Nicolas Whybrow

# Street Scene: Berlin's Strasse des 17 Juni and the Performance of (Dis)unity

One of Berlin's most prominent streets, named after the East German workers' uprising of 1953 (in which Brecht was controversially implicated), serves as the performative location for Nicolas Whybrow's topographical interrogation of the politics of German nationhood. Particular attention is given to the new parliament building, the Reichstag, which has been out of action for the majority of its troubled history. The article considers attempts to perform democracy and unity since the fall of the Wall through various mediations, including Norman Foster's refunctioning of the Reichstag, Christo's facilitation of its rebirth, and a permanent installation by Hans Haacke which rewrites the building's prominent inscription of 1916, 'For the German People'. Finally, Whybrow places the annual 'Love Parade' in the context of the long history of mass marches and demonstrations on this particular street, and analyzes its claims to be a unifying political event. Based loosely on the Benjaminian *flâneur* figure's practice of a first-hand experience of the street, incorporating both subjective immersion and detached observation of the revealing 'detritus of modern urban life', various tensions and superimpositions are rendered visible as the city undergoes transformation since reunification. Nicolas Whybrow, whose book *Street Scenes: Brecht, Benjamin, and Berlin* is forthcoming, is Senior Lecturer in Theatre at De Montfort University, Leicester.

UNTIL reunification, 17 June was a national holiday in West Germany. It was named the Day of German Unity and marked the East German workers' uprising of 1953. Owing to its awkward commemoration of 'an event that happened in another country and that called for mourning rather than celebration', it was never really embraced by West Germans other than as a day off work.[1]

Arguably the lack of identification arose because there was both general bemusement over the day's purpose and a sense of ambiguity surrounding the political nature and implications of the actual events of 17 June 1953. On the face of it, declaring a holiday – particularly on the basis of 'national unity' – looked like a provocation by the West, one seeking to drive a wedge between the East German populace and its government by pledging a supposed solidarity with the former. The people were *evidently* against the socialist system, and the state's heavy-handedness in dealing with delicate political matters, as well as its blatant dependence on if not subservience to the Soviets at moments of crisis, were there for all to behold. So this was a revolutionary moment that required to be highlighted.

## 'Dissolve the People'

Whilst there obviously had been an immature, knee-jerk reaction on the part of the GDR leadership at the time, there was a distinct whiff of psychic sabotage about this position: a destabilizing patronization, not to say *Schadenfreude*, from the land of rampant economic miracles. There were, moreover, rumours suggesting the violent escalation of events had been stoked by *agents provocateurs* from the West — that it was a leaderless revolt which actually lost momentum as quickly as it had gained it.[2]

A protest over raised production norms begun on 16 June by seasonal construction workers on Stalin Allee in Berlin had turned into a general strike in the whole of the country by the following day, with the immediate removal of the government being called for. Alexandra Richie reports that

  DOI: 10.1017/S0266464X03000204 

government ministers had in fact already backed down in panic on the matter of productivity quotas on the first day of the demonstrations, but that there was far more at stake.[3] Coupled with the fact that of the 250 or so people killed on the day, half were in the camp of the suppressing forces – some Soviet soldiers, but mainly GDR police (*Volkspolizei*) – whilst at the same time a good many of those in the latter's ranks had categorically refused to fire on the protestors, it is not difficult to see how the event did not make for the kind of clear-cut commemorative circumstance the western authorities might have liked.

It seems to have been a similar kind of desire to polarize the situation for the sake of political gain that had characterized the infamous vilification at the time of Bertolt Brecht as a hardline sympathizer with the Socialist Unity Party (SED). Brecht wrote a 'long letter' to the general secretary Walter Ulbricht on 17 June, the last line of which was published on its own four days later in the daily news organ of the party, *Neues Deutschland*: 'At this moment I feel I must assure you of my allegiance to the Socialist Unity Party of Germany'.[4] This sentence, taken out of context for defensive propaganda purposes by a put-upon Stalinist government (though Stalin himself had died earlier that year) at a moment of high political tension, was then picked up by the 'opposition' and redirected in its misrepresented form against its original source.

It is a clichéd narrative in the world of cabbalistic powermongering. Brecht ended up in a clinch: co-opted by the SED as an unequivocal supporter of its actions, which he was not, and correspondingly attacked by (western) detractors, whose desire to dismantle the idea of an East German state *per se* he certainly did not share.

## To Seize the Moment?

As with so many details of Brecht's complex life, it remains unclear to this day exactly what the course of events and the motives were – above all, what it was Brecht actually wrote to Ulbricht. Only a slightly extended version of the 'last sentence' has appeared in print,[5] but Esslin refers to Brecht's desired use of 'the opportunity for putting forward his criticisms of the methods of the regime in a long and closely argued letter'; and a witness's quotation, which Esslin deems irrefutable, talks of 'that whole long clever piece of writing'.[6] On the other hand, Fuegi uses exactly the same evidence, 'differently organized', to construct a case against Brecht.[7]

Be that as it may, the published extract itself already makes mention of the need for a 'great debate with the masses about the tempo of socialist construction', pointing to the supposed contents of the rest of the letter. Where commentators and politicians wanted only to apply schematized interpretations of the protest that was taking place to political ends, it seems that Brecht saw the chance for debate at a critical moment in the fledgling socialist state's development. As John Willett reports, he wrote similar letters of encouragement to Grotewohl, the GDR Prime Minister, and the Soviet High Commissioner, Semyonov.[8] A visit to Brandenburger Tor is recorded, moreover, to see for himself what was going on.

Here the *agent provocateur* theory gains currency; in a subsequent letter to the publisher Suhrkamp he notes the 'gross brutish figures from the Nazi era, the local product, who hadn't been seen gathered into bands for years, *but who had been here the whole time*'.[9] A further letter, to *Neues Deutschland* on 23 June, not printed in his collected letters but sourced from the newspaper by Jesse, calls for the workers not to be allied mistakenly with the *provocateurs*.[10] And, back in his country retreat, Buckow, two months after the event, Brecht reflects in his journals on what could have been – but evidently was not – the decisive role of the leadership:

> the important thing would have been to use this first encounter to full advantage. this was the first point of contact. it came not as an embrace but as a slap in the face, but it was contact nonetheless – the party had reason to be alarmed, but it didn't need to despair. . . . here, however ill-timed, was the big chance to win over the workers. for this reason I did not find the terrible 17 June simply negative. the moment I saw the proletariat . . . exposed to the class enemy again, to the capital-



https://doi.org/10.1017/S0266464X03000204 Published online by Cambridge University Press


*Strasse des 17 Juni* street sign at Brandenburger Tor.

ism of the fascist era in renewed strength, I saw the only force that is capable of coping with it.[11]

It appears, then, that Brecht was encouraging the SED in his letters to seize the moment, and it is in the context of this emboldening advice that he declared his continuing support for the party (though he was not actually a member).

