



Hanna Sjöberg

***Making history visible* a land-art project
in cooperation with Exil-Eberswalde
in Eberswalde north of Berlin**

The now empty and neglected area outside Eberswalde was during WW II a big concentration camp for 800 women from eastern Europe. They were forced to work in the Ardeltwerke, an armaments industry. Today the anti-racist organization Exil-Eberswalde uses the only remaining building of the camp, the rest of the camp has been torn down. For this empty area I initiated a project in partnership with Exil-Eberswalde; the guerilla-knitting-project “Geschichte sichtbar machen” (Making history visible).



The former camp should be marked out with self-produced knitting bands and ribbons. In the regional news paper we asked for material: knitting wool and knitting needles.

The project took place during two weeks in August 2012: schoolgirls and -boys, unemployed youth and citizens from Eberswalde participated and produced kilometres of self-knitted ribbons and bands.

With the help of an aerial photo from April 1945, a 20-meters measuring tape, and Pythagoras theorem we measured the area and marked out all the 12 former buildings with our knitted ribbons.



A few metres from the camp entrance there was, in the time when the camp existed, a railway station used by hundreds of civil Eberswalde citizens every day. With a group of young school children, we sew a big banner with the name of the former railway station.

For short time the project formed the area to a big open-space museum. Near the markings we placed plaques with short texts, quotations from interviews made with three old Polish women, former camp prisoners.





I was only 14 years old when me and my sister came to the camp. The camp entrance was situated near the big road and there were men on guard. And there were barbed wire fences, three around the whole area, one was electric. There were watchtowers with guards with machine guns. But we did not think of escape. How should it have been possible? The fences were too high, you would have to dig under them. But with what should we dig? With our hands? And where to should we escape? We had no real clothing, we did not speak the language and we even did not know where we were.

Marianna Bogusz, Warszawa

