

Berlin.

The future starts here.

2007

Berlin

Brandenburger Tor

Can you omit that from a visit to Berlin?
It's a part of history.
I know it best from the films and
documentaries,
Showing parades for Hitler.

When I am there, I remember those gloomy
pictures,
And I asked myself can I paint this
without making reference to that sad period
in history?

So I thought I needed to draw the ghosts of
the victims.
There are many victims: Jews, Russians,
Poles,
Philosophers, Poets, Women, Baby's,
Children
And Yes, even the Germans were victims.

A painting is not about, how it could happen
or if it could happen again.
A painting is about emotions and feelings.

And I'm quite happy to see that the ghosts
are not that angry at all.
I mean, it would be the most horrible thing
to be a victim
and even have to be angry in the later life.

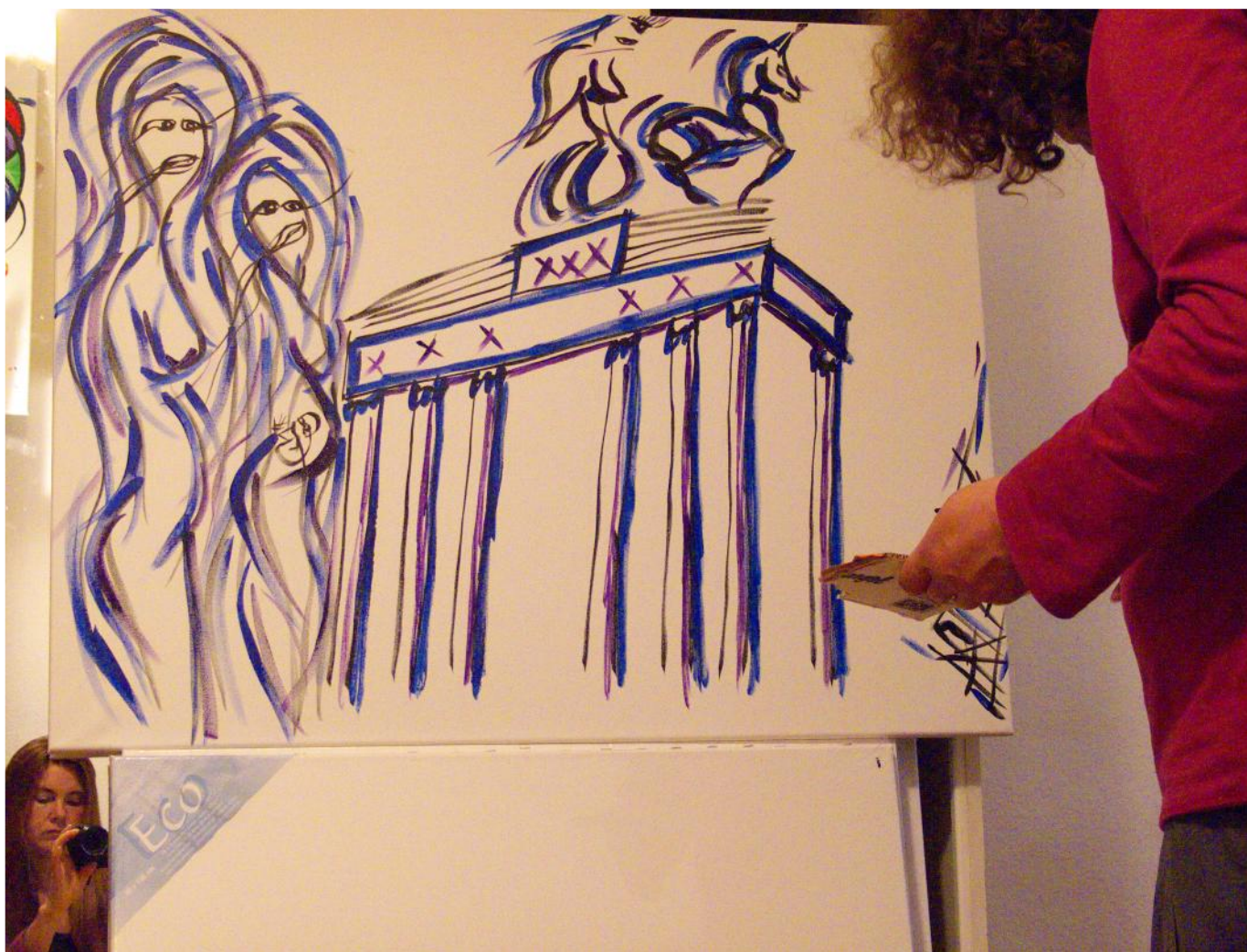
But it is a sad, sad story.



