

## **New Enamel**

### **From Karl Marx Court to Utopia Pathway**

*Radiophonic composition by Gerald Fiebig with texts by Friederike Brenner, Guy Debord, Gilles Ivain, and by Thomas Stangl from his book Thomas Stangl: Freiheit und Langeweile. Essays. Graz/Wien: Literaturverlag Droschl. © Literaturverlag Droschl Graz - Wien 2016.*

*New Enamel* is a radiophonic essay based on oral history interviews with the composer's late grandmother, Friederike Brenner (1923–2019). In the piece, Friederike Brenner, née Wurmbrand, narrates memories of her childhood and youth in Mödling near Vienna. A focal point of her narration is the 1934 February uprising against Austria's fascist government. In this brief civil war, her father Hermann Wurmbrand (1892–1980), a member of the Republican Defense League of the Social Democratic Party, fought on the antifascist side, handing out weapons at Karl Marx Court. Further episodes of her narration deal with the impact that the father's imprisonment after the failed uprising and his subsequent unemployment had on the family. These are followed by episodes of his behaviour under the Nazi occupation of Austria, in World War II.

Karl Marx Court, opened in 1930 and still the world's longest residential building, is an icon of the progressive housing policy of Vienna's Social Democratic city government. As such, it was also a main focus of the 1934 firefights between the Republican Defense League and the Austrian army, the latter supported by the paramilitary fascist 'Heimwehr' troops.

The 1934 uprising in Austria deserves to be remembered in Europe's collective memory, because it was the first instance – even before the Spanish Civil War – in which antifascists rose openly against a fascist government in armed combat. Imagining what could have happened if they had succeeded in stopping the rise of fascism, perhaps even in avoiding World War II, remains both a retrospective utopia and a moral obligation to stand up against fascist tendencies at all times.

When all first-hand witnesses of historical events are gone, concrete localities become ever more important for the remembrance of such events. Therefore, the piece tries to inscribe the memories narrated by interviewee Friederike Brenner into the soundscape of the city where the remembered events took place. For this, the composer recorded his *dérive* (in the sense given to the word by the Situationist International: a psycho-geographical walk through a city without the use of maps) from Karl Marx Court to Utopia Pathway (an actual streetname in Vienna).

The quotes by situationist writers Guy Debord and Gilles Ivain elucidate the procedure of the piece itself, as do the quotes by Viennese writer Thomas Stangl. Thomas Stangl also appears in the piece as the speaker of the situationist texts. This use of voices supports the connection between text and place that the piece is built on: Stangl's Viennese accent is clearly discernible, in the voice of Friederike Brenner (having lived in Augsburg for most of her life) only faint traces of it remain, while composer Gerald Fiebig (who reads the obituary of Hermann Wurmbrand) has none at all, but has an Augsburg accent instead.

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*Thomas Stangl:* „All cities are geological. You can't take three steps without encountering ghosts bearing all the prestige of their legends. We move within a closed landscape whose landmarks constantly draw us toward the past.“<sup>1</sup>

„[W]e really have to strain to still discover mysteries on the sidewalk billboards, the latest state of humor and poetry:“<sup>2</sup> Die Klanggasse. Die Taubstummengasse. Der Tiefe Graben. Die Funkgasse. Der Stoß im Himmel. Die Schmelzbrückenrampe. Die Filmteichstraße. Der Stock-im-Eisen-Platz. Die Hasenöhrstraße. An den langen Lüssen. Der Heidenschuss. Die Haschgasse. Die Strudlhofgasse. Die Wurmbrandgasse. Die Zuckerkandlgasse. Der Karl-Marx-Hof. Der Utopiaweg.<sup>3</sup>

*Gerald Fiebig:* „It is the dream of the city that gives a city its face, just like people only get a face once they are looked at.“<sup>4</sup>

*Thomas Stangl:* „The sectors of a city are, at a certain level, decipherable. But the personal meaning they have had for us is incommunicable, like all that secrecy of private life regarding which we possess nothing but pitiful documents.“<sup>5</sup>

