

6 March 2006

08:00 Hotel Paradiso

I froze all last night. I'm going out to look for Giorgio's Bed and Breakfast. They might have heat. First, cappuccino. I don't think we'll ever find each other in this city. It seems too big. It rained right upon arrival. Dreary.

7 March 2006

09:30 Piazza della Rivoluzione, bar

10:04 Basilica San Francesco d'Assisi

Lit a candle in front of Santa Agata and Santa Lucia.

10:27 Piazza Marina

12:05 Piazza Giuseppe Verdi, Teatro Massimo

12:52 Piazza Ruggero Settimo, tourist information

13:30 Via Maqueda, Antico Caffè

Tortellini ripieni with tomatoes and melanzana.

I accidentally ordered the espresso from the chef de service instead of from my waiter. Now my waiter

is mad at me. I'm wondering what I'll do all this time, with my room being so cold. If I was alone I could

just sit here in my seat, or go back to the hotel and sleep. Or I could go to the Turkish bath where

it's at least warm. It's hopeless; we'll never meet up.

Do I need to be together to feel happy?

Find another hotel.

What should I photograph?

Haircut.

17:30 Via Maqueda, Hotel Verdi

18:15 Piazza della Rivoluzione, Hotel Paradiso

The man at Hotel Verdi was friendly and showed me a room all the way at the end of the hall. It has no

windows, but there's a bathroom and a heater that I can turn on by remote control. He gave me a deal on the

room. I'll move there tomorrow. It's uncomfortable

here and I'm afraid of freezing for another whole night.

The shower is moldy. I'm getting a piece of pizza.

7 March 2006

22:30 Hotel room

Arrival: from the airport I take a taxi to the Piazza della Rivoluzione. Want to have a look at Albergo Paradiso and the Hotel Cortese.

It's raining. The street is dark. My taxi driver wants me to go to the door alone; doesn't want to leave his car unattended in this area. Before I get out, I ask for his card.

Have to ring several times at the hotel door until an old man opens the heavy doors. I ask for a room. He answers crossly; I don't understand a word. He doesn't want to let me see the rooms.

My taxi driver takes me to Hotel Cortese and says, I have his card; at the end of the trip he can drive me back to the airport. At Hotel Cortese I get a room with a television, balcony, view of the old city—bath-room in the hall.

I ask a man where I can buy batteries. He's frightened.

I walk past him, go through the park to the sea. He calls back to me. I shouldn't go there; it's dangerous. I'm at the harbor and can't get to the sea.

8 March 2006

09:38 Piazza della Rivoluzione, Hotel Paradiso
09:47 Via Vincenzo Cantavespri
09:52 Via Roma
10:02 Corso Vittorio Emanuele
10:15 Via Maqueda, Hotel Verdi
Outside it's warm and there's a strong wind. Today I'm climbing Santuario di Monte Pellegrino. There's supposed to be a view of the entire city from there.
10:29 Via Orologio, Bar la Corrida
10:40 Piazza Castelnuovo, stationery store
11:45 Hotel room

14:45 Via Maqueda
15:10 Quattro Canti
15:20 Via Maqueda
15:27 Piazza Giuseppe Verdi
15:35 Via Maqueda
15:38 Via Sperlinga
15:56 Piazza San Francesco di Paola
16:00 Piazza Giovanni Amendola
16:04 Via Paolo Paternostro
16:08 Piazza Castelnuovo
16:12 Piazza Ruggero Settimo

There's a counter-demonstration taking place here in answer to the demonstration on the other side of the street.

It happens again and again: I think that the place where I am at the moment must be the only possible place to be at all times. I'm still working on the structure of the journal notes.

17:15 Via Emerico Amari, grocer
17:27 Via Francesco Crispi
17:32 Via Fonderia Oreteia
17:34 Via Principe di Scordia
17:36 Via Camillo Benso Conte di Cavour
17:38 Via Carella
17:40 Via Francesco Guardione
17:45 Via Villaeramosa
17:51 Via Rosolino Pilo
17:59 Via Generale Vincenzo Magliocco
18:02 Piazza Giuseppe Verdi
18:05 Via Salvatore Spinuzza
18:06 Vicolo delle Mura
18:08 Vicolo Cacciatore
18:10 Via Giuseppe Patania, Supermercato Ruvolo
18:14 Via Trabia
18:15 Via Maqueda
18:17 Hotel room

8 March 2006

08:45 Slept poorly, nervousness.

09:15 Piazza Ballarò
First attempt to describe the route.
At a store right at the beginning of the market, I buy soap.
09:35 Messina bar, I drink cappuccino.
09:50 I go to the market again and buy six bottles of mineral water.
09:54 Hotel room, shower.

I want to go on the Internet. The salesman asks if I have my passport with me. I say no and ask if I need it, and he explains that all Internet users must be registered for security reasons. That's an anti-terrorism measure.

11:03 Via Formaggi Rua, heavy traffic.
11:20 Via Maqueda, I bring my suit to the cleaners, Pinguino.
I'm hungry.
11:30 I eat arancini.
11:50 Drink an espresso next door.
Via Calderai, I ask at a stationery store if they carry ballpoint pens in different colors. Want to draw the route onto the map at night. No luck. It's a bookstore.
Right across the street I buy a bottle of water.
Would be surprised if I met Petra here.
11:55 Via San Cristoforo
Bazaar wares: electric stoves and hot plates, metal objects, and plastic curtains line the street.
11:58 Via Roma
12:04 Via Vittorio Emanuele, walk in the direction of the sea.
Got to piss.
Piazza Marina, go to a pasticceria to use the toilet.
Should take the backpack instead of the shoulder bag next time.
Porta Felice, would be nice to meet up here.
I try to cross the street. The cars ignore me; I feel like wind, a dog, or less.
I go through a park and arrive at the sea.

Sitting on the steps of the piazza are youths holding banners. I ask one of the demonstrators the reason for the gathering. She says that the whole class is demonstrating for a fourteen-year-old girl who was banned from school somewhere in northern Italy because she's no longer a virgin.

On the street a container is burning. A policeman explains to me that six families were living in the adjacent, empty house. Now they are being thrown out because the city has sold the property.

Petra: What kind of rally is this?

Woman: We're an association of surgeons, psychologists, and doctors and we're demonstrating for article 294.

In Italy, this law establishes women's right to autonomy in the decision to terminate a pregnancy.

Petra: And you're here because it's Women's Day?

Woman: Yes. Article 294 is currently being attacked from different sides.

12:30 I read in my book, *Phasmes* by Georges Didi-Hubermann.

The phasmid—after the Greek word *phasma*—“simultaneously means apparition, a sign from the gods, a prodigious or even monstrous phenomenon; and also simulacrum, an omen, in a word.”

And this creature presents a paradox, “...because, in the very moment that it opens itself to the visible world, appearing is destined to be something like dissimulation. A paradox bursts forth because, for but a moment, appearing gives access to the here below, to something that suggests the contrary or, better yet, the hell of the visible world—the realm of dissemblance.”

12:45 It's cold.

I go to the right, along the sea bank. I have the feeling that I've passed Petra somewhere. I see a fox. It's a cat.

13:02 Piazza Tredici Vittime
Hunger.

Don't know what I should do.

I turn right onto Agencia de la Duana; walk to the sea behind a jogger. Military zone. A huge ferry. Have to piss.

13:15 Banchina Vittorio Veneto, I photograph a statue.

I take a picture of an Italian soldier, who is taking a picture of his comrades and a Spanish military seaman.

I ask a man why these yellow flowers are being sold everywhere today. He thought, I can't be from here and he offered me a mimosa. Today is Women's Day. I take a photo of myself holding the flower in my hand. Another man says in passing: "Have you already taken it?" I nod. "And smiled? A photo has to be pretty, not look like a funeral."

I should go to the tourist information.
I run out of the harbor, through customs and throw myself into the city.
13:31 Via Francesco Crispi
Via Emerico Amari
Via Principe di Scordia
The city seems too chaotic, too large. I have to stop wanting to find her.
I'm diffident; can't find a bar that suits me.
Via Bontà
Piazza Luigi Sturzo
13:45 Piazza Sant'Oliva
I ask a man carrying contact sheets where he had them made.
Walking is strenuous.
The city is labyrinthine.
I should organize myself.
I come to a market. This city has everything except writing materials.
14:02 Via Villa Filippina
Via Porta Carini
Piazzetta San Marco
Via Sant'Agostino
Via Maqueda
Via Venezia
14:20 Via Teatro Biondo
Everything is closed. Everyone meets to eat together.
I'm tired, want to go back to the hotel.
14:45 At the piazza is revolution. People are hammering against a large door and screaming a name. Burning containers lie in the street.
I'm hungry.
15:00 Via Maqueda, I eat something at the Ateneo bar.
Everything is quiet and closed.

(Between 15:00 and 19:00, the recording was taped over.)

Upon landing at the airport, Falcone Borsellino, it's raining. The next bus into the city leaves ten minutes later. I want to go to Hotel Paradiso on Piazza della Rivoluzione. It's the cheapest and has the nicest name. The bus goes to the main train station. From there I set off walking in the direction of Hotel Paradiso. My back hurts from the weight of my bag and the typewriter presses through the backpack onto my spine. When I get to Hotel Paradiso, it's already dark. All of the stores are closed. I ring below and after a while a man looks out of a fifth-floor window. I ask about a room and he shouts something to me. I wait until the heavy, black wooden doors open to go in. It's also dark inside. At the reception a light is on. He says in a soundless voice that there are only double rooms. I reply that I only need one bed and the price in the hotel guide is 17 euros. We negotiate the price and I promise to stay three weeks. Reluctantly, he walks in front of me up the stairs to the fourth floor. I should wait in the hallway; his wife prepares the room somewhere. The light goes out; I'm sitting in the dark. I hear shouting coming from the reception area. Judging by the voices, it's four or five men who are fighting below. About ten minutes later it's quiet again. The woman shows me my room. It's large and unheated. The sheets are damp. I want to shower, to warm myself up, and I go one floor below to the bathroom. There, too, it's cold and the shower is moldy. In the halls I encounter only men. I sleep the whole night in sweaters and a jacket and freeze nevertheless. The second night isn't any better. I pack my things the next morning. The man is annoyed. He says I should have told him it was cold and he would have turned on the heat. He charges me a higher price because I only stayed two nights.

19:10 Piazza Bellini
I glance into a pizzeria to see whether Petra is there. It is too early; the pizzeria is empty.
Via Roma
Via Sant'Anna
Vicolo del Santa Cecilia
Want to find a nice, small restaurant as soon as possible; I've no preconceptions of what this nice Italian restaurant should be like.
I'm cold.
19:22 Via Roma
19:31 Corso Tukory, main train station.
I run along a very busy street.
Haven't seen a stationery store the whole day.
Via Porta Sant'Agata
Two men are fighting, yelling at each other. One of them has an iron bar in his hand. He comes toward me. It looks as if he wants to attack me with the iron bar. I pass him on the left. The small group of men surrounding the two men keeps disbanding and forming again. The man with the iron bar is running back and forth. I want to take photographs, but I'm afraid of drawing attention to myself.
I keep going.
Lost my orientation.
I'm standing at a square surrounded by ruins.
In the middle there is a huge church.
19:45 Piazza Ballarò
I walk around the block. No desire to eat again at the same place as yesterday.
19:49 Via Formaggi Rua
It's narrow and dark; the cars drive fast. I should go in somewhere, get something to eat; otherwise I'll go crazy, become aggressive.
20:00 Via Maqueda, I walk into an Indian take-away and wait until a customer is served. I'm undecided and leave without getting anything.
Piazzetta della Messinese, I go to the Pizzeria-Trattoria La Vecchia Locanda. The waiter says that I instead should go to a take-away restaurant. Just up the street there are other restaurants; there's no more room. I look around and see that the restaurant is empty. An insult.
Will ask at the hotel if I can cook there.
Discesa dei Giudici, I eat pizza at a trattoria.

At night I awake from a noise in the hall. I hear the hotelier shouting and look at my wristwatch: three in the morning. I'm surprised by the noise at this time and can't get back to sleep. Later I look again at the watch. It's still three o' clock. I fall asleep, confused. When I wake up it's three o' clock again and I notice that my watch has stopped. I forgot to wind it. Since my room has no window I can't tell when it's light outside.

21:30 I'm tired. I make my way back to the hotel.
I wish for a warm bar. Freezing the whole time.
Piazza Bellini
Via Formaggi Rua
21:45 Hotel room
I miss Petra. Tomorrow we'll meet.

9 March 2006

I'm tired and I also froze somewhat last night.
I'll ask for another blanket. Nothing motivates me
to go out today.

No desire to climb the mountain right now, but
tomorrow and the day after there's rain in the forecast.
From Monte Pellegrino I could see the whole city.
Despite my dream, I don't think that today is the day
we will meet. Maybe everything will just have to
be written in this notebook.

09:32 Via Maqueda

09:33 Via Orologio

09:34 Via Giuseppe Patania, Supermercato Ruvolo

09:35 Via Orologio, Bar la Corrida

The waiter showed me a table out on the terrace today.
When I went to pay, the woman at the bar wanted one
more euro than I paid yesterday. I asked her for the
reason. She said it was because I sat out on the terrace,
therefore I was charged extra.

11:19 Via Orologio

11:32 Via Maqueda

11:43 Hotel room

12:38 Via Maqueda

12:45 Piazza Giuseppe Verdi

12:56 Piazza Ruggero Settimo

13:08 Piazza Francesco Crispi

9 March 2006

10:00 Getting to sleep was difficult, otherwise
slept very well.

10:40 Messina bar, the cappuccino is good.

10:48 Via Maqueda

10:57 Piazza Giuseppe Verdi

I'm stressed; a strong, inner stress. Money stress.

My room is too expensive.

Although, 200 francs more or less isn't so important.

11:07 Via Ruggero Settimo

11:10 Tourist information

Petra has certainly been here already or will be
here sometime.

The woman at the tourist information can speak
French. She calls up my hotel and asks why I'm paying
more than what's listed in the hotel guide. She asks
if they can give me a discount, because I want to stay
longer. She inquires about using the kitchen.

The hotelier says that I'm already paying less than
normal and that they don't have a kitchen for guests.

12:15 Piazza Luigi Sturzo, it's warm.

12:25 Piazza Giuseppe Verdi, I go into the opera
to look at the schedule.

12:43 Via dell'Università

13:20 Piazza Ballarò, I eat at a stand.

Espresso at the Messina bar.

I talk to the hotelier about the phone call this morning
and try to explain to him that my poor command of
Italian was the reason I didn't ask him directly.
I insisted on paying all of the rent in advance so I could
get the money problem off my mind. He gave me
a discount. But I'm not allowed to cook.

16:50 Hotel room

Nervous. Want to see Petra.

I'm bored. Have the feeling that I've been in the room
much too long.

Feel like I'm locked in the hotel.

Today Palermo plays Schalke. I'll walk through the
whole city to the stadium.

I ask a woman what the name of the park is. She answers: Giardino Inglese. She's from Poland and for the next three months she's caring for an elderly woman. Then she'll go back for three months and come again, and so on. She says there are only a few public toilets in Palermo and if I want to meet Nicolas I have to wait at the toilets. Can't go wrong. The best things about Italy are: L'acqua, i gelati e i mosaici. The ice cream is extraordinarily good, the best in the world. But I shouldn't eat the ice cream sold at the side of the street; it's dirty and it can make you sick. She recommends going to the McDonald's at Teatro Massimo. Otherwise I could take the bus to Monreale, the number 389 from Piazza Indipendenza, or the number 806 to Mondello. In Monreale there is a cathedral with mosaics; in Mondello there are beaches, but now it's too cold of course.

