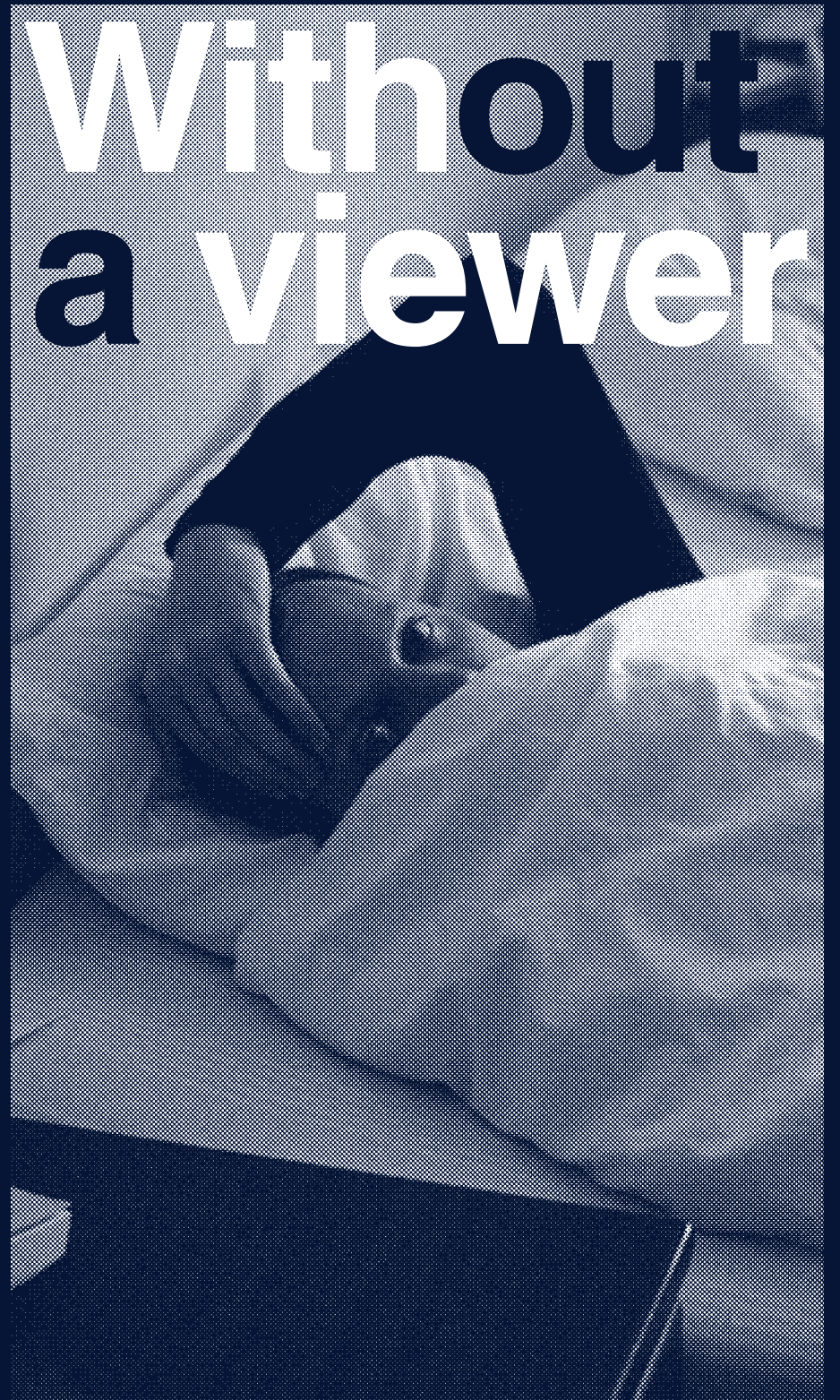


Without a viewer



































































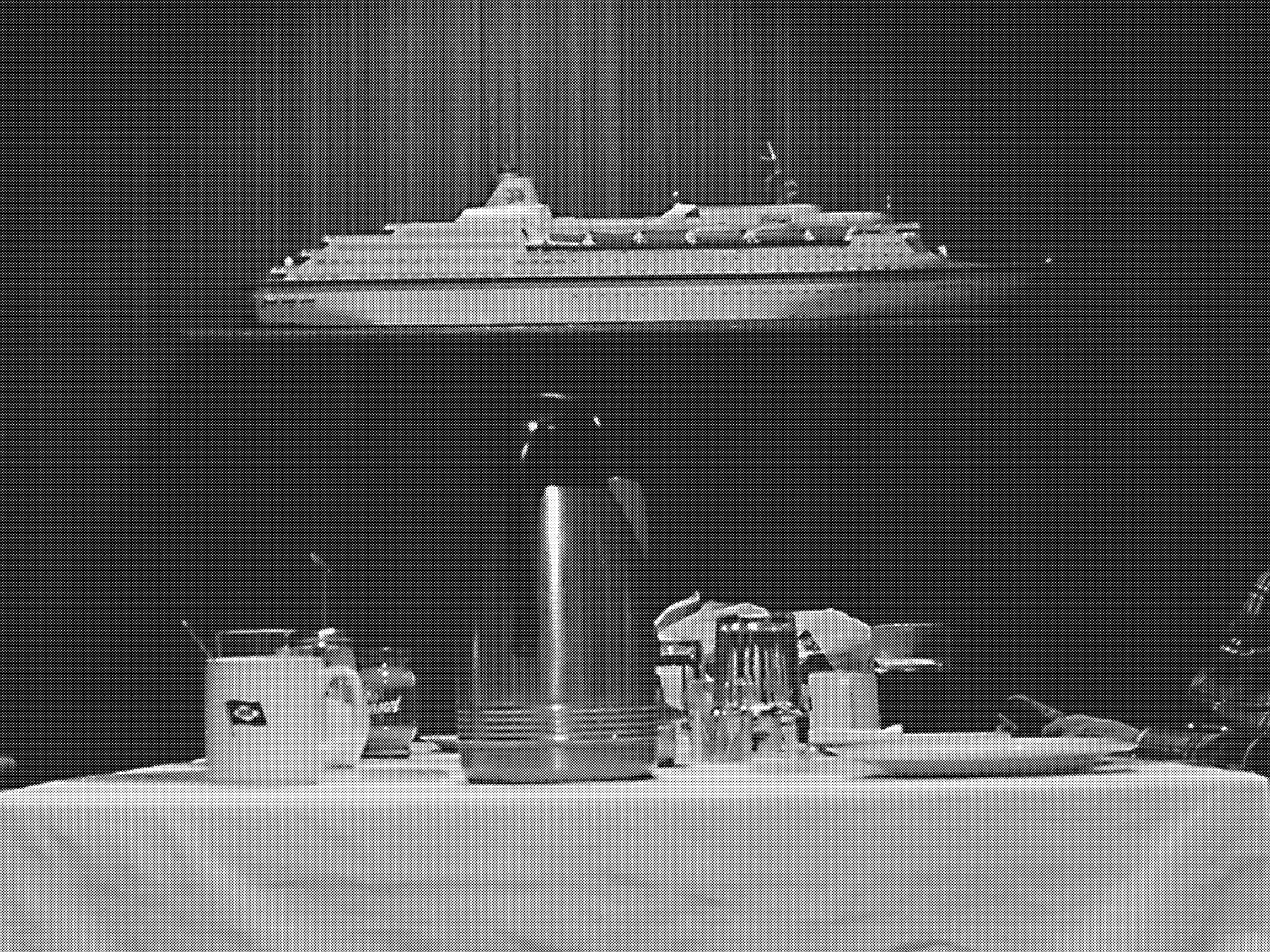
































































