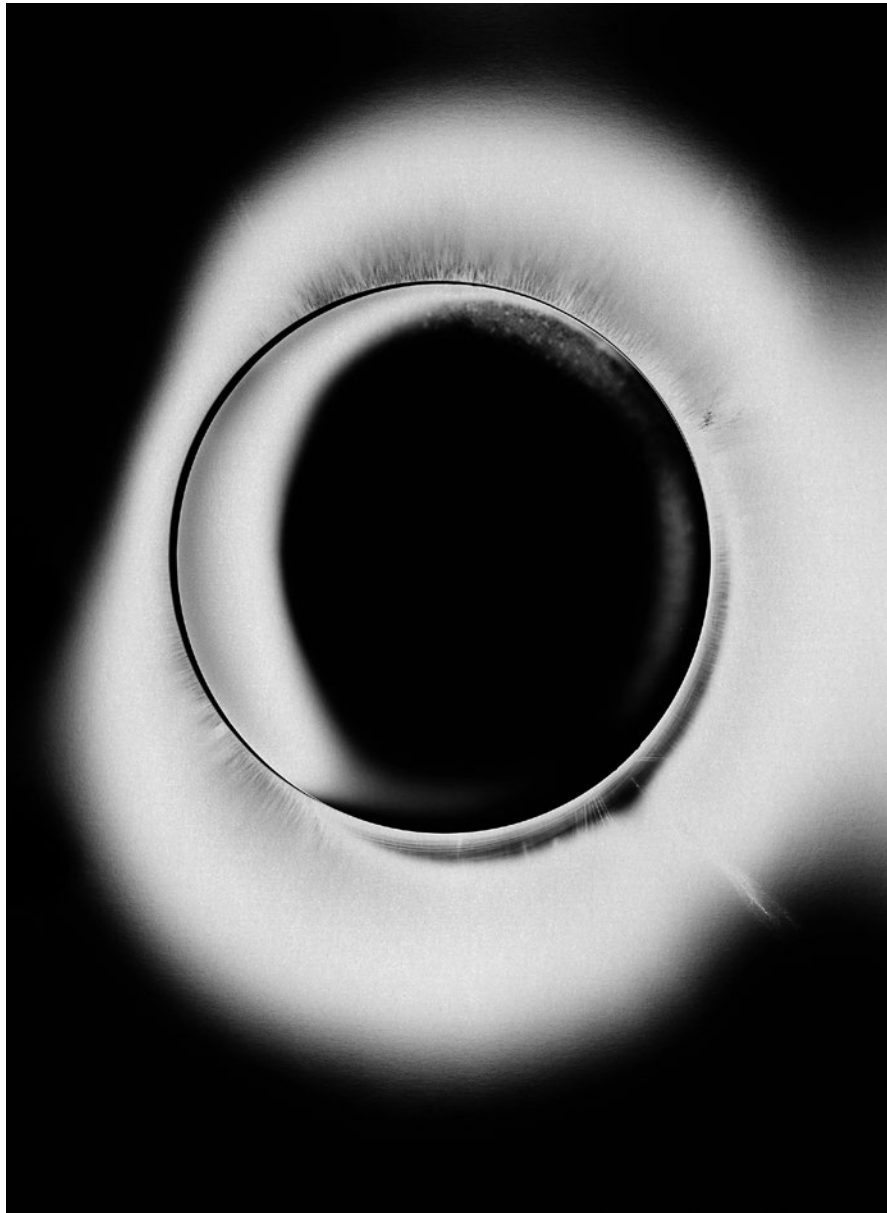
