





Impressum:

Neukölln Syndrome: Lexicon

DISCLOSURE ONE

Inhis Tenement, Kat Polar, Odra Ode

part of
Beyond the Horizon, Under the Volcano, Chapter One

Thursday, September the 11th, 2025
HB55, Berlin

curated by KA32

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DISCLOSURE TWO

Pawel Jankiewicz, Estera Shein

Friday, September the 12th, 2025
STINKY TRUTH, Berlin

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imaged/scripted by Jankiewicz, P.

as DISTINCT INSIDE
Hazell, M., Jankiewicz, P.



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PART I. A Kind of Desert

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Diary starts as an attempt at order, it orders our thoughts. When the mind is lukewarm, and a soup.
It is only much much later, when we're able to ask the buried question about this stage:
who's in charge?

And it's all a daylight dune. And it's all a daylight dune, burning our reverence. A blood ritual – in full
light, unnoticed.

And this theatre of stills and minimal shifts shows an evil smile, eventually. Whence the source of our
orders. It could be a woman or a man, the agency behind it, or it could be a disembodied smile.
A smile that surfaced on a soup, during a provincial junket.

If it is a woman, she has a sense of space
(a slipthrough angle on a self-transforming hallway – always here, within a reach, behind the curtain
of clarity.

Blasé, and rather foul, but still a predatory formation – if it's a man.
Someone who excels in bad ideas, ones taken seriously, and stretched into a way of life.

This speech, it doesn't speak according to the rules of language.

And it is far removed from a noise complaint.

And yet, it is a mirror of the empty heavens – not so much on earth, but in the streets.

It's a mirror of the empty heavens, round the corner.

The horizon past the nearest turn, far and wide (narrow streets, and yet – horizons far and wide).

Distance through the open trench coat. Sudden woman waiting round the corner – her shirt, white;
her breasts, exposed. The horizons far and wide.

Day one:

Diary starts as an attempt. First: gestures.

I was thinking how to express my attitude to these things, like sitting there and talking, listening to
music and talking – and doing it publicly. And it seems to me that the best way to articulate this is to
say I'm not so much about culture. In the end, culture as such – as a term, and as it displays its
phenomena – it doesn't interest me that much. In fact, it doesn't interest me at all. What I am about is
high art. And a certain focus that stems from here.

You remember that espresso bar that is in the Rolberg Arcade, between Hermannstrasse and
the Job Center and the cinema? So, for the purpose of this event, I imagine myself sitting
there with you and sipping espresso – sometime, early in the morning. And a certain space
this place gives. And this handsome, proletarian-looking gentleman that serves this espresso.
And the fact that there are ice cream there, chocolate and... vanilla?... or milky cream.

[voice to Estera]

*And there we were, on various bitterly cold November and December days.
Chris, the sound man, with his Nagra, his binaural microphones.
The producer, with his green wellies.
Me, with my notebook of muddled questions.*

*And here we are, in Brick Lane Market.
An ancient radiogram playing Cole Porter, as we wander... musing... through the streets...*

A watch strap. One of these. Twenty-five. Okay.

Place...

One seventy-five gas lighter.

...needs the person to give it voice. Place...

Thank you.

*...activates the poet.
The poet is drawn to a specific location, to activate a monologue that is already available there.*

Ta, ta.

*One seventy-five gas lighter, go on. Come on, one seventy-five gas lighter.
Anything you want to sell up cheap, go on.
Come on, anything you want.*

[“The Lud Heat Tapes 1979”, with Iain Sinclair and Paul Green
to an urbane background tune, of “These Foolish Things (Remind Me of You)”]



Voice-recording, incandescent. Then – writing from the voice; the interesting parts | transferred to the voice. Step one: it’s to order it, your thoughts. So it seems to you – because, right now, and in the end, it is somewhere else. That – point of departure. So was, for example...

Rift:

The role of the pauses, of the first significant image: Pause: There’s a Loch Ness monster swimming through your day, appearing and disappearing, the embarrassing parts – descriptions of people, descriptions of people.

Day one:

Diary starts as an attempt. First: gestures.

Voice recording, incandescent. Then – writing from the voice; the interesting parts | transferred to the voice.

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PART II. The Sun
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The sun is silent. It sticks to the façade like a swarm of white ants, busying themselves with a candy underneath.

This candy, on the other hand, is like a rejected doll. A thing of the past, lying in a pool of water, boiling in the heat of the early noon.