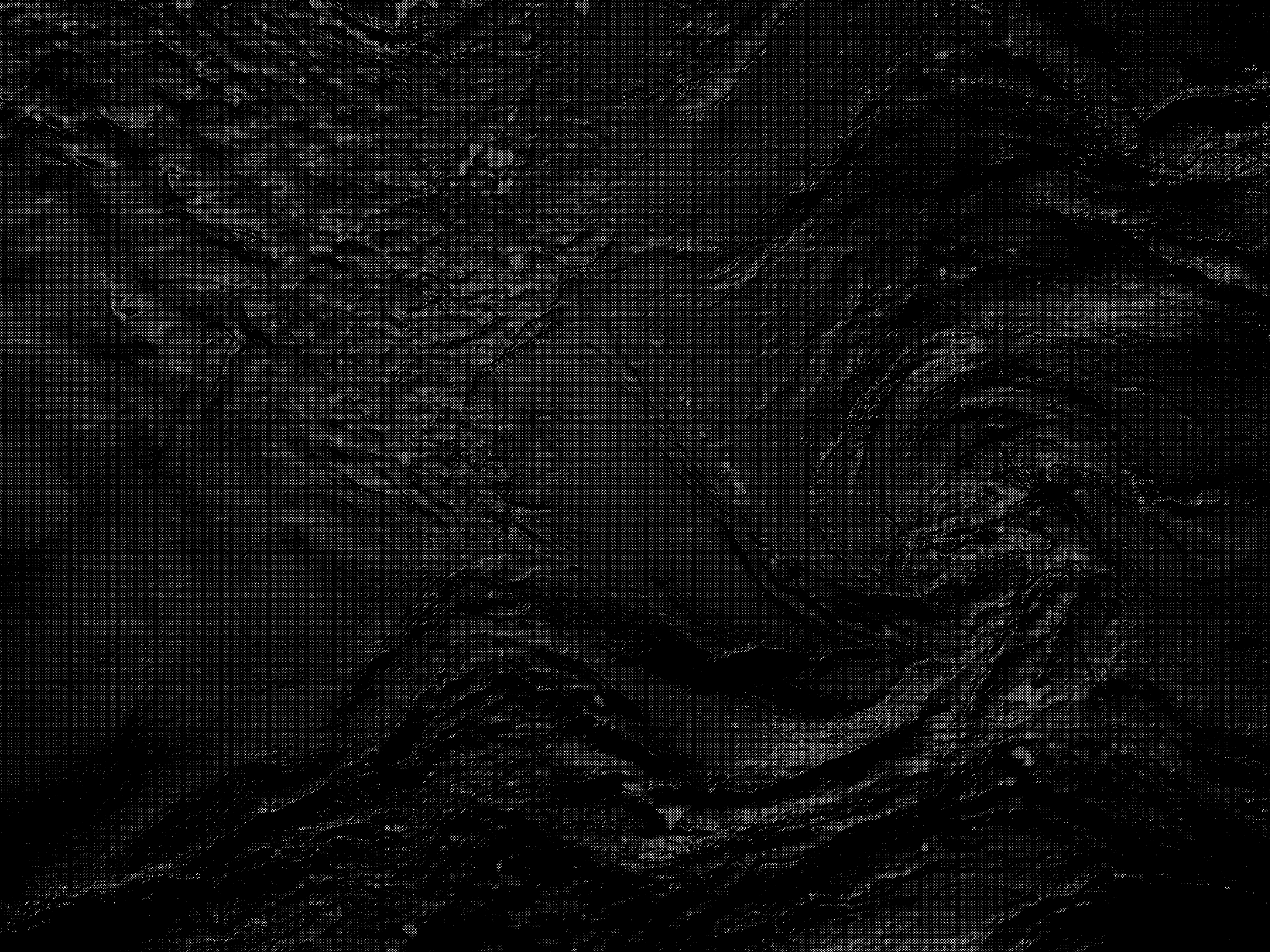




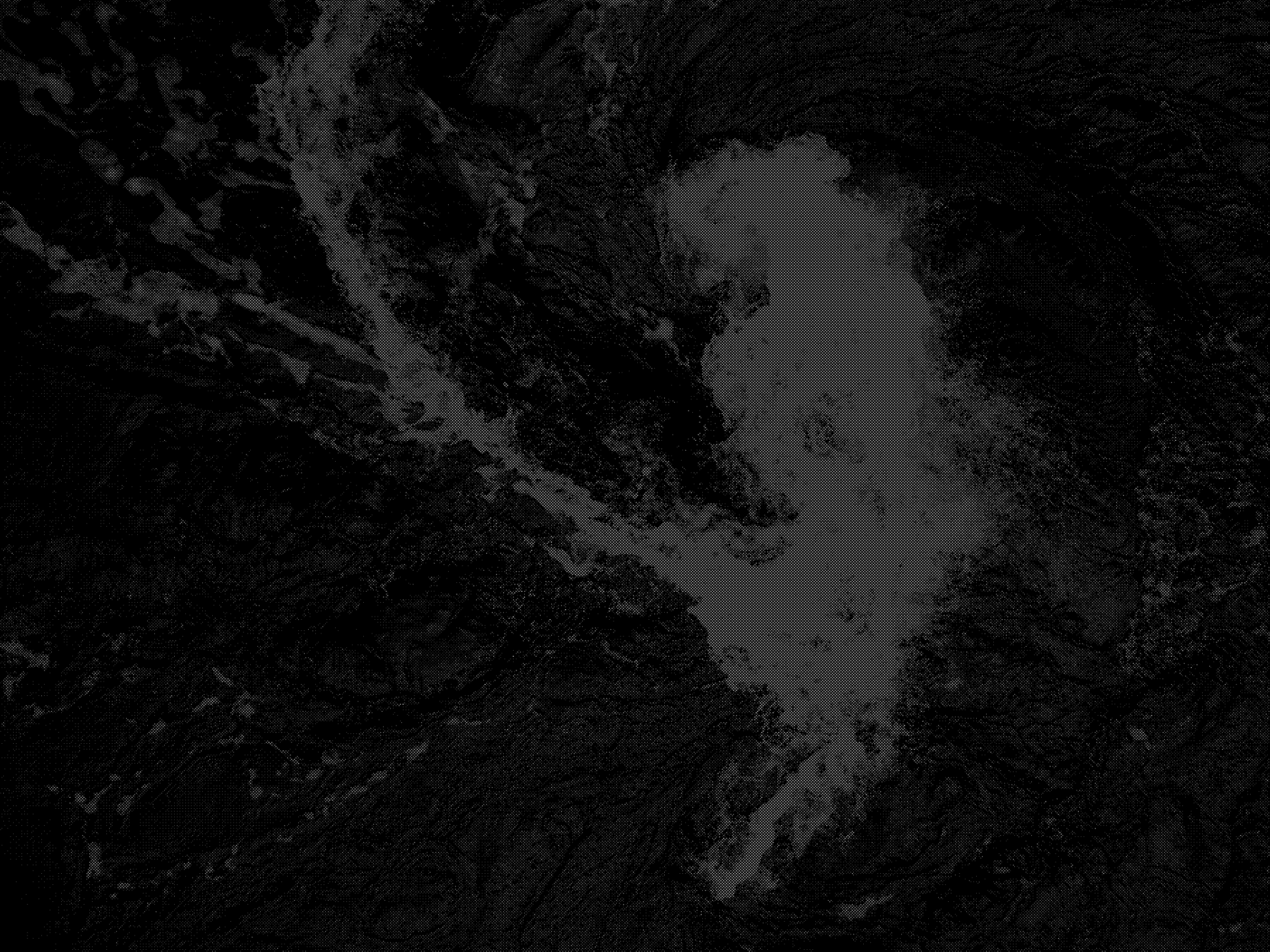