*Gerald Fiebig:* „In memoriam Hermann Wurmbrand. After a brief period of severe suffering, our member Hermann Wurmbrand left us forever on 24 April 1980, in his 88<sup>th</sup> year. Born in 1892 and having joined the Social Democratic Party as early as 1912, Wurmbrand was always an upright and unfaltering socialist. Until 1952, he served as ombudsman. During his 68-year membership in the SPÖ, he actively served the party for 51 years, always putting the benefit of the community before his personal interests. From 1923 to 1934, he was a member of the Republican Protection League, in which he served as company commander. In 1934, like so many of his comrades, he was imprisoned in Wöllersdorf, the internment camp of the Austrian fascists. He was awarded for the 50<sup>th</sup> and 60<sup>th</sup> anniversary of his SPÖ membership, and also with the gold decoration for freedom fighters as well as the Victor Adler medal. He will now posthumously be awarded the Medal for the Liberation of Austria from Fascism. 'He was and always will be an inspiration for us,' said Gustav Török, Chairman of the Mödling party chapter, in his funeral eulogy.“<sup>6</sup>

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<sup>1</sup> Gilles Ivain: Formulary for a new urbanism. October 1953, printed in *Internationale Situationniste* #1. Translated by Ken Knabb, <https://www.cddc.vt.edu/sionline/presitu/formulary.html> (accessed 2019-04-28).

<sup>2</sup> Gilles Ivain: Formulary for a new urbanism. October 1953, printed in *Internationale Situationniste* #1. Translated by Ken Knabb, <https://www.cddc.vt.edu/sionline/presitu/formulary.html> (accessed 2019-04-28).

<sup>3</sup> Actual street names in Vienna, meaning, respectively: Sound Lane, Deafmute Lane, Deep Ditch, Radio Lane, The Push in the Sky, The Ramp of the Melting Bridge, Film Pond Lane, Stick-in-Iron Square, Little Rabbit's Ear Street, On the Long Acres, Heathen's Shot, Hash Lane, Strudel Court Lane, Burning Worm Lane [but also: Wurmbrand Lane, as if it were named after the composer's great grandfather who will be mentioned shortly], Sugar Bowl Lane. Karl Marx Court. Utopia Pathway.

<sup>4</sup> Thomas Stangl: *Treffende Worte, Unendlichkeit*. [Accurate Words, Infinity.] In: Thomas Stangl: *Freiheit und Langeweile. Essays*. [Freedom and Boredom. Essays.] Graz/Wien: Literaturverlag Droschl 2016, S. 42 (translated by Gerald Fiebig)

<sup>5</sup> Guy Debord: *Critique of Separation*. Dansk-Fransk Experimentalfilmskompagni (1961). Translated by Ken Knabb, <https://www.cddc.vt.edu/sionline/si/separation.html> (accessed 2019-04-28).

<sup>6</sup> Anonym: In memoriam Hermann Wurmbrand. 1980 [exact source unknown, obviously from a publication for members of the SPÖ, the Social Democratic Party of Austria]. Private archive of Gerald Fiebig, translated by Gerald Fiebig

*Friederike Brenner*<sup>7</sup>: You know, still today, even though everything's been renovated, there are still the shells and the holes where the little war was. Soldiers against – the Reds against the Blacks, that's how we have to put it. And my father was a high-ranking Protection League officer with the Social Democrats, right? And our neighbour mixed up the dates and said: No, no, in the morning Mr Wurmbrand ... I already heard him coughing at night – it was the house next door, you know –, he's got a terrible cold. And in the morning I went to get my newspaper from the mailbox and so did he, and then she said: Mr Wurmbrand, please stay in bed, why, you are even sicker than I am.

