

BERLIN STR.

On the magical streets of Berlin there is a "baby boom"

One could say Berliners have a preoccupation with their Kinder. For some, they are a blessing. For others, Children remain a subject of indifference. I'm sure we can all agree that if Children do not receive love they die. Love is a naturally occurring unlimited resource. For those who remain child *free* or child *less* (depending on how you feel it), we bear a responsibility to the Children of Others. We owe them the right to grow. Like plants, Children are architectural. They are an attachment that grows.

1 + 1 + 1 + 1 + everyone

Of one thing you can be sure, the world has done things to you and you've taken those things home.

Your song

What could be more pleasing than writing a name? Any name. Along with your life, somebody gave you a name without your permission. Some people must change their name. What's the difference if the proof of your life is best expressed on walls, needing nothing but the sun in your eyes? I'm here, can you see me? I'm home!

One can always find a way to cash in on somebody else's loan

...nobody rides for free on Planet Caravan. How you come to understand rules and internalise the vernacular of the world can be extremely frustrating. Misunderstanding the rules can even land you in trouble. The power of the law is in its concealment. On many streets the world over, consumption and production synthesise and new currency emerges in the essential trading of waste for cash. We drink out of bottles from womb to tomb.

Of what kind of world are they dreaming?

When the magic wands of Berlin are purchased they have security tags pierced through them, which can only mean that they are in high and demand to the people of the city. When the wand is wielded something is being felt extremely vividly in the mind of its holder.

A right to the city

Residents feel that it's necessary, how else do you build a life?

Who are you when you're at home?

The home can feel like a container, albeit secluded. It is as precious as gold. The membrane between bathroom, bedroom, front door, hallway, and the Johns downstairs... It's all shared airspace. Something is happening to someone. Sometimes it's hard to tell if they're part of your story, or you're part of theirs.