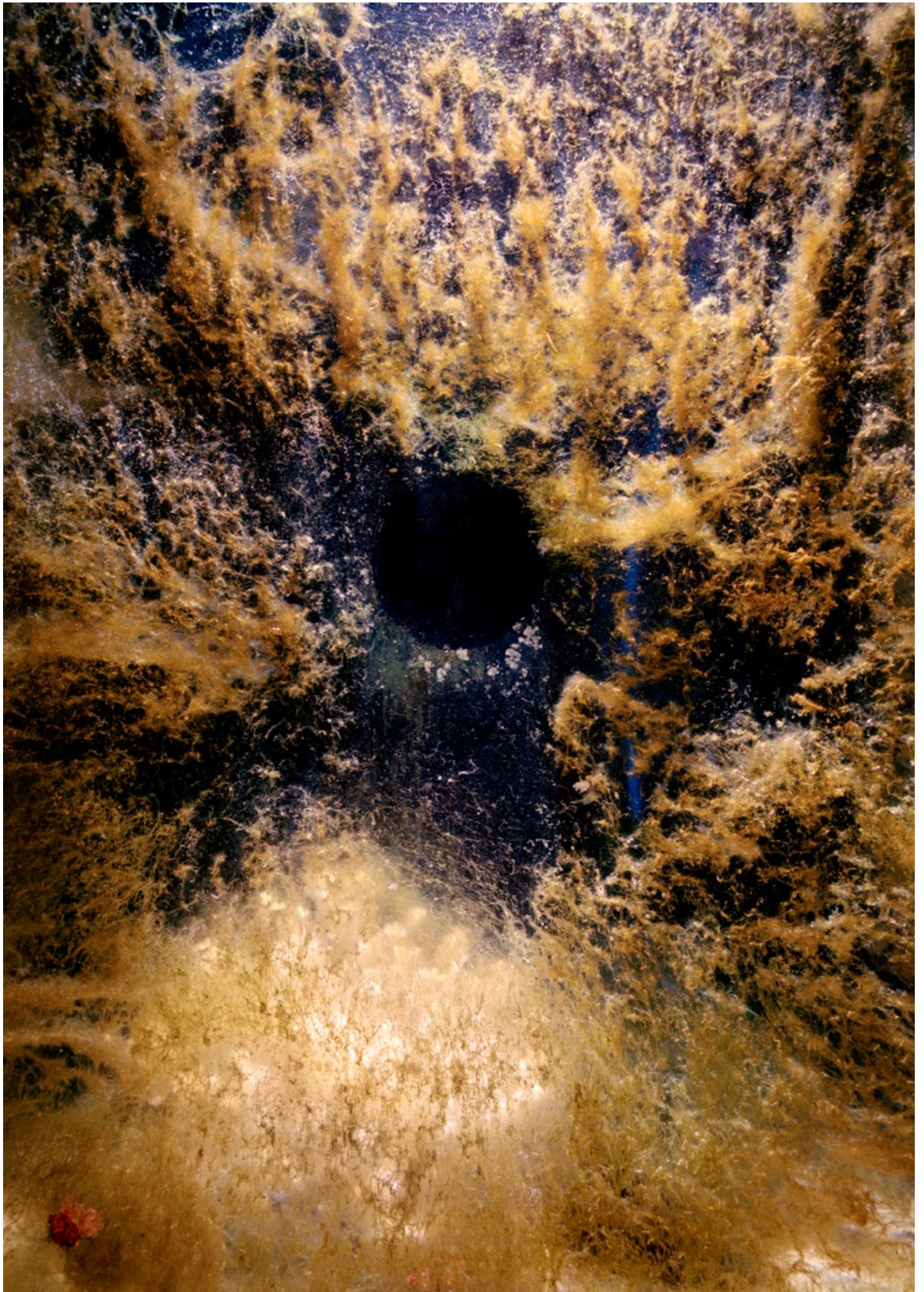


