

# zurückERZÄHLT

ein Hörspaziergang in die Geschichte von 106 Schwarzen Menschen am Treptower Karpfenteich  
1896

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Sound | Katharina Pelosi

Produktion | studio lärm

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*Die Zuhörer\*in sitzt auf der Bank und blickt auf den Karpfenteich.*

*Zu hören ist realistische Parkatmo (Raschelnde Bäume) und Wasser-Sound. dann Frösche. (Paddeln?). Ein Spiel mit Realität und Sound-Illusion. Nicht zu abstrakt. Es geht um die akustische Verankerung am Ort.*

**BRUCE**

*(zur Hörer\*in gewandt)*

Hello, do you mind if I take a seat? I'll just take a seat. It's been a long journey. I live in Paris now. But I'm playing a concert here today. In Berlin, where I studied piano. I'm old now, but my fingers still skip across the keys as quickly as they did back then. I fly away with the notes, wherever I want.

*Einen kurzen Moment ist ein Klavier zu hören (Bruce-Signature-Sound). Bruce setzt sich akustisch links neben Zuhörer\*in. Klavier taucht zwischendurch immer wieder auf.*

*(schaut aufs wasser, geradeaus gesprochen)*

I've been here before. In another time. I was just a kid then.  
Over there, on the other side of the water. That's where I spent a summer.

Look (at), the water, it's always there. Reflects the shoreline and the sky. Trees, in the changing of the seasons. And in the changing times. It connects this side and the other, the present and the story we're about to tell.

Every place has a story to tell. No, not one, but many.

When you stand up and look around, through the trees you see a story built in stone, a place of remembrance and great storytelling

*(zur Hörer\*in gewandt)*

If you look across over the water, you'll see trees, clearings on the shoreline, the hanging branches of the beeches directly opposite. Maybe there are people there right now, relaxing in a peaceful place. But what you don't see is its history. That's invisible. The sign at the entrance to the park mentions historic lines of sight, but it doesn't tell us what stories the eye is meant to capture. Yet something whispers among the trees.

That summer, more than a hundred years ago, the water didn't just reflect the trees with their drooping branches, but straight, tall palm trees between them. Next to them were flagpoles. The images of colourful canoes and huts, built on stilts in the water, were blurrily reflected in the rippling water. The thatched huts were dotted all along the shore between the trees. A fortress wall rose up as tall as the treetops behind these hanging beech trees, above which another flag flew. The trees rustled in the wind even then, but during the day the place was filled with the noise of many, many people. They came to look. They came to look at us.

The story I'm about to walk you through is about that summer in 1896. It's the story of how 106 people from the former German colonies left their mark on this place for one summer. They came from different places and from very different lives. From what is now Togo, Cameroon, Papua New Guinea, Namibia and Tanzania, and from Berlin.

Some were poor, some rich, some left again and some stayed. Three of them died here – that summer.

They all left traces. They're not visible. They have no monument, over there beyond the water.

But they're reflected in the ripples of the water, whispering from the leaves and branches of these trees. Just listen, look around you. I'll show you the way. Come on, let's go, to the other side, around the lake to the right.

*Klavier. Bruce wechselt akustisch auf die rechte Seite.*

I'll move to your other side so you can see the water.

The voices will always come from different directions. Let them guide you.

Now take your time walking, look around. We'll meet over there. On the other side – at the next spot where there's an open view over the lake – there are more benches along the path there. Wait for me there.

*Klavier. geht über zu Musik*

[Weg I - Katharina Oguntoye I und Vorstellung des Ensembles](#)

**Charakter:** Katharina Oguntoye (Interview) und Ensemble (4 Stimmen)

*Die Zuhörer\*in macht sich auf den Weg. Treffpunkt andere Seeseite, Bänke.*

*Musik. modern, abstrakt, rhythmisch, leicht. Nicht zu dicht. Lücke als Stichwort. Grundton der Szene: Gegenwärtig. Dokumentarisch.*

#### **KATHARINA OGUNTOYE**

O-Ton Interview anspielen, dann in die Übersetzung, evtl. auch die Enden wieder O-Ton.

#### **YASMINA // KATHARINA OGUNTOYE**

Yes, invisible histories is (actually) a very good keyword, because that was actually the defining feature of Black history in Germany, that is, being very visible as a Black person and invisible at the same time. And because people know very little about racism, don't know a lot about the history of Africa, don't know a lot about colonial history (...), all this is only now really emerging into mainstream awareness... That's made the individual stories of African people very invisible too.

*Musik*

#### **YASMINA // KATHARINA OGUNTOYE**

(My name is Katharina Oguntoye.) I'm a historian and project manager. For 26 years I've been running Joliba e.V. - Intercultural Network in Berlin, in Kreuzberg. I worked on the book *Farbe bekennen* (Showing Our Colors) over 30 years ago with my colleague May Ayim and then published my master's thesis in '97, which was research on the history and life of African people in Germany.

*Musik.*

**YASMINA // KATHARINA OGUNTOYE**

With *Showing Our Colors*, we were lucky enough to have these older sisters, who were 60 and 65 at the time, who told us their story. (That was, so to speak)... The moment they told their story our story became visible. Basically, we have to pay tribute to them again because they gave us the story of this recent past. By telling us about their invisible history.