*Thomas Stangl*: „There was the fatigue and the cold of the morning in this much-traversed labyrinth, like an enigma that we had to resolve.“<sup>8</sup>

*Friederike Brenner*: In the morning, very early in the morning, he used to make breakfast for us kids and things like that, and get his newspaper, and this is when she heard him coughing like that, and I also heard him at night, because Mr Wurmbrand used to have the windows open a little, right? And Mrs Fugerl, that was the other house neighbour, the stone mason's widow, who used to bake me a ring cake with chopped walnuts for Easter every year. And she said: Yes, yes, I can testify to this as well. And so they were heard as witnesses under oath, right?, and as a matter of fact it hadn't been like they said, but they made their statements, which made them the key witnesses, and so the judges couldn't do anything else, right? The trials were held very, very quickly. They started on the same night, for those they had captured – my, that was – Gerald, you have no idea! And the Heimwehr, the Heimwehr Starhemberg, you know, that was a certain Count [actually: Prince] Starhemberg, who immediately founded this group. One of these bigots he was. And they had hats with a feather on it. When they marched by, we kids used to shout: O Starhemberg! O Starhemberg! You are a sorry lad! That which the rooster wears on his arse, you have to wear on your head! That's what we used to yell after them. One is pretty mean as a child, right? Well, silly, not mean. And then they used to recruit young students and such like into this auxiliary troop thing, with guns, with bayonets, and they had to search the homes of all the political prisoners. They slit open a woman's feather bed. And threw down the pot with what little lard she had. You know, they all felt very important, like: „Look at me, I'm in the auxiliary police force now!“ And there was one among them whose mother often used to sew something for me and for my mum, too. His sister was handicapped. She was very pretty, but she didn't want a husband due to her handicap. They sewed very beautiful things at very good quality. And the son was a student who lived off the money his mother, who was widowed, and his sister earned, and used to play the big spender. And he became one of these auxiliary policemen as well. So I said to him: You'd better take off these silly clothes of yours right now and find yourself some work so your mum and your sister don't sew themselves to death by working day and night. Then he slapped me in the face. I was only eleven years old then, see? But that made me so, you know, from then on I always used to look under the bed at night, I was always afraid someone was hiding there and something bad would happen. For a long, long time that made me ...

*Thomas Stangl*: „What cannot be forgotten reappears in dreams. At the end of this type of dream, half asleep, the events are still for a brief moment taken as real [...] These dreams are flashes from the unresolved past. They unilaterally illuminate moments previously lived

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<sup>7</sup> All texts spoken by Friederike Brenner are taken from conversations with Gerald Fiebig. Interview, recording and transcript by Gerald Fiebig.

<sup>8</sup> Guy Debord: *On the Passage of a Few Persons Through a Rather Brief Period of Time*. Dansk-Fransk Experimentalfilmskompagni (1959). Translated by Ken Knabb, <https://www.cddc.vt.edu/sionline/si/passage.html> (accessed 2019-05-01)

in confusion and doubt.”<sup>9</sup>

*Kind:* „No, I cannot come.“<sup>10</sup>

*Friederike Brenner:* And I said: I won't go away, no, I won't go away, I'll stay with my mum. Very well did I notice that my mum had to swallow everything and keep all her sorrow inside ... But I'll never forget how she sat us down in front of the office of district commissioner Pamperl: And you're not going to leave, even if it takes a week. They have to give you food and a place to sleep. But she knew that he was going to give in on the same night. It's only one night, but he'll know that she's serious. And then my father came out of the prison in Stein on the Danube – that's a very rough prison, even today it's where they put the hardened criminals. Once a month, the dark cell in the basement where rats crawl about. That's the sentence my father got, for I don't know how many years. I really can't remember exactly. And then they sent him to the internment camp near Wiener Neustadt. We could visit him there. Walli Beckler, who had a delicatessen and fruit shop, gave us a lift. I used to accompany him when he'd drive to the Steiermark region. His wife said: Join him for the drive, so he won't fall asleep. He was a chubby guy and really nice, my, what a nice guy. He often used to even put a trailer on the car when he went down to the Steiermark to buy fruit: Maschanska. Then he used to say: Don't eat so much, they don't taste good, they taste only like rum. There's rum inside them, he always said. That wasn't true at all, but they really smelled and tasted like rum, these apples. I still think of them today. They were called Maschanska. Amazing, the things one remembers after all this time, right?