TEXTS BY
INGO NIERMANN









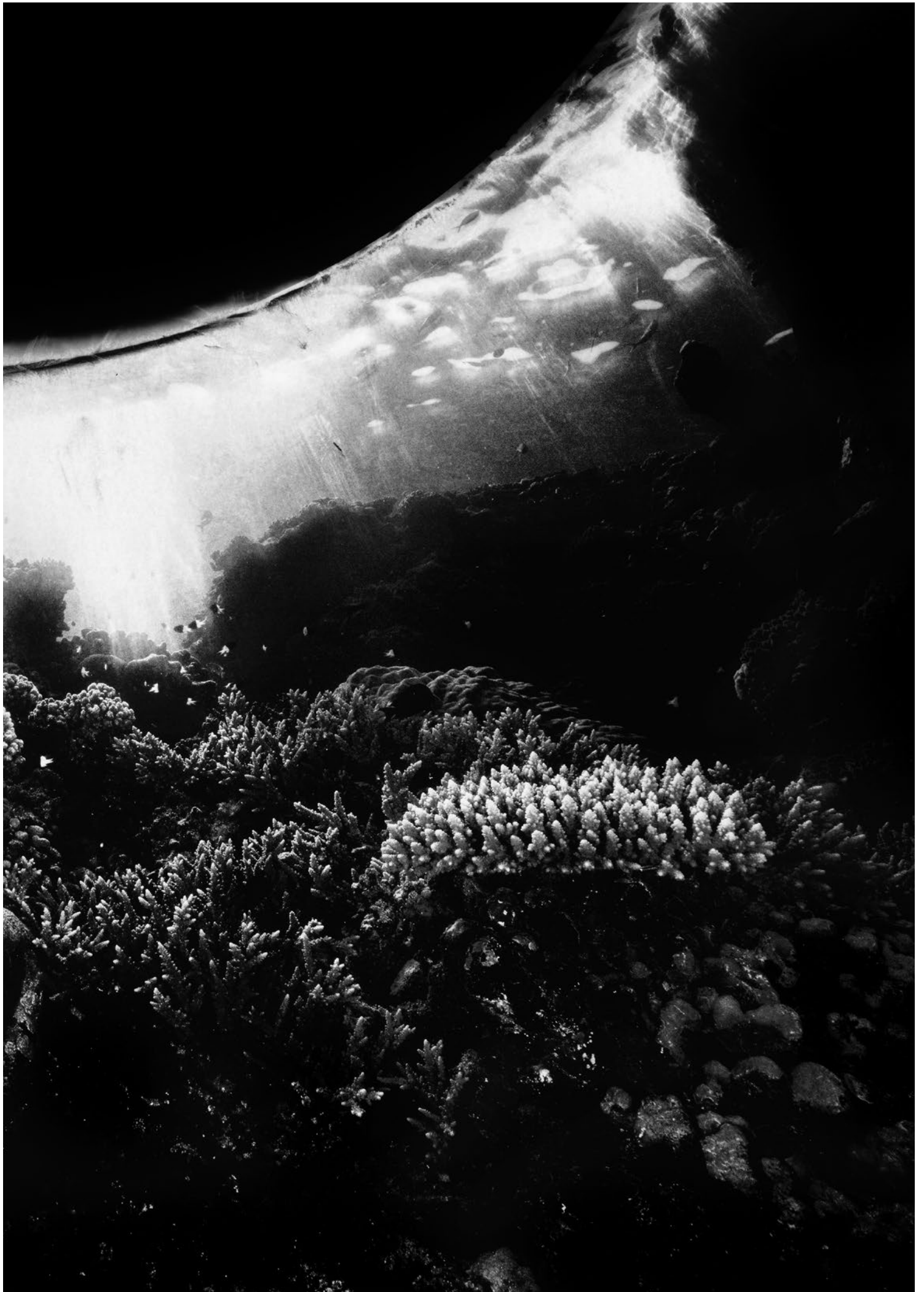
The hole in a stage that is me

Within an abundance of colors and shapes, I want to expose the grim shadow of the ghost in action.

Like the sea that recedes before a great storm to reveal abominable, frightful things, I draw back the curtain to show where we really live.

We already know it from our dreams. Our insides are all wet and there's a huge hole through which these things are fucking our brains. I am here to find the way out of that hole.









