the revolutionary movement even before it was victorious. After gaining independence in 1975, the gdr hoped to use Mozambique to compensate for its foreign exchange weakness, but, the model projects failed for a number of reasons.



cahiers du cinema no. 300 1978

I chose a medium that was unknown in the GDR (internet)

Television versus film solved as an internet option. Bringing cinema to television changes the self-understanding, the aesthetics and the conditions of production of making films. No one has really succeeded in transferring the (apparent) autonomy of making films to television. How does “broadcasting” take place on the net? What economic logic is contained in the program? What kind of ideological drizzle accompanies the linkage between the “condition of possib-

ility” of neoliberal economic and social doctrines, with the fact that the comparison of systems between actual-existent capitalism and actual-existent socialism no longer exists.

The internet as a metaphor of not being able to see the whole (so-called economic globalization critique) no initiative without a website. the site address is the logo. How do struggles connect with each other in bundles of mail? How do @s communicate?

ON THE ISLAND OF BELLA LELLA

Helmut & Johanna Kandl

Our projects explore social and cultural differences, particularly between Eastern and Western Europe. In our present project, which we started more than a year ago in two neighbouring towns in Austria and the Czech Republic, we collected holiday photos so we could gain access to peoples' desires and dreams, and also to their definitions of what constitutes “foreignness” and “exoticism.”

Recently, we have been continuing the project in Germany as well, a country that was divided for 40 years and where the border is still tangible. In the run-up to the Biennial, we are asking people to send us their holiday photos or bring them to Werkleitz. The photos will be shown in videos, as prints and in publications. When combined, the various locations are condensed into a cartography of desires. At the same time, communication is produced – all different kinds of people meet up on the island of “Bella Lella.”

The paintings are based on photographs taken while working on the project on the Czech-Austrian border.



THE FAMILY

Christine Lohr

Anti-globalization movements object to the connection – a logically necessary one – between the free flow of merchandise and money as opposed to the restrictions on migration. Usually, however, they overlook the fact that both global production and trade and the migration of labour along with governmental attempts to regulate it, have always been typical characteristics of capitalist societies. What do office workspaces really look like in a high-profile news agency where for decades a multinational staff has produced signs and images as immaterial products on a global level “just in time” for a borderless market with a limitless distribution?

In her photographic work, Christine Lohr records the media workers' attempt to personalize their high-efficiency work environments, which are subject both to the control of a modern computer network and the personal supervision of their superior within a “flat hierarchy.”

The artist turns into a spy. The eye falls upon archaic ways of creating individual subjectivities: national flags, plastic souvenirs and other knick-knacks. Amid glamorous, hi-tech surroundings, the staff arrange private fetishes to create dioramas of a traditional office workspace with all its familiar dreariness. (P. Pêche)



The Family, Photo, 50x70 cm, 2002

AFTER THE OLYMPICS

Wiebke Grösch/Frank Metzger

“A miniature world was set up here by itself, rigidly protected from the world outside.” This statement is quoted from the final report on the 1932 Summer Olympics in Los Angeles, for which the first Olympic Village in the history of the modern Olympics was built. Aside from practical aspects, which included providing economical accommodation for the athletes, the final report emphasizes the idealistic hope that the Olympic Village would be a place in which people of different national and cultural origins could meet, become acquainted and live together for a limited period of time – as an example, so to speak, of a functional multicultural society in a microcosm.

In the eyes of the organizers, the Olympic Village in Los Angeles was a complete success. Since then, Olympic Villages designed to accommodate up to 15,000 people have been built every four years – and every two years since 1992 – in a wide range of different political and cultural settings. However, they are occupied for only about six weeks during the Games. Thus, planners of an urban development project of this magnitude must be concerned above all with the issue of post-Olympic utilization, as public housing, for example, or within the framework of urban expansion or programs devoted to redesigning urban space.

Because of the broad international interest in the Olympic Games, the Olympic Village takes on the character of a model. Planners and designers thus seek to create a representative, modern village, a kind of “ideal city” as viewed from the specific perspective of the prevailing discourse on architecture and urban planning at a given time, a place that will fulfill its purpose in an exemplary fashion both during and after the Olympics.

In the media and in the rhetoric of the International Olympic Committee (IOC), the Olympic Village is often described as a “village of peace and understanding” and as a “Global Village.” Yet the idealized image of a miniature world without national and cultural boundaries stands in stark contrast to the tremendous security effort undertaken during the Games in order to protect the athletes from outside disturbances (making the villages much like “gated communities,” insular communities with homogeneous populations guarded by private security services). This isolation of the Village during the Games can lead to the ghettoization of the Village and those who live in it after the Olympics. This isolation effect was taken to an extreme in the Olympic Village built for the Winter Olympics in Lake Placid, USA, in 1980. Since there was no demand for new housing after the Olympics, the Village was converted into a prison and continues to be used as such today.

Generally speaking, Olympic Villages could serve as examples for large-scale urban development projects. They exemplify the developments in urban planning and the utopias of the twentieth century (ranging from the garden city of the twenties and thirties, to the “living machines” of the sixties and the “urban renovation” projects of the nineties, to the “New Urbanism” now under discussion), and they illustrate the extent to which the utopian ideals of the planners have actually been realized after the Olympics. For the project we have carried out research in the Olympic Villages in Berlin, Grenoble, Innsbruck, Munich, Seoul and Sydney.

Translation from German: John Southard



In the first office, I am asked to give the reason for my asylum application; I am called into a second office for photos, and into a third for fingerprints. Finally, I find myself being directed toward a cash desk, where I am given the sum of seven marks, two tickets whose exact purpose is not very clear to me, and a map. I have two feelings: satisfaction that I am obviously not going to board a ship, as the other asylum applicants had predicted – the idea of living on a ship scared me; and for the first time, I touch the German marks. My second feeling is one of curiosity; I wonder where I am going if not onto a ship, and what these tickets and the money I have been given are for. When I meet up again with my fellow applicants, without any further support, we look at the map, and see “Halberstadt” circled. So we hit on the idea that Halberstadt is sure to be the next town, and that the tickets are meant for the train there. The beauty of the name Halberstadt starts me dreaming a little.

After this short digression, we have to think about the actual trip. Here, another problem arises, each of us has these two tickets and seven marks, but where should we start? We consult a German man, who, in contrast to the dozens of other people we have already approached, is ready to help us, and in halting English tries to describe the way we have to go. But we manage to understand one another – we have no choice – and he accompanies us to an underground station. He speaks with another German man, and from this conversation I guess that our helper is asking him where he is going, in case he can go with us and tell us when we have to get out. Our helper then informs us that the man is getting out at the railway station like us, and that he hopes we will manage there on our own. For the first time, I hear the word “Tschüss,” and after replying with “Tschüss” myself, I blindly follow the others.

In the underground, I don't let the man under whose care our helper and friend has entrusted us out of my sight. About a half an hour later, we get out at a large station, and the man simply walks away without saying anything to us. What are we going to do in this huge railway station? What train should we take? I have never seen such a big railway station in my life. Once again, we discuss the matter for more than half an hour before deciding to make some inquiries. We approach the first black man who passes. He doesn't know his way around any better than us, but he takes us to the information desk. Here, we are told that our train has already left and that we have to wait an hour for the next one. In addition to this information, we are handed a piece of paper with all the details of our journey on it. Now we realize that Halberstadt is not just around the corner; we have to travel six hours to get there. But in my imagination it is another beautiful city like Düsseldorf, because for me a country like Germany can only consist of big cities – and, what's more, it's not a ship.

An hour later we are standing on the platform, ready to leave. Once we have boarded the train, we can relax. The question of how we go about changing trains remains. After more than one-and-a-half hours of travel, the train stops where we are to change. We have barely set foot on the ground when we see a second train at the station, and we get on it straightaway, without pausing for breath. This is sure to be our train, I think to myself; the whites are organized people, and too polite to let people wait about for their connecting train. Later, when we are sitting on the train talking about it, it turns out that the others were thinking the same thing as me. We haven't yet stopped savoring this thought when the train conductor appears. With a strange expression on his face, he asks us for our tickets, which we hold out to him with pride. It is an unpleasant surprise for us when he informs us – this time he is the one to look proud – that this is not our train, and that we have to get out at the next station. Instead of giving us the explanation we need, he starts threatening us. We hear the word “Polizei,” which sounds like the



My story starts with Tuesday, the sixth of November in Düsseldorf. Of the hundred asylum applicants crowding together in front of the office, I am the second in line. First, I have to fill out a form about my identity, and then I am assigned a code number. Whenever my code number comes up on the electric display, I have to go into a small office.

French word “police.” Now we understand that the situation is serious, and that the man is really furious. We get out the next time the train stops. The question now is what we are going to do. Actually, I think, they aren't all that friendly, the whites. But, why did this man behave like that? Do people still behave like that in countries where human rights are said to apply? We turn to the information desk once more. We are given different connections. This time we have to wait three hours. Hungry as we are, no one wants to risk spending their marks because we don't know what they are meant for. After three hours a train comes. We get into it with some trepidation, as we still have painful memories of our previous experience. But when the conductor comes through, he contents himself with punching our tickets, something that both encourages and reassures us. We can all afford to have a little nap, as the trip will last another three hours. As for me, I can't fall asleep. We arrive in Halberstadt at around eleven in the evening, and are lucky enough to meet a refugee at the train station. He says that the home is some distance away, and that we have to take a taxi. Now I understand why the money we were given in Düsseldorf is necessary.

After we have pooled our money, we get into the taxi. It is a rainy night at the start of winter. I strain to look out of the window so I can find out what sort of a city I have ended up in, but the darkness, the rain, and the speed of the car

do not help me very much to get an idea. What I can guess, though, is that the area we are driving into is increasingly remote from the city. A few minutes later, I can see three large buildings in the distance; we arrive, and are met by three policemen, who take us into an office for another photo session. At this moment, I have only one desire: that someone will show me my room so I can sleep at last. Each of us is handed a bag containing bread, sardines, some keys, a spoon, a fork, and bed linen. Then we are accompanied to the infamous Transit Room No. 221 in Block A. This room is well known to the people in the camp, because all men spend their first night there. When get there, we decide to explore the building before we eat. I take a tour of the toilets, and see the unhealthy, decrepit sanitary facilities. And already here, I start asking myself several questions. I comfort myself a little by telling myself that this is only a transit camp, and that I will spend three weeks here at the most. But then I meet someone who has been here longer, who gives me a run-down on life in the camp and the city. I learn from him that a stay in Halberstadt is not always of a definite length, but can last from three weeks to three months, depending on each person's luck. After taking in this sad picture drawn by someone more experienced than myself, we arrange to see one another the next morning. It is already one o'clock in the morning when I take leave of my acquaintance. I arrive back in my room,

dejected; I have lost my appetite, and leave my meal untouched on the table.

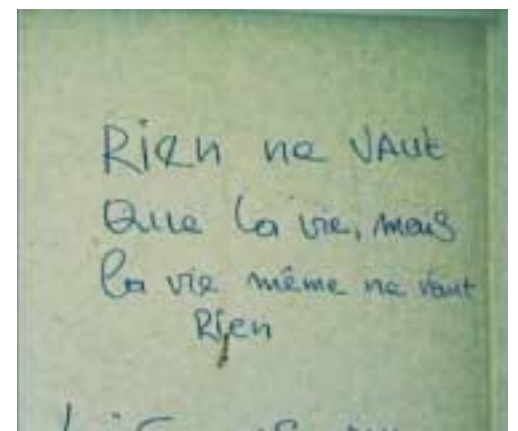
I wake up with a start at seven o'clock, have a quick wash, and go and knock at the door of the man I was talking to the evening before, so he can help me deal with all the administrative formalities. He tells me it is too early and that the offices doesn't open until nine. We go to the canteen to have breakfast. After breakfast I have to go to the Federal Office. I go through the process of answering a questionnaire, there is the umpteenth photo session, and I am handed a piece of green paper with my photo on it – I will find out later that it is called an “ID” – and another piece of white paper with the date of my application interview written on it: the fourteenth, a week later. Then my companion and I go to the social security office, where I am greeted with a demand to show my ID. I am told that my social security benefit will be 80 marks a month, plus a check for 15 marks to buy clothes. I am handed a key for the room I will share with two other people, and coupons for the canteen. Then it is time to go to the hospital for a medical examination. The whole procedure takes half a day. Afterwards, I go to my room to arrange my things and have a rest.

In the evening, I go with my roommates to a party put on by some people who are to be transferred. In fact, there is a party every evening when the list of transfers is put up. We do not celebrate the parting, but the liberation. Completely

„RIEN NE VAUT QUE LA VIE, MAIS LA VIE MÊME NE VAUT RIEN“ – BRICOLER LA VIE AU QUOTIDIEN

“Nothing is like life, but life itself is nothing” – crafting an everyday life

(Mabouna II Moise Merlin)



contrary to what I thought at first, Halberstadt is home to a vast group of people who look back on the Hitler era with nostalgic yearning. In Halberstadt, I had my first racist experiences. For example, an old man who speaks to me, and, when I approach him in a friendly fashion, says “nigger” to me and starts to cry, saying the name “Hitler.” And then there is the young African woman looking for the hospital who asks some German women for directions; instead of helping, they let their dogs off the leash to keep this “nigger” at a distance. Racist actions are a part of the daily routine in Halberstadt. That’s how it is, too, when I go to my application interview a week after my arrival. From the start, I feel I have no chance. The contempt I am exposed to on the part of my questioner and his interpreter, together with their attempts at intimidation, throws me into a panic; I lose control of myself, and can’t manage to answer even the simplest questions; my sole thought is to answer as fast as possible and leave the room. For three hours I am made to look stupid by these two executioners, who think only of ways to hurt me, as if what I had experienced in my country was not enough. I come out haggard, weakened, and tired.

One week later I receive the report and, of course, as I expected, the refusal of my asylum application. I am asked to leave the country within the next two months, or to appeal within the next two weeks. I ask myself two questions. First, how can I even leave the country? Where would I go? With what means? And, how do I appeal? I don’t have any money to hire a lawyer. Some of the more experienced people in the camp advise me to contact Caritas; that will only cost me three marks for photocopies, and six marks for stamps. I decide to do it.

The following week, as if the sky had brightened, my name appears on a list of transfers to Zerbst, scheduled for the next week. Three weeks in Halberstadt: that’s a brilliant achievement. I am treated as a hero. I positively soak up the admiration of the others. On the morning of the third of December, the big day has arrived. Because of the procedures required for my departure, I get up very early. When the bus leaves the camp at nine o’clock, among admiring looks from the others, I thank heaven that my prayers have been heard: at last I am leaving the prison. I am going to live in dignity in Zerbst. The three hours of the trip give me three hours to dream. I try to imagine my new life in a big city, among Germans, in the supermarkets and on the streets. The difference seems clear to me between Halberstadt, a life in the city of transition, and Zerbst, the city of residency. In Zerbst, there is sure to be real integration, because no one would send people to live in a xenophobic, racist city like Halberstadt. At certain moments, my thoughts turn to my fellow asylum-seekers who have remained in the hell of Halberstadt, while I am on my way towards entering a little paradise.