Brandenburger Tor







Schloss Charlottenburg



OK, we parked the bike against the trash can.
It looks solid, it is solid, it sounds solid.
Cast iron.

And it was morning,
so the local park gardner started his round
emptying all those oversized garbage bins.





Schloss CharlottenBurg in the making

The statues that ring the facade
are a bit increased in size,
so that it starts to look like,
the party is going through the roof.



Schloss CharlottenBurg Garden

The garden was of real strict design.
But the real design was only visible on Google Maps
There were a kind of drawings with black and white pebbles.

This is Ingo,
He stayed in the room next to us and worked for
the stock exchange.

He almost wanted to buy the painting
but he rather kept shares of Ford Motor Company.
I tried to convince him that it is just a cyclical
stock.

He went by bus to bring the painting,
so we could bike.
Bikes are nice but not for carrying paintings.





*This statue stands atop of the schloss.
 With the naked eye the statue is not good
 visible.
 But here on the photo you see clearly that
 it's not a good sculpture.
 It's the body and face of a young boy.
 They have cut off his penis and replaced
 that by two breasts.
 It is a transsexual operation avant la lettre.*

*The statue is high enough so that no king
 ever complained.*





Frau Rottenbergh von Klein

This is the beginning of the painting.
I wanted to work out a sketch of some time ago.

But it turned out to be another beast.
After some time I gathered it looked more like our landlady.

Later I was sure:
This was Countess Herzogin Rottenbergh von Klein.
She had a pride that would make every Peacock shiver away in shame.
And even the amount of lipstick.

Acutally she was quite friendly.
But the pretention she had to uphold
turned her somehow into a nervous peacock
with a small twitch at the corner of her lips.

The most remarkable was that she went every day out for dinner.
Round 4 o'clock she left the home,
And my guess is that she spent all the time networking.
A real commercial wonder.

The other thing was that every room had at least two mirrors.
Not really amasing if you take the special care for appearances
into account.

But on these photo's you see the benefit.
Mirrors all around.









Sphinx Sans Souci



*Right before sketching the sphinx,
She walked in front,
It was the last change,
But see,
she only had eyes for the tourist guide in her hands.*

*Looking to this photograph,
I remember the moment,
It was just starting to rain,
I moved to the wide umbrella of a platane,
The lane was lined,
She walked fast away.
No running after her to ask for a sketch,
Just stick to the stonen sphinx.*

I know it is my own failure,
and there are no excuses at all,
but I could not find someone to make a portrait of.

We had been in cafe's for whole nights,
Walked up and down all streets of Berlin.

I could find no-one.

There was an interesting pharmaciste,
One evening a studente of Swiss came sitting next
to me,

I was too late to make a sketch,

I was just talking and no thinking at all.

And she was kissing her Italian boyfriend
intensively,

having only a weekend to spend,

I didn't dare to intrude.

Why am I so polite? and too shy?

You know how it works normally.

Elizabeth asks if I can make a sketch.

Or better no asking at all.

So here as a last resort

I turned to making a sketch of dead stone cold creature.

Thinking longer about this matter of intense tristesse,

I think the problem lays in the lack of churches in Berlin.

Usually on holiday one meets a church and enters,

and lights two candles,

One for the beautiful girls one has met and one for the girls
one will meet.

And as there are no churches in Berlin,

No candles were lid

And there was no divine providence.

Maybe next time in Berlin

I will go to the most repulsive church

and just light the two candles.









