few cities have been subject to as much analysis and critique as Berlin. For that matter few cities have witnessed as much history, trauma and human drama as Berlin.

This issue of glaspaper was produced in its entirety in this, the city of the twenty-first Century. All of the words, images and drawings were gathered during a fifteen day period in September 2003 when the GLAS co-operative established its news-office in the Aedes East Pavilion within Hackesche Höfe in the central district of Mitte. Initially armed with a modern arsenal of computers, digital cameras and recording equipment, we were quickly reduced to pens, scissors, glue and a typewriter by late night intruders. Our analogue gatherings have resulted in the scrapbook you have in your hands.

No attempt has been made to provide a comprehensive study of the city. Many of the contributors were Berlin first-timers, spoke little or no German and relied instead upon intuitive processes of selection, seeking out fragments which once assembled would provide portraits of the city. These will inevitably have holes in their narrative, inaccuracies in their detail and will have lost something in the translation. Native Berliners should not take offence, though not journalists we have attempted to be fair and honest in our transcripts. The stories presented in this edition were related to GLAS by individuals and groups who visited our newsroom and met us throughout the city and by the city itself.
Many of the stories that have emerged during this time will resonate with readers in Scotland. Closures and cuts forced upon local communities have much the same consequence in a Berlin or a Glasgow housing estate. Local institutions which are treasured by the communities they serve are often disregarded by central authorities and omitted from official portraits of the city. The collective memory is a battleground where ideologies clash. Many of these issues are amplified in the charged atmosphere of Berlin, but can be found in any city, any community.

This portrait can only be understood as a product of the time in which it was constructed. If GLAS been here in the spring, the winter, last year or next the story might have been very different. If you want to find out more about current developments within Berlin in regards to culture, urbanism, social issues and politics GLAS would like to recommend the SCHEINSCHLAG, a monthly newspaper that is distributed for free throughout Berlin and is produced by a like-minded group of enthusiastic young journalists, architects and historians. To find out more visit their web address www.scheinschlag.de.

Unser Berlin/Our Berlin was supported by many individuals and organisations. We specially would like to thank: Dominik Brüll, Hans-Jürgen Commerell, Christiane Diede, Kristin Feireiss, Sören Hart, Thomas Knorr-Siedow, Franziska Meisel, Hans Christian Müller, Isolde Nagel, Florian Nolte, Jan Rave, Attila Saigal, Rolf Teloh, Tilman Weitz, Caroline Wolf.

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glaspaper relies entirely upon the generous support and encouragement of our readers, friends and supporters. Producing a regular journal without the intrusive presence of advertising allows glasspaper to represent a unique voice in Scottish international publishing. Your contributing support is valued. If you would like to receive glasspaper regularly or wish to support us in any way, we can be contacted via the postal or web address on the back. GLAS would also like to receive feedback for this issue from you.

Glaspaper 07
GLAS is a co-operative of architects, teachers, writers and urban activists
GLAS is committed to fighting all manifestations of socio-spatial inequality, exploitation and deprivation
GLAS produces multi-media critical works and design ideas that promote a radical social and political rethinking of how we make and experience buildings and cities
GLAS is engaged in a critique of the capitalist production and use of the built environment
GLAS is committed to the dissemination of its ideas to as wide an audience as possible, exploring a broad range of communication techniques
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girl with grenade in her hand demands
use the city wherever you can
dissent

listen, the surface is yours and waiting
beware the trigger is pulled
The Wagners are from Mitte, born and bred. For years the three hard working brothers shared a tiny room and kitchen until, to everyone's relief Herman, the oldest, met the lovely Ann Fuchs.

They got married within the year, moved up the housing list and got themselves a ground floor tenement flat on Gross Frankfurter Strasse. It was small, damp in winter and the toilet was out the back, but it was their first home together.

A long and happy marriage produced 5 children, all girls - to Herman's dismay, who longed for a son to play football with out in the back court.

After the war the name of their street changed to Stalin Allee, by which time the Wagner family's block was falling into disrepair. The demolished the building in 1952 and the entire family was decanted up the road into two new flats in the 'Worker's Housing' that the Communist Party was building.

