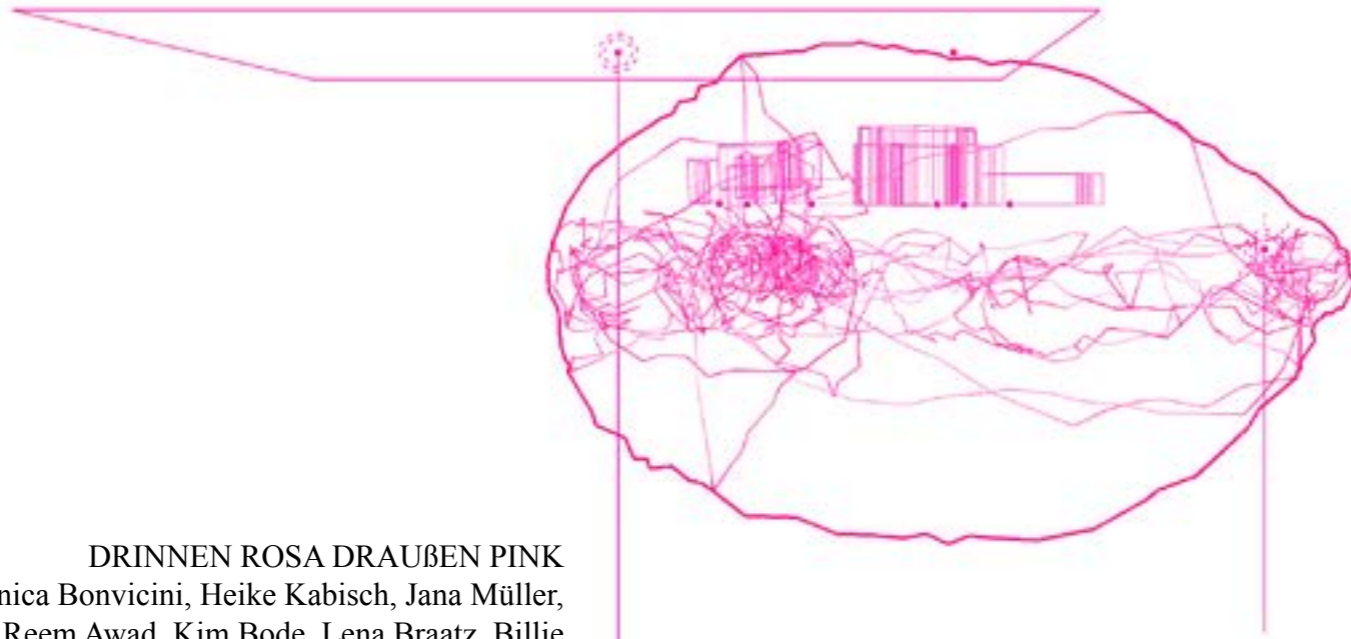
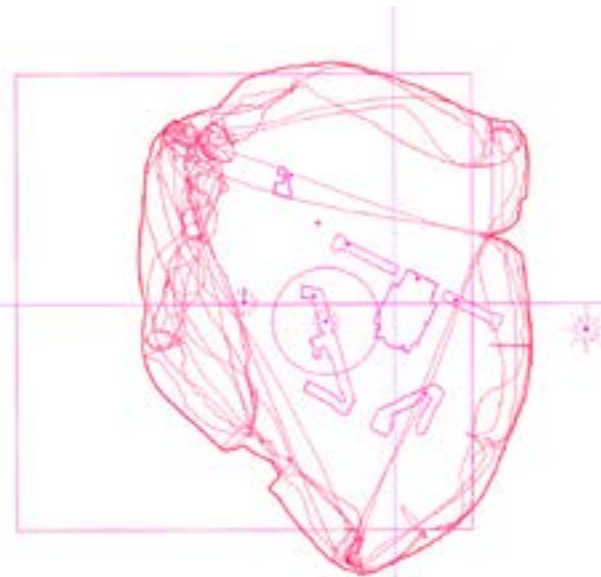





**DRIN-  
NEN  
ROSA  
DRAUS-  
SEN  
PINK**



**DRINNEN ROSA DRAUßEN PINK**  
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## DRINNEN ROSA DRAUSSEN PINK

is a project that explores public space and its history -against the backdrop of an ongoing pandemic that restricts its use, while at the same time re-examining our perception of public and private spheres. It is an experiment, a mutating process of digging, combing and searching for a shape.

Rosa-Luxemburg-Platz in Berlin with its multi-faceted history is the beginning of a shared research that goes far beyond the square. The square was created in the early 20th century and has borne various names since then. Since 1969, the square and the street have been named in honour of Rosa Luxemburg, the socialist politician who was murdered in 1919. Culture and political action have continued to meet here through the decades. The square is dominated by the Berlin Volksbühne and surrounding it are numerous buildings by the famous architect Hans Poelzig from the 1930s. Over the last few years, the gaps in the built environment have slowly been closing. Brownfields and green spaces are giving way, and the square is being given a new architectural structure on top of the historic one.

Between the residential and commercial buildings there is art and culture, such as the Babylon cinema, the Nagel Draxler Gallery and the BQ Gallery, the space of the art magazine Spike Berlin, the Association for the Verein zur Förderung von Kunst und Kultur am Rosa-Luxemburg-Platz, or the district association of Die Linke and the Suhrkamp publishing house. Artists have permanently inscribed themselves in the place with a wide variety of works. The Kunstverein regularly supports and initiates temporary site-specific projects on the square. In the wake of the ongoing pandemic, however, the square has once again made the headlines for political actions due to the so called 'hygiene' demonstrations. The Volksbühne and residents of Rosa-Luxemburg-Platz distanced themselves from the protest action by placarding: "We are not your backdrop!"

In the process, we searched the nooks and crannies of the interior and exterior, the inside and outside of the square in all its colourful nuances. Together we watched the documentary film „Berlin Ecke Volksbühne - Vom Scheunenviertel zum Rosa-Luxemburg-Platz, 2005“ by Britta Wauer, which describes 100 years of German history through the biography of this square. We interviewed local residents about their memories and perceptions of the transformation of the square and the artist Renata Kaminska, who deals intensively and critically with the commemorative culture of Rosa Luxemburg. Due to the current situation,

the project went through different forms and demanded a high degree of flexibility from its participants. Just when an image of the work to present had emerged in the classical sense, it was discarded again. From the 16 April to the 18 April 2021, we planned to meet on the public green between Almstadt- and Rosa-Luxemburg-Straße in Berlin with spades, shovels, hoes and other tools to make our process visible and to set new processes in motion. Using this green space as an example, we wanted to move, shift, build up, dismantle, add to and question matter. What information has been deposited over time and how can we read it? What do they communicate to us? What can we add anew?

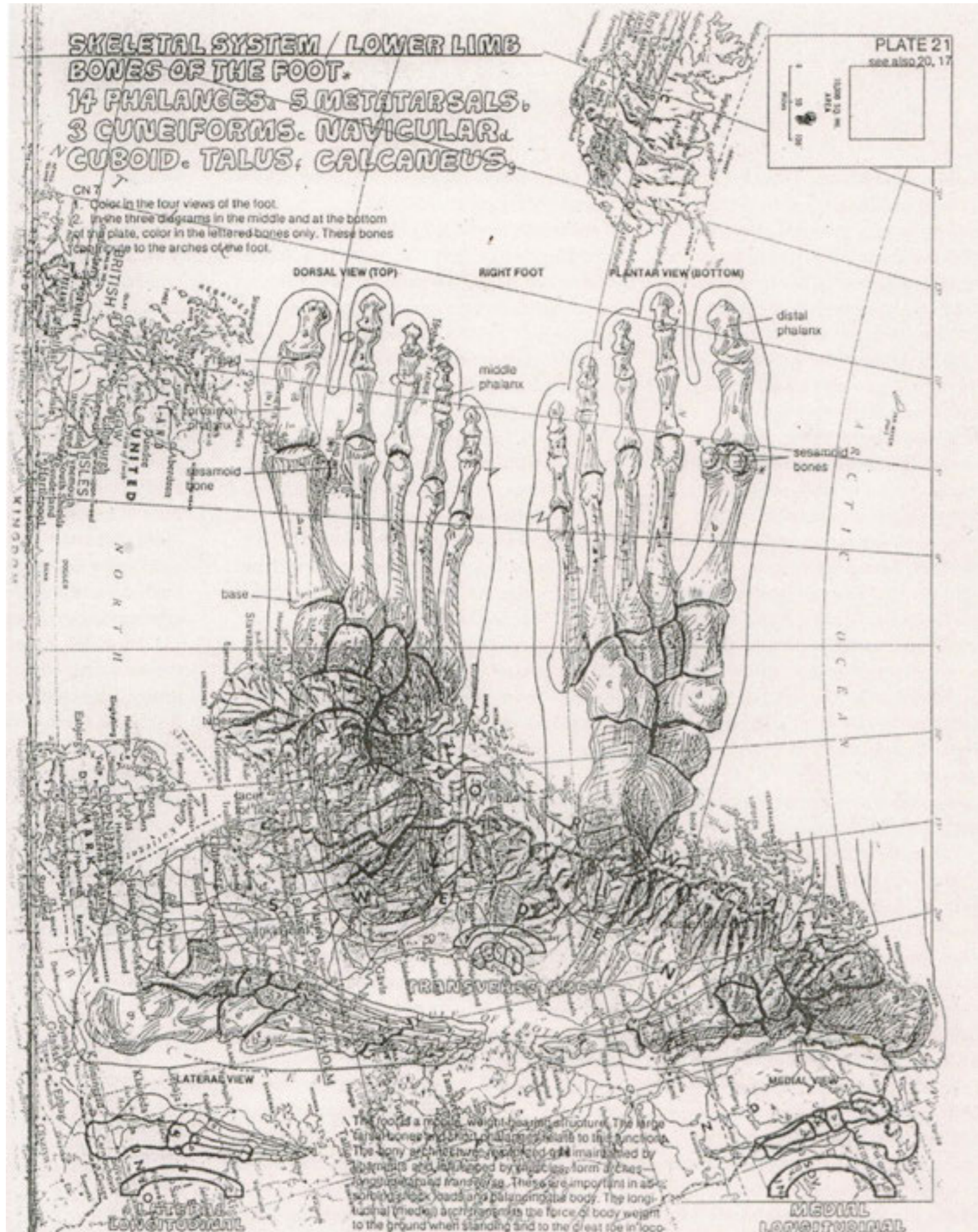
Unfortunately, this action was made impossible by another lockdown and no longer corresponded to the plan we intended to accomplish due to the imposed Corona rules. But nevertheless, everyone involved dug deeper and deeper into the square. The research and the communication between each other, the square and the shifts inside and outside came to the fore and became the central figure of a collective idea. The various traces are visible here in the publication and can be read as documents of an unreal time. What remains is a constant overwriting of things -an experiment, nothing is fixed and in its place.