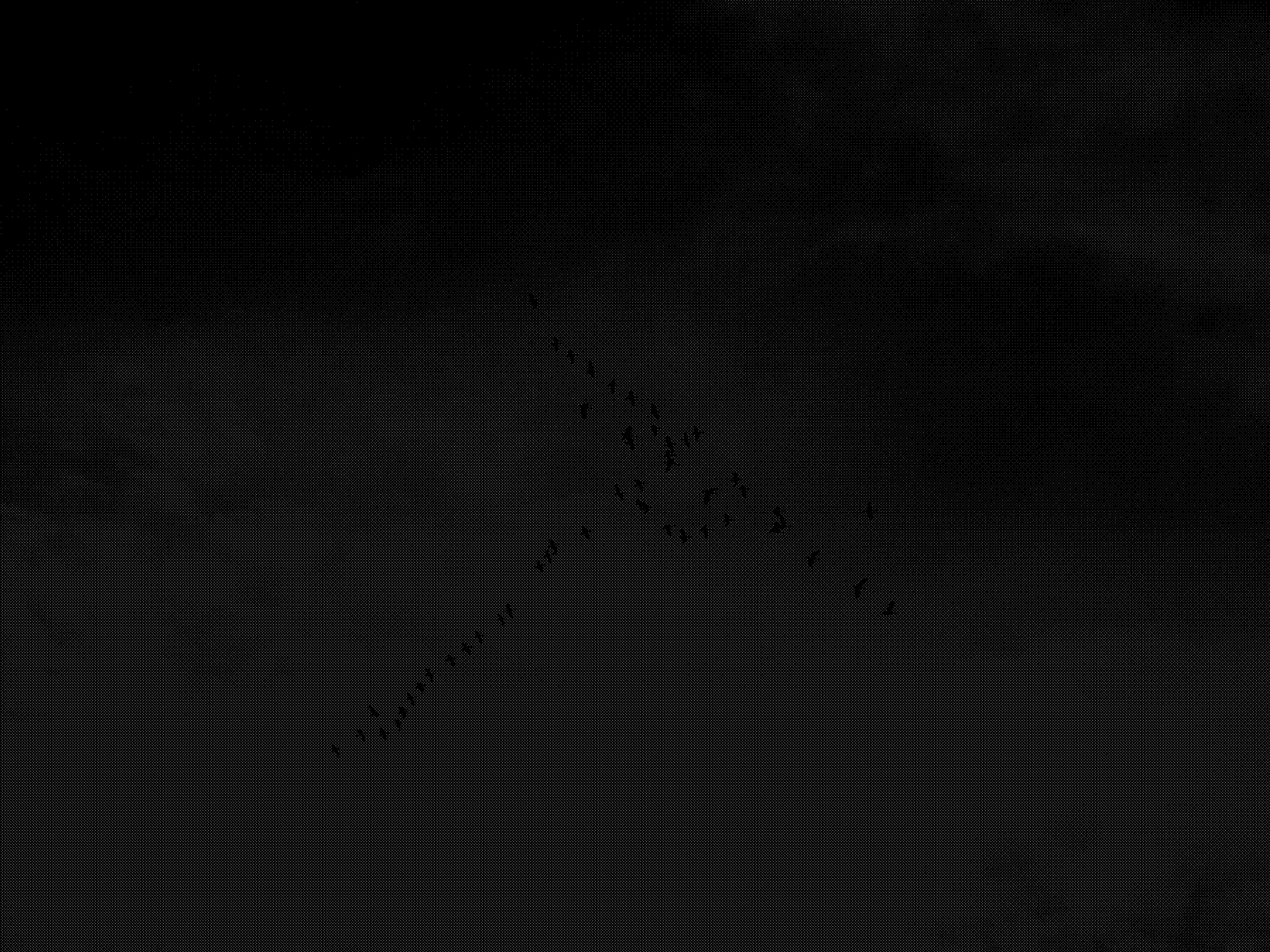




















**Failure
to forget**

1

This moment will slip into the back of your mind. It may remain there forever if you are smart enough.