They loved their new flats, they were small but each had a private toilet and central heating. Ann and Herman, who were now in their late 50's had a preference for the lift over tenement stairs.

Demand for new housing was high among families like the Wagners and the Party's solution was to build faster and higher. It wasn't long before tenants noticed the deficiencies of this hasty process.

In '53 there was a bit of trouble when a few of the blocks started to fall apart, everyone complained. By 1960 Anne, Herman and their children had to be re-housed for a second time.

Stalin died in 1961 and the street name changed to Karl-Marx-Allee.

Inga, the second youngest was fortunate to get a job in the Tatra Motokov factory, they allocated her a new flat close to Alexander Platz, Inga was very happy here.

She had a secure front door and amenities were close. With shopping and transport at Alexanderplatz, although she could never understand why there were no buses on Karl-Marx-Allee, she never asked.
Inga left the Tatra factory in 1964 and got a new job across the road in the Café Moscow, she could leave the house at 08:55 and be in work by 08:57, crossing the 10 lane Karl-Marx-Allee was the only risk if there was any traffic.

The entire Wagner family would come around to Inga’s on May Day, she was on the 8th floor and had a perfect view of the parades thundering past, they couldn’t ignore this so they had to try and enjoy it.

Inga always tried to use the landing outside her flat to meet her neighbours but in those times people preferred to talk indoors.

Maria Schmidt from next door started spreading a rumour that the Party had positioned microphones everywhere and listened for conversations from dissenters. She convinced a few people that the manhole covers had holes to allow people to listen from below, Inga didn’t believe it.

The International Cinema as it was known, now Kino, was next door to Inga’s house and it was here that she met her first proper boyfriend, Reiner. The film’s were a bit serious and the big pictures from the West weren’t allowed, but Inga and her new man would sit under the worker’s mosaic around the side and invent their own endings.

Everything changed when the wall came down and Inga experienced new parts of Berlin the first time. She considered moving West and got a job in Charlottenburg but the rent prices there made living impossible.

In the 90’s Inga’s block was refurbished by the new Federal Government to the dismay of some in the former West. Suddenly it seemed artists, young couples and families all wanted to live in Mitte.

Visitors to Berlin sometimes draw comparisons of Inga’s home with failed housing blocks in the West. The truth is that Inga lives in a South facing city centre apartment with tree lined back court, views over the city and fixed affordable rent, it is highly desirable, safe and very comfortable.

Inga Wagner still lives in the same flat and enjoys watching visits from curious Western tourists.
Like everyone else in Moscow, Dima was used to place names changing. A bureaucrats shorthand for rewriting history. He was also accustomed to greeting barely concealed disappearances with a stinking hangover.

Bleary bloodshot eyes and a dehydrated brain correspond perfectly to the continual blurring of what was true one day and an arrestable offence the next.

This morning was no exception. Waking up sprawled across the back seat of the bus he struggled hard to prevent the surrendering of his innards. He wiped the perspiration off his forehead knocking what turned out to be his passport onto the floor. Odd, he couldn't work out why it was there.

He had enjoyed but was now suffering from what had been a memorable send off. Four yashika of vodka between the twenty of them. All he could remember about the bus station was the number three. The platform for Moscow. Bye, bye Kiev. That he had in his stupor walked to platform eight had yet to dawn on him. He had paid at the gate, crawled onto the bus and collapsed unconscious.

Now the morning sickness lurched into view as the bus bounced down broken peripheral roads. Cutting a slice through the kaleidoscope of nauseous concrete panels. He must be nearly home. Although in truth this was little difficult to tell as the outskirts of most cities built in the Soviet era looked almost identical. Bleak, repetitious and disorienting.

He closed his eyes again and attempted to steady his nerves. Peering apprehensively out of his right eye, he blinked. Weird. It looked like the street names had been changed from Cyrillic to Latin. This should have been Yaroslavskaya Shosse but it now read Frankfurter Allee. "What the fuck next" he mumbled. The East Germans must be on their way for a mutual flattery Party party. As usual this would be staged with theatrical exactitude.