Many of the poems in Brecht's last formal collection of poetry, the *Buckow Elegies*, betray his preoccupation with the events of 17 June 1953 in Berlin,[12] above all his disappointment both at the SED leadership's handling of the situation and the evident urge to discredit him personally. Under these circumstances he produced his famous riposte to the accusation expressed formally in a poetic statement issued by the first secretary of the GDR Writers' Guild, Kurt Barthel, that 'the people / Had forfeited the confidence of government':[13]

Would it not be easier
In that case for the government
To dissolve the people
And elect another? [14]

Those who were gunning for Brecht naturally saw this as a retrospective 'correction' in which he was trying to ingratiate himself with the people, as well as evidence of his shadowy opportunism, in an oft-repeated myth. More plausible, as Völker suggests, is his sheer frustration at the failure of the socialist project in the GDR.[15] But where (western) antagonists were happy to draw the general conclusion from this failure of an inevitable dysfunctionalism, and to tar the writer with the same brush, Brecht himself preferred to view it as the specific shortcomings of the existing leadership. It was not just a missed opportunity but a lasting wound to the East German people, one out of which the West was eager to make capital.

## Topographies

As I wander north from Potsdamer Platz through Tiergarten, Berlin's vast central park, I hit the broad east-west-coursing avenue that is Strasse des 17 Juni within a matter of ten minutes. Facing me are two Soviet T–34 tanks. They're guarding a war memorial.



https://doi.org/10.1017/S0266464X03000204 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Popular myth alleges these very tanks were the first two to roll into Berlin in 1945.

The memorial pays respect to the many Soviet soldiers who died in the fierce battle for the city. It's a concave colonnade symbolically constructed from the granite and marble remnants of Hitler's New Reichs Chancellory, with an immense statue of a Red Army soldier perched on the central plinth. The sight of these liberating tanks on Strasse des 17 Juni is just one of many paradoxical montages of history in this part of Berlin. Given enough time, they'll probably morph into the later generation of tanks that lined up against the protesting masses in 1953. In a sense they already have.

Nearby, looking eastwards, is Brandenburger Tor, the single remaining gateway of the eighteen that once punctuated the other Berlin Wall, the medieval customs wall that encircled rather than divided the city until the mid-nineteenth century. Brandenburger Tor is probably Berlin's best-known architectural icon in global terms.[16] Modelled on aspects of the Acropolis in Athens, its construction in the late eighteenth century introduced classical forms to the baroque city. Somehow, amidst the thick and thin of Berlin mythology, it carries the aura of always having been there.

The most significant physical change was probably when the famous Quadriga – the goddess, chariot, and horses that sit atop it – was held hostage for a while by Napoleon in Paris. A further popular Berlin myth maintains that the Quadriga has been subject to regular 180-degree turns, sometimes facing east, sometimes west. Brian Ladd disputes this, however, asserting it was always intended to face inwards towards the centre, not just in East German times, though Ulbricht may well have been responsible for the spread of the myth to bolster his own importance.[17]

The Second World War left Brandenburger Tor looking shell-shocked but structurally intact, though the Quadriga itself had to be replaced by a replica. After 1961 the gateway found itself, like Potsdamer Platz, right in the middle of the death zone between the eastern and western parts of the city. But whereas the once-bustling Potsdamer Platz suffered a crisis of identity, descending in its state of razed no man's land into quasi-oblivion, Brandenburger Tor retained its imposing physical presence.

Clearly visible as it was from either side, it arguably became the single most suggestive embodiment of a past linkage between the two halves of the city, one which suggested it still had a unified future. Certainly the most powerful media images of the Wall's fall in 1989 were those of its occupation at Brandenburger Tor, and the masses streaming along Strasse des 17 Juni, many in their flimsy two-stroke Trabant cars. According to one report, within hours of that occurring, the street signs had been temporarily 'pasted over with paper strips renaming [it] Strasse des 9 November'.[18] (The Wall itself was not actually breached that night at Brandenburger Tor; crossings first occurred at the official checkpoints of Bornholmer Strasse, followed by Sonnen Allee and Invaliden Strasse.)

As with the Day of German Unity itself, the renaming of the avenue by the West as Strasse des 17 Juni – previously it had been known as Charlottenburger Chaussee – purported to honour the victims of the 1953 uprising. Unlike the holiday, though, the street was not a phenomenon you could easily overlook. It formed a broad, multilane axis, stretching four kilometres due west from Brandenburger Tor, through Tiergarten and the centre of (West) Berlin to Ernst Reuter Platz.

Halfway along it is the Grosser Stern, the 'great star' roundabout where five major streets converge, with its imposing victory column (Siegessäule). This is where the spatio-symbolic narrative of German (dis)unity begins. The column, topped by the golden goddess of victory – the monstrous Victoria whose fading fame was enhanced in the late twentieth century by featuring as one of the vantage points for Wim Wenders's watching angels in *Wings of Desire* (1987) – glorifies the so-called Unification Wars against Denmark (1864), Austria (1866), and France (1870–71) respectively. Originally sited in front of the nearby parliament building


Soviet T–34 tank, German–Russian Museum, Berlin-Karlshorst.

(or Reichstag), it marked the foundation of the first national German state.

## Shifting Meaning of a Monument

Driven by the force of Bismarck's might, it was not surprising, as Richie mischievously points out, that the column's decorations, which consisted of captured cannon barrels and mosaics of victorious battles, commemorated the unification of Germany, 'but, in the true spirit of Prussian chauvinism, failed to depict the contribution of any other state'.[19]

In his 'Berlin Childhood Around 1900', Walter Benjamin writes about Siegessäule (as well as Tiergarten), recalling his bemusement as a youngster as to 'whether the French had gone into battle with golden cannons, or whether we had forged the cannons from gold we had taken from them'.[20] In fact, Benjamin's verdict (from the framing perspective of 1932) on the aura of the Siegessäule, as well as on the annual parades commemorating victory against the French at the battle of Sedan in 1870 – for which the column was the focal point – is caustic. It serves, as Gilloch here elucidates, as a clear instance of the way in which the status of monuments is transient, subject to subsequent events in history:

> Monuments to victory are inevitably transformed in time into those of defeat. . . . While the city's proud monuments most clearly articulate the glorification of history, in their 'afterlife' these same structures come to unmask the modern metropolis as the locus of mythic delusion. . . . For Benjamin, the monument is not to the boastful omnipotence of Imperial Germany, but is rather an emblem of the cruelty and barbarism of war. . . . The symbol of German victory over the French in 1870–1 can have only a paradoxical significance after the German defeat of 1914–18 and the ensuing collapse of the Imperial system. The Siegessäule and the parades of Sedan Day remain as indictments of the smug complacency of the First World War, the monument of omnipotence had become a monument to impotence.[21]



https://doi.org/10.1017/S0266464X03000204 Published online by Cambridge University Press

It is ironic in a way that the Siegessäule should have been shifted by the Nazis to its present position at Grosser Stern in 1939, because, when allied bombing of Berlin commenced, the east-west axis of today's Strasse des 17 Juni apparently 'looked like an arrow pointing bombers straight to the heart of the government quarters'[22] – in which case a flashing Victoria must have acted as the semaphore incarnate, flagging in the planes. As a counter-measure, extensive camouflage netting had eventually to be erected and the golden goddess stripped and reduced to a dull bronze.