Deep into my dreams, I am awoken by my neighbor, who calls out in a cheerful voice: “My brother, we’re already almost home!” Like everyone else, I am eager to find out what my city of residence looks like; we all glue ourselves to the

windows. The first surprise: Zerbst isn’t a city, but a village. But that doesn’t matter; as long as the people here are kind, that’s alright. The second surprise comes when we drive off the main road, past a cemetery and further and further into the forest. We arrive in a sort of yard where we see a small building standing forlorn in an open field. When the bus stops in front of this building, there are cries of despair – complete despondency reigns. But I continue to hope; it might be true that we would find ourselves just as isolated here as in Halberstadt, but perhaps the people here would be nice.

Curious to quickly find this out, my fellow asylum-seekers and I hurriedly deposit our things in our rooms, and decide to go shopping. Flabbergasted by the 380 marks in social security benefit that we receive per month, we enter the first shop we come to. We barely notice the other people, as we are extremely busy comparing the prices here with those in Halberstadt. After I have finished doing this, I walk towards the check-out, taking out my mobile phone to check the time. Then, just as I am about to put it in my pocket again, a saleswoman appears and says she wants to search me. She is sure that I have concealed an article in my jacket. With everyone watching, she frisks me from head to toe. Imploringly, I turn first to the Germans, hoping someone will intervene. But I encounter only looks of hate and contempt. Then I look at my companions. The women have tears in their eyes, and utter disappointment can be read in the faces of the men. Not only for my sake, but also for their own sake: it is all people with black skin who are being searched and humiliated here.

The saleswoman lets me go after she finds nothing on me besides what I am holding in my hand. I go to the check-out to pay. I leave the shop, crying, because I have never suffered such a humiliation in my life before. Back at the camp, we talk about the problem with those who have been living there for some time, and they tell us about their fights with the Nazis. They say that Nazis have even come to light fires in the former camp building; the police accused the residents. A strange thing, in my opinion. I find it difficult to understand how someone would set fire to his house and then lie down to sleep in it – except, perhaps, if it was a suicide attempt – a reason I could understand in view of the racism of the local people. Every day when we Africans go into a shop, it becomes reason enough for putting a bodyguard on our heels to watch our every movement.

At the start of the year, the currency changes from marks to euros, and my social security benefit is now one hundred and ninety-eight euros and twenty-nine cents. With this money, I have to feed and clothe myself, send thirty euros a month to my lawyer, make phone calls – the nearest possibility to do so being more than three kilometers away from my camp on Boneschen Weg, at the camp on Ahronweg. Making phone calls is important for our inner well-being: speaking with members of our families who have remained in our native country. With the little money remaining, I decide to open a bank account, since I can’t go into the village disco ‘Jungle,’ because entrance is barred to black people. Here, too, I try all the banks without success. I content myself with living

from day to day; I try to shorten my days by going to bed late and cunningly inventing illnesses so I can go to the doctor: it’s a way of occupying myself. Every day is like the other; I do exactly the same things.

Why do people talk to us about integration in Zerbst, when it is only the authorities who like to go on about it? Why are we made to live in isolation on remote Boneschen Weg? Are we contagious? Are we nothing better than thieves? Liars? Murderers? Or, even worse, animals? No, we are human beings; we have the same constitution as the whites. In Zerbst we suffer from ingratitude, isolation, stress and racism. For those of you who have followed my path through Germany up to this point – and my path will not come to an end for a long time, since I am still living in Zerbst – bear it in mind that many other refugees are in my situation or an even worse one. They ask for help, a little love and dignity. Seen at a great distance, and looked at from above, the life of an asylum seeker seems like a real battle with different stages. The only difference is that asylum applicants have no weapons. But even more, it is a “way of the cross”: Christ died and rose once more to be respected, understood and saved. My resurrection will be my passport.

Mabouna Il Moise Merlin is transit merchant. In 1997 he founded the NGO Africa-Horizon in Duala (Cameroon). He lives in Germany since 2001.

WHY WE ARE HERE

Rosa

Our presence in this country is not a matter of chance, and we are certainly not here because we are particularly adventurous. Nor are we here because the climate is particularly enviable, let alone because the German people as a whole are so incomparably nice.

We are here because we bear the consequences of an uncompromising economic policy imposed on our countries for many years by organizations like the World Bank and the International Monetary Fund. The situation is so serious that it has slowed down the normal development of our society’s educational facilities, health care, provision for housing, etc., for an indefinite period.

Every day, Latin America and the so-called “Third World” in general are confronted by this terrible, externally imposed reality. Moreover, globalisation, a phenomenon that is becoming more and more widespread, dominates and subordinates us according to its own standards, forcing its rules on us.

In the face of such conditions, in the face of a situation not of our own making, why are there

always baseless comments about migration focusing on the question of why we are here – or why we live in other economically powerful countries?

We think that it is completely superfluous to constantly ask why we have come here. We migrants, too, ask ourselves what right transnational economic organisations and industrial countries have to exercise such boundless control over our countries – a control that is so far reaching that it drives us into extreme poverty.

It is apparent to anyone that three-quarters of the world’s wealth benefits only a quarter of the world’s population – and Germany, of course, belongs to this quarter.

The conditions under which we migrants live are very difficult. We live in this country with absolutely no access to the most basic social facilities, such as health care, education, housing and employment. And as if this were not enough, there is also the daily tension derived from the fact that we can be arrested and deported at any time – that we are at the mercy of measures that are otherwise used to combat

criminality. Why? What is our crime? In addition to all the shortcomings in meeting our basic needs and to the threat of being deported, there is also the basic campaign aimed at connecting us with criminality. This causes xenophobia, which is still clearly evident in a part of German society.

We demand humane, just treatment that shows solidarity with our cause. We ask and look for the chance to work, as is our right – just as we have the right to continue our education and build up our lives here. Please consider this, dear readers: if Germany and other countries were to do just this much, they would still be paying only partial compensation for the daily, universal exploitation that takes place in our countries. Germany owes us that. It is our right to stay here!

Rosa, a migrant from Latin America

REFUGEES DON’T HAVE HOMES

Claudia Heynen



The refugee home in Berlin Neukölln...



... and the neighbourhood

Ashkan Mohammadi, born in Teheran in 1984, now lives in Kassel, where he goes to school. His drawings and comics cover a wide range of forms, from tiny sketches to complete stories, and display a highly individual use of artistic and narrative techniques. With their reticent questions and striking slogans, they describe

aspects of a teen universe whose points of reference can only be defined retrospectively with the coordinates parents/school/refugee homes/student flat-sharing.

His manner of production, which can best be compared with a DIY fanzine structure, maintains an extremely private and concrete focus,

making Mohammadi resistant to the anti-subversive offers of politics and the culture business as regards the self-representation of minorities. It allows him to interrogate through artistic means, a German society that regulates and exploits migration by means of everyday apartheid policies.

The pictures and texts remain private and communicable, and can thus be read – think “divergent capitalism” here – as an appropriate, subversive form of universalism. (P. Pêche)



THE DE-INSTITUTIONALIZATION OF HOSPITALITY

OR INTEGRATION FROM BELOW

Dana Diminescu



Election campaign 2000 in front of the Romanian Parliament, former "House of People". (AP Photo/Vadim Ghirda)

While Europe, since 1989, has dismantled its bulwarks against communism, it now believes it is threatened by an internal enemy¹. The danger coming from outside has changed and is now no longer called communism but immigration and organized crime – a change that, without exception, affects all countries with which EU accession negotiations are being held. The enlargement to the East apparently demands the ideological construction of countries that are regarded as foreign by all states of the old continent as well as the appropriation of the institutional practices of European hospitality.

In order to become a full member of the European Union, all candidate states must oblige themselves to establish a secure border to the East, which thus becomes Europe's new Eastern outer frontier. The migration movements of former communist countries that were hitherto undesirable and regarded as coming from outside Europe, have now, due to this immigration policy, turned into inner-European ones and become acceptable migration flows. Creating borders to guarantee an increased freedom of movement is one of the biggest paradoxes in our times.

It is also an irony of history that the people who were locked in behind the Iron Curtain for half a century (between World War Two and 1989 not only migration movements, but any sort of travel abroad were highly restricted in the countries of Central and Eastern Europe) and persecuted in their countries by totalitarian regimes (and thus ranked high in regard to their right to seek asylum in the West) are precisely the ones who are preparing themselves to participate in the coordination and unification of "fortress Europe's" immigration policy. In the countries of the former Eastern bloc, the legal measures against illegal immigration and "false refugees" were stepped up. In Bucharest, Sofia and Warsaw talk is of bringing the procedure for granting a visa for 'countries on the negative list' in line with the regulations planned according to the Schengen Agreement. The negotiations on introducing new visa requirements for Ukrainians, Russians and Moldavians indeed draws a new borderline, a new Iron Curtain: the borderline of electronic data processing.²

While in regard to the problem of migration a politics of 'barriers' has been established in the official discourse in Europe, the migration movements towards the West have in reality been developed from below through the revitalization of private and anonymous hospitality. Various kinds of spontaneous and individual social integration have indeed replaced institutional integration in an informal way and thus hailed in the de-institutionalization of hospitality.

Using three examples of integration from below, which I recorded during my research on Romanian migration movements³ (from 1989 up to the lifting of the visa requirement in January, 2002, in Germany, France and Italy), I would like to point out these new forms of sociability between migrants and the local population. What makes them special is predominantly the unregulated linking of mobility, social integration, labor and re-settling, i.e., of hospitality (right of access) and law of hospitality (right of residency).

Connections between Romania and Europe

The Romanian migration movements that could be observed in the 1990s along the German borders as well as in all of Europe can only be understood against the historical background of the migration of Aussiedler (ethnic German emigrants) from Transylvania and Banat, two Romanian regions in which the proportion of ethnic Germans is very high⁴. During the time when Romanian citizens were locked up in the communist bloc, the emigration of Romanian-

Germans was the only legal way to leave the country and therefore became "the ideal model of migrating to foreign countries" for a large part of the population.

The occasional holiday and family visits of ethnic German Romanians to the old homeland – a highly esteemed and very desirable right allowing unrestricted travel – fuelled the emigration fantasies of the Romanian society for a long time. It is therefore no coincidence that Germany became the most popular country to emigrate to in the first years after December 1989, not only for ethnic-German emigrants but for other Romanians as well. The Germans from Transylvania and Banat passed on an entire ideology to their fellow citizens in terms of "how and to where one must emigrate". Their migration behavior, their connections, their personal experiences (e.g., in regard to their exclusion within German society), their success (especially in material terms), their destinations in Germany, their ideas about Europe etc. – this entire anthropological complex of the migration of Aussiedler influenced the emigration intents of hundreds of thousands of Romanians who in the early 90s wandered through Europe.

The advantages of belonging to two countries at the same time became noticeable after the fall of the communist regime. As a result of the change of government in Bucharest and the altered politics vis-à-vis the Aussiedler in Berlin, Germans who were born on Romanian ground may retain both nationalities. In this way, they don't lose their property in Romania and can exercise their rights (social rights, working permit) in Germany. The fact that in the Schen-

gen area they are regarded as Germans and in their native country as Romanians significantly altered the migration movements of Romanian-Germans.

Their coming and going from and to Romania and Germany combines vacation with doing small businesses, relief activities and retirement, and sometimes takes on the form of a permanent return. They always return to their places of origin, even if these are not historically Saxon regions. This is true of cities as well as villages. Starting in 1989, vacations turned into alternative migrations. This type of migration movement particularly applies to retired persons. They spend the winter in Germany and the summer in Romania. They prefer travelling by bus.

These population groups that commute, so to speak, between Romania and Germany and regard both countries as their homeland, represent Romanians' best capital in terms of social mobility. Each year, the German consulates in Romania issue approximately 180,000 visas for Romanian citizens, which is about three times as many as the other EU member states. France is second with between 50,000 and 60,000 visa issued. According to the German consulate in Timisoara, two thirds of all issued entry permits are visiting permits (for short visits) that can be obtained through an invitation by a German citizen. These invitations mostly stem from members of the Aussiedler community. Each trip these German migrants make to Romania inevitably leads, upon their return, to a number of invitations extended to their Romanian friends, neighbors, and others they are "obliged" to.

Within the strict framework of a “visiting permit”, meetings with friends do of course

take place, but the vast majority of these invitations serve to mobilize tens of thousands of people who have no other chance to move about in the Schengen area. While at the beginning of the 90s “visitors” turned into political refugees, the situation today is totally different. Some Romanian migrants who reside in Italy, Spain and France, where they perform more or less fixed-term jobs, arrive in these countries from Romania with a German visa. There is a silent agreement in these networks to not get the German friends, who enabled the visa to be issued, into trouble. The agreement is aimed at “staying clean in the computer”⁵ (referring to the computer system of the Schengen states). This entry strategy can be found in every example that was investigated, whereby in the case of Germany it has reached an extent unsurpassed by other countries.

Under the conditions of a European politics which aims at reducing immigration to zero, and the unbridgeable gap between the former exile and the wandering Romanians after 1989, the Germans stemming from Romania have played an important role for the Romanian migration movements, namely that of a non-existent diaspora. Due to their readiness to share with others the institutional advantages and to offer possibilities of immigration, they have established a first connection between Romania and Europe.

Business strategies

Even if one does encounter the “classical” representatives of the wandering migrant – the entrepreneur, the student, the trainee and the pensioner – on the travel routes between France and Romania, they are characterized by great discretion. In the case of France, however, a very special type of wandering migrant is central, one who combines outsiderhood, mobility and very active travelling between the two countries. The combination of these three factors has, as opposed to the wide-spread opinion, resulted in unprecedented social integration, especially where no one would expect it: on the street. And that is where the source of the largest economic success of the migration movement seems to lie. Some migrants, who as outsiders had to secure income as fast as possible, have made a living in France by collecting various things and in some cases have even become modestly rich. On the one hand, they trade with second-hand clothes, used automobile tires, diverse kitchen appliances from bulky refuse and other commodities, and on the other, they earn money directly by begging, cleaning windshields, selling street newspapers, reselling metro tickets, playing street music, as well as – since recently – breaking into parking-ticket vending-machines and other more or less legal activities. The Roma are most likely the first Romanian citizens whose

migration movements between France and Romania are based on collecting the most diverse commodities, more or less successfully.

But collecting for commercial purposes is not only reserved for wandering Roma. Between 1993 and 1995 they faced competition on these parallel markets from wandering non-Roma who, in lack of other income, also entered these markets. The Roma from Cluj as well as the seasonal worker from Oas (a region in the north of Romania), each with their own strategy, take up this money collecting business, one of the most worthwhile and consistent France had ever seen until 1993: the sale of street newspapers. The special feature of this “press of precariousness” (press de la précarité)⁶ is not its quality as a paper, but the status of the vendor; the money paid by the buyer is understood more as a donation than as the purchase price. This is further underlined by the fact that the vendor is in many cases allowed to keep the newspaper.