17:00 Via Giuseppe Mario Puglia
The hotel is paid for. Got a receipt for it. A lot of money.
But now I can't think about that any more.
Via Saladino
I lost my way.
Right on the corner is a small restaurant where
I might be able to eat alone.
17:05 Via Vittorio Emanuele, toward the sea.
I have a small bite to eat.
Should walk up and down this street more often;
I like it.
Have to hurry, otherwise I'll miss the football match.
17:18 Quattro Canti
Left to Via Maqueda.
All the men are staring at my camera monopod
as if it were a weapon.
I feel like a schizophrenic talking into my dictaphone.
Have to relax; tomorrow I'll go to the Turkish bath.
17:36 Viale della Libertà
People parade through the streets.
Perhaps Petra is in this area or lives there at Excelsior
Palace.
Hiking in the city is not like hiking in the mountains.
I have a backache.
It's unhealthy to walk in this city. Too many cars.
Should take the bus.
18:15 Piazza Vittorio Veneto, I buy a chinotto.
Haven't found anything to drink the whole time. Bars
are everywhere, but no stores with drinks to buy.
There are trees with mandarin oranges.
18:22 Viale del Fante, I hear crowd noise.
The match has certainly begun already. At the entrance
they send me to the other side of the stadium.
19:00 I'm on the right side of the stadium. There are
no tickets sold at the gate. It appears there's horse
racing on Saturdays and on Sunday Palermo is playing
against Udine.
19:20 Via dei Leoni, I go to a bar. The match is
broadcast on the TV and the stadium is half empty.
I have a beer.

I'm overlooking the city. The southern part is blocked by a pine tree. On the way here, a man followed me in his car. When I stopped, he asked me where I came from and where I was going. I kept going. He kept following me until I stopped. He asked if I wanted a ride. I said no and turned onto the footpath to Grotta Santa Rosalia. Further up the mountain, where the path crosses the street, he passed me and asked what I'm doing alone. He went with me for a time. I said that I wasn't alone, that my husband and two-year-old daughter were waiting for me at the Giardino Inglese. He offered to drive me to the grotto. I declined. Further ahead he passed me again and asked if I wasn't afraid walking alone on the path. I answered, afraid of what?; there's no one here other than he and the sheep. He complained that all the beautiful women are already married. When I continued on my way, he wanted to kiss me. I laughed and turned away.

Later, Rome is playing Juventus.
The barkeeper turns sour; he wants to close.
I could eat something in the area. This quarter is much more modern than the one I've been walking around in.
Petra is certainly moving differently than I am, in other places. Surely she will have made contact with other people. I haven't made contact with people – not once. Except for the woman at the tourism office. I cross a colossal street.
19:47 Via Sampolo, I continue to walk straight ahead. It would be interesting to note which side of the street I'm walking on.
The cars are racing.
I'll never meet her like this; I have no system whatsoever. I'm at the harbor again.
The night is warm.
The city is different here, as if it were a suburb. I should be able to document it, but I have no desire to take photos now. This should be photographed with a Sinar, and best from above, with a crane or from a helicopter. Warm air is blowing from a vent; perhaps I'm near the Turkish bath.
Not only haven't I got a system, I also haven't got a plan.
I've arrived at the end of the street.
Have to turn right, since the street ahead is only for cars.
It's looking bad; I have no desire to eat alone.
I'm thinking of Philippe. Feeling lonely. My dictaphone is my only friend here and I suppose that won't change for the next three weeks.
Have to find a restaurant somewhere, where I can relax and eat.
20:07 Via Gioacchino Ventura, right turn in the direction of the city center.
Maybe I'll find a take-away place on the way.
A woman passes me. We're walking at the same pace, not intentionally. She turns around and gives me a suspicious look. I stand still, photograph the intersection.
20:20 Via Mani, for a moment we're on the same route.
20:25 Via Archimede, a small restaurant, I cross the square. I don't like it.

14:08 Viale della Libertà, Giardino Inglese
14:26 Via Lamarmora
14:31 Via Andrea Cirrincione
14:37 Via Anwar Sadat
14:42 Via Martin Luther King
14:50 Via al Santuario di Montepellegrino
16:12 At the statue of Santa Rosalia
I leave behind a stone, like at Jewish cemeteries,
and also put an orange there as an offering.

16:30 Via al Santuario di Montepellegrino
17:19 At the base of the footpath I write on the gate:
Anche se non posso focalizzarti—sei nel mio
sguardo.
17:29 Via Isaac Rabin/Via al Santuario di
Montepellegrino
17:35 Piazza Generale Antonio Cascino
17:54 Via Piano dell'Ucciardone
18:05 Via Emerico Amari
18:15 Piazza Ruggero Settimo
18:17 Piazza Castelnuovo, Papeterie
18:25 Piazza Ruggero Settimo
18:35 Piazza Giuseppe Verdi
18:40 Via Orologio, fruit stand
18:50 Via Maqueda, Hotel Verdi
This morning I put a mimosa and a letter on the
electric box at the Via Maqueda.

I'm tired and hungry.
I just want to go back to the hotel.
20:28 Via Quintino Sella, left downhill. I look at the
menu; I want to get take-away and eat at the hotel.
20:45 I buy seafood at a stand.
I have to remember this: the Berlin bar. It's a kind
of lounge. Come here to read a little. Can't take photos,
have to piss right away. Just go home. Or somewhere.
20:54 Viale della Libertà
If we don't meet on this street, we'll never meet.
I take the bus.
Get off.
Take a parallel street to Via Maqueda in the direction
of my hotel. This restaurant had already caught
my attention this morning. I'll go there tomorrow.
I don't know what the name of this street is.
Tomorrow I want to go to the Turkish bath, to a
photography store, to a stationer's and in the evening
to Primavera for dinner. Then I have nothing more
to do for the next two-and-a-half weeks besides look
for Petra. I could put her picture up everywhere,
in every bar, at every newsstand.
At the house to the right, two people are arguing
and in front of me someone sits alone in a car listening
to music. Everywhere young people are sitting in
their parked cars. Sometimes there are two people.
Life takes place in the car.
21:10 Hotel room, eat and watch TV.

A man in blue running pants approaches me. I think for a minute, it could be Nicolas and I shoot a photo. When we're facing each other he asks in English: "Was it a hot shot?" I answer: "Somehow."

I dreamed that I encountered Nicolas. He had a blue cap on and came in through the door.

10 March 2006

(Due to technical problems there's no record of my route.)

12:32 Via Maqueda, bookshop
to meet: colpire, cogliere, indovinare, incontrare, adottare, prendere, giungere a, cogliere, colpire, imbattersi, incontrarsi, riunirsi, capitare, accadere; make a decision: prendere una decisione; meeting: incontro, convegno, riunione, appuntamento, combattimento
Roman meandering labyrinth, circle inside of four squares. Church labyrinth. Mathematics. Two parallels that meet in infinity?

14:26 Via Maqueda

14:43 Hotel Verdi

15:00 Via Maqueda

15:02 Via Scarlatti

15:10 Via Sant'Agostino

15:16 Piazza San Domenico

15:18 Via Napoli

15:25 Via Maqueda

15:27 Via dei Candelai

15:32 Piazza del Monte di Pietà

16:02 Via dei Candelai

16:16 Indian Internet point. Again, I don't have my passport. But he lets me use the computer anyway. Researching labyrinths.

16:28 Libreria Feltrinelli

16:30 Via Maqueda/Via Trabia

Photos of Nicolas and me, photos of the cafeteria, photos of the area and of the mimosa shrine.

20:00 Piazza Giuseppe Verdi

20:53 Via Maqueda, pizza on the corner

10 March 2006

06:30 The project takes place in Paris. In three weeks I'll be at Le Landeron. I meet Mirjam, she's Petra. Petra's gone back to Zurich earlier than planned on a work commission. I call my mother. She's a woman who lives a quiet life. Her husband is attached to his horse. She finds that odd. I ask if I can call her back, Petra wants to go into the city, Paris. Since the beginning of the project she hadn't even been in Palermo. I want to ask her something about her birthday, about flowers.

We're in a swimming pool. She says that only two weeks have passed. I'm shocked; I was certain that it was three already. We argue. I swim away; she swims after me, catching up. The argument dissolves. I ask her whether we're still on for our date in Venice? Not at all; Antonio is in Venice and it's better if I don't interfere. We meet in Zurich.

I'm in Vinelz on the village square to get a photo of the dairy. It's confining; everyone around me looks in one direction. Someone with white hair and a pink towel stands up.

I take a trip to Paris. Paris is Venice. I cross the river by boat. The project continues. I get off; I have in my hand the bag printed with a picture of a dog. The video camera stays on the boat. I go to the bridge and pull the boat up. I want to depict the boat station and I explain that the day before yesterday, from the 8th to the 9th, was Halloween and I had to flee; I was driven away. I have no memory of that and suddenly I'm in Le Landeron.

I have to say everything to the dictaphone. I speak and notice that I'm still dreaming.

I look out the window and see a crane that I hadn't seen until now.

Petra: What's happening here?

Policeman: A political rally. Tomorrow the president is coming.

Petra: Are you for AC Milan?

Policeman: No, I'm for Rome.

Petra: Do you find it dangerous when a single person has so much control over the media and the country?

Policeman: Not dangerous; we're in a democratic country.

The president can't make the decisions alone. He only represents the many parties that belong to this government.

I don't know how to explain that. It is certainly different in your country. You're apart from everything, apart from the world.

Friends of mine told me that in Lugano at night, when all the bars are closed, the tables are neatly stacked together and stay there all night. For you that is perhaps normal, but it would be impossible here. I think you're ahead of the game in many ways. History, too, has protected you.

As a neutral country, Switzerland could stay out of things.

Yes, it's a certain opportunism... (interrupts the sentence).

But, after all, Switzerland has never been completely occupied.

Petra: It seems never to have been necessary to occupy Switzerland.

Policeman: It's reported in the media that Libya wants money from us for occupation during the Second World War.

Now, all of a sudden! That's absurd.

Petra: Are you going to the event tomorrow?

Policeman: I wanted to go, also because the president is coming. He only comes to our city maybe every five years.

But they've assigned me to patrol the American embassy.

Petra: Can I also go to this event?

Policeman: Yes, it's open and free for everyone. You also could have taken part in the discussions here.

Petra: Where is the event?

Another dream comes to mind.

I walk through a park with Petra and flick bottle caps from beer bottles. The ground is full of bottle caps.

She says to me, it's a matter of what you focus on.

I have to gain a little more confidence in myself.

What if I'm a difficult, insecure, complicated person and I don't notice it.

When I focus on the gold in the wallpaper, everything shifts.

10:30 Slept fourteen hours.

Policeman: When you're on Via della Libertà, ask at the bus counter. You can ask about the route there. I would have liked to go; I even requested it. But my request wasn't granted. Unfortunately, but so it goes ... And you? Are you a student?

Petra: Yes.

Policeman: Is that why you're interested in things like the native architecture?

Petra: Yes. But also things like the president.

Policeman: He's a big personality. My grandfather and my uncle worked at this opera. They were tailors. Half my family worked here. In his day my grandfather was the best tailor at Teatro Massimo. Later, the theater was closed for many years. He told me that back then the dome could be opened.

Petra: And today?

Policeman: No, I don't think it's possible today.

Petra: Did your father work as a tailor, too?

Policeman: No. My mother could have gone into the theater business but my grandfather—how should I put it—didn't want to ask anyone for a favor. In any case, all of my uncles worked at the theater. As a child I saw all of the operas and operettas.

Petra: Do you still go there?

Policeman: Only if I'm on duty. I work in the summer in an open-air theater. That's even nicer. *La Traviata*, *Nabucco* ... those are all very beautiful operas.

Petra: I'm going to the opera here on Sunday. Can I take a photo of you in front of the Teatro Massimo?

Policeman: (looks around) That's difficult. Over there is our commander.

Petra: And if I take it from further away?

Policeman: Uninvolved. You act as if ...

Petra: (takes the photo)

Policeman: Done already?

Petra: Yes.

11:15 Messina bar, no cornetti.

Unbelievable how fast the time goes by, even in Palermo.

11:20 Piazza dell'Origlione, I sit in front of the church and drink cappuccino.

The bar is suitable for reading. I'll make a city guide.

A guide for people who don't want to visit churches.

11:35 Via Vittorio Emanuele

11:41 Quattro Canti

11:44 Via Roma

Forgot to record the route.

12:20 Via Antonio Gagini

Left, across the street. Was nearly run over by a motorcycle. I go to the photo shop.

12:29 Piazzetta Angelina Lanza

Piazza Giovanni Borgese

Via Giuseppe Patania

Via Roma, I'm beginning to recognize the area.

12:40 Via Vittorio Emanuele

I have the feeling of navigating through a mafia film with bad acting. I just passed two carabinieri.

One of them pushed me completely out of the way.

I had to stop and stand with my back pressed against the wall, so that he could pass by me with his cigarette.

Hotel Regina, she might be at this hotel.

The photo shop is closed. Back to Via Maqueda.

Pinguino still hasn't cleaned my suit.

Turn left.

12:50 Piazza Santissimi Quaranta Martiri

Ateneo bar, to piss.

It's so warm, like summertime at home. The traffic is thick.

13:05 Piazza Ballarò, at a stand I eat a kind of panino that is traditional in this quarter.

13:30 Hotel room

Policeman: I have many black-and-white photos of the singers in their costumes at home. Have you already seen the theater? (The commander calls.)

Petra: I'll leave you alone.

Policeman: My name is Francesco.

Petra: Petra.

Policeman: Are you staying with a family?

Petra: No, in a hotel.

Policeman: Where?

Petra: Nearby. (More police approach.)

Policeman: (points to the other police) They will be at the rally for the president.

Petra: On duty or because they support the president?

The other policemen: On duty.

Policeman: Everyone has their own opinion.

Policeman 2: The political opinions vary.

Policeman 3: I'm not political, but I have my opinions.

I absolutely love the president, like my own mother-in-law.

Really, I never hate him. Only pure, true love! It comes out of all my pores.

Petra: Then the president is part of your family.

Policeman 3: We're saying good night. Are you going there tomorrow?

Petra: I think I will. Now that I've seen his face so often on all the posters.

Policeman 3: Of course! He looks at us from every wall.

An angel, a messiah: he's everything and no one! With so much money I wouldn't really do anything anymore;

I wouldn't even wipe my ass.

Policeman 2: All politicians have their weaknesses.

Policeman 3: He's not clean. And the one before him who had to go was also unclean.

Policeman 2: Politics is a business. However, if you want to go there tomorrow, we'll see each other. We'll let you in and give you a good seat.

Petra: And where will you be?

Police: We're at the sports arena. Come in the afternoon.

Petra: Well then, perhaps see you tomorrow.

15:35 Via dei Biscottari, sitting on the steps formatting the GPS. It's completely confused, shows me in the middle of the sea.

15:45 Via Matteo Sclafani, walk along a park.

Nearby should be the abbey in which the physicist Ettore Majorana is supposed to have disappeared.

A huge cathedral stretches high above everything.

It is glorious, yet I have no desire to go inside. Maybe tomorrow.

15:50 Via Matteo Bonello

Via Cappuccinelle, I feel unsafe in this area.

Piazza Capo

Piazzetta San Marco

Via Sant'Agostino

Via Maqueda, left.

I buy a piece of pizza at a take-away.

16:30 Via Trabia, eat outside on the corner.

Petra walks up to me.

21:04 Hotel room

I opened the camera without first rewinding the film!!!

The whole day I had the feeling of being held up by something. First my dictaphone wasn't working, and it took forever to get a computer at the bookstore. I waited, picked up a dictionary, and read the Italian translation of the word "to meet." My eyes caught sight of a book about labyrinths. I went to the Internet café to research; that wasn't very productive. I went back to the hotel in order to grab a piece of pizza on the corner. On the way I saw two men playing Briscola, but I didn't understand the game rules and went into the next bookstore. The salesman showed me a few books on the subject. First I wanted something to eat. When I turned the corner, Nicolas was standing there with a piece of pizza in his hand. I was so surprised I almost lost my breath. At this moment he turned his head and saw me. We went looking for a bar and walked past my hotel. The pizza stand where we met each other lies exactly opposite the electric box upon which I placed the mimosa for him yesterday.

