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I'm tired of the sun staying up in the sky. I can't wait until the syntax of the world comes undone.

Italo Calvino

∞ brings together contributions of twelve international artists that present the dream of exploring the universe by undoing and leaving behind the worldly order and reach for the outer-worldly instead.

Facing a topic of eternal fascination the artists have been asked to project into a place that has always been subject of our deepest fears and biggest hopes yet almost certainly impossible to be explored in our lifetime: space.

The result is a collection of visual encounters with eternal abstraction, weightlessness, chaos, mystical hungers and the all encompassing. Trying to give up on the micro-cosmic perception the artists are reflecting on a cosmic perspective mediated through their individual contributions.

MARS!
June 2013

- #01 Kentaro Yamada, *Horizons*
Glazed stoneware, 2013
- #02 Henrik Potter, *Getting in touch with my deep field side*
Finger painted acrylic on sandpaper mounted on
aluminium, 2013
- #03 Nigin Beck, *Teach me to fly (Astronavigatrice pt. 1-10)*
Polaroid, 2013
- #04 Marco Bruzzone, *Roof Top*
Digital print on affiche paper, 2013
- #05 Jonathan Drews, *Lebenpunkt*
Watercolour on paper with punched card collage, 2013
- #06 Sebastian Lahera, *Crystal*
Letter press print on paper, 2013
- #07 Hanakam & Schuller, *Black Hole Candy Cotton*
Mixed technique on paper, 2013
- #08 Derek Maria Francesco Di Fabio, *pulu I, pulu II*
Digital print, 2013
- #09 Sam Austen, *Where would you like to hide?*
Lambda print, 2011
- #10 Fay Nicolson, *Dark Matter*
Lino print on tracing paper, 2013
- #11 Malte Wandel, *Kosmonautenmuseum, Moskau 1979*
Digital print and shellac on paper, 2013
- #12 Daniel Schnitterbaum, *Omar*
Pigment print on heavyweight etching board

As a kid I madly enjoyed rubbing my eyeballs by placing my index fingers on my eyelids. The blackness under my shut eyes would fill itself with shimmering stars and colourful flashes, going up and down and in circles.

I was convinced I had discovered the universe.

Within my own body.

Eyes open: world. Eyes shut: universe.

I kept my extraordinary discovery to myself for quite some time.

Then one day, after extensive playing in the sandpit, I told my friend about it.

We were lying on her bed, exhausted and with sand in our hair and under our fingernails.

I started rubbing my eyelids.

"When I close my eyes, I can see the universe", I said.

"Oh yes, me too", she replied dryly.

Silence.

I was stunned.

How could it be possible for her to see the same as I did? How could she ever know?

Both with our eyes closed, rubbing our eyeballs, we were lying there for some more time. Me quite disappointed that my special power was not that extraordinary at all.

The same stars? The same colourful flashes? Really?

It has been years I have not talked to my friend. We see the world quite differently since the sandpit time. But if we were closing our eyes rubbing our eyelids now, we would both see the universe.

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the importance of a glance in the sky
the importance of weightlessness
the importance of black
the importance of astronauts
the importance of supernovas
the importance of pythagorean sphere harmony
the importance of the stars
the importance of edward makuka nkoloso
the importance of circles
the importance of dreams
the importance of space cowboys
the importance of saturn
the importance of radiance
the importance of barbarella
the importance of the golden record
the importance of science
the importance of venus
the importance of the space race
the importance of jesco freiherr von puttkamer
the importance of rockets
the importance of mars
the importance of le voyage dans la lune
the importance of the sublime
the importance of a meteorite impact
the importance of fear
the importance of gamma-ray bursts
the importance of desire
the importance of ∞

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We are happy here and you be happy there

In September 1977 the Voyager 1 was launched. It's mission was and still is the exploration of the solar system beyond the neighborhood of the outer planets, to the outer limits of the sun's sphere and possibly beyond.

In addition to scientific sensors and communication technology, the *Golden Record* was placed on board this spacecraft: A selection of recordings, sounds, speeches and images that were to portray the diversity of life on Earth, fine examples of the beauty of our nature and cultures - warm greetings for any intelligent life that may find it.

This almost pointless act of dropping a message in a bottle as small as this interstellar probe into the vastness of the universe speaks a lot about humanity. It is a hopeful, almost certainly futile, proof of our wish to push the boundaries and quite literally reach for the stars. It also speaks a lot about a time in which sending a man into space, sending a man on the moon and shooting a probe to the very fringes of our solar system were signs that the future would surely be bright and marvellous.

In times of the permanent crisis, the credit crunch and housing bubble, in times of riots, despair, burnout and depression, we should maybe sometimes take a look up into the sky and contemplate:

It is somewhat amusing yet quite encouraging to know, that at this very moment, 18'493'179'146 kilometres or 123'61928050 astronomical units away from the earth, Chuck Berry's Johnny B. Goode and sincere inter-terrestrial greetings from then President Jimmy Carter float swiftly into ∞ and will for ever do so.

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* Sam Austen, *All that is alive merely evaporates*
16mm transferred onto video, 3:07 minutes, silent, 2009