*Musik.*

**YASMINA // KATHARINA OGUNTOYE**

Then I went and looked at the Imperial Colonial Office files and was able to find over a hundred people with names and their histories. But the story told in these files is one of conflict. So someone applying for proof of citizenship, or someone wants to get married and wants to have papers for it. Yes, those are the conflicts. But I knew, I have a normal life too. I don't just have a life full of conflicts. And where do you find normal life anyway? You can only find it if you really let the stories be told.

*Musik.*

**YASMINA // KATHARINA OGUNTOYE**

None of that is researched. It's a gap that's been produced so to speak, because it's been produced by ignorance (laughs).

*Musik. begleitet das Ensemble. Wird etwas dichter? rhythmischer?*

**MMAKGOSI**

Sometimes you can't piece together how things were, but you can ask the question, what might have been.

**NANA**

What if...  
Hello, I'm Nana Boadum. I'm a member of the ensemble that will tell this story of many voices here.

**STEVE**

The story of the 106 Black people at the Karpfenteich.

**JOY**

These are stories that are told with and against the archive at the same time.

Joy Frempong, also an actress/a performer.

**STEVE**

Stories that start with entries in lists, with documents in archives - stories that we don't want to leave there.

*(anderes Sprechen, wie aus Rolle raus)* I'm Steve Mekoudja, actor and also a member of the ensemble for the audiowalk.

**MMAKGOSI**

(Hi,) I'm Mmakgosi Kgabi, actress/performer.

Our voices will tell the stories of real people.  
Of a woman fighting for resistance, a prince, the daughter of a businessman, a priest,

**STEVE**

of a weaver, a goldsmith, a child who was not allowed to be a child,

**JOY**

of a teacher, a father, an interpreter, a businessman, a widow, a mother, a politician, a peasant,

**NANA** *(Tempo steigert sich)*

of the fastest apprentice shoemaker of the year 1893 in Berlin,

**ENSEMBLE (ALLE EINSPRECHEN)**

*(etwas schneller)*

**JOY**

of a schoolgirl,

**NANA**

(of) an orphan,

**STEVE**

(of) an independent child,

**MMAKGOSI**

(of) an obstinate child,

**NANA**

of a peasant woman,

*(Tempo fängt sich wieder, wird langsamer)*

**JOY**

of brothers, sisters,

**MMAKGOSI**

of a pianist,

**NANA**

Of a person whose look I interpret as sceptical.

**JOY**

At the same time they represent everyone –

**NANA**

those whose names we only know too.

**STEVE**

They are a chorus.

**MMAKGOSI**

Their voices resound in the refrain of the wind in the leaves, and in the rippling of the water.

**STEVE**

Our voices tell individual strands of the story –

**NANA**

yet it's a collective story.

**JOY**

We are a chorus.

*(Pause)*

**STEVE**

I'm thinking about what if...?

**NANA**

I think about what really was! The palm trees were really here. The colonial flags and the gawking public. And the degrading examinations were well documented during the pseudo-scientific racist research carried out by the ethnologist Felix Luschan.

**JOY**

I look at the photos of the people from back then. A whole wall full. They were part of those studies. The photographer behind the camera: Luschan's wife.

**MMAKGOSI**

I imagine this situation. Looking into the eyes of these people. Many looking back with a critical look in their eye.

**STEVE**

They look into the camera's eye...

**ENSEMBLE (ALLE EINSPRECHEN)**

**JOY**

Is it scepticism?

**NANA**

Mistrust?

**STEVE**

Superiority?

**MMAKGOSI**

Hurt?

**NANA**

Anger?

**YAMINA// KATHARINA OGUNTOYE**

Yes, the photos leave a deep impression. (So because yes,....) because you practically meet the eyes, the faces of the people. But it's also a bit sad that you know so little about their individual fates. And yes, through my work I know some names, of course, and that's reminded me that I need to study this again very carefully (*lacht*). Just because it's so interesting too. Maybe seeing people (in a picture) I've only seen in the files before (that).

**JOY**

Take a look at this, Katharina Margaretha Draghoener, from Gibeon. She's 50 years old. Her gaze is straight as an arrow. You can't fool her!

**STEVE**

I will imagine the rest of the stories. Follow the trail of the chorus into history: what if...

**MMAKGOSI**

What if the women instigated the protests against the photos and the examinations? For example, Avlesi, Adoko and Kai Doivi.... There are no photos of them...

**NANA**

We will tell the rest of the stories to answer back to the way Black people are recorded in history.

## JOY/MMAKGOSI

I'm thinking about what if...?

## MMAKGOSI/JOY

It's a shimmer of the possible.

A love letter to all those who have been hurt and forgotten.