*Thomas Stangl:* „I have let time slip away. I have lost what I should have defended.“<sup>11</sup>

*Friederike Brenner:* Did he get three years or five years? I cannot tell anymore. But he only stayed in prison for a year and three months. And then my mother effected that. She had insisted that if her husband doesn't get out, they should pay for the livelihood of her children because she couldn't, she already had to work as a cleaner for other people. And for Mrs Webern, who had a cleaner and a laundress, she helped her in the garden and in the house and did all the ironing for her. Because ironing was the worst for Mrs Webern. I mean, you have to bear in mind that she had three daughters, right? The oldest was already married at the time, she had married this entrepreneur who had just taken over the company from his father: Paint, English paint, you know. And at the trade fair I then used to paint furniture for Mr Wallner. Have I never told you this? My father got out of prison and couldn't find work. Everyone was like: 'Political prisoner – we'd rather not have anything to do with him.' And the man who had married Amalie, the older daughter of Webern, said to him: Mr Wurmbrand, I have a little shop in the tenth district, Kandelstrasse I think the street is called, where I sell paint. And you will run this shop for me. And so my father worked there for a couple of years, until [after 1945] the redemption came and he was employed as a civil servant. I was fourteen or fifteen years old, still at school, and Mr Wallner said to me: We're exhibiting at the trade fair right now – it was Easter time and so I was on holiday from school – , wouldn't you like to work at our fair booth painting things, and perhaps again at the trade fair in autumn? It's child's play. I still remember that the varnish brand was called „New Enamel.“ In all colours. I painted a handbag for my mum. And then he brought me a stool and a little table and a small wooden box. Apart from myself, there was

<sup>9</sup> Guy Debord: Critique of Separation. Dansk-Fransk Experimentalfilmskompagni (1961). Translated by Ken Knabb, <https://www.cddc.vt.edu/sionline/si/separation.html> (accessed 2019-05-01)

<sup>10</sup> The voice of the child is part of Gerald Fiebig's field recording made on the way from Karl Marx Court to Utopiaweg, Vienna, February 2013.

<sup>11</sup> Guy Debord: Critique of Separation. Dansk-Fransk Experimentalfilmskompagni (1961). Translated by Ken Knabb, <https://www.cddc.vt.edu/sionline/si/separation.html> (accessed 2019-05-02)

also a boy from Vienna, the same age as me, who said: I already did that last year. From now on we'll meet up here, alright? And then we painted, after we'd neatly sandpapered the wood. There was a man who ran the booth and another one who spoke to the customers. And whenever a woman was undecided, I said: Look, it's child's play; actually, it's real fun. You can give your whole kitchen a new coat of paint. But that really wasn't scripted for me, I used to say: This is so much fun for me, but if I told my mum that I want to repaint my bedroom, she wouldn't agree. And the man said: She would say you can't paint over everything. And my mum had a nice bag made of pigskin with two handles and a zipper. You could see the scars on it where the bristles had been, even though it had been tanned. The bag was a brownish red, but a little worn down already, and I painted it in a wonderful brown. That looked great, with the handles and all. I remember the boy held the handles for me with a thin stick, and then we moved on: Wait a second, this place must still be dry, put something on here. And when he had something delicate to paint, I helped him in turn. We really had a lot of fun. I still remember that in Vienna they used to have a summer and a winter sale in the shops. It was called the White Weeks, don't ask me why. I still don't know today. Everything was sold at reduced prices. So I thought I'd buy myself a nice Sunday dress. So I bought myself a summer dress that was neither dark blue nor light blue, it was cornflower-blue, but a serene blue. It had a really small pattern on it, but I can't remember what pattern it was. And my godmother gave me a nice little straw hat like she had worn when she was younger. And it was also her who said: The belt of the dress is too long, we'll make it shorter and we'll adapt the length of the dress. Because it was too long for me. Mrs Wurlitschek, who was the governess of my godmother's son, was a very good seamstress. She shortened the dress for me and adapted the belt. My mother almost had a heart attack when she saw it: You're much too young to wear such a dress. And I replied: Oh, please don't spoil it for me, I'm so happy with it. That's my Sunday dress. You know, at that time I also used to go to church, you know?

