Many thanks
&
Vielen Dank
:
to all who contributed to,
inspired,
supported,
and otherwise aided in
the creation of this Zeitschrift
a note on the title:
‘Abendbrot’ is a German term that refers to
a light meal eaten in the evenings (evening-bread).
‘Abendbrot’ is a sunset.
Though this celebration of work,
a communion of sorts,
comes at the ‘sunset’ of our time together in Berlin,
we hope that it will be nourishing
and voll(of)korn, like a good hunk of
proper German bread.

We have also included
some nice words
auf Deutsch &
in English
for you to snack on,
(kunst und gemüse)
inbetween.

Guten Appetit.
3. Taylor Nemetz
5. Ciena Leshley
7. Phoebe Boatwright
8. Colette Harley
9. Taylor Nemetz
9. Harris Mateen
11. Beatrix Walter
12. Taylor Nemetz
14. Phoebe Boatwright
15. Sirkka Miller
16. Drew Kogon
17. Ben Wolf
20. Madeline Newel
22. Audrey Tseng
24. Phoebe Boatwright
26. Beatrix Walter
27. Jaclyn Shultz
28. Mia Arievitch
31. Ben Wolf
The Last Cockroach on Earth

With the light of the blood moon illuminating the warm apartment in Mitte, “Berlin,” she announced, “is a female.”

Two Americans, one German, and one Brazilian — a student, a musician, a model, and an artist — sat near the window in the living room, smoking cigarettes. It was a particular Sunday in September, the night of the lunar eclipse and the Brazilian’s birthday.

The Brazilian wanted to surround herself with “special” people in order to celebrate her day of birth and the night of the blood moon in good spiritual company. She had met the American musician only once, a week before, but she could tell immediately that he was “special.” So there he was, sitting at the German’s apartment with his girlfriend, who was blindly deemed “special” by association.

Over cheap cake and cheaper beers, the Brazilian continued, “Berlin is a female, but not a mother.” If anything, she explained, Berlin is a crack-whore of a mother; she is tough and cold and won’t stand for bullshit, but she takes care of her own if they’ve earned her trust (when she absolutely must).

She said that there is way more *yin* coursing through the veins of Berlin than there is *yang* — can’t you feel it? Berlin is only Berlin at night; the rest is just a delusion. “Berlin is going to hell,” she said, “but it’s been going to hell for decades. It won’t ever get there.” When it’s all said and done, she predicted, “Berlin will be the last cockroach on earth.”

And there they sat, the German model, the Brazilian artist, and the American musician, in a warm apartment-turned-salon, in Mitte on a Sunday in September, celebrating a birthday and a blood moon, musing on the essence of a European city with the words of Chinese philosophy.
But in this moment, the American student was wondering how her whole being could feel so strongly for a place that could not love her back.

Then she remembered that the values of *yin* and *yang* are not absolute, and only then did it all make sense. To Berlin’s moon, the people bring the sun. And to Berlin’s cold streets, the people bring buckets of boiling blood. Together, they are life and death, expansion and contraction, both sides of the mountain. How could she love a city that was so hard to love? Because if this city is *yin*, the people who live here — these “special” people — are the *yang*. 
You say it’s strange
that it’s still warm in September in Berlin.
And I say it’s strange that you won’t kiss me
but you don’t want the lipstick marks,
and I already feel too forceful
as a person.
The woman downstairs has a dog I want to steal
and your next door neighbors laugh when we speak in English,
but my German is shit.
When the cold finally comes
my knees will buckle
if they haven’t already,
and I will be in your coat
and scarf
and gloves,
if not to say your hands.
You’re good,
I want to be.
And I imagine that my heart
lives somewhere on the Champs-Elysees,
but I know, she actually lives in the 12th.
And I’ve been sending her my fingers
by mail,
and writing her letters in broken German
and you’ve been translating them
without even knowing.
But at least you can claim to be helping,
while I can claim to be learning,
and what are we
if we are not what we claim?

There’s a restaurant that delivers pizza with Spaghetti on top.
That’s so Italian.
Next to it is a döner restaurant.
That’s globalization.