*Musik*

106 Namen I  
Charakter: Ensemble

*in Klangfläche für Namen. Ruhig. Gedenken.*

*Ensemble spricht abwechselnd die Namen. Nicht wie Liste!! Stimmen kommen aus allen Richtungen. auch oben und unten?*

**Namen in anderer Reihenfolge!**

### ALLE 4 ENSEMBLE-STIMMEN

Kekui Agnes Bruce (Koque?)  
Kwassi Bruce  
Ohui Creppy  
Dassi (Comfort) Creppy  
John Calvert Nayo Bruce  
Joseph Amemenjong Garber  
Samuel Kuevi Garber  
Jokoto (Djokoto)  
Beribinjong  
Hundjo  
Adoko  
Amonin (Amoni)  
Amuzu  
Alugba (Aluba)  
Tete (Titti)  
Abotsi (Abodje, Abuki)  
Felte  
Kai Doivi  
Johnson Kwe Foli (Johnsonque)  
Latekve (?), Lateque

Minomekpo (Minonegbo)  
Kofi  
Peter Ahluvi Lawson (Auluvi)  
Ananin (Anani)  
Isa bin Saidi (Isar bin Laidi)  
Nasoro bin Saidi  
Msaki (Missikki/Mssiki)

*Musik. Klavier kommt rein.*

Wegbegleitung und Szene 1: Show Biz

**Charakter:** Bruce und Ensemble

*Die Zuhörer\*in sitzt auf der Bank am anderen Ufer. Bruce weist den Weg in den historischen Ort und zur Szene am See.*

**BRUCE**

Hey, I didn't even introduce myself before. My name is Kwassi Bruce. Of course I'm a fabulation too. But that's another story.

This story is about our past. The story of that summer when I was still a child. I was here with my family and many others. They had built a colonial exhibition. Look up ahead on the right, at the crossroads, that's where the entrance gate was.

*Sound des Publikums in der Ferne zu hören.*

**BRUCE**

Every day the audience came. My big sister Kekui and I used to run to the gate in the morning. People came from outside and paid admission. 50 pfennigs, reduced price 30.

At the bend in the path on the right, that's where they came from.  
Come on, let's go there.

*Sound des Publikums wird lauter/kommt näher. (Frösche?)*

Sometimes I wiggled my way through the gaps in the fence to look at the gate from the outside. Jackson and Rombea looked creepy as guards with their spears under the huge thatched roof. They always had to start work before anyone else.

I knew that they were protecting me. When I was afraid of the day, Kekui would tell me the story that the gate was the entrance to a mythical world of giant powerful birds. One night the bird would fly up into the sky with me and I would see the lights of the city from above – and fly to the stars.

Kekui told me about life in the city too. About shop windows with hats. About boxes on the streets that you only have to turn and music comes out. And about painful looks and strict teachers. Kekui had already been here for six years. Our father had given her to a family on one of his trips to Europe so that she could go to school here.

**NANA**

They're here!

*Zirkusrad/Leierkasten/Karussel-Sound beginnt*

**BRUCE:**

Kekui's calls wake me from my dreams. I slip through the fence. She's not her usual self. Excited, frightened somehow. Pulls me behind the bushes towards the water.

**NANA**

Come with me quickly, I have to hide.

*Zirkusrad/Leierkasten/Karussel-Sound kommt näher.*

**BRUCE**

Do you see the path on the left there? Behind the sign? We ran down that path – down to the water. Follow us as far as the clearing.

*Kindergereenne?*

We stood down there, half hidden behind a canoe and looked back towards the path. Kekui was staring nervously at the people passing by.

**NANA**

My class! They're here. Of all places. This was bound to happen. I should be with them. Going to school. If I want to be a teacher, I have to take the exams! But now I'm here.

Why did my parents take me out of school??

It's nice to be back with them after being alone here for so long, but I miss school. I miss my friend Agnes. Jumping rope was the most fun with her. But I'm afraid that the others will laugh at me again too.

Kwassi! Should I go over there now? Should I say hello? Or hide?

*Zirkusrad/Leierkasten/Karussel-Sound umgibt nun Hörer\*in. Sehr präsent. Publikum?*

*Sound kommt immer wieder aus anderen Richtungen. Soll Hörer\*in zum Drehen animieren.*

*Temposteigerungen, Zirkusrad/Leierkasten/Karussel-Sound "überdreht", Gefühl fast aus Karussell rauszufliegen.*

*Sprechsound dreht im Uhrzeigersinn von Stimme zu Stimme*

**STEVE**

*(nüchtern gesprochen)*

Get up at 6. It's cold. Wash, get dressed. Put the mattress to one side. Sweep. Have breakfast.

**JOY**

The first school classes, groups of factory workers arrive. And gentlemen in black suits, with ladies in puffy skirts on their arm. They strut through our courtyard, inspect our rooms, take a look. And then scurry off.

**NANA**

*(trocken, sachlich)*

The weaver weaves, the basket-maker braids, the blacksmith forges.

Nets are mended, flour is milled, boats are painted, sails are dried, laundry is washed.

**MMAKGOSI**

10 o'clock. Food distribution. Every day the same rations.

Cooking is done in the shared yard in the fortress. The rice smells sweet, on top of it the heavy spice of the curry that Masharifa and Saida are cooking. The audience watches.

We eat. The audience watches.

**JOY**

1 o'clock. Finally a break.

**NANA**

2 o'clock, put on our costumes, sort out the boats, over by the barracks Frederick and Josaphat hitch the oxen to the cart.