Even by their standards though, this was a little over the top. On the verge of throwing up he groped into his hold all for a bottle of Zubrowka and a jar of gherkins. He was saving it for a crisis. With a fierce commitment to steadying his nerves and liquid stomach, he slugged heavily and fortified himself before returning his gaze to the bus window.

His mouth opened his dry furry throat contracted. His head throbbed. What should have read Prospect Mira had been changed as well. Forget Prospect "World" "Peace". It was now Karl Marx Allee. Russians love the absurd. It's a form of satirical survival. There goes Gorky's nose running off with the briefcase. And here is Bulgakov's dog swearing at passerby. A century before that they thought nothing about erecting false facades to protect the Tsarina Catherine from the realities of peasant life.

But this. This was a step too far. The vodka allowed him to focus again. There was something else that was bothering him. Had the city changed that much in his six year absence? The wedding cake facades were immediately familiar, but somehow different. He zipped his bag up and hobbled down the aisle. He could ask the driver to drop him off at the Inner Garden Ring Road. But as the ornate tiled Stalinist buildings faded away, the problem resolved itself. "Alexander Platz." He went white. Shivering, he shook from head to toe. This couldn't possibly be true. He fell down the bus steps and cracked his head on the pavement. He lay on his side clutching his bottle for comfort as the words "Seh Auf!" split his fragile skull.
It is often said that the modern metropolis can be understood as a palimpsest. Fading stone-etched scripture buried in the traces of former words. Something akin to a richly textured cake Berlin possesses layers upon layer of secret flours. Densely packed strata of meaning, obscured, camouflaged and meshed together in a dizzying geological formation.

Berlin is a special case. A veritable Schwarzwaldkirschtorte. It seems to have more cake shops and levels of ambiguity than most cities. Not least because it acts as the repository for all of the moral questions and social contradictions thrown up by the twentieth century. And it must endure this fate alone drowning in the collective guilt of Europe. Functioning in this way as a magnifying glass it concentrates memory in an intense cacophony of sound and image. Memory that operates not so much as a lens for investigating the past, but more as a working theatre.

Trip wires are stretched taught across every boulevard. Some are painfully visible and can be carefully stepped over. Others are not. They lay unseen. Waiting for a single trigger that will unlock acts and scenes in a terrifyingly unexpected pyrotechnic spectacle. Siegfried Kracauer caught it, Berlin, a "labyrinth of fragmentary signs". A city in which "an explosive lies ready in all possible hidden places that, in the very next moment, can indeed blow-up."

But Berlin does not belong to amateur drama. For the intrepid explorer Berlin offers a professional crash course in the social sciences and critical theory. All of history's cliches and shibboleths are carved and embedded in its walls. They hover in the wings ready to pounce and emerge out of alleyways and passages with arresting force. It is all there to be had.

Encapsulated by Schinkel, Hegel's unified Prussian State and alienated self screams from every rooftop and street corner. Marx's fetishised commodities are proudly proclaimed in Potsdamer Platz and parodied in themepark Checkpoints Charlie. Foucault's disciplined bodies and panoptican litter the urban landscape. Where do you want to begin? Mosbit (Imperial Germany), Wilhelmstrasse (Gestapo HQ), Gensler Strasse (Stasi). And that's just for starters. Henri Lefebvre's socio-spatial dialectic. Where do you want it to end? Red Wedding, Große Siedlung Siemensstadt, the Speer axis, or the east-west divide.

Walter Benjamin's aestheticisation of politics. Here again we are spoilt for choice. The new map guides to the cold war and the sites of Nazi terror clutter into view as a particularly ironic postscript. Although here it should be remembered that it was the avant-garde who had ably displayed the very real power of fusing art and politics. The paradox of romantic nostalgia. Morning time would be spent immersed in the paintings and prints of Grosz and Kollwitz. Rainy afternoons watching Battleship Potemkin. Late afternoon, time to relax with Kurt Weill and Hans Eisler. On to the Volksbühne in the evening for some Erwin Piscator agit-prop. And if this is not enough we might pass by the bar in the Worker's Sports Association before finishing at Heartfield-Hertzfeld's Dada pleasure house.

