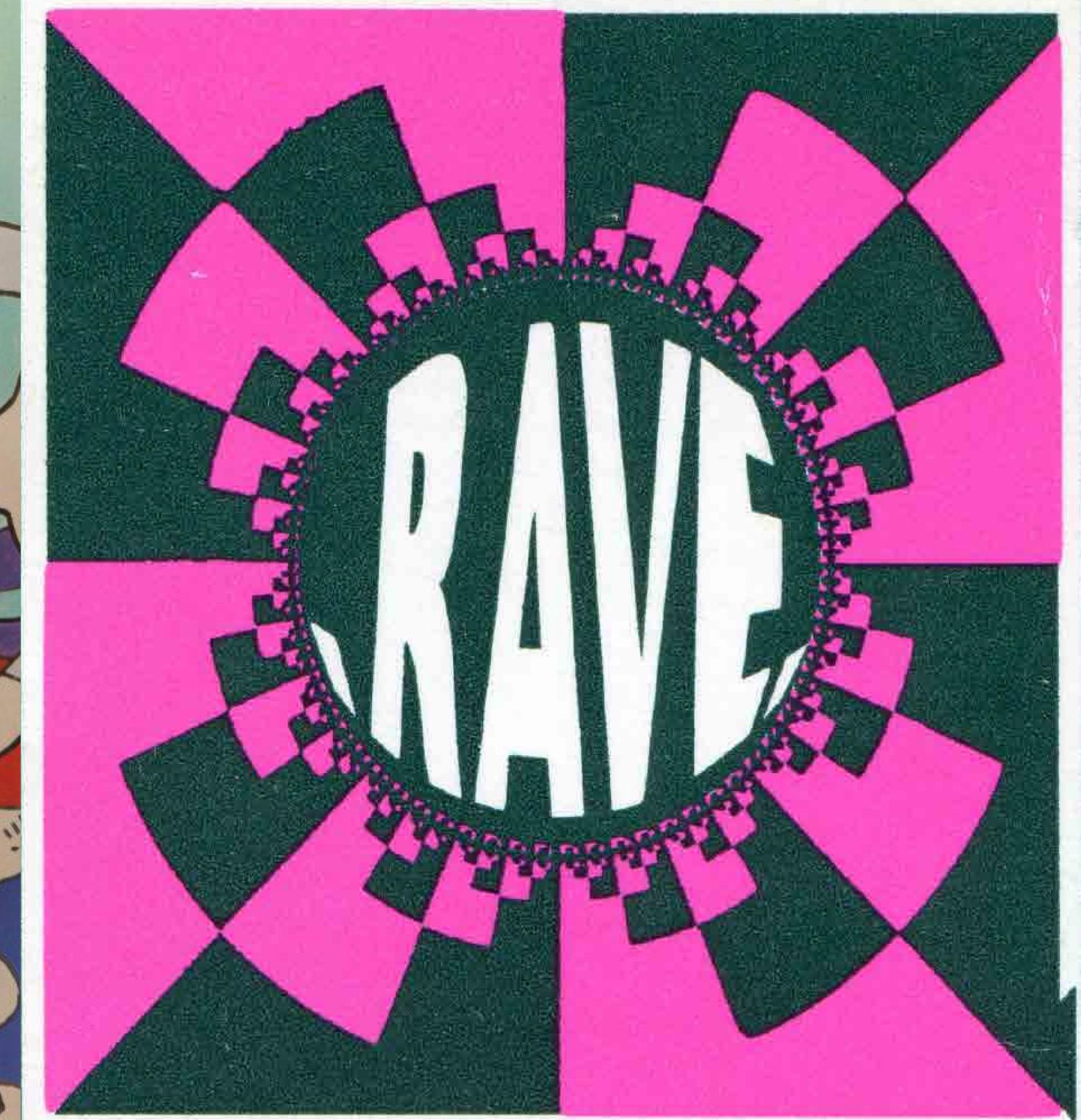


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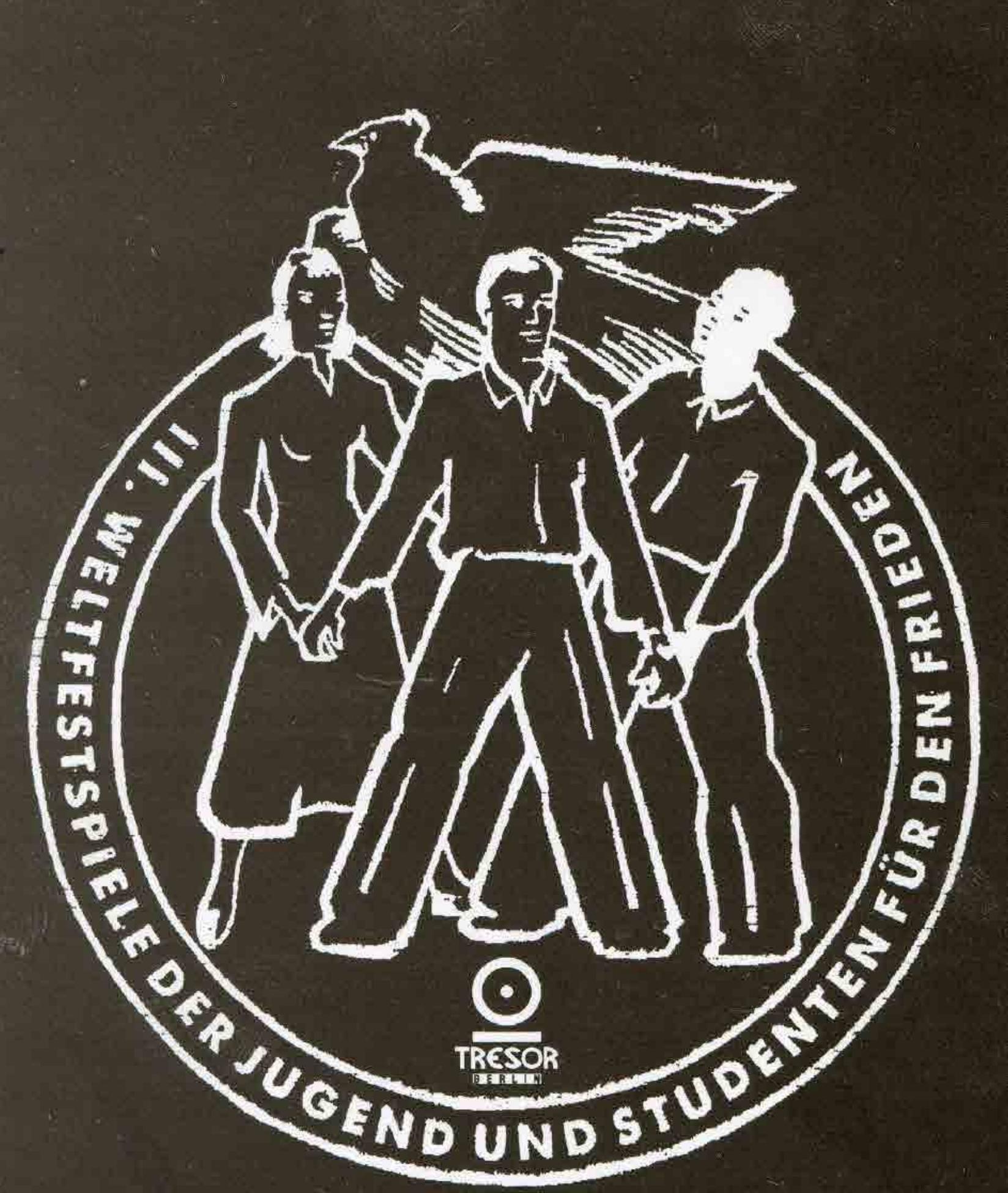
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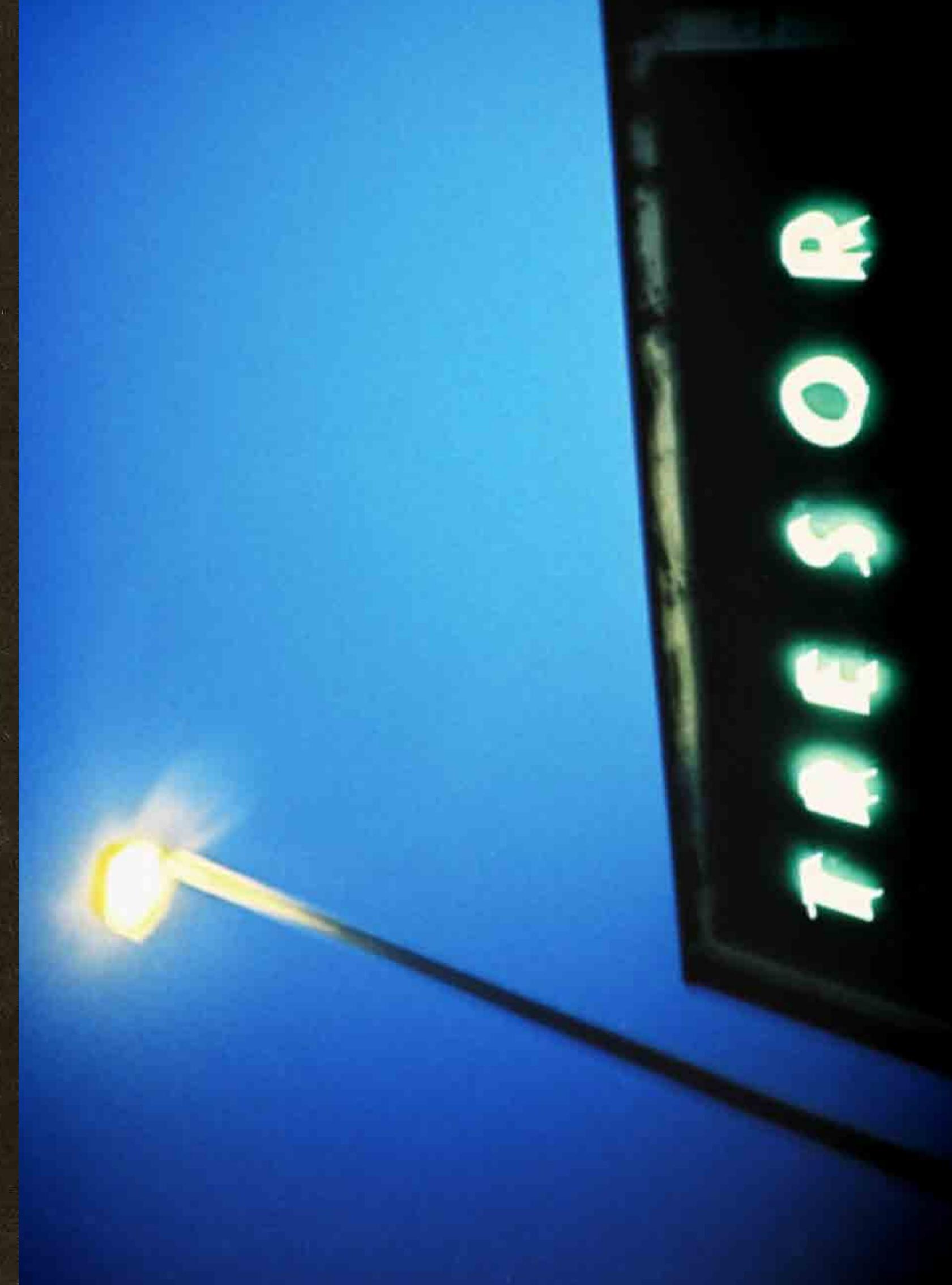
DJ ROKKI