Nicolas talked about the Indian take-aways, about markets, and the rude traffic in the narrow streets. So far I haven't encountered any Indians, take-aways, or markets. The streets near my hotel are quiet.

20:25 Alone again with my Sony device; eat another piece of pizza and lasagne.

I feel light and somehow confident.

I have to pry myself out of this corner.

20:50 Piazza Giuseppe Verdi

The opera is closed. I can buy the ticket tomorrow at Ricordi Mediastores.

I could go back to the hotel and read or play chess.

Nothing more to discover tonight.

Maybe she lives there, at Hotel Verdi.

I try to enjoy the moment.

I've finished eating. The lasagne wasn't very good.

Could drink an amaro at a bar and draw the routes onto the maps.

Have to find nice shoes. They might not let me into the opera with these shoes.

Perhaps I should set the alarm clock tomorrow.

I have to pick up the suit, find a present, get tickets for *Turandot* and buy shoes. The tickets are the most important; the tickets and the shoes.

23:40 Hotel room

Our encounter seems like a dream to me. I'm calmer than yesterday. I drew in the first route and began to transcribe.

I should try to describe the encounter precisely.

I think of my encounter with Petra today. It was just like the first time we met, when it seemed like we'd known each other already.

I dreamed that I was cleaning the middle apartment in Baden, together with Olaf. He planned to move in with Karen, but he didn't tell her that we had also lived there once. I said, he must tell her; it isn't good to make a secret of these things because somehow it will come out anyway. Then he wrote everything on a sheet of paper and folded it. The apartment was neglected, extremely dirty and dusty. It looked like an attic. I cleaned one window pane that stood in the middle of the room.

11 March 2006

It's five in the morning. Every night since I've been here, I've woken at three o'clock and can't get back to sleep. I'm hungry. First I record the GPS data and draw the route onto the map. Then I look for cappuccino and cornetto. I want to go to the Berlusconi event today. Hopefully the location lies within the city map. I have to study the map in order to define a route for Sunday. There must be no other option than to meet at the opera.

10:32 Via Maqueda

10:34 Via Orologio

10:35 Piazza Giuseppe Verdi

10:43 Via Alberto Favara, Sax bar

Cappuccino, cornetto, 1 Lindor praline,
3 honey candies.

The woman at the reception asked me if I had an umbrella. Since my room has no windows, I didn't know it was raining; she lent me her umbrella.

11:45 Via Maqueda

11:47 Bookstore Flaccovio

I make a few drawings of labyrinths in my notebook.

My research shows:

Labyrinths are ancient.

The Minotaur lived in a labyrinth.

Mazes are a much older game form than the labyrinth.

Eco differentiates three kinds of labyrinths.

11 March 2006

09:30 I slept badly, too short. At the Messina bar there's no more cornetti.

10:00 Piazza Casa Professa, cappuccino.

10:08 I'm quiet, have a lot to do. Pick up the suit, buy an opera ticket for tomorrow, find a pair of shoes, and call Ivan about the flowers.

10:22 Via Maqueda

At the cleaners, Pinguino, the sales woman talks about the weather while I take a picture of her. I take the suit and go to get the ticket. It's raining.

10:40 Hotel room

I. Unicursal: Questo labirinto è l'immagine di un casino da vivere ma tutto sommato ordinato (c'è una mente che lo ha concepito). The question that one asks in this labyrinth isn't: will I ever find my way out of here? but rather: Uscirò vivo?

II. Manieristico: When you uncoil the classic unicursal labyrinth you find a thread between your hands. If you manage to unravel the manneristic labyrinth, you don't find a thread, but rather a tree structure that branches out endlessly, with about ninety-nine percent of the branches leading to a dead end. ... A difficult labyrinth, because it could happen that you forever fall back on your own steps, and it requires complex calculations in order to find a rule that can be used to find the way out. In theory this rule exists, since the mannerist labyrinth, even when its interior is extremely complex, has an inside and an outside.

III. Rizoma: As a third form there is the rhizome, or the endless net, in which every point can connect with every other and the continuation of these connections have, theoretically, no endpoint; for there is no inside and no outside. In other words, the rhizome can unfold infinitely in its interior. We could also imagine it as an endless butterball inside of which I can introduce a wall, without great difficulty, that separates two channels and thereby forms a new channel itself. It must also be added that in the rhizome, a false choice both offers solutions and makes the problem more complex. Even if the mind is able to create the rhizome, it has not predetermined and set the structure. The rhizome is a book in which each reading changes the order of the letters and forms a new text.

11:08 Via del Protonotaro
Via Vittorio Emanuele
Via Maqueda, I buy a dark and a light pair of shoes on sale.
Pass the corner where we met yesterday.
11:40 Piazza Giuseppe Verdi, the opera is sold out.
Via Camillo Benso Conte di Cavour, at Ricordi Mediastores, also nothing.
I'm depressed; will go to the opera tomorrow anyway.
Shit, I forgot my shoes. I go back. They're still there.
Maybe tourist information can call and get an opera ticket. Closed!
12:00 I take my film in to be developed. The pictures will be ready after five o'clock this evening.
Viale della Libertà
12:15 Via Torrearsa
I was able to buy a coupon for the Turkish bath.
Hope that I'll see her tomorrow; I must see her.
I get on the bus.
Before going back to the hotel I have to eat something fast.
Get off the bus in front of the university.
Via Maqueda, Ateneo bar, no panini.
12:35 I eat a piece of pizza across from Pinguino.
Via del Ponticello
Have to go to the opera with no expectations.
I will simply go there; maybe she'll come, maybe not.
I'm certain that she'll pass by there tomorrow.

I forgot the umbrella next to the computer.
When I went back to get it, it was gone. Now I have
to replace it for the woman at the reception desk.

14:10 Via Ruggero Settimo, La Rinascente

Via Generale Vincenzo Magliocco

14:47 Via Salvatore Spinuzza

15:50 Via Bara all'Olivella

Via Maqueda

15:56 Hotel Verdi

17:37 Via Maqueda

Via Bandiera, fruit stand

Via Roma

17:49 Corso Vittorio Emanuele

Via Bottai

Piazza Marina

Via Longarini

18:04 Chiesa di San Francesco d'Assisi, sound
recording of the consecration, photos.

18:24 Via Alessandro Paternostro

18:37 Piazza della Rivoluzione before Hotel Paradiso.

Photos. Battery change on the GPS. The device
keeps shutting off; I think it may be defective, causing
my notes to be incorrect or incomplete.

18:55 Corso dei Mille

19:07 Via Paolo Balsamo

Via Roma

Via Trieste

19:15 Via Maqueda, Tabacchi

19:40 Via Maqueda, bookstore

20:00 Hotel Verdi

I got lost. It was already dark and streams of rain were
coming down. I was soaked throughout, freezing,
and had no idea where I was.

I wanted to go to a tabacchi to get a telephone card.

A woman in front of the store said that I should put my
umbrella in the stand outside. I didn't want my
umbrella to be stolen again. She insisted. I told her that
she should mind her own business and took the
umbrella with me inside.

Messina bar

I want to pay the owner for my espresso. She wants
to get to the bar, but the boy blocks her way.

She gives him an irritated pat on the back of the
head, but the youth holds his ground. She has
to squeeze past.

While I pay she tells me that she herself had lived
fourteen years where my hotel room is now. She gave
birth to three children and raised them there,
until she had to move out because the hotelier wanted
to give the apartment to his son for a wedding gift.
The son died a year later of leukemia.

The man at the reception called the opera,
unsuccessfully. Nothing can be done about it,
the performance is sold out.

I will go there tomorrow and wait at the entry
or on the steps.

14:15 Hotel room, watch TV.

It's raining heavily.

Fell asleep.

Ugly outside. I don't want to miss Berlusconi's
speech at Palasport.

15:18 Via Formaggi Rua

A car completely sprayed me. I'm soaked.

Maybe the speech will be broadcast, or I'll take a taxi
there. I don't understand politics anyway, and,
actually, it doesn't interest me, either.

The streets are turning into rivers. I hope it doesn't
rain tomorrow.

I eat a snack and go back to the hotel.

16:30 Hotel room

On TV there are only football matches and talk shows.

22:46 Via Maqueda
Via Salvatore Spinuzza
Via Maqueda
Via Orologio
Via Maqueda
23:00 Hotel room

I didn't go to the Berlusconi event today. It was too cold and it rained the whole day, and, furthermore, the Palasport lies outside of our map.
I plan to make a labyrinth in front of the opera. The structure is in the city already. The city provides the form. Tomorrow it's supposed to rain again.
At least I have a heated room now. But it's becoming unsettling that the room has no windows. I want to walk through the city with Nicolas. I have the feeling that he lives somewhere on Via Maqueda behind Quattro Canti. There are a lot of Indians, take-aways, and markets there. I wander through the city, constantly looking for somewhere to sit down, but when I go into a bar I feel driven to keep going. Tired. I wish I could just have one night of normal sleep, to sleep through the night. The last three nights I've woken up at exactly three o'clock and couldn't get back to sleep until six.

17:52 It's stopped raining for now.
18:04 Toward Via Vittorio Emanuele, I was completely sprayed again.
18:12 Quattro Canti
At the market I bought a scarf for Petra. It's similar to one my sister has, but in black and copper.
18:25 Piazza Giuseppe Verdi, the opera is closed.
18:37 Via Ruggero Settimo, I cross the square and pick up the photos. Have to piss.
18:45 I go to a bar and quietly look at the pictures.
19:15 Via Maqueda, buy an umbrella from a street vendor.
Take the bus.
Get off in front of the university.
Buy bread.
19:49 Piazza dell'Origlione, walk along a church in the direction of the hotel.
I got lost; tipped-over containers lie in the street.
20:00 Hotel room

On the night he was betrayed, he prayed, gave bread to his disciples, and said: (siren noises from outside) "Take this bread and eat it; this is my body, which will be offered up to you." After the meal he presented a cup in the same way, gave thanks through holy prayer, and raised the cup to his disciples and said: "Take this cup and drink from it; this is the cup of my blood that will be offered up to you and to all of you so that your sins may be forgiven. Do this in memory of me."

The mystery of faith.

(Murmuring. Inaudible.)

Let us celebrate and pray for your son who has parted,
who has died so we may live ...

Our father ...

Let us make the sign of peace.

Lamb of God. You take away the sins of the world. Have
mercy on us.

Lamb of God.

Give us peace. (End of the recording.)

It's like a kind of artwork, a video with a complex soundtrack, very complex. A woman simply ran off and left her husband. The only thing that she took was a candle; she didn't have a passport, nothing. Her husband had everything. She was originally from India; she hadn't even intended to leave her husband forever. Then she met another man and fell so in love that she didn't want to go back. I first saw that from the outside, as a video, and then suddenly I was the woman and the man that I met in the car was Nicolas. We ran along the tracks at the Bremgarten-Dietikon railroad at Mutschellen and held hands. And I only had a candle and said: "Hey, I haven't got a thing; no passport, I have nothing. I just simply went away." He looked at me and at first couldn't quite believe it. Then he had to laugh. He wasn't fazed at all; he just smiled at me.

12 March 2006

07:47 I had a dream that was immeasurably beautiful. I was finally able to sleep through a night but somehow I slept in my clothes. ... Now I have to put on pajamas. The light is still on because I didn't realize I was sleeping. I don't want to turn the dictaphone off; it is almost as if I weren't alone. Today is my birthday.

I have a ticket for tonight's opera, *Turandot*. I will go out now and walk through the streets tracing with my steps the labyrinth that I've drawn on my map. It is the unicursal type of labyrinth. That means that there is only one way; I am the thread of Ariadne. Nicolas must find the way to the opera. I am somewhat afraid of this fixed route. There is no way to go around it, if the street is prohibitive or if a dog is in the way. It's good that it's still morning. I should be off now.

11:35 Via Maqueda, to the right
11:43 Via Camillo Benso Conte di Cavour, to the right
11:56 Piazza Tredici Vittime
11:59 Via Cala
12:08 Corso Vittorio Emanuele
12:36 Via Imera
12:53 Via Dante
13:03 Piazza Castelnuovo
13:06 Via Emerico Amari
13:14 Via Francesco Crispi
13:17 Via Francesco Guardione
13:21 Via Principe di Scordia
13:25 Via Principe di Belmonte
13:30 Viale Ruggero Settimo
13:31 Via Mariano Stabile
13:43 Via Cluverio
13:44 Via Goethe
13:58 to the left
14:00 Via Matteo Bonello
14:05 to the left
14:07 Via Sant'Agata alla Guilla
14:11 Via del Celso
14:17 Via Maqueda
14:19 Via Venezia
14:24 Via Roma
14:26 to the right
14:35 Vicolo San Giacomo
14:37 to the left

12 March 2006

10:55 I slept long and well. Go for a quick visit to the Messina bar. No cornetti for three days now. The bar at Piazza Casa Professa is closed. Keep going, straight ahead. Today everything's closed. 11:30 Via Maqueda, the Ateneo bar is open. Yesterday, I thought about what communication could mean if there were no technological means. To meet again after just three days. That could be habit forming. But today is Petra's birthday; we have to see each other. I want to think about communication in more detail. Piazza Ballarò, I go briefly to the market to buy fruit. There are fresh oysters, but it's too early for me.

14:38 Via dei Bambinai
14:41 Via Valverde
14:50 Via Roma
14:54 Via Bandiera
14:58 Via Sant'Agostino
15:06 to the right
15:12 Via Carini
15:17 Via Tunisi
15:21 to the right
15:23 Piazzale Ungheria
15:25 Via Generale Vincenzo Magliocco
15:26 Via Rosolino Pilo
15:28 Via Villaeramosa
15:29 I'm standing on the corner of the streets
Via Stabile/Via Villaeramosa. I see Nicolas.

13:55 I walk out of the hotel in the suit,
holding flowers.
It starts raining for the first time today.
Via del Protonotaro—there are torn-up photographs
lying on the street; I take a few with me.
Quattro Canti
Via Maqueda, can't find the bar where we were
the day before yesterday.
14:16 Piazza Olivella—walk alongside a church.
14:25 Piazza Giuseppe Verdi, Teatro Massimo,
there are still no tickets; the opera is definitely sold out.
Petra's not there.
Go to the opera bar. Much too early, it's still closed.
14:35 Via Bara all'Olivella, I eat a plate of pasta
and drink wine.
Freezing. I leave.
Cross the street. Look at the map, where the Berlin bar
might be. No desire to walk up and down every
street in this quarter.
15:28 Intersection of Via Riccardo Wagner/
Via Mariano Stabile, Petra walks toward me.

13 March 2006

19:49 Via Maqueda to the right

19:52 Via Orologio

20:03 Via Bara all'Olivella

20:05 Via Maqueda, Hotel Verdi

13 March 2006

(no entries)

14 March 2006

Yesterday I spoke with Lina at my hotel. The whole family waited for me on my birthday with a cassata siciliana and a bottle of prosecco and I never came. Lina told the others that I am always there around eight o'clock. At eleven everyone went home. They almost called the police.

The night with Nicolas was a delirium. Is it part of the game to go by all the rules? Rules are the expression of their possible transgression; punishment the legitimization for breaking the rules. A vow lives by the possibility of its violation. If there is no desire, a promise need not be made.

Ingeborg Bachmann: "...because I...did not know how to occupy a place in another life." In relation to Nicolas there's no place to occupy: I am the place. I must be more precise in my thoughts, to identify the places where they're permeable.