Berlin, April 2021  
Heike Kabisch and Jana Müller

The idea of a collaboration with the class of Prof. Monica Bonvicini arose through our participation in the Mentoring-Programm für hochqualifizierte Künstlerinnen und Wissenschaftlerinnen at the Universität der Künste Berlin. Curator Susanne Prinz generously offered to make the premises at the Verein zur Förderung von Kunst und Kultur am Rosa-Luxemburg-Platz Berlin available to us for this project.

*Historical photographs (postcards) of Rosa-Luxemburg-Platz, Berlin*

1. Volksbühne at Bülowplatz, Berlin (1910-1933)
2. Volksbühne with monument at Horst-Wessel-Platz, Berlin (1933-1945)
3. Street at Luxemburgplatz, Berlin - capital of the German Democratic Republic (1947-1969)



Simone Forti - Feet (Anatomy Map), 1984, photocopy of a collage  
 Courtesy of the artist, the BOX LA and Galleria Raffaella Cortese, Milan

## WE GOT A PIECE OF LAND: WORK IT

In *Anatomy Maps* by Simone Forti, you are confronted with a series collages wherein black and white maps have been fused by pieces of the body, in particular bone structures via xenon. From an aerial perspective the landscape reveals the memento mori of a skull, crests of mountains fuse with the vertebrae of a spine, and in *Feet (Anatomy Map)*, 1984, the sea of the coast of Norway all the way until Iceland is overcast by two large clouds in the form of feet, which linearly occupy the Arctic Ocean. There is a movement in the works that is concurrently real and absurd, as poetic as scientific. It is a speculative topography of bodies in space, both our own as well as those of landmasses, our codependence explicated by ossifying them together.

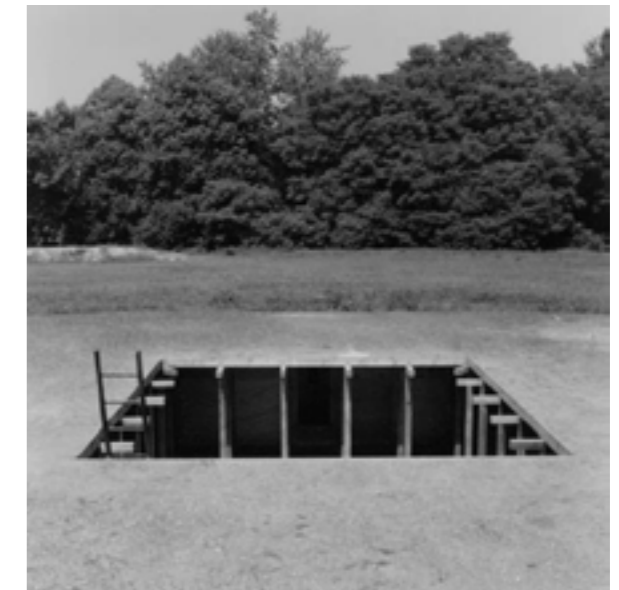
Speculation was a central component of the Summer Semester 2020 – the first completed entirely online. With the students at home with no possibility to meet up I suggested the class makes works around the video artwork *Zuma News* by Simone Forti. The video features the artist dancing, battling, hugging and rolling around newspapers on a beach, with the crashing sounds of the waves and the wind accompanying the white locks of hair of the artist as she wrestled with printed words on the sand. The students were encouraged to make videos with *Zuma News* as their steppingstone, after which each developed a poster to be plastered throughout Berlin in conjunction with the *UdK Rundgang*, in an underground act of urban guerilla style self-advertisement.

This period of enclosure and uncertainty of bodies and space, as speculative as *Anatomy Maps*, influenced the format of the semester exhibition. As the months passed, it became necessary to find what was realistically possible and what was imaginable was a complicated play of balance. As Forti described the emergence of her work *See Saw* from 1960, it, “...began by sitting at either end of the crude wooden seesaw, then executed mildly aesthetic moves like walking along it and balancing while making tiny almost imperceptible shifts in weight.”

The conclusion was not to show an exhibition inside the Kunstverein, but outdoors on the green of Rosa-Luxemburg-Platz. This green is a grassy triangle situated between the offices of *Spike Magazine* and the Kunstverein, built by the architect Roger Bunschuh who will also develop this piece of land.

In the end what seemed most exciting and meaningful was to have one action that would bring all the students performing together.

After a year of ceaseless videomeetings, restricted workshops, and university closings, the project became a communal dig – to together create a digging happening in the little green outdoors.



Mary Miss - *Perimeters/Pavilions/Decoys*, 1977-1978  
 subterranean courtyard at Nassau County Museum of Art

Throughout the pandemic the students have largely been confined to their homes and by way of zoom made the bedroom into both office and classroom, and by extension the private space indistinguishable from that of labor. Thus, a communal act performed outside would provide not only the encounters and exchanges hindered by the pandemic, but also allow students to investigate the history of public acts, performances, and interventions that artists have presented in rural nature and urban settings alike.

While *Anatomy Maps* by Forti explored the symbolic entanglement of humanity and our landscape, other artists dig into their surroundings physically, such as Agnes Denes with *Wheatfield – A Confrontation*, 1982. In the artwork Denes dug up a 2-acre land fill created by the building of the Twin Towers and planted it with wheat. It was commissioned by the Public Art Fund, and rather than making another public sculpture Denes aimed to create something which called attention to our misplaced priorities and deteriorating human values. In the catalogue at the time Denes noted it was placed at the foot of the World Trade Center, a block from Wall Street and facing the Statue of Liberty, to represent food, energy, commerce, world trade, economics, in reference to mismanagement, waste, world hunger and ecological concerns.<sup>1</sup>

## WE GOT A PIECE OF LAND: WORK IT

In this case, as with many examples of public art intentions, the art forms a direct dialogue with the place in it exists.

In the field of field aesthetics, since 2007 Asta Gröting is making sculptures called *Acker / Soil*, wherein the sculpture emerged from the cast of a freshly ploughed field in the Oderbruch, a primeval glacial valley near Berlin. It was based on the simple work of farming. On the work, Gröting noted, “I wanted to show how precious soil is. Up until only a few decades ago the majority of the population were farmers, working the land all day long. The harvest generated in this way fed kings, queens, civil servants, artists and thinkers. A tilled field allows you to see how all of human society is interconnected.”



Asta Gröting - Titel *Acker / Soil*, Entstehungsjahr since 2007, in different versions Maße 60 x 200 x 210 mm, Material Epoxidharz (epoxy), © VG Bild-Kunst, Bonn 2021



© VG Bild-Kunst, Bonn 2021

This can also be seen in the work of Land Artist Robert Smithson, who by documenting the aesthetic (or absence of formalized aesthetic) in the urban landscape could utilize this as a tool of institutional critique. In his landmark essay *A Tour of the Monuments of Passaic*, New Jersey, 1967, the artist traversed the urban region, noting the confused state of the buildings and infrastructure which piled on top of each other or stood by their lonesome abandoned. The entropic quality of man-made structures was brought to the foreground. It is placed urban sprawl – the building sites – the car intersections – the empty lots and crowded overpasses – into conversation with architecture as a romanticizing and nostalgic practice; an elite form of communication.

In the essay he wrote, “*That zero panorama seemed to contain ruins in reverse, that is—all the new construction that would eventually be built. This is the opposite of the “romantic ruin” because the buildings don’t fall into ruin after they are built but rather rise as ruins before they are built. This anti-romantic mise-en-scene suggests the discredited idea of time and many other “out of date” things. But the suburbs exist without a rational past and without the “big events” of history. Oh, maybe there are a few statues, a legend, and a couple of curios, but no past—just what passes for a future. A Utopia minus a bottom, a place where the machines are idle, and the sun has turned to glass, and a place where the Passaic Concrete Plant does a good business in STONE, BITUMINOUS, SAND, and CEMENT.*”

He notes both the absences of function and space of these vistas, “*The Passaic seems full of “holes” compared to New York City, which seems tightly packed and solid, and those holes in a sense are the monumentavacancies that define, without trying, the memory-traced of an abandoned set of futures.*” This is further extrapolated on in *Towards the Development of an Air Terminal Site*, in an 1967 interview in Artforum, “*The boring, like other ‘earth works’ is becoming more and more important to artists: Pavements, holes, trenches, mounds, heaps, paths, ditches, roads, terraces, etc., all have an esthetic potential.*”

Art which plays out in the public space is often inextricably linked to the place where it situated, and this was also the case for the green by Rosa-Luxemburg-Platz. As a location, “the triangle”, it presented a rare moment in the vista of the city – a real piece of East Berlin, laid bare by the recent nakedness where trees have been cut to give to future construction.

In the 90s during the years, I had a studio in KW, I clearly remember the anger, desperation and disbelief of many of the people living in the parallel streets of Auguststrasse.



Sam Durant - *Partially Buried 1960s/70s Dystopia Revealed (Mick Jagger at Altamont) & Utopia Reflected (Wavy Gravy at Woodstock)*, 1998 - Mirror, dirt, audio system, dimensions vary

As with the *Anatomy Map* by Forti, Smithson acts both as uncertain narrator as well as topographer and archeologist, dryly documenting the drab industrial lots of New Jersey as though they were a scenic vista or tourist spot. There are of course more utopian projects of dug up soil, such as *Empty Lot* by Mexican artist Abraham Cruzvillegas, who in a 2016 installation in the Tate Turbine Hall presented a large geometric structure with wooden planters filled with soil collected from London parks. Nothing was planted in the soil and what grew over the next six months was surprising, unpredictable and hopeful, provoking questions of nature and city. The removal of soil can also instill feelings of loss and nostalgia, as with Sam Durant and his installation *Partially Buried /Altmont*. In the 1999 artwork’s soil reminiscent of funerary mounds are placed in a gallery with recordings of Woodstock performances, unearthing a period of significant historical change. As soil is traditionally employed to put the past to rest, moving it infers un-rest.

From the vantage point of my studio, I could see the backyards of many buildings in Linienstrasse and how these got emptier. The people there were forced to leave, probably they moved to Marzahn or other Berlin peripheries to cover their rent. Their absence gave way for new occupants to live in new buildings – an entire urban renovation for those who could afford to live out the dream of re-unification. The Rosa Luxemburg green is a place that remains partly spared from such urban violence, and though new buildings have been built (such as the Suhrkamp, 2016-2020 and the Kunstverein, 2010) it remains somewhat of a time capsule. It is a space which appears suspended in time, both forgotten yet also safeguarded. At the same time, as new buildings slowly emerge around it and commercial enterprises gentrify the Berlin center, it also embodies something similar to what Simone Forti described in the conception of the artwork *See Saw* from 1960, that, “...it has the awkwardness of something that’s no longer what it used to be but not yet what it is going to be.”