Nostalgia is a broken
time machine

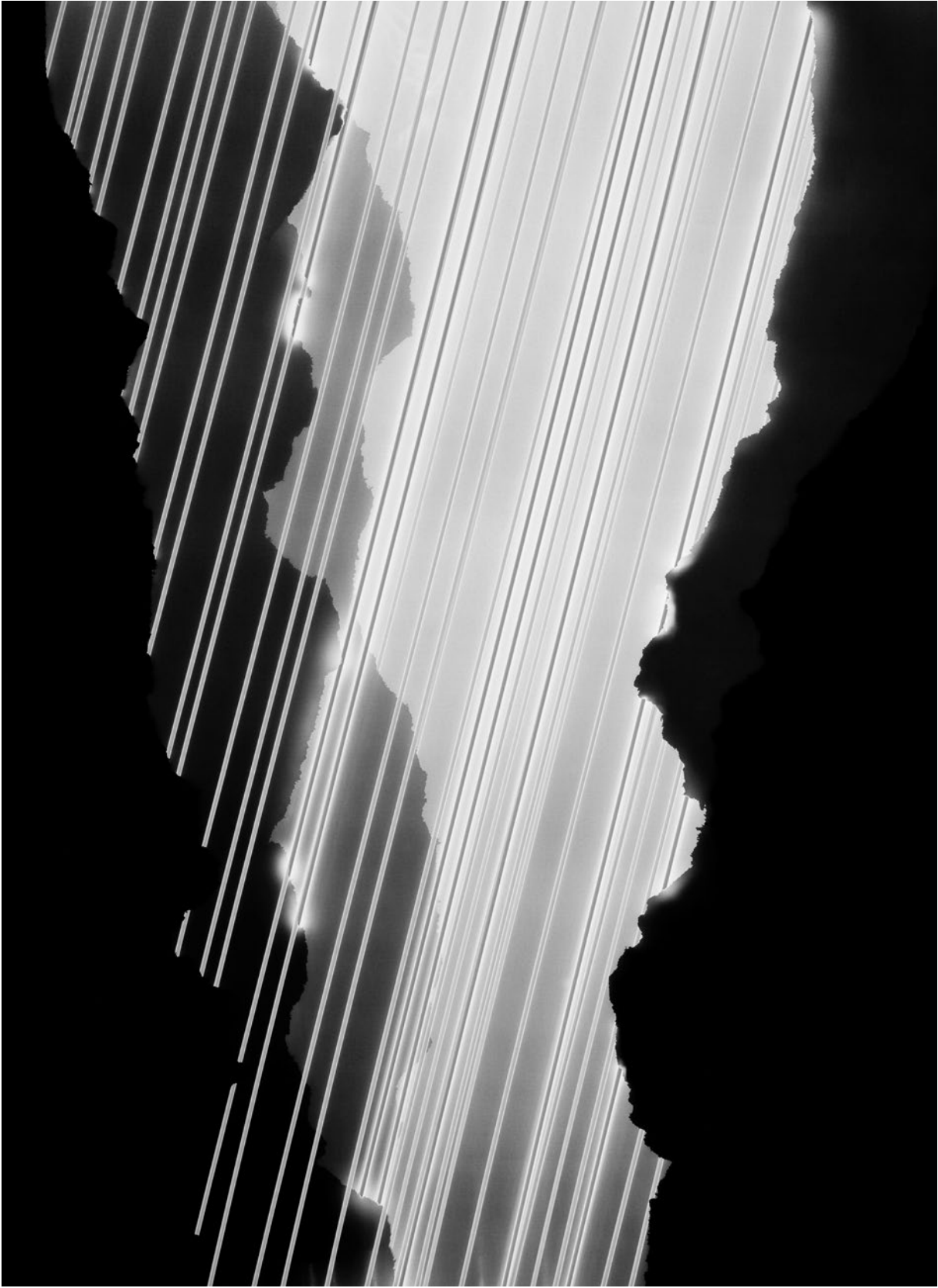
We came to the sea as pioneers, looters, saviors, and kin. We came to dissect, to extract, to restore, and to heal. We became one with the sea—with our debris and waste.