11:00 Via Maqueda

Piazza Giuseppe Verdi, Amato bar

11:37 Piazza Giuseppe Verdi

11:48 Via Maqueda

11:51 Libreria Flaccovio

13:32 Via Maqueda

13:41 Hotel Verdi

16:59 Via Maqueda

Via Orologio, Bar al Cioccolato

It appears I've found a place where I can sit in peace and write or read. I've been past here at least ten times and hadn't even seen it.

17:16 Palazzo dei Normanni

17:21 Corso Vittorio Emanuele, Cattedrale ,
Duomo

Mass. Consecration. Recording.

17:55 Corso Vittorio Emanuele

18:06 Via Maqueda

18:24 Piazza Giuseppe Verdi

19:47 Hotel Verdi

14 March 2006

12:00 Slept twelve hours.

Messina bar

I buy some fruit and plastic plates at the market.

It's cold and gray.

13:15 Hotel room

I want to visit the abbey in which the physicist Majorana disappeared. Then, look for a photo shop where I can have my monopod repaired. My GPS isn't connecting with a satellite.

13:38 Via Porta di Castro

13:50 Via dei Benedettini, San Giovanni degli Eremiti
A nun at the church shop says that the abbey has not been lived in for 400 years and that she's never heard the name Majorana.

In the inner courtyard of the abbey, I notice three cats.

An older man discusses with a woman, about thirty years old. She keeps repeating: You will die. “Tu morirai, tu morirai, tu morirai, capisci?” I ask myself if that is Toto—about whom Nicolas told me. He has a white beard. The conversation is at a standstill. Silence. And now becomes cheerful again. The mystery of time. We can’t perceive time. We’re missing the organ for that.

Unfortunately, the discussion is too quiet to follow it completely. The two depart. I ask the man with the white beard if his name is Toto. He says no. I try to explain why I’m talking to him and I talk about our project. The woman with him recommends to me the book *Il gioco del mondo* by Julio Cortázar. He says, they carried out a fundamental discussion about relationships. He’s a traveler. He sees relationships like harbors; one sails in and out of them. She, on the other hand, is of the opposite opinion: he just runs from them; he’s a refugee, a frightened animal, one who doesn’t face up to people. She’s an engineer who builds factory halls. She asks what I think he does. I guess: “Professor of literature, philosophy, or law.” He’s Magistratore Antimafia. I say, I read that in Palermo the mafia doesn’t exist anymore and I immediately feel so stupid that I wish I hadn’t said it. He answers, that is all a bit more complex. Certainly. His gaze is difficult to bear.

16:35 I eat something at the stand in front of the abbey.

Met an elderly woman in the inner courtyard. She told me about her life, her belief, Jesus, karma, reincarnation, fate and coincidence. She thinks that fate is the same as coincidence, something which befalls one. She thinks that coincidence exists in order to eliminate fate itself.

Her life has been good in that regard. Everything has come for her at the right time, at the right moment. She says that nothing goes away; everything that others experience through her will be lived again after death. The food was excellent.

17:18 Left along the wall.

The woman’s name is Ruth and she’s from Thun. In 1952 she almost married. Ten days before the wedding her whole family met the groom. He invited her into his workroom. When she entered he took a pistol out of a drawer. He was depressed and would have to call off the wedding. He asked whether they wouldn’t rather just put an end to it all. She didn’t want that.

Many years later he called her again. He already had children at that time and he asked if they could meet. She didn’t want that.

17:28 Santa Oro bar, drink an espresso.

Angels can be either good or evil. If one has a bad angel, life will be difficult. She connected everything in every direction, summarized the birth of Christ according to Matthew and Luke, and believes in reincarnation.

I couldn’t always follow her. It’s her truth, she said, although she seemed to rely heavily on the beliefs of another. I replied: “According to Rudolf.” I should say Rudolf Steiner, out of respect. She told of the angels in the cathedral mosaics in Monreale. All of the old artists had been initiated into the great secrets. We had a disagreement when she said that language is the fulfillment of all forms of expression. I think too much, she said, but I have lovely eyes. We had parted already when she came back to me and kissed me.

17:35 Piazza Indipendenza Via Vittorio Emanuele
Via Casamirra
Via Giuseppe Albina

Via Imera, three children ask me in English, “What’s your name?” and run off laughing. I take their photograph.

Blessed ... fruit ... Pray, brothers and sisters.

Sacrifice. Peace.

(Murmuring, inaudible)

The sacrifice that we offer you, God. Through Christ our

Lord. The Lord be with you. And with our spirit.

It is right to give you thanks and praise ...

Holy, holy, holy. (Murmuring) Holy are those ...

He took bread, broke it, lifted it up to his disciples and said:

“Take this bread and eat it; this is my body which shall be offered up to you.” (Ringing) And after supper he took the

cup, lifted it up to his disciples and said: “Take this cup

and drink from it. This is the cup of my blood that is sacrificed for you and for all men. Do this in memory of me.”

(Ringing)

The mystery of faith.

(Murmuring)

The Holy Spirit ...

Vater Benedetto, our Bishop Salvatore. Remember our ...

baptism. The death of your son, Jesus Christ. Resurrection.

Remember our brothers who have gone to rest in the

hope of rising again. With the apostles, Santa Rosalia.

Jesus Christ your son. For him, with him, in him,

God almighty father in unity with the holy spirit, all glory

is yours for ever and ever. Amen.

Our father.

(Murmuring)

Peace be with you.

Give one another your sign of peace.

(Handshake, murmuring)

17:56 Via Re Federico

18:07 Via Dante

18:13 I go into a kiosk and ask where there's a photo shop that sells or could repair a monopod. Those

must be the little impulses that Ruth was talking about that now befall me, with which I can influence fate.

Or are these moments of freedom within fate?

I go into a photo shop. They don't carry monopods;

in Via Ruggero Settimo there is a large store for photography supplies.

18:30 Via Ruggero Settimo, I should go to the main branch. There's a train station near there.

18:35 Via Malaspina, I buy a bottle of water.

18:44 I lost my way.

18:56 Via Giovan Battista Lulli

Monopods are sold only at the warehouse in the inner courtyard. That's open tomorrow between ten and twelve o'clock.

19:15 Via Malaspina, I go to a bar; have to take a short break. Then back again with the train.

At the reception I receive a note that has been left for me. On it are the first name and telephone number of the policeman, with whom I had spoken a couple days ago. I ask how he got my address. She says, he asked if a young woman from Switzerland lives here.

19:55 Notarbartolo train station; have to wait twenty minutes for the next train. It would be worth going by foot. The likelihood of meeting Petra on foot is much greater than on the train.

A woman looks at me with large, dark eyes and asks whether I am also going to the main train station. She gets off.

20:25 Main train station. Had I taken the train from Zurich as planned, I would have arrived here a week ago.

Hotel Elena, that must be Petra's hotel.

20:32 Via Roma

Via Trieste

Today it appears to me for the first time that a chance encounter with Petra is more likely. I have the feeling that she is nearby.

I buy something to eat at an Indian restaurant.

20:40 Via Maqueda

20:46 Hotel room

15 March 2006

10:51 Via Maqueda

Piazza Giuseppe Verdi

10:53 At the Amato bar again.

My barkeeper is named Francesco and he loves the sea.

This evening we'll celebrate my birthday at the hotel!

Read the book about the wolverine.

Library: Julio Cortázar, *Il gioco del mondo*.

Oil for my hair

Hairdresser

Photograph the place where I met Nicolas

Photo of Toto

11:35 Piazza Giuseppe Verdi, conversation with demonstrators in front of the Teatro Massimo.

Guided tour by an Austrian woman at the Teatro Massimo. Sound recording.

13:08 Via Maqueda

Via Generale Vincenzo Magliocco

Via Maqueda

13:23 Libreria Flaccovio

Via Maqueda

Libreria Feltrinelli

14:04 Via Napoli

Via Teatro Biondo

Via Napoli

14:10 Via Maqueda to the left

14:22 Fontana Pretoria, at the Quattro Canti

Chiesa della Martorana o Santa Maria dell'Ammiraglio

14:26 Ristorante Pizzeria Bellini

Should I stop creating things and instead try to confront the things that are left to do? Read books, follow through with my ideas, clarify thoughts. Is that an illusion?

The waiter just dropped a glass. Shards.

I'm afraid of the waiter's questions and do not want to answer him. Frankly, I'm not really sure what I'm writing here. I'd like to stay hidden today.

I remember conversations about the Kleist novella, *Die Marquise von O...* She first thinks her rescuer is an angel, then he's the devil; never real, never a person, never a man. Only at the very end. Does art have a metaphysical quality to offer, a charge, a carryover of the unexplainable? And why does that make me feel uncomfortable?

How should I approach this text? If I communicate it, it will be read. First by Nicolas. By others as well?

15 March 2006

Been awake for a long time. In the room next door it was very loud. I did some exercise for the first time in a long time, washed two T-shirts and three pairs of underwear.

I don't understand why my GPS is always showing that it doesn't have enough waypoints. I have to reread the manual.

16:44 Via dell'Università

17:00 Via Maqueda

17:00 Chiesa di San Nicolò da Tolentino

What draws me again and again to the Mass is the discrepancy between the degenerated appearances of the people and the knowledge of the old myths. I try to understand through participation.

Bread turns to flesh, wine to blood, absence is made present.

Each one of these priests looks like a caricature of himself. The one yesterday looked like the monk given to gluttony from *The Name of the Rose*. Pale, waxy, perverse. The one today reminds me of an Italian comedy from the 1980s, with the tight voice of a missionary, pleading: "Perchè ci (inaudible) al cammino della nostra vita? Amate i poveri come una madre ama i suoi figli." And then there are these servile women always, standing to the right. Someone gets up with a ringing cell phone and hurries outside. Someone's always going outside.

17:27 Via Maqueda

17:44 Hotel Verdi, hotel room

18:00 Hotel Verdi, reception

09:53 I buy a blue cap at the market. I'm dizzy and have a stomachache.

10:05 Via Torino, espresso.

Via Maqueda

Corso Tukory

10:20 Main train station

10:40 I take the train. As the tickets are collected, some boys are passing around a ticket. I'm on the upper side of the Notarbartolo train station.

Petra must be at the Turkish bath.

11:06 Via Malaspina, I buy a bottle of water.

11:13 Via Giovan Battista Lulli

At the entry to the warehouse I'm asked for a press pass. The salesman doesn't want to help me. I talk to a French-speaking customer about my monopod.

He recommends buying a new one; the repair is too specific. After a long back and forth, I decide on a cheap Manfrotto monopod.

11:40 I'm tired; I sit on the sidewalk.

11:47 Via Malaspina

Piazza Ottavio Ziino

I buy *I Cento Passi*, a film about a mafia member, for tonight.

Completely exhausted.

Via Emanuele Notarbartolo

12:18 Viale della Libertà

12:20 I have to ask a man for the key to the toilet.

I look around to see whether Petra is there. I stroll in the Giardino Inglese.

Boys piss in the middle of the park on old trees.

I leave the park; hungry.

12:45 Via Duca della Verdura, a bar that I can see from the street; I'll eat there.

I feel like I'm on a constant rendezvous and always at the wrong place or at the wrong time. There are no crossings, just spaces and time.

The problem with the waiting position is that nervousness can't be walked off. As soon as I walk, I forget that I'm actually waiting and I put myself in the position of one who is searching. When I let time pass, I'm waiting until she crosses my path. When I go with the time, I'm searching.

Petra: What is happening here?

Man: This is a demonstration against the executives of the Teatro Massimo. Specifically against the director, who organizes everything here.

Petra: And why?

Man: There's a power dispute in the board of directors. And as of today, former employees are now on the street. After five years.

Petra: Have you also lost your job?

Man: No, only those over there. Now there are new monthly contracts. Most of us, myself included, have received long-term contracts. And who are you?

Petra: My name is Petra; I'm from Zurich.

Woman: How lovely. I was in Zurich once, in the summer. Very beautiful. What do you do, Petra?

Petra: I'm moving around in the city with another person who is also moving around and neither of us knows where the other one is.

Woman: Oh, wonderful.

Man: Let's make a request to find this person. Have you lost each other?

Petra: No, no; that was our arrangement. We each record our own paths. In the end we will show each other where and when we've crossed each other's path.

Man: From which mental hospital have you escaped?

Woman: But what is the topic?

Petra: A study of the likelihood of a coincidental meeting.

Woman: And what is the goal?

Petra: I don't know that yet.

Woman: From such ideas, great things come. You're really a genius.

Man: How long have you been doing this?

Petra: For one week.

Man: In any case, your Italian is really good. Thank you for stopping. If we see him, we'll grab hold of him.

"The phasmid...acquires its power from the following paradox: by realizing a kind of imitative perfection, it shatters the hierarchy that can be demanded of all imitation. There are no longer a model and its copy: there's a copy that has devoured its model."

I find it difficult to relax and read a book. I have to be on the lookout.

I immediately forget all faces that pass me by.

I can only meet a person that I've known all along.

Travel guide: Teatro Massimo uses only its own choir. For that reason only specialized orchestras come here. With a Mozart opera, Mozart specialists are used, with Verdi, Verdi specialists, Rossini specialists, Wagner specialists, etc. Only the best of the best. Yesterday was the last performance of *Turandot*. Over half of the piece was with Chinese direction and set design. It was a fairy tale. Teatro Massimo was closed for twenty years for renovation work. And the money simply disappeared. After many years Leoluca Orlando was able to open the opera again. The premiere: *Der Rosenkavalier*. I thought, well, that could really be something, but what a surprise: it was spoken and sung in perfect Viennese. The second production was even better: *Tannhäuser*. A production by Werner Herzog. Grandiose. Venus lay on a big, scarlet-red mountain and then came Tannhäuser with his seven meter-long white train. But let's go have a look.

14:55 Via Generale Carlo Alberto Dalla Chiesa
I was at the bar for two hours and didn't see Petra;
or she didn't see me.
I should let myself be seen somewhere more
frequently.
Via Pasquale Calvi
Via Isidoro la Lumia
15:20 Via Riccardo Wagner
We met here last time. When we haven't met for
a longer time—although it hasn't even been so long—
it seems impossible to meet.
Via Ruggero Settimo
15:25 Via Camillo Benso Conte di Cavour,
I go to Ricordi Mediatore.
15:35 Toward the sea.
I have no more energy, I'm tired. Would like to just
go back to the hotel.
I have a craving for rice soup.
15:43 Via Francesco Crispi, I follow the sea.
15:56 Porta Felice
I go through the park to the waterfront. Men are
roaming around.
I tried to read a book here the first day.
16:04 Foro Umberto I
The city turns its back to the sea.
16:25 Via Lincoln, Orto Botanico. I ask myself whether
we can meet each other in such a beautiful place.
On the one hand, the impossible possibility of
a meeting is discouraging; at the same time it's the
possibility that keeps me going.
Two women and a dog sit across from me. One has
been on the phone for ten minutes and the other sits
bored and the dog yaps at me incessantly.
17:00 I see the whole garden. If she's in the park
she will be in my view.
I photograph the panorama, cacti, and plants.

Yesterday I wanted to transcribe all of the tracks but instead I watched TV. A film was playing in which the magnetic fields of the Earth broke down, because the core of the Earth stopped rotating. This caused disastrous storms throughout the whole planet. A small group of diverse experts traveled to the center of the Earth and used an atomic bomb to try to get the core to move. The only survivors were the military pilot and the magnetic field experts.

17:55 Via Lincoln, I eat arancini.
18:13 Via Roma
18:18 Via Torino
18:21 Via Maqueda, continue on until Quattro Canti, to meet Petra.
Left onto Via Vittorio Emanuele
Piazza Bologna
Via Giuseppe Mario Puglia
I lost my way again. I go to a bar and drink beer.

20:30 What can I do other than to walk around and stop at different places where she might also turn up? I had the feeling that we could have met today. I have no idea how I'll get to my hotel.
Piazza Ballarò, I go around the block again.
Everything is closed. I'm hungry.
At the Panaderia café behind the hotel they gave me a plate of spaghetti.
20:45 Hotel room; I watch the film.