## WE GOT A PIECE OF LAND: WORK IT

This is also inherent in the semester exhibition, which in the end did not take place. It exists now as speculative as landscapes of the *Anatomy Maps* – a dug up green which if realized would have produced unusual encounters and navigational acts, as the passing public came upon the dug up holes. Unrealized in the project is therefore the potential for movement that would have been produced by digging and the holes it would have resulted in. Visitors would have approached these strange mounds and hollows and navigated across the space, harking back to Mary Miss and her installation *Perimeters / Pavilions / Decoys*, from 1977-78, where the artwork was made as a hidden sculptural architecture, a penetration against the usual intrusive erection of art pieces. The surrealistic aspect of the work, at first approach confusing and difficult to trace, the audience would have to physically engage with the outdoor space to find the subterranean courtyard. The project by Rosa-Luxemburg-Platz would have utilized this concept of underground – both as a subversive act, but also as a physical place, hidden beneath the earth.

The project was meant to give back to the students the fundamental tool which has been stripped from their practice during Corona, in other words the encounters, the talks, the meetings in workshops and studios, the visits to galleries, museums and project spaces. To dig would be to mine together for meaning and in a physical symbolic act ask how and what you wanted to grow and what your labor could produce. The radical decision to act together and have it in the end not be possible due to the pandemic is an effort that still need to be honored. In the face of everything it cannot be forgotten that humans need to be outdoors more than they need to be inside. That the aim should always be to go public, to use the street as studios, as working spaces, and places for the collective forming of a new grammar of support and fun. In the spirit of the Feminist artists of the 1970s who lacked studio possibilities and took to the city streets and worked in public space, it provides an open platform to think more about non-commercial art practices, to rope in local inhabitants and instigate by-passers to get involved.

In this spirit, the communal act of digging will live on as an idea, partially buried in the soil of Rosa-Luxemburg-Platz and momentarily filed away in UdK archives, until hopefully it is dug up by some archeology minded students once more.

*Thanks to all the students of the class for their engagement and ideas, to Kim Bode and Miriam Döring for keeping up with everything, zoom-meetings, dates and applications, to Jana Müller and Heike Kabisch for their organization, inspiration and for always bringing good mood. I do hope this experience was a good mentoring-one! To Susanne Prinz of Kunstverein am Rosa-Luxemburg-Platz for giving us a chance not taken :-), to Christian Nagel of Galerie Nagel Draxler and Jörn Böttnagel of BQ Gallery who shared with us their precious knowledge on art and talked about their galleries location at Rosa Luxemburg Platz. Many thanks to film producer Britta Wauer for granting us access to her film „Berlin Ecke Volksbühne -Vom Scheunenviertel zum Rosa-Luxemburg-“. Thanks to Renata Kaminska who froze with us one afternoon while inspiring us with her enthusiasm, political engagements, and dedication about Rosa Luxemburg. Thanks to old friend Sam Durant for all his digging, in and out his art production and to Asta Gröting for her documentarist inspirational art works. Thanks also to Sarah Autenrieth, Patricia Bondesson Kavanagh from my studio in Wedding and to the UdK who supported this publication.*



Sam Durant - *Consciousness Raising Historical Analysis, Pain Plus Time Separated and Ordered with Emphasis on Reflection*, 2001. Excavation, fence, audio system, 12' x 40' x 20'

[www.architecturaldigest.com/story/agnes-denes-prophetic-wheatfield-remains-as-relevant-as-ever](http://www.architecturaldigest.com/story/agnes-denes-prophetic-wheatfield-remains-as-relevant-as-ever)

## VISITING ROSA LUXEMBURG-PLATZ



Auf der Brachfläche vor dem Kunstverein am Rosa-Luxemburg-Platz wollte Architekt Hans Poelzig in den 20er Jahren ein Café bauen. Das war Teil des großen Plans zur Neuentwicklung des armen Scheunenviertels und sind heute nur Linien auf digitalisierten, leicht vergilbten Architekturzeichnungen, die ich direkt irgendwie schön finde. Das Grundstück gehört der IBAU AG, die im Prinzip die Baugesellschaft ist, die damals die Umgestaltung des Scheunenviertels initiiert hat und auch heute die Entwicklung des Platzes vorantreibt. Das kann man in den Artikeln erfahren, die die aktuelle Entwicklung des Platzes zu einem „Kunst- und Kulturviertel“ journalistisch begleiten. Die Erde auf dem dreieckigen Platz kostet heute ungefähr 9000 Euro\* pro Quadratmeter. Das ist nur ein Richtwert für die Gegend, von dem man sicher absehen muss, wenn man bedenkt, dass man hier kein fünfstöckiges Wohnhaus bauen kann. Schade für die Luxuswohnungen, die an dieser Stelle nicht in die Höhe werden ragen können. Ich finde das alles so wahnsinnig frustrierend. Auf der Website der Real Estate Agenturen lese ich, dass Berlin-Mitte high quality organisation of leisure time bietet. Plus: durch Kunst- und Kulturschaffende, den echten Berliner Charme. Noch-eine Frage: Welche jungen Künstler\*innen können sich eine Miete in Mitte leisten? Die aus Stock Footage zusammengeschnittenen Werbefilmchen der Agenturen lassen mich leicht aufstoßen. (Oder ist das der Rotwein?)

Die dunkle Leichtbetonfassade der L40 wurde kürzlich mit weißer Farbe besprüht. Mit ein bisschen Good Will von Seiten derjenigen, die entscheiden, wer wo einziehen darf, also den Hauseigentümer\*innen und den Verantwortlichen der Hausverwaltungen, könne man vielen Kunstschaffenden bezahlbaren Wohnraum und Kunstorten Gewerbefläche anbieten, sagt man sich am Rosa-Luxemburg-Platz. Das scheint hier seit Jahren so betrieben zu werden und hat zum Beispiel mit einer Person zu tun, die sowohl Eigentümerin einiger Häuser am Platz als auch Geschäftsführerin der Immobilien-Verwaltung, Vorstand der schon erwähnten IBAU AG, Bauherrin des Bundschuh-Suhrkamp-Hauses und große Unterstützerin des Vereins zur Förderung von Kunst und Kultur ist. Sie sucht dabei keine große Bühne. Aber die Leute am Platz schätzen es, dass hier jemand schaut, wer auf den Platz passt, und auch mal den Künstler zu Mietspiegelpreisen statt die höchstbietende Investmentbankerin einziehen lässt. Natürlich wären diese Texte auf den Real Estate Websites ja dann auch irgendwann kaum noch haltbar - so ganz ohne Künstler\*innen. Nächste Frage: Wenn deine Arbeit als Künstlerin zu Wertsteigerung führt, how not to be your own class enemy?



Ein Stück Land liegt wie ein gewachsener grüner Teppich auf einem Gerüst in der Uni. Von innen nach außen wuchs das Gras aus der Erde. Über die Zeit ist das Gras alt geworden. Ich bringe es von innen nach außen raus in die Stadt, binde es an eine Litfaßsäule neben der kleinen Brache an der Ecke der Almstadt- und Rosaluxemburgstraße.



## VERENTWURZELHEIT



Die Fläche zwischen der Almstadtstraße und der Rosa-Luxemburg-Straße ist eine kleine Brache in Berlin-Mitte. Sie ist ca. 260 m<sup>2</sup> groß und soll in Kürze bebaut werden.

Der Rosa-Luxemburg-Platz liegt im ehemaligen Scheunenviertel des späten 17. Jahrhunderts, wo seit 1800 viele jüdische Zuwanderer aus Osteuropa lebten. Er galt seitdem auch als Armenviertel. In den Jahren vor dem 2. Weltkrieg war er Schauplatz antisemitischer Pogrome und Auseinandersetzungen zwischen Kommunisten und der Berliner Polizei sowie Nationalsozialisten. Die Nazis inszenierten den Platz als Gedenkort. 1969 wurde er zum Rosa-Luxemburg-Platz umbenannt. In der DDR kamen viele vietnamesische GastarbeiterInnen in den Osten der Stadt. Mittlerweile liegt der Rosa-Luxemburg-Platz im teuren Szeneviertel nahe am Prenzlauer Berg und dem Alexanderplatz.



Mein Vater wohnt nur eine U-Bahnstation weiter am Rosenthaler Platz. Wir haben früher in einer Ladenfläche dort gewohnt. Als unser Mietvertrag nicht verlängert wurde, mussten wir ausziehen. Das war Anfang 2000. Als Jugendliche war ich mit meinen Freunden auf Partys in besetzten Häusern. Ich habe viele Räumungen in der Umgebung mitbekommen. Die vietnamesischen Spätis sind auch fast alle verschwunden.

Jetzt pflanze ich einen Feigenbaum für einen Tag und an den Baum hänge ich Fotos von meiner Familie. In der Erde ziehe ich Muster, sodass sie zu einem Teppich wird. Auf ein Stück Stoff lege ich Fotos von Orten, die verschwunden sind. Auf ihm steht:

ICH SUCHE NACH ORTEN, DIE DURCHLÄSSIG SIND.



Die Fläche zwischen der Almstadtstraße und der Rosa-Luxemburg-Straße ist eine Brache, die ein Freiraum ist. Sie ist nicht festgelegt, zugänglich für spontanes Bleiben. Kurz vor ihrer Bebauung, mit der sie sich verschließt, ist sie noch einmal gänzlich offen. Und obwohl diese Offenheit endlich ist, verweist mein Graben auf einen Prozess, der nicht endet. Ich wünsche mir eine gänzliche, umfassende Offenheit im Raum und im Denken. Ich pflanze einen Feigenbaum.

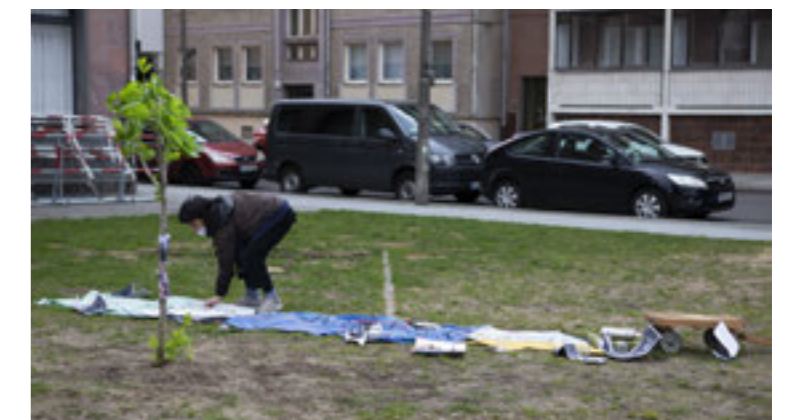
Koche Tee und denke an die Vergangenheit und Zukunft.

Denke an Edouard Glissant und an Differenzen, die verbinden.