START 11 PM TILL LATE

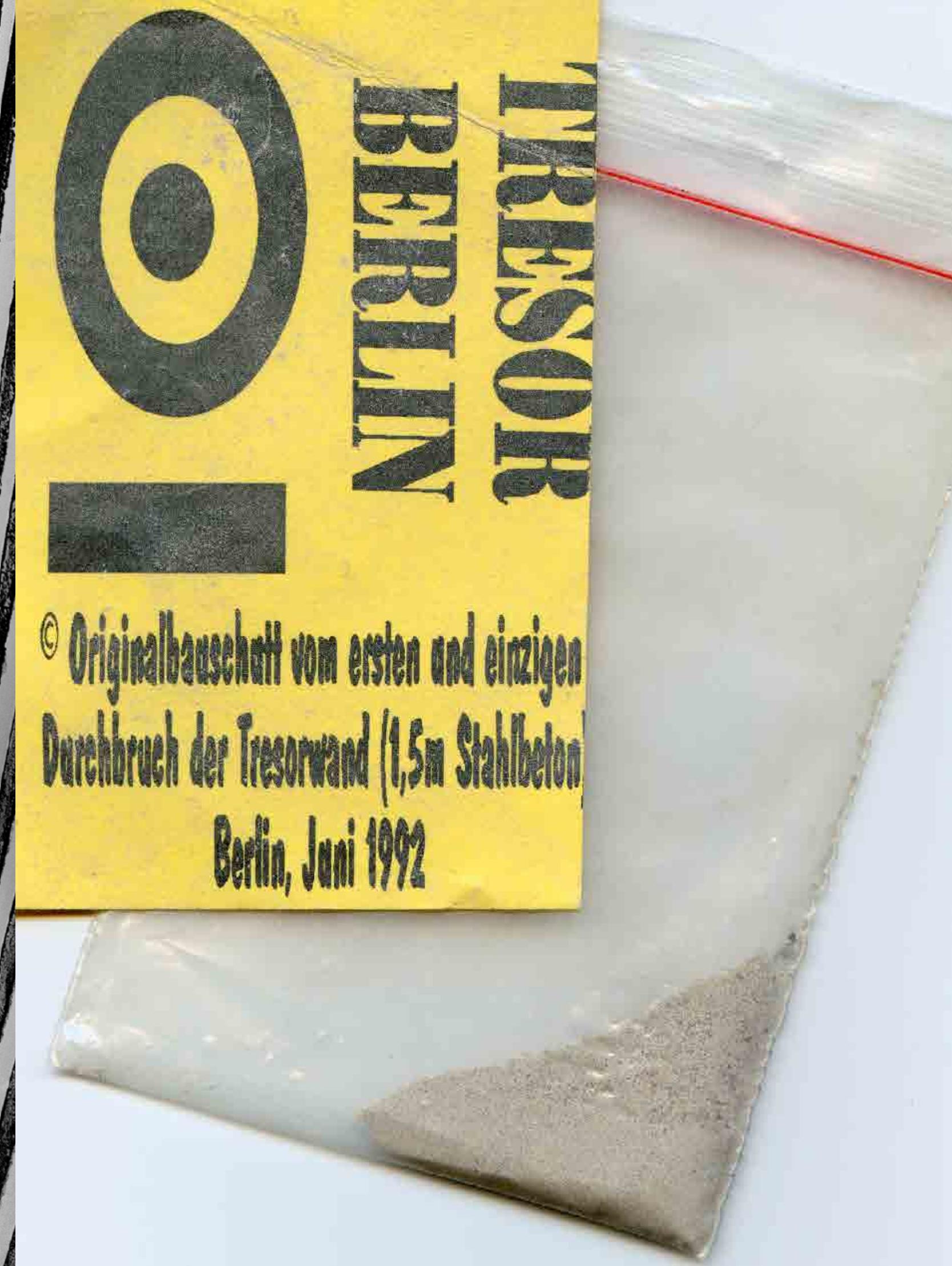
UFO DANCE CLUB
GROSSGOERSCHENSTR/POTSDAMERSTR



This object was found in the secret vault at Tresor-Club,
East-Berlin, april 1991









TRESOR-GLOBUS

TRESOR

Leipzigerstr. 126a

BERLIN DETROIT

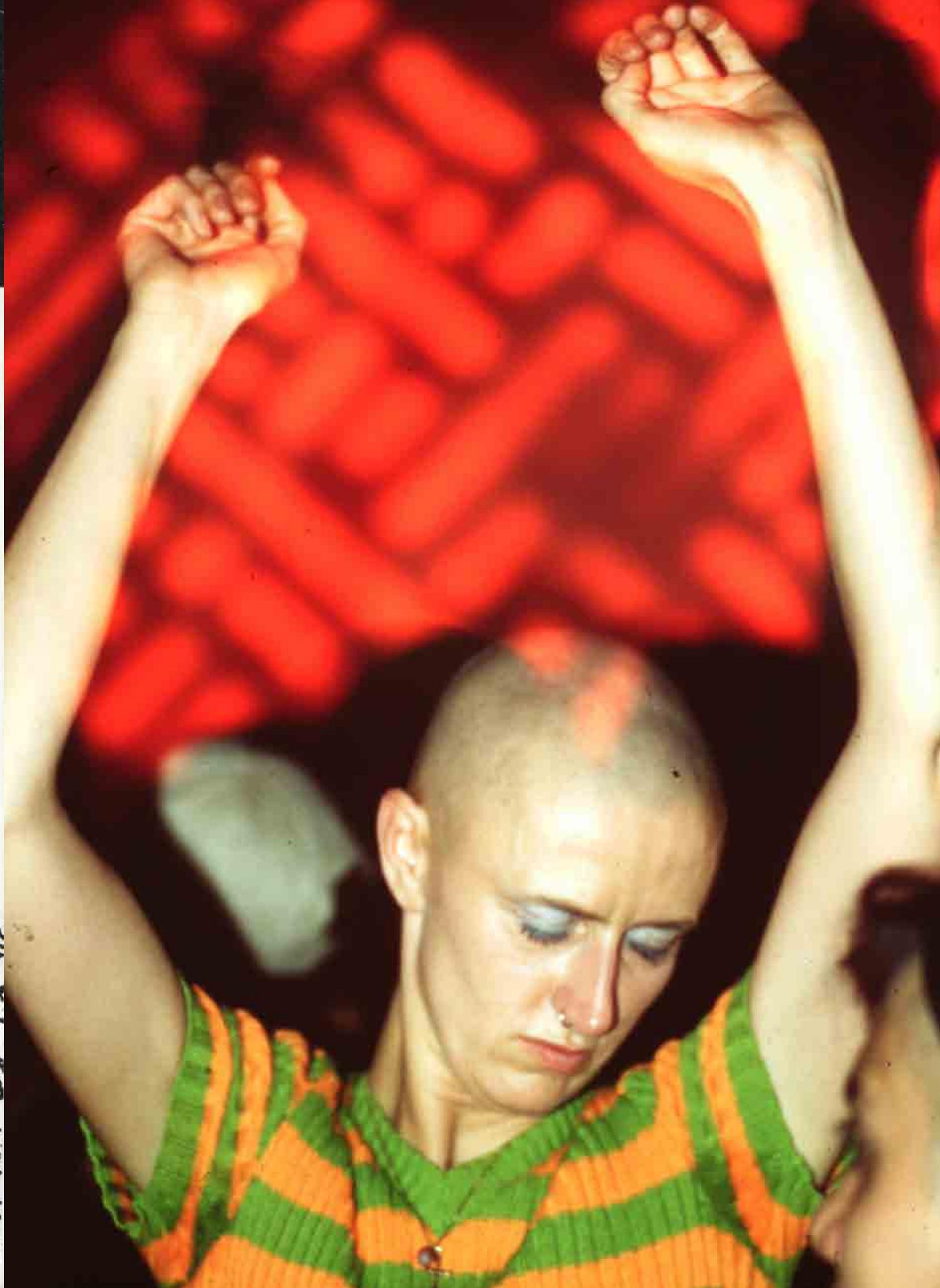
TRESOR

A TECHNO ALLIANCE

FEATURING:- JUAN ATKINS, VAINQUER, DJ HELL,
3 PHASE, VIOLET MICRO (DR.MOTTE),
UNDERGROUND RESISTANCE,
JEFF MILLS

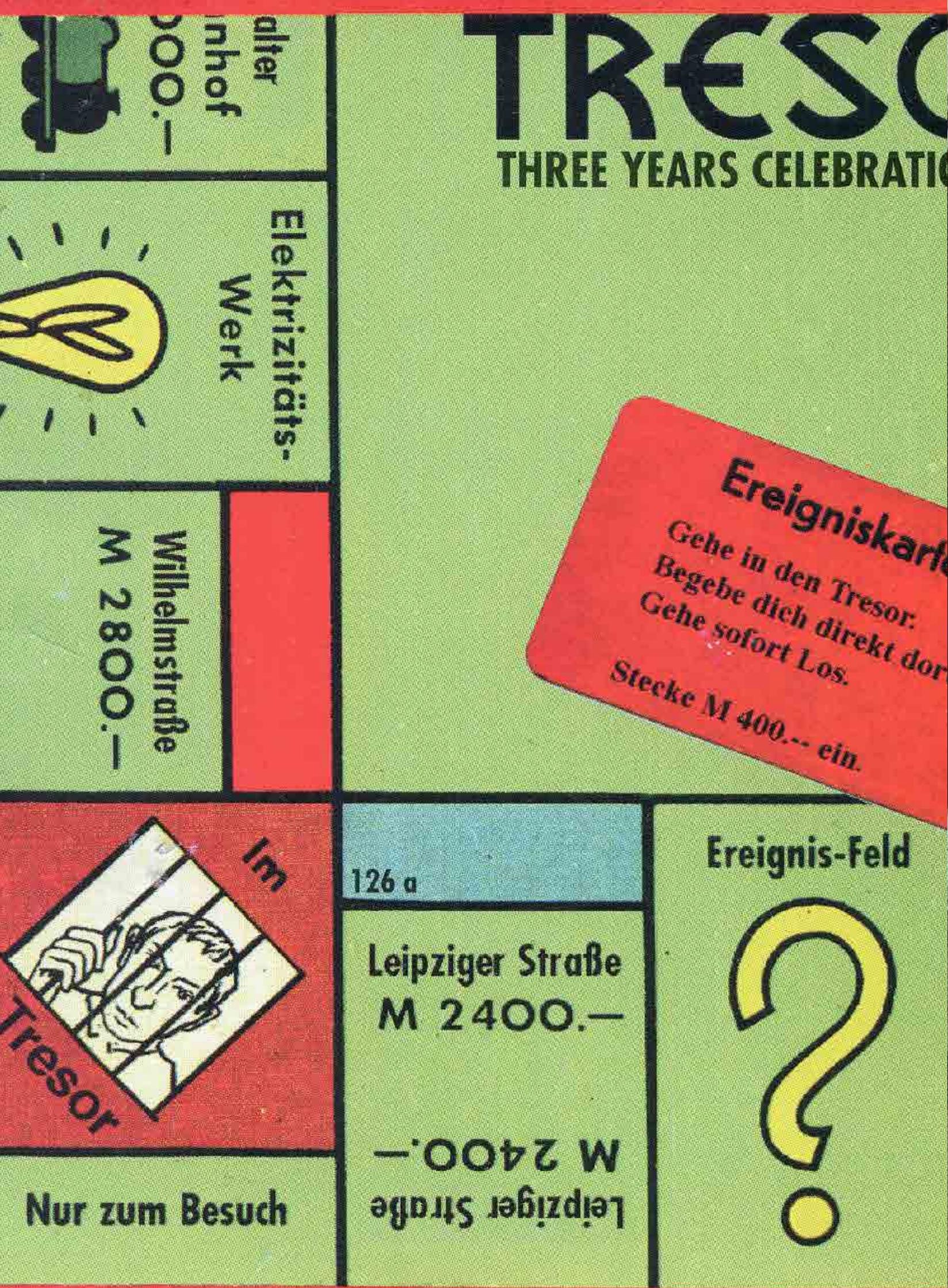
RELEASED MAY 4th . DJ FRIENDLY VINYL TRIPLE PACK + CD
(CONTAINS EXTRA TRACK). ALL TRACKS CUT USING 3D SOUNDBASE TECHNOLOGY.