Adorno's violent flip side is the subtext to everything - the banal administration of mass murder. It was not the rubber torture chamber or the SS pathology laboratory. It was the drab and grotesque simplicity of the interview room. The veneered desk. Bakelite anglepoise lamp. Brown patterned wallpaper and portrait of Dzerzhinsky hanging as if he had always been there and always will. "Just fill out the form and sign here please." And no there really can't be anymore poetry. Sachsenhausen slaughtered poetry for all time. At least it did in my mind. So my friends, as you tread Berlin take great care. Watch out for the cracks in the pavement. The bears are ready, skulking in the shadows to eat anyone who crosses the wrong line at the wrong time.
Perhaps more than any other city, the history of Berlin confirms the Marxist notion of "all that's solid melts into air" — that the world is caught in a perpetual state of revolution and that space is created and destroyed according to a hidden logic of capital accumulation. Thus, there is no permanency in the modern world, everything, rather, is subject to change — factories which have been the mainstay of workers' employment for decades may suddenly close as profits diminish elsewhere, as land values fluctuate, sites are acquired, redeveloped and space (re)opened up for profit in a seesaw effect of rising and falling values.

In a list that reads like a text-book example of the contradictory nature of the urban process, Berlin has witnessed massive, violent growth in the nineteenth century, intense economic depression and deprivation in the 1920s and 1930s (with the concomitant rise of Right wing politics), utter devastation in the 1940s and continued redevelopment and massive investment in the post-war years, intensified by an unprecedented and unsustainable boom-time after the fall of the Wall in 1989.

In this spatial version of the stock-market — subject to the same caprices and vagaries of shifting values and contradictions — it is usually the poorer members of society who suffer. The rich tend to be capable of insulating themselves. They can sit on investments long enough for them to become profitable again, or switch their capital into less trouble zones of the economy. For the working classes, with only their labour to sell, such events such as the closing of a factory are potentially disastrous. The rapidly changing nature of the city, therefore, perpetuates more than a hint of class-based aggression.

Accordingly, the new political freedoms afforded East Germans after the Wall fell tended to correspond with new, economic instabilities. The chic shoe-shops, galleries and wine-bars of Mitte testify to a process of wholesale gentrification and the apparent replacement of an ageing, institutionalised population by a class of over-trendy, young aesthetes. But this act, the unconscious will, if you like, of internationalised capital, is perhaps one of the most benign to befall Berlin's working-class population. The eastern section endured fifty odd years of totalitarian super-
supervision; of Stalinist paranoia preceded by Hitlerism who had already set the trend of smashing working class solidarities by imprisoning union-leaders and persecuting activists.

One of the most tragic episodes, however, is also one of the most indicative of ruling class belligerence. During World War II, working class areas of Berlin (and indeed, other large German cities) were specifically targeted by Allied bombers — in preference even to military targets. This was at a time when such districts were sometimes engaged in acts of resistance to Nazi rule. Terror bombing sought to demoralise the working population. As if by some tacit agreement, the villages of the bucolic and the country houses of high-ranking Nazi officials escaped these measures. Indeed, the instruments of the Allied bombing campaign, a deadly mixture of high explosives and stealthy incendiaries, had been specifically designed and tested to destroy the dense stone courtyards (horns) where the working class lived.

In Mitte, the epitaphs of these moments of terror, the pock-marked stonework of shrapnel and explosive are being slowly removed — repaired and replaced — by the beautifying ethos of gentrification. As I stand and watch the last shaggy-risky coat of plaster be applied to these masonry wounds on the corner of this Mitte street, I am reminded that my Scottish home-town in the 1940s manufactured bombs and armaments in its iron foundries and steel-works. Bombs, produced by the working class of one country, labouring under obfuscating ideologies, designed to destroy the working classes of another country who, at the same, were labouring and fighting under some equally fictitious body of ideas. According to Marx, the working classes have no country. In my home town the factories, foundries and steel-works have all closed down.
The association Schwarzenberg was founded in 1995.