Suche nach einer Durchlässigkeit, die alles umschließt.

Stelle mir vor wie Her(kommen) und Hin(gehören) sich auflösen.

Was mich an dem Begriff Entwurzelung so stört ist, dass man denkt, wenn ein Baum entwurzelt ist, passiert das mit Endgültigkeit. Vielleicht wurde der Baum auch umgepflanzt und in seinen Wurzeln hängt noch viel von der Erde, wo er zuerst gewachsen ist. Vielleicht lernt der Baum mit seinen Wurzeln zu gehen und läuft auf ihnen und bleibt, wenn er will.







Dear Rosa,

I am writing to you from the year 2021 and I want to share with you what we have experienced in the last five to six years.

I start with the year 2015, when poverty and wars swept over many countries and at the same time Europe took a high dose of humanity and opened its territory.

Beautiful, isn't it! But maybe it could have been organized a bit better to save 21,470 people's lives (who drowned in the Mediterranean Sea between 2014 and 2021).

But the mistake is almost corrected by now; Europe has regained control of its overdose of humanity and has become extremely creative in locking its land and sea borders.

I don't really know how to explain how people achieve humanitarian self-sufficiency, but if you lived in our time, you would understand what I mean.

Allow me to warn you about two unwanted waves: the first one comes in Summer it is called the refugee wave. It is frightening, I know, don't tell me. But the second one is a bit more dangerous. It's called the Corona wave. Both waves sound negative, right! I know, I know, that's what our news sounds too, warnings of waves. Humanity mixed with viruses. My only concern is that the virus might feel offended.

Forget about the dead migrants. Hopefully they are resting in peace now.

But what about the countless people and children who die a thousand deaths every day in refugee camps because of cold, hopelessness and poverty? Yes, we still have poverty and inequality in the world. They cause nothing but misery. I hope you will not ask me about Africa and the access to clean water.

Capitalism, my dear, is still occupying its place. The social disparities continue to be incomprehensible. We need more time - maybe another hundred years. We need more time to fight for our rights as immigrants, as people of color, as workers, as women, as you fought for.

Ah, speaking of women: I wish I don't disappoint you of the latest news: recently the Turkish government cancelled its membership in the Istanbul Convention on Violence Against Women and Domestic Violence. So please excuse me when I tell you - we need more time.

Forget about Turkey. Let me tell you something you might be proud of. Can you imagine that most of us went out into the streets and screamed loud and clear „Black Lives Matter“. After George Floyd was killed by a white police officer. We were really a lot of people protesting. Oh, you're not proud! You thought we are over those issues! And we don't discriminate against each other? And we're over racism? No, I'm sorry to tell you that we're still suffering. I am ashamed to share all those disasters with you, I really wonder what exactly you would be fighting for if you lived with us? Or would you be overwhelmed and ROSELESS?

Your Reem



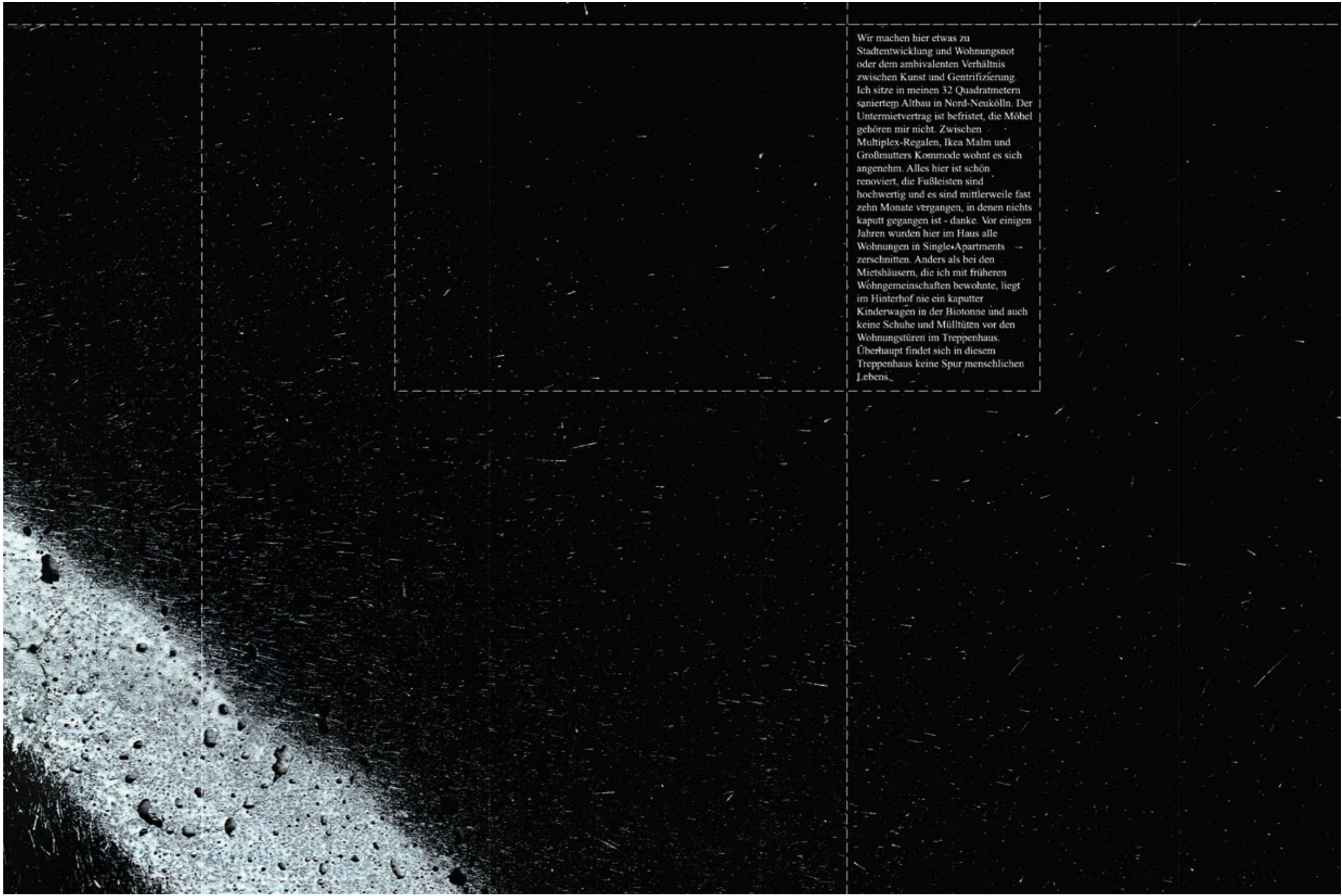
We DIG because we can't accept that everything passes, we can't accept that the repetition of a moment is an impossibility. We wage a monotonous war against our own impending deaths, against time that turns children into that other; lesser species: adults. We DIG because we know we will forget. We will forget the week, the day, the hour. We will forget when we were happiest. We DIG out of pride, a desire to have the best of ourselves preserved. We fear that we will die and others will not know we lived.



Renata Kaminska  
 „Portrait (for Rosa Luxemburg)“ 2019, HD Videoanimation, Color, mute, 02:01 min

[www.renatakaminska.de/works/video](http://www.renatakaminska.de/works/video)

The work "Portrait" from 2019 shows the birth house of Rosa Luxemburg in Zamosc, Poland. The city holds a statute of a UNESCO city, as a Renaissance, Utopian and Ideal City of World Heritage, despite this that house was secretly destroyed in 2020. The demolition was carried out by the city council, which belongs to the conservative ruling party, based of a newly introduced law from 2018, which inter alia prohibits Rosa Luxemburg's name in public space. Remembering is political, therefore my project: [rosaluxemburg2019.eu](http://rosaluxemburg2019.eu), started in 2018 and goes ∞



Wir machen hier etwas zu Stadtentwicklung und Wohnungsnot oder dem ambivalenten Verhältnis zwischen Kunst und Gentrifizierung. Ich sitze in meinen 32 Quadratmetern saniertem Altbau in Nord-Neukölln. Der Untermietvertrag ist befristet, die Möbel gehören mir nicht. Zwischen Multiplex-Regalen, Ikea Malm und Großmutter's Kommode wohnt es sich angenehm. Alles hier ist schön renoviert, die Fußleisten sind hochwertig und es sind mittlerweile fast zehn Monate vergangen, in denen nichts kaputt gegangen ist - danke. Vor einigen Jahren wurden hier im Haus alle Wohnungen in Single-Apartments zerschnitten. Anders als bei den Mietshäusern, die ich mit früheren Wohngemeinschaften bewohnte, liegt im Hinterhof nie ein kaputter Kinderwagen in der Biotonne und auch keine Schuhe und Mülltüten vor den Wohnungstüren im Treppenhaus. Überhaupt findet sich in diesem Treppenhaus keine Spur menschlichen Lebens.



Titel: She is looking for a positive and powerful place...Valentina, 2020. Wet clay palm tree, leaves from the tree of heaven, steel, wood, sock.  
Masse variable: 180 x 110 cm., Photo by Trevor Lloyd.

all this sand beneath my sky  
all this dirt inside my eye

digging dirt inside my eyes

I SINK LOW TO RISE

rosy cheeks  
and cloudy skies.

I sink low to rise

From Klara Kayser for Valentina. 2021





Titel: Blutansammlung außerhalb der Blutbahn in den Weichteilen, Louisa Frauenheim, Material: Foto der Baustelle von dem Haus meiner Großmutter (Hamburg 1958), Farbton meines Blutergusses auf meinem Bauch in der Schwangerschaft

**no wonder everyone wants to own a piece of Berlin.**

remember? at least the Gate, the Reichstag,  
Linden with classicist squares.  
In short: Prussia's glamour and glory.  
That's Mitte, easy to pronounce  
in any language,  
much more  
A large part  
life of capital  
here. In addition most are based there,  
jet set also prefers to stay around  
in galleries, designer shops, clubs  
cultural terms,  
Mitte remains

Poelzig wollte etwas anderes.  
Rosa wollte etwas ganz anderes.  
Good Will.  
Bad Will.



Kim Bode - Γεωργόβραβο

## SMALL REPORT FROM THE UNDERGROUND

*kim bode*

It is a gloomy place to come to if you have not yet dissolved into something elusive. Our asset which derived from capitalism and labour departments, indulges among others of similar haptics in the *asphodel meadows*<sup>1</sup>. Here we hold each others semi-digital hands, build shacks to hide in and cover our receptors with white noise. Otherwise only a high seat, a heap of data, gives an overview of the surrounding scenery in the depth of the unknown; underground and otherworldly.

The ghosts, our fellow comrades and memories of some sorts, emerge from the experiences of landscapes we inhabit or traverse. Simultaneously they operate as a

container that surrounds us at all times and provides a soft cushion to rest upon.