EINLADUNG • INVITATION

Getränke
zahlt
Empfänger

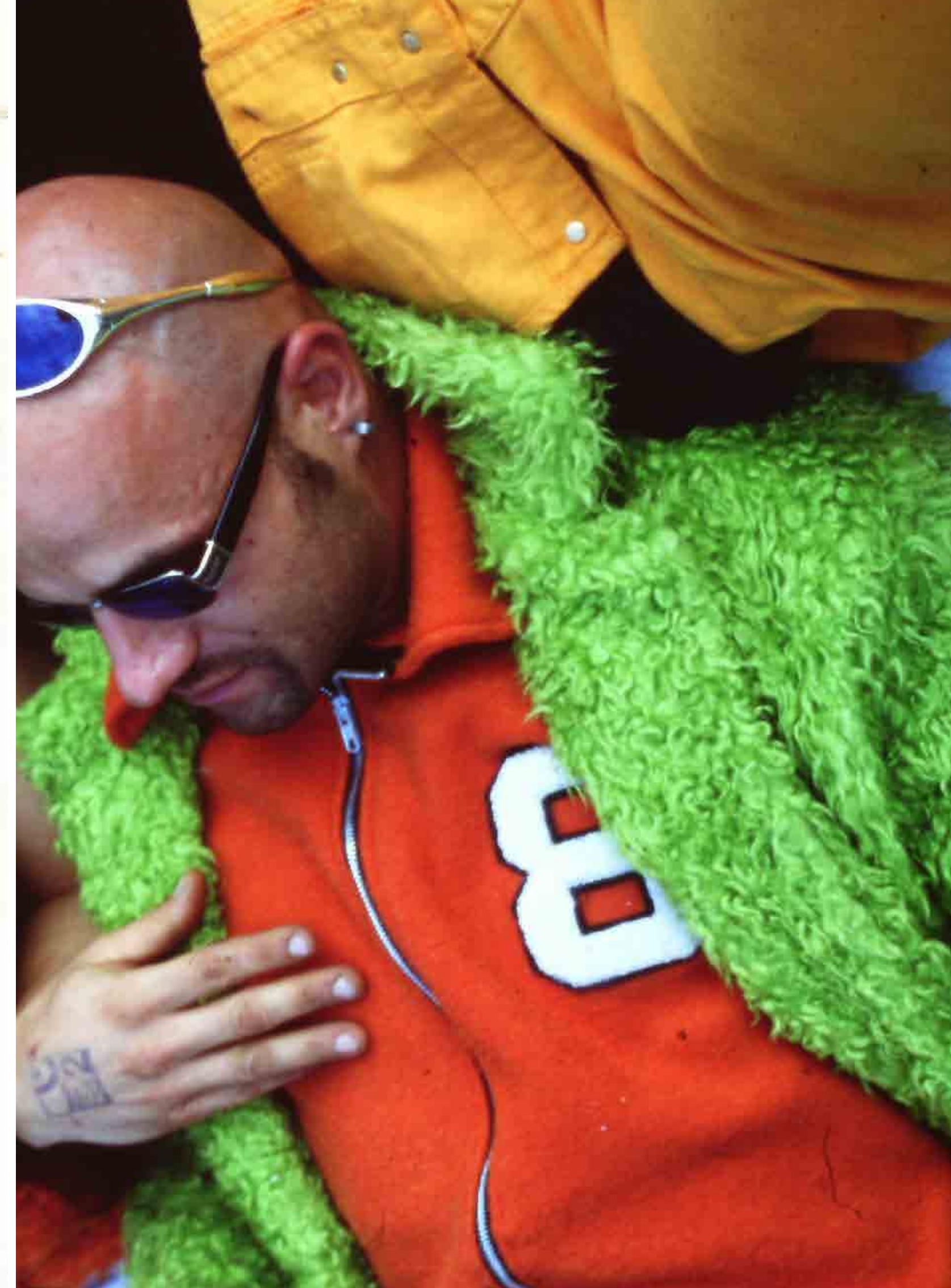
Tresor Records - Berlin - freut sich, schon seit 3 Jahren (three years) zu existieren, und Dich aus diesem Grunde zu einem kleinen Empfang (one bottle only) am Freitag, den 1. Juli 1994 um 19.00 Uhr in unserem Schrebergarten (am Tresor Club) begrüßen zu dürfen. Diese Karte gilt als Eintrittskarte für 2 Personen.
nobody is vip!

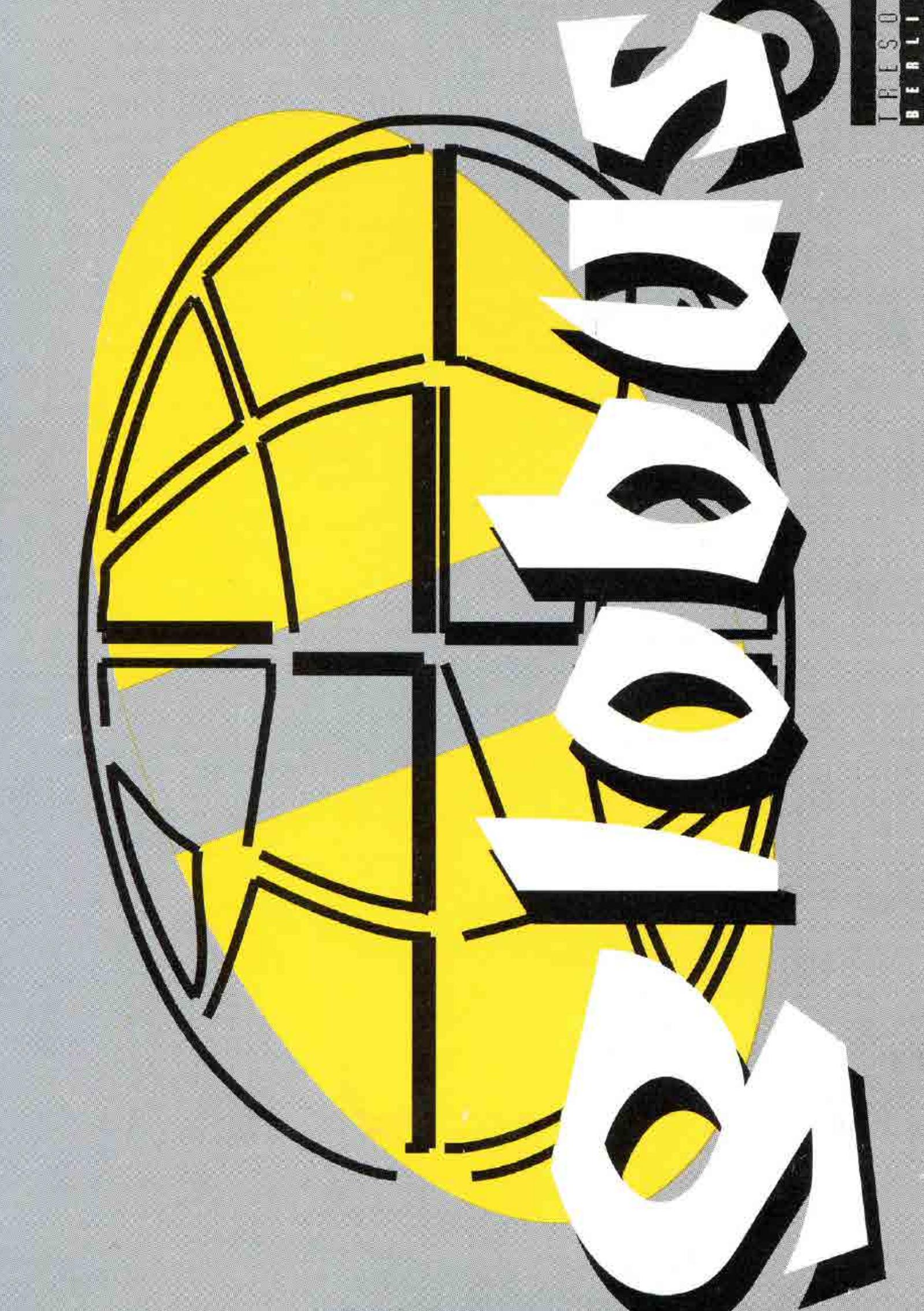
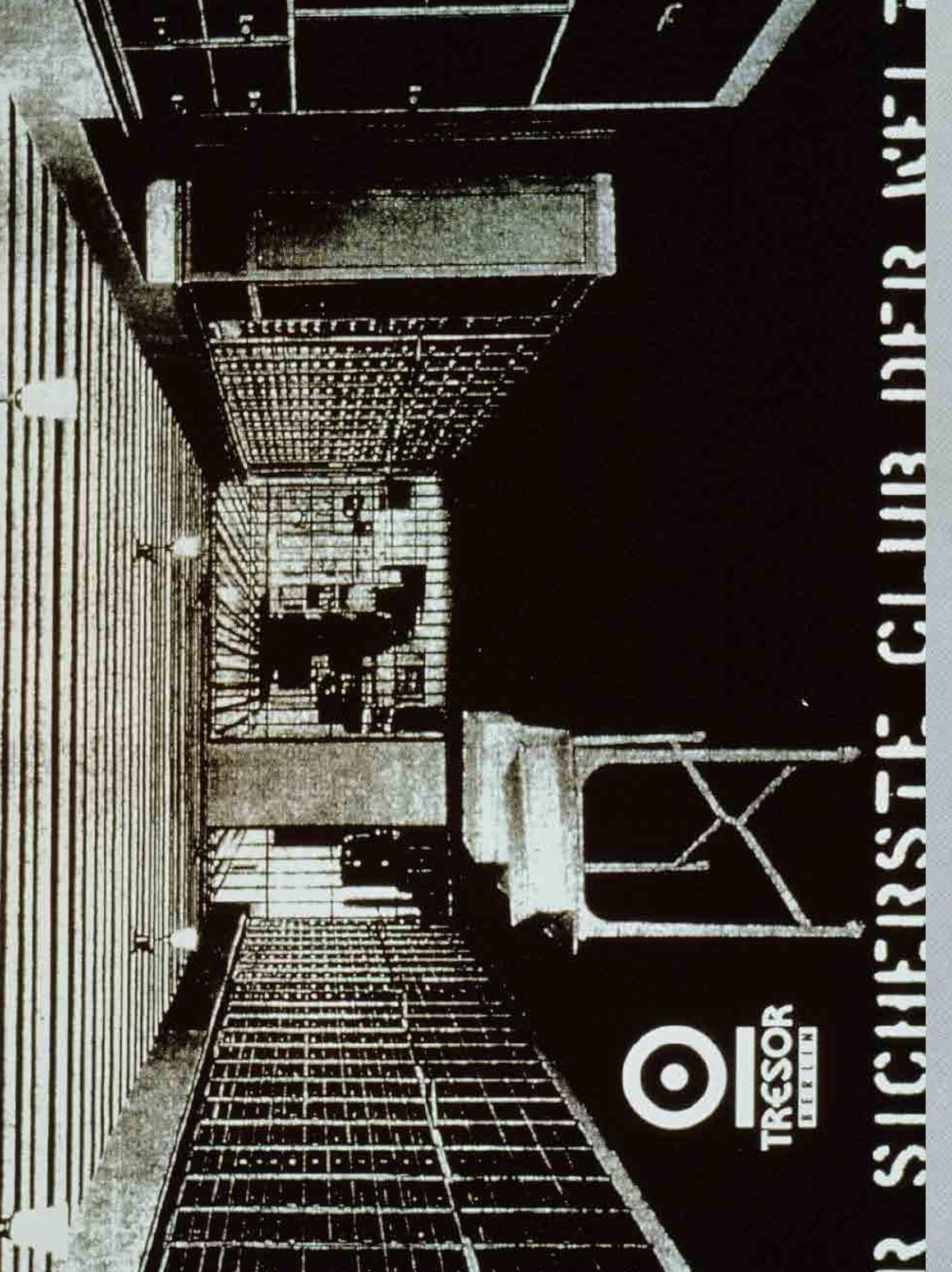
Tresor Records stuff 1994:

Annie, Carola, Dimitri, Wina

Ort des Geschehens:

Tresor Garten (Tuna Park):
Leipziger Straße 126a • Berlin-Mitte













Left to right - Blake Baxter, Johnny Kimes, Mark Reeder, Joey Beltram and Paul Browse

HISTORY weighs heavy on Berlin. Drive around at night, or in the muddy yellow haze of daylight and you're struck by the visual remnants of obliteration and reconstruction, warfare and division. Grandiose Weimar buildings pockmarked with bullet holes, bizarre 60s skyscrapers erected to realise a modernist ideal and vast areas of wasteland segue in and out of view at high velocity. It's a city of intensity and extremity. Cold, bleak and stark yet the vibrant locus for a hedonistic, creative renaissance. And here, like nowhere else, the only logical soundtrack is techno.