Italians and the Turks have never gotten along.
I guess everything has to change at some point.
They also serve tuna on their pizza. 
I guess everything good can be ruined at some point.

There’s a stumble stone outside of my apartment. 
It is gold, but worn. 
You’re not supposed to step on stumble stones. 
Everyone steps on stumble stones. 
It was a man who lived here. 
(Before he died) 
(Everyone dies) 
I guess everything can be ruined at some point.

Skip James said he’d rather be the devil, 
than be that woman, man. 
I’d rather be that woman. 
Don’t you know women are devils anyway? 
Silly Skip James. 
Sometimes I skip on the cobblestone of Charlottenstraße. 
No one skips in Berlin.

Sometimes, 
I hope that I am the room 
and the apartment 
and the city 
and the state 
and the earth 
and the only universe 
you want to be located in. 
How would the sun revolve around me?

Maybe it is slightly chilly? 
Shall we smoke in your apartment, instead of on the balcony? 
I know you’ve done it before. 
I’ll show you mine, if you show me yours?
Subterranean Homesick Blues

He wakes up in the morning and hates sunlight. The last time he wore a tie was to a wedding. The last time he paid taxes, undetermined. She wakes up in the morning and immediately wants to die but she loves the sun. The last time she went to a wedding, she was eight. She pays taxes every year. He gives her a lot of movie recommendations and androgynous shirts that no longer fit him. He holds her waist on the subway so she doesn’t fall over. She really likes the mint green tiles that decorate his subway stop.

When it falls apart, it blows up. It blows up like a star supernova or like a volcano or like Bill Clinton’s presidency.

She doesn’t regard it as a failure though, when she thinks about it, lying in the bathtub, post-supernova. For it to be a failure, there has to be no salvageable parts, and God only knows she’s not the same person she was eight months ago. The water is warm around her and she sinks below the surface. Her eyes open and she can’t see anything. The water funnels into her ears. It is then she decides failure is in the eyes of the beholder. That maybe the ideas of failure she has come to know and understand are driven more by society than individuals. That who cares if you’re a failure if you’re happy. She’s not a failure and she’s not happy, but then again it’s all relative.

She misses his calming presence, the smell of his soap and his dumb cat. She knows he wouldn’t believe her if she told him she never dropped a book in the bathtub.
Are you there, God? It’s Me, Yanis Varoufakis.

Do you ever look in the mirror and expect to see someone you once knew but instead see the man you never wished to be? It doesn’t have to be this way.
Tobias Zielony on Art, Ethics, and “the invisible pictures we all carry with us”

Tobias Zielony is a Berlin-based artist whose work not only blurs the lines between fine art photography and photojournalism, but also deals with the particularly heated topic of the refugee crisis. In many ways, the role of the artist here becomes blurred, too, and I sat down with Tobias to discuss his views on the artist, ethics, and politics, and how these factors operate in today’s art world.

Taylor Nemetz: As a fine-art photographer photographing content that is similar to documentary photography, do you consider the ethics of photojournalism or the artist’s moral responsibility in your work?

Tobias Zielony: I think everybody should have morals when dealing with other people, and as a photographer, I think you should keep in mind some general ethics but also develop your own agenda somehow, in regards to how you deal with people. There are a lot of things to keep in mind, and I don’t know if they’re all written down somewhere, but in general I avoid sensationalism.

In more general terms, I think it is important not to show people in a way they don’t want to be shown. And one way to do this is to ask them directly. But here, you have a bit of a contradiction because sometimes I photograph people who cannot totally understand what it means to be shown in an art exhibition because they have never been there. So even if you ask them, you’re still in a gray zone. With all of my latest works, I’ve really tried to make sure that people are aware of what I’m doing and where the images are going to be shown.

TN: So would you say that these personal interactions with your subjects are an integral part of your work?

TZ: Yes, for me, that’s actually a really important part of the artistic process. These interactions absolutely enrich my work, and I think in this way, my work is about the invisible pictures that we all carry around with us, that we try to live up to as part of our reality that is equally as true as the things that are concrete and tangible.

