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# Global & Beta E-BOOK CODE BERLIN

## A READER



mikrotext

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**ASSAF ALASSAF, ASAL DARDAN, CHRISTIANE FROHMANN, ALAN MILLS,  
KATHRIN PASSIG, NIKOLA RICHTER, ANSGAR WARNER, CHLOE ZEEGEN  
GLOBA & BETA**

**E-Book Code Berlin**

All translations from the German into the English by Cory Tamler.  
Translations from the original languages are mentioned below each text.  
Read the German original versions in the [German edition](#) of this anthology.

**a mikrotext**

Editor: Nikola Richter

Production: Booktype

Cover Design: Andrea Nienhaus

Cover Image: Screen shot of the ePub code of this publication

Cover Font: PTL Attention, Viktor Nübel

Version 1, October 2016

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ISBN 978-3-944543-42-0

All rights reserved. Published as an accompaniment for the event [Global & beta](#)  
during the festival Stadtsprache in Berlin in November 2016.



Gefördert durch:

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## Summary

The number of representatives of digital publishing that Berlin has attracted in recent years is astonishing. Their lingua franca is a code that can be understood anywhere you go and is used across the world: the e-book code. As part of the Stadtsprachen Festival, taking place in Berlin in November 2016 and sponsored by the Hauptstadt Kulturfonds, the event *Global & beta* takes a look at what it is that constitutes this international digital voice: Four Berlin-based publisher-authors (Kathrin Passig of Techniktagebuch and others, Nikola Richter of mikrotext, Ansgar Warner of ebooknews, and Gregor Weichbrodt of Oxa/Frohmann) share and discuss opinions, experiences, and challenges. The conversation, which will be recorded, will be added to this e-book later. Until then, it is represented here by short texts from each participant.

For this anthology, we also asked four important Berlin-based writers to think about their literary relationship with the internet. Assaf Alassaf, a Syrian writer, describes the dilemma created by, on the one hand, the ability to write freely on Facebook in the Arab world and, on the other, the desire to sell one's best ideas to the traditional media. Asal Dardan—Iranian-born, Berlin-raised, living in Sweden—considers the international possibilities of the e-book. The internet poet Alan Mills from Guatemala, who lives in Berlin and Vienna, observes Facebook posts with Kafka's eyes. In her associative-philosophical contribution, Chloe Zeegen, a German-English writer who also lives in Berlin, compares the messianic promises of the internet with promises of salvation found in the Bible.

**Global & beta**  
**E-Book Code Berlin**

## **Alan Mills: Facebook is not Franz Kafka**

Not long ago, I bought a tote bag bearing the words:  
*Facebook is not Franz Kafka.*

It was an impulse buy. I did not think much about the meaning of the sentence; I just liked the design. It wasn't until a week had passed that I began to feel uneasy. Suddenly, I pictured the Prague genius—driven by some sort of demonic compulsion or imprisoned in an eternal, terrible, absurd punishment by a higher power really quite similar to those in his own writing—typing every single post for each of the millions upon millions of Facebook profiles. The idea was as unbelievable as it was eerie, and, when closely examined, almost identical to sending poor Kafka to the worst of all possible hells. What a good thing it is, I therefore thought, rather relieved, that Facebook—with everything that goes with it, including its semi-dictatorial assortment of algorithms—is not Kafka.

I used the bag for groceries for a month before it slowly began to dawn on me that something even more disturbing lurked in the short sentence it displayed. I started to see a paranoid message in the gift I had given myself, because it seemed to me, from one day to the next, that the bag—or my subconscious—was trying to tell me that in reality, nothing written for a social network can be literature.

I felt like a traitor. I, who like thousands of others had emerged from the depths of the Internet, who became a writer of literature thanks first of all to my readers on social networks, had begun subconsciously to reprogram myself. I was transforming myself into a totally normal author, a figure the believers in the absolute power of paper would consider harmless.

Then I thought about the hordes of new writers who

continue to flood the Internet, invading the empire of the intellectual code like barbarians; about the lawless masses that with the flames of creativity at their backs hack, subvert and challenge the platforms used by more established communities to safeguard their knowledge.

For practical reasons, I kept the bag (so useful in the analogue world for the purchase and transportation of potatoes and tomatoes), and came to understand that its message was important because it had brought me to the realization that, though Kafka is not Facebook, he certainly is *on* Facebook. Not only because of his fan page, which in a certain sense represents his spirit, but also because of his unadulterated love of the written word, which persists in many of us—we, the constant and untamed users of social networks.