Friday night March 1995. In a low, concrete and steel building that used to stand in East Berlin, a different history is being assessed and moreover celebrated. Four years of a record label and club which not only changed the direction of European electronic music, but made Berlin the vital Eastern axis on the global techno map: Tresor.

If Detroit's original holy trinity Kevin Saunderson, Juan Atkins and Derrick May had looked to the 80s teutonic robotics of Kraftwerk for their inspiration, then Tresor, in turn, brought the US techno of Jeff Mills, Robert Hood, Blake Baxter and Eddie Flashin' Fowkes to Germany and influenced a whole new generation. And within this club (once the underground banking room of a 1920s department store) there's a nihilistic energy and anarchic attitude which suggests, beyond the history, it's only just the beginning.

Through the iron gates of the old safe and onto the dancefloor, Tresor is alive, electrically charged. The strobes are flashing at 160bpm and rising. A raw excerpt from Basic Channel mutates into what sounds like Dave Clarke's 'Red 2' at plus 16. Kids are jumping, grooving and stomping to the wildest, freaked metallic techno on the planet. It's like the end of existence and the very crucible of creation encapsulated in a relentless blast of kick drum and bass, and the centrifugal force is overwhelming. Berlin, Tresor, 1995, the headfunk starts here.



MFS Supremo Mark Reeder lets himself go

AND behind the apocalyptic funk, the unique, hardbeat Detroit-Berlin alliance that is Tresor is Dimitri Hegemann, a mild mannered, greying 40 year old. Tall and wiry with a kind of fatherly calm, you sense his personal history provides a vital key to unlock the whole Berlin techno explosion. For it is much of his doing.

Born in a little village in Westphalia, he moved to Berlin in late 1973 to attend university. Fascinated by the psychedelic counter culture that was springing up in the 70s, he travelled to the then hippy meccas of Goa and Ibiza, precursing the trance tribes who would, 15 and 20 years later, also take those well trodden paths. On returning to Berlin, Dimitri became caught up in the new industrial electronic scene springing up in Germany.

He'd gone to noise clubs where they'd play Kraftwerk and DAF. He got inspired and set up a festival: the 'Berlin Attonal', bringing Psychic TV, Laibach and Test Department over to Germany for the first time. And sitting on a sofa, upstairs in the empty club later on, he's modestly almost explaining away his role.

"Techno has always been a German thing. It's quite easy for a lot of listeners to relate to. You can go back to the 20s and find German composers using a lot of industrial noises. The music has been cultivated and concentrated here for a long time."

The way Dimitri sees it, he was just tapping into the existing futurist/modernist aesthetic in the city, which you can see for yourself looking at the space age globe

of the Eastern TV tower or the 20s Bauhaus villas in the suburbs. The line up for 1989's Attonal Festival revelled in this shock of the new. Baby Ford, 808 State, Final Cut (with Jeff Mills), GTO and Renegade Soundwave. And so Dimitri bought the seeds of acid house and techno to Germany, firmly sprouting them in the minds of young Berlin. As the wall came down, the soundtrack of liberation was techno and Dimitri tapped the sheer energy of it, putting on Interfish parties in disused military buildings in the East, where DJs like Tanith and Dr Motte played hard and East and West lost it to the bang of four kickdrum.

Tresor means 'safe' (as in a place to store money) in German. Downstairs in the club the pigeon holes that used to be bank deposit boxes still cover the walls. It's four years old now, on a site discovered by Dimitri (in the old East), not far from Hitler's bunker. Tresor the label, has signified safe for its artists too, to some extent. "We do try to accommodate people," affirms Dimitri. Because Tresor not only brought the leading lights of Detroit and Berlin into collaboration (like Blake Baxter, Thomas Fehlmann and Basic Channel's Maurizio on Baxter's 1992 'Dream Sequence' album), it gave artists from Detroit the money, recognition and mythology they had never received in the US.

And Tresor encouraged sonic innovation. Embraced a harsh and intense new techno that pushes sound over the edge: minimal, grating and dysfunctional. The music of a new European underground. The first imprint to licence seminal Mills tracks like the piano bashing, bass rupturing 'Changes of Life', Underground Resistance's deeply funky 'Jupiter Jazz' and Robert Hood's X101/102/103' percussive onslaughts. Tracks which were only known to a select few DJs, or of which 500 original copies ever pressed.

Tresor opened up the second wave of Detroit to Europe, to the masses who fill warehouses in Cologne, Munich and Frankfurt, dancing to the white noise four-to-the-floor terror of the motor city producers. If 80s Detroit gave birth to the holy trinity of Derrick, Juan and Kevin, then 90s Berlin (in particular Tresor) engendered the unholy trinity, Mills, Hood and Maurizio.

Dimitri isn't interested in talking about this, the effect of Tresor, yeah it's been great but to him it's the past, he's now thinking about the next wave. "This year, I've listened to a lot of tapes from young Germans trying to develop their own sound," he enthuses, intensely serious. "It's really happening, the second generation, young kids, 20 years old coming to me with really exciting tapes. They're young, untouched, like virgins and they come to Berlin for Tresor, for Love Parade, for music, like they'd go to Mecca." Dimitri talks with enthusiasm about signing British producer Christian Vogel, who like Dave Clarke before him has stolen back the initiative for Britain.

Chicago too, figures in all this. Like it figures in the raw, percussive minimalism of Dan Bell's 'Science Fiction' on the 'Tresor 3' compilation. "I like a lot of the





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PAUL HOCKENOS

West Berlin, a walled-in, cement-girded outpost surrounded on all sides by Soviet communism. This extraneous fragment of Western urbanity – deep behind the frontlines of the Cold War – wasn't for everybody, which was exactly what made it so appealing to the cranks and draft-dodgers, artistes and slackers, Hegelian Marxists and punk rockers, who called it home in the 1980s.

If you could hack the bitter winters in drafty, coal-heated flats; the gloom of the soot-scarred, bullet-pocked facades; and the knowledge that in the event of the Cold War turning hot West Berlin would be flattened in a matter of hours, then the dissected city could offer many attractions. Though West Berlin didn't officially belong to West Germany – legally, it remained in the hands of the occupying Allied powers until unification in 1990 – the Bonn Republic subsidized the "showcase of the West" to the gills. Wages were topped off, artists' scholarships doled out, and train tickets to and from the mainland were paid by the well-heeled BRD to the extent that many Berlin transplants had fled in disgust. Of course, the tens of thousands of young men holing up in the city to duck military conscription made the most of it, too. Rent was dirt cheap, and a spot at one of the unis – a ticket to freebies galore – easy to come by, leaving oodles of time to contemplate and create, revel and experiment.

This wide-open, timeless amplitude was what so beguiled Bowie and Iggy who dropped into West Berlin in the late 1970s, and while there produced, arguably, their lifetimes' finest work. Bowie's comment that "Nobody gives a shit about you in Berlin," spoke of the anonymity that far-flung West Berlin offered – a sequestered privateness that was conducive to a flourishing LGBTQ+ scene before "LGBTQ+" was a familiar concept.

For the creative, Freiraum, or free space, was bountiful: the vacant factory buildings and empty cellars served as rehearsal rooms and ateliers where absurd flings of imagination were possible. "It wasn't about money or fame. It couldn't have been since in West Berlin you couldn't get either. It was too off the map," one artist friend told me.

1980s West Berlin was born in the late 1970s when punk crashed over the city's mishmash of discontents. Out of punk came bands such as *Malaria!*, *Ideal*, *Die Tödliche Doris*, and the quintessential West Berlin band, *Einstürzende Neubauten*, whose performances brandished pyrotechnics, jackhammers, and noise from scrap yard junk – the industrial sounds of the city, and the in-your-face antidote to the *Neue Deutsche Welle*. The cafes and clubs – like *Cafe M*, *Risiko*, and *Dschungel* among others – were second homes to the crowd that dubbed itself the "Genialer Dilletanten" (ingenious dilettantes).

A lesser-known band, the New Wave-esque *Leningrad Sandwich*, carried a bassist named Dimitri Hegemann who

was studying musicology at the Free University. Hegemann, enthralled by the new sounds he stumbled upon in West Berlin, wanted to provide musicians who charted new territory with obscure sounds a wider platform than West Berlin's haunts. In 1982, in the Kreuzberg club SO36, Hegemann and Adi Schröder organized the first Berlin Atonal Festival: a three-day extravaganza that featured the *Neubauten*, *Sprung aus den Wolken*, *Malaria!*, and *Die Haut*, as well as in years to come international acts such as UK groups *Test Dept*, *Psychic TV*, and *808 State*, Slovenia's *Laibach*, Hungary's *Art Deco* and many others. Atonal made an indelible imprint on Berlin: "The first Berlin Atonal Festival belongs to the category of events that have the power to change our perception of a city entirely," wrote music critic Max Dax.

West Berlin was a city where old street-front shops could be squatted or leased for next to nothing for the purpose of hawking artisan jewellery, mixtapes, no-label clothing, or even amphetamines. Hegemann, EndArt Gallerie's Antje Fels, and artist David Boysen launched the *Fischbüro*, first at Wrangelstrasse 95 and then at Köpenickerstrasse 6, one of the streets amputated by the Wall, a no-man's land where cars and pedestrians seldom strayed. For the small crew, this end-of-the-world spot was perfect for an off-beat Dadaist hangout, the vague intent of which was to "turn consumers into producers," among other things. *Fischbüro*'s two rooms, undecorated with tossed-away furniture, were open on Saturdays to scheduled performances, so-called further education classes, readings, or whatever happened: existentialist lectures, impromptu gigs, a dating service, waltz courses, fashion shows for men and dogs. The *Fischbüro* even had its own fanzine called *Interfisch*. Larger events such as the Interference Festival at SO36 were also organised. The Sheffield multimedia Anti Group performed there. The small fanzine *Interfisch*, which primarily dealt with the "last rites" of the *Fischbüro* or the question "Can the *Fischbüro* still be saved?", developed into a record label for experimental and electronic music. It kept the name *Interfisch* and released the advanced sounds of acts like *Clock DVA*, *Final Cut*, *Temple Fortune*, *Space Cowboys* and *No Zen Orchestra*, among others.

In 1988, two clubs entered the new world of electronic dance music: *Turbine Rosenheim* in Schöneberg and an illegal venue called *UFO* in the cob-webbed cellar of *Fischbüro* – a spacious backyard cellar that one descended into through a trapdoor in the kitchen floor of the *Fischbüro*. Acid House was the name of the subgenre – hard-edged electronic dance music – which had already made a name for itself in empty warehouses in the US and UK.