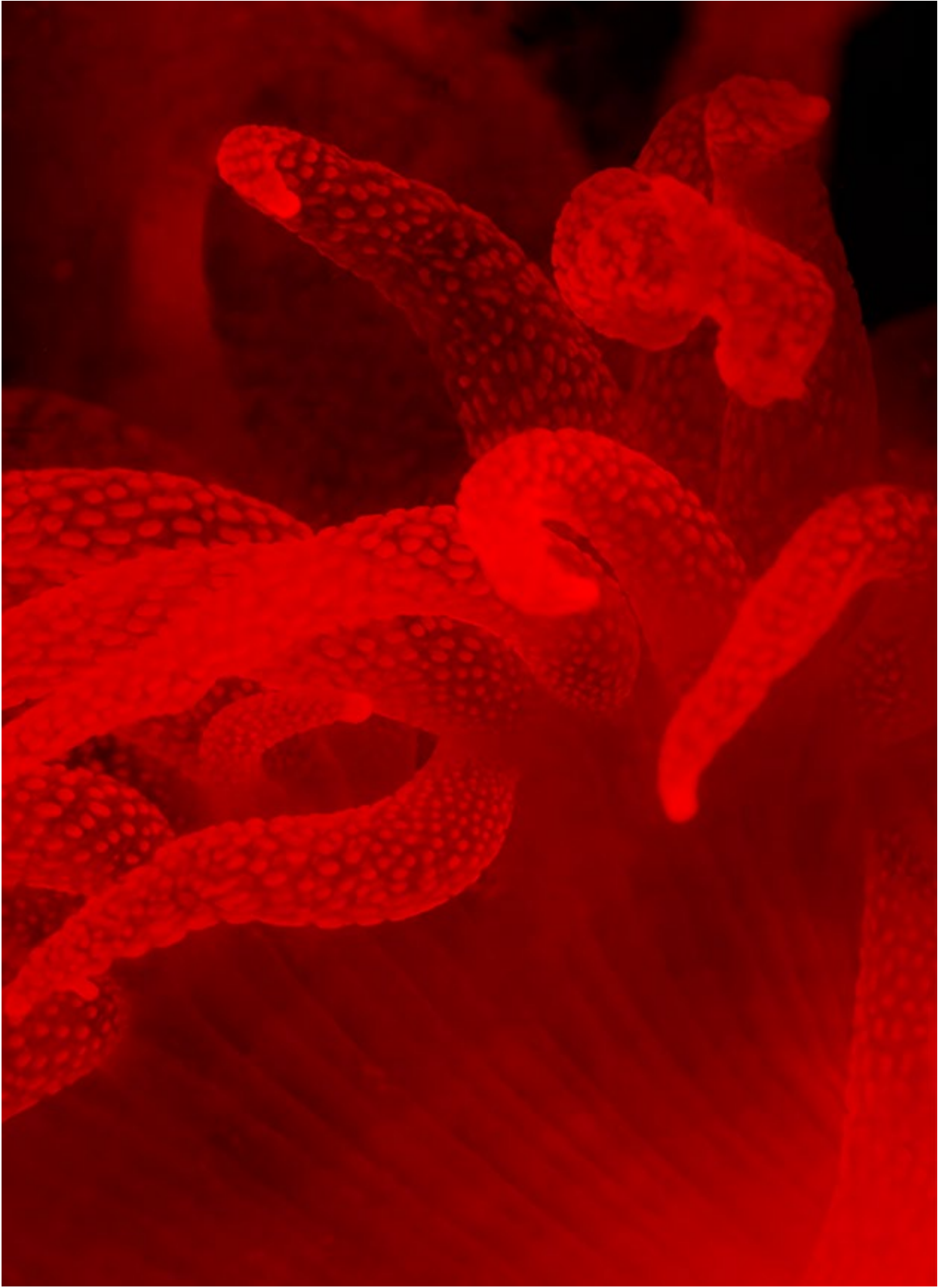
But beneath our rote disasters persists a glowing darkness in which monsters move. Our world is the house of submission; here it recalls its beginnings in joy and destruction.

