BRIDGE IN BERLIN
Ole Pihl

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Fragments of a journey between Necropolis and Elysium

“What is great in man is that he is a bridge and not an end: what can be loved in man is that he is an overture and a going under...

Friedrich Nietzsche

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Daedalus/Daidalos


Daidalos was a skillful craftsman, architect and artist in Athens. Driven by jealousy and envy Daidalo pushed his cousin over the edge of the cliff at Acropolis. For that crime he was convicted to exile on Crete. On Crete Daidalos created a wide dancing-ground for Ariadne, the daughter of King Minos and he also created the Labyrinth, in which the Minotaur (part man, part bull) was kept. It was build for King Minos, who was in need for a prison for his wife’s monster son the Minotaur. The Athenian hero Theseus kills the Minotaur, finding his way with the help of Ariadne’s thread, that was a gift from Daidalos to Ariadne. As punishment Daidalos and his son Ikaros was thrown into the Labyrinth and they only escape it when Daidalos build wings to both of them, unfortnally Ikaros came to close to the sun and fall into the sea.

Stephen Dedalus, is also the main character in the novel “A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man” by James Joyce, as well as an important character in Joyce’s novel “Ulysses”.

Steven Daidalos

Steven Daidalos Senior

Karl Friedrich Schinkel

Dr. Rinko

Commissioner Meidner

Albert Einstein

The female thief

Stevens mother
“Tell me who doesn’t love what can never come back”.  
Robert Smith The Cure

How do the people live in that city, what are they thinking?

Is it just a parallel dimension, where our mirror twins live a slightly different or perhaps dramatically life?

When the rain falls in the streets, they become a mirror and I see the city under the city.

Perhaps they have taken some other choices and moved along other paths and streets, that makes everything different.

In which world do I Steven Daidalos belong?
At dawn the city is my own and it feels like there are endless possibilities, I have not yet chosen which path and street I will follow.

The moment is open, everything is possible, I become something new, but who will I be?
Yesterday I met a monk, who said: “According to Buddhism, that “I,” that “self” we think we know, is actually nothing but a dream created by ourselves out of our own desires.”

So now I wonder, is my big ego after all really just a dream?

When I enter this daydream, I create a path, a track, a direction of movements in time and space, my forward movement creates a space around me, of new moments.

But all my tracks behind me disappear in the white snow of infinite yesterdays, so do I have any direction at all, or do I walk in circles?
Perhaps everything I’m and I know is just this daydream created by my ego, I guess that I must accept it or change it, but how can I change a dream?

My life consists of thousands of these moments, footprints that disintegrate behind me.

Often I feel that I walk on thin ice and I can really hear how it’s cracking, but the street in front of me is black asphalt. There must be others who feel the same way.

There is only this moment my footprints are creating in the snow, everything else is just reminiscences created out of my movements.