Questions of ephemerality, eternity, and the effect of an absent audience comprised the starting point for a journey that took us—two artists and three researchers—across the Atlantic Ocean. While aboard the Hanjin Palermo container ship and as we headed towards a vague horizon, we began to focus on questions relating to our newfound, constantly changing position. This challenged us to operate at the edge of something inexplicable; at the border where art ends and documentation begins; where fiction is no longer the opposite of the reality; where thoughts turn into stories and vice versa; and where artistic and curatorial voices mingle to create a poly-phonic situation.

2

It's no secret that moments are best sensed, as well as remembered, when we wander far off the beaten track. At a safe distance from everyday monotony we typically find moments worth remembering, moments that can give birth to grand myths and legends or even create new realities.

5

The lifetime of a moment is deceptively fleeting; all the same, moments have the unique ability to live on as they extend into an abstract system of signs and links, stripped of authorship and traceability.

3

The journey at sea offered us what had been lost in our everyday lives: endless moments to reflect upon, a form of freedom that shapes reality, fiction, and memory. And once we returned to land, we held tight to our newfound freedom, ultimately channeling it into this very publication.

6

One has to consciously remember a moment, since moments are nearly always rendered obsolete by those that follow. Only through memory do moments achieve longevity. If a moment is not simply forgotten, what remains is a recollection of something—something suspiciously close to fiction, but never far from reality.

Just as thoughts evolve unannounced and, more often than not, revolve around trivialities before they eventually lead to something meaningful, it is impossible to pinpoint a system for how they emerge. Nor is it possible to make them accessible –or anything close to comprehensible– for outside observers.

While still at sea, we decided our account of the journey –this publication– would not be an ordinary, graspable report of crossing the Atlantic. Celebrating and simply narrating experiences from a thrilling time on board wouldn't help us to understand, nor convey, what really took place in our minds when we extracted ourselves from the judgment of art spectators. Moreover, we liked the prospect of combining diverse reflections on a decelerated voyage.

This personal logbook offers everything we failed to forget: fleeting words that didn't fall off the horizon; inspirations resurrected from the unconscious; trains of thoughts that never washed away... and questions that arose out of the monotony.

We think of thoughts as arising unbidden from our minds. But they are also the by-products of reprocessed thoughts, those that gestated long ago in other minds. In like fashion, this book explores the concept of sampling our own thoughts with existing ideas. In our book, these ideas have been placed within a new context, far from former associations and the mainland.

Wasn't the construction of meaning always an evolutive process of sampling, mixing, and collaging many different thoughts?

The line between what actually happens and what later emerges as thought is blurrier than we believe. Just as our mind floats effortlessly between the real and the imaginary, this book is a work of fiction and non-fiction alike, a book unbothered by rules and in command of its own reality.

For the most part we see travel as escape, getting away, going somewhere "else" –often inhabited by "others" whose dissimilarities will be exaggerated and exoticized, and whose similarities will be dismissed or hidden, although for them, "somewhere else" is home.

The attraction of a beautiful void and the search for literal oblivion has already drawn many expeditions into the eternal blue, creating an extraordinary, lyrical nomadism at sea. The question is: what can we find on a journey across the Atlantic, besides an image of an infinite void? Maybe a glimpse of something sublime? Or perhaps new perspective, the understanding that everything is potentially ominous?

Traveling is not romantic, except journeys in our mind. But those are reserved for professional dreamers who use their imaginations to bring the world forward.

To be alive is to travel ceaselessly between the real and the imaginary, and mongrel form is about as exact an emblem as I can conceive for the unsolvable mystery at the center of identity.

Am Tag flogen phantastische Vögel durch den versteinerten Wald, und Krokodile voller Edelsteine funkelten wie heraldische Salamander an den Ufer des kristallinen Flusses.

S Let me explain to you the idea. At the heart of the journey lies the quest to examine documentary tendencies in art practices and to explore the effect of an absent audience.

So, with this in mind, the aim of the voyage is to capture performances, transient installations, and actions –intended solely for the moment –and in doing so, to explore the opportunity of interweaving documented media with the transient nature of the art.

W Wait. Are you reading that from a paper?

S Yes, so listen closely because you have to know what's it's all about, cause otherwise they'll think we're going on a holiday cruise.

W Go on.

S Since ephemeral art practices inhabit a mesmerizing, intermediate world, the journey investigates where documentary and artistic approaches blend and have the opportunity to complement one another, as well as how they can stand in the way of one another, creating an atmosphere of ambiguity.

You know, the kind of Werner Herzog questions we argued about.

The monotony of the open sea enables the artists to interpret their own realities far away from any visible landmass; at sea they also consider a new situation for producing art in a challenging, yet exceptional environment, without an audience promptly approving or rejecting any spontaneous action.

This journey, which follows one of the most congested trade routes on earth, brings up the subject of documenting art and goes far beyond the traditional questions of how to efficiently preserve and convey ephemeral art.

W Is this true? The most congested trade route?

S Kind of. Not entirely sure, but seems about right.

Since artistic interventions on the vessel are not designed to be encountered in reality, but only in the context of a documentary reality, the following question is raised: can ephemeral art be freed from the constraints of the very moment in which it takes place? Ultimately, the focus of the journey, which includes the artists, a curator, a documentarian, and an exhibition planner, is to create a joint solution

to the problem of translating the reality of this odyssey into a unique exhibition.

Then a new paragraph.

Given that everything takes place far away and out of the public gaze, it is in a way, symbolic of our more globalized and dispersed art world. Nevertheless, access to art and information seems unlimited, foremost thanks to the discovery of the Internet as a documentary super-medium.

We are always just a mouse-click away from wherever we want to be and whatever we want to see. Geographical distances and time dissolve into the binary digits of 0 and 1.

Don't tell me you don't like that 0 and 1 binary sentence. Cause I love it.

W Hard to say.

S Whatever.