Distantly there is a hammering and swiffy sound, that like a pulse vapours through the hot air. We notice it while walking in zig-zags between third natures and plots of third landscapes, that are growing out of fog and dust. We venture forward and drift along a stream of shimmer, that shifts time into future, past and present all at once. At the corner, several small but hollow eyes follow our movements, as if our behavior is too mechanical and desultory. With a swipe and tap we open our torches to shine upon them. One step at a time, we lean forward, reach out and touch their barely

hairy body, their almost gleaming arms. Their plugged fingers push ours away and point to the direction of pale footsteps that appear on red soil, continuing as if they had been placed a long while ago.

We cover the tracks of those who have been gone before us and place our own, revealing only that we share the same size and maybe weight. Some of them are filled with water that provided enough moisture for small fungi and lichen to grow into a symbiotic relationship with neighboring puddle-workers who allow the water to evaporate into void. The heaviness of the air is accompanied by the muffled rattle of an earth-driller, searching for black composted material, mostly for their solitary survival. Here, we stop and look closer at the tubes, levers and knobs of that what is half living and half dead. The lethargy of them is revealed every five moments or so, when they stop to gasp for air and equalize the pressure. A gigantic splash of soil is being thrown a few meters high, and for a brief moment we see that the light is being distorted into a brown and muddy tone. But the throbbing in our ears gets so loud that we have to leave the scenery and notice that above our heads green and spiky arms entwine through the surrounding area, emerging from green vessels with jelly lamellae for locomotion. On them thorned red-orange fruits, tangling dangerously within reach. With both arms outstretched and feet pointed, we stagger and try to grasp what seems unreal to us. We feel that the soil gets soft, that the solid ground vibrates beneath our feet, makes us fall on our knees, makes us tumble and the head spin.

This creation of genuine space and *the sense of the presence of those who are not physically there*<sup>2</sup>, the encounter with ghosts, with our past memories and our present bodies in this subterranean environment of *storytelling*<sup>3</sup> functions across time and place. It functions across bodies and entities and is in itself multilingual. It operates as a vessel for future localities, that carve out their own niche, their own space to settle down and grow in. Maybe slower than us and maybe not as visible as we can see, but always entangled and intertwined, like an underground network of caves.

<sup>1</sup> Homer: *Odyssey* 11 and 24 / Reece, Steve: *Homer's Asphodel Meadow*; Greek, Roman, and Byzantine Studies 47 (2007), P. 389–400

<sup>2</sup> Bell, Michael Meyerfeld: *The ghost of place*; Theory and Society, Vol. 26, No. 6 (Dec., 1997), P. 813-836

<sup>3</sup> Le Guin, Ursula K.: *The Carrier Bag Theory of Fiction* (1986)

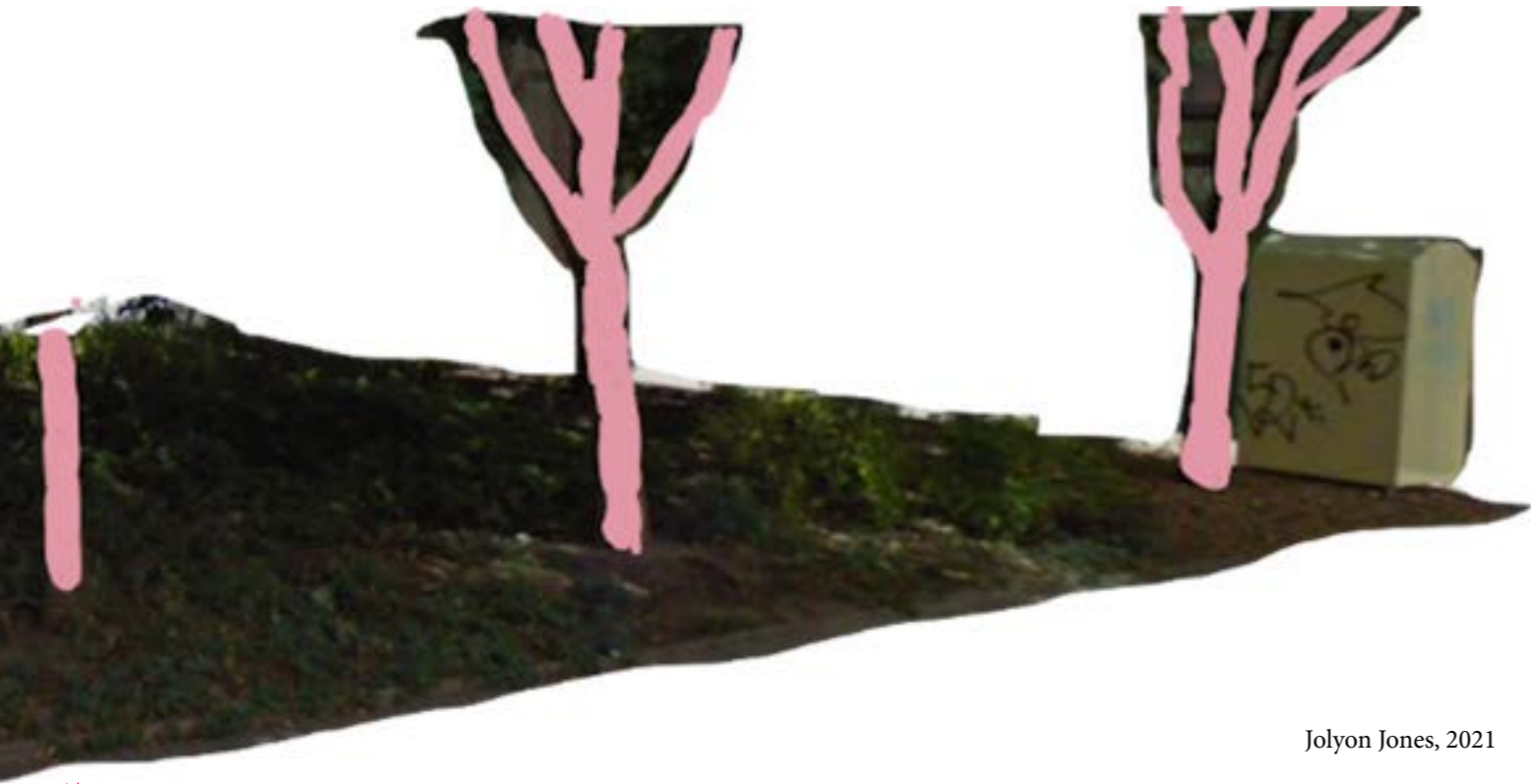
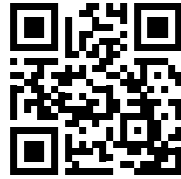


Kim Bode - Σορός

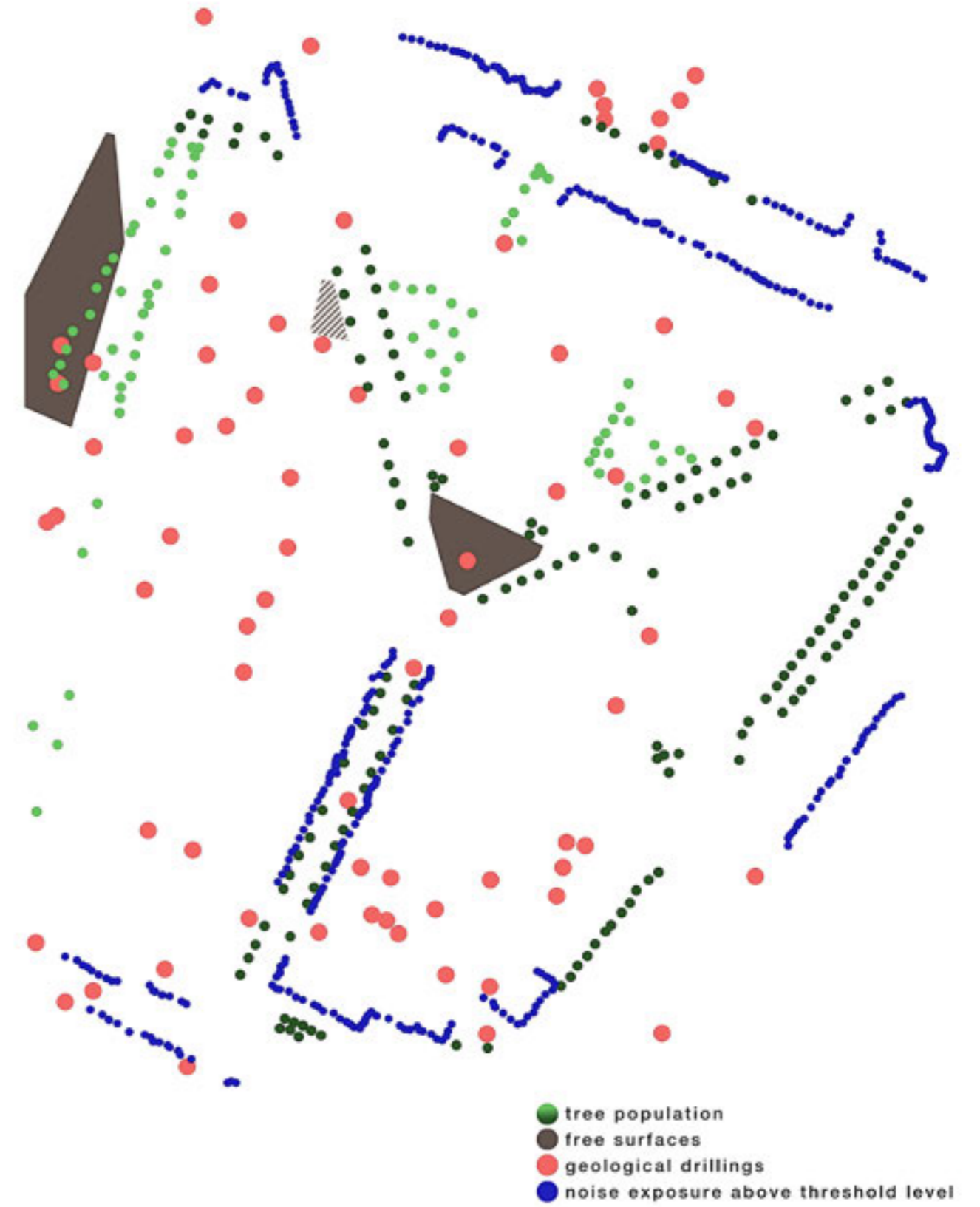
The pandemic has made it increasingly difficult to access galleries, museums, and other such spaces. I write this to propose an action in how we might extend our sensory experiences beyond our collective physical limitations, allowing us to encounter energies that supersede the divisions of private and public space. Through experimenting with electromagnetic induction, hidden fields in the electromagnetic spectrum (EMS) become audible. How might we transcend partitioned space in a time of increased isolation, in which virtual contact supersedes meeting in 'meat space'?

