

There are people, who, when meeting a stranger begin a conversation about the annoying protuberance of enflamed skin on their bum. If this conversation is not conducted in an extraordinarily witty and amusing way, this is maybe as embarrassing as starting an article with it. The problem is not that this little red spot at the top of our legs is so incredibly embarrassing, or that the subject as such is unnameable [I hope no one knows what I am talking about...]. Rather, it is a sudden influx of someone else's privacy. At this point there is no suitable relationship established for this topic. The stunned recipient can not relate to the context in which it occurs. An appropriate reaction seems impossible, and like an ostrich, he sticks his head into society's conventional etiquette. It is the withdrawal into the known.

In a similar way we have to establish our relationships to a place. We have to create a basis for us to tie into. Otherwise we wouldn't know what to do with what we find and see. We can't just 'dive in'. Some travellers have an intrinsically strong agenda when they migrate to a new place. Business travellers arrive at a new place with a clearly defined target. They have a time, an address and their issue. Their interest lies purely in themselves and the change of place only means an awkward unfamiliarity with the visual appearance of the cabs. However,

the general tourist arrives with a general interest in anything. He does not know what it is he is looking for. The place is only a word. It is not more to them than a few lines on paper and a few images implemented into their heads by someone else's account. Surely, they sometimes simply want to follow a given pictures or agiven story but very often we want to overlay these images with the real to make what we find our own.

*But now in turn we come to you and are suppliant
at your knees, if you might give us a guest present or otherwise
some gift of grace, for such is the right of strangers.*

(*Odyssey, Homer*)

The more distinct the features of a place, the easier it is to remember. Events related to those places become a memory and an image-in-themselves no matter how banal they might have been. Travellers visiting a place have the understandable desire to make their visit memorable. 'Spaces' become 'place' by gaining a 'name'. Names are the labels for our memories.

The location of The Tower of London is hardly a secret. Everybody in London knows where The Tower is. A beautiful setting at an open spot on the banks of the river Thames. A strip that was known as The Beach, right next to a picturesque, slightly overdone bridge on the edges of the City of London. Most people in the world know that The Tower is in London. It is the London institution; a symbol of the city's political and social changes of fortune in time. But London's citizens do not go to there. Nobody goes there!

*Tell me the name by which your mother and father called you
in that place, and how the rest who live in the city about you
call you. No one among all the peoples, neither base man
nor noble, is altogether nameless, once he has been born,
but always his parents as soon as they bring him forth put upon him
a name.*

(*Odyssey, Homer*)

Nobody goes there – and I go with him. Nobody can go there. 6 million do so every year. I was nobody but I came with a purpose. They all do. Nobody goes there accidentally.

Citizens on the contrary know things. They can distinguish one street from another by minor details. To find the special in the ever-same one needs to know the repetition. If you become familiar with a place like Sherlock Holmes, you discover things you could not have seen before. Holmes defines a place in The Adventures of Sherlock Holmes by a dog that always barks when a person passes by. He brings one of the city's scoundrels to justice through the mere fact that the dog did not bark at a particular moment. Clearly as a stranger this would have been impossible to notice.

Nobody can not see the difference in the ever same. Where do you go if your home is the In-between? Home is everywhere where there is no home, no distinct relationship; there where there is always too much and everything means the same - nothing and something. It is the nobodies in a city whose home is the public space.

"I was then taken east, in a cage. I was taken to Toronto, then Philadelphia and then to New York. And each time I arrived in another city somehow the white men had moved all their people there ahead of me. Each new city contained the same white people as the last."

(*'Dead Man', Jim Jarmush*)

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Houses of Parliament, London