I like to establish this communication about what a picture could be, could mean, and what it could show. And with the refugees, it was clear that I had a very particular style of photography, but they were also very clear about what they wanted. They were really thinking about their
own political agenda. They are very selbstbestimmt. They are activists, and they do know the power of photography when it comes to their political protest. They are not naive at all.

**TN:** Do you think that authorial decisions affect the authenticity of your work in any way, good or bad?

**TZ:** I think everyone has a very different idea of what authenticity actually means. It’s hard to define. The journalists would say that you have to show blood and tears and violence, but I look for something different, something more psychological or conceptual. I try to project an image of the world that may not be so apparent, and I think that art has always been about that. I think that simply recording what’s happening, alone, won’t say much.

Instead of photographing these refugees in the basement of the theater, where they were sleeping, I wanted to bring them out of that atmosphere and into a larger context. I wanted to use the cinema as a space of desire or projection, and also as this kind of weird abstract place, that is a dark, intimate, sort of disconnected bubble of a place, that is at the same time within a city, within a country, within a world.

**TN:** Would you consider your work to be political?

**TZ:** My brother would say everything is political, even brushing your teeth, so it’s hard to say. But I would obviously say it’s part of a bigger discourse, and I don’t think you can separate art from politics. But if it were only political, for me, it would be boring.

**TN:** Do you think that your work, or art in general, can affect change?

**TZ:** First, I would say as an artist, you have to be very realistic with how much you can actually achieve in terms of real political change. I think art is a big part of reflection on how the world operates and what it could be, but if you try to quantify results - I think that’s impossible.

And then another problem is that if you fight for change, it’s not always easy to say what would be better. I’m not working for a bigger utopia or something. I like change, but I can’t say that change is always better than no change. With the refugees, the more and more I worked, the more I found myself wanting to say something rather than just make nice artwork. And this was a new development for me.
Sirkka Miller

15

14 | Phoebe Boatwright  an accumulation of empty space
Little bursts of air escape me
not like exhales,
more like the air is running away
from me,
out of a small crack that opens when
something important happens in my life,
or I stretch in an indulgent way.
An American couple sat in my row on the plane ride back to Berlin. It was the typical Social Security beneficiary couple: the somewhat cranky old man with the well intentioned, but in your business wife who wanted to talk to everyone in English. I couldn’t let them know I was American or the flight was doomed to be unproductive and uncomfortable. I had work to do. As I pulled out a book from my bag, I heard, “Oh honey, look. He has a Cubs patch.”

She had noticed the Cubs patch I had sewn onto my backpack in tribute to my family’s favorite baseball team and my father’s heritage. I could feel the woman’s gaze, but I ignored it. She leaned in across her husband, who unsuccessfully tried to restrict her.

“You have a Cubs patch,” she said directly at me.

I looked at her with wide eyes and tilted my head slightly. What was this woman saying?

“Cubs,” she said, pointing directly at the patch.

After a sufficient pause, I finally said, “Uh…yes…yes” in an accent from a nation I know nothing of.

“Have…you…seen…the…Cubs…play?” she asked as if addressing an animal.

I looked at her again, tilted my head, and added a little brow furrow to illustrate my supposed lack of understanding.

“No…no…” I finally answered, flailing my arms a little for emphasis that I had no idea what she was talking about. She gave up on me. It worked.

For this brief moment, I smiled to myself. I could forget who I was.
IMPORTANT: We have been informed by the police today that another American WWII aircraft bomb has been found at the same construction site as last week (Lindenstraße). The bomb is in a secure state; there is no danger of explosion. The authorities have decided to defuse the bomb on Friday, October 30. In order to do so, a secured zone will be established on that day from 9:00am onwards.

As last Sunday, the NYU Berlin Student Residence is within that secured zone. This means t... See More

Polizei Berlin (@polizeiberlin) | Twitter

Senaste tweets från Polizei Berlin (@polizeiberlin).
Hier twittern &sr, *yt, *ok, *tn & *ovd für die Polizei Berlin. - Keine Notrufe - Keine Anzeigen - Kein 24/7...

