

PERFORMANCE SCRIPT

Welcome to Bunkersville

by François Pisapia

Kunstverein Siegen
07.09.2025

General description:

“Bunker Bombs & Co. is a state-sponsored and privately owned corporation promising protection and safety which continues to see its stocks rise despite reports of their products being used for purposes other than defence. After the Bunker Decades, the corporation was instrumental in rebuilding and repopulating the Surface, profiting hugely from the New Beginning’s economic miracle. Heir to the Imperial Metal Industries and the National Cement Trade, Bunker Bombs & Co.’s imprint can be found all over town.”

Mixing urban studies and sci-fi, the tour is set in the year 2100 and imagines the architectural legacy of Siegen’s many bunkers and its age-old iron and steel industry. After a slideshow introduction in the Kunstverein, participants will be taken on a listening drive through the city aboard the Hübbelbummler-Bus.

PART I: Welcome to Bunkersville

*Lecture performance / slideshow introduction in the
Kunstverein
approx 15 min*

Welcome to Bunkersville, the year is 2100 AD!

World War Three is **70** years behind us, the following **30** years of **living in underground bunkers** is slowly becoming little more than a nightmare half-remembered. But the traces of those Bunker Decades can still be seen all around us!

Bunkersville is the small but significant city in West Bunkerland. It is the **company town of Bunker, Bombs and Co.** a **conglomerate** born of the latest 2020s **merger** of the **Imperial Metal Industries** and the **National Cement Trade**.

Bunker Bombs and co. is a **state-sponsored and privately owned corporation** promising **protection and safety**, selling to both **State-level and private clients**. Needless to say the company has cemented its role in society (no pun intended) and with overflowing **profits** it continues to see its **stocks rise** despite relentless reports and protests about their products being used for purposes **other than “defence”**. After the Bunker Decades, the corporation was instrumental in **rebuilding and repopulating the Surface**, profiting hugely from the New Beginning’s so-called economic miracle.

(Now for those of you who are not as versed in modern history, we will be circling back to these time periods throughout the lecture)

Today, on this Sept 7th of the year 2100, we offer you a **re-enactment** of an **interrupted lecture** which took place some years ago, around **2085**. Before the end of that lecture, police raided the venue and calmly arrested the speaker, who will remain anonymous. These arrests were quite frequent at the time, in fact, some of the more rigorous intellectuals would joke that if your lecture was not interrupted and if you hadn’t been arrested for your words, you were probably not saying anything worthwhile. This was, and still is the state of affairs in Bunkersville. And

this is why we have initiated this **series of silenced, banned and interrupted lecture re-enactments**. Today's lecture is titled ***"Post-Bunker Living: The architectural legacy of the New Beginning era in light of the ongoing Long Repression"***, and I will be re-enacting it in its interrupted, unfinished form.

Moves to podium

Let the records show that on this date, in what we call the **Long Repression**, our current state of affairs which was initiated by the **successive States of Emergency** of the 2020s and their accompanying **waves of repression**, which we recognize to be in large part the **criminal tactics of a State complicit in genocide**, this repression: a state of affairs cemented by the following **Bunker Decades** (roughly 2030 to 2060), for which our grand-parents were **forced underground** by the threat of **World War Three**, which we recognize to be orchestrated by the **Military in cahoots with the conglomerate** of weapons, metal and cement industries (now known as Bunker Bombs and Co), a dark time followed by the **peaceful times of the** so-called **New Beginning**, where our parents slowly returned to **Surface living**, in what was effectively a **State Wide Company Town** - by which we mean that every **resident had to work at the company**, where homes, couches, clothes, household appliances, cars and toys were **handed out profusely** but on **loan**, where **movement was free** within the walls of the city, where **everyone's voice could be heard** when in accordance with company policy, where the **sun shined** when the shift was over only – all of which, after the Bunker Decades, felt like freedom – a reality which was slowly normalized until we found ourselves in the current state of affairs, what we call the **Long Repression**, where the **brutal tactics** of the first half of the century are **no longer necessary**, where **silencing** is streamlined in bureaucracy, **imprisonments** are carried out in the dark with only a farce of a trial which no **press** covers objectively, where the **media** is in fact dictated by state interests and private property, and where **deportations** are rarely necessary

because of the impenetrable border walls and offshore camps as well as the **intense deportation waves of the late 2020s and early 2030s** first championed by the **now obsolete extreme far-right AfD** and carved into **mainstream** speech and policy by former social-democrat Chancellor Olaf Scholz's infamous statement **"wir müssen endlich in großem stil abschieben"**

****take in air****

Let the records show that on this date, despite the risks, **some of us still meet** and exercise our **constitutional right** to speak freely, some of us strive for **independent thinking and criticality**. Some of us **refuse the Reason of State** when it acts **unreasonably and against human dignity**.