*Thomas Stangl:* „People can see nothing around them that is not their own image; everything speaks to them of themselves. Their very landscape is alive.“<sup>12</sup>

*Friederike Brenner:* There was one thing about my father, my mum had to be very economical because he needed money for his political work. But my mum didn't mind making these sacrifices because she loved that man so much.

*Thomas Stangl:* „Our life is a journey — In the winter and the night. — We seek our passage...“<sup>13</sup>

*Friederike Brenner:* I was eleven years old. No, no, during the time my father was in prison, I was baptised. My mother had promised to my godmother, Mrs von Mirka, to baptise me if possible. Mrs von Mirka was so fond of me as if I had been her own child, even though she already was an old lady. She must have been ninety the last time I met her.

*Thomas Stangl:* „Around the neighborhood, around its fleeting and threatened immobility, stretched a half-known city where people met only by chance, losing their way forever.“<sup>14</sup>

<sup>12</sup> Guy Debord: On the Passage of a Few Persons Through a Rather Brief Period of Time. Dansk-Fransk Experimentalfilmskompagni (1959). Translated by Ken Knabb, <https://www.cddc.vt.edu/sionline/si/passage.html> (accessed 2019-05-11)

<sup>13</sup> Guy Debord: On the Passage of a Few Persons Through a Rather Brief Period of Time. Dansk-Fransk Experimentalfilmskompagni (1959). Translated by Ken Knabb, <https://www.cddc.vt.edu/sionline/si/passage.html> (accessed 2019-05-11)

<sup>14</sup> Guy Debord: On the Passage of a Few Persons Through a Rather Brief Period of Time. Dansk-Fransk

*Friederike Brenner:* There were two people from Mödling among them. My father was handing out guns, right? Yes, this really is interesting, and you should have been at his funeral. The eulogy they held for him. How he ... When I think of it, my father left the church after my birth in 1923. Imagine that, back then that was a matter for the courts, and I still remember that my mum said it only worked because the judge was sympathetic with my father's views and declared them justified, even though the judge himself had not left the church. And my father, of all people, was friends with a priest! They would sit through half the night and play chess. In all, they were four friends: Dr Weiss (the Jewish doctor), the forest warden (whose son, Hansl Bachmann, wanted to marry me, but I said: Even if you give me my weight in gold I wouldn't want you, and it sure would have caused me a lot of problems, because he was a heavy drinker, he drunk himself to death), and the four of them, Weiss, Bachmann, the priest, and my father, they used to play cards. Sitting in the garden, drinking their wine with water.

*Thomas Stangl:* „Human beings are not fully conscious of their real life — usually groping in the dark; overwhelmed by the consequences of their acts; at every moment groups and individuals find themselves confronted with results they have not wished.“<sup>15</sup>

*Friederike Brenner:* Those were the four friends. They helped many Jews from Mödling to escape. There was a lawyer who had lots of contacts abroad, you know, in Serbia and thereabouts. And from there they took ships. The son came back once. At the time he was a lad of maybe seventeen, he'd been a latecomer. And he said: You are Friedele, you haven't changed at all. See, in that case I was a lot older than he was. And he was so happy. They ended up in England, and the boys, two boys, stayed in England with relatives and studied there. But the youngest was very homesick. The older ones were able to overcome that. It is only today that I really become aware of these things, you know. So the friends told Weiss: Try to sell everything you have right now, while you still have time. They knew very early on what was about to come, while no one else was aware of what was going to happen a year later. I still remember how they [the Nazis] – my God, the old woman! In the shop, right in the middle of the shop, broke everything in there, put her on a chair. An old woman, had a nice little shop. And the people went there and spit out and things like that. And who does that kind of thing? The scum! It's always the scum, right? And the stupid ones!