A new social reality was shepherded into existence by the Berlin bohème. By July 1989, the time had come to coerce the underground from its nooks and crannies into the daylight. "The idea was the present the new music to people who didn't go out to clubs and show them how much joy it can spread," Danielle de Picciotto recalls. A diverse group of 150 punters from all sorts of backgrounds and united only by the love of the new electronically sounds created the first Love Parade by coming out to dance to tapes by Dr. Motte, Kid Paul, Westbam and Jonzon along the posh Kurfürstendamm shopping mile.

The Love Paraders had no illusions about their street party bringing down the Wall. They couldn't know that in just a matter of months, their performative joke would be met by history.

On the evening of November 9, 1989, the momentous events that unfolded in Berlin recast the geopolitical map of the world, closing shut one era – and swinging open another. The breach of the Berlin Wall proclaimed not only the end of the city's ruthless division, but the conclusion of the Cold War. The spontaneous East-West hug-fest and champagne showers that broke out when the giddy East Germans crossed the border was a harbinger of the good will that rippled across the continent as Soviet communism buckled under its own glaring contradictions.

Among the East Berliners surging into West Berlin were electronic music fans who knew much about the Hard Wax record shop, *Turbine Rosenheim*, and *UFO* (the first, illegal incarnation of *UFO* had been shut down and refashioned in Schöneberg's Großgörschenstrasse). They'd already sampled the sounds of house, EBM, acid house, hip-hop, and other pumping beats on radio shows such as Monika Dietl's "The Big Beat" every Saturday evening – de rigueur for thousands across the GDR – as well as John Peel's program on the BBC and BFBS.

As for newbies to electronic music, the experience hit them like a tsunami. Marco Bölké says *UFO* turned his life upside down. "I was 19 and walked into this madhouse. I grew weak in the knees and the sound sucked me in like a vacuum cleaner. The light was incredible. The place wasn't that big, pyramids hung from the ceiling, huge green-red spirals in the back, all very visual. You could even go in sober and get completely whisked away. Funky people were dancing in black-light holding luminous day-glo objects, neon fans, glow sticks, and wearing fluorescent prints on their T-shirts... I didn't feel lost in space, but as if I had entered a space capsule and was immediately part of the crew."

The regulars gawked at the eastern Germans in their super nerdy, East-bloc garb: stone-washed jeans, dorky trainers, jackets of drab gray, green, and beige. But so dizzy was the mood, the hyper-cool West Berliners welcomed their eastern cousins – a bonhomie that, beyond the dancefloor, would grow thin in the years to come. But for the moment, they were all

there just to dance to house's synthesizer riffs, deep baselines, and penetrating, repetitive beats: 120 a minute. Lose yourself in the rhythm and the smoke – that was all that mattered.

The Wall's breach opened a sprawling landscape of disused factory floors and warehouses, once-fancy turn-of-the-century buildings in ruin, empty Nazi bunkers, and untold numbers of hole-in-the-wall spaces in obsolete shops and abandoned war-strafed buildings. They were there for the taking – for the ingenious with a hammer and crowbar to open a gallery or club or used clothes shop. Pop-up ahead of its time: there one week, gone the next. The electronic music scene quickly occupied its own space: where east and west bonded on the dance floor.

The first underground raves in the east happened at former communist youth clubs and in the city's industrial wastelands – the location of the parties communicated to the in-crowd by word of mouth and Monika Dietl's radio show. Finding some of the obscure locations in the terra incognita of East Berlin was a trial for West Berliners, as was entering many of these places, which could entail climbing through windows or bumbling through dark, deserted courtyards to arrive at an unmarked door. Once there, the music and the space took over – and the drugs, yes, but not yet like in the years to come. As for toilets, heating, coat rooms, stocked bars – forget it, none of these luxuries were on hand.

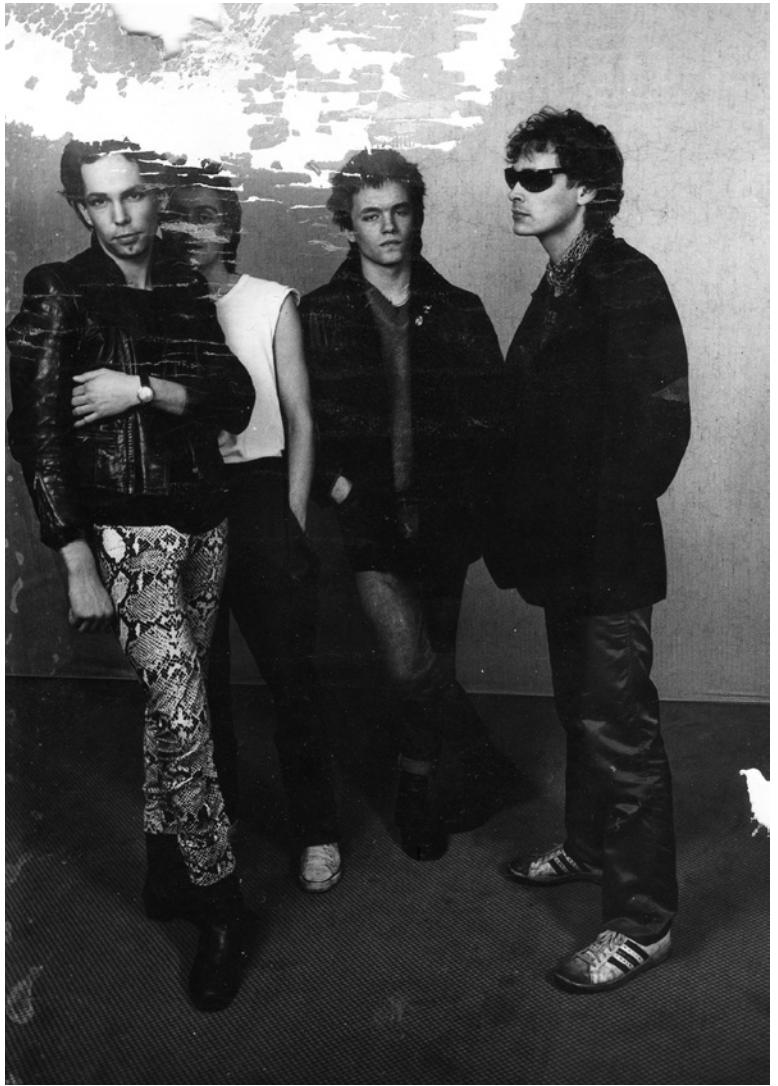
Slowly but steadily over these years, across the Atlantic, a new sound was gestating: hard, jarring beats; growling synths; and relentless, hypnotic rhythm that fitted the bleak post-industrial wastelands of east Detroit as pitch perfectly. The new electronica hailed from the Motor City of the early 1980s when a group of young almost-exclusively African American producers turned the synth-pop of *Kraftwerk* and machine funk of local radio DJs, such as Afrofuturist visionary *The Electrifying Mojo*, into something wholly new.

The tools of the trade were early models of cheap Roland synthesizers. The sonic pioneers "moved techno away from the disco-derived sound of house and towards icy synth melodies with fast machine rhythms," contends music critic Sammy Lee. "Juan Atkins christened the sound techno to both encapsulate its futuristic sound and to also separate it from house music."

Fresh currents took Detroit techno further, namely the black-masked DJs of the Underground Resistance collective, featuring Mike Banks, Jeff Mills, and Robert Hood, among others. Underground Resistance was militant, defiantly uncommercial, anti-corporate and strictly opposed to "social programming"; ideas which would eventually mesh with Berlin's subculture.

The transatlantic crossover was ready to happen and its implications would change the music world. By happenstance, on a trip to Chicago in 1987 visiting the industrial label Wax Trax, Dimitri got his hands on a demo tape from *Final Cut*, of which Jeff Mills was part. He immediately hooked up with Mills to release *Final Cut's Deep Into The Cut* on the *Interfisch* label.

The arrival of Detroit techno to Berlin was imminent.



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FISCHBÜRO
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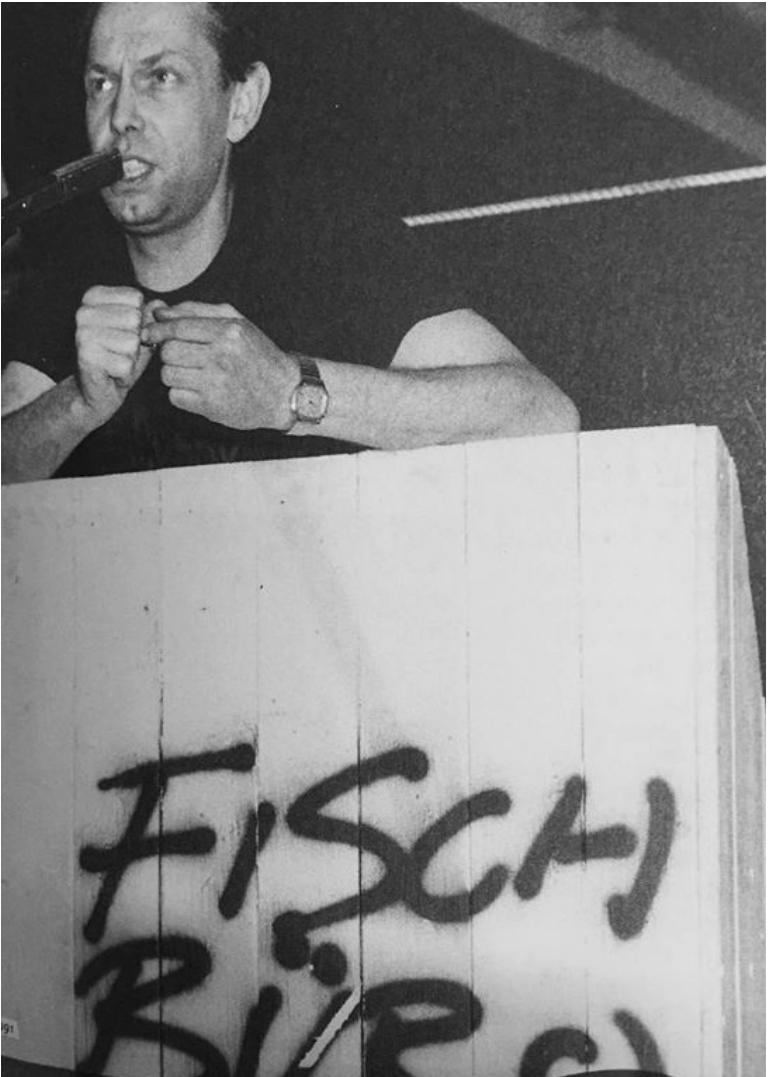
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PROFESSION: Punk

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PASSION: *EATING, FISH!*
Draw the fish you want to be!