Owner of the Haus Schwarzenberg is a disparate group of heirs.

Haus Schwarzenberg is a functioning integrated model for an economically effective cultural management.

Its aim is the provision of affordable spaces for a cultural production.

The continuation of the existing form of usage should be secured.

The association wants to prevent the take over of the house by an investor that is only driven by commercial interest.

The association has started to secure means to buy the house.

For more information go to www.haus-schwarzenberg.org.
89 minuten
Pariser Platz
Fussball Globus. The world’s football triumphantly kicked
over the neighbours fence.
Symbolically sited where once
returning armies swaggered and
lines of curious Trabants
spluttered, this giant football
will unite Berliners and
weekenders alike. Planet
Football reduced to a series of
glass cases. Replicas of the
Jules Rimmet Trophy. Gerd
Müller’s 1974 match ball. David
Beckham’s right boot. Electronic
data swirls inside this Fussball
Globus. An animated photo album
evokes memories of 1990 and
Beckenbauer whilst outside in
Pariser Platz the replica Hotel
Adlon captures another 1990,
locked in aspic.

13 minuten
Glasgow
The only wall I remember was the
one we used as an imaginary goal
for three-and-in. The position
of the goalposts negotiated
endlessly into long summer
evenings. But my city too is
divided. It’s blue west and
green east seep at the edges.
Match day in Glasgow brings a
curtain of division across the
city, a patchwork of tri-colours
and red-hands. Flags of
allegiance. Flags of
convenience. Few jump the wall.
Olympic Stadium
Freddy Bobic scores a memorable double and still finishes on the losing side. Somehow I know this is not my team. The home fans sit passively through 45 minutes of excruciating capitulation. Only when the final whistle blows do they hiss and boo their team of pantomime dames. Half-time reggae rousing and a flashy new roof on Werner March’s stadium couldn’t lift the spirits of this eleven. They are not for me. I have read about Union, Bertha’s cousins in the East. I have suspicions they will be the real thing.

Mein Berlin
Abseitsfalle. Only later would I discover this German word for offside. Abseitsfalle, the supporter’s bar of Football Club Union Berlin is my Berlin. Mein Berlin. Perhaps Schumann, the convivial man behind the bar is explaining how Union had deployed die abseitsfalle to devastating effect in 1984. Perhaps not. My lack of German is no match for his lack of English, yet he knows I am a fan. I have made the pilgrimage to his club in Kopenick in the farthest outskirts of old East Berlin. His Berlin. This is enough for Schumann. He passes me a second beer.
DOUBLE VISION AT THE OLYMPIC STADIUM

Herta Berlin 2 Hannover 96 3

One eye was fixed on the pitch. Fredi Bobic had scored twice in the first fifteen minutes. The first goal looked offside but wasn’t. The second looked good. But the giant replay screen showed the linesman had a blind spot. The pale blue and white Herta fans that had suffered a shaky start to the season didn’t care. Two nil up and the red and black Hannover contingent were already facing a miserable coach journey home. What happened next surprised everyone. Jesse Owen broke through the finishing tape first. Denying the campaign for Arsy’s physical supremacy.

Hitler turns away in disgusted disappointment. Hannover 96 pull one back. This wasn’t in the script. Berlin’s defence shakes. Half time. Fans streak past an enormous semi-naked German, idealised in stone. Bratwurst mit sempf washed down with lager brings renewed optimism. This was to be short lived. The early celebratory chants of “Fredi, Fredi, Fredi, Bobic, Bobic, Bobic, la la la” peter out. Herta’s back four step out of the way for Hannover’s black stars. Obrigado amigo. Two all.

Losing a two-goal lead at home is nothing short of scandalous. A draw would be small consolation. But the disconsolate fans momentarily reconcile themselves to the new situation. A single point is better than non at all. The ghost of Leni Riefenstahl appears from the former tribune to rally Herta. She exhorts the players to flex their sinews in a last ditch attempt to retake the lead. But with ten minutes to go, up steps Mohammed Idrissou, and just to rub it in almost walks the ball into the net with a nonchalant swagger.