*Friederike Brenner:* Sell off everything you can to have cash. But sell it to friends and well-meaning people. Hopefully you'll do well. And please tell others who are in the same danger and who really need help. And they actually did bring people out of the country, twice they took a group ... and my mum trembled the whole night through, for three days: If he only comes back home safely!

*Friederike Brenner:* One of the sons came back and told the story, also to the mayor. There was a big article about it in the newspaper, not only the local paper, but also in Vienna. But no names were mentioned. Neither of the Jews nor ... because there were still those who were in hiding. And he told the story. As soon as the first passages to Israel started, they said, we'll make a new start over there. He just said: My mum would have died anyway of homesickness for Mödling and from the uncertainty about what is yet to come. It gives me the goosebumps to think back at this. Such a nice woman!

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Experimentalfilmskompagni (1959). Translated by Ken Knabb,  
<https://www.cddc.vt.edu/sionline/si/passage.html> (accessed 2019-05-11)

<sup>15</sup> Guy Debord: On the Passage of a Few Persons Through a Rather Brief Period of Time. Dansk-Fransk Experimentalfilmskompagni (1959). Translated by Ken Knabb,  
<https://www.cddc.vt.edu/sionline/si/passage.html> (accessed 2019-05-11)

*Gerald Fiebig:* „[W]ith an unadmitted hope one looks at this wound, touches it, again and again. And it is not 'the wound of history' in general, but very precise points: individual humans, individual stories [...], certain spaces. Memories, as if that which is remembered were still there.“<sup>16</sup>

*Friederike Brenner:* You know what my father said to the Nazi party big shot? 'If that had been my brother's son, he who sent me the call up papers ...' and who refused me the permission to get married, right, I gave him a piece of my mind. So I said: Your parents all but polished the church pews with their knees, and now you go running around in your little brown uniform screaming 'Heil Hitler!' And he was going like: Be quiet, they can hear you outside! And me: Well, they're supposed to hear how you were raised! You were an altar boy and whatnot. And now you go running around like this, shame on you! And my father said: I would have slapped him. A young punk of 25 years, right? And all of a sudden, because he had a good job and some employees so he didn't have to work really. But after that he signed my marriage permission immediately. At first he had wanted to refuse it. But my father received his call to arms within a week. After a short training, he was sent to Croatia. And they thought he would go to ground there. But actually he had a very good life down there.

*Thomas Stangl:* „Everyone unthinkingly followed the paths learned once and for all, to their work and their home, to their predictable future. [...] They did not see the deficiency of their city. They thought the deficiency of their life was natural.“<sup>17</sup>

*Friederike Brenner:* They wanted to blackmail him into joining the [Nazi] party, and when he refused, they said: In that case you'll have to be a soldier again. (And he was in his fifties already.) But when he was down there, he helped to bring the war to an end more quickly. Whenever new supplies came, he used to divide it: One half for them ... the repair train that my husband brought down there was taken over by my father. It also contained weapons, and he divided them up between the partisan groups: to them and to them; and you also have to help those other guys who have to defend themselves.

*Thomas Stangl:* „The [radiophonic production] has its rules, which enable one to produce satisfactory products. But dissatisfaction is the reality that must be taken as a point of departure.“<sup>18</sup>

*Friederike Brenner:* I used to wear the red carnation, the sign of the Red Falcons [socialist children's organisation], see? Once, on the first of May, I passed out during the demonstration because it was so hot. Oh my ... And you know what, the Social Democrats set up a choir for children free of charge. Mr Fürnsinn, who directed the choir, was a music teacher at the lyceum or grammar school. And another one offered sports courses in a school gym where children could practice sports. The Social Democrats took care of the families. Does anyone take care of them today?