The reason for the column being moved was that it formed an early part of the implementation of the Hitler–Speer master plan for the reconstruction of the city. This involved the reinvention of Berlin as Germania, a new city which would be worthy of its projected status as a metropolis of global significance.

Standing opposite the Soviet war memorial, I realize that the route through Tiergarten which I have just followed from Potsdamer Platz is where Speer's proposed north-south axis – seven kilometres long and 300 metres wide – would have run. It would have bisected its perpendicular counterpart, what is now Strasse des 17 Juni, more or less where I am now. That's why the memorial was situated precisely *here* in 1945, to function as a symbolic block to the crass fascist fantasies exemplified by the master plan's grandiloquence.[23]

The southern end of the axis was to have had an enormous triumphal arch, whilst its northern point would have been capped by a 'great hall' capable of holding 150,000 people. The east–west development was virtually the only part of the blueprint to be realized, though, running even further west than the Strasse des 17 Juni does today. By the eve of the Second World War it had (appropriately) reached Adolf Hitler Platz – now Theodor Heuss Platz – some seven kilometres west of Brandenburger Tor. It was unveiled on the occasion of Hitler's birthday with a march past of some 60,000 troops, lasting four hours and including artillery and military vehicles.[24]

During the Cold War the triumphal marches continued: but now it was the western allied forces which held an annual parade on Strasse des 17 Juni, just to reiterate the fact of their presence. One of the stipulations imposed by four-power rule was that no one was permitted to stop in front of the Soviet memorial in question. It was the strangest of experiences visiting this little enclave of Iron Curtain exotica on the western side of the Wall, creeping past the fenced-off Soviet guards as if they might open fire at the slightest provocation. But it was *they* who were being guarded, their British keepers vigilantly holding visitors at bay in the wake of a neo-Nazi attack upon them in 1970.[25] Again, this was one of the many anomalies of Berlin Cold War praxis: the forced co-operation in the city of powers that were strictly at loggerheads on the world stage.

**Symbolism and Reality of the Reichstag**

A grenade's throw north-east of the Soviet memorial is the four-square hulk of the Reichstag building. If Brandenburger Tor has served as the permanent gate-keeper of the continual flux and flow in the status of Berlin as a city, the Reichstag has certainly evolved, since its completion as the first German parliamentary building in 1894, as an index of the fluctuations of political power on a national level. For the Russians, claiming the Reichstag in Berlin at the climax of the Second World War was the single most decisive signifier possible of both Germany's definitive defeat and the Red Army's victory in the allied race to capture the capital.

How ironic, then, that the famous photograph of a Soviet soldier planting the hammer and sickle on the damaged building's roof turned out to have been 'a little staged' (its iconic significance unmatched by the United States until it sited the star-spangled banner on the Moon in 1969 – a moment also 'a little staged'). Appearing to have come about exactly on schedule, on 1 May 1945, as the spontaneous climax of a furious battle for the Reichstag – in which just short of five thousand soldiers were killed – it was in fact enacted in improvised circumstances the


Reichstag/Bundestag building portal (with Behrens's 1916 inscription).

following day. As *The Times* reported, the photographer revealed on his deathbed in 1997 that there had been no large enough flags available, so red tablecloths had to be conjured quickly from Moscow instead. Even the identity of the heroic soldier was incorrectly attributed.[26]

A further irony of the Red Army's conquest is that the Reichstag ended up falling just inside the British sector when it came to the four-power zoning. However, the Soviet authorities still managed to hold sway over it, vetoing any proposal to use the building – restored and modernized during the Cold War years as a debating chamber with attendant offices and facilities – for West German parliamentary sittings.[27] In a sense this ensured that the Reichstag simply continued to reflect the reality of its adopted position, which corresponded to the exact opposite of its originally foreseen identity.

In truth it spent most of its first hundred-year history standing as a symbol of Germany's disunity on the one hand and of the instability of its democracy on the other.[28] Michael Wise sums up a commonly held post-reunification view:

> It was depicted as a bombastic, war-scarred fossil, the scene of Germany's darkest hours, an unwelcome symbol of democracy's failure to grow deep roots under either the monarchy or the succeeding Weimar republic.[29]

In the context of what has occurred, the prominent inscription on its portal, 'For the German People' (*Dem Deutschen Volke*), has come to read more like a harbinger's message of the subsequent turmoil and disaster. Taking over twenty years after the formal foundation of a unified Germany to build, the Reichstag still only gave the 'appearance of democracy [rather] than its reality' in the time of the monarch Wilhelm II. Renowned for his disparaging remarks about both the building and the institution it represented, he not only retained the sole right to appoint



https://doi.org/10.1017/S0266464X03000204 Published online by Cambridge University Press

and persist with the Chancellor of his choosing, but also held the formal openings of Parliament in his palace down the street.[30]

Even the Weimar era that followed, after the First World War, was a republic formed 'elsewhere', as its name implies. Because of the volatility of the political situation in Berlin, legislators moved to Weimar to form the republic's new constitution, and didn't return until 1920. In the event the Reichstag managed to host a 'functioning, if never fully healthy, parliamentary democracy for only about a dozen years'.[31] It should not be forgotten, moreover, that the *symbolic* status of the building, much talked about in the heady days after 1989, had become its actual *function*: since the decisive fire of 1933, it had not been in use for the business of politics. One of the records that had to be set straight in the argument against its resurrection as the parliament (Bundestag) for a reunified Germany, on the grounds that its past was tainted, was, as Wise observes, that it had never actually served as a Nazi power-base.[32]

## The Third Coming

In the Hissens' 1996 film about Christo and Jeanne-Claude's 'Wrapped Reichstag' project, there is an archive scene early on which is shot in the snow-covered environs of the building.[33] It is the time of the Cold War, presumably during the artists' first visit to Berlin in 1976, and they are being accompanied round the site of the Reichstag by Michael Cullen. The latter was an American living in Berlin, who takes the credit for first suggesting the project to the artist team in 1971.

All of a sudden, Cullen points to an S-Bahn commuter train trundling its way across the divide towards Friedrich Strasse station in the eastern sector. His excitement, not only at the everyday act of 'transgression' itself but also at being able to *demonstrate* to his guests this piece of Berlin exotica, is palpable. And the film captures the kind of emotional response which, as testament to what was moving about an era, can easily become erased once circumstances change. Cullen's animated state in the shadow of the sorry hulk of a *déclassé* Reichstag – about which he was to produce several historical studies – celebrates the ordinary-but-extraordinary occurrence of movement (ultimately of people) within gridlocked conditions. As such it seems to epitomize the principle of Christo's project, astonishingly set in train nearly a quarter of a century before its actual realization in 1995.[34]

Where the wrapping of the whole Reichstag building in silvery polypropylene material began as an idea for a spectacular intervention into the situation of the Cold War, it reached completion in the transitional hiatus produced by the breaking of that particular stalemate. In one respect, then, Christo's work remains fixed in its form, for much of his practice is in fact related to the unexpected wrapping of familiar objects, large and small, anywhere in the world. The Reichstag veiling *in itself* would have been broadly the same whether it had taken place in 1971 or 1995.