TWITTER.COM

Gina Maskell likes this.

Harris Maten Can we have a pizza party?
Like · Reply · 3 · October 28 at 6:58pm

Anne Strauss replied · 3 Replies
Ben Wolf *a lot of fun at a 45 degree angle* | 19
Guten Tag, Berlin!
Na ja, du bist wunderbar.
“Arm, aber sexy.”

Since I have been here,
People are always asking:
“Best thing in Berlin?”

Ist es Tiergarten?
Die Hunde ohne Leine?
Kunstgalerien?

No competition.
The answer’s so obvious.
How do I say this?

Guten Tag, Berlin!
Na ja, du bist wunderbar.
“Arm, aber sexy.”
PRETZELS. Natürlich.
The beer is good, too, of course.
Gluten Tag, Berlin!

Mit Käse? Bitte!
Mit Butter? Ja, warum nicht?
Alle die Brezeln!

Stadtmitte! Rewe!
My dealers are everywhere.
Yes, even Lidl.

Beschissener Tag?
Dann isst du eine Brezel.
Brezeln sind ewig.

Pretzels, I love you.
You’re so fluffy and salty
And reliable.
Moving into conversation that shouldn’t be documented on the internet

ISNT IT GREAT KNOWING THAT NSA IS WATCHING AND LISTENING AND RECORDING AND MAKING A CASE AGAINST US IN THE COURT OF LAW

Delivered

This American Life!
Halloween is Hard To See

Halloween is a San Francisco kid’s favorite holiday: ghosts, ghouls, and your red-headed cousin admitting that he grew his ironic man bun just so he could be a ninja. Once All Hallows’ Eve, it began as period of contemplating death. Pagan or Christian? The debate was greater in earlier times. Today, it’s the day when every mother’s constant worry about her children’s teeth hits a whole new level; when city officials become anxious about drugs and nudity, and when every one is either very laid-back or very ingenious, and maybe even a little subversive.

Despite all of the Jason and Goosebumps references, Halloween is not really about horror — not any more, anyway. The horror part of Halloween is more of a joke — flirting with something that we don’t really know anything about. So, as I walked around in the U-Bahn, seeing only immaculate undead pirates and possessed tree people, something felt missing. They’re not all just parading as World of Warcraft characters, are they? Makeup was better than your favorite low-budget zombie film and someone may have been stitching the costumes together for months, but in the end, it was all just gore…a lot of boring gore.

I missed the last-minute cats and Lebowskis. There was no panicked ingenuity in sight. Maybe Halloween isn’t as popular in Berlin as it is in San Francisco, LA or New York, so not everyone gets dressed up, which highlights those who do and effectively adds a level of self-consciousness to the whole effort. I saw costumes that had a lot of thought, but no surprises. In New York, where any costume is better than no costume, where no costume is unacceptable, quick solutions introduce wit and daring, leavening the overly commercialized. It’s almost as if two strains of American culture appear: the conventional and the individual, the commercial and the DIY. So, maybe the difference between Halloween in Berlin and in New York reflects a deeper cultural difference: America is a country of last-minute solutions, whereas Germany is the only country in Europe with strong social policy and a balanced budget.

As an American in Berlin, though, I just could not get over the feeling that Berliners just don’t get it. Halloween isn’t about being
impeccably gory (although, dressing as Edward Gorey would be a great Halloween costume), rather, it’s a playful competition to see who can be more outlandish, who can wear the joke better, who can do the most with the least. Obscurity can sometimes impress the most; wit is more important than decoration. Berliners seem to go in for the most decorative, as if effect were measured simply by effort and finish.

Halloween in New York is about capturing the moment. We rely on our unique identities and our cheek to synthesize pop culture and riff on political references, and then wear it, become it. Halloween is the day we are most American.

