

Tourists tend to dislike Los Angeles. On the contrary L.A.'s citizens do not think it is worse than any other place. It is a town that reveals its identity only in minor details and the stories of the individuals. Meaningless details for anyone else but the people themselves. Citizens do not need accelerated signage and iconography. They see too much, all the time. Every street they know is loaded and the ones they don't know they don't want to see. It would estrange them in their own world. To create a moment of memory they want a 'private' and intimate place; a place that has something to do with their life and is not a generated image of general value. Citizens reject generalities. They have to.

As a tourist, Nobody is here.

If Nobodies find a place they create a community of dislocation.

If nobody is a citizen there is no place.

If a citizen becomes a Nobody he is a 'homeless'.

*Nobody's relationship to things are local. They reach out into memories of distant lives.
Nobodies are not a demographic group.*

Nobody has interest in the place.

If Nobody becomes a citizen, he ceases to be.

Nobody can stay.

Nobody can leave traces.

If nobody leaves traces, there is nothing to find

If somebody does, he will find it difficult to arrive at home.

Are tourists the perfect citizens? They are always approachable, willing to absorb, with no chance or even will to withdraw from the city. They are here to perceive not to impose. They are homeless. They have nowhere to go. Is it possible to be more public?

Tourists are disembodied, reduced to 'one eye' and a mind that tries to place things. The place and the event become substitutes for individuality left behind. They come to be estranged. They find themselves when they go back home. Their lack of individuality in places is essential. As much as they are in the public, they never become part of it. To be part of the public is to have privacy. Privacy provides a perspective and forms relationships. Their privacy is not related to this public; they lack name and perspective; they do not connect. They go to the tower to get an overview. The position is safe and asks not for their involvement. However, they do not go to watch the city. As one-eyed consumers in an interactive set of events they follow a show curated by generalities. They are blinded because they lost their roots. How related does one have to be to become a citizen?

*Grant that Odysseus, sacker of cities, son of Laertes,
who makes his home in Ithaka, may never reach that home;
but if it is decided that he shall see his own people,
and come home to his strong-founded house and to his own country,
let him come late, in bad case, with the loss of all his companions,
in some one else's ship, and find troubles in his household.*

(Odyssey, Homer)

Nobody has left – and I stayed. Nobody was me; I was only potential memory! I was reduced to a pair of eyes. There was no voice to speak; no text to deliver; only ears to receive and a mind to give things a place. I was in the show of generalities. I was willing to look but was only able to see whatever light was shed. It was dark in-between. I took images and filed them, to be used in the future. Coloured pieces of paper gathering dust in bottom drawers; labelled:

'To be taken out when memories fade'

Finally, Nobody left, the light faded in and I had a name. I am Dominik Kremeskothen. I have an address, a bank account, phone number. Euclidean geometry of citizenship. I will only dig up the images when the stories I tell become to faint by themselves.

I left the tower but I arrived in London.