What emerges as significant resides, first, at the interface between the formal functioning of the work; second, in what it actually takes to bring it about; and, lastly, in how it mobilizes its viewing constituency in the contextual circumstances – historical, political, topographical – in which it ultimately occurs. Each one of these aspects is premised on generating *movement*. Bureaucratic authorities are moved to negotiate, debate, and legislate in what Christo refers to as the software stage. Spectators are moved to participate in the event both physically – by being there and responding to it – and imaginatively, by speculating creatively over the broader significance of its impact. The formal act itself finally occurs as both a time- and motion-based event.

## A Brechtian 'Staging of a Veiling'

Lasting a fortnight and incorporating a three-phase process – the hardware stage – of *becoming*, then *being*, wrapped, as well as becoming unwrapped again, the estranged building also reproduces the remarkable sense of a breathing movement as the tied


Poster for exhibition of Christo's Wrapped Reichstag project, Martin-Gropius-Bau museum, 2001.

fabric envelops it and the wind gets under its skirts. Formally, the machinery of 'wrapping' corresponds in fact to the Brechtian sense of a 'staging of a veiling', in which a familiar object or circumstance is not just made strange but *shown* to be made so.

The phenomenon in question both is and is not itself, resembling the Brechtian actor's *demonstration* of a character or situation and pointing to that character/situation's capacity to 'be otherwise'. Here a 'sick' building – one that is 'not quite itself' – is bandaged (or mummified), undergoing a two-week period of healing and convalescence in which it is 'wrapped as the Reichstag and unwrapped as the Bundestag'.[35] Effectively it has had 'the gift of life' breathed back into it, a repackaged present (or swaddled rebirthing) to the city from the artists. What is witnessed at each individual stage and as a whole is the ritualized performance of democracy in action.

In its software phase there was considerable right-wing opposition to Christo's project. It was variously viewed as unsuitably experimental and irreverent, ambiguous in a way that would polarize rather than unify the populace, and unprecedented in other comparably respectable democracies.[36] The important thing for the project, though, was that it provoked a parliamentary debate at all – one which resulted in a fairly narrow majority in favour. Without a stitch of the fabric even having been woven, the project had already produced intense discussion. This was, on the one hand, over the writing of German history and, on the other, over the future of both the Reichstag as the refunctioned site of parliament and the nation as a whole: what would this act of wrapping suggest about the state of German unity and democracy if it were permitted to take place?

Also remarkable about Christo and Jeanne-Claude's 24-year struggle – as a crucial element in the functioning of the eventual piece itself – was the way its fluctuations had become indicative of the health of German–German relations. The birth of the 'big idea'



https://doi.org/10.1017/S0266464X03000204 Published online by Cambridge University Press

just as a *possibility* in 1971 coincided with the tentative beginnings of East–West *détente*, as the more co-operative Brandt–Honecker years set in. Typically, though, the conservative parliamentary president Carstens was unwilling to run with the project in 1977 because the Reichstag was supposedly a symbol of German unity with which one should not tamper.[37] Choosing to view Christo's proposed intervention as a trivializing rather than a facilitation of unification, then, the Reichstag is paradoxically preserved in this reactionary reading as the rigid embodiment of a past ideal of nationhood, one with which a reconnection will be made once the 'aberration' that is the GDR has run its course. Finally, at the project's culmination in the 1990s, the parliamentary decision to take the risk and allow such a radical act to occur correlated with its own sense of being on the cusp of a new but undefined era of democratic unity.

## Colossus as Fun Palace

Whilst the materialization of that unity remains a vexed question, there is no doubting that its possibility contributed to the extraordinary response to the Reichstag's wrapping in the summer of 1995. The veiling – originally (naturally) scheduled to take place on 17 June – was delayed slightly, but that did not prevent an estimated *five million* visitors from attending in the fortnight of its duration. Effectively the site, surrounded by vast 'reopened' space, became the focal point for spontaneous gathering and festivities.

The troubled colossus was being turned briefly into a people's fun palace, its gloomy threat spirited away, presaging its recasting as the locus of democracy. Everybody could have their piece of it, a fact that was encapsulated literally by the distribution of millions of little pieces of the shiny fabric used. Now people could create their own personal installations by wrapping up their fragments of Wall, chipped off six years earlier. As Willy Brandt had predicted in the early days of the project, it was something in which all German people would find themselves reflected.

Whilst Brandt doubtless meant what he said, and was warmly quoted by Jeanne-Claude in this spirit, there were certainly no idealistic sentiments on the part of the artists, no empty rhetoric claiming they were 'doing it for the people'.[38] On the contrary, one of the more thought-provoking responses to the launch of the event was when the artists categorically stated at the press conference that they had done it only for themselves: to see if they could, to see what it would be like.

Sitting alongside a visibly twitchy Rita Süssmuth, the parliamentary president at the time, who, as one of a minority of conservatives voting in favour of the project, had heroically championed the artists' cause, it was a poignant moment. After all, this was a project that had really been premised on the exhaustive task of persuading politicians of its relevance to the broader populace. Importantly the artists added that if it attracted the interest of others, the public, then so much the better, but that was not the starting point.

It was a controversial declaration from an artist team that refuses any form of commercial or public sponsorship, that pays for everything itself, and so has arguably earned the right to make the kind of direct, independent-minded pronouncement which for a politician would be professional suicide. Where politicians purport to serve the people and spend a considerable part of their time 'proving' that this is what they are doing, Christo and Jeanne-Claude simply allow their actions to speak their own significance to the public. It is an act of galvanization. An idea is set in motion; how people react to that idea is ultimately what makes the work, but that is not something that can be predicted or determined in advance. The situation determines the work's importance.

## 'Lighthouse of the Nation'

If Christo's ephemeral wrapping introduced a respiratory action to the Reichstag building, Norman Foster's original architectural design for its refunctioning seemed to provide the perfect sequel. (Whether Foster was

Inside Foster's glass dome for the Reichstag building.

responding directly to Christo's design is a moot point; the architect's proposal preceded the fulfilment of the latter's project, but Foster would surely have been aware of the plan since the artist's intentions had been known for a long time.)

A horizontal, translucent canopy, propped up by twenty slender poles and covering both the building and generous pedestrian expanses on its northern and western sides, appeared to be lifting Christo's veil and giving the new ideal of unity and democracy a thoroughly cathartic airing. Emphasizing *lightness* above all, the Reichstag's former dour, intimidating grandeur would be given a refreshing aura of accessibility. However, mired in extensive, anxiety-laden debates weighing the building's capacity to respond 'to the Bundestag's needs while at the same time turn[ing] the Reichstag into a new and convincing emblem of parliamentary democracy', Foster 'experienced how difficult it was to work with a legislative body as his patron, which meant having several hundred deputies and ministers peering over his shoulder as he drafted'.[39]

Whilst his gutting and redesign for the interior seemed to meet with general acceptance – a 'new chamber housed in a vast transparent hall within the shell of the old building'[40] – the enormous canopy evidently chilled feet after initial enthusiasm. It was a *dome* that was wanted, an echo of Wallot's original cupola which had been damaged in the Second World War and eventually removed altogether in 1954. And the strength of that desire was evident: the Reichstag emerged as the most expensive public building in post-reunification Berlin at a cost of 600 million Deutschmarks.[41]

The glass dome that Foster eventually came up with sits like an all-seeing eye in the socket of the new German parliament building. Coupled with the vast, corporate Sony Centre at nearby Potsdamer Platz, which appropriately resembles – though it may be



https://doi.org/10.1017/S0266464X03000204 Published online by Cambridge University Press

coincidence – the contours of an ear, you have the embodiment of the new, dominant Berlin: the eyes and ears of business and politics. On the one hand there's the privatized public space of strategic, commercial enterprise; on the other is the incarnation – for the time being – of Chancellor Schröder's so-called new centre ideology, literally *in* the new centre of the city. This incorporates the Reichstag as well as an adjacent 'federal strip', the brand new Band des Bundes, conceived by the architects Axel Schultes and Charlotte Frank, which bisects the course of the former Wall and extends from the Chancellory in the west to parliamentary offices in the east.