Now on with the lecture:

turn on TV with slideshow: images of architectural elements in Siegen

Bunkersville carries the **signs** of the **aforementioned successive** movements and changes. But this **presentation** will focus on the **New Beginning era**, which spans between 2060 and 2070 and marks the **return to the Surface** after the Bunker Decades.

My argument is that the New Beginning era is at its core an architectural project. Its **mandate**, as carried out by Bunker, Bombs and Co. was to **rebuild** and adapt Surface **infrastructure** for a population having lived some 30 years underground. Understood as a kind of **return**, the project relied heavily on **nostalgia** to connect people to a reality before the bunkers, which most of them never knew (and which in reality existed **only for a few**, if at all).

Imagine: Sunshine, white clouds, the breeze, backyards, the smell of mowed lawns, the sound of birds; these were all to be a re-acquired taste. The **change** was expected to be **jarring and overwhelming**, so **nostalgia** was used as a tool for **comfort**, to **ease** change. This **new freedom** outside the **armed comfort** of the bunker had to be eased into. People had grown **accustomed** and even **attached** to

cement thick walls, LED light, metal reinforcements, a certain kind of echo, air-tight hatches, the constant hum of the ventilators.

So a lot of these **elements** were **embedded** in the Surface **architecture**, to make people **feel safe**. Of course, with the rise of the Global Iron Dome, biometric border control and ubiquitous surveillance, the **brute force** of the actual bunker was long **obsolete**. But people needed to see and feel **proof of their safety**, of their security.

Additionally, the **steelworks** being so integral to Bunkersville history, harkening back to the 19th Century, and their being the **main producer** of special steel in Europe, the material can be found in **excess**. As the material was exported world-wide, the **city adorned itself with it**, using it when others would use wood, plaster or polymers. It was both affordable and a part of the **city's identity**, a matter of **pride**.

A mere 10 years (spanning 2060 to 2070), the New Beginning has often been either sidelined in history as a **glitch, a mirage** in an otherwise overwhelmingly **repressive century**, or it has been invoked as a **utopian image** to justify and cover up repressive measures.

Let's start at the end of the New Beginning with The failed trials of 2068.

As the New Beginning reached its peak, the **economy** was **thriving** and some semblance of **democratic order** was restored. In those years, **many formerly banned organizations** resurfaced and attempted to continue their work which was **interrupted** by the war (WW3) and the following repressive Bunker Decades. In this supposedly New Beginnings period, the **European Legal Support Centre (ELSC)** regrouped and **filed a retroactive lawsuit** against the Bunkerland State for **crimes against humanity**, including the crime of **complicity in Genocide** - a lawsuit which they had first filed in **February 2024**.

The ELSC rose to prominence during the 2020 repressions, as a **legal organization** founded by lawyers and legal workers of the **Palestinian diaspora** in Europa, the

majority of which (roughly 100 000 to 200 000) were Bunkerland citizens at that point, mainly living in the country's capital. Because of their **active work during the Gaza Genocide**, culminating in the **2024 lawsuit against the state for complicity in Genocide**, the organization was eventually **outlawed in 2026**, right after the Boycott Divestment and Sanction (BDS) movements and the Jewish Voices for a Just Peace in the Middle East (Judische Stimme) were defamed as antisemitic, qualified as "**affiliated to terror organizations**" and officially banned.

During the Bunker Decades, some of its key members were active in underground dissident movements trying to expose the Israel-German-American military alliance in the **Third World War**. Many lived in **exile** in Nicaragua or South-Africa, countries which had worked to expose the western alliance's complicity in Genocide before World War 3.

But after **going underground** for decades, in the seemingly **freer times of the New Beginnings** the ELSC was formed anew in 2066, again comprising mainly of members of the Palestinian diaspora, which had continue to grow with the genocide's successive waves of refugees. The organization came back to the Surface, but it would be **short-lived**. As it were, the **military and conglomerate trade alliance** was still calling the shots. The ELSC bringing up **old ghosts** could be detrimental for business. Indeed, the organization shed light on **things happening outside** the sunny, peaceful bounds of the Bunker State, where weapons, metal and cement industries thrived on **occupation architecture**, building more and more **walls**, armed **checkpoints** and **concentration camps**, while feeding **foreign rogue states'** insatiable appetite for **tanks, bullets and bombs** of all sorts.