While the Roma have given up this sector and have turned completely to begging in France or other countries, or have simply returned to Romania, this market has become the key business of farmers from Oas. In front of entrances to stores, post offices and supermarkets, the Romanians are there, punctually and consistently, and have succeeded in establishing an extremely efficient network and finding their feet in French society. After seven years, every vendor has “his support” in the form of “his Frenchman”, a person he relates to, who encourages and protects him, who guarantees the mobility of the migrant, making his own network available and thus opening up the job market for the migrant. Even though this press of precariousness at first created a stir, because it made an “economic benefit of a social handicap”, it did play an important role in integrating these migrants into French society – if only marginally. Vendor and customer quite evidently make up a team that contributes to the development of a new sociability and individual solidarity outside of any type of institutional structures of hospitality.

Family contacts

No other Western country has attracted as many Romanian migrants as Italy.⁷ The tolerant attitude towards – legal or illegal – migrants and the widespread rumor that “Italy issues documents” have directed large flows of migrants towards Italy. In order to acquire “these documents”, the immigration candidates only rarely turn to the Italian embassy in Bucharest. The usual strategy consists of entering Italy, getting by there on jobs without taking care of the required formalities, and then seeking a subsequent “regularization” by the authorities. There is always a group of illegal migrants searching for work and another group who already has work and is attempting to get their documents straight. As soon as the integration in the labor market has succeeded, the readiness to migrate decreases and focuses on vacation

periods. At first sight, one gains the impression that “the entire working class” of Romania has been shipped to Italy.

This impression is intensified all the more by the fact that there are specific Romanian immigration centers in Italian cities, like there were working class quarters adjacent to the large industrial complexes in Romania before 1989. In front of railroad stations, Romanian churches, the soup kitchens of Caritas and on the various markets one encounters migrants (sometimes in the evenings but especially on Saturdays and Sundays) that congregate within the community. The majority of immigrants comes from rural regions and is familiar with living as a migrant from earlier experiences. Before they endeavored to the labor markets abroad, these migrants or their parents followed various migration movements within Romania. As they were seasonal workers already prior to the fall of the communist regime and were forced to wander about, this familial and communal habit plays a role when seeking work and is utilized abroad as a direct experience.

Within the context of this labor migration, the large number of women and married couples is remarkable. The statistics confirm this impression: almost half the Romanian workers in Italy are women. Even though family reunion is made attributable for this large number, the unofficial labor market for domestic help seems to contribute considerably to the arrival of female immigrants in Italy. In addition, women are also to be found among the migrants who have entered the country illegally. 30,000 jobs are officially held by female Romanians in the sector of domestic economy. A sufficiently high number to illustrate the significance of illegal migration.

This type of employment within the Italian family, which is generally based on private contacts and a relationship of trust, has furthered the rapid acquiring of social capital that is indispensable for a migration movement. These domestic networks have proven to be a very efficient means of social and institutional integration. It is no coincidence that the first procedure to legalize foreign moonlighters in Italy is associated

with law no. 943 from December 30, 1986, that was passed mainly with the aim of giving the numerous domestic helpers that were already in Italy the possibility of obtaining a residence permit. Reasons for this lie in the structures of the Italian family as well as in the system of provisions for old age. This special situation in Italy is most likely the social basis for the Romanian migration movement.

Integration from below

Despite the European “anti-immigration policies”, these Romanian migrants without legal documents, but with friends, have succeeded in integrating themselves in the international labor market within ten years. Even if the authorities have apparently learned to live with the provisional and non-institutional nature of their migration⁸, it is still the case that not the state institutions, but the civil society and individual people in these countries have contributed to this unofficial cease-fire. Every migrant has “his employer”, “his Frenchman”, “his Italian”, “his German friend”, who protects him, introduces him to the labor market, teaches him the language and has perhaps visited him in his homeland.

Whether this is spontaneous solidarity or calculated self-interest, migrants and locals have begun establishing a friendly relationship that has cushioned the Schengen regulations intended to discourage migration. This type of social integration from below, which has triggered the migration of thousands of people without financial or institutional capital, questions not only any type of immigration policy but especially its lack. Isn't it the private hospitality between citizens and migrants and the de-nationalization of the “hospitium publicum” that decisively points the way for a true European immigration politics?

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¹ This tendency can already be observed for quite a while, “based on the political principle of transparency, it accompanies any attempt to rationalize society and adheres – with the help of this principle – to the utopian obsession of keeping all types of behavior under control”. René Schérer, *Zeus hospitalier*, 1993, ed. Armand Colin, Paris, 17.

² “After borderlines were for a long time part of landscape sceneries, today they are absent from the geographical maps. Omnipresent and in the form of a data file they suddenly appear in consulates, district governments and on the laptops of police officers at an ordinary highway toll station. The same is true of visa permits.” Dana Diminescu, “Le système D contre les frontières informatiques”, in *Hommes et Migrations*, no. 1230, March/April 2001, 28-33.

³ Even if Romania now counts as a beneficiary of a regulation that enables free movement within the Schengen area, and the mobility of Romanians, which is the topic of this text, is no longer as conspicuous as it used to be, I decided all the same to explicate these three cases (Germany, France, Italy) of Romanian migration movements between 1989 and 2002 (when the visa requirement was abolished). They are to serve as model examples of migration for any sort of illegal migrant group who has no opportunity for legal migration and along with whom Romania until recently was on the “black list” of third countries that are prohibited free movement.

⁴ In the 1960s, the desire to leave Romania and emigrate to Germany becomes clearly perceptible. At this time, socialist Romania restricts the freedom of movement of its citizens, no matter which population group they belong to. In the 50s and 60s only a few thousand Romanians succeeded in leaving the country once and for all with the aid of the Red Cross and within the context of family reunions between East and West. Only at the end of the 60s, when a period of political thawing began in Romania and diplomatic relations were again taken up between Germany and Romania, (one must recall the controversy that took place over the treaty signed by Schmidt and Ceausescu in 1978 allowing 12,000 ethnic Germans to leave the country per year against a redemption payment of DM 10,000 per person), were the restrictions loosened, allowing the increased emigration of the German minority. Today, the German community living in Romania is estimated to be 200,000.

⁵ Cf. Dana Diminescu, “Le système D contre les frontières informatiques”, in *Hommes et Migrations*, no. 1230, March/April 2001, 28-33.

⁶ At this point it is appropriate to briefly elaborate on this new type of journalism in order to better understand the reasons and effects of the “undermining” of these so-called “re-integration newspapers” by the migrants from Oas.

This special press was initiated due to the intensifying economic crisis and has generated a number of newspapers in France since 1993. The paper *Le Macadam*, which is sold on the streets by so-called “SDF” (persons without a fixed residence), appears for the first time in Paris on May 11, 1993, and the very next day conquers the streets of Brussels. It belongs to a wide variety of street newspapers with telling names that flood France between 1993 and 1998: *Faim de Siècle, Génération Sida, Spectacle d'Île de France, Sans-Abri, Le Galérien, 10 Balles, Euro Pass, Le Belvédère*. Compared to similar papers in other countries, the French model is characterized by a large number of titles on a national, but also local level. All these papers understand themselves as a response to the phenomenon of exclusion and aim at securing a kind income for the homeless via direct street vending. According to an estimate by the Office of Information and Economic Predictions (BIPE) in December 1998, more than 98,000 persons were living on the streets. Abbé Pierre, however, stated in the first issue of *La Rue* in 1993 that more than 400,000 people in France have no fixed residence. The common denominator of this press is the manner in which the entire cycle from producer to consumer is organized. The following must be taken into account: the limitation of vendors and the determination of their identity (identity card, vendor/peddler contracts, ID of the newspaper), the way the distribution of the newspaper is organized (wholesale distribution or via individuals), the sale in public spaces with the exception of railroad stations and the metro system, the working hours determined by the vendor, the social status of the vendor (persons in desperate straits, homeless, migrants). This activity takes up in part the tradition of door-to-door peddling of newspapers, which is well known to historians.

⁷ On January 1, 2001, there were 68,000 legally immigrated Romanians in Italy (source: the Italian Ministry of the Interior), and on January 1, 2002, approximately 90,000 (source: Italian consulate in Bucharest).

⁸ Cf. the excellent study by the sociologist Andrea Rea: “Le travail des sans-papiers dans l'Europe panopticon”, in *Actes du Colloque 'Économie du bazar dans les métropoles euro-méditerranéennes'*, Lames, MMSH, Aix en Provence, 29-31. May 2002.



AMADEU. LAST WARNING ... OR BARBARISM

Jochen Becker with Dierk Schmidt, Martin Kaltwasser



“AMADEU. LAST WARNING” is in remembrance of Amadeu Antonio, the first victim of a racist mob after the fall of the wall. Moreover, it alludes to the hit single by the Afro-German music project “Brothers Keepers”, whose song “Adriano (Letzte Warnung)” commemorates Alberto Adriano’s murder in Dessau – “why we are sending out our love to Amadeu and Adriano” *Sékou (Brothers Keepers)*.

“Amadeu Antonio was an Angolan worker in a small town in Brandenburg who was beaten to death in 1990 by rightist youths because his skin was black. He was the first victim of racist violence after reunification. He never got to know his son, Amadeu Antonio Jr.” (*Amadeu Antonio Foundation*)

In the single release of “Adriano (Letzte Warnung)”, Xavier Naidoo sings the refrain that can at first be interpreted as strangely defensive: “Dies ist so was wie eine letzte Warnung / Denn unser Rückschlag ist längst in Planung / Wir fall’n dort ein, wo ihr auffallt / Gebieten eurer braunen Scheiße endlich Aufhalt / Denn was ihr sucht, ist das Ende / Und was wir reichen, sind geballte Fäuste und keine Hände / Euer Niedergang für immer / Und was wir hören werden, ist euer Weinen und euer Gewimmer”

(literal translation: “This is something like a last warning / Because our retaliation is well planned / We will intrude where you stand out / We’ll finally stop your brown shit / Because what

you’re looking for is the end / And what we give you is a clenched fist and not a hand / Your fall once and for all / And what we will hear is your crying and whimpering”)

Whity lies on the ground, colossal, like Gulliver, bound by the colonial chains of slavery. “Title. White text on a still: Whity, head to the ground.” After the opening credits are projected on his body, the body rises up. With a red rose in his hand, he might be able to break his chains. Günther Kaufmann as Whity is neither white nor black. Make-up has turned the Afro-German actor into a white-face. His position in society depends on the disposition of the gaze.

In a book accompanying Rainer Werner Fassbinder’s screenplays from around 1970 – seven cinema and TV films were produced during this time – it becomes clear that the collective production work Fassbinder had hoped for had failed, with *Whity* at the latest. “He constantly urged everyone to take initiative, to contribute their creativity. He didn’t want to always be the driving force of the group. But the speed with which he used to appropriate the new medium [film] was too great for most of his co-workers: they couldn’t keep up with him. He felt himself being pressed into the role of the exploiter who was “simultaneously exploited.” (Michael Töttenberg in: *Fassbinders Filme 2*). The film *Warnung vor einer heiligen Nutte* (Beware of a Holy Whore) – produced directly after *Whity* – narrates the end of the collective.

“Dear friends or comrades or whatever ... why don’t we regard the work on the film [*Warnung vor einer heiligen Nutte*] and the time in which it’s done as a last possibility to examine why things went the way they did and not differently, and what changes would be necessary to maybe still create production conditions that could make a further cooperation something worth striving for after all.” (Fassbinder in a letter at the start of shooting on 9/14/1970).

Whity was a flop not only with critics but also economically – the copy could not be released and the film therefore never made it to the cinema screens. It took twenty years before *Whity* showed up again “in the program of a commercial TV station”. The DVD copy is distributed by KirchMedia GmbH & Co. KGaA. On the occasion of the 20th year of Fassbinder’s death, a manuscript of a film on Rosa Luxemburg, over which the director died with his nose bleeding, on June 10, 1982, was shown on TV.

In remembrance of the murdered communist Luxemburg, the German architect Mies van der Rohe built the “Memorial for Revolution Victims” in 1926. The wall, which was made out of clinker from destroyed buildings, was to be reminiscent of an execution wall and was ceremoniously displayed to the public on Luxemburg’s birthday in the Berlin-Friedrichsfelde cemetery. Mies van der Rohe’s only sculptural work was commissioned by the collector and art historian, Eduard Fuch, who in 1926 was the

first secretary of the Communist Party. A steel star with hammer and sickle was set up next to a flagpole. It had to be assembled on site, as the Krupp steel works refused to manufacture the ensemble as a whole. The inscription “ICH WAR ICH BIN ICH WERDE SEIN / Den Toten Helden Der Revolution (I WAS I AM I SHALL BE / To The Dead Heroes Of The Revolution)” was never realized.

In 1933, the National Socialist regime had the Berlin Spartacus monument razed to the ground. In 1934, Mies, commissioned by the National Socialists, participated in an internal competition for the German Pavilion at the World Fair in Brussels. He sketched a swastika with pencil on the wall and a flag. In 1938 Mies van der Rohe emigrated to the United States. The grave, during GDR times called the “Memorial for Socialists”, is today still the destination of tens of thousands every year on the second Sunday in January.

In the middle of a field near Rudolstadt, stood a modernist-looking ensemble of cubes fitted into each other to provide advertising for the 10th Party Convention. This simply assembled display is now pushed into Mies van der Rohe’s “Memorial for Revolution Victims” in remembrance of the murdered Rosa Luxemburg and Karl Liebknecht. “AMADEU. LAST WARNING” is in memory of the victims of barbarism.



Advertising for the 10th Party Convention GDR



Mies van der Rohe, Memorial for Revolution Victims 1926



Demonstration in Rostock

FERNSEHFAMILIE

Whether host or guest, everyone needs an inner sanctum in which he can be himself, relax in comfort, and enjoy attractive surroundings. Some of the most attractive rooms combine many styles and periods - an easy thing to do if you have confidence in your own taste.



There is something else i wanted to ask before:
still in china... what did father do...
Your father - he was a worker.
What kind of work did he do
"Zhe Gai You"

what was that?
he worked for a factory
how do you say "Zhe Gai You" in mandarin
"Zhai Gou Yuan"

All right - i just wanted to know
Why are you asking?
I'm just writing something

You know - it's like today when someone – how
do you say in German, somebody – let's say who
goes somewhere else to order items for a com-
pany ...
hmmm - Don't know
He shows products to companies?
It's more like he visits other companies to buy
things

Do you want to talk to your brother
No it's OK
Let's talk when you get home
Yes let's do that...
Bye
Bye

I grew up in a Chinese restaurant.
When my parents moved to Austria they ended
up, as many other Chinese, working in a
Chinese restaurant. What else could they do?
Not that they knew how to cook professionally.