**STEVE**

3 o'clock, the show begins. Drumming, rattles, singing, calls, the smack of the paddles, the creaking of the cart.

The audience gets going.

*(Sound fährt hoch)*

**JOY**

Laughing, shouting, clapping, stamping.

*(Sound verstummt kurz)*

- and looks.

**MMAKGOSI**

Curious looks, sardonic looks, puzzled looks, cold looks, shy looks, painful looks, amorous looks, examining looks. Loud and quiet.

*Zirkusrad/Leierkasten/Karussel-Sound dreht langsam wieder hoch. Leiert?*

**STEVE**

It spins and spins.

**NANA**

Spins and spins.

Until dusk.

**JOY**

Finally peace and quiet.

No more looks.

*Ruhe in die Stimmrichtung bringen.*

*Zirkusrad/Leierkasten/Karussel-Sound in den Hintergrund. verstummt.*

**NANA**

Take off our costumes.

Dinner.

Exhausted bodies.

**STEVE**

Playing games. Hanging around. And sometimes tears.

**MMAKGOSI**

Mzee plays the violin. A flute. Talking. Arguing. Songs and laughter.

**JOY**

The scenes of the day. The stiff strut of the monocle man, the row of soldiers, like puppets...

*Zirkusrad/Leierkasten/Karussel-Sound dreht langsam wieder hoch, steht kurz allein.  
dann Stimme aus anderer Richtung als eben.*

**STEVE**

*lesend. belustigt?*

Look at this document: "Register sheet 21/12 95 concerning return of colonial department 18838."

**MMAKGOSI**

*lesend. belustigt*

"Therefore, it would be necessary to choose plants that would give the whole thing an even more characteristic appearance, namely palm trees..."

*Zirkusrad/Leierkasten/Karussel-Sound dreht langsam wieder hoch, steht kurz allein.  
dann Stimme aus anderer Richtung als eben.*

**NANA**

Do you want to buy a postcard? Take a photo of me as a real fetish priest? Costs one mark.

*Zirkusrad/Leierkasten/Karussel-Sound  
Überall ist etwas. Publikum/Frösche?  
Stimme kommt aus anderer Richtung.*

**JOY**

There's no business like showbusiness. They made good money with us. The exhibition made a 70,000 Reichsmark profit. More than two million people were here in those six months. The cash register rings – and we're badly paid.

*Die Ensemble-Stimmen sprechen abwechselnd die Höhe ihrer Löhne aus.*

*Klang aus verschiedenen Richtungen.*

**ENSEMBLE (ALLE AUFNEHMEN)**

**STIMMEN** *durcheinander (mal ruhig, sachlich, mal agitatorisch, mal knurrend)*

**STEVE**

I make 20 marks a month here as a blacksmith.

**JOY**

I make 10 marks (*w*)

**NANA**

I make 10 too, and so does my friend Chingongoa!

**STEVE**

13! (m)

**MMAKGOSI**

10! (w)

**STEVE**

13! (m)

**MMAKGOSI**

I'm a carpenter and I make 20 marks a month here. My apprentice less than 7.

**NANA**

10! (w)

**JOY**

15 (w)

**MMAKGOSI**

15 (w)

**STEVE**

16 (m)

**NANA**

The 7 marks a month that my little sister Aoze is supposed to get in wages and my 13 marks a month go to this man Mr Knochenbauer, who "bought us freedom" us from our slave-owner. And he earns 350 marks a month as a district clerk in Lindi – I've seen a letter!

**STEVE**

I make 20! (m)

**JOY**

20! (w)

**MMAKGOSI**

10

**NANA**

Me too! (w)

**JOY**

15 (w)

**STEVE**

*(reading?)*

"We demand a monthly wage of 150 marks for me and 120 for my assistant Samuel Garber. 40 a month for each man and 30 for each woman." (m)

**JOY**

*(ärgerlich, verächtlich)* Did you let them negotiate you down to 20 for each of us? (w)

**STEVE**

In Togo, I made 30 marks a month as a porter.

**NANA**

I spoke to an exhibition guide. He earns 10 marks a day!

**ENSEMBLE (ALLE EINSPRECHEN)**

In one day?? **(mehrere Stimmen)**

*Zirkusrad/Leierkasten/Karussell-Sound aus anderer Richtung*

**MMAKGOSI**

I won't let this happen to me again, that I'm standing next to a white man on a stage without pay. This time they'll pay.

**JOY (w)**

What if we did our own show? Took the money ourselves? We could tour through Europe together, we'd be our own bosses.

**NANA (w)**

And then we'll make them pay for EVERY photo!