So the ELSC, which at this point had gathered a lot of popular support, was once more criminalized, a move which proved to be **instrumental in the dissolution of the New Beginning's mirage of Freedom, of equal constitutional rights and of democratic values** - at least in the Capital where Palestinian families were an important and **thriving part of the community**, friends, colleagues, neighbours, fellow citizens... But so the criminalization and harassment of the ELSC (and the palestinian community at large along with people showing any form of solidarity)

worked as an unmasking and marked the end of the New Beginning and beginning of what we call the **Long Repression**. (Which truly, has no clear beginning and no end in sight).

Though a brief era, much of **the city as it stands today**, is a product of the New Beginning's **massive building efforts** and **architectural legacy**. Down to the small details like

Metallic or grey window blinds, excessive or decorative use of cement structures, and metal fencing, thick walls, anthracite grey, cement grey, decorative metal panelling or sichtschutz, metal roof rakes and eaves, curved roof overhang with rounded brackets, tiered or blocked entrances (no wide open entrances of passageways), grates and vents, fortified surfaces, stone gardens, etc etc

But the **nostalgic and hopeful** atmosphere of the city, of bourgeois homes and gardens take on a more **perverse quality** when cast in the light of the exposed **repressive tactics of the current times**. The mirage feels like **gaslighting** ("everything is fine"), or a **violent statement** from those who live within the protection of the bunker state: "we can live this life, and if you don't, it's because you did something wrong". This brings back **old tunes and sentiments** from the **Bunker Era** (ie Bunker Commandments), which had become somewhat of a **taboo** during the New Beginning's promise of change.

Suddenly, **architectural elements** which were implemented to instill a sense of **comfort** for people leaving the Bunker Years behind, **remnants of the underground life** meant to slowly disappear in the sunny Surface life, **started to feel instead** like traces of a time that was never really left behind, the **exposed bones** of a **military infrastructure** of heavy control and armored concealment that was still very much in place. For example #####

[Pause]

At this moment, the police, which had been silently filling up the room, walked on stage and calmly took the speaker away. To honour the author and the fact that they were silenced, we will not attempt to complete the interrupted and fragmented lecture, and will instead conclude the lecture by inviting you onto the Hübbelbummler-Bus for a meditative drive through the spaces invoked in the presentation, while words from more fragments of interrupted or banned texts, or texts that could have been banned, or texts that SHOULD be banned, accompany your ride. Follow me!

PART II: Hümmelbummler-Bus Tour

The following texts were read on the bus in between nostalgic songs and peaceful atmospheric soundscapes over the 30 min bus ride.

[song: Sleepy Time (Soothing Sounds for Babies), Raymond Scott]

A House with a View or The Bunker Beneath the House Inside the Snowglobe

flowing in the lazy breeze
white sheets on a clothing line
are drawn across the vista
of fresh cut green hills
rolling slowly towards the young forest
sparse, airy, and backlit by the clearing
of the neighbour's lawned field
the sound is peaceful and numb
grounded in the heavy mains hum
of two to three electrical towers
latticed high and stable on the left
to the right, slightly off centre
a house
framed by doily-like white picket fence
decorative
like the garden,
flowering in perfectly matched tones
the cows are scattered quaintly
everything is as it should be
the sound is peaceful and numb
grounded in the heavy mains hum
of the rooftop solar panels
glimmering in the sun

the garden lights
flicker up reassuringly
“honey, i’m home!”
the words are gently absorbed
into the thick walls
freshly insulated and painted soft
into the floor’s fitted carpet
into the curtains, the valances and table cloths
into the elegantly hung frames of blood relatives
and unknown landscapes.

beneath the womb-like caked surfaces
everything feels round and crisp,
like an eggshell
or a tomb
out the back door and onto the deck
down the stairs into the yard
the children have learned to avoid
the deaf klang of the hatch resting between the bushes of gardenia and hydrangea.

although sometimes at night
in the blue light
the father the mother and the little ones
crouch down in turns and listen to the hollow draft
whispering, out of the depths,
lullabies that make them unite
& with a safety knot in the stomach
they go back to bed
and sleep like rocks
dreaming the windowless dreams
of life inside the bunker
where the sound is peaceful and numb
grounded in the heavy mains hum
of the ventilation system
and television

[song: Charmaine, Helmut Zacharias]

FORGET YOUR OLD BUNKERS

[50s advertisement voice]

Forget your old bunkers!

The iron dome is Global,

Forget the dark tunnels of the olden days, Welcome to sunny Bunkersville!

Where plants grow and fresh air flows, but still no threat goes

Because thick walls, underground halls and uncomfortable hatches are a thing of the past!