And that’s why Halloween in Berlin is a strange experience for a kid from the U.S., a kid who is missing the guy who dresses up as Jesus, with a shotgun, eating a hamburger, and engaging in some free market trade. But here’s the thing about Germany: It’s kind of a spooky country already. All the forests are thick, it’s always cold, the language is brutal, and the Brothers Grimm cornered the market on scary two centuries ago. Maybe Berliners’ Halloween is a cultural synthesis, not of ephemeral wit, but of their really spooky traditions.
The streets seem smaller now, emptier and with fewer faces to get lost in. Travelled all this way only to discover that there are less people than I thought. Only so many eyes, chins, lips, and then you start to see in others who you already know.

My hips move differently here: they hit the pavement and don’t quit. Bending over cobblestones, I rest my case and wish for more fingers.

A man with sand for eyes licked his teeth and the gangs of boys call out. When thoughts of you aren’t crowding me, there’s a dozen others creeping in. I don’t want to come back to you still wanting.
Leaving Berlin

As I sit in my bed and watch the seasons pass by
Through the cracked window in this overly white room
I wonder if time goes by because the leaves change
from yellow to red to soft ochre
before they reach the frozen ground and tuck themselves in
under a blanket strewn together with crystallized flakes and carbon emissions
Or if seasons change because time’s tugging arrow catches them like a jagged edge
on the snarl of a wooly sweater my mom used to wear but won’t now
since it’s simply no longer the style—a weird thing time is.

My mattress shifts every time you sit the wrong way on it,
and the other day you said not to leave as you picked at
the grey lint stuck to its covers.
Berlin seemed awfully big on the map, as big as the hopes you grew
so easy to plant in a foreign land—
only one of you kept your promise
its serpentine streets pulling me into a warm embrace.

New York makes me feel overwhelmingly small.

I inhale the stale smell of division, of tears,
first hesitant then euphoric unity stitched together
as walls of graffitied cement came crashing down one cold day in November
Fresh wounds stored away in dark corners like jars of conserves never meant to be opened again.

They say the air here is special
It pushes its way through the U-Bahn, weaving past its plush ridiculous seats,
speeding off to the city center
carrying newspapers, advertisements, weary escapees
(‘Give me your tired, your poor,
the wretched refuse of your teeming shore?’
What happened, America? An empty promise, and nothing more?)
This city forgives but she never forgets—
What a beautiful tragedy all of it is!

New York is cold like the last flickering ember
of a once lively fire, extinguished at last curtain call
It’s a theater I’m scared to return to.
(Einundzwanzig, zwanzig, neunzehn).

This place isn’t so beautiful, four months’ not long at all
As I’ve realized through stamped pieces of paper and strange words
that I still haven’t learned to pronounce.
I still cannot order a milchkaffee
without words overflowing and spilling off my tongue
like poorly articulated raindrops.
English it is—they know, as do I—
but I don’t want to know
because soon I’m returning, it’s 18 days now
Before I go back to the place where all that they say
will be so horrendously clear (seventeen, sixteen, fifteen).

Berlin is no Paris or Rome
But it’s her streets my grandfather tread,
his feet worn and bloodied from hundreds of miles
through her sky he waved his red flag;
The same one to which my parents had fled
Zwanzig long years ago.
I wonder if history washes away
as quick as their footsteps did off the cobblestone grey that I trip on
every
beautiful
day
I never have had a home so strange.
I keep counting away and I just can’t relax
I clench my fist as if focus can come
from the marks that my nails leave in my palm;
funfzehn fierzehn dreizehn—what is two weeks?
Don’t you get it?
Berlin is a phoenix
History bleeds from her streets, from her ashes
She never accepts her defeat.
There’s snow on the ground, it’s almost time
I envy Victoria’s Quadriga—the one true Berliner
Stands centuries old, watching it change over time.
Maybe she’ll stay. She can count for me.
And maybe one day I’ll be back
And greet her with her mother tongue rolling off mine
Like cascades I’ve learned to control.

For now though it’s different, they come from my eyes
As I close them just one last time
the night slumps and falls to a corner
and waits for its final goodbye
three, two, one.
Come over to the Wohnzimmer and play the Wii!
You can even make a personalized Mii!
Bowling, tennis, alpine ski.  
Me and you, together, Wii.