Yet, in real life we have not found a way to conquer time. Actually, we seem more and more short of it. How can we find time to truly engage with art when we are challenged by the reality of hyper-availability and the fast-pace of society? When we withdraw from the world into an abstract emptiness, we regain what often seems lost: time for debate and reflection.

The crossing of the Atlantic is the foundation for an exhibition that reveals the endeavor is more than a mere documentary record; in fact, it is not a pilgrimage to tell a story, but to make a story that would otherwise not take place in reality. Thereby, problematic aspects of documentary practices are highlighted, such as the fact that we often accept, without challenge, documentary reality as true reality.

That's it so far. You like it?

W It's good. I didn't get everything over the phone. But seems good.

S Well, maybe I'll change some stuff, but I think "good" is enough. Don't want to spend too much time on that now. I also have a short text explaining the collaborative approach. Listen:

The interdisciplinary collaboration between the artists, the curators, and a documentarian gives birth to a new reality and a polyphonic arrangement comes into being, which does not refrain from blurring the traces of authorship nor challenging the concept of a documentary reality.

That's it. We'll also try to blur the traces of authorship in the publication. But let's talk about that on the journey.

There is something heroic in the essayist's gesture of striking out toward the unknown, not only without a map but without certainty that there is anything worthy to be found.

All tourists are afraid they are missing something that they want all others to miss. Being special.

Nomads think houses are the graves of the living. Sailors don't.

We cross not only from place to place but also from time to time, and sometimes we are changed in the process.

Utopian Prison. Can a boat proceeding en route, far from commonplace reality, offer infinite freedom and be perceived as the perfect place for utopian experiments? Also, could the contrary be true? Could a vessel surrounded by the monotonous walls of the ever-present sea become a natural prison and a hostile environment for any venture attempting to approach reality?

And how does it happen that we are encountering each other here... at the end of the world?

I think that it is a logical place to find each other, as this place works almost as a natural selection for people who have this intention to almost jump of the margin of the map. And we all meet here, where all the lines of the map converge! There is no point that is south of the South Pole. And I think that there is a fair amount of the population that is here who are full-time travelers and part-time workers. So yes, those are the professional dreamers. They dream all the time. And I think through them the great cosmic dreams come into fruition because the universe dreams through our dreams. And I think that there are many different ways for reality to bring itself forward, and dreaming is definitely one of those ways.

A vacation is literally an emptying out, a voiding of daily experience and responsibility.

Plunged into a world of complete happiness in which every triviality becomes imbued with significance.

Everything away from home was worth seeing—except seeing other people away from home.

We radiate feelings to others, but ultimately we are alone. For me, the essence of life is how we handle our loneliness.

In the 19th century exploration was geographic. Journeys were made into impassable jungles or the ice deserts of the Arctic in an attempt to map the last white spots on the globe. But in the 20th century this notion of the unknown changed. Exploration turned inward. The new realms to be explored were the molecule (Niels Bohr), the unconscious (Sigmund Freud), language (Gertrude Stein) or the outskirts of the mind (Henri Michaux).

In the 21st century we will just run away from what we have already explored.

Capturing a fleeting moment is like catching a spotted fly. First it's exciting, but once you catch it, you feel kind of guilty and quickly let it go.

If you are alone, you are wholly your own.

We don't produce moments, they produce us.

Die Stunde des Wolfs ist die Stunde, in der die Schlaflosen von ihren Ängsten verfolgt werden und in der Geister und Dämonen uns beherrschen.

If it is the most isolated events that have the greatest potential to tell a story, then the Hanjin Palermo offers the perfect setting. The vessel presents a grand stage; inevitably, everything that occurs on it will naturally metamorphose into a story, eventually becoming a tale in the middle of nowhere. It is the stuff that art is made of. The absurdity of reality may be lost on large landmasses, but on a ship moving with elegance and discipline across the Atlantic, it is widely apparent.

No artist tolerates reality.

Our journey was a failed attempt at forgetting moments that may never have existed.

Den Anschein von Freiheit wollen wir, nicht die wirkliche Freiheit.

People like you are in what we call the reality-based community. You believe that solutions emerge from judicious study of discernible reality. That's not the way the world really works anymore. We're an empire now, and when we act, we create our own reality. And while you're studying that reality (judiciously, as you will), we'll act again, creating other realities, which you can study, too, and that's how things will sort out. We're history's actors, and you—all of you—will be left to just study what we do.

Land in Sight. How can artists form their reality in isolation and transform it into documentary reality? Can they appropriate a new layer in the work, just as sailors appropriate the lands they discover?

Facts quicken, multiply, change shape, elude us, and bombard our lives with increasingly suspicious promises.

Ich habe nur ein Leben. Überlass es mir.

Our culture is obsessed with real events because we experience hardly any.

Unfortunately, we have a knack for restricting our spontaneity through spontaneous and deceitful assumptions.

44

The body gets used to a drug and needs a stronger dose in order to experience the thrill. An illusion of reality—the idea that something really happened—is providing us with that thrill right now.

48

Aren't we all overelaborated accounts of historical events?

52

Art seems like a dream factory, but how does reality stack up against the dream?

56

Sampling, the technique of taking a section of existing, recorded sound and placing it within an "original" composition, is a new way of doing something that's been done for a long time: creating with found objects. The rotation gets thick. The constraints get thin. The mix breaks free of the old associations. New contexts form from old. The script gets flipped.

45

PAINTING TO EXIST ONLY WHEN IT'S
COPIED OR PHOTOGRAPHED

Let people copy or photograph your paintings. Destroy the originals.

49

Und durch die Macht eines Wortes beginne
ich mein Leben neu.

53

Neither your worst fears nor your highest hopes have been realized. But something new passes for normal.

57

What's appropriation art? It's when you steal but make a point of stealing, because by changing the context you change the connotation.

46

The family photo album is a space where the boundaries between archive and narrative, documentary and fiction, are blurred.

50

Performance's only life is the present. And the people of the United States and our friends and allies will not live at the mercy of an outlaw regime that threatens the peace with weapons of mass murder.

54

Truly, life is just one damn thing after another. And the moment you put pen to paper and begin to shape a story, the essential nature of life—that one damn thing after another—is lost.