Now, thanks to targeted surveillance, preventive biometric screenings, and robust policing of the outskirts, not a threat will peep into your view.

Terrorists are found and neutralized before they can even radicalize

Criminals are quietly tucked away in our old lightless Bunkers while we enjoy the sun filtering through the opalescent sheen of the Global Iron Dome.

#####

And don't forget, If ever you feel insecure, unsafe or alone, if ever you find yourself missing the good old comfort of cement walls and forceful police, just look up to the sky and wait til you catch that opalescent twinkle of the eisendom, reminding you, The Bunker is always there, filtering and shielding, keeping you, your loved ones and your more cherished assets SAFE.

[night cricket soundscape]

Property Spleen

Sometimes I look down and notice I am bleeding.

A small cut on my finger

From grazing sharp hedges

on a daily stroll

A small reminder

Of the daily toll

Fenced up plots of asphalt,

dried up moats
body size
Put this heavy heart out to dry,
Sun soak it.
I can't take this grey any more.

Doomed,
I walk through the city
Feeling heavy
Constantly tripping on
Deadly Domesticity
Why are these
Gardens
arranged like
Cemeteries?
Tombstones
everywhere
mark their territory.
Property.

Cribs (or nightmare before xmas)

lonely dandy
wandering through
the labyrinth of fences
carolling door to door
taking a peek
at the mantelpiece
the fireplace
each home running on its own
bucolic smoke rising from the chimneys
of the baby factories
on a sleepy, snowy sunday

nauseating echoes of the nuclear home
relentless hum
the flicker of each motion detector security light
the buzz of each LED christmas wreath in the night
the city glistens

Barb wire garlands
Front yards laced with fence
forming moats for the castle
for the king, the queen and their little angel
Capture,
Inheritance,
Posterity,
Sweet Candy Cane Memories
Charriots
carrying the dreams of the Nuclear Age
into new Family Formations
the Great Filiation
passing down space through time
but No Trespassing!
Property Proliferation. =

[wind chimes soundscape]

Bunker Gardens Memoriam (or Mausoleum City)

It's summer now
in Bunker Gardens,
and still it feels so grey
the asphalt is cooking
and the air undulating out of the metal grates
which proliferate
the ground is porous
and echoing with cool tunnel serenades
fencing blends
into columns that blend into
evenly spaced trees
lining the streets
like tombstones of soldiers.
numbered and clean shaven,
muted stone witnesses
in the endless stately memorials
& silent military parades
of this mausoleum city

ghostly echoes
of brass horns
rumble and ricochet on the
empty glass planes
of walkways connecting
one deserted neo classic state edifice
to the next
dead towers of financial districts
stand firmly
posturing victory
while at their feet
suits swish away silently
trying not to slip
on the waterproof surfaces
where dissent gets power-washed away
every second day
aquariums of glass, stone and metal
with streets too wide for barricades
ready for some great flood to come one day
and bring these soul-less districts to their ultimate fate
archeological sites
of yet another civilized
and unlivable state

*[song: Sag Mir Wo Die Blumen Sind – Marlene Dietrich (live
version)]*

BUNKER COMMANDMENTS:

Now we will end with some of the Bunker Commandments Fragments, which was banned by the New Beginning's New Surface Living Decree which forbade the circulation of Bunker propaganda in an effort from the State to rebrand as a free, broad daylight type of Democracy. We believe the Bunker Commandments covertly inform many people's worldview, which is becoming increasingly clear as with the recent election results. It is therefore important to look back and confront these words.

The Bunker is not currently nor has it ever participated in any Genocide apart from the One, from which we have learned.

Our past is absolved.

Our belongings are ours.

Our wealth is deserved.

If we have wealth and others have not, it is because we deserve it.

If we are safe and others are not, it's because we worked for it.

If they don't have it, they must be doing something *wrong*. And in any case, it is not *our* problem.

The fence is justified. *Our* safety and the safety of our belongings is top priority.

The walls are justified. The surveillance is necessary.

The Bunker is freedom.

The Bunker is natural.

The Bunker is clean rivers and crisp mountains.

The Bunker is Freizeit, tents and hiking trips. The Bunker is Heimat.

If other places are burning, it is because they did something wrong.

And in any case, it is not our problem. We have nothing to do with it.

Our products are clean. Our cars don't pollute. Our pills don't kill. Our weapons are used only to eliminate terrorists.

There are limited spaces in the Bunker. Those who come have to follow the rules or be expelled. Simple.

Welcome to Bunkersville

[End of tour and performance]