Hotelier: I like all nations, the Germans, Swiss, Chinese; the only ones I can't relate to are the British. If they want something, they simply take it without asking. The chambermaid's come to me all upset because she didn't know how she would clean the room of an Englishman. Everything was on the floor, the clothes, sheets, all of the towels, everything. If you want to know a person, you have to look at their trash. I do that at home now and then. And I have to do that here at the hotel for security reasons sometimes.

In the trash you see what the person has done all day or if they have some kind of health problem. You find expired or empty medicine packages. You should do that at home with your parents as well. Take all the trash sometime and empty it onto the ground, and look at it closely.

It's unfortunate that Italy is dependent on Russian gas. If Russia wants to turn off the supply for whatever reason, we have no more warm water. We wouldn't even be able to warm the milk for our children. That's why a couple of clever minds have developed a method of producing fuel from the trash.

Petra: Are you going to vote?

Hotelier: Of course.

Petra: Are you already decided?

Hotelier: Long ago. I have experienced different governments in the last thirty years of my life. I know the left, the right, and the middle.

Prodi is interested in the large structures, the highways, the Calabria region and so on. But I don't eat highways; I eat vegetables. Prodi might support the universities, but Berlusconi gives you the money so that you can study, as long as you pass the tests. Without him I could never have renovated this hotel. I paid only 20 percent of the cost of renovation. The rest was financed by European Investment Funds. Many years ago I sat next to Berlusconi just like I'm sitting next to you. Then I understood that everything the man touches turns to gold. Berlusconi is a personality. He's with the American president for lunch and the same day

plays golf with the Russian president. There is only one personality who was similar and who achieved similar things. That was Andreotti. Only he lined his own pocket.

It's much easier here to get into a conversation with someone. The Sicilians are much more open than the northern Italians.

Petra: I haven't had many conversations until now. The people are not very interested in tourists.

Hotelier: That's not because you're foreign but because they're afraid of being turned down. The Sicilian man is timid. The women have it much easier. It is seldom that a woman is snubbed by a man because she approaches him, but the opposite is often the case. That's why women are more and more self-confident. The Sicilian woman has become very emancipated in recent years. She goes out more than the man.

When I'm standing on the balcony on Saturday evening and look down at Via Maqueda, there are maybe ten groups of women running around at the same time as only three groups of men.

16 March 2006

Mini-disc test. Since the conversation yesterday with my hotelier, I think twice about what I throw into the wastebasket. I'll portray the trash so I can know myself better. My trash today: four empty film canisters, the film packaging.

10:13 Via Maqueda

10:15 Piazza Giuseppe Verdi

10:17 Amato bar

The sun is shining and that makes me happy.

I look at the map. I want to be outside and to meet Nicolas.

The days are starting to go by faster. Yesterday I had the feeling that time was standing still.

Today I'll light a candle in a church on my way to the Capuchins.

I'll whistle while searching

little bits of news

let portraits be made

photos be taken

continue to follow the labyrinth?

Photograph the public toilets? No, I think the story by the Polish woman suffices here.

Photo of my Amato bar

Bodyshop

Bookshop

Toto

a garden

11:24 Via Ugo Antonio Amico

Via Maqueda

11:33 Piazza Giuseppe Verdi

Via Generale Vincenzo Magliocco

12:14 Via Maqueda

12:20 Piazza Ruggero Settimo

12:37 Via Maqueda, La Rinascente

13:23 Via Maqueda

I reshot photos at the place where we met, since I accidentally opened the camera and exposed the other film.

13:30 Corso Vittorio Emanuele

13:35 Antico Caffè

16 March 2006

I've been awake for an hour.

10:45 Messina bar

11:05 Hotel room; I do laundry and hang it up on the balcony.

I follow a sign that points in the direction of Hotel Cortese. Nicolas might live here. The area here looks the way he described the city: small streets, many Indians and Africans, reckless driving and heavy traffic, lots of markets. In my area the city looks very different.

I'm lost and can't find Hotel Cortese.

13:49 Corso Vittorio Emanuele

13:55 Piazza della Vittoria

14:40 Corso Vittorio Emanuele

14:51 Via Cappuccini

15:36 Catacombs

16:03 Via Cappuccini, hairdresser

16:54 Via Cappuccini, shoot photos

17:08 Piazza Indipendenza

Corso Vittorio Emanuele

17:25 Via Maqueda

17:31 Via Sant'Agostino

18:20 Hotel room

18:55 I have to go out.

Via Maqueda

19:20 Quattro Canti

19:26 Via dell'Università.

I found it now, on the streets Via Maqueda /

Via Sant'Agostino. It's now 19:39.

12:15 Piazza Ballarò, I eat a panino at a stand.

I'm intrigued. I had a strange encounter with a man.

12:22 Messina bar, I drink another espresso.

12:26 Via Casa Professa

12:32 Quattro Canti.

A small revolution is taking place. A toppled container.

In front there are a pair of carabinieri and four or five women with children.

12:41 Via Vittorio Emanuele

At six o'clock tonight there is a demonstration against the Iraq War.

12:45 Fontana del Garraffo, I eat arancini.

12:57 Via Cala

It's all a mixture of playing by the rules and breaking the rules, and, despite our agreement, it's not clear which rules to follow and which not to follow.

13:04 Piazza Tredici Vittime

It's warm. I can imagine that Petra will be climbing the mountain today.

There is so much shit here, and not only from dogs.

13:20 Piazza della Pace, I buy a bottle of water and a chinotto. Ready for the mountain. I go past a prison.

Via Piano dell'Ucciardone

Via Cristoforo Colombo, got to piss.

Cul-de-sac, shit! There is shit everywhere on the ground. Must go back.

13:44 Via Quinta Casa

14:06 Via Isaac Rabin

14:15 Via al Santuario di Monte Pellegrino

Buy fruit.

Two women follow behind me; I want peace and quiet.

Slowly the voices retreat to the background.

Petra has certainly already been down this path.

One can't escape from other people's thoughts.

A little oversight would do me good.

My hotelier recommended a visit to the catacombs. Versace did color studies there of the old clothing. Basically, he says, I could go everywhere but for a few years there's been "poca droga" – a dearth of drugs. Previously the boys stood on the street corners. Now they have to earn their money differently. I should watch out in the small alleys in certain areas of the city. There's a risk of being mugged or raped. But early in the morning and as soon as people are out, there's no danger. I should have my microphone with me at all times.

15:45 I look down over the right half of the city. It is loud and big. Walking gives a rhythm to thought. I had an inner dialogue with my father. About my relationship with Petra, our next exhibition, painting, and sharing. I have to be open for what is to come; have to empty myself, to complete the thoughts. Perhaps the most naïve thoughts come closest to the truth. I'll come here again with the Hasselblad so I can get a picture at dusk.

Two women are coming in my direction. I am on a constant woman hunt. I'm searching for a very particular woman. I know my prize; she knows me. It is about a relationship and it's not clear which role to assume. The hunt never ends; the prize is never to be found, otherwise the film will end. A man behind me takes photos of flowers.

16:30 Santuario di Santa Rosalia, I eat a panino santo. Stay a while and read.

18:00 I go on my way before it gets dark.

18:45 Via Martin Luther King
The city has me again. It's night; I put the flash on my camera.

The mountain is now also holy for me.

19:17 Via Imperatore Federico

Piazza Don Bosco

Piazza Vittorio Veneto, I get on the bus.

19:22 Via Ruggero Settimo, get off the bus. I think that I might meet Petra on the way back to the hotel.

The prize loses its meaning when it's not pursued, and without the prize or hope for it, there is no pursuit.

I love the helpless looks of men who are devoured by their women while they sit on benches.

19:28 Piazza Giuseppe Verdi

19:35 Via Sant'Agostino / Via Maqueda,
Petra approaches me.

04:00 Hotel room

17 March 2006

11:40 Via Maqueda

Piazza Giuseppe Verdi, forgot to turn on the microphone.

11:55 Amato bar

Yesterday I was already lying in bed when I was compelled to go out. I wanted to meet Nicolas, and at the same time I thought that it certainly won't work if I go out with this fixation in mind. I strolled up and down Via Maqueda until we stood face to face. He was at the botanical gardens yesterday; I was at the catacombs. Today I'll go look at the ruins where he met the old woman. I need to sit in the sun.

12:01 Piazza Giuseppe Verdi

12:16 Via Orologio

12:19 Via Bara all'Olivella

12:23 Via Maqueda, Libreria Flaccovio

13:22 Via Maqueda

13:34 Piazza Ruggero Settimo, I speak with two skaters.

15:58 Via Emerico Amari

16:17 Via Guisepe La Masa

16:21 Via Mariano Stabile, I walk on the right side of the street. I have the feeling that I must do something, but don't know what it is. I return to the hotel.

16:25 Via Principe di Scordia

16:29 Via Camillo Benso Conte di Cavour

Via Maqueda

16:40 ViaOrologio

17:45 Sit in the Bar al Cioccolato.

I like the waitress. She came to the table and whispered while she laid down the tablecloth, and I whispered back. I'm constantly compelled to go to the next place. No sooner do I get there than I get up to go somewhere else. Back to the hotel. I am less and less motivated to do anything. I wasn't at the Orto Botanico today; tomorrow. I want to have a long walk again. Yesterday Nicolas spoke about the hunt and the prize and about his constant hunt. I don't want to even hear it. But how am I supposed to forget about the hunt and the prize when there are these snarling men everywhere? And is it, according to Ingeborg Bachmann, not so, that a very normal woman would like to be raped quite normally?

17 March 2006

14:00 I've been awake for two hours. Already had cappuccino.

15:22 Via Porta di Castro

Via Benfratelli

Look briefly in the monastery, where I was a couple of days ago, to see whether Petra is there. I walk along a big wall. Yesterday seems like a dream. My conversations with myself are becoming a habit. Eat ice cream.

How many pages must I write until my head is finally empty? I should go to the monastery where they aren't allowed to do anything. And I have to go to sleep earlier and concentrate tomorrow.

Am I happy? Am I unhappy?

Should I take part in the exhibition at the Shedhalle with the researchers?

If I had wireless connection at my hotel then I could research labyrinths. Study the map, the structure of the city!

Whistling

Trash

Panorama

Signs

Put down words

17:57 Hotel room

15:44 Via Vittorio Emanuele

I constantly trip over my new shoes; they stop me.

Otherwise I feel unselfconscious, but not indifferent.

A kind of lightness about myself, easy going.

Via Cappuccini 101, that should be Petra's hair-dresser; but it's a school.

Have the feeling that last night was too short, have a feeling in me that's not finished. I have to meet her again.

I gravitate toward the botanical garden, but am afraid of being disappointed. Expectations are seldom met.

Via Cappuccini 210, she confused the street number of her hairdresser with the name of the store.

16:10 Cappuccini Frati Minori, visit to the catacombs.

I had an encounter with a monk. We looked at each other and without saying a word the space between us emptied.

It's amazing how sober and rational people can be when looking at the dead. I get dizzy when looking at the skin of a corpse. A student who's an attendant at the catacombs speaks with me.

He studies anthropology, history, geology... I don't understand what he's saying, but it's good to speak with someone.

Angelo: Are you on holiday?
Petra: No.
Angelo: What are you doing?
Petra: I'm researching with my friend the likelihood of a coincidental meeting.
Angelo: You mean, you don't know where he is?
Petra: No. Neither of us knows where the other is.
Angelo: And why are you lingering here on the square? Don't you want to walk around to find him?
Mario: He could also come by here. If she goes now, she might miss him.
Angelo: But if he's walking right now across the other end of the square she can't see him from here.
Mario: I would sit at the most central location and wait.
Angelo: If he thinks that too, they'll never meet. Where are you going now?
Petra: To the Orto Botanico.
Angelo: If you're looking for a quiet place with plants, why don't you go to the Giardino Inglese? That's closer.
Petra: I was there already.
Angelo: But as far as I know, you have to pay to enter the Orto Botanico. If you meet your friend today or tomorrow, go to Via dei Candelai. There's a good bar there. It's called Marabu. At the places where everyone goes they mostly play disco music, but in this bar they play hip-hop. There's dancing, nice and easy.
Petra: Via dei Candelai?
Angelo: Yes. Via dei Candelai.
Petra: I'll see. I don't think we'll meet today or tomorrow.
Angelo: Of course you can only meet when he's moving around.
Petra: If you see him, tell him he should come to the Marabu bar tomorrow evening.

17:00 I sit in front of the catacombs.
Now I understand what Petra means.
I often feel little compared to her.
I walk around the abbey.
Via Siccheria Quattro Camere
17:15 Via Michele Scoto
Via Ettore Arculeo
Yesterday Petra told me that she has trouble with being admired when she tells people that she's an artist.
17:24 Via Perpignano
17:28 Via Simone Rau
17:38 Piazza Principe di Camporeale
18:00 Via Dante, I go to a park. Piss.
Cars drive right through the middle of the park to a villa. A private party is going on there.
At the entrance they ask me if I'm the photographer from Kult magazine. I decline; no desire to hear classical music.
18:20 I go to a kind of kunsthalle.
19:06 Piazza Ruggero Settimo, full of expectation in the Via Maqueda in the direction of the hotel. Maybe Petra will be in the small restaurant having a late dinner; the same place that we ate together yesterday. I would like to spend the whole weekend with her.
19:12 Piazza Giuseppe Verdi
The demonstration before the opera, which she mentioned yesterday, is still on.
My hair is annoying me. I should have it cut.
19:23 Via Sant' Agostino
I can't find plain hair clips anywhere.
19:35 Quattro Canti
I slowly go to the Via Vittorio Emanuele in the direction of Piazza Bologna to the same restaurant as yesterday.
Petra doesn't have the same idea. I would like to have spent the evening with her.
21:35 I take a photo and go home.
21:45 Hotel room

18 March 2006

Today in my trash can:

3 banana peels
3 wilted roses (first with, then without heads)
2 empty packages of shower soap from the hotel
1 empty package of milk-and-honey facial mask
1 mini-disc package
1 partially eaten sesame roll with cheese
1 plastic bag
1 A4 sheet of paper
crumpled up toilet paper

12:38 Via Maqueda

12:39 Piazza Giuseppe Verdi

12:40 Via Alberto Favara, Amato bar

The days go by; life remains perplexing. The pack of sugar dwindles away. I want to hear stories about Palermo. At least one story. I'm going now to Toto. But he certainly won't be there at 1 o'clock. So, first to the ruins.

In the evening to Teatro dei Pupi.

In the afternoon to Piazza Ruggero Settimo.

Demonstration at Quattro Canti

Majorana abbey

Text

13:05 Piazza Giuseppe Verdi

14:25 Nicolas and I met at the Piazza Giuseppe Verdi.

At the Via Maqueda there's a demonstration.

07:30 Hotel Verdi

18 March 2006

11:15 I have to hurry; the chambermaid wants to clean my room.

It's gray outside.

No more cornetti. I'm confused.

(The sound tape quality is bad.)

11:25 Piazza dell'Origlione, I go to a bar.

The cappuccino is not the best, but I like the place.

12:20 I can't pay; forgot my wallet at the hotel.

13:50 Piazza dell'Origlione, I pay the bill from this morning.

Via del Protonotaro

Via Vittorio Emanuele

14:02 Quattro Canti

I'd rather go to the horse races than to the demo.

Petra never goes to demonstrations.

Tonight there's a party at a squat in Viale Strasburgo.

I turn away a beggar woman. We'll never see each other today.

14:20 Teatro Massimo, Petra is sitting at the square.

Petra: What is that?

Man 1: A corteo.

Petra: What is a corteo?

Man 1: A demonstration.

Petra: What's it about?

Man 1: Politics.

Petra: But what for?

Man 1: We are the Italian right. Against the Italian left.