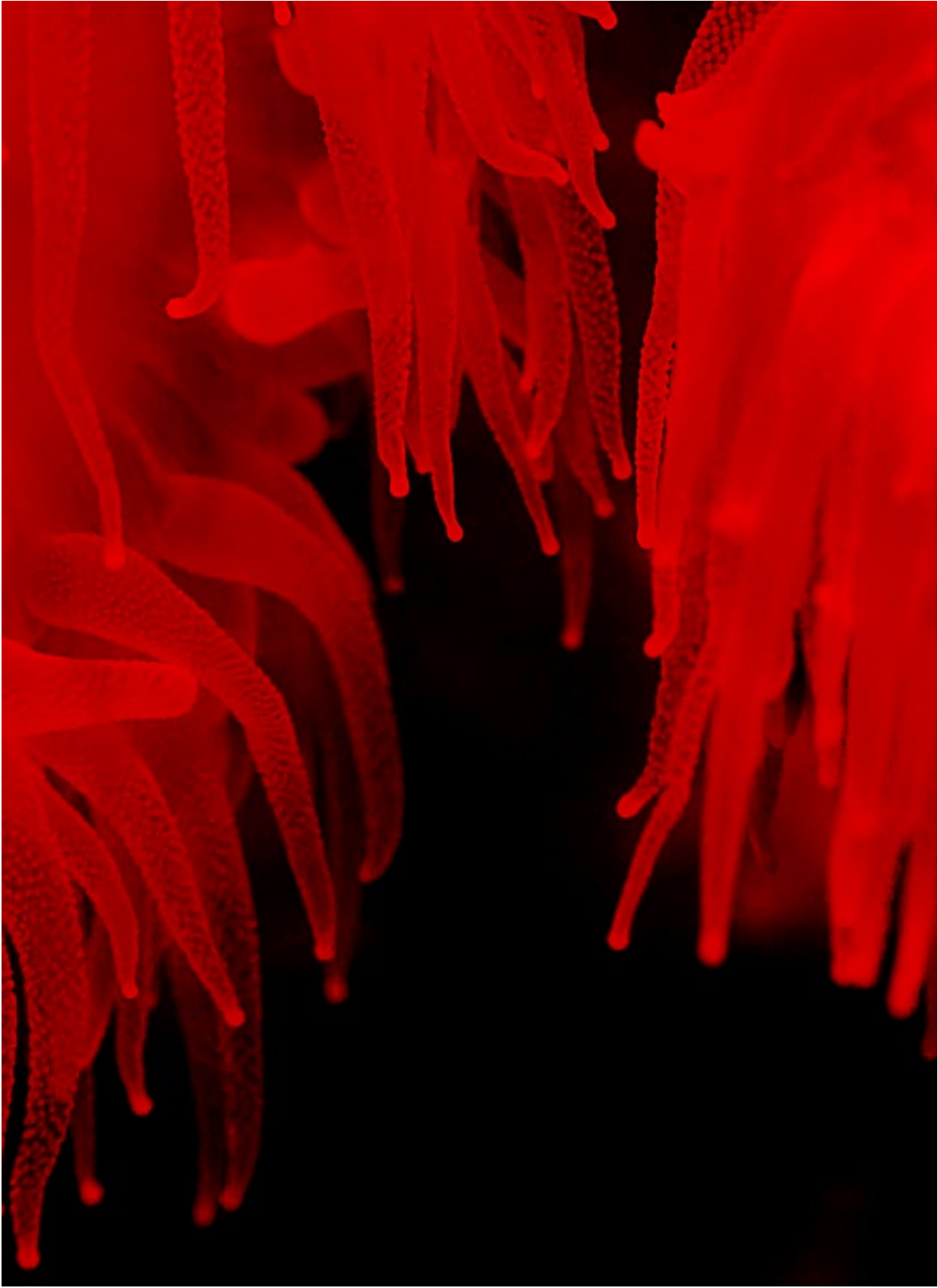
The monsters notice a bright light from above. The sea is white as if from chalk, and the monsters rise like balloons into the yellow sky. With a single rotation of their arms, they leave a mile of froth behind. The moment before an arm buries itself in the waves once more, webbed fingers close in on the stars.