A coil of copper wire wrapped around an iron bar can give us access to these electromagnetic fields, producing a voltage proportional to the fluctuating fields that cross it, via electromagnetic induction. With this monitoring technology, we can begin to investigate into some of the energetic forces that surround us.

Instructions on how to assemble a simple coil pickup can be found via the QR code. The corresponding website will also provide a platform for sharing your findings through this project.



Jolyon Jones, 2021



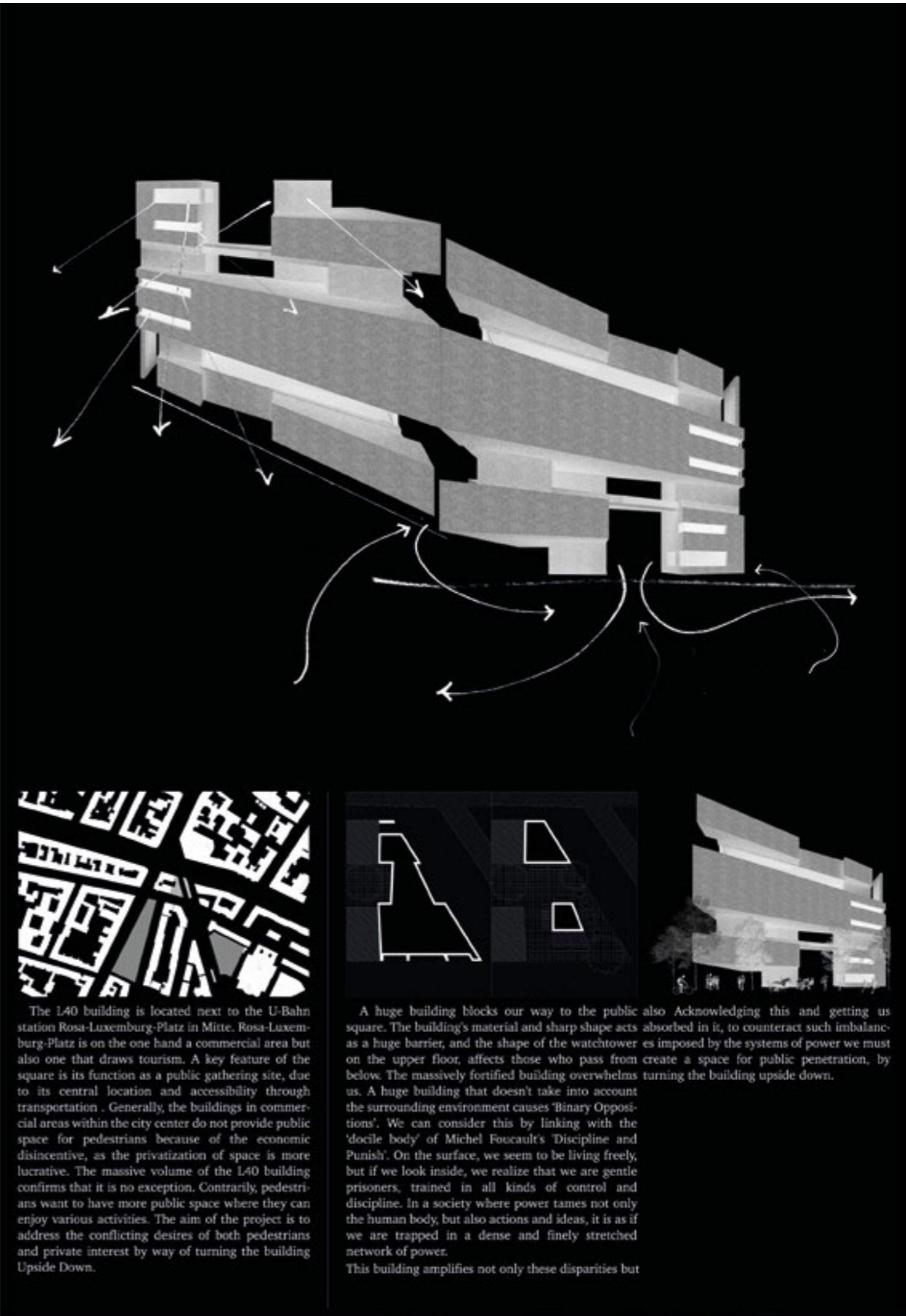
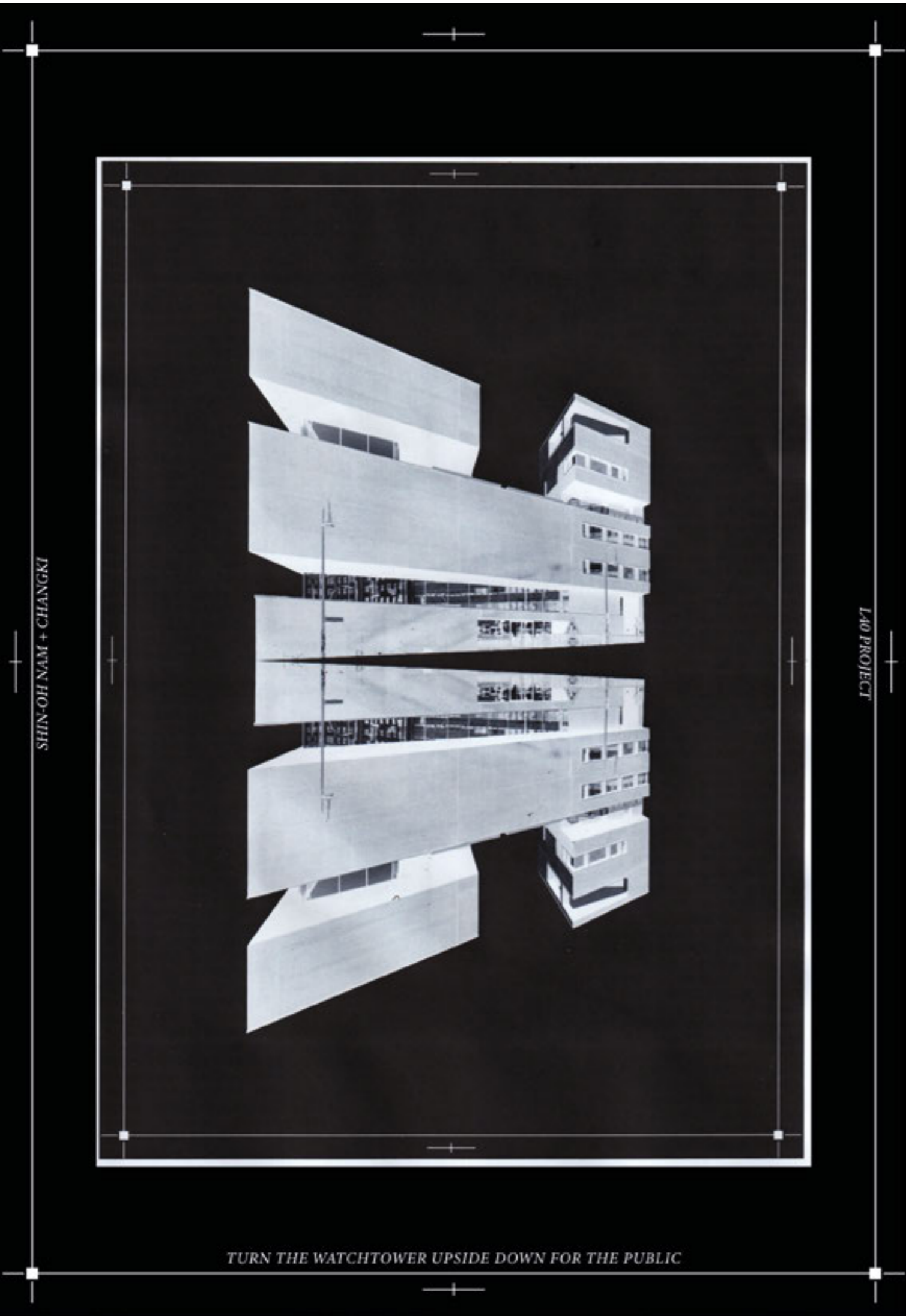
an over the world  
 creative environment  
 countless galleries in the middle  
 the new impresses  
 can be reached quickly  
 different possibilities and proximity  
 playgrounds and  
 extensive offers and  
 many possibilities  
 optimally organise leisure  
 the high quality of life

\*found on websites of real estate agencies

In zwei Dimensionen legt sich ein Raster über die Oberfläche, auf der wir leben. Die Oberfläche ist in Flurstücke geschnitten, vermessene geometrischen, abzirkeln und einteilen – das kann eine Geste der Anreizung sein. Diesen Gedanken weiter auszuführen, macht mich müde. (Hier ist das der rote e näher ran. Beim Scannen wird eine Oberfläche systematisch und regelmäßig abgetastet, um durch eine Vielzahl von Einzelmessungen ein Gesamtbil Zurück zur Erde: Der Quadratmeter ist ein Flächenmaß, in dem wir denken und das sich vom Meter ableitet, einem Maß, dem sich seit fast 150 Jahr 2 458 Sekunden durchläuft. Vielleicht nicht in Stein gemeißelt, aber doch festgesetzt, so als wäre es. Aber was so ein Meter im Quadrat wert ist, unterh Veränderungen. Seit ich nach Berlin gezogen bin, ist der Wert des besagten Quadratmeters am Rosa-Luxemburg-Platz ungefähr um das sechsfache g

(Bodenrichtwerte 2014)





The L40 building is located next to the U-Bahn station Rosa-Luxemburg-Platz in Mitte. Rosa-Luxemburg-Platz is on the one hand a commercial area but also one that draws tourism. A key feature of the square is its function as a public gathering site, due to its central location and accessibility through transportation. Generally, the buildings in commercial areas within the city center do not provide public space for pedestrians because of the economic disincentive, as the privatization of space is more lucrative. The massive volume of the L40 building confirms that it is no exception. Contrarily, pedestrians want to have more public space where they can enjoy various activities. The aim of the project is to address the conflicting desires of both pedestrians and private interest by way of turning the building Upside Down.