Against the Centri Sociali.

Nicolas: Why aren't you at the Piazza Bologna?

Man 1: We're heading over there.

Nicolas: Is the demonstration against the Iraq War?

Man 1: No, that's at the Piazza Bologna. This is a different demonstration, a counter-demonstration if we can call it that.

Nicolas: Against the other one?

Man 2: Another demonstration, other topics.

Petra: (to Nicolas) That is the same demonstration as the one at Ruggero Settimo. They're going there afterwards.

(to man 1) Then you're for the war in Iraq?

Man 1: We're not *for* the war.

Petra: But today there's a demonstration *against* the war.

Man 2: We're against the violence of the extreme left.

Anti-communists. We're for closing the Centri Sociali.

Petra: Why do you want to close the Centri Sociali?

Man 1: Those are places of mental confusion ...

Man 2: ... and violence.

Petra: Where are these places?

Man 1: Hidden.

Petra: But where are they in Palermo? (Another man approaches.)

Man 2 to man 3: They asked about the Centri Sociali.

Petra: What happens then in this Centri Sociali?

Man 2: Well, they say ...

Man 3: ... they take in illegal immigrants.

09:00 I go to bed.

Have only vague memories of the evening.

Man 2: Drugs.

Nicolas: You don't take any drugs?

Man 2: No, I prefer a clear mind.

Nicolas: So you don't drink alcohol?

Man 2: Oh, yes. I drink beer.

Man 3: Where are you from?

Nicolas: From Switzerland.

Man 3: Michelle Hunziker, the great Michelle Hunziker ...

Nicolas: (to Petra) Ask, where these social things are.

Man 2: In Switzerland they don't have such a thing.

Petra: There are also demonstrations, but not as many as here.

Man 2: But you're against them. Against the war, against politics; you're independent.

Nicolas: More or less.

Petra: Can I ask you where these Centri Sociali are?

Man 2: No.

Nicolas: Where?

Man 3: In Lampedusa, on an island off of Sicily, near Africa.

That's where the illegal immigrants gather.

Petra: The Centri Sociali?

Nicolas: Where?

Man 3: Lampedusa, Lampedusa.

Petra: On an island?

Nicolas: Then it's not here in Palermo? (to Petra) I've heard of this island before.

Petra: I don't understand. These Centri Sociali are on the island?

Man 3: Lampedusa, Lampedusa.

Woman: (to man) No, that's something else; the illegal immigrants arrive in Lampedusa. (to Petra and Nicolas)

Young people live at the Centri Sociali; their events are often violent. But I don't know how to explain that to someone who doesn't know about it.

Petra: Are those places where concerts and discussions also take place?

Woman: Exactly, only that these youths are violent.

Man 3: At the Centri Sociali violence predominates.

Woman: In Milan this violence was expressed in riots; I don't know if you've heard of that. That's why we demonstrate against the Centri Sociali.

Nicolas: And where are these places in Palermo?

Woman: I don't know ...

Man 3: They're hidden.

Petra: Hidden?

Man 3: Yes.

Nicolas: They don't exist?

Man 3: Yes. (man turns away)

Nicolas: But where? (to Petra) They were never there.

Man 2: We're protesting precisely *against* the Centri Sociali.

Nicolas: Ask him how he can be against it if he's never even been there?

Petra: (translates into Italian) How can you be against these places if you've never even been there?

Man 2: We were there.

Petra: Where?

Man 2: In the Via Notarbartolo.

Petra: Via Notarbartolo?

Man 3: And in the Via Arrigo Boito.

Petra: Via Arrigo Boito.

Man 1: And the other is in the Via Strasburgo.

Nicolas: There is a party at Via Strasburgo one-nine-one.

Man 2: Yes.

Petra: I wanted to ask something else regarding these social ... now I lost my train of thought. (to Nicolas) Did you want to know anything else?

Nicolas: No, it's too dumb for me.

Petra: Centri Sociali ...

Man 3: Whatever the case, that's not what this is about anyway. But they are in the Via Strasburgo and the Via Notarbartolo.

Petra: But on your banner it says that you're demonstrating for closing the Centri Sociali.

Man 3: Yeah, yeah.

Petra: Now I remember what I wanted to ask. Are these Centri Sociali occupied houses?

Woman: Yes.

Man 3: The Centri Soc...

Woman: (to man) Be quiet. They aren't apartment buildings, they are occupied spaces.

Nicolas: And you're a punk?

Woman: Me?

Nicolas: Yes, your T-shirt says "Punk."

Woman: I don't read what's on T-shirts. I just bought it, not because of the writing.

Nicolas: It also says "Anarchy."

Petra: And at night when no one sees you...

Woman: What?

Nicolas: I don't think she understands you.

Petra: Nights, when no one sees you, you go to the Via Strasburgo one-nine-one.

Woman: No, no, no.

Man: Especially with her, no, there's no danger there.

But what are you doing in Palermo?

(National anthem transitions to scream-song, sirens.)

A man says something in passing that I don't understand. His wife next to him asks him if he's trying to make her jealous, which on the other hand, I do understand. Then he says, facing me: "Very nice face" and continues. I take a photo of their walking around the corner.

“Hello there, what a coincidence!” I look up and see two gray-haired English couples meeting at the side of Teatro Massimo. One of them in front of the fence; the other behind it. Unfortunately, they’re too far away for me to follow their conversation any longer. I wait for a good opportunity to approach one of the couples so that I can ask the nature of their meeting and explain why I’m interested in it. The man answers me with friendly irritation: “It was a joke. We’re in the same tour group.” About our project he merely says: “Very romantic.”

19 March 2006

15:38 Via Maqueda

15:50 Corso Vittorio Emanuele

Piazza Bologna

15:55 Piazza Santa Chiara

Via Giuseppe Mario Puglia

To the right into Via Saladino; I go left, but can't read the street sign. I stand at Hotel Cortese for the second time.

16:08 Nicolas comes out.

19 March 2006

15:00 Wake up. Have a strange feeling. Yesterday we talked extensively and argued. Have to find some order in my head.

Petra said she has the feeling that she's destroying our relationship. I accompany her a bit before we part, each with the fear of leaving the other alone. Would like to have woken up next to her.

A possibility first emerges when there is no alternative to it. We are afraid of losing our freedom, but we're only able to move freely together.

It's gray outside; I'm not tired anymore.
I take a shower.

16:05 I see Petra from my balcony.

02:00 Hotel room

To summarize the last two days: yesterday we met at the Piazza Giuseppe Verdi. We walked along Via Maqueda and finally drank something at Antico Caffè. Then we went to the horse races. Our horse, number six, won second place. On the way back we happened upon the Fini rally; sound recording of the national anthem. We escaped into the puppet theater. Ate at the Piazza Marina. Disagreement. Nicolas got sick at the restaurant. We rambled around. From a bar I called my hotel and said that I wouldn't be back until seven o'clock in the morning. We went with Aurora and Enrico to a party on the square. Finally Via dei Candelai. Everything was closed already. From five to six o'clock in the morning we walked around looking for the Berlin bar. No success. At six o'clock we finally found an open bar. Cappuccino and cornetto. Then Corso Vittorio Emanuele, Via della Libertà, another cappuccino. Back home. We parted at the cherry blossoms. I felt bad. Today I woke at two o'clock in the afternoon. Around four o'clock I walked up Via Maqueda to the place where we were yesterday. He must live in this area; he seemed familiar with it. I saw it in the way he moved. Again at Hotel Cortese. I stood in front of it, took a photo and asked myself if I should whistle. Nicolas came out. Espresso at his bar. We ate on Via Maqueda. The sea. I felt light again. Back again. Beautiful restaurant. Film night at the architecture bar. Concert. Picked up my passport. Shot a photo at Piazza Ballarò. French woman. Cherry blossoms.

02:00 Hotel room

Petra knows where I live. Palermo is becoming more and more complex, because it's more familiar. We create our circle for ourselves, know a few places where we can stay a while. The bars are inscribed, the paths are well known now. The whole thing ties itself together into a tapestry. Woven, complex.

Go to sleep.

20 March 2006

I'd like to go to the Turkish bath. But what if I don't go to find Nicolas now and he's waiting for me, or if I don't go to the Turkish bath until evening and he's already taken off... First, cappuccino. I don't think that he's awake already. I wouldn't be either if I didn't have to be out by twelve o'clock. No idea what the weather is like outside.

Go to see Nicolas
Go to the Turkish bath
Drink cappuccino

11:35 Via Maqueda

I cross Piazza Giuseppe Verdi and go into the Amato bar.

11:50 Amato bar

12:25 Piazza Giuseppe Verdi

The weather is too nice; I'm not going to the Turkish bath, but instead to Hotel Cortese.

I remember hearing a discussion with Max Frisch in which he says if something is merely autobiographical then it might interest the people in one's own town, or the next town, because they know the person; but it won't interest the people in the next city.

The problem is not the autobiography itself, but when a story holds nothing other than this.

We decided: we won't make any arrangements in advance to be at a particular place at a set time.

Which structures result when there are no agreed-on places or times? At most, everyday structures.

Someone is at a certain bar every day at the same time. That would be possible.

12:47 I gradually got used to the time today. I will make a description of the path to his hotel.

12:50 Hotel Cortese, I whistle, record the sound of the whistle noise.

15:13 Piazza Ballarò, market

If I say: "I'm going to this market now," I do it.

But now I won't say anything. And if I think: "I'm going to this market now," then I might think something very different the very next second.

15:19 Return to Piazza Ballarò.

15:27 Piazza Ballarò, I eat an artichoke and wait.

20 March 2006

11:50 Don't know what I should do. Could wait at the hotel until she comes by. It's warm outside, compels me to go out.

(The sound tape quality is bad.)

12:20 Messina bar, no more cornetti. I go to the baker.

12:50 Petra comes into the bar.

After this whole discussion I have a great sense of freedom and happiness.

15:46 Via Maqueda

16:11 Via Torrearsa, in front of the Turkish bath. Closed.

16:52 Via Gaetano Daita, I come out of a clothing store.

17:07 Via Gaetano Daita, Antichi Sapori, bought two bananas.

17:11 Via Mazzini

17:15 Piazza Francesco Nascè

Via Quintino Sella

Largo Etano Alfano, I walk around the piazza.

Via Principe di Scordia, the street runs parallel to the sea.

17:29 Via Emerico Amari

Via Francesco Crispi

17:44 Piazza Tredici Vittime

17:50 Piazza Marina, right past Giardino Garibaldi.

17:58 I go to Corso Vittorio Emanuele in the direction of the sea.

18:03 I shoot a photo of the bench where we sat and talked, and the bench that we got up from because it was sticky.

Porta Felice, we crossed this square the day before yesterday on our way to the sea.

Crossing the street by walking in between moving cars really gets to me. There are things that a person is increasingly burdened by and other things that one gets used to. Can we consciously decide for one or the other?

I went the same way that we did yesterday and the day before. Actually Nicolas should be standing right here. There's a whistle. He's coming over. I'm amazed.

22:12 Via Maqueda

I'm alone now and I walk up Via Maqueda. Home. Into the hotel.

22:16 Hotel room

15:15 Hotel room

I read about the paradox of the phasmida.

"The phasmid can be said to dissemble because, as it eats, it destroys what it imitates. Is a resemblance still intact when one of the two terms of the resemblance has disappeared? But more importantly, the phasmid dissembles because once it has been recognized as an animal that moves, clings, and mates, we are no longer able to recognize that animal in itself."

When one lives together in an apartment, there is a place to meet sooner or later.

Wolf told me that a friend lost his wife forever at the annual fair. They lost eye contact for a moment, then she disappeared and she never turned up again. I'm very unsettled.

We redefined some of the rules, but the structure is the same.

I will continue to talk to myself while walking and I'll photograph the parks.

16:03 Via Casa Professa

Via Maqueda

Familiar paths give me a strange feeling of security.

I have the impression of doing something meaningful.

I'll pay attention to every hotel.

16:20 Via Trabia, eat a piece of pizza.

16:24 Via Maqueda

16:45 Piazza Ruggero Settimo, I come out of the Punto Photo store.

I feel awkwardly empty.

16:54 Piazza Luigi Sturzo, toward the sea.

In my mind the streets are melded together. The picture of the city slowly becomes clear.

17:10 Via Quintino Sella

I wait until they fill the stand with fish and seafood.

Fish salad with mussels. The market is expensive.

Somehow I want to eat fish. Buy some fresh bread.

A young woman goes to her café, just as she does every morning.

She drinks her cappuccino like she does every morning, and eats her croissant. Just like every morning, she thinks of stories. But this morning something shifted by just a few millimeters. Between things, a whole world begins to emerge, things that she only touched on before and whose magnitude she's unaware of. The truth is neither this nor that; it is the locus between the tales.

17:17 Via Francesco Crispi, have to piss.
Drink an espresso at the Lucie bar.
Are photos still autonomous when they're tied into a text, fitted into a structure and taken with the intention of documenting?
I'll go back to the hotel today earlier than usual.
If I were to go now and she doesn't come I'd be disappointed, but I couldn't hold it against her.
Change the tape.
Forgot what I wanted to say.

The whole time a thousand pictures impact me.
The more familiar I am with the city, the more foreign it seems. I move around as freely as possible.
Crossing meetings off the schedule begins at an early age. At school it begins at eight years old.
Weeks in advance. Social meetings such as birthdays, Christmas, Shrove Tuesday, are set in advance.
They can be relaxing.
I'm almost certain she's in the botanical gardens.

17:42 Via Cala

There is a primal anxiety in seeing.

18:05 Orto Botanico, the park is closing. I go to the entry and wait until she comes out; otherwise it's too great a risk of missing her.

I go back to the sea.

18:20 Foro Italico, Petra stands before me at the sea.

I encounter the woman again whom I had seen the last time at the catacombs. She is Romanian and has three children. Today she looks rather different. In Romania there's been flooding; everything's under water and her own house has been washed away. She has no money and only earned two euros this morning. She is carrying in her hand a thin, blue plastic sack through which one sees raw meat and bones. The butcher gave her waste.

22:10 Hotel room
Tomorrow I'm taking my twenty-four hours of time off. Then I still have five more days to photograph the squares that I've passed by the most.
That should be enough.

21 March 2006

09:30 Hotel room

I always leave a light on at night; tonight in the bathroom. When it's very dark I'm afraid of waking and not being able to find my way through the room.

I just became aware of how I know that it's morning: because of the noises. I hear Lina speaking, sometimes also Gulielmo, the hotelier. And I hear the sound of cleaning, for example, the metal handle hitting against the plastic bucket, or the broom brushing up against the corner. Perhaps it's even audible on the mini-disc. I'll try it. Can't hear anything. Today I'll document my path to Hotel Cortese.

I took pictures of myself in bed. If I were fast I could be at Nicolas's in a half hour. He said to me yesterday that I'm not a good judge of the time. True enough.

It's hard for me to be at a particular place at a particular time and I can't assess things that aren't yet completed.

10:08 Via Maqueda

10:20 Piazza Giuseppe Verdi, Amato bar

I go back again to get my passport.

10:24 Via Maqueda

10:32 Piazza Quattro Canti

10:35 Via dell'Università

10:40 Messina bar, sound recording.

21 March 2006

10:40 Messina bar

11:00 Back to the hotel room

Nicolas: The first dream was about my parents. I threw stuff around. The second was in Loeb in Bern. It's a long dream, but I can't remember exactly; I only know that at the end there's a hierarchical fight between different powers.

My troops—and I as the leader of these troops—were part of a larger power alliance. There was a fight. With each one that I hit, I could see the powers of the other better. I could close my eyes and see everything. Once I fought against a small orange thing that looked like a kind of plate and made a noise: Schschschsch... And it tore me apart. I thought, shit. Then I closed my eyes and won the battle. At the end I fought against the most powerful; I tore his heart out.