Plants are
grown in
the
light
in the
laboratory
in the
light
in the
laboratory
in the
light







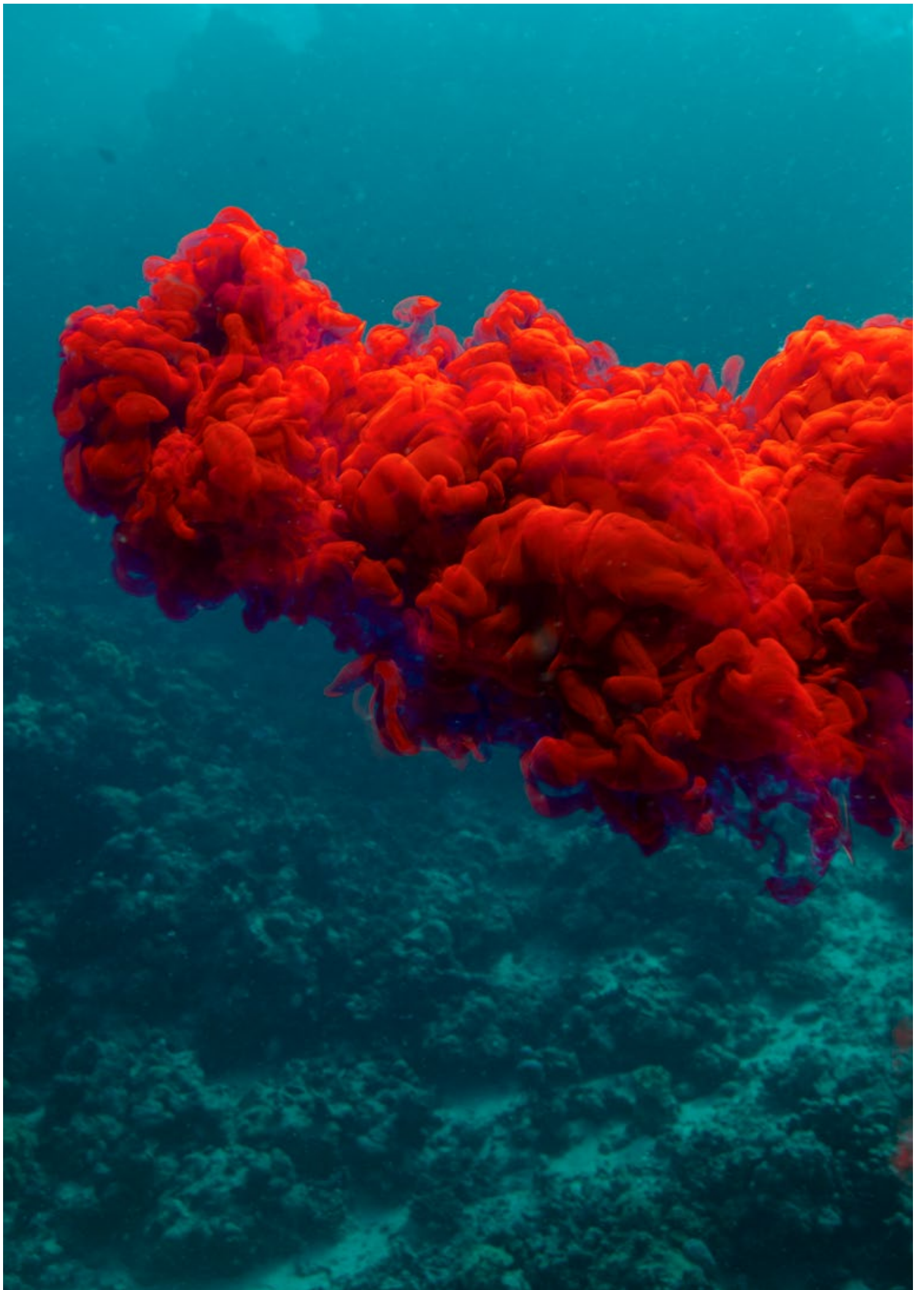


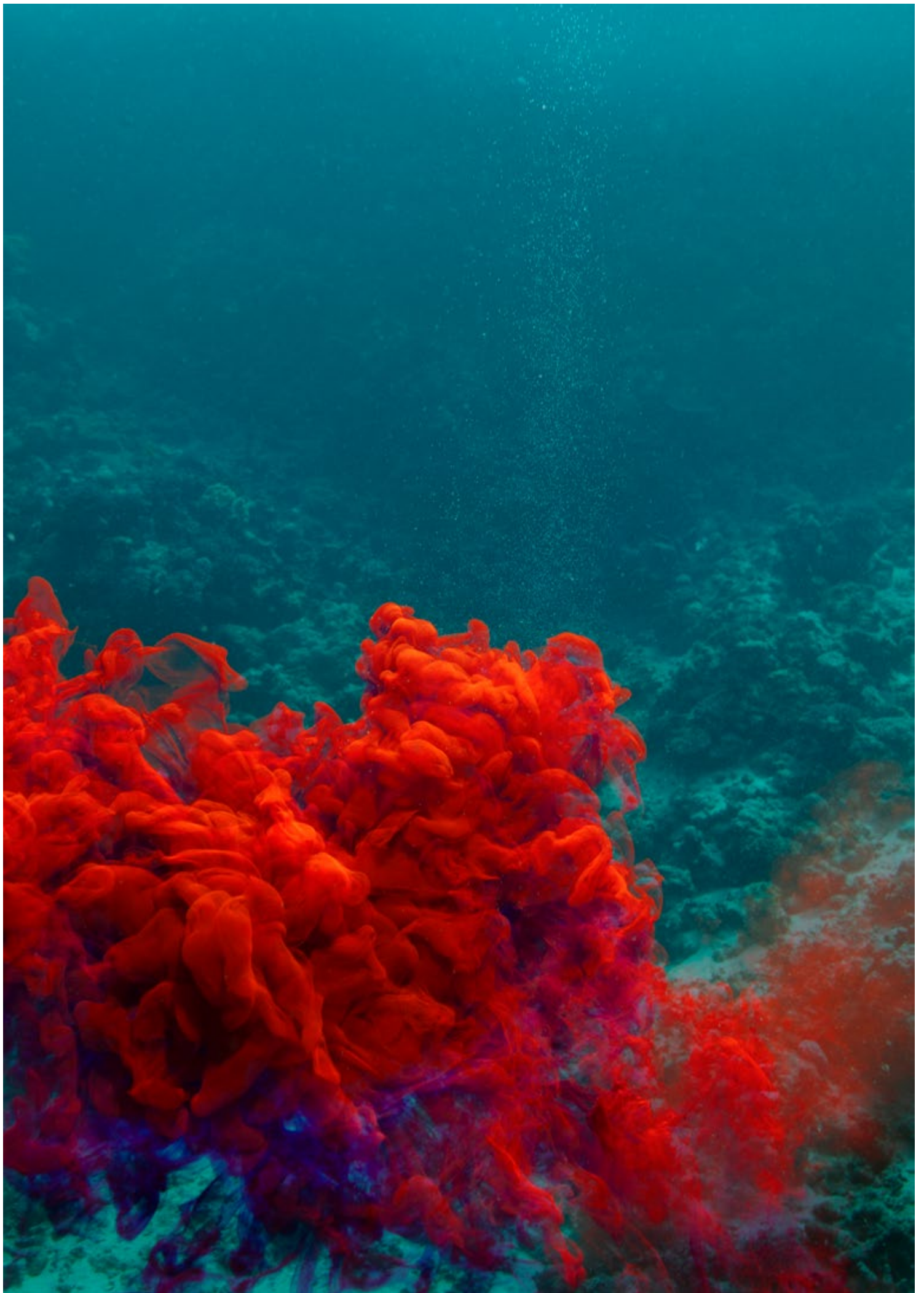












Oceans need people
to drown in them

For me, the least frightening way to die is to take a boat and head out, alert and alive. Trying to weather the storms and survive as long as I can.

Amid rising and falling crests, I sit calmly in my boat. I trust in the weak vessel where everything is still sea.

One day something will break apart or the storm will be too strong. It will be a painful but acceptable end.







