



DEATH @ LIDO CUVRYSTRASSE 7,

Half an hour prior, this Polaroid camera was happily resting in the Ramones' museum. While enjoying a whiskey and humming along to "Pretty Vacant", the fellow behind the bar, or vocalist in Gang Zero depending on the time of day, shares that Death is playing their first show in Berlin, a band wrapped in a gossamer of myth and musical mysticism. Arguably, the first punk band. Undeniably, living legends. The audience was present this evening: dreadlocks thrashing in the periphery, a GBH patch blurring due west, a couple kissing as they caught a guitar pick. Death resurrected what some call a dead genre. Magicians enlivening their craft. Death brought their 70s authenticity to the creative chaos of Berlin, which has been under construction since the formation of the genre.



RISIKO @ YORCKSTRASSE 48

Ignore the ticket office that now lives here. Picture, instead, a 1989 Berlin that had just been gifted with the presence of the Birthday Party. Nick Cave is slouching on the bar. Blixa Bargeld is tending the bar. Nina Hagen is parading around the bar. Today, it is nondescript, but guarded by two stone vixens: a cold homage to the Baudelairean temple it is rumoured to have been. Revisiting for this article, I met three young men from the Dominican Republic. Standoffish at first but, with the click of instant film and a seemingly odd interest in a storefront, they exchange stories and smirks — somehow echoing the tempting creative spirit and unlikely pairings that once were here.



PRIMA DONNA @ WILD AT HEART WIENER STRASSE 20

Here, the sweat on your arm never seems to be entirely your own. Here, the drinks are always poured a little strong. Here, the chainsmoker in the corner is joined, not shunned. Here, a narrow space makes seeing the band difficult. And yet, it does not matter. It is a dive bar where a disco ball dangles in waves of audio distortion. You leave with your ears ringing and a new layer of grit, but you leave with a lightened load, lessened by electric guitars sounding internal thoughts.



STREET ART @ KOTTBUSSE TOR

Street art and graffiti is an artistic conversation with passers-by. From U-bahns to apartment buildings, Berlin is cloaked in spray paint. Dxttrxn's latest paste-up motif around the city features an alien face: a disembodied paper head glue around Berlin. Perhaps the portrait is a nod to how one can feel like a bit of an outsider: alienated. Perhaps it is a nod to how dxttrxn's own eccentricities make him feel within city walls. Whatever the accurate bend of the artist's philosophy, he invites you to look up and create a narrative.

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