But, without knowing the language – being
completely illiterate in this new place – every-
thing/they were: alien. What else could one do?

My parents weren't cooks – anything but
familiar with the restaurant business. But, in
general, in Chinese restaurants cooks aren't
cooks, waitresses not waitresses and restaurant
managers are not managers

...
But then they – my parents, the employees –
were my image of Chinese,
only later to find out that they were more
Chinese than the Chinese in China.

Their generation left China at the end of the
70's. Their image of China, of home, stopped
the moment they left. It froze and became some-
thing nostalgic: a frozen image - memories

But, China moved on. China – changed –
...
When my parents / our family moved to Europe
they ended up in Vienna.

Ended up since they did not intend to stay –
since they were eventually
planning to go to Belgium

Belgium because of our relatives there... all they
had planned they planned for Belgium.
But, things turned out differently.

Vienna was just a stop over place while waiting
for when the papers would be ready to move
on... But, once there they started to recreate,
although temporarily, a new daily structure; they
started working. Temporary became a routine; it
became their habitus – their new life.

When the papers were finally ready, they did not
see a reason to move on. What difference did
Austria or Belgium make to them: both were not
China, both were empty, both without values,
two countries without meaning, exchangeable.

To them there were no differences both
languages were foreign. What difference would it
make to speak German, French, or Flemish.
What they wanted they gained leaving China.

It was too far fetched to think of the difference /
to think of the values of what it means to be
Austrian or Belgian.

To think one day their children could become
citizens of one of these countries ...we stayed,
and I started to learn German instead of French
and Flemish...

Instead of going to the north sea, I went skiing
in the alps;
instead of mussels with french-fries, "Moules
Frites" I grew up with "Wiener Schnitzel"

Credits: Film stills from (in alphabetical order):

Big Trouble In Little China (c)1986 Twentieth
Century Fox Film Corporation / *Eat Drink Man
Woman* (c)1994 The Samuel Goldwyn Company
and Central Motion Picture Corp. / *Existenz*
(c)1999 Screenventures XXIV Prod. Ltd.,
An Alliance Atlantis Company / *Rushhour* (c)1998
New Line Cinema Inc. / *Lethal Weapon 4* (c)1998
Warner Brothers / *Mickey Blue Eyes* (c)1999
Universal Studios / *My Own Private Idaho* (c)1991
New Line Cinema Inc. / *Waiting for Guffman*
(c)1999 Castle Rock Entertainment / *Year Of The
Dragon* (c)1985 Dino De Laurentiis Corp.

CALBE ENCOUNTERS OF THE THIRD KIND

Theatre Group Friedrich-Schiller- Gymnasium Calbe & Micz Flor

Following a crash landing, a group of young aliens is left
stranded in Calbe, Saxony-Anhalt. Their first analyses seem
to show that the town is uninhabited, but a trip into Calbe
ends tragically with the death of two crew members. Panic
breaks out on board the spaceship, and preparations are
made for an emergency launch. But the chances of success
are slim.

This short film was made during a workshop with the
Friedrich Schiller Gymnasium theatre group in Calbe. The
dialogue between the aliens on board their ship have been
borrowed from the crew of the *Nostromo* in Ridley Scott's
film *Alien*, and re-edited into the mouths of the aliens in
Calbe Encounters of the Third Kind. Frightened and desper-
ate, they now face an unfathomable phenomenon: Calbe.

"Calbe Encounters of the Third Kind"
DE 2002, ca. 30 Min.

Cast: David Alkewitz, Christiane Lichtenfeld,
Monika Rombusch, Franziska Schmalisch,
Julia Schmitt, Anna Wondrak
1st camera: Jörg "Katsche" Drefs
2nd camera: Anja Schütze, Juliane Fischer
Camera in Calbe: members of the theater group
Producer: Juliane Fischer
Director and editor: Micz Flor



Whity, Rainer Werner Fassbinder



WEDNESDAY, July 31st

5.30 – 7 p.m.

- Festival Opening

7 – 8.30 p.m.

- “Unser Ausland” (Preview), Dorothee Wenner, DE 2002, ca. 70 min.

Presented by: Robin Curtis, Gerhard Wissner

8.30 – 11 p.m.

- Exhibition Tour

11 p.m. – 1 a.m.

- “The Attendant”, Isaac Julien, GB 1992, 8 min.
- “Whity”, Rainer Werner Fassbinder, FRG 1970, 95 min., GV

Introduction by Marc Siegel

10 p.m.

- “Guitars and CD” Lehman

12 p.m. – open end

- Surplus Lounge DJ Francis

THURSDAY, August 1st

12.30 a.m. – 2.30 p.m.:

- “Et Alors?”, Frédéric Mercier, BE 2001, 3 min.
- “Der Chinesische Markt”, Zoran Solomun/Vladimir Blazevski, HU/DE 2000, 93 min., OV with German subtitles

Presented by: Gerhard Wissner

3 – 4 p.m.:

- “Girl Meets Boys – Snow White And The Seven Dwarves” Sebastian Schädler: performance lecture

4 – 6.30 p.m. LUNCH IN THE ASHES:

- Jayce Salloum
 - Shelly Silver
 - Madhusree Dutta
 - Maria Thereza Alves
- project presentation and screenings (videos see exhibition parcours p. 44)

Presented by: Merle Kröger, Philip Scheffner

8 – 10.30 p.m.: DIFFERENCES

- “Afro deutsch”, Ayassi, Tyron Ricketts, DE 2001, 10 min.
- “Afri Cola Spot”, Charles Wilp, DE 1968, 1 min.
- “Weisses Ghetto” Kanak TV, DE 2002, 8 min.
- “Sally’s Beauty Spot” Helen Lee, CA/US 1990, 13 min.
- “Natural Instincts” Ximena Cuevas, MX/US 1999, 3 min., English version
- “The Kaplan Family and the Black Demon” Liat Kaplan/Yifar Elkayam, IL 1998, 37 min., EV with German subtitles ... and other examples

Presented by: Robin Curtis, Gerhard Wissner

11 p.m. – 1 a.m.

- “...und über uns ein Himmel aus Stahl, oder warum Welten (welche) liegen zwischen Christa Wolf und ABC” Jochen Becker, Stephan Geene & guests: commented record playing

FRIDAY, August 2nd

12 a.m. – 1 p.m.

- “Light People in the Swamp of the Sun – Studies on *Life Reform*”, Stephan Dilleuth & THEATERGRIPPE
- TOKKEN: a dance performance

2 – 3.30 p.m.

- “Dreckfresser”, Branwen Okpako, DE 2000, 75 min.

Presented by: Renate Lorenz

4–6.30 p.m.

- “In the *No Man’s Land* of Modernism” Tobias Nagl
 - “Haus Vaterland” Hito Steyerl
- lectures and screenings

8–10 p.m.: GUESTS UNDER CONTRACT

- “Drei Briefe” Max Jaap, DE 1963, 20 min.
- “Vertragsarbeiterinnen in der DDR” compilation taken from the newsreels “Der Augenzeuge” and “Kinobox,” GDR 1966 – 1981, ca. 12 min.
- “Fremde Heimat-Yaban Silan olur” DOMIT, slide presentation, DE 2002, ca. 45 min.

- “Philharmonie Köln” Kanak TV, DE 2002, 9 min.
- Presented by: Merle Kröger

10 – 12 p.m. AT HOME

- “El Yo es Otro – Nivel 1”, Lester Cano Alvarez, DE 2001, 13 min.
- “Gülüzar”, Hatice Ayten, TR/DE 1994, 8 min.
- “A Real Game”, Adrian Paci, IT 2000, 9 min., English version
- “Büyükmamas”, Gülseli Baur, DE/TR 2000, 9 min.
- “One of Us”, Susan Korda, USA 1999, 48 min. OV with German subtitles

Presented by: Robin Curtis

12 p.m. – 2 a.m.

- Open Air: “Lola + Bilidikid” Kutlug Ataman, DE 1999, 91 min.
- Surplus Lounge Alex Dolby vs. Rocky Mueller, Ping Pong Record Duel

SATURDAY, August 3rd

1 – 2 p.m. BORDERLINE CASES

- “Limes: bio-Border/Park/Spektakel” wr, AT 2001, 23 min.
- “A Season Outside” Amar Kanwar, IN 1997, 32 min.

2 – 4 p.m.:

- “Nachlass”, Robin Curtis, CA/DE 1992, 8 min.
- “Danach hätte es schön sein müssen” Karin Jurschick, DE 2000, 72 min.

Presented by: Renate Lorenz

4 – 6 p.m. THE TENTH

- Compilation program on the X. World Festival of Youth and Students 1973
- “Der Augenzeuge”, GDR 1973, cinema newsreel, ca. 12 min.
 - “Drüben” FRG 1973, TV magazine show, 30 min.
 - “Alex-Debatten”, GDR 1973, TV magazine show, 40 min.

Presented by: Ina Alvermann, Merle Kröger

8 – 10 p.m.

- “The Truth Lie(s) in Rostock”, Mark Saunders/Siobhan Cleary, GB/DE 1993, 78 min.

Presented by: Jochen Becker, Heike Kleffner

10 – 11 p.m.

- “Now we’re all alone, my brother – Signals from the German prairie” Micz Flor, Merle Kröger, Philip Scheffner: screenings and more

11 p.m. – open ended

- Rhythm King and Her Friends: Noise Pop-Electrronics
- DJ Tama Sumo (Tresor/Ostgut)

SUNDAY, August 4th

1 – 3 p.m. COURAGE OF ONE’S CONVICTIONS / ZIVILCOURAGE

- “18 Minuten Zivilcourage”, Rahim Shirmahd, DE 1991, 18 min.
- “Die Entscheider”, Susanne Oferinger, DE 1992, 20 min.
- “Planeta Alemania”, dogfilm&companioner@s, DE 1999, 38 min.
- “Adriano (Letzte Warnung)”, Brothers Keepers/Dani Levy, DE 2001, 8 min.

Presented by: Brigitta Kuster

3 – 5.30 p.m. OVER THE BORDER

- “Gekommen bin ich der Arbeit wegen”, Goran Rebic, AT 1987, 23 min.
- “... dann sag ich’s mit den Händen”, Ellis Lander/Axel Kaspar, GDR 1971, 31 min.
- “Juristische Körper”, dogfilm, DE 1995, 50 min.

Presented by: Brigitta Kuster, Merle Kröger

6 – 7.30 p.m.

- “Zugewinngemeinschaft” 5. Werkleitz Biennial: panel discussion

8 – 8.30 p.m.

- “Calbe Encounters of the Third Kind”, Theatre Group Friedrich-Schiller-Gymnasium Calbe & Micz Flor, DE 2002, ca. 30 min.

9 p.m.

- Surplus Lounge DJ Aguirre & Gericom



„Unser Ausland“ (3)



„The Attendant“

7.00–8.30 p.m.

“Unser Ausland”

10 Views of Berlin by Foreign Residents

Dorothee Wenner

Production and project leadership:

Produktion eins / cineplus

Germany 2002, 70 min., preview

For a long time, the ethnographic gaze was always directed away from us – toward “the others,” whom we did not recognize as belonging to us. Most recently with “Petit à petit,” Jean Rouch has turned this gaze around and has revealed our own methodology. In the 80s and 90s, ethnography took a new course by turning its gaze inward and asking the question: what really defines “self” and what is “the other,” and for whom? The video project “Unser Ausland” continues along this path. When people move between different cultures, the unity of the homogeneous “self” breaks down, making room for new viewpoints that allow one to approach one’s own environment from the outside.

“People from almost every country in the world live in Berlin or visit the city for a few weeks, months, or years. Bringing their own particular views, they make comparisons with the ways of life, culture, and manners that are more familiar to them. Many of them develop ethnographic skills in this field because, just as in classical field research, they live right next door to the “natives.”

In 1997, Dorothee Wenner wrote a column for the newspaper *Die Zeit* based on these observations. Twenty-six people from different countries, of varying ages, and professions, discussed their opinions – what they liked, and what they didn’t like. The response was extraordinary. Many non-German readers wrote long letters about their own experiences; the interviewees themselves were invited to go on talk shows, and several European textbook publishers reprinted the texts for use in German lessons.

The concept was further developed in an audiovisual component created for a three-month traveling exhibition. In a complex video installation, foreigners living in Berlin describe the peculiarities of Germans and German culture. They speak not from the point of view of “the other,” but as qualified experts on a special subject, or a particular profession.

The Russian author Vladimir Kaminer, for example, examines German men and their relationship to Russian women in the “Russian disco”; Burundian lawyer Jocelyn Ntikahavuye looks at the fashionably stylish life of budding lawyers on campus; the Korean naturopath, Sui Eu Ok laments over the small size of German cemeteries; the French pop singer Françoise Cactus reports on the problematic relationship Germans have with their hair; and the car mechanic, Augustine Tullah from Sierra Leone, continues to be astonished by how widespread “car disease” is.

For the Werkleitz Biennial, excerpts from the ten short films will be screened as a preview.

(Merle Kröger)

11 p.m.–1 a.m.

“The Attendant”

Isaac Julien, GB 1992, 8 min.

“Whity”

Rainer Werner Fassbinder, FRG 1970, 95 min.

Isaac Julien’s gorgeous short film, “The Attendant” (1992) focuses on the gay sado-masochistic fantasies of a black museum guard. Inspired by the 19th century French painting, entitled “Slaves on the West Coast of Africa”, the film confronts white colonial representations of slavery with black gay sado-masochistic desire. Julien’s fanciful reenactments of paintings as s/m fantasies

challenges rigid conceptions of black/white relations. As he explains, “the popular ‘black, straight’ reading that tries to use the signs of s/m (whips and chains) for a neocolonial racist/sexual practice is an attempt to fix these images in time, perpetuating white power and domination. It is thus reductive, a misreading of the theatre of s/m, based on the politically correct notions of sexual practices from a world devoid of fantasy.” Julien’s multi-faceted vision of interracial desire is lent a touch of humor through cameos by theorist Stuart Hall, writer Hanif Kureishi, and pop singer Jimmy Somerville.

In a very different study of the dynamics of black/white relations, Fassbinder turns to representations of slavery as well. The reference point here, however, is not art history, but history as it gets told through Hollywood genre films. *Whity*, Fassbinder’s only Technicolor cinemascope feature, is a kind of plantation melodrama set in the American West in 1878. It focuses on the decadent land owning Nicholson family, and their mulatto slave, Whity (played by Fassbinder’s then lover, Günther Kaufmann, who also frequently appeared in his films). Ben Nicholson (Ron Randell), the patriarch, rules over the family with a strong fist and an ever-present whip. He lives in an old mansion in a desolate Western ghost town, along with his perverse second wife, Katherine (Katrin Schaake); and his two sons, Davie, (Harry Baer) who is mentally ill, and Frank, (Ulli Lommel) a homosexual. Ben’s family members are alternately erotically interested in Whity and contemptuous of him. Though Whity willfully and eagerly submits himself to the family’s taunts and abuses, he stops short of their requests to kill their father. In the evenings, he meets his lover, the town whore and saloon singer Hanna (Hanna Schygulla), who urges him to leave this horrible family and “go east.” In the end, Whity does finally kill the Nicholson family, one by one, and flees to the desert with Hanna, where they are certain to die of thirst.