*Translated from the Spanish by Magdalena Kotzurek and  
from the German by Cory Tamler.*

*The original [Spanish version](#) can be read on the website of  
Stadtsprachen Festival.*

## Chloe Zeegen: LINE

The internet is our most spiritual creation. The complete works of the human psyche, connecting and reconnecting. A writhing mass, an organic whole, some kind of condition. Simultaneously true and false. All that's missing is perspective.

Baruch atah, Adonai...

So there were twelve tribes and it was divided and there was war and persecution and it fell and there was exile.

And if power is narrative and history is narrative then like  
You're not that far away

From saying everything is relative

But it's just too far gone.

I'm so sick of hearing that shit on OkC it would always be a thing and I'd be like urgh I've said it before I am just so so sick of seeing that shit.

Huh yeah three thousand years do you think it's a mentality twelve sons you say well yes that's history but there it is again we've covered this there was some conflicted shit yeah yeah you never know it may be in code.

Baruch atah, Adonai...

Who are you? Identity shit grey area it isn't black and white you know deep down we're all the same

Smug smiley but what about the mother lode no no we're reaching an end point now yes yes morning as night what now like my death is your life and here's some prick thinking they can fix this shit with pics of hugging kids and yt clips where at the end of it they'll be like see?

\*smug smiley\* welcome refugees kicking it around like a Goddamn political football.

Find no respite no rest for your foot blessed is that land

you want proof I'll give you proof patterns of benevolence  
logic reason science sand innovation the lay of land lines  
are drawn planes shift faces turn as shadows drift you'll  
think to make a miracle connect along the holy lines  
Emerge upon the pinnacle.

## **Assaf Alassaf: The Invasion of the Idiots and Their Scribbling**

### **Prelude:**

I once heard tell of the way that someone whose friend publishes texts on Facebook spoke to him from the heart: “Forget this writing of yours. Writing on Facebook is like spitting into the ocean. It leaves no trace.”

When I, whose habit it also was to publish on Facebook, began to receive requests in increasing number from newspapers and online magazines to write for them, I started to consider this sentence seriously.

To write for the traditional media, the important, the well-known, was something of which I had always dreamed. That one was generally paid a fairly reasonable fee for doing so made the thing appear even more enchanting. And all I had to do was to stop publishing my words on Facebook and instead simply send them to a newspaper, and I would see them a few days later, on paper, printed. Then all I had to do was wait for a notification from my bank telling me that the fee had arrived in my account.

But then it came: total writer’s block. I had ideas, but somehow, they did not want to come out of me. I wrote as if wading through mud. At times I had the feeling that an idea was too narrow for this or that medium, then on second thought it would seem far too broad, while at every line I wrote, a thousand censors stuck their heads together above me and gnawed on it until there was no longer any meaning in it, everything was left utterly disfigured and abandoned, and wrung the neck of the text so much that, at the end, there stood a deadly boring, run-of-the-mill piece of writing, of which there are a thousand pieces just like it. They are in the newspaper

and no one wants to read them.

It was by no means easy to find the way back to writing on Facebook. In particular the financial aspect was a thorn that, with each click releasing one of my texts a bit further into virtual being, scratched a little deeper into my side. But, slowly, at the sight of that blue rectangle, my literary fitness and the clarity and agility of my thoughts returned to me. Reading the magical sentence “What’s on your mind?” was enough to make the words rush out of me like a raging flood, without censor or control, until the rectangle was finally filled to the brim and I had emptied myself into it of everything I wanted to say.

And then no more than a few minutes would pass until I had received my ideal payment as a writer, in the form of likes and comments. It doesn’t matter whether they are positive or negative. It is enough that I feel I have done something important and have drawn close to my readers. It is this proximity that makes the reader an active part of the writing process. This can sometimes be destructive, too, but those are just the rules of the game here. That’s also why it’s so much fun.

You write and you get a reaction immediately, without having to wait. You write, and you know that in this game, your reader is in the same boat as you. Thanks to all the photos and details of your personal life that you have shared with everyone here on Facebook, he knows a lot about you. And to bring him into the boat, the one you are in, you have allowed him to take part in all of this, with all your errors in spelling and sentence structure, for which he will forgive you and that he is more than ready to look beyond. He will fill in the gaps that you, in your negligence, have left in your text. It will be he who will add that line that you dared not write yourself, whether out of shame or fear. He will encourage you to write

more, to reveal even more of yourself, so that he can explore your interior ever more fully, in order ultimately to enmesh himself within you the more deeply. Until the writing begins to resemble the end of an intimate night of drinking and conversation, when the light of morning begins to seep into the bar. Conversations that tumble out stark naked, without retouching or cosmetic surgery. This would only rob them of some of their authenticity and warmth.