Let's go to the bakery and then to the Messina bar. Those are the variations that I always choose. I either come here where it's nice, because you can sit outside; it's a little less loud.

Would you like a cornetto?

Petra: I already ate a cornetto at the Amato bar. And then?

Nicolas: The espresso is not as good here. Much less so.

Those are worlds apart. Anyway I just tore his heart out.

I can remember the moment very well; I understood how to do it. Heart out. It looked like a big piece of ham. The whole thing wasn't real at all. It was like a form of manga.

And suddenly I was much older; then I tore my heart out and with that all the powers were destroyed. I threw it in the Aare River. There was a lady there to whom I said: "Kiss me on the throat," but that was more of a joke. And she also thought that it was a joke and answered: "First of all you have a wife, second, forget it." And behind her my wife approached. I think that was you. Just like that, my wife. She wasn't from normal life; she was part of these powers. She was a warrior. Then I woke up. Turn the recorder off.

13:24 Via dell'Università. We parted again.
13:30 Via Maqueda, Piazza degli Giudici
13:35 Photos by the fountain. The place where
I was with Nicolas yesterday. Today there are lots of
police here. Another demonstration. This time
it's the union of taxi drivers. I go into the city hall.
Hopefully I can find a toilet.
In the city hall. Recording.
I shot almost all the photos on the film. A man leads
me into the office of the mayor and his secretary.
He wanted to drive me around the city and show me
the other places where the mayor also works.
He's not just a shadow.

14:44 Via Formaggi Rua
14:49 Via Maqueda
I need to buy 120 film. Today I want to shoot a photo
of Palermo at dusk. Hopefully I'm not too late.
15:05 Piazza Ruggero Settimo, Photo Point
15:25 I take a taxi in the direction of Montepellegrino.
15:34 Via Martin Luther King
16:15 Via al Santuario di Montepellegrino, overlook
point, wait until it gets dark.
The film must be exposed for a very long time.
I have the feeling that I should be at the hotel.
Maybe I'll get some take-away and bring it back to the
hotel, in case she comes by.

Man: Have you already seen the Sala Giunta?

Petra: No.

Man: I'll show you the hall. Here, here is the Sala Giunta.

Petra: Wow.

Man: Nice, isn't it? This wallpaper is all made of fabric.

Then we have here a functioning cheminée; it is seldom put to use now, but earlier it was lit quite frequently.

And there, the Ming Vases...

Petra: And who are the two people in the paintings?

Man: Queen Margherita and King Umberto Primo di Savoia.

And there is also the Sala Antinori and the Cappella dell Palazzo, see how beautiful she is, Santa Rosalia, San Benedetto il Moro, il Santo Negro. Those are all saints from here.

Petra: Does the mayor work here?

Man: Yes he does. Are you staying at a house?

Petra: In a hotel close to here.

Man: And what do you do? Are you studying?

Petra: I'm working on a study about the likelihood of a coincidental meeting in an urban space. I'm doing this with another person.

Man: Is the other a woman or a man?

Petra: Man.

Man: So, you're here and where is he?

Petra: I don't know.

Man: So he's a kind of shadow.

Petra: Yes, a kind of shadow.

Man: You don't know him and he doesn't know you.

Petra: Yes, we know each other; I just don't know where he is.

Man: This study is a little... oh, well. This fountain, Fontana Pretoria, do you see how beautiful it is?

Petra: How is it that there's no water?

Man: The motors are defective. The gate on the side can be opened. For example, to take wedding pictures or if a tourist wants to take a photo. The fountain is very beautiful.

20:20 Via Martin Luther King

20:24 Piazza Vittorio Veneto, take the bus.

20:50 Via Ruggero Settimo, change buses.

20:57 Quattro Canti, get out.

21:06 Piazza Ballarò

21:10 Hotel room

I'm extremely hungry. Could go to the restaurant at the piazza for something small to eat. I'm more in the mood for Conte Cagliostro, however, I'd like to go there with Petra. Could go to Gato Nero to eat crêpes, but I'm in the mood for pasta. Take-away is too complicated.

21:30 Gato Nero, it's pointless; she's already at the hotel.

I'm behind the hotel, at a small stand under the veranda. There's sepia pasta, beer, and football.

22:15 Hotel room

There's whistling repeatedly outside and each time I go to the balcony.

Open Bacio chocolate wrapper. Saying of the day: Love directs your course.

14:16 Via Maqueda

I'm standing before the cherry blossoms, where we always part company. I take photos.

A woman walked toward me. After passing each other, each of us stopped, turned around. We greeted one another and continued walking.

14:20 Hotel Verdi

15:36 Via Maqueda

From now on I will photograph all of the people whom I've already encountered in this city.

15:58 Corso Vittorio Emanuele

16:15 Porta Felice

I shoot photos of the places where I stood yesterday while I was taking photos of where we were the day before yesterday.

Additional shots:

Special streetlights that reduce the light emissions over a city. For whom are the emissions harmful?

The bench where Nicolas sat and ate cozze. Very spicy hot and with a lot of garlic.

Passageway

Possible location at the time when Nicolas saw me.

He waited here for me. He thought I came out of the Orto Botanico. A cat pokes its head through the bars in the fence and runs away, startled.

16:43 Orto Botanico, a typical park picture.

18:06 The bar at Orto Botanico, back to the sea.

18:17 Via Lincoln

I forgot to list the streets: Via Lincoln, Via dei Mille, Via Alessandro Paternostro, Via Roma... wait a minute.

Now I have it: Via Lincoln, Via Garibaldi, Piazza della Rivoluzione, Via Aragona... No, Piazza della

Rivoluzione to Via Cantavespri, then right to Piazza

Sant'Anna. Cross Via Roma and up Discesa dei Giudici.

18:46 Chiesa della Santa Maria dell'Ammiraglio, cross the square without fountains.

Via Maqueda

Internet point across from Via dell'Università

19:15 Via dell'Università, I look to see if Nicolas is in the hotel. Whistle. Not there. Look at the Messina bar.

Nothing.

19:24 Via dell'Università

19:47 I sit at the Piazza Giuseppe Verdi and look

at the people walking by. Don't think that we'll see each other again today.

19:58 Hotel Verdi

A family crosses the square. The older boy, who's eating gelato, throws the paper napkin on the ground. His mother says, don't do that; he should pick it up and throw it in the trash. He stamps on the napkin even more. She says: "Sei scemo." Then she walks over it herself. I throw the paper in the trash and walk around in the park some more.

There, where I should have been yesterday.
I am here today.

22 March 2006

When I got to the Orto Botanico I shot a photo that Nicolas was waiting for the day before.
I'll drop off the film for developing and then go to the Turkish bath.

09:46 Left on Via Maqueda, it's raining.
Today is the first day that I feel comfortable enough to dress in summer clothing (I'm wearing a green body undershirt and a flower-print, short-sleeved blouse) and now it's raining. Luckily, I packed the white turtleneck sweater just in case. Since I haven't got a window in my room I never know what kind of weather we're having.

I whistle below his window. Somewhat further ahead a woman looks out of a window. I whistle again. He's either gone to the shower or toilet or isn't there. Cappuccino.

10:05 Postscript: Via Maqueda, Via dell'Università, Piazza Ballarò, I take a left. Piazza Manfredi Francesco Baronio, I can't find the other bar. I go back the same way.

10:10 I'm standing in front of Hotel Cortese again, look for the bar again. Up the street, turn right, Piazza Santa Chiara. It's not here.
Piazza dell'Origlione. Cappuccino. I photograph the entry in which a man is standing. He asks why I took his picture. I reply that I wasn't taking his picture, I shot a photo of the entryway.

10:43 Back to Hotel Cortese. I meet Nicolas.

12:50 Quattro Canti toward the Turkish bath.
Alone again.

13:26 Via Maqueda, the sun just peeked through; now it's raining again.

13:32 Piazza Ruggero Settimo

13:38 Via Torrearsa, Turkish bath

I looked at the hourglass that shows how long the tea bag should stay in. When the sand had all fallen through I laid my head down and shut my eyes. Suddenly I had the feeling that I had to go. Nicolas was sitting near the entrance. He also had one of these hourglasses in front of him.

Via Maqueda in the direction of Hotel Verdi

00:44 Hotel room

22 March 2006

10:20 It's raining. The chance of meeting her on the street is low and she won't be coming by, either.
I will wait until evening.
Petra whistles under my balcony.

14:30 Via Formaggi Rua

Via Maqueda

Piazza Bellini

Via Roma

Via Lattarini Grande

Via Isnello

Via Vittorio Emanuele

14:47 Piazza Marina, I go piss at the bar that's near the fountain.

Giardino Garibaldi, photograph tree roots and paths.
Time passes slowly.

We're eating at the same restaurant where Nicolas spent his first night. At that time there had been a political meeting here. Nicolas had taken a few photos with his digital camera. When he wanted to leave the restaurant, two men followed him. They said that they're policemen and they showed him a badge that looked like the ones in American films. They asked him to delete the pictures. He acted like he was erasing all of them, but he kept one. Later, the hotelier called his room. He asked for his passport. When Nicolas came down and asked what was the matter, the hotelier said that he just has to check his data; the police had asked for it.

Tonight the restaurant is almost empty. Other than a sixty-year-old tourist couple we're the only guests. On TV Palermo is playing Rome. Palermo in pink shirts; Rome in red. Palermo wins the game. The cook is brought to tears and keeps showing us how the hair on his arm is standing up. Nicolas looks across to a man, he must be the owner because he gave a speech in which he said something like "more important than any speech is to eat together." I ask this man whether there had been a political event here last Saturday. He nods. When I ask whether it was for the left or the right, he says: "La sinistra." I ask whether he is going to vote. He nods again. I ask again, whether political meetings are often held here. He said, next Saturday there will be another one. But it will be much larger, sixty people. This time the right. We're astounded that the left and the right of Palermo are holding their party dinners at the same restaurant, right in the middle of their campaigns. I ask him whether this restaurant has a reputation in Palermo for being especially traditional. He confirms: "Molto tradizionale."

15:20 Via Vittorio Emanuele, drink an espresso.
15:55 Chiesa di San Francesco d'Assisi, exit the church. The statue of Serpantini is impressive. In front of me is Focacceria Antica. I'll have to try their focaccia.
16:00 Piazza San Francesco d'Assisi
Two carabinieri ask for my papers. I ask them if they would allow me in return to photograph them. The background wasn't very good.
16:04 Piazza Marina
An automobile accident. Carabinieri stop. Before they get out of the car, they straighten out their caps in the rear-view mirror.
Today is a photography day.
16:17 Via Giovanni Meli
Via Torrearsa, it's raining. I go to the café at the Turkish bath.
16:40 Order a tea.

18:15 Fell asleep.
I turn over the hourglass that came with my tea and watch how the time passes.
I stand up and walk out. Petra is leaving the baths.

After the meal he puts on a CD for us. He's also a singer. At large events he himself sings for his guests. Nicolas and I begin to converse with his wife and ask how long they've had the restaurant. She answers, one year. I ask whether they had run another restaurant previously. She answers, no, before they had done something different. We're confused; her husband just told us that this was a very traditional restaurant.

She says, there's never been a restaurant in this area.

The Piazza Ballarò is a traditional place and the name of the restaurant Conte Cagliostro goes back to a Medieval mystic.

He was a very important person.

00:45 Via Maqueda

00:49 Via Formaggi Rua

I fall back into nothing; back to the waiting position.

00:52 Hotel room. At the reception they tell me that someone has called.

23 March 2006

11:45 Via Maqueda, I go to the left. Forgot the book; I'll go get it.

11:55 Via dell'Università
I meet Nicolas.

12:45 My GPS is going crazy. No satellite reception.

13:20 On the bus to Monreale.

Monreale, with the war veterans. Sound recording.

Nicolas can finally take the Italian photos that he's been waiting to shoot.

Giordano Calmero, Cannon Street, to deliver the photo and greetings to the dental technician.

Car ride back to Palermo. The driver said: "Mafia is a kind of mentality and television wants to keep us dumb."

23:04 We're in Palermo again, very near the Teatro Massimo. Nicolas says, the group photo is the potency of photography. A clear sentence in the late night.

00:39 Hotel room, in bed.

I always thought that if I knew more it would be easier to make decisions.

We were at this church today in Monreale and looked at the mosaics. In the central nave the entire Old Testament is illustrated; in the side aisle the New Testament. We were there almost two and a half hours. I must review the story of Esau and Isaac and Jacob and Rebecca.

23 March 2006

11:00 I go take a shower.

Today is the day to take my twenty-four hours off.

The woman at the Messina bar lived for fourteen years at the place where Nicolas's room is now. She had three children and raised them there. She was forced to move out because the proprietor, the hotelier of Hotel Cortese, wanted to give the apartment to his son for a wedding gift. One year later, the son died of leukemia at age twenty-one. The whole thing was an ugly story. Today their relationship is normal again.

War veteran: The Americans solved the hunger problem within one month. We were very fortunate that the ships came. We owe much to the Americans. I was sent to war in Algeria, from there to Marseille, from Marseille to Dijon, and finally to Belgium. In prison no one did anything and we waited for the end of the war. The Americans brought prosperity to Sicily and Italy. There was nothing but hunger here. And in France it was exactly the same. We really must speak well of the Americans. After these three years as prisoner, I was called to the embassy in Rome. I was able to pick up money there. My wife was from Rome, now I live in Monreale. I was a civil employee for forty years; I worked at the cemetery. I am the president of the war veterans here. Would you like an espresso?

We're standing on the mountain, looking over the city.
While Nicolas changes the film, I see more and more lights turning on in Palermo. The city begins to bleed. What is the decisive moment of the dusk in this city? Nicolas says: "That's the moment when every light is on while it's still light out." It's six twenty-four in the evening. He gets back on his seat. The dark slide is out. I wait for the first click. That, too, could be the decisive photo. Only a couple of lights, like tears in the street. No sea of lights yet. In the bar behind us the music starts. It gets darker and darker.
Nicolas: The time/aperture combination is a totally difficult decision, because as of now you can't go by the exposure meter. It's instinctive. Whereby—there is, naturally, as we know ...
Petra: ... Polaroids ...
Nicolas: No, there are optimal apertures.
Petra: Yes, eleven is always good.
Nicolas: It's always the third position. With this camera it's the aperture eight.
Petra: We're missing the decisive moment.
Nicolas: Should we still take a Polaroid?
(Change of film back. The guy at the bar asks us what we want to drink. Quiet, just music. Doors: "Come on baby light my fire.")
Nicolas: That is the decisive moment.
Petra: Is it that? No, it's not by far. You think, this is it? Is there a term for this high point? For example, Henry Cartier-Bresson? You know for this ...
Nicolas: ... zero point ...
Petra: ... before the pendulum swings back ... And you think, that is it?
Nicolas: Yes, I believe, if we don't now ... at some point there's no more difference between the sky and ...

Petra: ... sea ...

Nicolas: ... and earth.

Petra: The problem is that you're standing next to me.

I always imagined that I would see you somewhere from up here. Why make a city portrait when I know that you're next to me? – But of course it's also true that we're collecting material here that we can use later on.

24 March 2006

20:40 Via Orologio

I looked at the photos: definitely need to retake them.

I haven't got a plan for today besides picking up photos and eating salad. I might also need mini-discs sometime. Olaf wrote that his dog Ambra is slowly dying. I asked myself recently whether she would still remember me. For days I haven't written anything, nothing I can use anyway.

I haven't anything to write.

Someone is always on the cell phone. Church, two kisses like the mafia.

Should I record more dialogues?

Should I photograph more people?

Should I leave traces, leave more clues behind?

Should I go to a photographer and have my portrait taken?

Photograph empty streets with the Hasselblad?

Should I make self-portraits at all the important places?

What would these be? Tripod!

Shoot photos at all of the places that we met each other.

Portrait of Toto.

Picture of the entry to Nicolas's hotel.