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<sup>16</sup> Thomas Stangl: Eine Leere, ein Surren: Über den Raum der Literatur. [An emptiness, a humming: about the space of literature.] In: Thomas Stangl: Freiheit und Langeweile. Essays. [Freedom and Boredom. Essays.] Graz/Wien: Literaturverlag Droschl 2016, p. 23 (translated by Gerald Fiebig)

<sup>17</sup> Guy Debord: On the Passage of a Few Persons Through a Rather Brief Period of Time. Dansk-Fransk Experimentalfilmskompagni (1959). Translated by Ken Knabb, <https://www.cddc.vt.edu/sionline/si/passage.html> (accessed 2019-05-13)

<sup>18</sup> Guy Debord: Critique of Separation. Dansk-Fransk Experimentalfilmskompagni (1961). Translated by Ken Knabb, <https://www.cddc.vt.edu/sionline/si/separation.html> (accessed 2019-06-10; the original text says „cinematic spectacle“ instead of „radiophonic production“)

*Thomas Stangl:* „Years, like a single instant prolonged to this point, come to an end. [...] What should be abolished continues, and we continue to wear away with it. We are engulfed. We are separated. The years pass and we haven't changed anything.“<sup>19</sup>

*Gerald Fiebig:* „[T]he information dissipates [...]; unless it is joined by something else, a space; unless the images or something between the images and the words open up a space, for thinking, for despair, and even for beauty; for the ghosts one needs to invoke, even though one knows that they cannot be brought back to life. A necessity, an impossibility.“<sup>20</sup>

*Thomas Stangl:* „Of course one might make a [radio piece] of it. But even if such a [radio piece] succeeds in being as fundamentally disconnected and unsatisfying as the reality it deals with, it will never be more than a re-creation“<sup>21</sup>.

*Gerald Fiebig:* „Sometimes resistance simply consists in saying a name, remembering a name, nothing but the name is left anymore, but the resistance consists in remembering the fact of not being there anymore, in seeing the emptiness that is left behind.“<sup>22</sup>

*Thomas Stangl:* /: Die Wurmbrandgasse. Die Zuckerkandlgasse. Der Karl-Marx-Hof. Der Utopiaweg. :/

/: Der Karl-Marx-Hof. Der Utopiaweg. :/

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<sup>19</sup> Guy Debord: *On the Passage of a Few Persons Through a Rather Brief Period of Time*. Dansk-Fransk Experimentalfilmskompagni (1959). Translated by Ken Knabb, <https://www.cddc.vt.edu/sionline/si/passage.html> (accessed 2019-06-10)

<sup>20</sup> Thomas Stangl: *Eine Leere, ein Surren: Über den Raum der Literatur*. [An emptiness, a humming: about the space of literature.] In: Thomas Stangl: *Freiheit und Langeweile. Essays*. [Freedom and Boredom. Essays.] Graz/Wien: Literaturverlag Droschl 2016, p. 23 (translated by Gerald Fiebig)

<sup>21</sup> Guy Debord: *On the Passage of a Few Persons Through a Rather Brief Period of Time*. Dansk-Fransk Experimentalfilmskompagni (1959). Translated by Ken Knabb, <https://www.cddc.vt.edu/sionline/si/passage.html> (accessed 2019-06-10; the original text says „film“ instead of „radio piece“)

<sup>22</sup> Thomas Stangl: *Eine Leere, ein Surren: Über den Raum der Literatur*. [An emptiness, a humming: about the space of literature.] In: Thomas Stangl: *Freiheit und Langeweile. Essays*. [Freedom and Boredom. Essays.] Graz/Wien: Literaturverlag Droschl 2016, p. 25 (translated by Gerald Fiebig)