**Afterword, presented without comment:**

Umberto Eco once said: “[Platforms like Twitter and Facebook give] legions of idiots the right to speak when they once only spoke at a bar after a glass of wine, without harming the community. Then they were quickly silenced, but now they have the same right to speak as a Nobel Prize winner. It’s the invasion of the idiots.”

*Translated from the Arabic by Sandra Hetzl and from the German by Cory Tamler.*

*The original [Arabic version](#) can be read on the website of Stadtsprachen Festival.*

## Asal Dardan: Digital Homeland

I sit at home and read what [Patras Bwansi wrote about his arrival in Berlin](#):

“The doors did not open until half-past one and after I’d given my fingerprints, they asked me just a few brief questions: my name, where I came from, and why I was there. I didn’t want to have to talk so much; I was very, very tired. I simply showed them my bag and said: ‘Everything that I am and that I have is here.’ I had to fill out another form and wait for further questioning.”

My own flight out of Iran is a story, not an experience. I was there. I observed my parents’ faces and the faces of the other passengers on the flight and the border police. I slept and babbled a bit, saw and heard this and that: the house in Tehran, in which I should have grown up; the language that would have shaped me. Under other circumstances. Nearly, almost.

In my parents’ apartment in Cologne, there were no family photos and no heirlooms. Prints by Carl Spitzweg hung on the walls: *Der Kaktusfreund*, *Der ewige Hochzeiter*, *Der Bücherwurm*. How they got there, I don’t know. My parents were able to bring almost nothing with them—no pictures, no books, no memorabilia.

What did Patras Bwansi take with him as he fled? How much? How little?

I think about the Syrian in the shelter in Berlin-Mitte reading Elif Shafak on his phone, the same phone he used to watch YouTube videos to help him learn German. He had been here just three months and already understood the verb endings. Someone could have painted his portrait as *Der Bücherwurm*, not a bookworm from 1850, but a bookworm of today.

Every book is a world. Taken together, they are a universe

that seems as if it belongs to you alone. Until you have to leave and it dawns on you: you can't take a library with you into exile.

And yet...I don't know how these codes work, the ones that allow you to read your own language while in a foreign land, to take your universe with you in a trouser pocket or a backpack, on a rickety boat, by foot over borders—on your smartphone. But I know that these codes are important and valuable. In an age of mass migration, the digital can replace a homeland.

Together with Michaela Maria Müller and Christiane Frohmann (author and publisher of the wonderful book *At Sea*), I want to make a contribution. Our collaborative project “At One Table” has, within a year, become a loose network that collects experiences and stories that perhaps don't belong together at all. But it is quietly growing, and I hope that it offers its participants a shared digital homeland.

## **Ansgar Warner: The Force is Strong in Code**

These days, you can rip a CD to a hard disk with a CD drive and the press of a button. If you want to rip a book, you'll need a sharp knife. And a certain cold-bloodedness. Press the blade into the seam between cover and title page; whether glued, stapled, or sewn, the book's binding will quickly pull free of its body. Not to worry, there won't be any blood. At most your own, if you are not careful.

What holds the book together is, more than anything, that behavioural code that has been drummed into each one of us since childhood. You must not harm people, animals, plants; above all, you must not harm books! With a few vertical cuts, the book disintegrates into a pile of folded two-page spreads. Separate them, and all that's left to do is gather up the loose, fallen leaves. All told, this biblio-lysis takes less than five minutes.

To dissolve a book manually into individual letters takes more work. Once, on Berlin's urban railway headed north for Buch, my musings on whether my destination's namesake was a *book* or a *buck* were interrupted when I noticed a manic fellow busily cutting letter after letter from the pages of a thick tome with a delicate pair of scissors. Paper-thin black letters were piled atop his trouser legs, as if he had shaken out a tiny bag of those crisp alphabet biscuits, light as Styrofoam, baked from a batter of egg whites and cocoa, that we call in German *Russian bread*.

My scanner works faster. It converts page after page into digital images that are translated into ASCII using optical character recognition. The book is now a string of letters coded in bits and bytes. You can sort the data string according to letter with a bit of programming code, if you so desire. For a German-language book with 400,000 characters and 200 manuscript pages, the result is as

follows: 72 pages of A's, 40 pages of N's, 28 pages of I's, and so forth. The few instances of x, y, z, and the German ß all fit on a single page.

