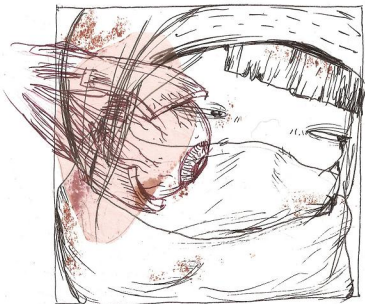



Wasserschlacht




EVERY MORNING, WHILE GOING TO MY GERMAN LESSONS, I USE TO CROSS THE OBERBAUMBRÜCKE, ONE OF THE OLD BORDER THAT ONCE SEPARATED WEST AND EST BERLIN. MANY TIMES I FORGET TO REFLECT ABOUT IT. SO MANY PEOPLE CROSSING IT EVERY DAY, ON THEIR BIKES WITH THE METRO, OR BY CAR. I WONDER IF THEY THINK ABOUT IT. HOWEVER UP TO JUST TWENTY YEARS AGO THE BRIDGE COULD ONLY BE CROSSED IN ONLY ONE DIRECTIONS: FROM WEST TO EAST AND VERY RARELY, OF COURSE AND WITH SPECIAL PERMISSION.



MAYBE NEITHER THE PEOPLE FROM FRIEDRICHSHAIN NOR THE ONES FROM KREUZBERG LIKE THE IDEA OF BEING UNDER THE SAME DISCRIT, OR PERHAPS IT'S JUST PLAIN RIVARLY BETWEEN NEIGHBOURHOODS BUT THE FACT IS THAT ONCE IN A YEAR THE OBERBAUMBRÜCKE BECOMES THE SCENE OF AN INCREDIBLE BATTLE: THE WASSERSCHLACHT OR BETTER; THE BATTLE OF WATER AND VEGETABLES.



EQUIPPED WITH DIVING MASKS, SHIELD OF CARDBOARD, VEGETABLES BOXES, ROTTEN FRUITS, WATER CANNONS AND TRUCKS DISGUISED AS TANKS (WHICH ARE REGULARLY BURNED) THAT'S THE BATTLE STYLE OF THE TWO SIDES' WARRIORS.



WE FIGHT BECAUSE THOSE 'KREUZBERGER' MUST UNDERSTAND THAT THEY ARE OLD THEY DON'T WORK AND THEY SPEND ALL THEIR MAYS EATING KEBAB

AMONG FIGHTERS' GENERAL DISMAY, THIS ACT GAVE THE OPPORTUNITY TO KREUZBERGERS TO CATCH UP AND FIGHT OVER, AS THE OLD WOMAN AS DIVINE INTERVENTION, LIKE SANOFARC



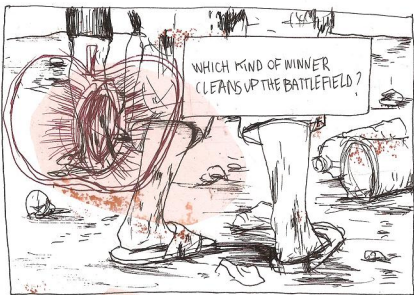
ONE YEAR WHEN KREUZBERGER WERE RETREATING, AN ELDERLY LADY JUMPED IN THE MIDDLE OF THE BATTLE WAVING "MAGIC WEAPONS"



IF KREUZBERGERS THINK THAT THIS LADY WAS SENT BY GOD...

I THINK THEY SHOULD STOP TO SMOKE POTS

NORMALLY THERE IS NO REAL ENDING, WHO EVER WINS IS NEVER CLEAR, OR RATHER: BOTH PARTS HAVE ALWAYS DIFFERENT OPINIONS. PEOPLE FROM FRIEDRICHSHAIN ASSERT THEIR VICTORY AND THEY CLEAN UP THE BRIDGE BECAUSE IT IS IN THEIR TERRITORY, WHILE THE KREUZBERGERS ARGUE TO BE THE WINNERS AT THE SAME TIME.



TO ME, USUALLY SEEING ON THE WALLS OF MY HOME TOWN WRITING LIKE "BOLOGNA STINKS!" AND THE RESULTING ANSWER: YOU STINK 'DIRTY BASTARD!' IT'S FASCINATING TO DISCOVER THAT EVEN AFTER A BATTLE LIKE THIS, THE CITY IS LOVINGLY CLEANED

THE SENSELESSNESS OF THIS VEGETABLES WAR IS FOR ME A STRUGGLING AND DESTABILIZING POEM, NARRATED THROUGH THE STREETS OF BERLIN, DRAWN SILENTLY AROUND THE GHOST OF THE WALL. WHISPERED SLOWLY, FOR NOT WAKING HIM UP.