58

If documentary efforts represent truth and have a distinct relation to the historical world, how can they be reconciled with artistic freedom—with art's contention that there is not one truth, but many? Are exhibitions following the destiny of TV in that reality is staged for the sake of sensationalism and commercialism? Or can artists follow the example of director Werner Herzog, who paved the way for directing instead of producing documentaries? Can one believe documentary reality today when, due to the possibility of digital manipulation, one cannot even trust news images?

47

Correspondingly, art documentation is neither the making present of a past art event nor the promise of a coming artwork, but rather is the only possible form of reference to an artistic activity that cannot be represented in any other way.

51

Obviously, I am not trying to belittle the events of September 11th; they were devastating, they were beyond devastating, and I don't want to say especially for these people or especially for these people, but especially for me, because it happened to be the same exact day that I found out that the soy chai latte was, like, 900 calories.

55

To make a moment unique, you take what's there and add additional elements by taste.

59

Life should be more accessible but less real.

62

Choose a very important memory. Do everything you can to forget it.

66

Are artists the better journalists? Honestly, probably not. Journalists always run after the unbeatable immediacy, but artists tend to be either too slow or too excited and prone to false starts.

70

Jegliche Photographie ist eine Beglaubigung der Präsenz. Diese Beglaubigung ist das neue Gen, das diese Erfindung in die Familie der Bilder eingeführt hat.

60

Reality and I passed each other like ships in the night.

63

If the imagination makes present something absent, it can also do the converse: cause something to disappear and yet, in some way, remain.

67

I didn't want to talk about archives. Can you erase the things said?

71

It's unfair to say that her work is primarily about the documentation. I think she's very much interested in the performance.

Death of the Spectator

64

Reminder: please check expiration or "best by" dates prior to purchasing a performance piece.

68

Nothing is more troubled and troubling today than the concept archived in this word archive.

72

However, it remains doubtful if these alternative artist-driven archival processes can solve the problem of documentation of contemporary art instead of institutions.

61

A few thoughts stay in your memory before they are lost forever, until every trace of what once was vanishes, as if nothing ever happened.

65

We are possessed by a strange striving which is difficult to describe, endeavoring somehow to give a living process the character of something preserved to last.

69

Archives introduce a second layer of authorship through selection and classification of existing material. This offers a chance to recontextualize what is simply outdated or lost in history – what was probably boring in the first place.

73

Your enemy is not piracy, your enemy is anonymity.

74

The death of the spectator is a logical consequence of our accelerated life in a media driven and virtualized reality.

78

Let's stay in the present tense while we can.

81

In a further slippage and celebration of the transformative powers of art, is a belief in the potential of re-enactment, in the hope of that by allowing more layers of meaning to be added, a form of closure can be avoided.

85

Fast immer sind die Gedanken schneller als die Augen und verfälschen das Bild.

75

The spectacle presents itself as a vast inaccessible reality that can never be questioned. Its sole message is: "What appears is good; what is good appears."

79

Seine Symptome umfassen Raumangst, die zu Bewegungslähmungen führte, und Zeitangst, die zu historischer Amnesie führte.

82

Inherently, documentary is going to have an edge in getting at truth that fiction doesn't have, but of course if you're intelligent about it, you have to admit that there's no single truth, anyway.

86

Travel is a grander and deeper process of learning which leads us back finally to ourselves; journeys in the world of fiction leads us back to what we call reality.

76

Sometimes attention should be paid to the absence of everything.

The Necessary Dream

83

If finding the truth is the main task of science, shouldn't art and literature embrace their freedom and ability to go beyond the truth, to offer a unique emotional experience for the viewer?

87

I have invited my fellow documentary nominees on the stage with us, and they're here in solidarity with me because we like nonfiction. We like nonfiction because we live in fictitious times.

77

The void, once considered the final frontier, is beginning to bear fruit for patient investors.

80

Fiction doesn't save the world, but it adds another layer to an exhibition.

84

Authenticity is overrated, anyway. Does the lack of credible, unbiased witnesses allow for blurred boundaries between experienced history and fiction, particularly as the events are later reported to other audiences?

88

Bedeutet es nicht eine ebenso tiefe Verwandlung, einen ebenso vollständigen Tod des Ich, das man gewesen ist, die ebenso totale Verdrängung des alten durch das neue Ich, wenn man sieht, dass ein von einer weißen Perücke gekröntes faltendurchzogenes Antlitz an die Stelle des früheren getreten ist?

On one level, they confront the real world directly; on another level, they mediate and shape the world, as novels do. The writer is there as a palpable presence on the page, brooding over his society, daydreaming it into being, working his own brand of linguistic magic on it. What I want is the real world, with all its hard edges, but the real world fully imagined and fully written, not merely reported.

We're overwhelmed right now by calamitous information. The real overwhelms the fictional, is incomparably more compelling than an invented drama.

In our hunger for all things true, we make the facts irrelevant.

In all the reconstructive or restorative arts –forensics, forensic anthropology, paleontology, archaeology, art restoration, fields into which scholars have put enormous work, defining methods, freedoms, and boundaries as they strive to fill in the blanks of history –people make the best educated guess as to what “really” happened.

This sentence is a lie.

Was sollen wir tun?

Dem Schicksal dankbar sein, glaube ich, dass wir aus den Abenteuern heil davongekommen sind –aus den wirklichen und aus den geträumten.

Weisst du das auch ganz gewiss?

So gewiss, als ich ahne, dass die Wirklichkeit einer Nacht, ja dass nicht einmal die eines ganzen Menschenlebens zugleich auch seine innerste Wahrheit bedeutet.

Und kein Traum ist völlig Traum.

Nun sind wir wohl erwacht –für lange.

Niemals in die Zukunft fragen.

It's not even interesting to tell the truth because to some extent it's false.

Versuch mal der Realität zeitlich davon zu rennen.

Das Gefühl des Unheimlichen, des Nichtvertrauten bedeutet mehr als nur irgendwo nicht dazu zu gehören, es ist die immer vorhandene Möglichkeit, dass das Vertraute sich gegen die seinen wendet, plötzlich fremd und der Realität entzogen wird, als handle es sich um einen Traum.

Are we forever blinded? Isn't it obvious that our knowledge of society is, to a large extent, dictated by various kinds of documents? Thus, our understanding of people, social relations, and events rarely arises from our immediate experience. Will artistic reality be sacrificed for the sake of our media age and for sensationalism? It is not too far-fetched to presume that art will eventually adapt a more comfortable, steerable reality in documented form? Or are we constantly creating our own version of what reality should be? And are our ideas of reality falsified by our tempers, limited viewpoints, and impractical expectations towards reality?