*Zirkusrad/Leierkasten/Karussell-Sound*

Wegbegleitung und Szene 2: Auf dem Wasser

**Charakter:** Bruce und Ensemble

*Sound:*

*Hält erst Energielevel – Publikum verschwindet zu Szene 2 hin im Hintergrund – Sound geht hin zu Nacht. Wasser. Reflexion.*

*Zirkusrad/Leierkasten/Karussell-Sound, aka: Show-Biz-Sound. Klavier mischt sich kurz dazu, wenn Bruce anfängt zu reden. Es herrscht noch immer die Show-Biz Stimmung. Bruce übertönt mit seiner Stimme die Klänge. Beim Verlassen des Ortes wird alles etwas ruhiger. Das Publikum entfernt sich. Als würde man sich von einem stressigen, lauten Ort entfernen.*

**BRUCE**

*(muss sich etwas anstrengen, um die lautstärke des showbiz zu übertönen)*

*Zirkusrad/Leierkasten/Karussell-Sound, aka: Show-Biz-Sound.*

*Klavier mischt sich kurz dazu?*

## BRUCE

Nayo, my father, started a show business a year and a half later with Dassy and Amanoua. They toured all over Europe with different casts. Made the colonial gaze a source of income. My younger siblings were all born in Europe. Pietro, for example, in Bologna, Annie in Kaltenkirchen, Fritz in Brussels, Victoria in London, Cäcilie in Dortmund, Lydia in Kiev, and then Guillaume, yes Guillaume, in Baku.

But that's another story. Right now I'm telling you about that summer at the Karpfenteich. Come on, let's keep walking. Let me show you the scenery they built around us back then. We'll go back to the path and continue around the lake to the left.

*Zirkusrad/Leierkasten/Karussel-Sound, Show\_Biz-Sound, Publikum.  
(nüchterner Ton)*

There were huts along the path. Round and oblong ones. And then, on the right side of the path, the fortress. A palisade fence several meters high, reinforced in the lower part by a thick mud wall. That's where we lived. To give the audience the feeling of winning a battle when they entered, Beribinjong and Meli had to stand there all day with their spears looking fierce on the high stand.

Take a look now, when the view opens out over the lake. Stand there for a moment. The fortress stood there on the right and on the left you could see into the distance, over the shimmering lake. They built parts of the great trade exhibition over there, which they called the Modern Age or Civilization.

Behind the trees opposite, shone a gleaming dome; on the right, on the short side of the lake, were the walls, towers and buildings of an old Berlin. All in red stone. Tall pointed towers and castle battlements. The scenery looked powerful and huge. But they must have altered the perspective... Tinai told me one evening that the buildings are very small when you see them close up.

The huts here, walls there, that's how they built their world. And our scenery.

*Zirkusrad/Leierkasten/Karussel-Sound, Show\_Biz-Sound, schon etwas zurückgenommener, in die Ferne gerückt.*

Let's go down there under the hanging beech trees. To the shore of the lake. You can go cross-country, or go in to the left back there.

*Zirkusrad/Leierkasten/Karussel-Sound, Show\_Biz-Sound verschwindet ganz. Hörer\*in hört Wasser. See. Gemischt mit leisem Rascheln der Trauerbuche, Frösche? – ASMR mäßig ruhig, meditativ.*

**Charakter:** Tinai von Ensemble gesprochen (mehrstimmiger Monolog)

*Ruhige Stimmen. Nächtliche Atmosphäre. Wasser-Sound. Frösche. Sie können von verfremdet (Show-Biz/Publikum zu echten Fröschen werden. Sie verschwinden im Laufe der Szene.*

*Das Ensemble spricht gemeinsam Tinai - Perspektive wechselt über die Zeit von aussen nach innen.*

*Sind die Stimmen mal rechts, mal links zu hören? Auf jeden Fall sehr nah!*

**STEVE**

It's night-time.

**NANA**

Tinai is sitting at the lakeshore.

**MMAKGOSI**

The noisy day of show business is now silent.

**JOY**

The drooping branches of the weeping beeches whisper softly in the wind.

**STEVE**

The rough hands cut by plantation work play with the white shell money.

*Muscheln klimpern, klappern, rascheln, rasseln.*

**JOY**

A familiar clicking.

**NANA**

The clear sky is reflected in the smooth water.

**MMAKGOSI**

*(die folgenden Teile schneller aufeinanderfolgend)*

Tinai was with ToKinkin and the others at the New Guinea Company business dinner. Sumptuous food served by servants. Alcohol and laughing men in fine fabrics.

**JOY**

Coffee beans from Ralum were passed from hand to hand. Appreciative, proud. But we, who grew and harvested the coffee, were not mentioned.

**NANA**

ToKinkin held a speech. Tokulap translated. The journey to Berlin was long and arduous, he said. Two months.

**ENSEMBLE (ALLE EINSPRECHEN) : bis *I feel afraid.***

**STEVE**

And he said:

**JOY**

Berlin is cold. If you stay in this place for too long, you might die.

**NANA**

I felt afraid.

**MMAKGOSI**

So many of us were already sick.

**JOY**

In hospital. Pneumonia.

**MMAKGOSI**

Yuma and Salim died.

**NANA**

And Gaiga Bell...

**STEVE**

...fell into the water three days ago during the canoe race.

**JOY**

And today he had to go to hospital with a high fever.

**MMAKGOSI**

I feel afraid.

*(Pause)*

**NANA**

On the way back from the business dinner, the buildings, the streets passed us by. Us in the cab. In the entrances of the buildings, figures cowered. Sleeping.

**JOY**

This image doesn't fit the lavish spread of the evening either.

**STEVE**

*(ab hier ruhig, langsam)*

Tinai runs his hands through the water. It's cold.

**JOY**

It doesn't smell of salt.