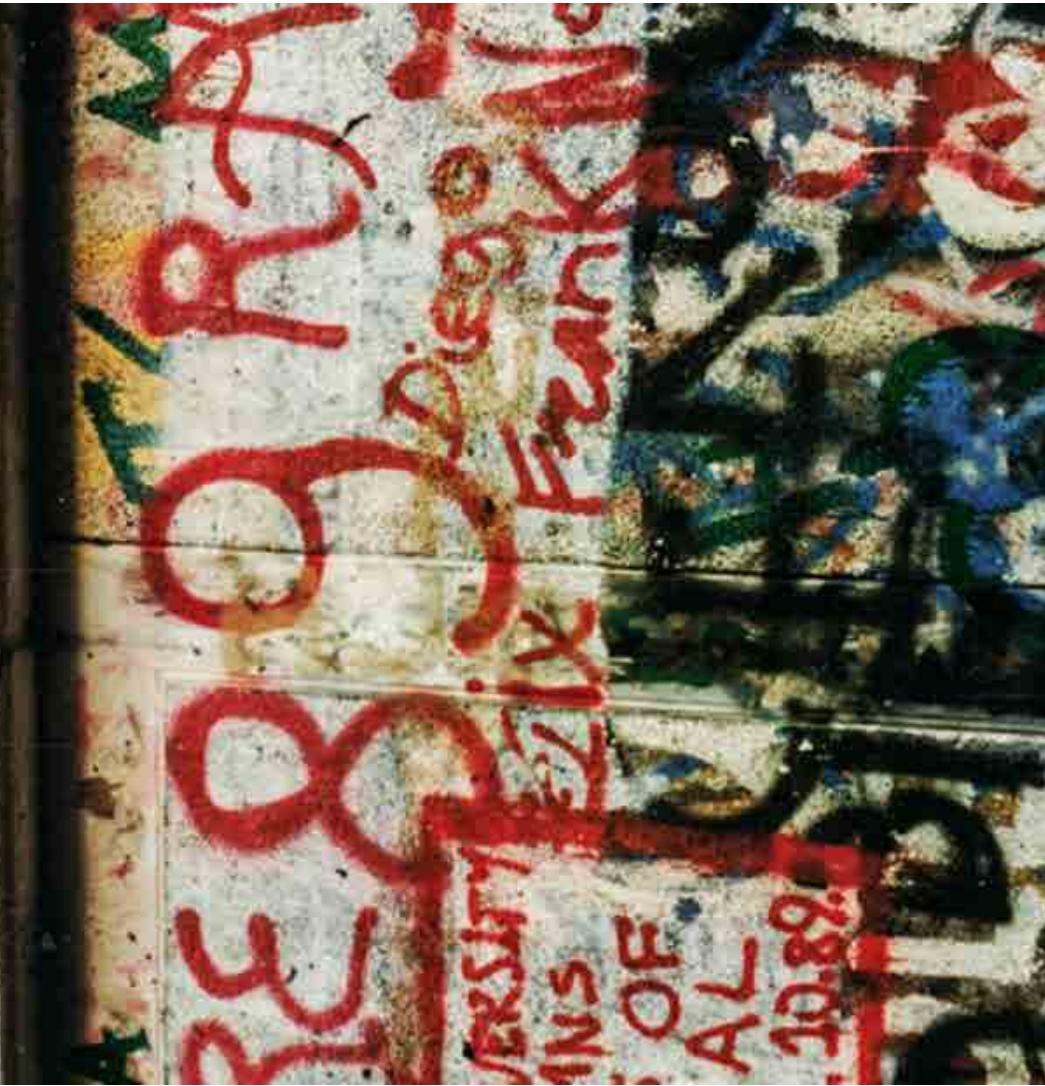


We were paying 100 marks a month for the first Fischbüro in Wrangelstrasse. A young cobbler, Claudia Kieserling, had rented it. I sometimes dropped by her apartment during one of Berlin's icy winters in the early 80s. It was heated by a wonderful roaring stove. One day she opened up to me and said she was giving up the shop. She asked me if I wanted to take over the lease. Naturally, I jumped right in. From that point, Fischbüro basically saved me. My studies weren't going anywhere and I was lonely. This was a place where you could create something: we held a speakers' corner, workshops, events, crisis meetings. The idea was to get people out of their consumer mindset and turn them into producers. There was a guy called Udo Heitfeld (TV/Victor) who gave lectures about aliens at Fischbüro. He said he'd been tipped off about when a UFO was going to land on Oranienplatz in Kreuzberg. So he sold tickets for the flight - one way. The preparation course ran for weeks. Then one day, all those people just disappeared. I still don't know where to, even today.

When I first went to Berlin – I think it was 1980 – we drove through the corridor to West Berlin. It was a very foggy day and we put on the soundtrack of Psycho. It felt like we were on a journey to a very different place. Daniel Miller



DADA AT THE END OF THE WORLD



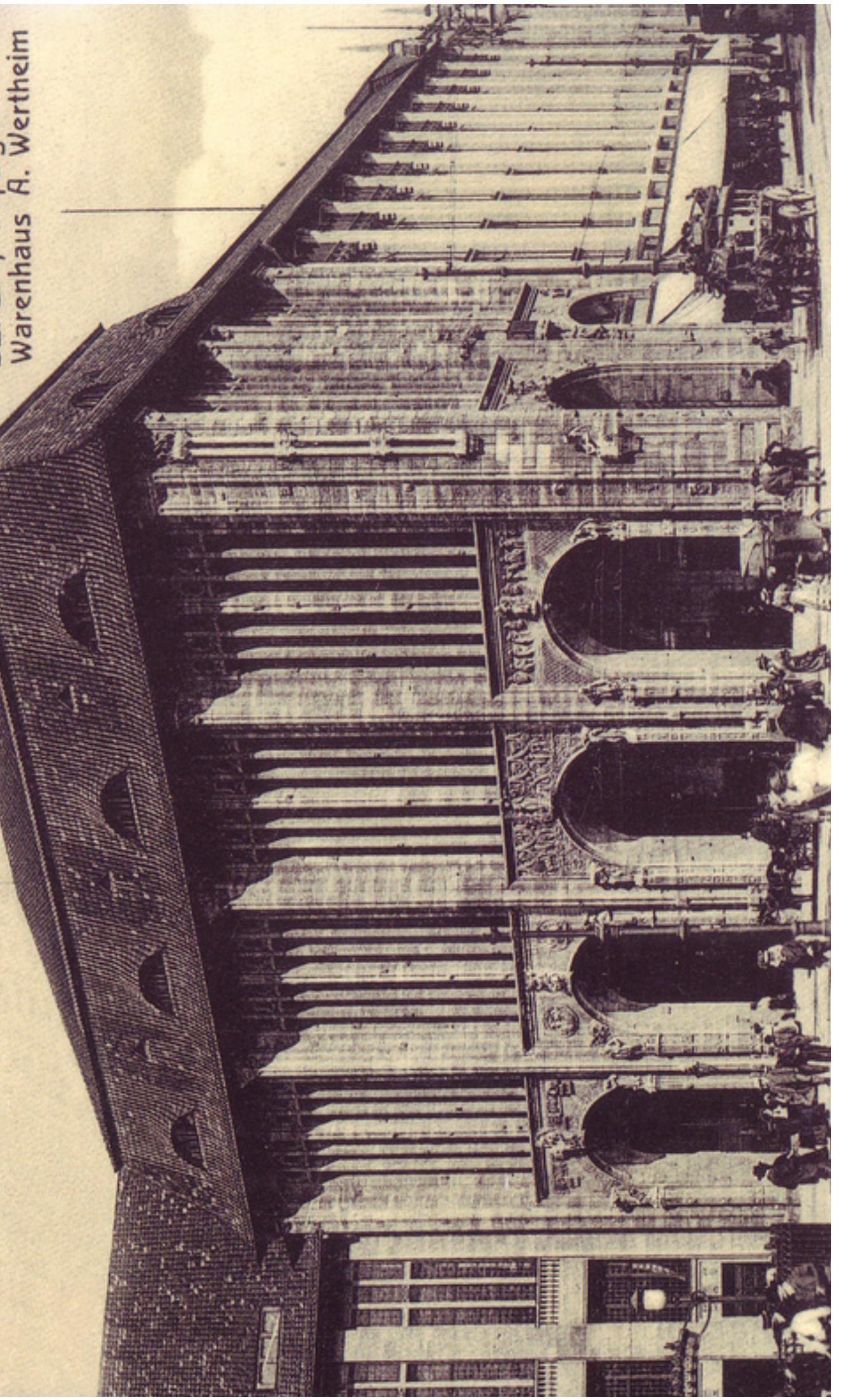
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TRESOR: TRUE STORIES

BERLIN, Leipziger Platz
Warenhaus A. Wertheim

Achim and I spent most of our time driving around, looking for a location. We found so many great spaces, but we could never find the right person to talk to. We were always being told, "Please leave!" No one wanted anything to do with us. I had nothing else going on, so I often wandered through East Berlin and checked out houses. You could just walk in anywhere. One place I saw was a house on Gendarmenmarkt with an attic, it was absolutely amazing: ship-deck parquet flooring, panoramic windows on all sides and a balcony that encircled the entire house. We spent a long time trying to rent that, but to no avail. In Jägerstrasse there was an incredible ballroom that we were also interested in, but we were snubbed again. Aesthetically, of course, it would have been a whole different story. Maybe techno wouldn't have become such a basement culture if we'd got one of those locations. Looking back, though, you have to say it wouldn't have been the right fit at all.

Johnnie Sfieier



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Construction manager? When Dimitri asked me to take on the job, I was studying journalism. But in spite of how absurd it seemed, I knew right away: this is your chance to become part of a movement. You can study any time. The fall of the Wall, the wasteland of East Berlin – it was a unique opportunity. How many people get the chance to be part of such a musical revolution? So I became the construction manager, pulled on some overalls and began a steep learning curve.

TRESOR: TRUE STORIES



THE WILD YEARS

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We didn't do any promotion. Promotion by what means? We'd spent our last cents on the electrician. **Johnnie Stieler**



TRESOR: TRUE STORIES

There was a rave line back then. You would dial the number and an answering machine would tell you what was going on that night. That's how we ended up making a pilgrimage here. Everything was dark, there was no street lighting, it was all a bit spooky. Barbara Frei



THE WILD YEARS



West Berlin was seen as full of the dregs of society: transvestites, gay people, draft dodgers, weirdos and artists. East Berlin was seen as full of communists, soldiers and derelict buildings. The fall of the wall changed everything. All the kids in the East could choose their music for the first time and they chose techno. The music didn't have words, which was easier for the kids in the East – who didn't learn English – to get into. The discovery of being able to do it yourself was also something really new for the East kids. Let's break into that and make a club out of it. It doesn't matter how long it lasts, a day, a week or year, what mattered was that you did it. A derelict fucked up building with a death trap, was the new club and the new thing. This is it, what I came here for. When you went to Tresor everyone was on the same level and were just engrossed in the sound. Everybody loved everybody. It didn't matter where you fucking came from, how much you earned or what car you drove or the colour of your skin. It didn't fucking matter, unification happened.

DJ TANITH PRESENTS



NO PILLS NECESSARY MUSIC

FRIDAY 4. SEPT. 92
TRESOR

Most people couldn't relate to the music in those days. I bought a Walkman to listen to mixtapes on the tram on my way to work. There would always be someone asking: What are you listening to? And I'd say techno. They'd go: Huh? What kind of technology? They thought I was listening to a fridge or a hoover or something. Techno? Simone Kroll

THE WILD YEARS



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TRESOR: TRUE STORIES



I was really the ideal club manager, that much was already obvious from Fischlabor. A mixture of a bourgeois girl who reliably counts pennies, even after just three hours of sleep, and a party-goer who was totally enthralled by the sound, the location and their interaction with the crowd. The symbiosis of space and music in Tresor was something that absolutely everyone felt... The reason Tresor started moving towards this hard techno sound in the first place was because that's what fitted it best; in the very beginning people also played dance and hip hop. My personal preference was always: as hard as possible. That's also what challenged me the most. Underground Resistance, yes. Trance and Goa, no. The pure doctrine.

Alexandra Dröner

THE WILD YEARS



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Tresor had just opened when I flew to the New Music Seminar in New York in the summer of 1991 to make contacts for the label and the club. I was in the middle of a music networking panel when I was handed a note: "Hey, I know you from Berlin". Jeff Mills was sitting a few rows behind me. He was there as a co-founder of Underground Resistance, who wanted to present their new Detroit sound to the world. Mike Banks, Blake Baxter, Eddie Flashin, Fowlkes, Juan Atkins - they were all there, all wearing UR shirts. In retrospect, this note has shaped the development of Tresor as much as it has shaped UR's. They were looking for someone in Europe to release their X-101 stuff. As soon as I got back to Berlin I said: "We have to make this record and book UR!". A few weeks later they were in Tresor; Johnnie Stieler then went on tour with them in Germany. The club and the label always went hand in hand. Records could be tested directly on the dancefloor; and having Tresor releases in record shops all around the world were like flyers for the club. We then changed the name of Interfisch to Tresor Records - that was the obvious thing to do - and brought the focus purely on the new electronic sound, which the artists helped define through their productions. But there were also more "playful" releases with Juan Atkins or Eddie Flashin' Fowlkes. It was important to us to give the artists enough space for experimentation and to do what felt good for them.