From the terraced roof of the Reichstag you can look *outwards* over the surface of the whole city and, as you enter Foster's dome, *downwards* into the concentric debating forum below. A central cone of angled, oblong mirrors, widening as it rises to the top, reflects natural light into the chamber, whilst a double helix of ramps, hugging the glass interior, guides visitors to the cupola's apex and back down again. The intention is clear: this represents a highly polished performance of free circulation, openness, and transparency. You could view it as a striking inversion of the Foucauldian panoptic metaphor, which, not a sideways glance away, used to be actually-existingly evoked by East German watchtowers over the death strip. Here, supposedly, it's the people gazing down – or not, as the self-regulating panopticon theory would have it – at the power-brokers below, holding them to account as they set about their representative business, 'a real subjection . . . born mechanically from a fictitious relation'.[42]

I don't know how aware the debating politicians really are of the public they serve peering down at them, but there isn't in any case much of the chamber to be seen from the dome. If you care to stop being dazzled by the myriad mirrors for a moment, you might just make out what looks almost like a smaller dome within the obvious one, an inner eye. It draws your attention, if you can catch a glimpse of it, to the way the debating chamber is sealed off from the outer public shell, like a bell jar, unaffected by the flies buzzing around outside. In this view, you could see Foster's architecture of democracy as a diversion – a Baudrillardian simulation perhaps – which makes us believe what is happening inside is visibly subject to the interests of the populace through the dazzling brilliance of its seduction.

There's no doubting the building's welcome striving to maximize public access, nor the elegance as well as technical excellence of Foster's design in the circumstances. But you can't help thinking that the architect's highly compromised position, in which Wise's general observation about German politicians' tendency to pursue with exaggerated rigour 'simplistic semiotic equations – like the notion that glass façades amount to transparency', has ultimately held sway.[43]

So, even if Foster would have liked to have avoided any heavy-handed attributions, the building remains subject to them, come what may. The trouble with such a rigid, mimetic taking of 'the symbol for the reality itself'[44] is that it easily and rightly invites playfully contradictory readings for the sake of it. In other words, if you are too eager for your building to *represent* something – rather than to be a building, as it were, and allow its significance to emerge through *use* – it is more than likely that it will fail to receive the response you seek. On the other hand, the potential for that kind of 'undoing' of prescriptive symbolism may prove to be precisely the blessing the building deserves.

## Blurred Identities

One person who has sought to play the game of provocatively rewriting messages in Berlin is the artist Hans Haacke. He is renowned for his 1990 death-strip montage featuring a rotating Mercedes Benz star identical to the neon one on the tall Europa Centre building, a former beacon of West Berlin 'free world' identity. It perches atop a former GDR watchtower sited at Stallschreiber Strasse. Inscribed on one side is a Shakespearean slogan, *Bereit sein ist alles*, corresponding also (as it happens) to the honourable Boy Scout



https://doi.org/10.1017/S0266464X03000204 Published online by Cambridge University Press


Haacke's installation for the northern courtyard of the Reichstag.

motto, 'Be prepared'. At the same time it resonates darkly with associations of the gateway at Auschwitz (*Arbeit macht frei*).

Clearly ambiguous, the message incorporates the controversial notion of willing collusion: being prepared to *do whatever it takes*. On the one hand this refers ironically to the position of the former guards, whose defensive gaze was supposedly directed westwards at continuity-fascism, but actually went the opposite way towards its own citizens. Haacke himself recounts how the doormat of the watchtower in question had precisely this motto emblazoned on it.[45] On the other hand, it relates to Daimler Benz, who used the slogan in advertising (and who own, as Daimler Chrysler, the largest section of the new Potsdamer Platz complex). In Haacke's words, the company

> vigorously promoted Hitler's rise to power. Its chairman and president were both members of the SS. Like other companies during the war, Daimler Benz relied mostly on forced labour . . . and has since agreed to pay compensation of 434 Deutschmarks to each of the 48,000 labourers who worked during that period.[46]

Haacke drily points out the staggering lack of proportion between the crime and its supposed atonement. This is thrown into relief, moreover, by a continuing opportunism in which Daimler plays off being Germany's 'largest producer of defence material' against being its 'most conspicuous sponsor of art exhibitions'.[47]

A quotation from Goethe on the other side (also used for advertising purposes) proclaims that 'Art will be art' (*Kunst bleibt Kunst*). Again, it deliberately produces an ironic ambiguity: is it the aesthetics of the watchtower as an architectural construct that is meant or the 'contaminating' involvement of big business in the art world? Haacke entitles his work 'Freedom is now simply going to be sponsored – out of petty cash'. The installation inserts itself awkwardly, then, in the deathly gap between Daimler's duplicitous strategy of massively exploiting situations of terror under the cheap 'moral'



https://doi.org/10.1017/S0266464X03000204 Published online by Cambridge University Press

guise of promoting a civilizing humanity through high art.

West Berlin's prime symbol of freedom nestles comfortably now on top of its antithetical counterpart in the East. Where cosy capitalism tries to wave its soothing, neocolonialist wand over bankrupt socialism, here, in the former anti-fascist defence zone between east and west, the art work seems to be hitting back by juxtaposing signs which, amongst other things, controversially suggest: 'You want to sponsor art, how about this?'

Haacke was commissioned to make a major piece for the northern courtyard of the Reichstag building. This time he literally rewrote a message. Looking down on to the courtyard from the giddy heights of the terrace, large, luminous letters spell out *Der Bevölkerung*: 'For the Populace'. Echoing the style of Behrens's 1916 gothic characters, this is a clear riposte to the imperious, nationalistic inscription on the Reichstag's entrance portal. It also subverts the kind of protracted handwringing over the promotion of 'appropriate representations of national identity' that accompanied – or dogged – Foster's contribution to the building.

At a point where difficult questions are being weighed regarding not only the reunifying of two ideologically separated Germanys, but also how to deal with waves of Eastern European immigrants – to say nothing of the continuing presence of first and subsequent generation guest workers – the message as reformulated challengingly asks what it is that constitutes a nation in the first place: the reality of a highly differentiated populace or an ideal of Germanness?