**NANA**

The stars reflected in the water catch Tinai's eye.

**MMAKGOSI**

His eyes follow their trail to the other side of the shore. Towering spires, a gleaming dome behind the trees, and on the bank to the right, the battlements of medieval Berlin.

**STEVE**

People work in this scenery too. Perform another time period for the laughing audience.

**JOY**

The laughter sounds different there.

**MMAKGOSI**

*(bestimmt)*

I'll row across.

**NANA**

Tinai pushes the canoe into the water.

*Sanfter Stimmungswechsel. Ruder-Sounds beginnen (wir hören sie aus Tinais Perspektive). Frösche verstummen langsam. Wassersound verändert sich. Wir sind auf dem See.*

**JOY**

I climb into the boat, push myself off with the oar.

**STEVE**

The boat glides across the lake.

**MMAKGOSI**

It's raining. The drops make circles in the water and the stars begin to dance.

**NANA**

I row faster. Heading for the red buildings on the lakeshore.

**STEVE**

When I arrive, I turn the boat around. The rear end bumps lightly against the red wall.  
It sounds hollow.

*Sound, Stoß gegen Pappe.*

**JOY**

Look up. The facade slowly softens – behind it only hollow scaffolding.

**MMAKGOSI**

Smiling.

*sehr kurze Pause*

**NANA**

A stroke of the oar. The boat glides across the water again.

**STEVE**

In the middle of the lake the raindrops stop.

**JOY**

I pull the oar in. The boat turns slowly in a circle.

**MMAKGOSI**

Smiling. I look at of the different sceneries on the shores.

**NANA**

All the facades equally far away. The scenery of their dreams – just wood and cardboard.

**ENSEMBLE (ALLE EINSPRECHEN)**

**STEVE**

The boat turns.

**JOY**

Stars in the sky, their reflection in the water.

*Stimmungswechsel. Es wird noch stiller. Nur noch „Im See treiben“ und leichte Wasser Sounds*

**MMAKGOSI**

I look up and drift among the stars.

**NANA**

The boat floats.

**JOY**

In the middle.

**MMAKGOSI**

In another world.

**STEVE**

In another time.

Wegbegleitung und Szene 3: Widerständig

**Charakter:** Bruce und Ensemble

*Langsam kommt das Klavier rein.  
Es bleibt erstmal ruhig und langsam.  
Die Szene klingt nach (Wasser).*

**BRUCE**

*(Ruhig, fast beruhigend)*

Let's start walking again. Return to the path and continue around to the left. Go up to the bridge, where the ground is made of wood. I'll follow you.

*Nach der Stille der Szene wird der Sound langsam wieder etabliert. Wie die Erinnerung an das bisher geschehene. Der Klang erinnert Show-Biz-Sound, Zirkusrad/Leierkasten/Karussell wird aufgegriffen, wird aber noch dichter. Hinzu kommen Frösche, die aggressiver sind.  
Dichte, Enge ist zu hören.*

*Hinzu mischt sich langsam widerständiges Gemurmel.*

*Das Ensemble spielt abwechselnd die einzelnen widerständigen Stimmen.*

**ENSEMBLE**

*Hier auch die **Reaktionen anderer improvisiert bestärken**, sodass Stück für Stück klar wird, dass die Ablehnung nicht nur von 1 Person unterstützt wird. Manche Stimmen ruhig, andere agitatorisch.  
Klarheit und Wut.*

**ENSEMBLE (VON ALLEN EINSPRECHEN)**

zusätzlich improvisierte Zustimmungen:

„Yes exactly“

"Like that!"...

\*Applaus\* o.ä.

KLATSCHEN

*Stimmen abwechselnd/zusammen/ Widerständiges Gemurmel /Tempo steigert sich*

I'm cold.

I don't want to be photographed.

No.

If you want a photo, then I'll choose what to wear myself.

Just like that!

I want better pay.

We are not research objects.

Where are the bodies of the people who died?!

That wasn't in the contract?!

We want warmer clothes.

I'll leave when I want.

Why do the men get paid so much more than us?

(Applaus)

Yeah, tell them!

I don't want to be photographed.

No.

We don't want to be studied.

No.

*Der Rhythmus des Karussells wird immer schneller. Man hört wie das Karussell an das Limit getrieben wird. Dann lauter Einspruch:*

**ENSEMBLE**

*(laut. verschiedene Stimmen?)*

We've had enough!

*Das Karussell zerbricht und alle Geräusche verstummen plötzlich.*

**ENSEMBLE**

*(fährt ruhiger fort)*

We've had enough.