Carola Stoiber



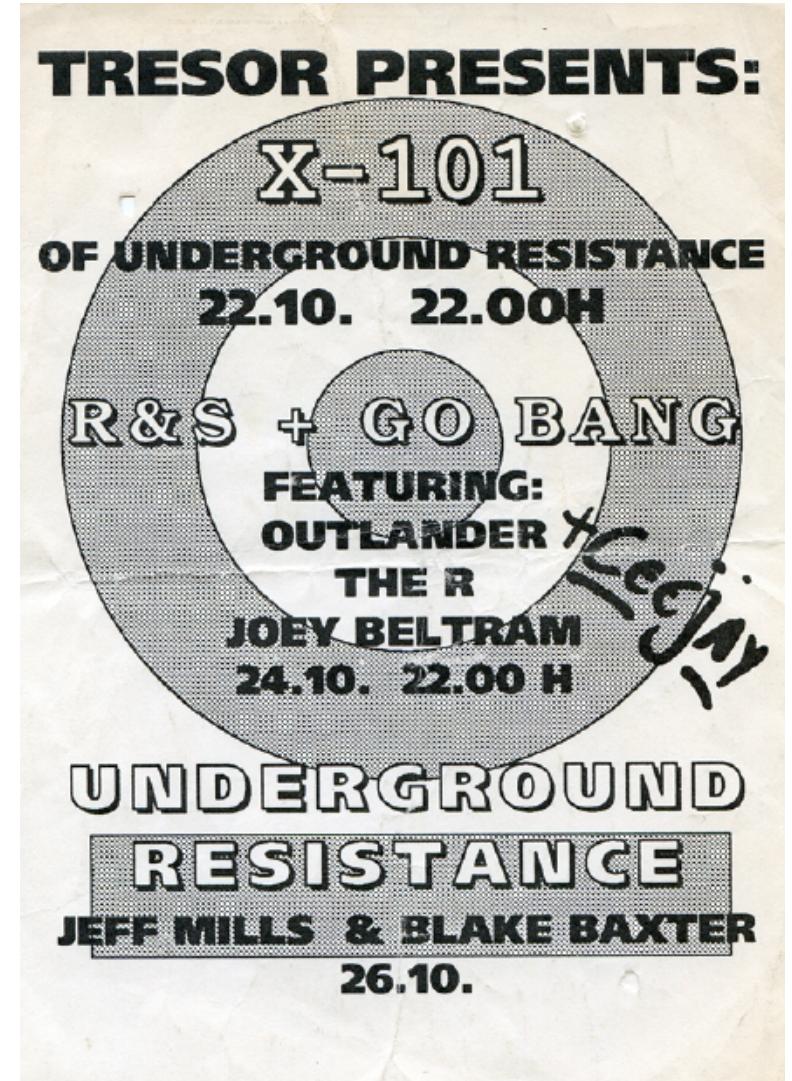
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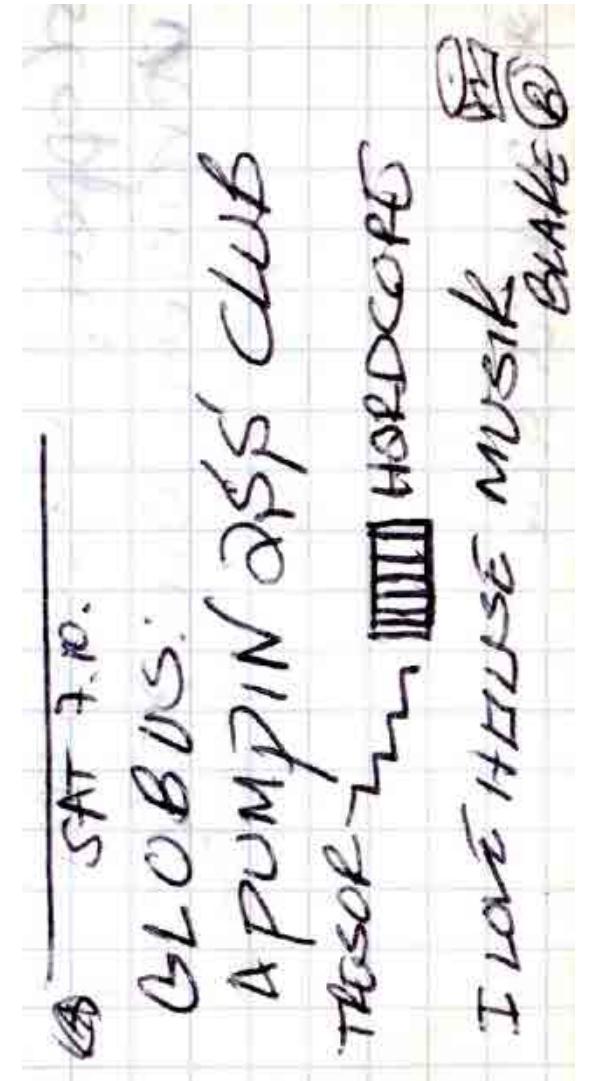
When Underground Resistance played for the first time, I was unlucky enough to be working on the door. But I went downstairs for a moment and just thought, wow, what is going on here?
Arne Graham



TRESOR: TRUE STORIES



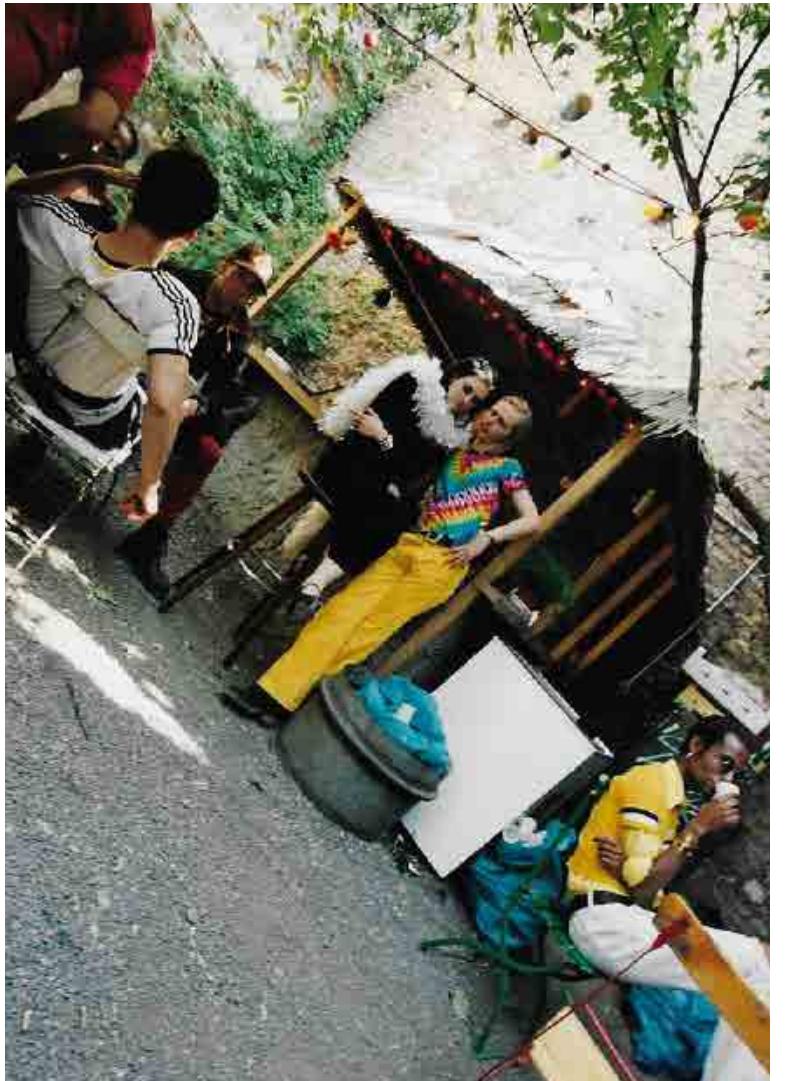
THE WILD YEARS



I came over to Berlin in 1991 with Underground Resistance and toured with Jeff Mills. The tour was organized and promoted by Dimitri. I would come to Tresor once a month - I was in the building a lot. There are a lot of fun memories from that special time back in the day. Three words sum it all up for me: sacrifice, purpose and love.

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Club culture is all about freedom. Clubs must be spaces in which people can feel free who might not be able to in other, more 'public' spaces. Clubs have been shelters for groups that are otherwise marginalised, and they must stay that way.
Pamela Schobess

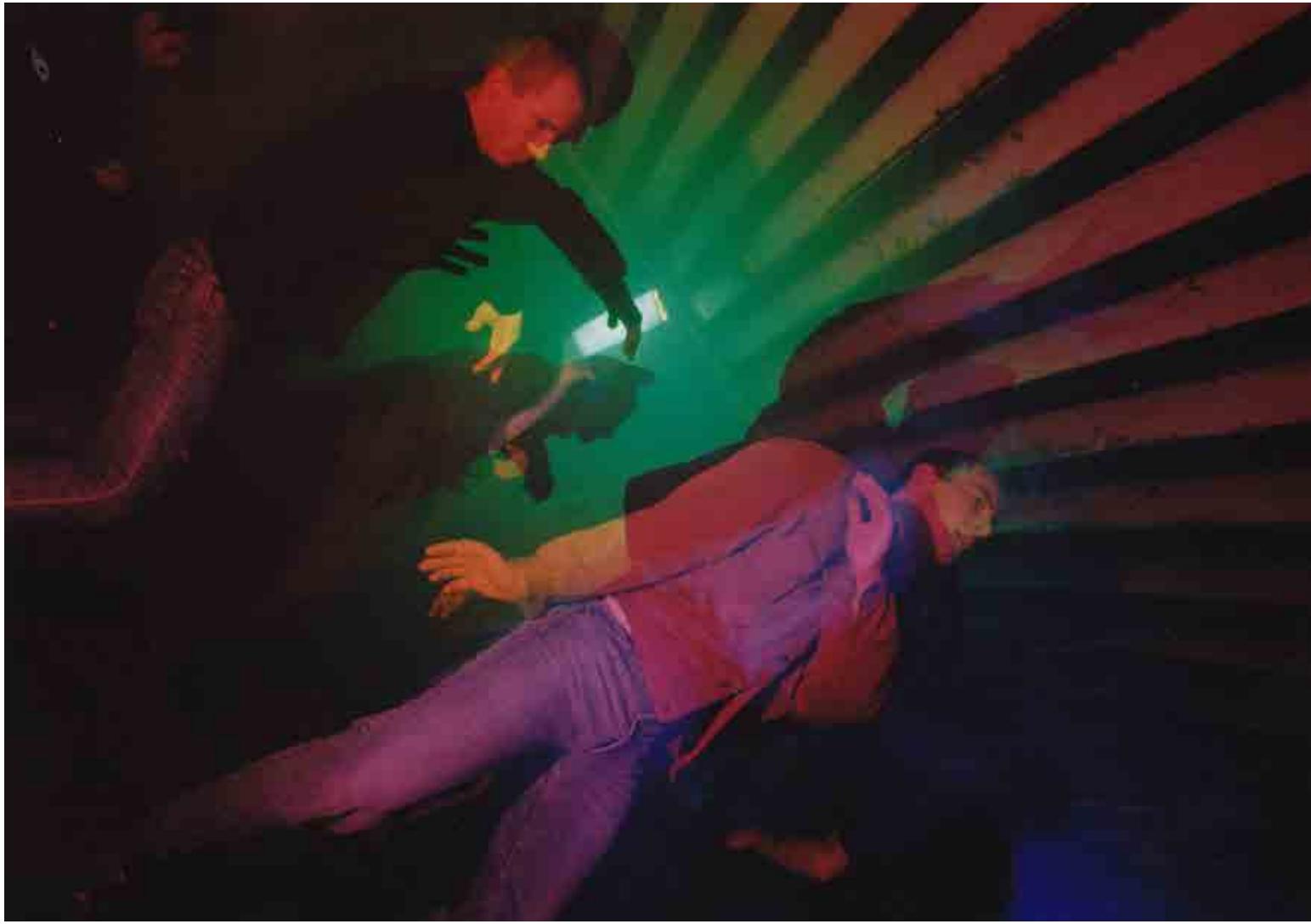


TRESOR: TRUE STORIES

Tresor and Planet were really like the sister clubs. There was so much merging of the staff and the DJs etc. Tresor was much more of a boys' club. There was a lot of male energy going on. And Planet was a little bit more soft. For me, there was really no difference. You'd meet the same people. At one point I worked in both, because I had a friend who was working at Tresor, and she was like "Oh, you know, I'd love to work in Planet sometime." I was like, "I'd love to work in Tresor sometime." so we'd just swap places at the bars and it didn't seem to bother anyone. Techno was very cathartic. It felt like getting rid of all these terrible ghosts of the past, you could feel it in the city: the remnants of the terribly oppressive regimes and the war. I think it did a pretty good job.