Sphinx Sans Souci



Neue Synagoge



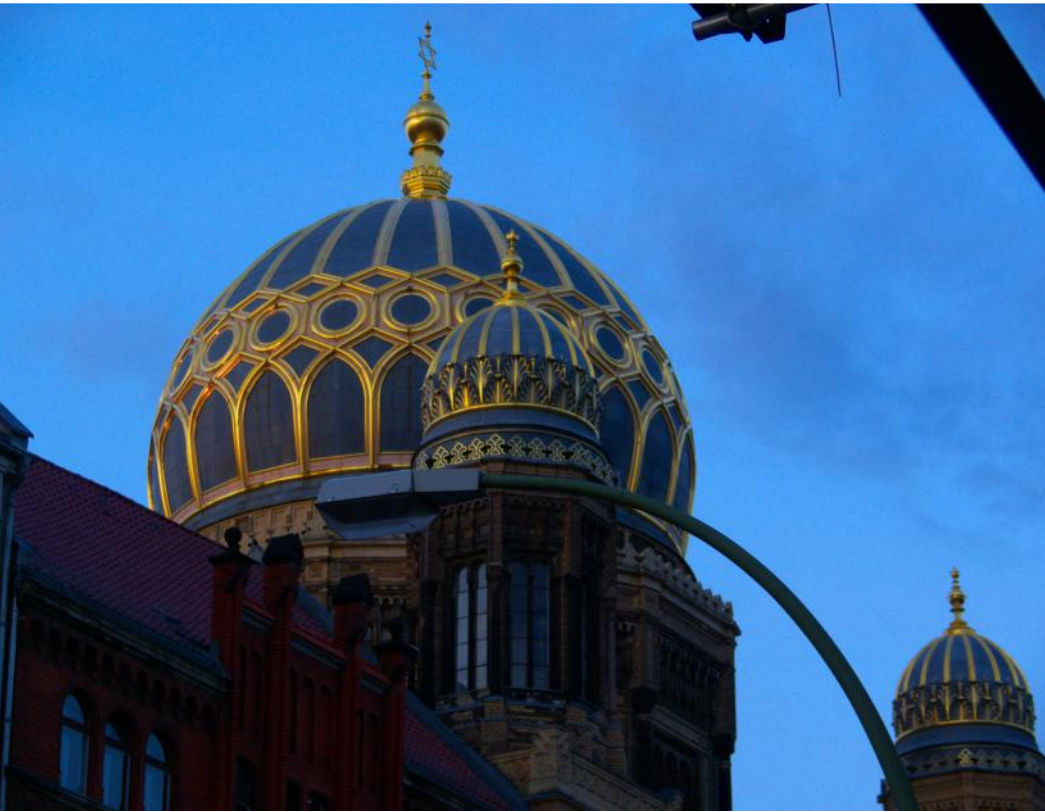
One of the most remarkable buildings in Berlin is the synagogue.
It is visible from many parts in the center.
So we had seen it shine
with its onion shaped dome
Long before we arrived.

It is at the same street as the Tachales.

Here you see the black lines.
They include the neighbouring house.
It later disappears, behind the colors
of the ghosts.



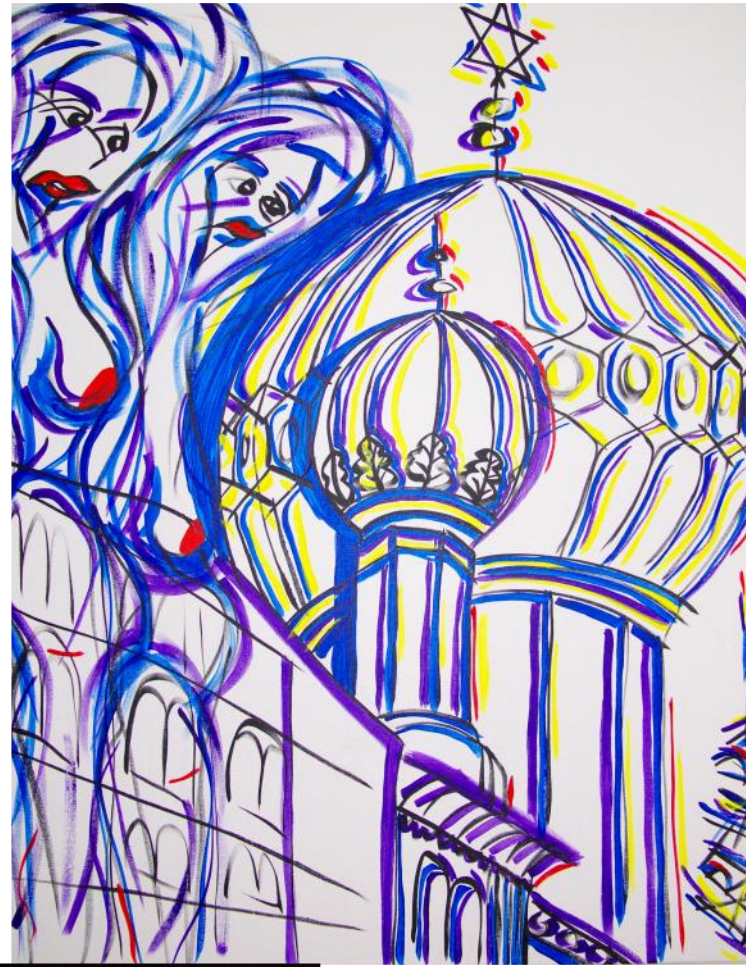
Tachales Berlin Squat Art Headquarters



ArthurX playing paino in Tachales.
Simon Burgel exhibited there and had a lot of friends visiting him.
One of the evenings I saw two hands playing the piano next to me
And I knew for shure that were not the hands of his friends,
Because the hands came out of a too slick suit.

