

# **BRIDGE IN BERLIN**

Bridge in Berlin  
Fragments of a journey between  
Necropolis and Elysium  
By Ole Pihl  
www.olepihl.com

First edition, dissemination  
© The author & Aalborg University Press, 2016  
Text and graphical design: Ole Pihl  
ISBN: 978-87-7112-576-4  
Printed by Toptryk Grafisk ApS, 2016

Published by:  
Aalborg University Press  
Skjernvej 4A, 2nd floor  
DK – 9220 Aalborg  
Denmark  
Phone: (+45) 99407140  
E-mail: [aauf@forlag.aau.dk](mailto:aauf@forlag.aau.dk)  
[forlag.aau.dk](http://forlag.aau.dk)

This publication is financially supported by  
Dreyers fond and  
Department of Architecture, Design  
and Media Technology, Aalborg University

Thanks to Dreyer Fonden,  
Pergamon Museum in Berlin,  
The Glyptothek in München,  
Danish Embassy in Berlin  
AD:MT staff VIP&TAP,  
Susanne Mainsøe, Christian Pihl,  
Henning Kure, Jens-Martin Eriksen,  
Torben Drejergaard.  
The Gallery Mainsøe in Mauerstrasse.  
John & Kirsten Pihl

All rights reserved. No part of this book may  
be reprinted or reproduced or utilized in any  
form or by any electronic, mechanical or other  
means, now known or hereafter invented,  
including photocopying and recording, or in  
any information storage or retrieval system,  
without permission in writing from the  
publishers, except for reviews and short  
excerpts in scholarly publications.

Ole Pihl

# BRIDGE IN BERLIN

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*

AALBORG UNIVERSITY PRESS



**Steven Daidalos Junior**



**Steven Daidalos**



**Steven Daidalos Senior**



**Karl Friedrich Schinkel**



**Dr. Rinko**



**Commissioner Meidner**



**Albert Einstein**



**The female thief**



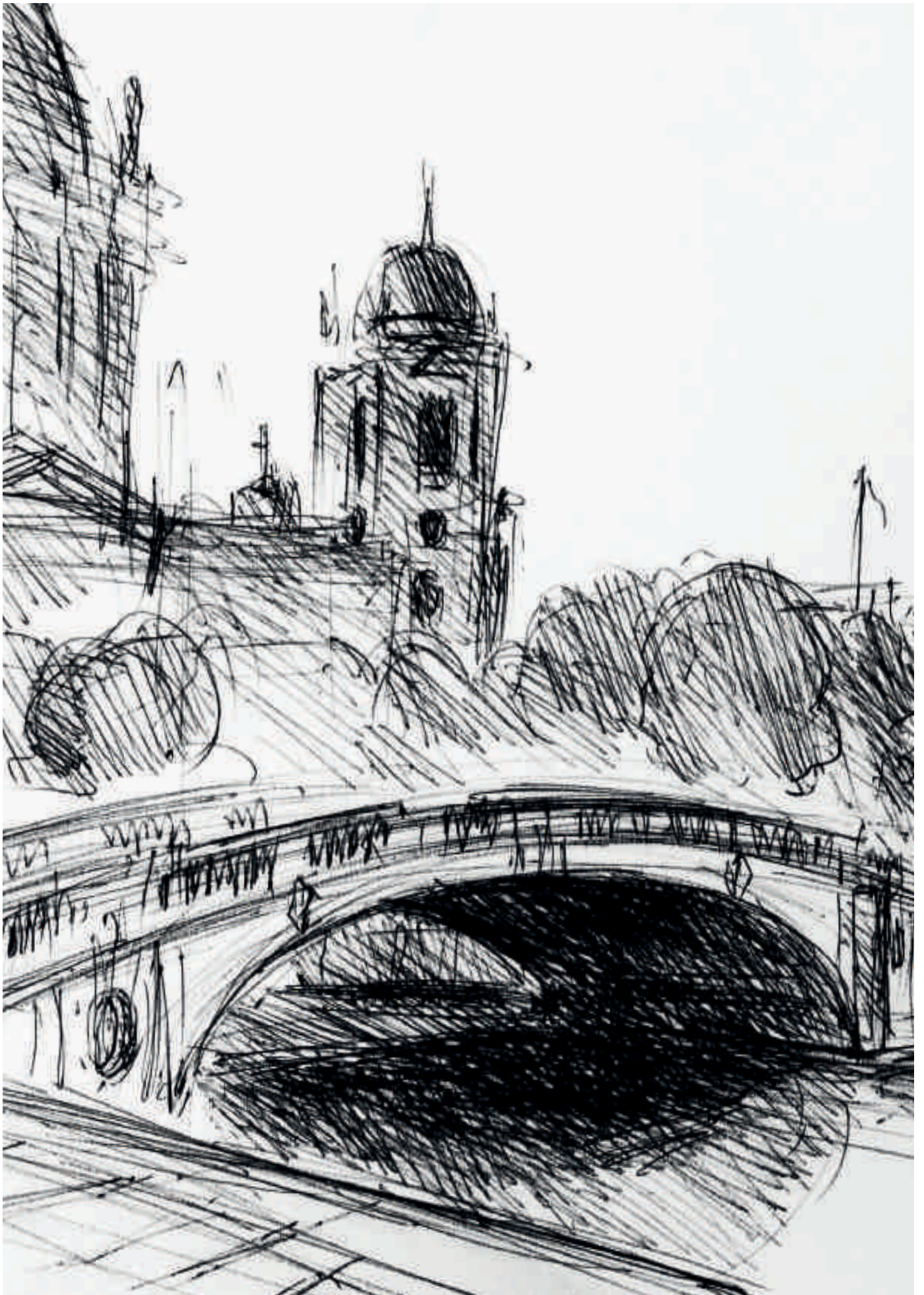
**Stevens mother**

**Daedalus/Daidalos**

In Greek mythology, Daedalus.  
Ancient Greek: Δαίδαλος Daidalos.  
Latin: Daedalus.

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 Labyrint 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".





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


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

*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?*

*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?*

A dark, atmospheric illustration of a city at night. In the foreground, a man in a dark suit walks through a field of rubble and debris. The background features a large, ornate building with a dome and several windows, some of which are illuminated. The sky is dark and filled with smoke or clouds, with a few stars visible. The overall mood is somber and contemplative.

*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?*



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

*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.*

*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?*