The historical resonance of that provocation goes without saying. It is as charged as the architect Daniel Libeskind's call for the development of the 'non-identity of Germany', for 'blurred structures': 'I would say why would you want an identity. . . . I have never thought that nations and national architecture is of relevance any more.'[48] Evidently touching on raw nerves at the heart of the German legislative body, Haacke's work was also made subject to parliamentary approval, narrowly squeaking through in April 2000 with only two conservative votes in favour. The extent to which two words can reverberate is remarkable.

But Haacke's installation constitutes a lot more than that. The neon letters appear to hover just above an overgrown bed of varied plant life that virtually fills out the rectangular dimensions of the courtyard. In fact, each MP was requested by the artist to supply a quantity of earth from their local constituency, as well as the seeds of a plant typically associated with their region. This is allowed to grow untended until the MP concerned leaves parliament, when it is replaced by a new offering from whoever takes over.

Seeking a correlation between the natural cycle of seasons and the cycle of parliamentary life, the seedbed installation offers precisely the reconsecration of previously 'soiled' or 'fallow' terrain for which Christo's wrapping ploughed the way.[49] It is indicative not only of the 'stake of responsibility' held by individual parliamentarians but also of the changing constellation of the nation's population – and, hence, the imperative of the former to stay attuned to the demands of the latter. This is not a people that sits easily within the neatly trimmed and weeded borderlines of 'nationhood', nor one that can be conveniently dissolved and re-elected.

## The Politics of Fun

Triumphalist Prussians, marching SA troops, protesting East German workers, parading western allied forces, delirious post-Wall revellers: Strasse des 17 Juni has witnessed every conceivable form of politicized mass event wherein the question of unity has been a factor. The long avenue has produced, under different names, its own unique index of modern Berlin history, stretching back to the commemoration of the victorious Unification Wars embodied by the victory column at its heart. Carrying it into the twenty-first century is the world's largest regular gathering of partying people, the annual Love Parade rave. Entering its fifteenth year in 2003, it has probably already achieved a legendary status. Up to one and a half million participants course up and

down the entire length of Berlin's east-west artery for one long and (usually) hot afternoon and evening on the second Saturday in July.

When it began life, the summer before the Wall came down, the Love Parade involved two DJs in their cars initiating a spontaneous birthday party on the former West Berlin's principal shopping boulevard, Kurfürstendamm, with some hundred and fifty friends straggling behind. By 1995 it had become so big that it was forced to transfer its route to the broad, protracted length of Strasse des 17 Juni. (There were 250 DJs and over fifty decorated floats involved when I witnessed it in 2000.) Ever since this transplantation, its organizers, Planetcom, have fought a running battle with environmentalists seeking to have it banned or re-routed. Passing through the extensive Tiergarten as it does provides a hugely convenient outlet for the multitude of ravers, but causes havoc and desecration amongst the plant and animal life of the park.

The chief complaint relates to the copious quantities of toxic urine let into the ground over a relatively short period of time. The morning after witnesses the city's water services literally hosing down trees and shrubs in an attempt to dilute the chemical mix. Alongside them is the second shift of council street cleaners, the first already having swept into action at midnight, by which time the majority of the paraders has long since dispersed into the multiplicity of clubs in the city.

Entering into the spirit of the occasion, the cleaners wear orange T-shirts, identifying them on the back as 'Saturday Night *Feger*' (sweepers), a witty play on the cultic disco movie of the 1970s starring John Travolta. Emblazoned on the front is another anglified pun, which even pokes self-deprecating fun at the common sibilatory mispronunciation by Germans of the definite article: 'Dose [do the] right thing: save the rave', it says. *Dose* itself means 'can' or 'tin' – which in their plurality form one-third of the vast mounds of rubbish collected by the sweepers.

The three hundred tons of waste that is carelessly discarded (rather than helpfully placed in an appropriate receptacle) is the other main bone of contention at the Love Parade. Thus, the street cleaners' slogan constitutes an appeal: not reducing the number of ditched cans imperils the event's future. This touches, further, on the pragmatic significance of waste disposal in the whole staging of the Love Parade in the first place. Planetcom has persuaded the city council to give the event the official status of a *political demonstration*, which implies that the city takes responsibility for the considerable costs of instituting rubbish clearance (as well as maintenance of Tiergarten's well-being). It has been willing so far to do this because of the revenue the event generates generally for the city, estimated at approximately DM250 per person in 2000.[50]

Paradoxically, then, we're witnessing here a political demonstration packaged as profitable commodity. (Compare that to the 1953 uprising.) Intimations of withdrawal of this status in 1998 owing to environmentalists' pressure were met with organizers' threats simply to transfer the parade lock, stock, and can to another city.[51] The council's acquiescence with Planetcom was testament both to the enormous popular momentum the Love Parade had gained in the meantime and the city fathers' desire to carve out for themselves an image of cosmopolitan largesse: tolerant and trendy on the one hand, capable of handling such a monumental event on the other.[52] Amongst the most trenchant criticisms of this attitude is that it blithely ignores the fact that rave culture is all about drug consumption. The Love Parade thereby qualifies as the largest celebration of sanctioned drug-taking in the world.[53]

**Love Parade, 2000**

The chances of the number 123 bus reaching its terminus stop at the junction of Strasse des 17 Juni are remote. The approach road has been taken over by streams of ravers making their way to the hub of the action. Parked vehicles on either side have in any case reduced the thoroughfare to but a single lane. Some folk have made themselves at home: from their white hire van a group of

six or seven 'student-types' have hauled a battered settee and requisite non-matching armchairs, which they've arranged cosily on the grass by the pavement. It's shortly after two o'clock and the Love Parade has just got under way, but they're supping their first beers of the day and are in no hurry to enter the fray just yet.

Giving up on making headway, the bus driver opens his doors and we all pile out. I reel as if I'd just narrowly avoided being run over by a juggernaut. It's the surge not so much of booming techno, pure and hard, as of *ambience*, the sheer thrill of being here amongst this massive throbbing mob. Retrospectively the energetic charge of that baptismal moment strikes me as being the all-enveloping mega-blast of consumerist culture. An irresistible *whoompf* that sweeps you away into a carefree perpetual present. Welcome to the carnival of forgetting where no one need fear losing face because we're all wilfully lost and faceless anyway.

According to Uwe Rada, the world of techno is portrayed as providing a means of handling all the permanent and excessive demands of daily existence where identity is constantly being required to adopt different roles. Techno provides a necessary release from such complications of communication, resigning itself to a strategy of *survival* rather than change.[54]

The parade makes its way down Strasse des 17 Juni from both ends. Floats begin simultaneously at either Ernst Reuter Platz or Brandenburger Tor, congregating several hours later round the Prussian victory column at Grosser Stern. Most of the floats are hired and decorated by Berlin clubs. They're small, representative mobilizations of what is normally an after-hours, clandestine scene. Night becomes day. Blinking hard, DJs and ravers alike come crawling out from this showy subterranean world to hang out their dirty linen. Not that there's much in the way of 'fabric'; the most striking visible aspect of this 'soul-baring' for those ignorant of clubbing style is the sheer state of undress.