The dream became necessary.

Since to live is to make fiction, what need to disguise the world as another, alternate one?

Stop faking it. And try a new position.

Leugnung der Subjektivität: Das Objekt wird von der verdinglichenden Instanz als etwas behandelt, dessen Erleben und Fühlen nicht berücksichtigt zu werden braucht.

103

You can never bend reality to serve fiction.
You have to bend the fiction to serve reality.

107

Art is a story-telling perpetua mobilia. Has
this story already been told?

111

The life we live is not enough of a subject
for the serious artist; it must be a life with
a leaning, a life with a tendency to shape
itself only in certain forms.

114

Perhaps my interest in transport—in being
in transit—comes from the fact that art
itself (when it works) is a means of trans-
port: a means of moving from one mental
state to another.

104

Ein Paradies könnte nur ausserhalb der
Natur liegen, und ein derartiges Paradies
kann ich mir nicht vorstellen.

108

Documentary output by art institutions has
evolved dramatically over the past few
years. Regardless of whether all the behind-
the-scenes features and elaborate publi-
cations trigger a visit to the promoted exhi-
bition—or on the contrary, make it almost
redundant—a question is begged: if the fab-
ricated narrative risks replacing the actual
story, which one unfolds upon encountering
a work?

112

When you read a great poem, you instantly
notice that there's a deep truth in it, which
passes into you and becomes part of your
inner existence.

115

The need for mystery is greater than the
need for an answer.

105

The main difference between reality and
fantasy is that they are written differently.

109

When I read fiction, I look for what's real,
try to identify the source models. When
I read nonfiction, I look for problems with
the facts.

113

Phaedrus Tell me, Socrates, isn't it from
somewhere near this stretch of the Ilissus
that people say Boreas carried Orithuia
away?

Socrates So they say.

P Couldn't this be the very spot?

The stream is lovely, pure and clear: just
right for girls to be playing nearby.

S No, it is two or three hundred yards
farther downstream, where one crosses
to get to the district of Arga. I think there
is even an altar to Boreas there.

P I hadn't noticed it. But tell me, Socrates,
in the name of Zeus, do you really believe
that legend is true?

S Actually, it would not be out of place for
me to reject it, as our intellectuals do. I
could then tell a clever story: I could claim
that a gust of the North Wind blew her
over the rocks where she was playing with
Pharmaceia; and once she was killed
that way people said she had been carried
off by Boreas...

116

We may set out to remember reality and
write another story.

106

Sie spiegelte sich im Wasser des silbernen
Beckens, in dem sich der Fisch ungeniert
tummelte. Auf ihrer Schulter saß die graue
Maus mit den schwarzen Schnurrhaaren;
sie rieb sich mit den Pfötchen die Nase und
beobachtete die Lichtreflexe auf der Was-
serfläche.

110

Die Insel geht unter, man kann es von jedem
Kontinent aus sehen, während weiterge-
lacht wird. Mein Vater ist zum Theater gegan-
gen. Gott ist eine Vorstellung.

117

Lieber Gott, wenn unsere Zivilisation zwei
Tage nüchtern wäre, würde sie am dritten
an Gewissensbissen sterben.

118

Nonfiction, qua label, is nothing more or less than a very flexible (easily breakable) frame that allows you to pull the thing away from narrative and toward contemplation, which is all I've ever wanted.

119

There's a good case for arguing that any narrative account is a form of fiction.

Surface Tension

120

It is no secret: where there are contradictions, tension can't be far. Yet, tension seems to be a driving force of art and life and is often even the precondition for social change. The first step is always to recognize growing tensions in order to take advantage of the momentum contained in simmering tensions, as well as to utilize this energy to create art or bring about a change. In this artistic

endeavor, the juxtaposing of contradictory elements does not propose any solution; rather, it identifies potential sources of inspiration and highlights theoretical challenges being confronted along the journey.

Presence of Mind versus Absence of the Viewer / Reality Experienced Day by Day versus Constructed Reality / Art Practice versus Curatorial Practice / In Constant Motion versus Bound to Surface Onboard / Found versus Selected / Bishop versus Gillick / Mythologizing versus Fictionalizing / Brandweinschicksal versus Durst nach Spektakel / Documentary Reality versus Hyperreality / Gegenwartsrausch versus Schreckstoff

121

Ab und zu hat der Denkende die Pflicht in das Weltgeschehen einzugreifen.

122

Did the solitude on the Hanjin Palermo generate new means of artistic expression, expression that blithely oscillates between soliloquy and quest for the self? Frankly, I don't know.

123

You could argue with their choices but not their destinies.

124

Aber stille blutet in dunkler Höhle stummere Menschheit.

125

If you can't convince them, confuse them.

126

It is impossible to experience a seaman's life from ground level and not be moved by it.

127

There's only one thing worse than boredom –the fear of boredom–and it's this fear I experience every time I look at you dear reader.

128

We talk, we lick each other, we make a film. We need fiction to believe in the reality we're living.

129

Specialists in the possession of things.

130

Fetishes, or when fiction becomes reality. Agalmatophilia: A fetish in which the subject experiences irrational sexual arousal from contact with mannequins or statues. Doctors advise that sufferers stay away from public concourses, boutiques, and museums.

Abasiophilia: A psychosexual attraction to people with impaired mobility, especially those who use medical aids such as