A flop at the time of its premiere, *Whity* was never theatrically released and has thus remained one of Fassbinder’s least-known films. Formally, it has a lot in common with other films from his early period, including, a non-psychological presentation of characters, long sequences, and slow, studied camera movements. (*Whity* was cinematographer Michael Ballhaus’s first collaboration with Fassbinder.) Thematically, the film fits in squarely with the rest of Fassbinder’s work: its harsh critique of heterosexual family life, its staging of personal relationships as uneven systems of exchange, and, most significantly, its incisive critique of the dynamics of racial oppression. Through its staging of black and white relations as a kind of erotics of dominance and submission, *Whity* remains one of Fassbinder’s most fascinating and relevant films for contemporary discussions of race and sexual desire. (Marc Siegel)

10 p.m.

Guitars and CD

Lehmann

12 p.m.

Surplus Lounge

DJ Francis

12.30 a.m.–2.30 p.m.

“Et alors? (What else?)”

Frédéric Mercier
Belgium 2001, 3 min.

The video ironically comments on why the European Union’s expansion to the west” is already condemned to failure on account of the formal obstacles in Brussels. Or, is it possible for an indigenous inhabitant of Ecuador to take a spear along to a meeting with high-ranking bureaucrats?

“Der Chinesische Markt”

Zoran Solomun, Vladimir Blazevski
Hungary/Germany 2000, 93 min.

The increase in time, money and freedom gained from Western European trade markets leads to an inane waste of resources and potential within the Eastern version of the “free market.” A prominent example is the *Chinese Market* in Budapest, which as the name suggests, is almost exclusively run by Chinese traders. Customers come from the various Eastern European countries. The traders usually manage to make a small profit off the goods that they riskily transport across the respective (trade) borders. This income is on the one hand, a basis for their subsistence (or even survival), and on the other, makes the next trade journey possible. Every day, thousands of people kill their time busily transporting cheap imitations of appliances, cosmetics, clothing and shoes made by well-known manufacturers, across hundreds of kilometers.

“The film by Zoran Solomun and Vladimir Blazevski makes the abstract process of globalization tangible via a concrete description of the so-called Chinese Market in Budapest. In the shadow of the global flow of funds, a form of commodity circulation has come into existence here since 1992 that has nothing in common with the stock market transactions of the “global players”. It rather resembles an early capitalistic form of small trade. The film depicts people living on this trade. They come from Romania, Macedonia, Bosnia and other former Eastern-bloc countries, and cover hundreds of kilometers with great effort in order to purchase cheap goods on the market and resell them in their homelands for a small profit. The film succeeds in finding concrete images for economic and social relations without reducing their complexity in any way. In numerous snapshot scenes of the market, of border crossings and private homes, the film describes the social background and survival strategies of people struggling to make a living under the pressure of these new economic conditions. The film impressively or reveals a network of intersecting biographies and trade routes, thus rendering a representation of the structural dimension of economic interrelations, as well as the existential dimension of human fates that are subject to these interrelations.” (*Reason given by the jury: Birgit Kohler, Mark Stöhr, Jan Verwoert, 25th Duisburger Filmwoche 2001*)

3–4 p.m.

“Girl Meets Boys – Snow White and the Seven Dwarves”

Sebastian Schädler: performance lecture

“Who’s been eating from my plate?” ask the seven dwarves, when they return to their little house to find that everything has been completely rearranged. But what has happened? What kind of orderliness can frightens the dwarves by its unexpectedness?

In the opening credits to the Walt Disney version of *Snow White*, parents are asked to watch the film with their children if possible – after all, it teaches “important moral values.”

See also p. 15

4–6.30 p.m.
LUNCH IN THE ASHES

“Lunch In The Ashes” is a composite of four individual works by the artists Maria Thereza Alves (Berlin), Madhusree Dutta (Bombay), Jayce Salloum (Vancouver) and Shelly Silver (New York City).

The idea to invite these artists, whose works are not generally created in a German context, originated from their joint projects, works and, not least, long-standing friendships. The artists deal with the concepts of internationalism, borders and utopia. Accompanied by six months of email communication, these video works were produced, and weave a network of subjective, site-specific and political thoughts: to have lunch in the ashes of grand utopian promises.

See also p. 24

8–10.30 p.m.
DIFFERENCES

Difference attracts attention or excludes, or does both simultaneously. This “colorfully” assorted compilation program shows the most varied facets of being different in their respective contexts, and in its entirety, gives an analysis of the conditions under which difference is interpreted both individually and socially.

While Charles Wilp employs difference for respective commercial messages, Tyron Ricketts turns his view of “positive racism” into a music clip, and Kanak TV questions the causes of an alleged “white” ghetto in the middle of Germany. The works of Helen Lee and Ximena Cuevas substantiate the assessment that ones own ideas of having the right look are informed by patterns of the advertising and culture industry. The humorous and unusual attempts to get rid of a family member who doesn’t “fit,” bring the *Kaplan Family* to the realization that what counts are other values – values that are stronger than prejudices and rejection.

“Afro deutsch”

Ayassi, Tyron Ricketts
Germany 2001, 10 min.

“The entire story I’m telling is more or less autobiographical, narrated from three different perspectives. The first perspective is mine; it’s me as a little boy of about 6 to 9 and how I perceived racism in Austria.

After this first perspective, the background of the film changes. [...]

The second part is about my perspective as a young adult, 18 to 22 years old, at a time when the music channel Viva just went on air, and I finally began to figure out how things are connected, why people say certain things about me – what I call positive racism. For me, this means that I’m associated with certain clichés, and if I live up to them, then everyone admires me. Like when I was a little kid for example, and the other kids would say: “Hey, you look like Eddie Murphy, are you as funny as he is?” [...]

With women, positive racism is different than with men. They have to struggle with other things; they’re considered exotic sex kittens that are especially wild. All you need to do is take a look at today’s hip-hop videos from the USA.

There’s nothing you can do about it except become part of the situation yourself and see to it that you’re the one who holds the reigns.

Being reduced to certain qualities black people allegedly have, like “blacks got the rhythm”, is for me, positive racism.

And that – to return to the film – is what the second part of “Afro-deutsch” is about. It shows the paradox that, on the one hand, you’re idolized – that’s the stage image, where everybody celebrates you – and, on the other, you experience the exact opposite. A moment ago, on stage, everybody thinks you’re great, and then you enter the backstage area and someone wants to punch you in the face, saying: “What does that nigger want here?”

Then, in the third part, I give an account of the situation in Germany the way I see it today. I believe I know what racism is about – I also understand why so many things used to happen, but I also see that the situation has partially improved. Among other things, hip hop definitively led to a positive development. There are now things that make me proud to say: “Hey, I’m from Germany!” Especially if it has to do with hip hop.” (*Tyron Ricketts, interview in rap.de*)

“Afri Cola Spot”

Charles Wilp, Germany 1968, 1 min.

Afri Cola, the thoroughly German company founded in 1864, commissioned Charles Wilp in the mid-sixties to market its soft drink internationally. His psychedelic campaign aroused worldwide attention. Not only Germany was on an Afri Cola trip, behind glazed surfaces, nuns, hippies and representatives of all “races” celebrated the craving for Afri Cola. Earth is a paradise: “sexy-mini-super-flower-pop-up-cola (everything’s in AFRI COLA...)”

“Weißes Ghetto”

Kanak TV, Germany 2002, 8 min.

Cologne-Lindenthal is a wealthy and homogenous neighborhood; migrants are not to be found here. What are the reasons for this? Do the Germans seal themselves off? Is Cologne-Lindenthal a white ghetto? Kanak TV examines these questions.

“Sally’s Beauty Spot”

Helen Lee, Canada/USA,
1990, 13 min., English version

In *Sally’s Beauty Spot*, the radical binarism – of the differentiation between “black” and “white” – is posed in terms of various romantic entanglements. Each are found to have their roots within the representations of popular culture, and in this case more specifically, within the Hollywood melodrama *The World of Suzy Wong*. Can there be something in between?

“Natural Instincts”

Ximena Cuevas,
Mexico/USA 1999, 3 min., English version

“This is a video of musical terror where I super-ficially (this is the beginning of a larger project) look at one of the Mexican phenomena that horrifies me the most: internalized racism. Being ashamed of one’s own roots. The fantasy of waking up white.” (*Ximena Cuevas*)

“The Kaplan Family & The Black Demon”

Liat Kaplan, Yifat Elkayam
Israel 1998, 37 min., English version

What happens when a nice Jewish family’s worst nightmare becomes a reality, and the youngest daughter brings home a boyfriend who is not one of “us”? What happens when this man, who is not one of “us”, is a black Muslim from Sudan, a refugee living in a makeshift hut in Sinai?

When all this happens to Sara and Micha Kaplan, it becomes clear that the origin of all evil lies in a curse or “the evil eye”. They travel to the “professionals” in Galilee hoping that the black demon will leave their daughter, and that perhaps a more suitable “Shiduch” can be found. The video accompanies the Kaplans on their painfully honest, and at times, quite humorous family journey. It conveys Liat’s needs, Sara’s memories of the Holocaust and Micha’s attempt to bridge the gap between his love for Sara and accepting Liat’s desires.



„Et Alors (What else)“



„Der Chinesische Markt“



„Afro deutsch“



„Afri Cola Spot“



„Sally’s Beauty Spot“



„natural instincts“



„The Kaplan Family & the Black Demon“

11 p.m.–1 a.m.:

“... und über uns ein Himmel aus Stahl

oder warum Welten (welche) liegen zwischen
Christa Wolf und ABC
Jochen Becker, Stephan Geene & guests:
commented record playing

see also p. 18.

12 a.m.–1 p.m.

“Light People in the Swamp of the Sun”

Studies on “Life Reform”. A Performance by Stephan Dilleuth and the THEATERGRIPPE TOKKEN.

Around the turn of the century, a number of groups were formed that can be summed up using the term “Lebensreform (Life Reform)”. These part utopian, revolutionary, reactionary and reformist approaches characterized the most varied attempts to break free from the Empire of the day: the national, capitalistic and monolithic Wilhelmian Reich.

In view of their diverse developments of parallel conceptions of life, the Life Reform movements were certainly predecessors of today’s identity and group constructions formed via lifestyle conceptions. At the time, however, some of these approaches lent a sense of “metaphysical depth to the arising National Socialism.

Other groups were, quite to the contrary, persecuted by the society of the Third Reich, and incorporated or forced into line, which again produced a monolithic homogeneity.

The video, which Stephan Dilleuth wanted to create on this group of themes, was bound to fail due to its complexity – the profusion of images cannot be subdued. Instead of presenting a finished product, a dance on these fragments and problems is to take place in cooperation with TANZGRIPPE TOKKEN.

See also p. 47

2–3.30 p.m.

“Dreckfresser”

Branwen Okpako
Germany 2000, 75 min.

“A Saxon” – this caption above the photo of the policeman Sam Meffire, was used in a 1992 advertisement for the Federal State of Saxony. After numerous racist attacks, and in the wake of Hoyerswerda, this image was meant to serve as a symbol of the State’s openness and tolerance in during the early 90s.

Dreckfresser reconstructs the biography of the Afro-German, Sam Meffire. The perspectives, stories and narrative styles gained from interviews with Sam Meffire, his mother, his former colleagues as well as journalists are used to gradually put together his story. The filmmaker can also be seen briefly – her questions shape the path of this reconstruction.

Sam Meffire’s family story in the GDR began with the extreme experience of racism: while his mother was in the hospital awaiting the birth of her son, his father was murdered and his body was taken outside the country overnight.

A second strand the film pursues deals with Meffire’s actions as an adult during East Germany’s transition to West German-type capitalism. The Saxon billboard campaign claimed there were no differences, but it actually marked the difference between Sam Meffire and other Saxons, and thus made him popular. He gave interviews, participated in TV talk shows and began a strangely charged friendship with Heinz Eggert, Saxony’s Interior Secretary at the time. He founded his own security business in 1994, and subsequently used more and more force when carrying out client orders. Without giving a final explanation, the film hints at how these violent business practices could have been motivated or how they originated. The interview with Sam Meffire was conducted in a Saxon prison, where he is serving a ten-year sentence for armed robbery and extortion.

4–6.30 p.m.

“In the no man’s land of modernism”

A lecture by Tobias Nagl

Victor Trivas’ communist anti-war film, *Niemandsland* (No Man’s Land) (1931), created in cooperation with Hanns Eisler, counts as one of the few films produced during the Weimar Republic that featured a non-white leading actor. Louis Douglas (1889 – 1939), actor, dancer and Josephine Baker’s choreographer, can be seen playing the role of a black artist alongside Ernst Busch. His “lack of fatherland” is projected in a positive light countering the territorial principle on which imperialistic wars are based. Attributions of race and internationalism, diaspora and difference, form the ideological cornerstone of the film, which was immediately forbidden by the Nazis when they came to power. Against the background of the communist stance towards the “question of race” and the significance of blackness in contemporary modernism, the context in which the film was initially viewed is analyzed and contrasted with the actual living conditions of black migrants in the Weimar Republic.

“Haus Vaterland”

Outlines of a critique of a racist economic Phenomena: overlapping racism and anti-Semitism in the Weimar Republic
A lecture by Hito Steyerl

Joseph Roth gives an account of what could happen to Indian people in Berlin during the Weimar Republic: “The chronicler, endeavoring to record the symptoms of the time and the place, dwells with helpless rancor on the story of the Indian woman who a few days ago in the morning hours hurried across the Prager Platz to her music-teacher and was assailed by a local

drunk. Twelve typical Berliners, allegedly hard-working urbanites, gathered and watched as the drunk beat up the Indian woman. The Indian news agency, which made this incident known to a broader public, did not impart why the Indian woman did not end up dead on the Prager Platz as a victim of völkisch and intoxicated patriotism. I was also surprised to hear that a dozen men passively watched the fight between one of their compatriots and a woman of a foreign race; I was also surprised that the onlookers didn’t make the most of the opportunity and assault the Indian woman, especially since she was defenseless. It would also have been a wonderful occasion to sing “Deutschland über alles”. (...) Of course another assumption is possible: that the intoxicated fighter and the sober spectators thought the Indian was a Jew. But this would make her rescue and the passivity of the circle of onlookers all the more astonishing.”

8–10 p.m.