In truth the Love Parade contradicts the original, raw impetus of the rave event, which was to occur secretly and spontaneously, time and place being passed on by word of mouth. Down below, at street level, are the densely packed mortal masses who hail each float as it crawls by. God is a DJ. Or Karl Marx is God is a DJ: a huge polystyrene effigy of Marx, complete with headphones, floats by. It's been fashioned by a club from the city of Chemnitz, the former Karl Marx Stadt in East Germany. His bust of old in the main square has become the place's principal tourist attraction. It's used as a branding symbol to market the city, which is now known as the *Stadt mit Köpfchen*. Literally that means 'the city with the head' but it also refers to the notion of being clever and quick off the mark (*Köpfchen haben*).

Many of the ravers aren't from Berlin at all. German Railways alone lays on special trains for 350,000 visitors. In fact, a good many Berliners – even 'trendy' ones – want to have no truck whatsoever with the Love Parade. For them it represents an invasion from the outside which the clubs exploit; kids from the provinces come to indulge in the big city experience for a weekend.[55] That's another reversal of the original spirit of rave culture, where it was all about city kids escaping to clandestine rural locations.

### The Commodification of Euphoria

Displaced parades have been spawned by the sense of chagrin arising as a result of this hijacking; for a while there was a Hate Parade, now there's the provocatively named Fuck Parade, which occurs simultaneously in the Scheunenviertel and Prenzlauer Berg areas of the city. The warm weather and E-fuelled capacity to party through the night means the visitors to the Love Parade don't really have to worry about banal details like accommodation. If they end up in bed, it's most likely to be a hospital one. All through the night the slow melancholy wail of ambulance sirens bears testament to a steady flow of unconscious, dehydrated, exhausted, or overdosed bodies. For one of my flatmates, a doctor at the local Moabit hospital, the Love Parade is nothing but a disaster zone.

Designating the Love Parade a political demonstration isn't only a smart commercial

move, at least if you believe the hype of DJ Dr Motte. One of the two originators of the event, he claims the intention always was to forge a new form of demonstration which 'isn't *against* anything but *for* what you might call *Lebensfreude*' or the joy of being alive.[56] Given a new slogan each year, it was the unity-seeking 'One World, One Love Parade' the year that I went. Echoing the sentiments of Bob Marley's well-known reggae anthem (to which the slogan alludes) – 'Let's get together and feel all right' – Motte's vision is to establish a *global* Love Parade day: 'The morphogenetic field around the earth would become charged in such a way that peaceful dancing would produce world peace.'[57]

Whether Dr Motte is deluded, a sharp self-publicist, or just taking a journalist for a ride here, the Love Parade would do better to proclaim no other motive or aspiration than simply to be the intense but highly temporary distraction from the humdrum that it is. It's not really worth taking the philosophy too seriously, but if you wanted to accord it the honour, it reveals a trite, reactionary politics of seamless global unity. Ultimately this seeks to reproduce cultural otherness as the same for the purposes of promoting a profitable image. For 'One World' we might just as well substitute 'First (White) World'.

As I squirmed my way through the bobbing crowds, I kept missing something. Perhaps like the sensation of a phantom limb. By the evening, when the parade had come to a rest at the victory column bottleneck round Grosser Stern – where doubtless someone was proclaiming Bismarck or Victoria to be a DJ – I wanted to know what I'd actually come to see. But if I was missing anything, it was the point. Nothing *happens*. It's a circular narrative whose points of reference are blurred. Through the sheer, vibrant force of its sound techno creates that kind of expectation, of something 'big and exciting going down'. What I'd come to see was all around me, but nowhere. It was just about *being there* and absorbing the presentness of the moment.

Sharing that with a million or so people generates a contradictory sense of anonymous but unconditional belonging. Drugs help, of course. You 'become' the parade; at the same time it passes through you. That's why there's no point in merely spectating because then it just passes you by, like watching people shopping. And when you've ditched your empty cans on the street and pissed in Tiergarten's bushes, you can go home, perhaps relieved.

I wondered whether this was what it was like when the masses poured through the Wall in 1989; whether the Love Parade, born in the same year, is a kind of transferred but ready-made replication in commodified (or canned) form of that *feeling* of euphoria. So much of that was premised on the fact of being there physically, of testing and occupying the forbidden lands for real when the unthinkable happened – the *Wahnsinn* or 'madness' that everyone used to describe the indescribable.

## Crystallizing – or Betraying – the Moment?

Love, as John Berger tells us, is, after all, the opposite of separation (rather than hate), which is what the city had been experiencing for some thirty years. It 'aims to close all distance'.[58] Arguably that instant in 1989 was also a kind of distraction from the cold light of day that would follow. But, although Chancellor Kohl attempted to buy the moment by spontaneously forking out DM100 to each eastern citizen, it still maintained a performative identity as a spontaneous intervention of consequence. Something physical was lastingly transformed.

Woodstock is frequently portrayed as the social antidote to the Vietnam War, decisively crystallizing for a generation its sense of necessary liberal-pacifist rebellion. As Brock puts it:

> It presented a type of action which sought to counter the behaviour of the mass of soldiers, of formations. *Informare* means to submit to a formation. You produce information by conforming to a social formation.[59]

The information generated by the Love Parade does not produce change in anything other than the temporary desecration of the



https://doi.org/10.1017/S0266464X03000204 Published online by Cambridge University Press

Tiergarten. But nor does it strive to. That's why it cannot be seen as a political demonstration. Love, moreover, which 'celebrates the unique and unrepeatable',[60] is merely an expression it borrows. In truth, it recycles, reproducing the circular rhythm of a feel-good culture of excess. By lunchtime on the following day, everything – including its abject side, the expulsion of the worthless, consumed commodity – has disappeared from view. All is as it was until the same time next year.

As Benjamin's *flâneur*-friend Franz Hessel observed of the city back in the 1920s already: 'Filth and rubbish don't remain lying around for long in Berlin. There's nothing the city likes better than clearing up.'[61] At the same time, it is precisely the clearing up, the paradoxical foregrounding of the features of the *ob*scene in the playing out of the whole event, that catches the eye. As Gilloch says of Benjamin's recognition of the rag-picker's importance, he or she 'inhabits and recycles the ruins of modernity . . . an urban "archaeologist" who unearths the old-fashioned commodities that in turn reveal the truth about new ones: namely, that they are the same old rubbish.'[62]