Morning portraits of the house.

Count the number of steps from me to Nicolas.

Title?

225 steps.

24 March 2006

12:00 I slept long.

It rains without stopping. Today's a casual day. Drink espresso, wash clothes. No plans. No stress.

12:15 Messina bar, Petra has not been there yet today.

12:45 Hotel room

Waiting.

15:10 Still at my hotel room. Play a game of chess against my computer.

Then I want to buy Polaroids, maybe have a look inside the church right on the corner and back to Hotel Verdi to see if that's where Petra is staying, and get football tickets for Sunday.

16:45 Via Formaggi Rua
I see a blue light ahead. I go to see what's happened.
Something in an apartment.

17:02 Go back to the church.

17:06 Quattro Canti

17:15 Hotel Verdi, I suspect that Petra lives there.
Can't whistle; she doesn't have a window. She told me
that. At the Hotel Verdi reception desk they won't
give me any information about the guests.

17:28 Via Ruggero Settimo
I'm drowsy.

17:35 I pick up the developed pictures. The salesman
asks about Petra and says that she picked up her
pictures at around two this afternoon.

17:45 Via Paolo Paternostro, Punto Snai.
They don't sell football tickets.

18:25 Via Camillo Benso Conte di Cavour, Ricordi
Mediastores, I buy two tickets for the match on Sunday.
Don't know what I should do, where I could go.
I'm outside for no reason. I go get something to eat.

19:15 Messina bar, espresso.

19:25 Hotel room

22:20 Been waiting all day. Go to bed so I can
get up early tomorrow.

25 March 2006

Via Maqueda

Piazza Giuseppe Verdi, Amato bar

Giovanni Amato sat next to me at my table and told me his story. Now he's gone back inside.

He asked if I would still be here.

He could also be me. Then his story would be my story.

That's why all stories are my stories.

Someone is being thrown out of the Amato bar.

I have the feeling I need to go, but why, actually?

Giovanni Amato returns. Sound recording.

Via Francesco Raimondo

I will now photograph these dogs that I can't walk past.

I turn left into Via Panneria, to avoid a dog.

Via Maqueda

13:34 Via dell'Università

13:40 Stand in front of Nicolas's hotel; he was on the balcony.

14:20 Piazza Ballarò

25 March 2006

10:02 Was hard to get to sleep last night. On my balcony hangs a Forza-Italia flag.

At the Messina bar they don't have any cornetti.

10:15 Piazza Casa Professa, I drink a cappuccino.

Just four more days until the project is complete.

I'm surprised I can stand myself.

10:35 Main train station; I take the train.

10:54 Via Emanuele Notarbartolo

11:00 Via Malaspina

Via Giovan Battista Lulli

The saleswoman is clueless. The Polaroids are stacked up right behind her and she knows nothing about it.

Via Emanuele Notarbartolo, I take the bus.

11:29 Quattro Canti, exit.

12:13 Piazza Ballarò

Forza-Italia flags are hung around the square.

If Petra doesn't show by one o'clock, I'll go photograph a park.

12:45 Hotel room, it's loud outside. Fireworks.

13:05 Messina bar, Petra hasn't been here yet.

Apparently the party gives money to those who will hang the flag. People say that Berlusconi will eat tonight at Conte Cagliostro.

I'm at a loss. Don't know what I should do.

13:40 Hotel room, Petra whistles.

Last night, again, I cried in a dream. I dreamed of a sport with ropes and rings, a kind of trapeze. You couldn't actually practice; you had to just do it. I was afraid. I thought that it was me; somehow everyone was a little bit me. The trainer had absolutely no understanding. She showed me the move. You were supposed to go head over foot and just let yourself fall.

23:17 On my table I find a sugar sachet printed with Amato bar. That's definitely Petra's bar. Tomorrow I'll have cappuccino there. I ask myself whether the flag is still on the balcony. It's there. As is my underwear. My revolution.

We're speaking with the owner of the Messina bar. He is outraged and says that everyone was paid to hang flags from the governing party out of their windows yesterday. Even the restaurant Conte Cagliostro has been bought by the party. It is all a charade and a fraud. They pretend to do something for the people here, but they are only in it for themselves. Everything and everyone has been bought.

Amato: When I got married there was war. There was poverty and misery. I always kept going. I worked at night. And what did my wife do? She bought meat for me. I asked: "Why are there only vegetables and potatoes for you and the child and meat for me?" She said: "You have to work."

Then I found another job. I earned 500 lire a day. We had three sons already. I found another job. There I earned 700 lire. At the next job I was up to 1200 lire. That was a lot of money in 1947. So, what I did was work a lot until I could have my own store, and then the store kept growing bigger and bigger. My sons went into the business.

Everyone is doing well. Today we have a name in Palermo. Throughout the city our family owns pasticceria.

My name is Giovanni, but she always called me Giò. I called her Cè. Her name was Concetta. She was the most beautiful, kind, and smartest woman in the world. We took all of our steps together. I love her still; maybe now that she is dead even more than before.

Before the war there was nothing in Sicily, nothing: hunger and unemployment. Palermo was small. There, where the new Palermo is today, were gardens before. Those who had bought apartments became millionaires without noticing it. I built up every store with my sons. If I had bought apartments I would be a millionaire. But I did well. I have enough and I'm not dependent on my sons. It's just that I'm alone. But one step at a time. First I want to take a trip.

I want to go to America. Germany is nice, London, too.

In Edinburgh I have three nephews and two brothers.

My brothers have a pasticceria, my nephews a restaurant.

Scotland is beautiful, too beautiful.

I wear three rings. One is from our wedding, the other from our silver anniversary, and the third is from the golden one.

Each carries our names and the dates. I was happy with my wife. She liked me and I liked her. I liked our equality. It used to be that the woman was the slave of the man. Do this, do that. When the father sat at the table to eat, he was given

the pasta to taste. He had to try it and he decided if his wife could serve it. Before, when a child came into the world the child was not beautiful. Today all children are beautiful. That is perhaps because of nourishment, the vitamins. And women are different, too. That's perhaps because of the massages, creams, and sports. There are no ugly women anymore and everywhere there are women in sports, the police, army, air force, and marines. Only the carabinieri didn't want women. But they're there too. It's said that they're even higher ranked than the men. Earlier, women were limited. She was only a woman. You're traveling alone, aren't you? Before, if a woman went off alone she was already lost. Alone? Are you crazy?

I became engaged at age seventeen. Once, I put my hand on the shoulder of my future wife. Her father said, don't touch my daughter or I'll throw you out of the house. He thought, I was going to touch her. That was the time of the bombing. Everything was dark. I said: "Shall we get water?" and so I went to get water with my future mother-in-law, sister-in-law, and wife. And because it was so dark, we were able to kiss on the way, of course only very briefly.

We were engaged for six months; for one month I was outside of Palermo. I took off because my father-in-law forbade me to hold hands with my wife and to see her. I had 2000 lire in my pocket. After a month of eating and amusement outside of Palermo I still had 1000 lire. My father was a well-respected and well-known person in Palermo. He owned many stores and could not afford for his son to behave in such a way. He didn't accept my behavior and didn't allow me to come back to the family. For this reason I sent friends to my father, to smooth out the relationship and to make peace. But my father said he didn't want to see me any more because I injured and insulted him. Finally I decided to go myself. One of my sisters opened the door for me. She said: "Papa, here is Giovanni." He said: "Come in. You had the courage to come yourself. Sit and eat." Finally I could marry. We rented our own apartment.

My granddaughter is a lawyer. She studied hard. For her there were only her studies. Since childhood, she only wanted to be a lawyer. My grandfather was a dolciere, my father was a dolciere, my brothers were dolcieri, my nephews, my sons. No one has left the field of the pasticceria. In Zurich, too, cousins of mine have a pasticceria. Go by and ask if they come from Palermo and if their father is named Salvatore. His nickname is Tareddo. I am Amato Giovanni, son of Carmelo called Polonordo. All had nicknames. Since there were six men in the family with the name Carmelo Amato, there were confusions. Which Carmelo Amato, son of whom? So everyone received nicknames. Carmelo Amato Polonordo, because he had the Gelateria Polonordo, Carmelo Amato Altrobuso, buso—like a hole, because his face was scarred, Carmelo Amato Tareddo was the son of Carmelo, and Carmelo was the son of Peppino, Salvatore was the son of Giuseppe; there were six siblings. Salvatore Amato was the cousin of Carmelo. Polonordo was the cousin of Tareddo. The father of Polonordo and the father of Tareddo were uncle and nephew. The story is: four brothers, they were all dolcieri, whose father was also a dolciere; one was called Giuseppe, the other Iacuzio, one Pietro, and one Giuseppe. Giuseppe was called Tareddo. He had four sons, Carmelo, Tareddo, Pietro, Nino. My father was the son of Pietro. This Giuseppe was the son ...

26 March 2006

12:21 Via Maqueda

Piazza Giuseppe Verdi

13:05 Amato bar

13:33 Piazza Giuseppe Verdi

Hotel Verdi

14:02 Via Maqueda, forgot my watch; go in the
direction of the stadium

14:09 Via Filippo Turati, Piazza Luigi Sturzo

14:40 Stadium

The mini-disc battery is almost dead. If we don't have
seats next to each other, we'll never meet up here.

Football noises. Sound recording.

26 March 2006

13:15 Slept twelve hours.

I dreamed that I was on holiday with Barbara, Valerie, and Tanja. The day before yesterday I dreamed I lost a tooth.

13:50 Via Casa Professa
All of the streets are empty. I start on my search for the Amato bar.
Left to Via Maqueda.
14:07 Via Alessandro Scarlatti
Via Gaetano Donizetti
Via Alberto Favara, Amato bar
Received two postcards printed with the Amato bar.
I ask whether a young woman with long, dark hair has come in today. He doesn't know anything.
14:24 The espresso at Amato is good, balanced.
It's stronger at the Messina bar. It just isn't pressed down with the hand. But good. Pretty cups—white with gold rims.
14:31 Via Roma, I get on the bus.
The seats are numbered. We will meet.
14:53 Football stadium, the match has started already. Forgot to set my watch ahead for daylight savings time.

Francesco is working today at the Amato bar.

Francesco: Have you been to Mondello by the sea?

Petra: I can't leave the city. But the sea must be beautiful here.

Francesco: I love the vastness. The mountains don't say much to me. But I'll never tire of the sea.

Petra: Have you worked here long?

Francesco: Eight years. It's time to make a change. I'd like to go to Bologna, but there I'd miss Palermo. What's horrible about Palermo is that there's no work. That's because of the mafia and that will always be here.

Petra: Do you like this pastry shop?

Francesco: There are others that are better, but the Amato family has a name in Palermo and Sicily. It's a kind of guarantee. I never had to worry about anything and just had a good time. Today I'm forty-two years old and I realize that I'd like to have a wife and family.

Giovanni Amato enters. Francesco leaves.

Amato: When I was a boy there was a magazine called *l'Avventuroso*—it was about things that lay in the future.

At that time it appeared as a weekly. It contained science.

The man who flew to the moon. Everything that I read in those magazines has come to bear. I remember the first man who flew to the moon—it was the Russian Gagarin.

(He leaves.)

Francesco: (comes back) What are you doing today?

Petra: I don't know.

07:00 Hotel room

Come home from shooting photos. Another day when so much has happened.

27 March 2006

Jobs are called out at the harbor.

03:43 Quattro Canti

Someone threw a raw egg at us. It hit about a meter from me. At first I thought that a piece of stucco

fell from the fountain. I'm happy that it didn't hit me.

I was standing on the edge of the fountain at a height of one meter eighty, bent over the Hasselblad.

It must have been them...the way they grinned from the car.

But maybe it wasn't them. Nicolas: "Yes, that's the car."

He photographed the splattered egg.

27 March 2006

15:00 I'm gloomy, sad.

(The sound tape quality is bad.)

16:00 Go to the Amato bar to drink a cappuccino.

Via Casa Professa

Via Formaggi Rua

Via Maqueda, no desire to do anything.

16:08 Petra's standing in front of Hotel Verdi.

03:40 Quattro Canti

Someone throws an egg at us from a moving car.
Later the car comes by again and drives by us slowly.
At this moment a police car comes. The carabinieri
says that we should go to bed.
I accompany Petra to her hotel.
Via dell'Università back to the hotel.

04:45 Hotel room

The photo's been taken. We forgot the Polaroids at the
Quattro Canti fountain, which is of no concern.
Tomorrow is the last day.

28 March 2006

14:32 I cross Via Maqueda, Amato bar.

Today is the last day.

15:38 Back to Via Maqueda in the direction of Quattro Canti.

15:54 Via dell'Università

16:03 Hotel Cortese

16:05 Piazza Ballarò, Messina bar

Distances in steps:

32 steps to the first stair in the stairwell

52 steps to the entryway (inside of which there are 39 steps)

290 steps to the Amato bar

776 steps to Quattro Canti

200 steps to Via dell'Università

470 steps to Hotel Cortese

39.5 to the reception (inside of which there are 32 steps)

65 to Nicolas (to whom there are 41 stairs)

92 steps from Nicolas downstairs to the Messina bar

Total steps from me to Nicolas: 1,634.5

Total steps from Nicolas' room to the Messina bar: 196

Total steps from me to the Amato bar: 374

Conversation with a woman demonstrating at Piazza Giuseppe Verdi.

19:00 We look for the Berlin bar again.

We almost wanted to give up; Nicolas had an urgent need to go to the toilet and my eyes were burning from the exhaust. But then we were standing in front of the Berlin bar.

28 March 2006

14:30 Awake.

Cappuccino

15:25 Hotel room, I put all the data on the laptop.

Will bring in the photos to be developed.

It's getting warm.

17:20 I go out briefly.

I had a discussion with Elio and Giovanni Amato's granddaughter's husband. They told me that Giovanni raved about me, was trying to find me and wanted to take me to the movies. The granddaughter's husband had the feeling that I travel around the world and so I live a happy life. He asked me where I'd like to live someday. He had just married a year before. His wife is forty-five and reproaches him because he puts his socks and shirts in the wrong places. He said: "Tu giri per il mondo, che bello," and I tried to tell him what I'm doing here in Palermo; he said, I shouldn't worry.

20:48 Via Maqueda
20:53 Quattro Canti
20:55 Via dell'Università
Toward Piazza Casa Professa
Have to piss, urgently.
Go to the Panaderia café, see if it's still open.
Closed.
Supermarket
21:15 Piazza Ballarò
I buy a Twix, two oranges and two bananas.
Hotel room

23:40 I take off without the GPS, with no dictaphone and no camera.
First bring the two brothers at the pasta stand two photos, then to the Carlo V bar, where I will meet Petra.

20:46 The last evening. Sitting in Italia, in Via Orologio. Much of what I wanted to do remains unrealized. Must goals be fulfilled? Food is coming. The television is on. I have to ask my relatives in Italy how they can stand that.

A demonstrator told me that the participants in the Genoa demonstration were forced to kiss a picture of Mussolini.

On television there's an advertisement for the Lega Nord. The voice-over claims that foreigners bring crime and terrorism and countries such as Turkey have nothing in common with Europe. Images of September 11 are shown.

21:39 Hotel room

23:30 I leave the hotel. We have a rendezvous at midnight.

Via Maqueda

Since the night at Quattro Canti I'm nervous when someone approaches from behind. It also makes me feel aggressive when two men pass me—one on the left and one on the right of me.

23:42 Quattro Canti, to the right in Corso Vittorio Emanuele. Left. Standing on the square. Bar Carlo V. It's 23:55! Five more minutes.

00:00 I set all of the devices at the door. I should actually put down the camera as well, but I still need it. I shoot some photos. The GPS is now in communication with three satellites. I turn off the mini-disc.

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of the German texts from the publication:

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29 March 2006

I dreamt the whole night that I have to draw routes.
I was moving on unstable ground.