

The former DDR - a memory

Last time I was in Berlin (Nov. 2004), I visited the museum in Normannenstrasse. After walking around facing the well-kept and specific memories from the dark DDR-Stasi-days, I went down to the entrance.

The impression of the grey and realistic offices from the Erich-Mielcke-days were on my internal harddisc. I started a conversation with a 67 y.o. well-done (east) German female, who supply her pension by being warden at the museum. Her English were poor, however her German was quite clear for me. She told "her life story" in about 1,5 hours to a complete stranger (=me), who just from time to time massaged her conversation with some key-words.

The interview-form has always been among my qualities and here it works. Close to everything - what happened in East Berlin in 1953, what happened with the wall on Aug. 13, 1961, what happened in the eighties and finally the last convulsive efforts to maintain the public-socialist-dream in 1989. She told about her 3 children, now leaving in the west (and wealthy =) part of Germany. She told about the divorce from a drunken and disillusioned husband, she told about her economy before and after, about her friendships before and after, the way of treating sportsstars, the informers, the lack of so much goods a.s.o.

The Museum had to close down and it was darked, before I said goodbye. I was so even close to support her financially buying most of her (ugly) grey cards and perhaps hand her some money, but dignity is essential and finally I bought some (awful) amateur-pictures from the museum as "support".

During my return with the S-bahn to Ku-damm, I sensed stomach-paine - a kind of acupuncture in my stomach-muscles (smiling). I know about it and have learned from my chief-days to handle stress. - I went into a café at Ku-damm on the way home to the hotel and swallow a large brandy.

In my inner-screen I associated so many books and films from Berlin, I recalled my stay in January 1968 standing among others at the platform in Bernauer Strasse facing the differenties between East and West and most of the trip to East Berlin at that days, it was like facing some movies on the same subject at the very same time.