And the mud is surely growing. And the mud, it takes it over. And it takes the toy’s physique.

Even so, its eyes, blue and glassy, would always remain upturned. Feeding on the light, binding vision with a vision. And the vision that fills me up right now.

I see a wasteful, honeyed giving. The sun pours out heavily. I can smell, I can almost hear, how they roast, the pavements.

But here, inside, there’s a bit of shade.

I’m sitting on the floor, on the tiles. The chill tingles, poisons my thighs. They have grown too heavy now and fixed me to the floor. My knees are filled with lead.

And the ankles – must have separated from the rest.

Yet, it all absorbs me.



Syndrome: A constellation of traits, symptoms, and relational patterns, here used to describe the psychic and social ecology of a place like Neukölln — producing divergent fates for its subjects. A syndrome is not a single cause but a field of coexisting tendencies, often contradictory. It unfolds along a spectrum: at one pole, it can foster tenderness, a capacity for adjacency, improvisation, and care in ruined conditions; at the other, it can harden into bluntness, where exposure and lack are seized as opportunities for capture or exploitation. Neukölln Syndrome thus names both the fragile solidarities and the harsher formations that grow from the same ecology of ruin.

Extimacy: What is most intimate is at the same time radically outside. Walking the extimate means moving through cracks, atmospheres, and artefacts that are 'out there' yet bind the subject. Extimacy displaces interiority into walls, basements, patterns of behavior, and overheard phrases.

In-Distinct: A mode of emergence that is sharp, but not in the register of landmarks or icons. It belongs to the generic and the anonymous — stairwells, basement bars, street corners, corridors, cracks. These spaces are not *gesichtslos*, but their distinction does not register from afar. They become distinct only when entered: in the act of passing through, inhabiting, or lingering. The in-distinct thus names an atmospheric clarity that arises in immersion, where the ordinary sharpens precisely by refusing iconicity. Neither vague nor blurred, but cutting into perception where clarity is not expected. Disrupts both Imaginary coherence and Symbolic anchoring, producing alternative routes of desire.

Ruination: The slow or sudden disintegration of form, value, or structure. In psychoanalysis, a condition that reveals the fragility of Symbolic coordinates and the persistence of the Real.

Ruin Subject: One who is in-the-ruin—coexisting with the fact of ruination, inhabiting its temporality and textures without necessarily internalizing it.

Ruined Subject: One whose psychic structure has been shaped by sustained proximity to ruination. Carries ruin as an internal principle, influencing desire, relation, and ethics.