After playing for some minutes I took a look at his face.
It was a Croatian Cellist, who worked in Frankfurt.
OK, we have no photo of the jam session.
A real pity.

In the background you see the girl, who worked that part of the street. She would
walk in and dance a few steps.
And the moment I stopped playing, she shouted:
"Come on, mach weiter, es ist hier so langweilig!"
Horny men are the most boring things on earth,
it are not my words,
but those of an professional.

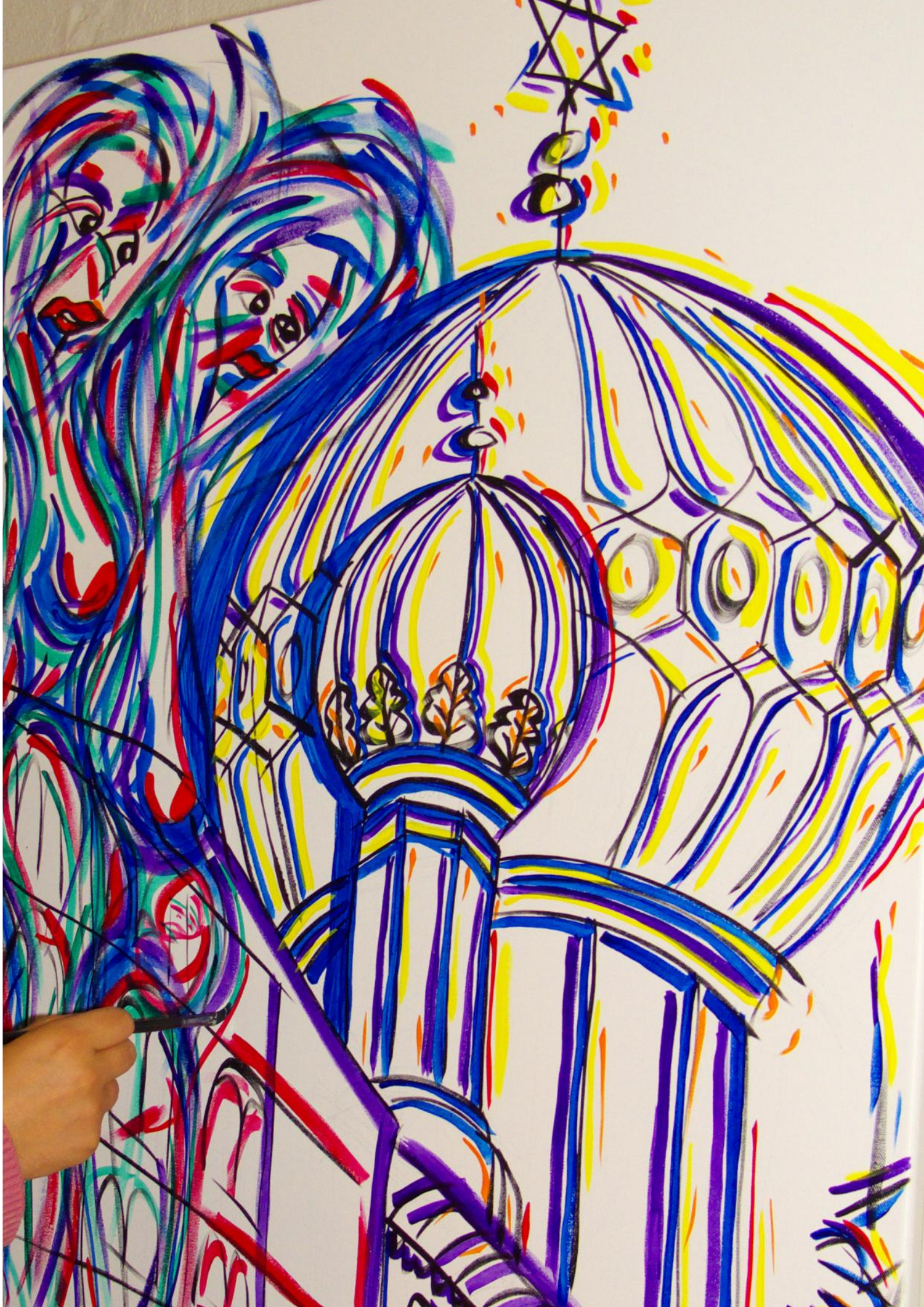


I also added the ghosts to the synagogue.
Where would you be waiting,
if you had a lot of time?

Hanging over the shoulder of the dome,
Looking into the street,
Where the hookers wait to lure their
prey.

Action, Action, Action!









SPHINX