

Berlin is dark and cold these days, and people – if there are any – are grouching at each other. Imagine a city of teeth, the Berliner snout, and you may think that this place really could use a dental center. It happens that only because of missing teeth, people are spitting on each other. And an endless search for the confines of the meaning of a word is in fact what many conversations end up to be about. Centre Dental is not a dental center but a movie, complete fiction, a movie in 3 parts and this 3rd part is for Berlin. Centre Dental is twisted term with a spelling mistake. Like Berlin, Central Dental is constantly moving towards the center while it also is the very center, at least in its own movie, that is also constantly moving towards its own idea of a center. Blinds are permeable, dancing confines between the words in this disfunctional language machine inside the mouth, in the inside of the tooth itself and by dancing with the words down here, Cent Dent lost its re and al and reality became a cheap tooth supplement, which there is actually nothing to argue about anyways.

In the cent, Cent Dent is just a movie, and it's constantly moving towards its cent.

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