...	133	137	141
leg braces, orthopedic casts, and wheelchairs. Often comes in tandem with Acrotomophilia, the love of amputees. Dendrophillia: This is the sexual attraction to trees and vegetation. A bizarre and often painful fetish, it has sadly infiltrated the lives of many prominent public figures, including Bob Brown. Urolagnia: The holy grail of fetishes –and perhaps the most misunderstood: sexual arousal by the presence of urine. Urolagniacs enjoy urination during sex and get off watching members of the opposite sex wee. See R.Kelly for further studies. Pyrophillia: You guessed it –sexual attraction to fire. Sufferers often dream of sexual intercourse with a full or partially burning person. Safest when tried in tandem with Urolagnia.	This is an extended essay about what happens when art and life meet, not because it's a cool idea, but because they have no choice: they either join forces or loose everything.	I am here a week now waiting for a mission. I wanted a mission and for my sins they got me one.	Being into having.
	134	138	142
	Every exhibition is one possibility surrounded by many other possibilities which are worth being explored.	Ich: Nie mehr. Es ist immer Krieg. Hier ist immer Gewalt. Hier ist immer Kampf. Es ist der ewige Krieg.	The bourgeoisie is the only revolutionary class that ever won.
131	135	139	143
Loneliness is the dominant theme of my life. Your life. Let's explore it together.	Das Meer ist der grosse Umschlagplatz der Sehnsucht. Es ist der Geburtsort der Romantik. Ja, es ist die Heimat eines jeden Träumers.	Though the worlds of commerce and art have frequently been unhappy bedfellows, each viewing the other with a mixture of paranoia and contempt, I felt it would be churlish of me to decline.	Lieber in der Hölle regieren als im Himmel dienen.
132	136	140	144
Art is not made of numbers. It's made of _____ and more often than not of loosing exactly those properties.	Ideas only survive as long as there is somebody to defend them. Thoughts only as long as somebody remembers them.	Il faut être de son temps.	My girlfriend loves to talk dirty. But only when she is angry.

145

Ich denke daran, wie ich mit ihm in die Grotte an der Portuguese Bend schwamm, auf der Woge aus klarem Wasser, und daran wie das Wasser sich veränderte, die Schnelligkeit und Kraft, die es gewann, als es sich dem Fuss der vordersten Klippe näherte. Das Wasser musste gerade hoch genug stehen. Wir mussten genau in dem Moment im Wasser sein, wenn die Flut die richtige Höhe hatte. Jedesmal hatte ich Angst, die Woge zu verpassen, zurückzubleiben, den richtigen Zeitpunkt nicht zu erwischen. Er nicht. Man musste es im Gefühl haben, wie das Wasser anschwell und sich veränderte. Man musste mit der Veränderung gehen. Er sagte mir das.

148

The “use” or “role” of an organism in nature is often poorly understood, and the perspective is often anthropomorphic. Artists are seldom a significant source of nutrition. Mites or nematodes and perhaps fungi might feed on them and they would form part of the diet of birds, though probably an insignificant one.

149

There has been increasing conjecture, amplified by the communications media, which is entirely gratuitous, goes beyond the facts and presents a completely unrealistic image of the Holy See.

146

O, gentlemen, the time of life is short! And if we live, we live to tread on kings.

150

Ein Fahrender erfährt, ein Sitzender besitzt.

147

Unglaublich wie schnell das Wetter das politische Weltgeschehen in den Zeitungen verdrängen kann – hier gibt’s nur das Wetter.

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Let’s start with a happy ending.

References	Supporters	Ship	Printing & Binding
<p>The majority of the thinkers who contributed to this book did so unintentionally. They are all unacknowledged in the body of the text. This reflects the nature of thoughts, often stripped of authorship and appearing out of nowhere. Or, to put it like David Shields, whose book “Reality Hunger” has been an inspiration and source of thoughts: “I am trying to regain a freedom that writers from Montaigne to Burroughs took for granted and that we have lost. Your uncertainty about whose words you’ve just read is not a bug but a feature.”</p> <p>@Phil_Hanley (144), @emilianovaldes (78), Alain de Botton (31, 139), Andrew O’Hehir (39), Anonymos White House Aide (34), Anthony Vidler (79), Apocalypse Now (137), Arthur Schnitzler (94), Boris Groys (47), Boris Vian (106), Brian Eno (114), Camus (86), Carolyn Christov-Bakargiev (81), Charles Olson (95), D’Agata (42), da Vinci (36), David Shields (16, 44, 89, 90, 93, 109, 118), E. M. Cioran (127), Ernst Jünger (65), Florian Graf (150), G. W. Bush (50), Gallagher (54), Geoffrey O’Brian (100), Georg Trakl (124), Guy Debord (74, 75, 129, 142), Harry S. Truman (125), Holland Cotter (133), Honoré Daumier (140), Ingeborg Bachmann (110, 138), Ingmar Bergman (30), J.G. Ballard (17), Jacques Derrida (68), Joachim Koester (29), Joan Didion (145), John Milton (143), Judit Bodor (72), Ken Kesey (115), László Kardos (28), Lisa Page (91), Lopate (19), Lorenzo Prendini (148), Lucy Lippard (13, 22, 23), Malcolm McLowry (117), Marcel Broodthaers (134), Marlen Haushofer (85, 104), Martha Nussbaum (102), Martin Suter (147), McElwee (82), Michael Moore (87), N.R. Kleinfield (53), Niels van Maanen (46), Nietzsche (37), Paul D. Miller (56), Paul Éluard (49), Paul McCarthy about Vanessa Beecroft (71), Peter Mountford (57), Plato (113), Pope (149), Proust (88), R. P. Blackmur (111), Raban (119), Raphael Gygax (35, 97), Robin Blake (63), Roland Barthes (70), Sarah Silverman (51), Shakespeare (146), Simic (26), Stephan Pashov (24), Steven King (103), The Daily Waster (130), Thomas Bernhard (121), Unknown (73, 101, 128, 151), Werner Herzog (112), and Yoko Ono (45).</p> <p>All other thoughts by Sandino Scheidegger.</p>	<p>Crossing the Atlantic is expensive. Thanks for making it possible: Anna Sara Ernst, Anna Rhyn, Annika Ebnetter, Benjamin Hügli, Carlos Gonzalez, Christophe Kuenzler, Eleonora Rhyn, Emanuel Sen, Eric Verdon, Franziska & Heinz Müller-Schärer, Gioia dal Molin, Hans Wirz, Hoiko Schutter, Jean-Dominique Ngankam, Jrene Rolli, Julia Weiss, Laurentino Rodriguez, Lilian Klose, Lorenz Huser, Magdalena Oberli, Marco Stricker, Marion Quartier, Michael Baeriswyl, Monika Stalder, Nicola Ruffo, Phillipp Siegenthaler, Raphael Etter, Renato Aebi, Romano Strebel, Sandro Stübi, Sascha Lingling, Simon Grossenbacher, Simone Huser, Stephan Aebischer, Toby Matthiesen, Vinzenz Meyner, and anonymous supporters.</p>	<p>Hanjin Palermo (IMO: 9056090) Captain: Arnim Mahlke</p>	<p>Lulu Enterprises, Inc. Raleigh/North Carolina (USA)</p>
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