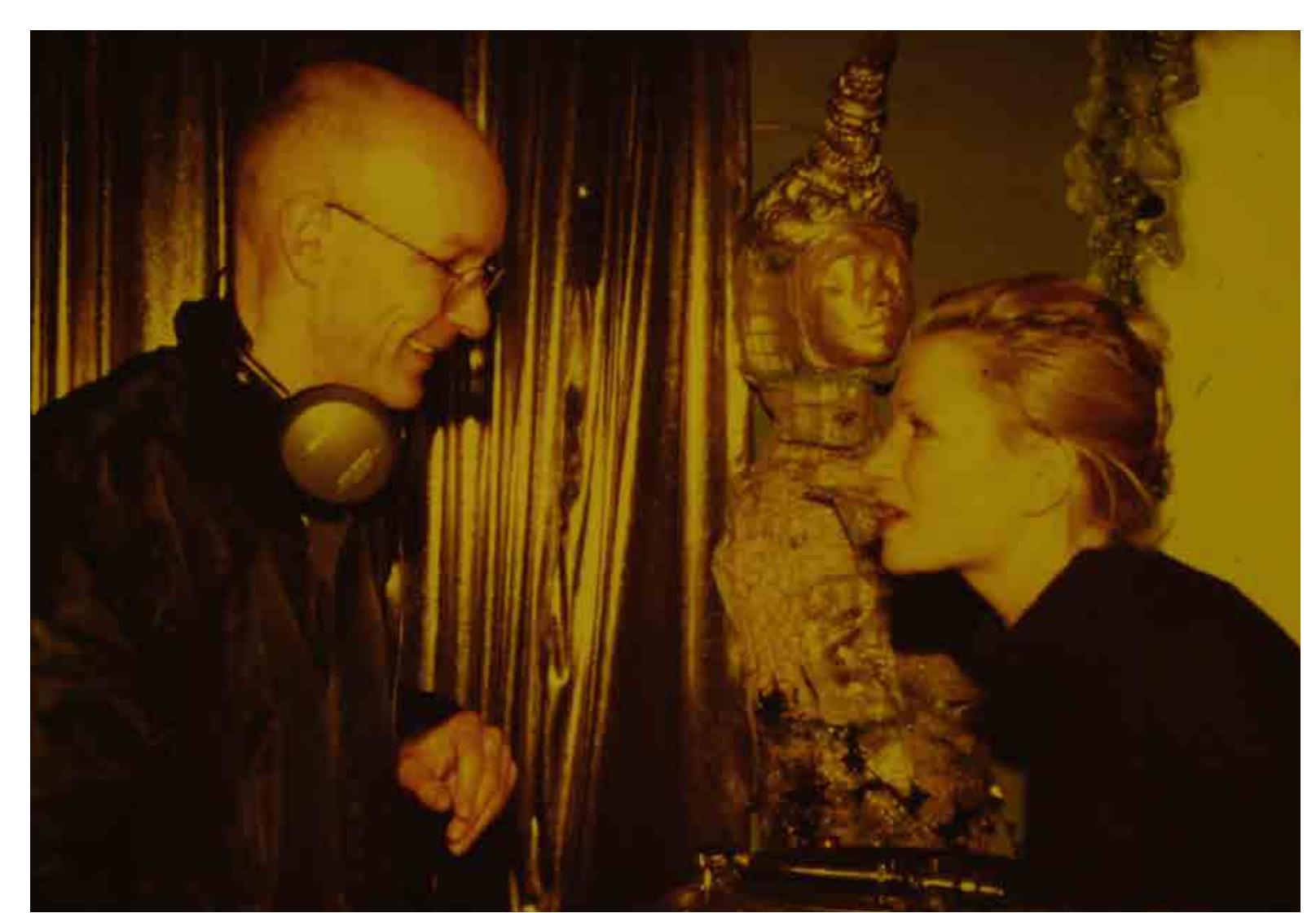
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The 1990s were an extremely formative time. But I had to leave Berlin at some point: I was so immersed and absorbed in the world of music labels, networking and so on that I hardly noticed anything. My feeling was "The world doesn't see me" – but actually it was me who didn't see anyone. I lived in a flat where the *Media Spree* is today, where it snowed in during the winter, with a camp bed and a hot plate on the concrete floor. Sometimes it was so cold that I slept at *Hardwax*. It was a great fit for the ruinous, radical Berlin, sometimes where nothing was pretty and nothing was bright, it stank of burning coal, no one had any money, and the diverse international scene of today didn't exist yet either. It was pretty hardcore, it was the opposite of cozy. At some point, when I was in Vienna, I realised that I felt better about myself there, so I finally moved back. **Electric Indigo**

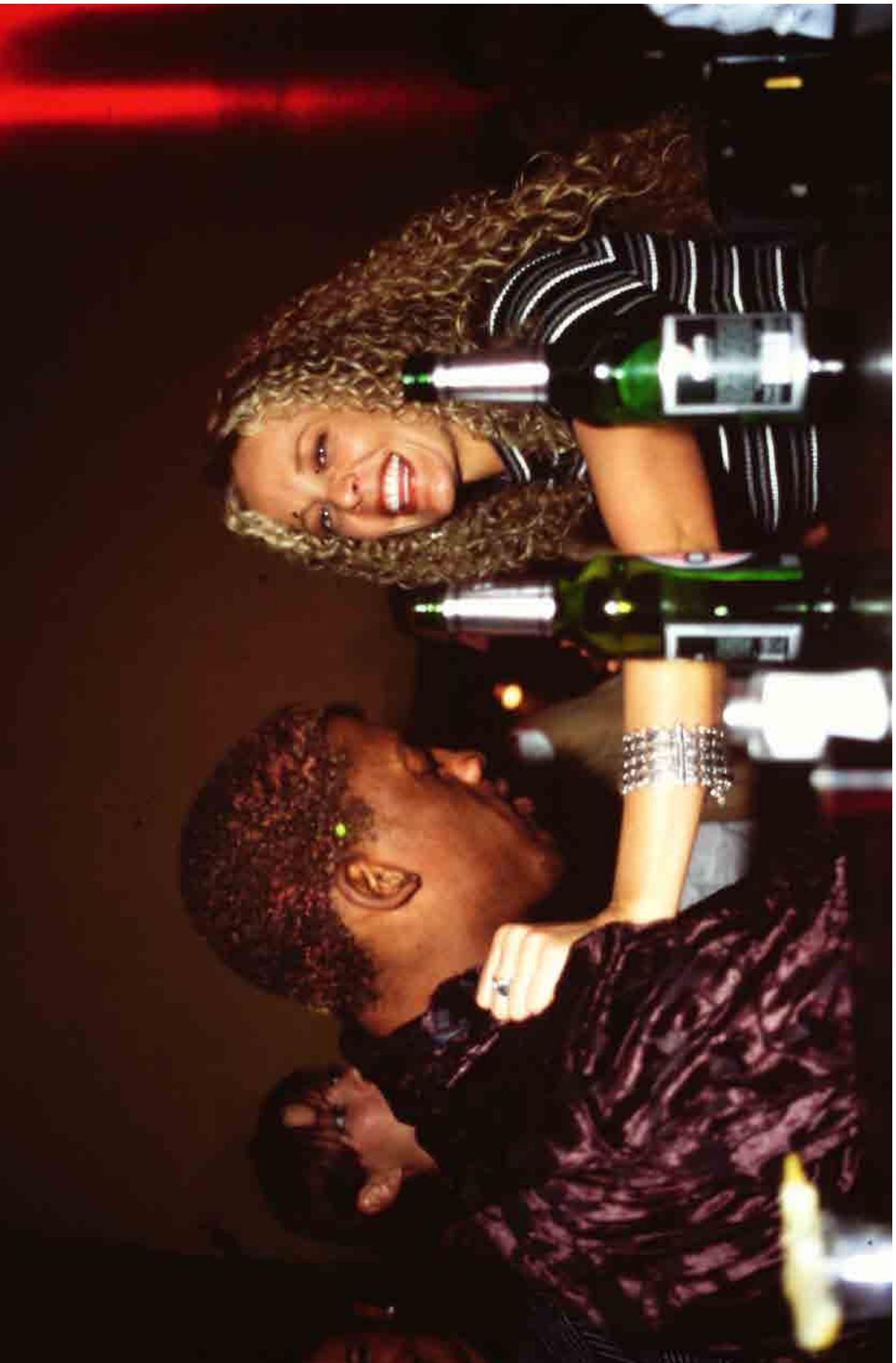
At *Tresor* I got to know all the German punk and new wave musicians I'd idolised in my youth. People like Thomas Fehlmann, Gabi Delgado, Inga Humpe, Gudrun Gut, Dieter Meier. And there was no pretentiousness – everyone was on the same level. That's when we knew we were participating in something truly special. **Arne Graham**





TRESOR: TRUE STORIES

One night in the summer of 1992 – Jeff Mills was still part of UR – I had the chance to introduce Kraftwerk to Jeff and Mike. I had invited Ralf and Florian to come to Tresor after one of their shows got cancelled at Halle Weissensee. Another special moment was of course the first show by Aphex Twin when Richard was still playing with Tom Middleton as his twin brother. The gig was during the week on a Tuesday downstairs and to make up for the not exactly sold-out club they filled the room with balloons and smoke. Needless to say we were all converted on the spot. Thomas Fehlmann



He came in, looked a little sheepish and ordered a drink for himself and his friend at Globus. This is obviously not how Dennis Rodman had imagined the famous club, The Chicago Bulls bad-boy was on a European trip after being suspended from the NBA after assaulting a cameraman. He had just ended his affair with Madonna. Rodman (over 2 meters tall) had a few drinks and even though he found the height in the basement "too dangerous" stayed until late dancing at the bar. Steve D.



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TRESOR: TRUE STORIES

A lot of labels, djs and trends have come and gone regarding electronic music in Berlin, but Tresor has remained faithful to techno and Detroit electronic music. Tresor never jumped on any bandwagon, and you gotta give them respect for that, no matter what.

Mike Huckaby



THE WILD YEARS



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Tresor, along with Hardwax, was where Detroit and Berlin first met. It was here that these international friendships were forged and have now lasted decades.

Daniel Bell