You can also get Borgesian and arrange the letters in a completely new order, Library of Babel-style. The number of 400,000-character anagrams is enough to fill more than an evening. The Force is strong in code! Go ahead, let it delete every letter, arrange punctuation marks in order of appearance. In the form and style of typewriter art, use the character set as raw material out of which to build Claude Elwood Shannon's likeness. Be generous with the font size. According to Adobe, the maximum length for a PDF is 381 kilometres.

In contrast, the standard variations when ripping a book are almost obscenely mundane. Everything stays the way it is. Even the most eloquent source code has a single goal: to create a digital version that replicates the printed book as precisely as possible, even if the source text is in the public domain and anything is permissible.

## **Christiane Frohmann: Don't Make E-Books, Make Literature. A Selfie-Cut**

2011 [“Once you stop seeing it as an ugly piece of technology, the e-reader becomes \[...\] a library filled with books.”](#)

2012 [“There is absolutely no reason to market books as elite objects.”](#)

2013 [“E-books constitute a new medium through which content can be recorded, saved, and shared.”](#) [“At the core \[...\] lies the intention of holding fast to classical publishing’s standards, but also, together with authors, to figure out ways of approaching cultural phenomena even when they are still opaque.”](#) [“The clearly-defined roles of publisher, author, and reader are no longer really valid.”](#) [“The role I aim to fill is that of mediator between old and new reading cultures.”](#) [“E-books \[have\] possibilities that are entirely their own. They can do things that books in print cannot.”](#) [“I insert myself like an aesthetic filter that makes visible, intensifies, or lightly modifies what’s there.”](#) [“My projects are open-ended, they go with the flow; e-books, easily revised and updated, complement them well.”](#) [“\[I\]t is an aesthetic, almost political decision, to devote oneself to new literature appearing on and influenced by the internet, and with it, a new form of cultural studies.”](#) [“For e-book publishers, the backlist is \[...\] really just a list, since our titles never disappear from stores.”](#) [“\[V\]iewed from the inside, my publishing house feels more like a work of art, not an artefact but performative art.”](#) [“The recurrent theme in my working conditions is the heat of the laptop on my lap; everything else varies.”](#)

2015 [“Instead of what the media has to say about e-books, read e-books. The two have astonishingly little to do with one another.”](#)

2016 “A [...] vendor interested in the digital reading culture will offer e-books in ePub, mobi and PDF formats.” ““Why do you only make e-books?’ \*reproachful noise \* ‘Oh, you don’t make just e-books any longer.’ \*disappointed noise\*””

## **Kathrin Passig: Buying a Book at the Edge of the Internet**

The airplane is already taxiing when the urgent impulse to buy an e-book overtakes me. Several hours without Internet access—I could run out of reading material! Maybe there’s enough time left, maybe there’s a line of aircrafts waiting to take off in front of us. I shut airplane mode off again and follow the link at the end of the sample chapter to “buy now”.

Something is not right with my payment method. It is necessary for me to visit the seller’s page, please, and try again.

Unfortunately, there are no other airplanes in front of us. The noise of the engines crescendoes. In other airports, cell service doesn’t extend far beyond the terminal, but in Edinburgh the airfield is also well provided for, [as Anne Schüßler previously discovered for the same reason](#).

There is still LTE on the runway. I’ve already forgotten once or twice to put my phone into airplane mode during previous take-offs, so I feel optimistic that my book purchase isn’t going to cause all of us to crash and burn.

The seller also thinks that something is wrong with my payment method. Do I want to pay with this card or that one? The airplane accelerates. I think that yes, both should work, but okay then, please use the other one, and do it now, we’re taking off!

The purchase is successful. That does not yet mean that the e-book is safely downloaded; to accomplish that, I have to select “read now” again, and this is the step where things frequently go south in areas where the signal is weak. You can’t just read the beginning of the book, either, if the end has not been downloaded yet; you’re left standing there with no book at all.

*“Downloading your book may take several minutes due to*

*the large file size.”*

At 300 metres from the ground, the download is complete. At 301 metres we lose Internet signal, probably, but actually I have no idea. Now that I've got my book, I can turn flight mode on again.