Thank-you and good night. Hanoverian Africans teach Berlin a lesson. Nothing like snatching gold in the heart of the bears.

"All aboard the anti-fascist bike ride"

Antifaschistischer Fahrradkorso/Sonntag/14.09.2003/11.00 Uhr/in Köpenick
prostitution has been decriminalised in Berlin

10% of prostitutes pay taxes on their earnings. The government now claims its share of an estimated 600 million euros spent annually on procuring sex

immigrant sex workers do not have the same rights as German sex workers

Berlin does not have strictly defined red-light areas

sex is for sale throughout the city

swingers clubs, sex cinemas, brothels, sa.m studios, sex saunas and sex parties for heterosexuals and homosexuals are freely advertised in the city on the ‘Stadtplan für Männer’ (City Plan for Men)

Berlin has a long history of sexual experimentation. Prostitution, public sex and masturbation, and sex parties were rife during the years of the Weimar Republic.
Swim Berlin

Berlin has a vast array of indoor, outdoor swimming pools and an extensive network of Freibäder, or lakes, to the periphery of the city. The city is bankrupt however and some pools have been closed due to the lack of municipal funding and pressure to provide 'fitness centres' and other facilities. Recently there has been a substantial increase in admission prices.

First impressions on the volume, light and arrangement of a selection of pools in the city note a significant reduction in quality of space and light in these municipal buildings from the start of the 19th Century to the present day.

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Stadbad Prenzlauer Berg

Prenzlauer Berg

CLOSED for swimming

OPEN for theatre and clubs

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Stadtbad Charlottenburg

Krumme Str. 10, Charlottenburg

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Swimmhalle Weinstrasse Friedrichshain

Disused 1970's GDR pool centrally located in housing estate.

"There are buildings closing everyday in this area - the pool, the gym, the cinema. The school just over there is only open for one more month. This area is poor. The city has no money. The people here are not used to complaining about these things."

Uksi
Waiter, Parkblick Restaurant, Preidenstrasse

Swimmhalle Fischensel

OPEN

1970's GDR pool centrally located in vibrant housing estate with playgrounds, school, cafe and shop. Of similar design to Swimmhalle Weinstrasse.

"My friend stays in that block just over there. We all meet here and hang out at the playground, and sometimes we go swimming."

Dario
Swimmhalle Fischensel
Fariborz, 56, Persia
It's not easy being a street vendor, I carry my boxes for a long time to get here and they are heavy. The benches help with the weight and gave me a good place to sell from. I have been a vendor for 15 years. I used to be a draftsman in Persia, but now I am a refugee. I sell here for four hours each day, but in winter, I can only manage to sit for one hour. Most times it's a good life, I am satisfied.

Matthias Labrenz, 43, Berlin
Me and my friends, sit here every day, to spread the gospel of Jesus. The benches are not comfortable to sit on but we stand on them which is good for communication. I think the people are the best view in the Platz.

Farver, 27, Pakistan
I visit all the Platz and gardens in Berlin. When it's good weather, and all the people out, it's beautiful, it's life. I work here just now for a few months. I have to work hard, so it's good to have these spaces to sit and watch. I like these big benches that you can meet new people on. I am friendly and like talking. Do you want a coffee?

Karina, 34, Wittenberge
I'm an office worker and don't know that many people here. When the weather is good, once or twice a week I sit here to eat and drink. I like the feeling of busy places and people around me, even strangers, it doesn't make me feel so lonely.

Judith, 17, Berlin
It's better to sit on the floor than the benches, I'm here with my friends two or three times a week and you can't talk to a big group on the benches. I was here for the anti-war demonstrations, my friends and I came from school, and joined the thousands to scream and shout "Make love not war". It felt very powerful and emotional. Some people were standing on top of the fountain, the police wanted to get them down but no-one would let them through.
WHAT ARE THE DESIGNS OF ADVENTURE PLAYGROUNDS + CITY FARMS?