A huge building blocks our way to the public square. The building's material and sharp shape acts as a huge barrier, and the shape of the watchtower absorbed in it, to counteract such imbalance imposed by the systems of power we must turn the building upside down. Acknowledging this and getting us absorbed in it, to counteract such imbalance imposed by the systems of power we must turn the building upside down. The massively fortified building overwhelms us. A huge building that doesn't take into account the surrounding environment causes 'Binary Oppositions'. We can consider this by linking with the 'docile body' of Michel Foucault's 'Discipline and Punish'. On the surface, we seem to be living freely, but if we look inside, we realize that we are gentle prisoners, trained in all kinds of control and discipline. In a society where power tames not only the human body, but also actions and ideas, it is as if we are trapped in a dense and finely stretched network of power. This building amplifies not only these disparities but



und Vermessen unseres Lebensraumes hat mit Macht und Kontrolle zu tun – das leuchtet mir ein. Gebiete vermessen, sie sich begreifbar machen, sie abtache Landabschnitte, die in der Regel einem Grundstück entsprechen. Diese sind wiederum in Quadratmetern bemessen, bewertet und beplant. Das Raster-  
ersetzen Bild aussehen wie ein Meteorschauer, macht irgendwie Hoffnung. Was machen wir hier?  
d des Objekts zu erzeugen. Wir scannen ein Stück besprühte Fassade, tasten ein bisschen die Oberfläche ab. Dass die weißen Farbsprenkel im zusammenge-  
Belt ist“, sich aber von festen physikalischen Größen ableitet. Das Meter ist die Länge der Strecke, die Licht im Vakuum während der Dauer von  $1/299\,792\,458$  s zurückgelegt hat. Ich lese, dass dieses Maß zwar nicht „in Stein geme-  
estiegen.\*





Titel: Sonntagsrüstung, Luisa Menschick

Kurz vor dem aktiven Eintreten der aktuellen Pandemie wurde ich Mutter. Durch die anhaltende Situation vielleicht länger in der innigen Mama-Kind-Blase ruhend, da ein Betreten vieler anderen, üblichen Räume momentan nicht stattfindet.

Neben der Häuslichkeit und Besuchen in der Natur, gibt es viele Stadtspaziergänge im Kiez. Auf dem Foto spiele ich mit meinen Wahrnehmungen zu den Sonntagsspaziergängen entlang des Kanalufers in Neukölln. Immer wieder sonntags springt mir das Sonntagserscheinen der Anderen ins Auge - die Anderen gemeinsam aufgehübscht in Gruppen.

**Der Titel  
Drienen Rosa und Draußen pink**

**Erinnerte mich sofort an die verschiedenen Inneren und Äußeren ( auch soziale ) Räume, wie wir uns darin bewegen und auftreten. Inwieweit ein Auftreten zum Schein oder Schutz dient.  
Oder auch das Innere / Ureigene in der Transformation nach Außen. Was geht dabei verloren - forciert oder unbeabsichtigt?**

**Atmung • Bewegung**

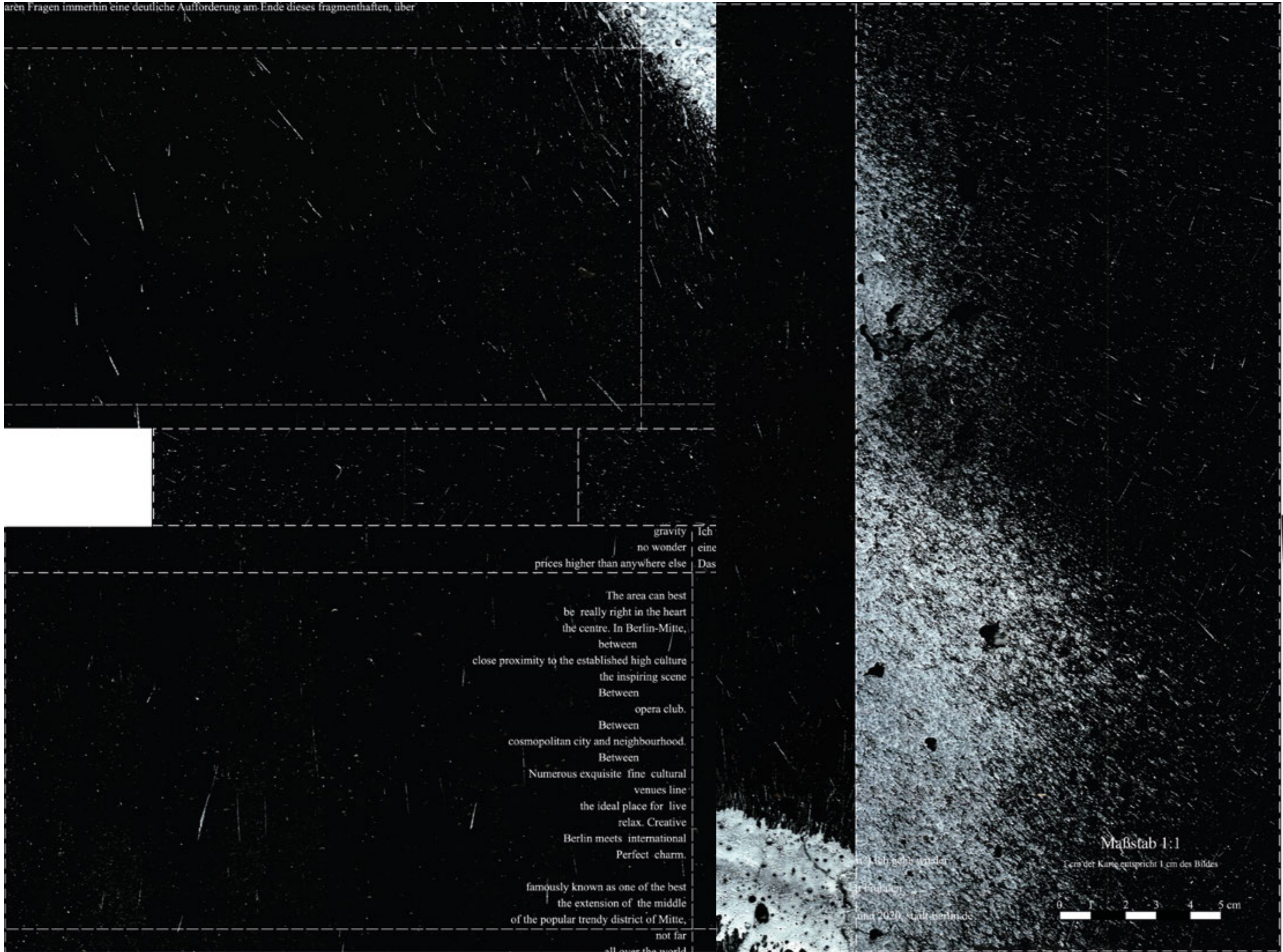
**in Gedanken • das Ausgesprochene**

**Gefühl • Sprache**

**Wahrnehmen • Zulassen**

**Sein • sich ausdrücken**

**Mich interessiert zu der nach Außen getragenen repräsentativen Körperlichkeit das Auftreten und Erscheinen einer Personen. Ein gesamtes Erscheinungsbild, das zur reinen äußeren Augenscheinlichkeit hinzukommt.  
Was alles wird von dem Ureigenen- Selbst von außen sichtbar?**



ären Fragen immerhin eine deutliche Aufforderung am Ende dieses fragmenthaften, über

gravity Ich  
 no wonder eine  
 prices higher than anywhere else Das

The area can best  
 be really right in the heart  
 the centre. In Berlin-Mitte,  
 between  
 close proximity to the established high culture  
 the inspiring scene  
 Between  
 opera club.  
 Between  
 cosmopolitan city and neighbourhood.  
 Between  
 Numerous exquisite fine cultural  
 venues line  
 the ideal place for live  
 relax. Creative  
 Berlin meets international  
 Perfect charm.

famously known as one of the best  
 the extension of the middle  
 of the popular trendy district of Mitte,  
 not far  
 all over the world

Maßstab 1:1  
 1cm der Karte entspricht 1cm des Bildes

0 1 2 3 4 5 cm

Ich geht wieder  
 für Frauen  
 und 2020 Stadt-berlin.de

## POETICS OF MEMORY

How does historical negationism affect our critical thinking and our representation of the perceived world?

What are its effects on the human condition and what does collecting memories mean for each of us?

Even though today we might feel negatively affected by certain historical objects and what these objects represent, they might play an important role in teaching us about our past, with all its connotations.

Is it really necessary to erase a legacy instead of interacting with it and actualize its message?

Rozalia Luksenburg, was born on the 5th March 1871, in the small town of Zamość in the Russian-occupied part of Poland.

Rosa was a philosopher, economist, politician, anti-war activist.

In 2018 a commemorative plaque dedicated to Rosa was removed on the basis of an official decision.

The plaque was hanging since 1979 on a house that was considered Luxemburgs' birthplace. They affirmed the decision of the removal with the discovery of her real birthplace two streets ahead. I soon realized that removing the plaque was just a piece of a bigger puzzle, and something much more relevant was at stake. I found myself surrounded by conflicting evidence and confronted with silence.

My research turned out being countered by many. Around 2016, the Polish government passed a Bill that enforced the removal -if not destruction- of every artistic object or historical element portraying the Soviet era and its values.

This discovery and the many elements I unveiled during my investigation, (also many thanks to Berlin based artist Renata Kaminska and her work that inspired me to dig deeper into the topic and value of memorials), which led me to my latest work 'PLA(Q/G)E', with which I intend to revise the memory of an object, alongside its symbolic boundaries, and sublimate it into a timeless answer that art could give to historical negationism.



Rosa Luxemburg commemorative plaque, Zamość 1979 / 2018

**I feel at home in the entire world,  
wherever there are clouds and birds  
and human tears.**

Rosa Luxemburg, Letter to Mathilde Wurm, 1927

*Freedom is always  
and exclusively freedom  
for the one who thinks differently*

Rosa Luxemburg, The Russian Revolution, 1918

**Those who  
do not move,  
do not notice  
their chains.**

**The most revolutionary  
thing one can do  
is always  
to proclaim loudly  
what is happening.**

And in the darkness I smile  
at life, as if I were the possessor of  
charm which would enable me to  
transform all that is evil and tragical  
into serenity and happiness.  
But when I search my mind for the  
cause of this joy,  
I find there is no cause,  
and can only laugh at myself.



The artist is currently revisiting the commemorative plaque.