*Ensemble spricht diesmal dokumentierender („Sie haben sich geweigert“)*

*Die Ensemble-Stimmen erklingen in unterschiedlichen Räumen – Enge, Fotostudio, etc.*

*Sound könnte eine Mischung aus den beiden vorherigen Szenen sein. Ein Fragment des Karussells und Ruderschläge.*

*Es mischen sich im letzten Drittel (?) der Szene nach und nach Fragmente von Riot-Sounds dazu. Nicht als Demo zu erkennen. Bleiben noch im Hintergrund und sind erst ganz am Ende als Demo-Sounds o.ä. zu erkennen.*

*Idee dahinter: Das Bild des Ruderns zur Mitte des Sees wo Tinai im All schwebt wird aufgegriffen. Er schwebt im All, in der Zukunft. Es geht nicht um ein „Zurück-Zu.“ Die Kämpfe (Antira, Feminismus etc.) sind ein Blick in die Zukunft. Wir rudern also mit den Riot-Sounds in die Zukunft. Erst hören wir rudern und die Konkreten Widerständigen Taten der 106 Leute. Dann am Ende hören wir klar die Widerständigkeit heute in Form von Kämpfen. Kontinuität. – und das alles halt als Sound. Hahaha.*

**JOY**

They fought for better working conditions and to not let their dignity be taken away.

**NANA**

In June, they collectively refused the degrading medical examinations. They demanded that the harassment stop. Otherwise, they would leave.

Was it Mhonera and Chingongoa from Mkonde who instigated the strike? They came together and earned the least of all the men.

*Sound Ruderschläge/Fragmente*

**MMAKGOSI**

The women from Ralouana left the ship the first time it stopped at a port on the journey to Berlin.

What do you think it was that made them realise that the omens on the voyage were not good ones? The terrible travel conditions on deck? The behaviour of the colonists? Did they disagree with ToKinkin, who wanted to sell mask art to the whites? Did they argue about his land deals with them?

**STEVE**

Frederick Maharero, Josaphat Kamatoto and Petrus Jod insisted on an audience with the Emperor to represent their diplomatic interests on behalf of the Ovaherero and Nama (people). They met him on the 19<sup>th</sup> of September between 1:00 and 1:30 pm.

*Sound Ruderschläge/Fragmente*

**JOY**

Petrus Jod later died in the war against the German colonial power at Vaalgras. Did he realise in Berlin that the Germans were out to subjugate them completely sooner or later? Did his fellow traveller Katharina Margaretha Draghoener convince him of this? The woman who couldn't be fooled?

*Sound Ruderschläge/Fragmente*

**STEVE**

Many refused to be photographed and examined.

**MMAKGOSI**

Many demanded payment for the photos that exist. And insisted on being photographed not in the costumes intended for them, but in clothes they chose themselves.

*Sound Ruderschläge/Fragmente*

**NANA**

And then there was Tobi John. He went to the photography studio in his suit and offered the photographer money to make portraits of him. He said he needed business cards.

**JOY**

Also in June, some of them complained that they didn't get to go out and see Berlin enough.

And that they didn't have enough warm clothes. They threatened to leave.

**MMAKGOSI**

On the 17<sup>th</sup> of August, Mhonera refuses when Luschan wants to make a plaster mask of his face. Then a group of Waswahili go to the exhibition management and protest against the ethnologist's procedures. They collectively refuse all further examinations.

*Sound Ruderschläge/Fragmente*

**STEVE**

They didn't allow them to take their dignity or stop them from having fun.

*Sound Ruderschläge/Fragmente*

**JOY**

They left the grounds although it was against the rules.

In May the people from Moshi took a trip to the Tempelhofer Feld.

*Sound Ruderschläge/Fragmente*

**MMAKGOSI**

Some people from Aného went to the exhibition administration on the 13<sup>th</sup> of September and said it was a religious holiday – so they got a special allocation of alcohol. Two days later, a few from Lindi went to the administration and said they wanted to celebrate Sikku-Ku. The celebrations were rowdy.

Is that why Tinai from Balanataman could still remember the taste of beer when he was 90?

**NANA**

An anarchist confectioner sold white-chocolate covered marshmallows that he called "white-heads" at the entrances to the exhibition, provoking the so-called chocolate controversy. The audience did not want to be represented by a marshmallow kiss.

What if he came up with the idea with Martin Dibobe and Jonas Ndi in a bar one night?

**STEVE**

In the evenings they parodied the staring audience.

**JOY**

They rowed around the lake at night in the canoes. The exhibition supervisor complained. But couldn't do anything.

**MMAKGOSI**

They flirted, got love letters from their fans.

*Sound Ruderschläge/Fragmente*

**STEVE**

Music. Harmonica, mouth organ, tin whistle. The good life!

**JOY**

They avoided the stares where they could. Or they looked back.

**NANA**

Bismark Bell bought himself opera glasses and look back defiantly at the audience.

*Sound Ruderschläge/Fragmente geht in einen noch ruhigeren Sound über. Die Riot-Sounds werden langsam als solche erkennbar. Bild von Demo, Widerständigkeit, Bewegung wird etwas klarer.*

Überleitung und Teil 3: 106 Namen II, Weg 2

**Charakter:** La Bruce, Katharina Oguntoye (Interview) und Ensemble

**ENSEMBLE (ALLE EINSPRECHEN)**

**ENSEMBLE**

They were cold and they fought for better, warmer clothes.

**ENSEMBLE**

They were insulted...

**ENSEMBLE**

... and fought back with humour and fists.

**ENSEMBLE**

They left and organised the resistance against German colonialism.

**ENSEMBLE (ALLE)**

They stayed and fought for equal rights and a good life.

**ENSEMBLE**

They died young and grew old.

**ENSEMBLE**

They all left traces behind.