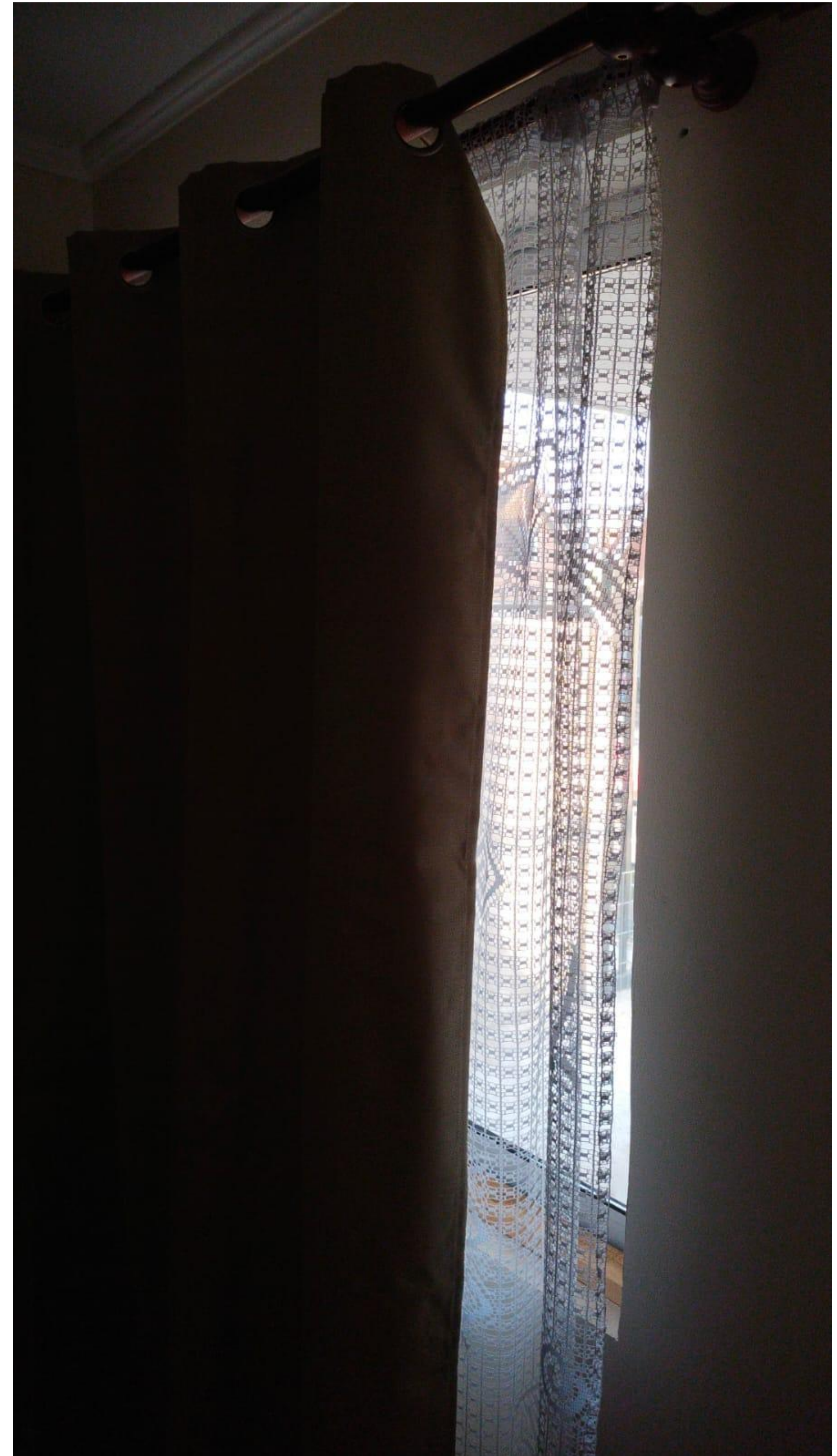
Predatory Formation: thrives through imposition: insisting on knowing or dictating the other’s desire, overruling ambiguity, and capturing what should remain open. It cannot really neighbour; it displaces adjacency with domination, turning extimacy into exposure. Where neighbouring fosters care and improvisation, predatory capture feeds on certainty and control.

Solid Ruins: Ruins in their most tangible and architectural form: fissured, fractured, and materially persistent. The solidity anchors the gaze but also confronts the subject with the endurance of loss.

Liquid Ruins: Ruination as seepage, rot, and dissolution—where decay moves, seeps, and saturates. Liquid ruins unsettle boundaries and demand attention to processes over forms.

Gaseous Ruins: Ruination in the mode of diffusion and infiltration—pollution, toxicity, invisible yet pervasive decay, altering the psychic and social atmosphere.

Crack / Rot / Pollution: Three operators of ruination reflecting states of matter: solid fissure, liquid decomposition, and gaseous contamination. Each reframes how the subject encounters and sustains desire.



Absorbs me – what? exactly? – Tiny stirrings. All the tiny little stirrings.

I can't cast them off, ignore. Nor should I. Because there is something tingling through their strings. I could Imagine how they suddenly shoot forth, like the nymphean killer lip.
Like a naiad's arms, piercing through a narcissistic image. – Which I still project, way ahead.

The sky. At its most clear. It stirs as well. And today, I saw it twice already. I saw stains that ate away at the azure. Right there – following my arm, outstretched – and my index finger – through the window, and far into the blue. A shifting form. Then, a change of substance. Like a dream.

A blue eye, overlooking my apartment-chrysalis.

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PART III. The Silence
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The silence around his tenement. He looks up,
walking out of the shop with a small plastic bottle.
The sunlit stone. (He strains his ears). The sky, standing
on the walls. The cars, two blocks away, do not stir
this silence. More the entrance, across the street.
More the staircase, that thick carpeting. He moves ahead,
checks the sides; then glances at the roof again. The mask,
lowered, buries in his neck, his throat, as he takes a sip.
The fizz. The sugar, almost thick; on which he could bite,
almost. He's mid-way, it's the middle of the street already.
The entrance nears.
The light around the bottle's mouth, by his lips, brightens.
And so does the cap in his fingers. A red ring. Now white.