GUESTS UNDER CONTRACT

Germany is not an immigration country. This is the argument that is always put forth when migrants demand their rights: their right to freedom of movement, their right to education, health care and employment. However, this argument not only completely disregards the fact that the European “community of surplus” constructs, and has always constructed, economic and cultural hierarchies extending beyond its borders. It also ignores that for more than forty years people from many different countries have been living and working in former East and West Germany, and the present reunited Germany. Whether contract workers in the East, or immigrant workers in the West, whether solidarity, socialist quota contracts or human labour to boost the capitalist upturn – the rhetoric used when dealing with migrants was, and is, frighteningly pragmatic, and marked by utilitarian debate.

However, beneath all this, there is a second story to be told about migration, about actual life in Germany, integration or non-integration, resistance to exploitation, and externally imposed racist ascriptions.

This journey through the history of worker migration since the 60’s in East and West Germany takes us to Cologne, where, in November 2001, a huge reception was held to celebrate the 40th anniversary of the recruitment contracts.

“Drei Briefe”

Max Jaap, GDR 1963, 20 min.

Cuban plantation workers who have rebelled against large landowners are retrained in Rostock to become shipwrights. A young woman from Togo trains as an infant nurse in Dresden; an

Iraqi man studies precision engineering and works in a radio factory. Max Jaap allows the protagonists to give their families at home a first-person account of life in East Germany. But this eulogy to solidarity makes way for a cost-benefit analysis when the narrator makes the laconic remark: “Foreigners in the Republic: some come, others go. Good luck!”

“Vertragsarbeiterinnen in der DDR”

GDR 1966 – 1981, Compilation taken from the newsreels “Der Augenzeuge” and “Kinobox,” ca. 12 min.

This compilation shows the ways the media depicted contract workers in East Germany over a period of 15 years. At the Herder Institute in Leipzig, people from over 65 countries including Vietnam, Chile, Algeria, Namibia, Mozambique, are taking a German course in preparation for university study. The fact that they are kept at a distance is clearly shown in these reports: they remain guests who live in hostels, keep up their own culture, and happily go home again after a few years. “They go skiing and tobogganing, some of them talk about their thoughts of home and sing an African song.” (Excerpt from *Kinobox* No. 3, 1981: “Africans in the Snow”)

“Fremde Heimat – Yaban Silan olur”

DOMIT, Germany 2002, slide presentation, ca. 45 min.

DOMIT is the only documentation centre and museum in Europe to deal with migration from Turkey. This slide presentation reflects the history of immigration to West Germany from the first recruitments in 1961 up to the 80s.

“From the recruitment agreement of 1961 until recruitment stopped in 1973, around 860,000 people from Turkey came to work in Germany. Three quarters of them were recruited on behalf of German companies by the German liaison office in Istanbul, which worked closely with Turkish employment authorities. These workers had to undergo a very strict ‘test for Germany’ with regard to qualifications and health. Every fifth worker from Turkey was a woman.

The slide presentation will focus particularly on the beginning of the movement that led to more than two million people from Turkey who have become part of the German population. This historical treatment provides some surprising revelations that often contradict present-day clichés.” (DOMIT)

Die Schnittstelle zum Glück.



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“Philharmonie Köln”

Kanak TV, Germany 2002, 9 min.

Cologne, 6.11. 2001. On this day, with a fittingly large number of VIPs present, the city of Cologne celebrated the 40th anniversary of the signing of the first recruitment agreement with Turkey.

In order to point out the reduced and reductive use of the cultural concepts often reserved for migrants, we posed questions to Germans that are normally only asked of migrants. Our aim was not only to show that Germans' apparently have a natural monopoly on a generalizing attitude toward “the Others,” but also to take it to the point of absurdity. The interesting thing is that most Germans used precisely the same arguments as those voiced by many migrants for years to defend themselves against externally imposed identities and stereotyping.

Kanak TV goes into action wherever racist hierarchies are declared the norm. We categorically reject every attempt to gape at migrants, sum them up, and force them into categories. Instead, we put the focus on Teutons who consider it a matter of course to examine and interrogate others, and diminish them in their gaze.

Kanak TV keeps an alert watch on everyday events. It goes against conventional attitudes and familiar patterns of reception. Kanak TV spreads unease among the self-righteous. On Kanak TV, there is neither relief through laughter nor sympathetic solidarity. Despite all this, Kanak TV does make people laugh. And the more German and complacent the audience is, the more the laughter sticks in its throat.

We, the “wogs,” produce long overdue pictures to offset the eternally stereotypical pictures of migrants. We offer a counter valance to the images of criminal wogs from the ghetto, the sweaty wogs selling donner kebabs, or the mute female wogs wearing headscarves – all symbols of our backwardness and repression. Kanak TV reverses the racist gaze. But we do not solely want to reveal the racist gaze and the fixed pictures in people's minds. We also focus on how pictures are produced, manipulated and used. By employing the power of the gaze itself, Kanak TV exposes the power of the media's gaze. Our aim is, thus to question, reject and counteract the balance of power.

10–12 p.m. AT HOME

An autobiographical perspective always implicitly poses the following questions: how does the private relate to the public and – more critically – how does the public leave its mark on the private?

The following works speak of travels, of isolation and rupture – but also of reconciliation and

resistance. The traversal of borders is, according to Jan Assman, a crucial moment for identity in that the crossing always implicitly carries the threat of forgetting – and with it, the dissolution of identity.

“El Yo es Otro – Nivel 1”

Lester Cano Alvarez

Germany 2001, 13 min.,

Spanish with German subtitles

To gain a new identity in a foreign language is to slowly lose touch with one's original identity, fluent in its native tongue. One leaves proficiency behind and comes to know a new self, which struggles with self-expression, and even with identity itself. This video traces the stations of this painful process (after Cano-Alvarez's arrival in Germany in 1998); equal parts a question of linguistics and one of visceral experience.

“Gülüzar”

Hatice Ayten

Germany/Turkey 1994, 8 min.

By combining slow-motion documentation of the visceral work of a cleaning woman with an unsentimental voice-over, which relates, in brief, matter-of-fact sentences, the details of a life filled with hardship, Ayten offers a moving portrait of her mother, which nonetheless maintains a respectful distance appropriate to telling one's own tale in public. Indeed what is the appropriate autobiographical form for a life filled with work and little else?

“A Real Game”

Adrian Paci

Italy 2000, 9 min., English Version

A child relates a story, equal parts fairy tale and eyewitness report, suggesting both the deep wounds left by war and the precarious life of a refugee and the process by which such experiences are assimilated. The child is the daughter of the Albanian filmmaker, Paci, and the story is their own.

“Büyükmamas”

Gülsele Baur

Germany/Turkey 2000, 9:20 min.

Baur's grandparents lived and died a world apart from each other: one as a German countess, the other as a farmer in the hills of Anatolien; their children were joined together through their shared commitment to communism. This work imagines the German countess taking a trip to the Turkish grandmother's world, connecting the dots of the relationship between two very different worlds, which nonetheless share many commonalities.

“One of Us”

Susan Korda

USA 1999, 48 min.

English with German subtitles

The child of a Holocaust survivor and a refugee, Korda arrives in Berlin as a Fulbright scholar shortly after the fall of the Wall and begins to investigate the roots and repercussions of the psychic damage created by violence and trauma – both within the family and within an entire society. Both are defined by the desire to forget and the compulsion to repeat, revisiting the affect of experience of the past. Ultimately, however, this work is most remarkable for its generosity, in that it marks out the arduous route towards reconciliation.

12 p.m.–2 a.m.

Open Air: “Lola & Bilidikid”

Kutlug Ataman

Germany 1999, 91 min.

Kutlug Ataman tells the story of a “double migration,” first to Berlin and then from homophobic family structures into the “family” of drag queens, which have become well known in the Berlin district S0 36, and several smaller clubs.

17-year-old Murat is confronted by the authority of his homophobic brother, Osman. He also learns that another brother, “Lola”, has already been banned from the family by Osman. The strong presence of desire and power within the family takes up motifs from Fassbinder's *Whity*. In his/her “gay family,” Queen Lola, in turn, must deal with the no less violently expressed desire of his/her lover for heterosexual normality. The few purely German main protagonists are depicted in an exaggerated way from the perspective of Turkish-German Berliners.

“Divisions and contradictions are important in this story. We chose locations around Berlin to reflect this. Berlin is a city of different realities, like in Istanbul where you have the division of East and West and the river breaking the city into two. Moreover, there are two axes in the film: the upper world and the underworld. My main character starts in the upper world of the family and travels down into the underworld of the transvestites and the gay scene. In the underworld, the camera is frantic, hand-held and uses gritty, true colours, while the upper world is more ordered. However, sometimes, the two worlds collide so that a dolly shot suddenly becomes hand-held”. (*Kutlug Ataman*)

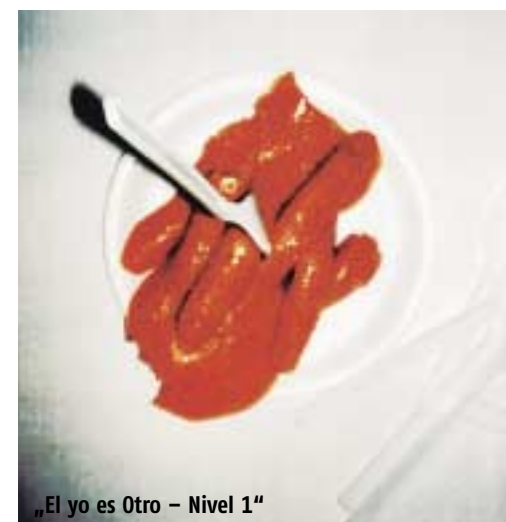
Surplus Lounge

Alex Dolby vs. Rocky Mueller

PingPong Record Duel



„Dreckfresser“



„El yo es Otro – Nivel 1“



„Philharmonie Köln“



„A real game“



„Büyükmamas“



„Gülüzar“



„One of Us“

Auch er war ein Überlebender



„Lola & Bilidikid“



„Fremde Heimat – Yaban Silan Olur“



1-2 p.m. BORDERLINE CASES

Include – exclude. These two works thematize in contrasting ways – one as a “theoretical” examination, the other as an autobiographical video essay. They contend with not only the significance of borders and the manner in which they are constituted, but also the resulting consequences, such as the conflict between Pakistan and India.

“Limes: Bio-Border/ Park/Spektakel”

wr, Austria 2001, 23 min.

“To the east of Neusiedler Lake, in the so-called Seewinkel region, deployment operations of the Austrian armed forces (“Aktion Limes”) and the NATIONAL park service co-mingle creating an extraordinary spectacle. Local stories, biology and visual and acoustic signals generated by both environmentalists and the border police can easily be confused with each other in the landscape, which leads to the disappearance of a global dimension behind national ritual. “Nature” serves as an unsuspecting ideological resource.

This construction will reveal itself in the following upcoming course of events: In a few years, Fortress Europe will shift its line of demarcation further to the east. Here as well as there, limes refers not to the local territory but to the regions and populations thousands of kilometers to the east and south.

Landscape tableaus form the visual material from which an ethnographic investigation of the border region begins. The idyllic integrity of “free nature” is deconstructed by a narration punctuated with quotes. Sound and text reposition these stereotypical images back into the context of political reality.” (wr)

“A Season Outside”

Amar Kanwar
India, 1997,
32 min., English version

“In 1947, Kanwar’s family had to flee from the Punjab region which is cut was divided in two by Pakistan and India. His return to the state’s frontier, which has been under dispute for 50 years, is accompanied by an off-screen voice that formulates thoughts and questions. These revolve around the vision of a non-violent society and are often contrasted, almost cynically, by images depicting places of socially accepted and state-sanctioned violence: houses that are like prisons

for women, cockfights in a marketplace, the isolated housings for refugees. Why are we “we” and they the “others”? The border: a line called the border, and the disturbing rituals that the state uses to position itself in the limelight here. Amar Kanwar wants to free himself from his terrible family story.” (Brigitte Schulze, *epd Film 11/98*)

2-4 p.m.

“Nachlass”

Robin Curtis
Canada / Germany, 1992, 9 min.
English (with German title-links)

“In *Nachlass*, everyday objects belonging to a female Canadian immigrant serve as symbols representing all of the information between languages and cultures that inevitably becomes lost in the process of migration. While this particular story from the turn of the century remains unwritten or unpublished, its persistence demands signification: the experience of an immigrant to Germany, a nation that claims it’s ‘not an immigration country.’” (Robin Curtis)

“Danach hätte es schön sein müssen”

Karin Jurschick
Germany, 2000, 72 min

“In 1974, my mother traveled to Bremen. She checked into a hotel room and committed suicide. She lived to be 42. At home no one talks about the suicide. In 1997, after years without contact, I meet my father again. He still lives in the apartment he moved into with his wife and child 41 years ago. In the bedroom, the same blue blanket still covers my mother’s half of the bed. My father is now 91 years old. Later during the course of the next 2 1/2 years, I make video recordings using a DV camera. I obsessively film the apartment. But the horror doesn’t materialize. I observe my father; I follow him, even on a cruise across the Caribbean Sea. The camera allows me to maintain a distance, but it also establishes closeness. My father and I can speak to each other via the camera. Little stories my mother and her mother, my grandmother, told each other over and over again come to my mind. An earlier neighbor, an aunt and the former boss of the woman, as well as the father, also have their stories to tell. Within these stories an experience condenses that perhaps cannot be expressed any other way.” (Karin Jurschick)

The stories that Karin Jurschick tells start during fascism: her father’s collaboration in the nationally fuelled war, his obsession with mechanics, and precise operations. The film pursues the ways in which the personal and communal experience of National Socialism affects the familial “conjugal community of accrued gains” in post-war West Germany. In particular, how this experience can again be detected in family power relations, in ordinary everyday routines, and in the functional and objective manner in which personal relationships are conducted. A banal story – father, mother and child on a bicycle trip – becomes a pivotal narrative for the family. During the outing, relations of domination reverse themselves for a special moment. The three involved thus direct a degree of emotionality not felt in other accounts of the past, to this moment. Objectivity and distance also characterize the formal strategies of the film, e.g., when the filmmaker speaks of herself in the third person as

“the child”. This distance is repeatedly ruptured, however, especially in the unrelenting questions posed to the father.

4-6 p.m. DIE ZEHNTEN

Compilation program on the X.World Festival of Youth and Students in Berlin/East, 1973

“On the afternoon of July 28, 1973, a bright blue sky extended over the ‘Stadium of World Youth’ in Berlin. Now the moment that a younger generation from all five continents had long been waiting for had finally arrived. As part of the anti-imperialistic struggle, they had prepared with thousands of actions to promote world peace and the progress of humankind.” (Picture album, “X. Festival”)

In the midst of the political “thaw” during the Cold War, the East German capital saw itself confronted by a mixture of Woodstock, Olympic Games and Socialist International. Processions and parades, including leading figures from the Party mingling with the crowd, and socialist superstars like Angela Davis, Miriam Makeba and Yasser Arafat, made up the official part of the event. But an unauthorized part could not be prevented: encounters between East and West, North and South, people hanging out in the fields, sex and rock’n’roll.