## Notes and References

1. See Dieter K. Buse and Jürgen C. Doerr, ed., *Modern Germany: an Encyclopedia of History, People, and Culture, 1871–1991* (New York; London: Garland, 1998), p. 682.
2. The GDR novelist Stefan Heym famously developed the notion of external destabilization causing the escalation of the uprising in his novel *Five Days in June* (1977).
3. Alexandra Richie, *Faust's Metropolis: a History of Berlin* (London: Harper Collins, 1999), p. 686–7.
4. Bertolt Brecht, *Letters 1913–1956*, ed. J. Willett, trans. R. Manheim (London: Methuen, 1990), p. 516.
5. Ibid., p. 515–16.
6. Martin Esslin, *Brecht: a Choice of Evils* (London: Heinemann, 1965), p. 163–4.
7. John Fuegi, *The Life and Lies of Bertolt Brecht* (London: Flamingo, 1995), p. 547.
8. See Brecht, op. cit., p. 673.
9. Ibid., p. 517 and 673–4.
10. See Horst Jesse, *Brecht in Berlin* (München: Verlag Das Freie Buch, 1996), p. 257.
11. See Bertolt Brecht, *Journals 1934–1955*, ed. J. Willett, trans. H. Rorrison (London: Methuen, 1993), p. 454–5.
12. See Bertolt Brecht, *Poems 1913–1956*, ed. J. Willett and R. Manheim (London: Methuen, 1976), p. 439–45.
13. See Jesse, op. cit., p. 259–60. In his statement Barthel declares his shame at the workers' behaviour and warns of the sheer difficulty of regaining trust.
14. Brecht, op. cit., p. 440, note 12.
15. See Klaus Völker, *Bertolt Brecht: eine Biographie* (München; Wien: Carl Hanser Verlag, 1998), p. 396.
16. See Rainer Haubrig, Hans Wolfgang Hoffmann, and Philipp Mauser, ed., *Berlin: Architekturführer* (Berlin: Quadriga, 2001), p. 36.
17. See Brian Ladd, *The Ghosts of Berlin: Confronting German History in the Landscape* (Chicago; London: University of Chicago Press, 1998), p. 76–7.
18. Jack Holland, *The Rough Guide: Berlin* (Bromley: Harrap Columbus, 1990), p. 35.
19. Richie, op. cit., p. 230.
20. Walter Benjamin, *Gesammelte Schriften*, IV.i, ed. R. Tiedemann and H. Schweppenhäuser (Frankfurt am Main: Suhrkamp Verlag, 1972), p. 241.
21. Graeme Gilloch, *Myth and Metropolis: Walter Benjamin and the City* (Cambridge: Polity Press, 1997), p. 73–4.
22. Richie, op. cit., p. 496.
23. Roland Enke *et al*, *Berlin: Offene Stadt – die Stadt als Ausstellung* (Berlin: Nicolai, 1999), p. 19.
24. See Paul Kahlfeldt, Joseph Paul Kleihues, and Thorsten Scheer, ed., *Stadt der Architektur/Architektur der Stadt: Berlin 1900–2000* (Berlin: Nicolai, 2000), p. 205.
25. See Ladd, op. cit., p. 194.
26. See Richie, op. cit., p. 1006.
27. See Ladd, op. cit., p. 91.
28. See Kathleen James-Chakraborty, 'The New Berlin', in *German Architecture for a Mass Audience* (London; New York: Routledge, 2001), p. 122.
29. Michael Wise, *Capital Dilemma: Germany's Search for a New Architecture of Democracy* (New York: Princeton Architectural Press, 1998), p. 121.
30. Ibid., p. 123.
31. Ibid., p. 125–6.
32. Ibid., p. 122. The Bonn parliament voted in June 1991 to relocate to Berlin, at which point it had not yet been determined that the Reichstag would be its home. That was a decision which followed 'logically' five months later, not without the kind of protest typified by this SPD politician: 'We are not a German Reich but a Federation and we want to underscore that federalism' (see Large, p. 611, note 35). It is noticeable that the reconstituted building has not as yet been able to assert its new official name of Bundestag. The new Berlin parliament opened in April 1999.
33. Jörg Daniel Hissen and Wolfram Hissen, *Dem Deutschen Volke: Verhüllter Reichstag, 1971–1995* (Germany/France: EstWest Productions, 1996).
34. The period corresponds almost exactly to the time span between the supposed birth of parliamentary democracy and the completion of the Reichstag one hundred years earlier (1871–1894).
35. David Clay Large, *Berlin: a Modern History* (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 2002), p. 612.
36. See Ladd, op. cit., p. 93–4.
37. Jacob Baal-Teshuva, *Christo und Jeanne-Claude: der Reichstag und Urbane Projekte* (München: Prestel Verlag, 1995), p. 31.
38. Hissen, op.cit.
39. Wise, op. cit., p. 127–8.
40. Alan Balfour, ed., *World Cities: Berlin* (London: Academy Editions, 1995), p. 73.
41. Large, op. cit., p. 615.

42. Michel Foucault, *Discipline and Punish: the Birth of the Prison*, trans. A. Sheridan (Harmondsworth: Penguin, 1991), p. 202.

43. Wise, op. cit., p. 19.

44. Ibid.

45. See Wulf Herzogenrath, Joachim Sartorius, and Christoph Tannert, ed., *Die Endlichkeit der Freiheit Berlin 1990: ein Ausstellungsprojekt in Ost und West* (Berlin: Edition Hentrich, 1990), p. 100. For full documentation of the project, see p. 81–104.

46. In Jean Stein, ed., *Grand Street 69* (Berlin Issue), XVIII, No. 1 (1999), p. 180.

47. Ibid.

48. See Neil Leach, ed., *Architecture and Revolution: Contemporary Perspectives on Central and Eastern Europe* (London; New York: Routledge, 1999), p. 135.

49. Historically speaking the Reichstag building can be said to be in the fourth phase now of 'parliamentary rotation' after a long, fallow third phase.

50. Matthias Oloew, 'Weniger Festnahmen, viel mehr Alkohol und Drogen', *Tagesspiegel*, 10 July 2000, p. 9.

51. In the meantime the Love Parade has released the trademark for its brand name to be used by other cities, which included Tel Aviv, Vienna, and Leeds in 2000. Discussions are under way with Mexico City, Hong Kong, and Buenos Aires. (See Oloew, ibid.)

52. In fact, in 2001 the federal court formally denied the Love Parade its political status. It seems an agreement has been reached between Planetcom and the council gradually to phase out the latter's subsidy. By 2004 ravers themselves will be picking up the tab, a development which will surely reduce significantly the already dwindling appeal of the event. (See Stefan Melle, 'Die Hecken werden in Sicherheit gebracht', *Berliner Zeitung*, 22 November 2001, p. 21.)

53. Brigitte Grunert, 'Im Rausch', *Tagespiegel*, 7 July 2000, p. 9.

54. Uwe Rada, *Hauptstadt der Verdrängung: Berliner Zukunft zwischen Kiez und Metropole* (Berlin: Verlag Schwarze Risse/Rote Strasse and Verlag Libertäre Assoziation, 1997). p. 121.

55. Bazon Brock *et al.*, 'Wir bauen eine Kathedrale aus Müll', *Tagesspiegel*, 8 July 2000, p. 25.

56. Nils Michaelis, 'Dr Motte: "Wir füllen das morphogenetische Feld",' *Zitty*, XXIII, No. 14 (2000), p. 26.

57. Ibid.

58. John Berger, *And Our Faces, My Heart, Brief as Photos* (London: Writers and Readers, 1984), p. 89–90.

59. Brock, op. cit.

60. Berger, op. cit., p. 90.

61. Franz Hessel, *Ein Flaneur in Berlin* (Berlin: Das Arsenal, 1984), p. 213.

62. Gilloch, op. cit., p. 165.