The idea of creative play was investigated by a landscape architect in Denmark in the 1970s. He observed that children, instead of having to play in areas constructed by adults, preferred to play in spaces such as disused factories and free houses. These ideas developed over time into adventure playgrounds and city farms which focused on the idea of children having free access to raw materials and trading livestock. The money for the project came from other organizations which combined the ideas of play and creativity with social care for children with little experience at home or not enough money to take part in activities they would normally have to pay for.

CAN YOU ASK A LITTLE ABOUT THE NETWORK OF PLAYGROUNDS THAT EXIST IN GERMANY?

There are different networks that exist. There is the German Network, Bf3A – The German Federation of City Farms and Adventure Playgrounds. Another is AKIB – Activity Playgrounds and Farms in Berlin. KulturSPIEL/ANsz/Bezirksamt (Network Play + Culture) was founded by a group of people who developed play outside in Berlin East before the wall came down. I was involved in this. We were a group who carried out voluntary work. We ran a mobile playgroup. In the setting up of Kolle 37 Adventure Playground, we were building on ideas we had prior to 1989. We could develop our ideas of the Adventure Playgroup, city park and Youth Museum.

WHEN WAS KOLLE 37 ESTABLISHED?

In April 1990 we had a small plot of land at Kolley 35, Kollwitzstrasse. We have since expanded to No.35 but have retained the No.37 name. We planned for many years to rebuild a building on the site. In 1984 we got funding to realise this plan and we moved into the house in 1991.

The playground is continually changing and evolving. We started with 1000 sqm and we now have 3400 sqm of space.

SO, ARE ALL ACTIVITIES AT KOLLE 37 FREE AT SOURCE?

Yes, any child can come along. We call this 'open work'. The children can come and go as they wish. The playground is a very free and simple area for children to spend their free time after school—especially for children with difficult home backdrops. It is worth mentioning that some children rarely come. They are always free to develop themselves. If you were too much for a child, they expect to demand attention from adults and don't get involved in developing their own life. A large part of the adventure playground idea is to allow children the opportunity to develop themselves.

HOW ARE PROJECTS LIKE KOLLE 37 FUNDRAISED?

We get 85-90% of our funding from the city of Berlin. This area called Pankow is the 3rd largest community in East Berlin and the largest district in Berlin.

The remaining 5-10%, of around 20,000 Euros, has to be raised by ourselves. There are a couple of projects here which generate some income. Kulturproject organizes after-school activities with ex-students who want to work for workshops, meetings, etc. Groups can also rent our building for private events such as workshops.

WHAT ACTIVITIES TAKE PLACE WITHIN THE ADVENTURE PLAYGROUND?

Every day after school the children can build houses from wood, make fires, play with water, give food to the rabbits and goats, etc. Every evening we cook and eat together.

There is also a weekly programme of activities, for example, on Monday an artist who makes clay sculptures with the children. On Tuesday we have a music workshop with children. There is enough to bal, and look after animals, have blacksmithing workshops, we run an activity every day.
Bauten unserer Tage


Gestützt auf Untersuchungen der örtlichen Situation und der historischen Entwicklung durch Denkmalpfleger, Architekten und Historiker sind im historischen Stadt kern Altes und Neues, geschichtliches und Denk würdiges, Anregendes und Wissenswertes zu einem harmonischen Ensemble vereint worden.


So entstanden u.a. die sich gut einfügende Wohnbauten zwischen dem Roten Rathaus und der Spree, die einen würdigen stadtbaulichen Rahmen für das Marx-Engels Forum schufen. Gleichzeitig sind die vorhandenen denkmalgeschützten Häuser rekonstruiert und die historische Struktur der Altstadt um die Nikolaikirche in der ursprüng lichen Form wiederhergestellt worden.

Über die meisten der hier wieder errichteten Gebäude lagen zuverlässige Zeichnungen und Unterlagen vor, so daß sie mit hoher Authentizität projektiert und gebaut werden konnten.

So Gaststätten, moderne Restaurants und Cafés sowie die Altberliner Gaststätten „zum Kuhbaum“, „zur Hippe“ und „Holandesîer“ laden im historischen Stadtkern zur Innenheit ein.