## **Nikola Richter: Googlism for Ebook**

ebook is best viewed in full screen mode

ebook is available

ebook is simply an electronic book which

ebook is coming to the uk

ebook is reviewed by pc magazine

ebook is missing if downloaded before installing acrobat  
ebook

ebook is not a book

ebook is biased

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electronically and printed from your computer

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looking through it

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ebook is exe format

ebook is an exe

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cyber space

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case between random house and rosettbooks and its ceo

ebook is just too mysterious when

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baiting a hook

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ebook is a picture book of all of the pages from the original 1924 softcover portfolio

ebook is the best dedicated reading device we've seen

ebook isn't

ebook is an electronic version of a traditional print book that can be read by using a personal computer or by using an ebook reader

ebook is a relatively new and promising digital delivery channel that benefits students and educators

ebook is clearly a better book

ebook is simply an electronic edition of a book—in other words

ebook is displayed

ebook is in the production process

ebook is able to expire now

ebook is ultimate tech toy for avid readers

ebook is just as important as the cover if you want to be taken seriously

ebook is the best way

ebook is an electronic book/manuscript that you download on to your pc/laptop or dedicated handheld device

ebook is very useful and profitable for both professionals

and the ones who have just started  
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ebook  
ebook is simply a group of files compressed into one  
downloadable file for distribution  
ebook is registered  
ebook is updated daily so there is always something new  
for you to utilize  
ebook is to protect you from loss  
ebook is supplied  
ebook is responsible for creating the modern era of the  
ebook is an electronic book  
ebook is to load it up with back  
ebook is a novel  
ebook is encrypted or unencrypted  
ebook is also available in the following bundle  
ebook is in more than one format  
ebook is for you  
ebook is an ideal way to make your knowledge available  
to everyone because it is the one thing that you take with  
you when you go  
ebook is available for download  
ebook is picked up  
ebook is supported by a powerful dbms  
ebook is simply a short way of saying electronic book  
ebook is a digital copy of a book that can be read on any  
computer with an internet connection  
ebook is already formatted the way you want it in your  
word processor

ebook is an electronic version of a textbook  
ebook is updated every few months and once you have purchased the current copy  
ebook is that one of its goals is to make ebook titles available on a wide  
ebook is the first electronic edited and expanded publication featuring two short cooking stories by william makepeace thackeray and edna ferber  
ebook is a self  
ebook is now available in two popular formats  
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ebook is a crap  
ebook is an acrobat file processed through the company's contentserver and read through the company's ebook reader  
ebook is an acrobat file processed through the company's contentserver and read through the company's  
ebook is critical  
ebook is available in  
ebook is available to read on the internet  
ebook is not static  
ebook is checked out  
ebook is the internet's biggest and best collection of the hottest products and information  
ebook is easy to read  
ebook is in pdf format and can be read by users across all computing platforms  
ebook is an electronic  
ebook is published in real time

ebook is no longer readable using the netlibrary ebook reader

ebook is an electronic version of a printed book

ebook is formatted as an executable

ebook is

ebook is not an eating plan

ebook is first opened

*First published in Fabrikzeitung, "Dichtung im Internet" ("Poetry on the Internet") edition, April 2016.*

<http://www.fabrikzeitung.ch/googlism-fuer-ebook/>

The word "ebook" was typed into the search field at [www.googlism.com](http://www.googlism.com). Available since 2002, Googlism is a fun tool developed by Paul Cherry and programmed by Chris Morton, who wanted to know what Google really knew about particular things, people, and themes. Of course, Google does not really know anything about anything; Google shows what other people know, according to the content of their websites and online presence. This means that Google is a program that can [generate] conceptual digital literature. Googlism is not the property of Google the company.

## About the authors

**Assaf Alassaf** was born 1976 in Deir ez-Zor/Syria. He studied dentistry in Damascus/Syria. While still in Syria he worked full-time as a dentist and part-time as a journalist. Since 2007 he has published several articles in Arabic daily newspapers. In 2013 he moved from Damascus to Nouakchott in Mauritania, where he worked as a dentist. In the beginning of 2014 he went to Beirut/Lebanon and worked in a medical center for Syrian refugees. Since 2013 he has been writing literary anecdotes on Facebook about the revolution and the war in his home country, his travel to Mauritania, his life in Lebanon and the dental practice. The posts and stories about Abu Jürgen, the German ambassador, were created between November 2014 and February 2015. His book *Abu Jürgen. Mein Leben mit dem deutschen Botschafter* was published in Germany in 2015 as an ebo.