**ENSEMBLE**

Their stories still have an impact today.

**ENSEMBLE**

Listen and look around.

kurze Pause. Sound. (*Riot-Sound* wird stärker. Wird als Demo erkennbar.)

Mischt sich zu einer ruhigeren Klangfläche für Namen.

Ensemble- Stimmen erklingen abwechselnd und aus allen Richtungen.

Klavier.

La Bruce spricht ruhig.

## BRUCE

Come on, let's get going. Go round to the left just up ahead, that was the exit from our part of the exhibition. The gate to the Old Berlin exhibition was there. But that's another story.

Keep on going around the lake. Take your time, you can stop now and again. Take a look around. Go back to the bench where we met at the beginning.

Wind und Wasser – Sound für eine Weile.

## ENSEMBLE

Avlesi

Televi (Telle)

Yaga (Jagga)

Bernhard Epassi

Joseph Bohinge Boholle

Hambo (Hamburg) Bell/ Uru a Lobe

Heinrich Dikonge a Itutu

Bruno Ekwe Ngando (**Nachtigal**)

Rudolf Massako Joss

Jonas Abue/ Akongo Ndi

Martin Quane a Dibobe

Jakob Njo N'Dumbe (**Sechshundertmark**)

Karl Boimbo

Anton M'bonga Egiomue

Bismark Bell/Kwelle Ndumbe

August Djemba Ewane

Emma Ndungo

Elisabeth Esangi

Tobi John / Nkongo ma Ngala Loba

Gaiga Bell / Kusadi (Sonntag)  
James (Jakob) Wane a Kabuma  
Robert Ekwe a Deti (?) / Eque a Ueti  
Mdjoa Ngembo  
Moses Elimbi a Djabi a Ndame (Berlinhaus)  
Pero ToKinkin  
ToPalankat (Topalanga)  
Tinai  
Tokulap (Towalut ?)  
Taoraginge  
Taoluna  
Tolanglagur  
Taolu ? (Taolutte)  
Ngaula  
Kasine  
Jackson (Jakon, Yagond;Jakoll)  
Rombea  
Lasineti (Lassinett)  
Meli (Maeli)  
Kidalo  
Nadendugai  
Yondara ( Yondra)  
Ndelalo (Delalo, Illalu)  
Namngosendo (Andaku-sentu)  
Kiwera (Yumgume?)  
Mchuku (Mschungo)  
Ngaisi (Gais)  
Sasine  
Menote (Morbuctu: illegible)  
Bakari /Bargawai?  
Omari bin Mpate (Yomari)  
Mohamadi (Omari) bin Saidi  
Mhonera (Leoonera)  
Juma (Yuma bin Hassan)  
Ali bin Batamu

Saidi bin Ismaeli  
Masharifa  
Saidi bin Alfani (Said bin Halfani)  
Saida binti Abdala  
Kanunu binti Saidi  
Arubaini (several names)  
Aoze  
Hazina  
Salim bin Faraja (more names) Salim bin Farjalla  
Saidi Mdogo Mjomba (Ssaidi bin Abdallah)  
Mpate (Mpote) bin Hatibu (Hakiru? Hatiku?)  
Chingongoa  
Musa bin Shamti (bin Chante)  
Muhamed bin Ahamedi (other name) Mohamadi bin Achmed  
Juma bin Hasani  
Mzee

Viytje Bank (Vegi/ Fedi/Falkje)  
Petrus Jod (Kiett) (Yod)  
Daniel Christian Volmink  
Josaphat Kamatoto  
Martha Kamatoto, maiden name. Kawari  
Friedrich Maharero  
Ferdinand Zeemundja (Semuntja)

*Wind und Wasser – Sound für eine Weile. Pause, um Namen wirken lassen zu können.*

#### **YASMINA // KATHARINA OGUNTOYE**

We're all affected by the fact that, basically, this society doesn't want to perceive us as individuals at all and we have to fight back against that. So some people are angrier than others, (laughs) some people can maybe express it differently. Because it's just really difficult, like when you're fighting against a fog or against ghosts, yes, because.... this basic right to individual expression is actually denied to you.

#### **YASMINA // KATHARINA OGUNTOYE**

I'm not sure... I can't really advise people to live their lives like I did. (laughs) Although my life was a lot of fun, I sure can say that.

*Hörer\*in sollte nun auf der Bank vom Anfangspunkt angekommen sein.*

*Es erklingt eine Weile nur Klavierspiel. Weite Chords bauen Welt zum Träumen auf. Wasser könnte wieder auftauchen.*

**LA BRUCE**

I'm thinking about what was. What could have been. I'm thinking about what should be.

Often, when I'm playing piano, I think of the many voices that were heard here. They're all still part of a chorus.

**ENSEMBLE (ALLE) UND BRUCE**

Their voices resound in the whispering refrain of the leaves. Their stories are reflected in the ripples of the water.

*Klavierspiel erklingt weiter*

**ENSEMBLE (ALLE EINSPRECHEN)**

The chorus propels transformation.

It is an incubator of possibility,

an assembly sustaining dreams of the otherwise.

The chorus increases.

The struggle is eternal.

We'll carry on.

THE END.