The atmosphere of “The Tenth” will be reconstructed through film footage. The film editor Ina Alvermann has been invited as a guest. In 1973 she made a film about “The Tenth” for East German television, which is now lost.

“Der Augenzeuge”

Kino-Wochenschauen,
GDR 1973, cinema newsreel, ca. 12 min.

Two DEFA newsreels record the first and the last day of the World Festival. The large-scale celebrations and, on the sidelines, an old German woman presenting flowers to the delegates; Vietnamese female soldiers decorated with medals; a band from Congo with ultra-high platform shoes. The sparse commentary leaves room for atmospheric pictures and original sounds. “El Pueblo Unido” drifts through the Stadium of World Youth.

“Drüben”

FRG 1973, TV magazine show, 30 min.

The ZDF magazine program “Drüben” presents itself as tolerant and liberal-minded, reflecting the spirit of the reproachful policies of the then Social Democrat government. The program focuses above all on the numerous West German and West Berlin delegates at the World Festival, including MPs from all of the main parties. “I’m all in favour of anti-imperialism!” the presenter declares, and adds: “When it applies to everyone.” One almost has the impression that he likes a East Germany, “inspired by communism, but more pluralistic than ever,” which, after all, gives each of its delegates 1000 marks to buy their chic clothes.

“Alex-Debatten”

GDR 1973, TV magazine show, 40 min.

A documentary made by East German television focusing on the spontaneous discussions that took place 24 hours a day in Alexanderplatz square during “The Tenth.” FDJ (Free German Youth) members and West German hippies,

unionists from East and West, intermediaries and CDU representatives animatedly discuss working conditions, organization, peace and disarmament. The presenter is stricter than his counterpart from “over there,” and cannot help making spiteful comments about it all. In fact, even without his help, the East Germans involved in the discussions seem confident enough to see through the smooth rhetoric of a visiting *Junge Union* representative, or to coax the embarrassed admission from the young West Germans that they spend most of their free time playing soccer or cards.

8-10 p.m.

“The Truth Lie(s) in Rostock”

Spectacle for Channel Four,
Mark Saunders/Siobhan Cleary
Germany/Great Britain 1997, 78 min.

“August 1992, Lichtenhagen estate, Rostock, former East Germany. Police withdrew as fascists fire bombed a refugee centre and the home of Vietnamese guest workers while 3000 spectators stood by and clapped. Using footage filmed from inside the targeted houses and interviews with anti-fascists, the Vietnamese guest workers, police, bureaucrats, neo-nazis and residents, a story of political collusion and fear unfolds.” (Spectacle Productions Ltd.)

The video production resulted from a workshop held with Rostockers who were in the assaulted hostel of former Vietnamese contract workers. In contrast to the usual news coverage that reported from a railway bridge looking down on the burning building, this video does not distance itself. *The Truth Lie(s) in Rostock* does not view the “events” that took place ten years ago as a coincidence: politicians and the police cleared the way for a general bloodthirsty mood.

10 - 11 p.m.:

“Now we’re all alone, my brother - Signals from the German prairie”

Merle Kröger, Philip Scheffner und Micz Flor

A “completely different” way of looking at the German western, East and West. Accompanied by video, and audio recordings, a fantastic narrative superstructure unfolds that makes you want to throw your moccasins away.
See also p. 4

11 p.m. – open ended:

Rhythm King And Her Friends:

Noisepop-electrronics

12 p.m.

DJ Tama Sumo (Tresor/Ostgut)

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1 – 3 p.m. COURAGE OF ONE'S CONVICTIONS

What positions do people assume in present-day society? What types of personal and institutional actions do they employ to deal with racism in everyday German life? Following this line of questioning, the program depicts a curve starting with a film which formulates an urgent appeal against the silent consent of a diffuse public (18 Minuten Zivilcourage), and then makes aloof interrogations unmasking and challenging the self-conscious power of judgement welded by the decision-makers and their bureaucratic instruments (Die Entscheider). The program moves to a portrait of a woman, hesitating between caution and courage, who lives in Germany without legal documents and fights for her voice and a possible inclusion in a TV film (Planeta Alemania). And then on to an offensive challenge accompanied by phat tracks that function as a memento (Adriano).

"18 Minuten Zivilcourage"

Rahim Shirmahd
Germany 1991, 18 min.

This film documents an incident that occurred in a supermarket in Thuringia. In August 1987 the Iranian refugee, Kiomars Javadi, was strangled to death by supermarket employees for 18 long minutes in front of the eyes of onlookers. During the course of 18 minutes, the film uses eye-witness reports, reactions of the population and an account of the living conditions in refugee camps, to reconstruct not only the incident itself, but also a social climate which Erich Fried describes in one of his last poems dedicated to Kiomars: "If this dead person had been a German..."

"Die Entscheider"

Susanne Offeringer
Germany 1992, 20 min.

"Food stamps, fingerprints, waiting tickets and discussions with two 'individual decision-makers' at the Federal Office for the Recognition of Foreign Refugees', their instructions as to wording and the 'text modules for selection' in the office's computer program." (Madeleine Bernsdorff)

"Planeta Alemania"

dogfilm & compañer@s,
Germany 1999, Betacam SP, 38 min.

"Planeta Alemania is the attempt to make a filmic portrait of a woman who cannot reveal her face in front of the camera. In Germany, many people live without a residence permit, 'without documents', which entails more than not having access to civil and social rights. 'It's like being on the run all the time. We practically live like criminals who haven't committed a crime.' This negative image is intensified in the media – we're familiar with television images of people like the females protagonists, they are presented as 'illegals', their faces obscured by enlarged pixels, degraded to 'shadow existences', or with barred eyes, victims as well as culprits.

In month-long discussions, the four of us – the protagonist, the filmmakers and the interpreter – developed the intenuated context for this video. The examination of different themes, such as health, work and everyday discrimination, lead to a conception that works with different forms of representation for each theme.

Through tableaux, a portrait develops in a fragmentary way, without the person actually leaving her state of invisibility. Her analyses, dreams, hopes and thoughts render an altered view of Planeta Alemania." (dogfilm)

"Adriano (letzte Warnung)"

Brothers Keepers, Dani Levy
Germany 2001, 8 min.

Tracks i.a. with DJ Desue, Adé, Samy DeLuxe, D-Flame, Xavier Naidoo, Afrob, Denyo 77, Tyron Ricketts, Torch, Sekou; Director: Dani Levy

dedicated to Alberto Adriano, who was murdered by right-wing skinheads in June 2000 in Dessau. This video shows he musicians on the streets and rooftops around the Town Hall Passages on Alexanderplatz in Berlin. They gradually meet up and openly challenge rightist violence. The clip shows images of Hoyerswerda, Rostock, CDU party conventions and of the seriously wounded and (still) living Alberto Adriano as well as his grave.

"Already in kindergarten I heard whites call me nigger – not questioning the cliché, beating up brothers – we demand more than equal rights, we finally want peace – we want new goals and not have the image of dealer – a motion is discussed in state parliament – and meanwhile the next Nazi plans his attack – the disgraceful deed is regretted, but what I then ask myself is: - 'why is a black family again standing at a grave?'" (Samy Deluxe & D-Flame) Literal translation

3 – 5.30 p.m. ACROSS THE BORDER

This program starts with a story about "guest work" in Austria. The experiences of the protagonist – formally structured as a journey with the goal of arriving in Vienna – actually go round in circles. "Border" is not so much addressed as a territorial frontier, but rather as a limitation of the working and living conditions during migration. The crossing of a national border in the second film, taking place during roughly the same time period and also regulated in regard to the development of industrial plants, is here – in the socialist representation of the development cooperation between Poland and the GDR – charged with the hope that national and class-specific borders could be overcome by the rhythm of work itself.

Even if inside the Schengen system, the focus of the third film, barriers have been done away with and workers can meanwhile circulate freely, new borders are developing along its outer and inner edges. The film deals with information systems that assist in providing evidence for "borders" in the registered and identified bodies themselves. To trespass this hermetic informational confinement with one's own body requires totally new strategies. In the face of time clocks and fingerprinting, can borders not only be relocated, but opened up?

"Gekommen bin ich der Arbeit wegen"

Goran Rebic, Austria 1987, 23 min.

"Ratko Rebic travels to stations throughout Austria in search of work. He talks about individual places, and in the process, constructs several situations. He describes the long periods of waiting, working and housing conditions, times he was thrown out and the drinking sprees." (Madeleine Bernsdorff)

"...dann sag ich's mit den Händen"

Ellis Lander/Axel Kaspar, GDR 1971, 31 min.

"Everyday at the Chemical Fiber Works in Guben –female Polish workers from Polish towns cross the Neisse bridge into Guben. They travel to others in another country, but these others are like-minded people. This reportage shows how they communicate and understand one another other."

"Colleagues, Koleschanska – one class. The threads they create together link them together! Djin dobre, good morning, the clock says ten to six. Djin dobre, good morning, only a short passport check. And they show their passports and receive a customs stamp. Passports and the border are necessary, just like the gate to their factory. But the border of Auschwitz, Treblinka and Maidanek, this border in the heart, won't go away by itself! No passports are needed for that, a passport alone wouldn't suffice; what is needed are two hands and a quick mind. Colleagues,

Koleschanska – one class. The threads they create together link them together! And so they enter the factory with the others from the town, their skirts are very short, much shorter than the ones here. And their coffee is much stronger, because it makes them more beautiful. Better not take note of the cigarette before sports. In the big new halls, in the noise and the neon lights, each spool of silk, in Polish too, is called class duty. With their hands they talk about men and the shift in a totally new language, even if they're not aware of it.

Colleagues, Koleschanska..." (literal translation of the title song)

Juristische Körper

dogfilm (Jörg Heitmann / Philip Scheffner),
Germany 1995, 50 min.

"The passport marks the intersection between the physical and judicial body. As a border surface on which the terms 'identity' and 'identification' intersect, it takes on the role of a second skin. The passport is an expression of the power to define, a power that decides who is 'German' and who is 'non-German', who is 'legal' and who is 'illegal'. Based on the personal description, the photograph and the body measurements up to the newest scientific methods, such as the 'genetic fingerprint', a strategy can be discerned that aims at relocating politically fixed borders to the inside of the body and thus making them appear natural erved." (dogfilm)

20.00–20.30 Uhr

"Calbe Encounters of the Third Kind"

Theatergruppe Friedrich-Schiller-Gymnasium
Calbe & Micz Flor,
Germany 2002, ca. 30 min.

Following a crash landing, a group of young aliens is left stranded in Calbe, Saxony-Anhalt. Their first analyses seem to show that the town is uninhabited, but a trip into Calbe ends tragically in the death of two crewmembers. Panic breaks out on board the spaceship, and preparations are made for an emergency launch. But the chances of success are slim.

Surplus Lounge

DJ Aguirre & Gericom



„Die Entscheider“



„Dann sag ich's mit den Händen“



„Gekommen bin ich der Arbeit wegen“



„Planeta Alemania“

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EXHIBITION PARCOURS



1 Konsumgebäude

- Christine Lohr
„The Family“ (2002)
Photographs, in the work shop room of Werkleitz Gesellschaft
- Jochen Becker (with Dierk Schmidt, Martin Kaltwasser)
„Amadeu, letzte Warnung“ (2002)
Sculpture, in front of Konsumgebäude

2 Church

- Els Opsomer
„Shades of Survival/Around Me“ (2002)
Photographs, near crossing Lindenstraße
- Fernsehfamilie
„Hit Hot“ (2002)
Sound-Sculpture, in three containers in front of the church
- Helen Lee
„Cleaving“ (2002)
Video installation, in the church
- Branwen Okpako
„N.N.“ (2002)
Video installation, in the church hall
- Manon de Boer.
„Matrices for a Multitude of Thoughts on Individual Freedom (work-in-progress)“ (2002)
Installation, on the gallery of the church

3 Heimatverein

- Kreuzberg Museum Berlin
„Wir waren die ersten“ (2000)
Installation, in Mehrzweckraum
- Nassauische Heimstätte GmbH
„Leben in Deutschland – mein Nachbar ist Deutscher“ (1999)
Video loop, in the hallway between Mehrzweckraum and Kammer

- Johanna Kandl
„N.N.“ (2001)
Paintings, in the hallway between Mehrzweckraum and Kammer
- Helmut & Johanna Kandl
„Auf der Insel Bella Lella“ (2002)
Participatory Work Station, in the Kammer
- Philip Horst
„I am in Japan now“ (1999)
Light object, in the Catering Lounge

5 Bürgerzentrum

- Ina Rossow/Dokumentationszentrum
Alltagskultur der DDR, Eisenhüttenstadt
„Archiv X. World Festival“ (1973-2002)
Displays, in the Gemeinderaum (ground floor)
- Herman Asselberghs, Dieter Lesage (with Ann Clicheur, Johan Grimonprez, Els Opsomer)
„Lost Nation“ (1999-2002)
Installation, teaching room of the fire brigade (top floor)

6 Dorfstraße 5

- Henrik Olesen
„N.N.“ (2002)
Installation, first floor of Dorfstr.5

Tornitz, Werkleitz

- Martin Conrath/Marion Kreifßler
„Modell Deutschland“ (2002)
Poster reproductions, all over Tornitz/-Werkleitz

- „Lunch In The Ashes“
Installation, between Tornitz and Werkleitz:
Maria Thereza Alves
„Looking“ (2002), Video
Madhusree Dutta
„Seven Islands and the Metro“ (2002), Video
Jayce Salloum,
„(as if) beauty never ends“ (2002), Video
Shelly Silver,
„Evening“ (2002), Video

7 Sportlerheim

- Jun Yang
„Coming Home – Daily Structures Of Life“ (2000), Video installation, in the Sportlerheim
- Els Opsomer
„N.N.“ (2002)
Photographs, in the Sportlerheim

8 Maschinen- und Traktorenstützpunkt

- theoretisches fernsehen
„area tv tal“ (2002)
Multimedia Installation, entrance area of the work shop
- Claudia Heynen
„Flüchtlinge wohnen nicht“ (1998-2002)
Installation, side wall of the work shop

9 Jugendclub

- Hans-Peter Scharlach,
„This Land“ (1996/97)
Video installation, in the gym of the Jugendclub

- Wieden + Kennedy
„Leben Sie! – Wir kümmern uns um die Details“ (2001-2002)
Poster collage, in the hallway of the Jugendclub
- Theatre Group of Friedrich-Schiller-Gymnasium Calbe & Micz Flor
„Calbe Encounter of the Third Kind“ (2002)
Video installation party room of the Jugendclub
- Janko Vook
„Whity Ego-Shooter“ (2002)
Computer installation party room of the Jugendclub
- Ashkan Mohammadi
„N.N.“ (1998-2002)
Cartoons and drawings party room of the Jugendclub
- Dierk Schmidt
„N.N.“ (2002)
Drawings, party room of the Jugendclub

10 Sporthalle

- Johanna Kandl
„O.T.“ (2002)
Paintings, in the Sporthalle
- Hans-Joachim Werner
„Die X. Weltfestspiele in Berlin“ (1973)
Video loop, in the Sporthalle
- Wiebke Grösch/Frank Metzger
„Nach Olympia“ (2000-2002)
Installation, in the Sporthalle
- Mabouna II Moise Merlin,
„Rien ne vaut que la vie, mais la vie même ne vaut rien“ – bricoler la vie au quotidien (Nothing is like life, but life itself is nothing – crafting an everyday life) (2002)
Video loop / wall drawing, in the neighbouring room of the Sporthalle



Cosmopolitan (>Greek) a person familiar and at ease in many different countries and cultures; one free from national prejudices because of wide experience of the world. Politesse (>French), formal politeness or etiquette; refined, of courteous manners. Delicacy (>French) 1. table delicacy, dainties; 2. tenderness, luxuriousness; 3. (fig.) consideration.