**Asal Dardan** was born in Tehran in December 1978 and has lived in Germany since the age of one, when her parents were forced to flee Iran as political refugees. She is a cultural theorist and curated and organised the event "*Whichever Stone You Lift*" ... –*Memories of the Holocaust on Film* in cooperation with the Humboldt-Universität von Berlin. Out of this came a volume by the same name, published by Bertz+Fischer Verlag, which she she co-edited and co-wrote. As a blogger (asallime.co) she is particularly concerned with migration, exile, and German cultural memory. She is spending two years, beginning in the fall of 2015, at the Center for Middle Eastern Studies of the Universität Lund.

**Christiane Frohmann** is a publisher ([Frohmann](#)), writer and editor of digital anthologies, radio journalist

([Generator](#) and [Ladyland](#) from the Haus der Kulturen der Welt), and the organiser of the [Katersalon](#). Her research interests, and therefore most of her texts and lectures as well, focus on Internet-related phenomena, in particular the culture of sharing and the sense of togetherness that results. As a speaker she talks about the aesthetic and social potential of digitalisation and the vanishing borders between publishing, writing and reading.

**Alan Mills** was born in Guatemala in 1979. In the past ten years, he has lived in Buenos Aires, São Paulo, Paris, Madrid and Leipzig, and has read at poetry festivals throughout Europe and Latin America. He has lived in Berlin since 2012, where he is writing a dissertation on contemporary Latin American literature, in particular indigenous science fiction. Published works include the books *Marca de agua*, *Síncopes* (also translated into French) and *Pasan poesía en la televisión apagada* and the e-books [Eine Subkultur der Träume: Auf Twitter](#) and [Hacking Coyote](#) (in English). He is on Twitter as [@alan1000s](#).

**Kathrin Passig** is, in her own words, a “writer of nonfiction and a deviser of things” and works occasionally as a journalist. Her books have been translated into eleven languages. In 2002 she and several others founded the so-called [Zentrale Intelligenz Agentur](#) (ZIA) in Berlin, and served as business manager until summer 2009. In 2011 she started the t-shirt shop [Zufallsshirt](#) as an “experiment in artistic stupidity”; the collaborative blog [Techniktagebuch](#) followed in 2014, documenting our interaction with everyday technology and the way it changes over time. The blog [Riesenmaschine](#), operated by the ZIA, with which Passig was substantially involved both with regard to content and software development, received a 2006 Grimme

Online Award. In the same year, Passig was awarded the Ingeborg Bachmann Prize.

**Nikola Richter** is a publisher ([mikrotext](#)), editor and writer. She studied German, English, and comparative literature and linguistics in Tübingen, Norwich and Berlin and from 2001-2003 was at the helm of [schriftstelle.de](#), one of the first online literary magazines. At the root, her interests are the dynamic relationship between Internet, world, and culture, and engaging, timely content. She is project manager and curator of [Electric Book Fair](#), Germany's first e-book fair, and wrote the first e-book-only reviews to appear in a print magazine for Missy Magazine. In 2014, she was recognised for her work in digital publishing by the *Börsenverein des deutschen Buchhandels* (German Publishers and Booksellers Association) with the Young Excellence Award.

**Ansgar Warner** is a freelance writer for Medienbüro Mitte and, since 2009, Editor-in-Chief of *E-Book-News* [www.e-book-news.de](#). As a journalist, literary and cultural critic, he constantly operates at the intersection between old and new media. He received his PhD from the HU Berlin in 2007 (radio essays of the 1950s), and afterwards worked as a journalist for print (*taz*, among others) and radio (DLF/DRadio). In 2013, he published [From Book to Byte](#), about the (pre-)history of electronic books, and in 2014 his how-to manual, [The Big E-Book & E-Reader ABCs: 200 Current Keywords](#).

**Chloe Zeegen** is a writer and lives and works in Berlin. She grew up in Germany and the UK and studied Philosophy & Modern Languages at Oxford University. She released a collection of short stories, [I love myself ok?](#), in 2014, which became a critically-acclaimed, underground hit. She has just completed her first novel.

## About the translator

**Cory Tamler** [www.corytamler.com](http://www.corytamler.com) is a writer, translator, and theatre artist based in Brooklyn. She translates literary and art historical texts from German and experiments with collaborative translation with Bosnian playwright Tanja Šljivar and Serbian translator Željko Maksimović. She was the Spring 2016 R&D Season Fellow at the New Museum where she worked on digital and interview-based formats for documenting, sharing, and archiving the LEGACY Season. As a Fulbright Scholar, Cory wrote about contemporary German theatre in Berlin, and she is currently a PhD student in Theatre Studies at The Graduate Center, CUNY.

## About mikrotext

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