Das an der Gründungsstätte Berlins wohnung für 1500 Bürger entstanden ist, entspricht dem Wesen; darin spiegelt sich die große Fürsorge und Aufmerksamkeit der städtischen Stadtbauräume zur Lösung der Wohnumfrage als soziales Problem und die weitere städtebaulich-architektonische Gestaltung Berlins wider.

from the
Re-Discovery of Architectural Participation
to the
Appropriation of Space

Hier entsteht

Rausexperiment, Ausstellung und Veranstaltungsgeste / Offener Raum für Spontaneität und ungeplante
Aktivitäten in, um und auf dem Pavillon der Volkabühne am Rosa-Luxemburg-Platz

Für zwei Wochen wurde der Pavillon neben der
Volkabühne am Rosa-Luxemburg-Platz zu einer
zweigeschossigen offenen Plattform umgebaut, um Raum
to bieten für einen modellhaften Ort sozialer
Mitarbeit und selbstorganisierter räumlicher
Anlehnung. Dieses Bauexperiment bot Raum für Vorträge
und Diskussionen zu partizipativer Architektur in
Planung und Praxis. Im Zusammenhang mit dem Projekt
wurde eine Karte veröffentlicht, in dem eine erste
Übersicht über partizipative Architektur in ihren
unterschiedlichsten Formen in Berlin vorgestellt
wird.

For two weeks, the Pavilion of the Volkabühne was
transformed into a two level open platform offering
space for social participation in the decision-making
process. This event also encouraged the self-
organised appropriation in architecture. This
building experiment offered space for lectures and
talks about participative architecture in planning
and practice. A map has been published in connection
which the project which gives an initial overview
about participative architectural projects of various
forms in Berlin.

Hier entsteht war ein Projekt im Rahmen von ErsatzStadt -
ein Initiativprojekt der Kulturstiftung des Bundes in
Kooperation mit der Volkabühne am Rosa-Luxemburg-Platz.

www.ersatzmedia.info

images courtesy of
Henrik Schulte

DIY-Berlin
die
Zwischennutzungs-
Agentur

-ein berlinweites Instrument praktischer Teilhabe

Die Zwischennutzungsagentur agiert als eine
berlinweite Vermittlungsagentur für die temporäre
Nutzung momentan ungenutzter Gebäude und
liegenschaften. Durch eine Zwischennutzung können
neue Idee auf brachliegenden Flächen getestet werden,
die unter Umständen kraftvolle Impulse für die
zukünftige Entwicklung der Flächen geben können.
Durch die Organisation legitimierter
Zwischennutzungen sollen festgefahren Denk- und
Handlungswesen überwunden werden aber auch zugleich
neue Wege in der Stadtentwicklung aufgezeigt werden.

The "in-between user" agency functions as a
distributor for the temporary use of spaces that are
presently abandoned and empty. This "in-between use"
of space has the potential to generate new ideas and
create future development within an area.
The aim is to establish a flexible visionary system
as an alternative approach to how a city can develop.

Initiiert wurde das Projekt von HAW Tempel e.V. und der
workstation Ideenwerkstatt Berlin e.V.

www.ideenaufruf.de.vu

www.urbancatalyst.de hat im Rahmen eines europaweiten
Forschungsprojekts das Thema Zwischennutzung im Berliner
Kontext tiefgegründet erforscht.
FREE ZONE 50M

AS PART OF THE ON GOING FIGHT AGAINST THE GLOBAL THREAT OF TERROR THE EMBASSIES OF THE FREE WORLD ARE TO BE AFFOURED A 50M FREE ZONE.

16 SEP. 2003

[Signature]
HOMES FROM HEROES

HOMES FOR HEROES
Let's go....

A typical day at the Aedes Pavillion

A picnic shop story unfolds... and GLAS decides to go.

GLAS make their way to Brunnenstrasse.

Oh no!

... and wait for PICK NICK to open

... only to discover it is an art installation!

Not dispirited, GLAS buys a stylish picnic bag and snacks.

Guten Appetit!

GLAS loves Berlin.

www.auf-zum-picknick.de


Following the picnic GLAS discovered that PICK-NICK was in fact a shop closed for the day.