The cosmopolitan is, according to the (Dutch) dictionary, masculine. Historically, the word's most enduring connotation originates in the nineteenth and early twentieth-century.

Baudelaire and Benjamin were not only flâneurs – real gentlemen at home in the city – they were also early cosmopolitans: reluctant city hoppers before the word was coined. They lived in a period in which – thanks to late nineteenth century phenomena such as world exhibitions, panoramas, fashion and (covered) shopping arcades – the world was neatly packaged and delivered to their door.

The cosmopolitess is feminine. She is the distant relative of the suffragette, the mother of the feminist movement that originated in Benjamin's time – a time of changing morals that regularly forced revolutionary thinkers out of the city. One is not born cosmopolitess, but developed

as a result of her convictions. The cosmopolitess grows up in a global environment and has strong interactive characteristics. She has a special gift that enables her to adapt to her surroundings. She feels more at ease on the edge than at the centre. Not in the centre like the romantic flâneur but around, at the wings. She is a spectator among the people, not apart from them like the aloof gentlemen of a hundred years ago.

"Method of this work: literary montage. I have nothing to say. Only to show," a quote from Benjamin's *Passagen-Werk*. Benjamin's technique is that of visual historiography. He forms a montage of collective visions from dreams – from the images that help to perpetuate the "dreamy sleep of capitalism". It concerns awakening. He makes connections just like the Passages, the Parisian shopping arcades after which he named his work, connect the various streets. He uses the diversion of the flâneur as a method; the unsystematic structure of the labyrinth as the only correct route.

Els Opsomer is a cosmopolitess, not a "flâneuse" because that does not exist. She is also not simply a cosmopolitan; for that she is not only the wrong sex but was born too late. She has much in common with her wandering predecessors but is at the same time much more. Just as Benjamin endlessly collected notes for his *Passagen-Werk*,

Els Opsomer develops her own urban archive. The city is her fertile source. It does not matter which city... always the same atmosphere, but with different details.

That which we call trite attracts the cosmopolitess; not the large Western cities at the centre of the world, but those peripheral metropolises that orbit: not the big theories but the small hypotheses, not what is new or hip but what is alive and used. The cosmopolitess endeavors to rediscover her art – time and time again.

Els Opsomer's images are visual essays in which she, as in a traditional essay, binds together the personal with the general. The outline develops itself as if by chance. However, no detail escapes her, no one ignores her. That which does not move her is not of this world. Those who are not moved by her are inhuman. Whether she does it with photos or video, analogue or digital, with words or concepts this cosmopolitess is always involved, but also from a distance.

Cosmopolitess belongs to the city, but once mastered it can be used everywhere. Even in Werkleitz, a small village on the Saale that one day came out of nowhere from the East, due to a flood of events in the city upstream. Thirty years later, it returned to the West from the East: in-betweenville, nowhere but everywhere; reluctantly peripheral; Synthetic obviousness.

Since the fall of the Berlin Wall, Els Opsomer has spent much of her time in ex-socialist republics. She recognises social structures here: our council housing, and according to the East block, capitalistic trends – cars, satellite dishes and multinational captions. In 1998 she visited Bosnia-Herzegovina for the first time for "Escape Velocity" in co-operation with choreographer Christine De Smedt, musician Vincent Malstaf and visual artist Germaine Kruij. As I write she is repeating this journey: for her project at Werkleitz she is returning to Bosansko-Grahovo, another village from another East block undergoing another transition.

Els Opsomer attempts to understand these places through manipulation. Gefundenes Fressen – the isolation, the artificial, the haphazard transition, the eternal timelessness, the Other among equals, the borders and the community become individual Delicacies in her hands. Cosmopolitess then becomes something to think about, a property that leads to new survival strategies. Preferably open-ended this time. With illusions that can develop. Without conclusions, for eternity.

(Pieter Van Bogaert)

An extended version of this text will be available at the Biennial.

I AM IN JAPAN NOW!

Philip Horst

During my time in Japan, I was not able to understand what was being said around and about me. However, "gaijin" (Japanese for "alien") was a word I heard more often than not. I realized that I was generally identified in public by this word.

Always hearing that I was an alien led me to make a T-shirt questioning my alienation with regard to my new surroundings. The myth of the Japanese being different is cultivated in Japan as well as abroad. In Japan, all non-Japanese are called "gaijin". The T-shirt was printed with the line "gaijin desu ne" (which means "I am an alien!" as well as "Am I an alien?")

I started to take photos of myself wearing this T-shirt among different groups of people I met in public spaces. Trying to formally integrate myself into the group, I imitated their poses and their responses to the situation.

tourist research 1998
http://www.tourist-research.de/gaijin_desu_ne
tourist@tourist-research.de



LOST NATION – TRIAL CONSTITUTION FOR A COUNTRY THAT NO LONGER EXISTS

Herman Asselberghs, Dieter Lesage (with Ann Clictour, Johan Grimonprez and Els Opsomer)



Article 1.

A place slash library slash installation about vanished nations: Yugoslavia, Czechoslovakia, East and West Germany, USSR, Zaire, etc. In a suitable setting, the visitor, after receiving his worldwide Lost Nation membership card, can go there to browse through or read books. He will search in vain for theoretical works providing information or analyses of countries of yesteryear. What he will find is an excellent range of original publications, in the true sense of the word. Authentic travel guides from the past, colourful photo books published either there or here, in foreign or familiar languages, will show the way to and around countries that no longer exist, glorify the splendour of monuments which have in the meantime been blown up, and praise the peaceful cohabitation of peoples who have by now barricaded themselves into their own young nations. “Lost Nation” means pack your bags and go.

Article 2.

The world. In the age of CNN, Internet and MacDonald's, in our “glocal village” (global + local, since even world citizens have their local roots), the citizen no longer knows for sure what is meant by “the nation”. The complications surrounding the recent closing of Renault and Levi's factories in this country lead us to suspect that nations will inevitably be pushed aside, if not vanish altogether. The main characteristic of a nation state, sovereignty, seems for some time to have been pure fiction. It turns out that those with economic power, not political, are in control. It appears that the most important decisions are made at board meetings of multinational companies, not by councils of ministers. The distinction between the two is possibly not as great as it at first appears. A council of ministers operates within the laws of the capitalist world economy just as much as a board of directors does. It is said there is no alternative. In the meantime there are serious doubts about the remedy that is sometimes proposed, that the nation will have to expand. After all, will the political Europe-to-be ever be able to have any control over the international free market economy?

Article 3.

The nation. “Lost Nation” is a metaphor for one of the apparent implications of globalisation. Nation states seem to have lost their grip on the capitalist world economy by which they are so thoroughly permeated. It is no coincidence that most of the victims of the last decade have been communist countries. This leads us to suspect that the disappearance of certain countries is only a side-effect of the collapse of a particular type of state system. “Lost Nation” may possibly be more than anything the name of a feeling that puts a sober analysis of the facts to one side. After all, nation states actually still have an important role to play today, no matter what some people claim. “Lost Nation” also offers a look back at countries that no longer exist, though for each of these vanished countries new nation states have appeared. “Lost Nation” as a *trompe l'oeil*: in fact more new countries have been born in the last ten years than have disappeared (just count the fragments of the collapsed Soviet Union). It is true though that nation states are no longer the only political actors in a globalising world economy. Cities and urban regions play an increasingly important part.

Article 5.

A village. Suppose we let ourselves go for a minute. No more analysis, let us surrender to our feelings. Then we would say: countries have lost the struggle, the future belongs to the cities. Not the regions, dear friend, or should that be urban regions? But then we are faced with a paradox. Since both Flanders and Wallonia will still badly need Brussels, it would be good not to let Belgium go the way of the unfortunate Czechoslovakia. Brussels is more than ever Belgium's future. Considering all this, things do not look so good for the villages. As globalisation increases the importance of the major world cities, there also emerges a periphery that's in danger of losing contact with world events. Chance would have it that ‘Lost Nation’ is not only a possible metaphor for globalisation, but is also the name of the perfect example of things local: a small unsightly village, literally in the middle of nowhere – Lost Nation, Iowa. We went to visit, armed with a video camera, and were received by the mayor of this village of 467 inhabitants. Visitors will find the filmed report on Lost Nation at “Lost Nation”, after all no place/library/installation today is complete without television.

Article 4.

The city. The American political economist Saskia Sassen convincingly demonstrates how a limited number of cities (New York, London, Tokyo) meet the material conditions that make globalisation possible. International banks and multinational companies prefer to locate their head offices in the well-connected centres of major world cities, and even Brussels occasionally tries to grab a bit of the action, aided by its status as capital of Europe, though it's true this is still rather precarious. The hard-working, well-paid managers of banks and companies are often attracted to the metropolitan lifestyle and often prefer to live in the centre of the city, rather than in Flemish or Walloon suburbia. Property agents sensitive to the market and trends buy up dilapidated buildings and renovate them to suit the tastes of this metropolitan elite. Others open a new restaurant in the city centre every two months, where the interior is just as important as the food on your plate. Since the new double-edged élan of the Saint-Géry district (gentrification and segregation) can be read as a local effect of globalisation on Brussels, it is only logical that “Lost Nation” should take place in a building in this neighbourhood with its ambiguous metamorphosis. One month before the official opening, the activity on the ground floor roused all the usual curiosity. Would this be yet another hip restaurant, or trendy bar? The “Lost Nation” alongside the “Mappa Mondo?”

Article 6.

The Universe. Space voyages appeal to the imagination. Is there anyone who does not dream of ignoring the laws of gravity so as to view the infinity of the universe, and, most of all, to have a global look at our world from a position that was until recently the sole preserve of one or several gods? This collective cultural aspiration has several names: NASA, (the Belgian astronaut) Dirk Frimout, Mir, Ariane... all immensely popular icons that give shape to both reality and fantasy, to both science and science fiction. Space travel provides a familiar vocabulary for the longing for a different, better world. Space is the final frontier, the place of which mortals can only dream. The exploration (colonisation?) of outer space is the story of a Utopia on the scale of planetary capitalism. Ufology goes one step further by actually constructing a people and a nation that is not ours: the alien nation. It cannot be coincidence that since the end of the Cold War and the fading of communism, the phantom of the Red Menace has been replaced by the invasion of flying saucers and extraterrestrials.

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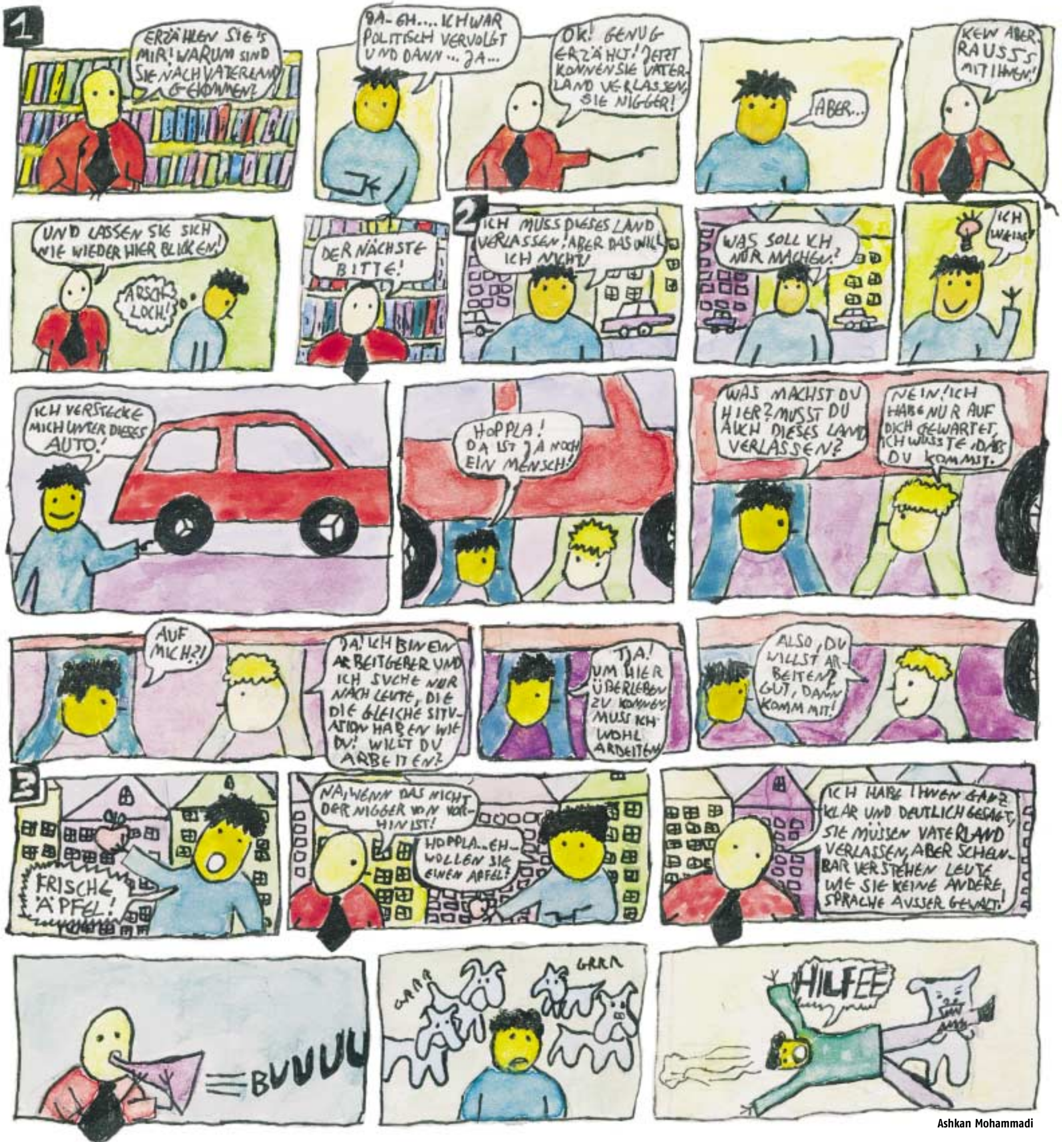
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