**We have to take everything as it comes and to find  
beauty in everything.  
That's what I manage to do**

*Don't forget, as busy as you may be,  
to quickly raise your head and cast a glance at  
those great silver clouds and that silent blue ocean  
in which they are swimming...  
take notice of the resplendence and glory that  
overlie this day...because this day will never, ever  
come again! This day is a gift to you like a rose in  
full bloom, lying at your feet, waiting for you to  
pick it up and press it to your lips.*

**I want to affect  
people like a  
clap of  
thunder, to  
inflame their  
minds not by  
speechifying  
but with the  
breadth of  
my vision, the  
strength of my  
conviction and  
the power of  
my expression.**

Rosa Luxemburg, Letter to Leo Jogiches, 1899

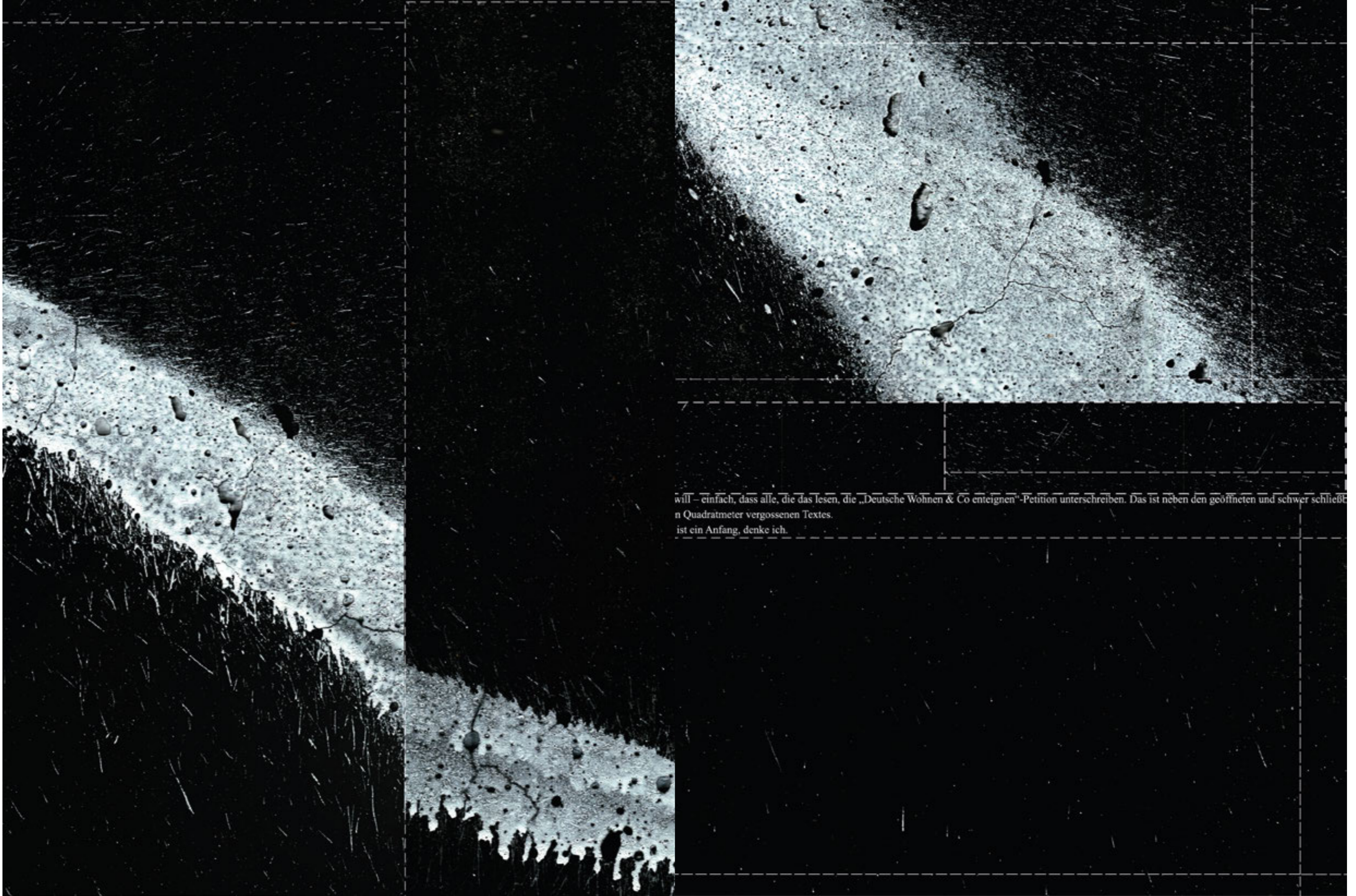
**When people write  
they mostly forget to  
reach deep into their  
own selves,  
to relive the  
importance and  
truth of the subject**

Rosa Luxemburg, Letter to the Seidels, 1898

All quotes are from Rosa's work

**Als ich vor etlichen Jahren in die Wohnung am Rosa-Luxemburg-Platz eingezogen bin, entfernte ich fünf Lagen von unterschiedlichen Tapeten. Die Schichten von bunten Blümchen, undefinierbaren Ornamenten und schmutziger Raufaser klebten fest aneinander. Ich denke nur ungern zurück, wie mühevoll und langwierig es war die Spuren von Jahrzehnten zu entfernen, um meinen eigenen Raum zu definieren. Ich wusste nicht wer vorher hier gewohnt hatte, welche Geschichten sich in die Schichten eingeschrieben hatten, bis ich im Flur mit dem Ablösen des letzten Fetzens auf eine kleine Fotografie gestoßen bin. Ein Mann umarmt eine Frau, ein Kind steht zwischen ihnen. Sie sehen glücklich aus. Die Grautöne wirken wie ausgewaschen, der Hintergrund ist unscharf, keine Notiz. Ich legte das Bild in eine Schachtel und schaute es mir immer mal wieder an, es beruhigte und beunruhigte mich zugleich. Die Schachtel ist im Laufe der Zeit verloren gegangen, aber ich trage noch immer das geheimnisvolle Abbild der Unbekannten in mir.**

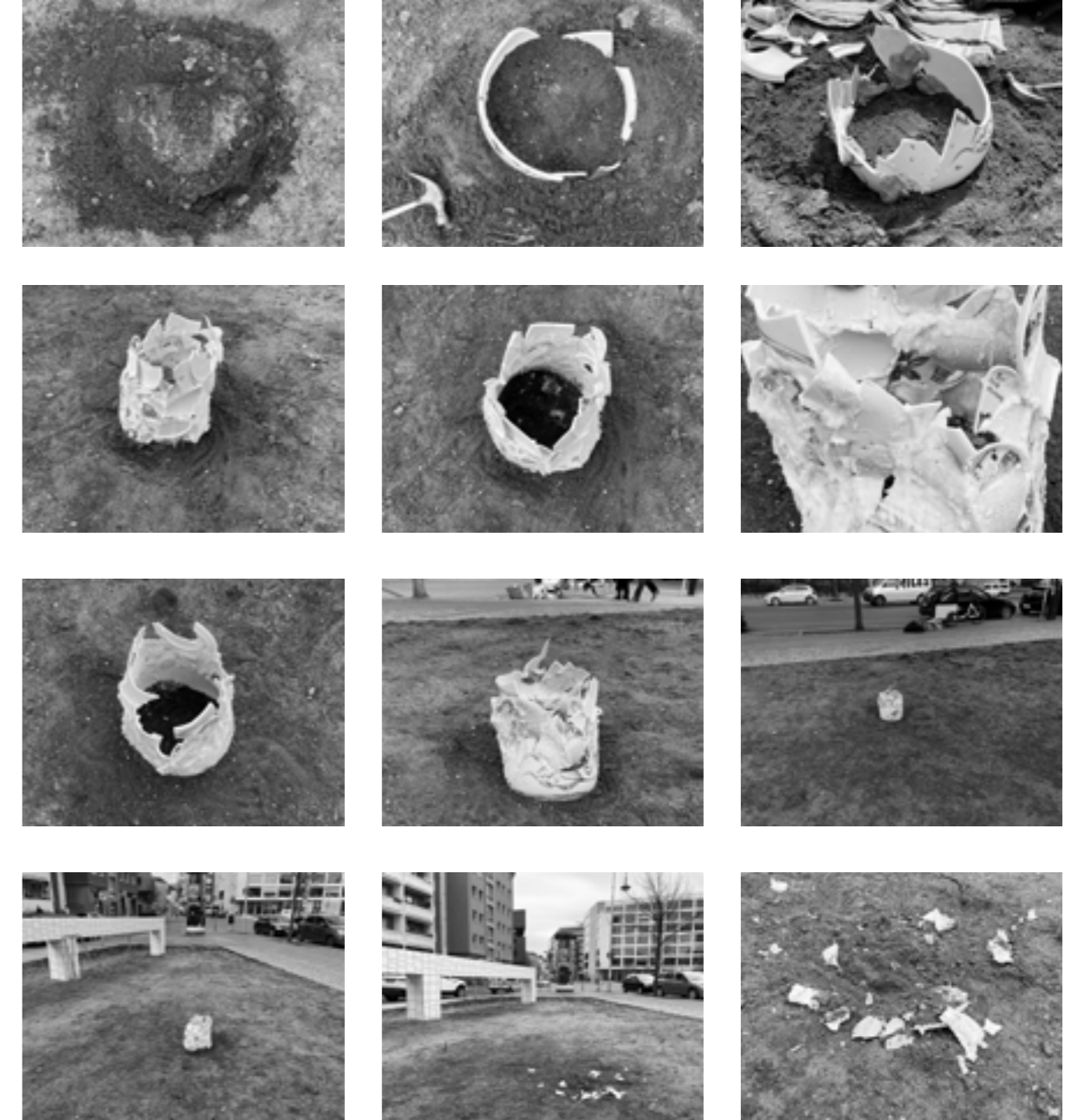
*JM, Hirtenstraße Berlin, März 2021*



will – einfach, dass alle, die das lesen, die „Deutsche Wohnen & Co enteignen“-Petition unterschreiben. Das ist neben den geöffneten und schwer schließ  
n Quadratmeter vergossenen Textes.  
ist ein Anfang, denke ich.



## Episodische Gedanken



Hier, am Rosa-Luxemburg-Platz, nehme ich mir den Platz für meine Scherben, den ich brauche. Der Boden wird dem Objekt etwas Halt geben. Die Erde ist trocken. Es gibt viele kleine Wurzeln. Für die erste Schicht nehme ich große Scherben. Sie stammen von einer großen Vase von KPM, die ich über Ebay-Kleinanzeigen einer türkischen Familie abgekauft habe. Und von einem Teller, den ich mal bei Ikea in der Fundgrube gekauft habe. Ein paar Scherben waren mal Keramikfliesen. Sie stammen aus der Küche des Hauses, in dem meine Großmutter von 1927 bis 1945 lebte. Es gibt auch ein paar Teller, die vielleicht zu Dekorationszwecken an Wänden hingen. Auf einem ist das Brandenburger Tor zu sehen. Auf einem anderen ist die Siegessäule gezeichnet. Und auf einem

weiteren sind viele verschiedene Berliner Sehenswürdigkeiten zu sehen, mit der Überschrift „Ich bin ein Berliner“. Wahrscheinlich wurden sie als Souvenir gekauft. Als Erinnerungsstücke. An einen Ausflug in die Stadt oder an einen besonderen Tag. Oder sie wurden verschenkt.

Für mehr Halt klebe ich die Scherben mit Wachs zusammen. Es wächst. Meine Hände schmerzen. Mein Rücken tut weh. Nach ungefähr fünf Stunden höre ich auf. Ich lasse die kleine Säule dort. Zwischen Altmstadtstraße und Rosa-Luxemburg-Straße. Am nächsten Tag ist sie weg. Nur ein paar Scherben sind zurückgeblieben. Sie war zu zerbrechlich für diesen Ort.

