

Factory-Art LTD - 207 Regent Street - LONDON W1 4ND
Factory-Art Gallery - Mommsenstraße, 27 - BERLIN 10629

2012 Project Berlin

“Born To Be Alive - I Tell You We Must Die!”

Exhibition: 11 October > 3 November 2012 – Tue > Sat – 2pm > 7pm
Mommsenstraße, 27 - BERLIN 10629

Artists:

Kai Yuen Chan-CN, Susan Forsyth-UK, Andrea Frank-DE, Hye Young Kim-KR,
Aya Imamura-JP, Miran Kres-SI, Jamie McCartney-UK, Anastasiia Prosochkina-RU,
Anne Maria Udsen-SE, Raymond Unger-DE, Sam Zealey-UK, Maria Wolfram-FI

For the 6th exhibition of "2012 Project Berlin" has been chosen the contradictory title "**Born to be alive - I Tell You We Must Die!**" to meditate on the rush and bustle, seemingly meaningless of life, nature has established and even the man, with all the technology will never change.

"Born to be alive", through the evolution and work.

"I tell you we must die," important information, obvious to everyone, but seeing people's behavior it seems that no one knows, or at least think that does not concern him personally.

We are the thus at the 6th appointment of the project started the 2nd January 2012. In these months a huge work has been done. We are working very hard, harder than ever in this mission because we are alive and we know we must die so we want leave something good done in this spot of time between birth and death.

Many thanks to all participating artists who help us in this huge project.

"**Born to be alive**" is also a song by French singer [Patrick Hernandez](#), year 1979

"We were born to be alive we were born to be alive

Born born to be alive (born to be alive), yes we were born born born (born to be alive)

People ask me why I never find a place to stop and settle down down down I never wanted all those things people need to justify their life life life"

"**Alabama Song**" (also known as "Whisky Bar," "Moon over Alabama," or "Moon of Alabama") was originally published in [Bertolt Brecht's](#) Hauspostille, year 1927.

"Show me the way to the next whisky bar

Oh, don't ask why, oh, don't ask why

Show me the way to the next whisky bar

Oh, don't ask why, oh, don't ask why

For if we don't find the next whisky bar

I tell you we must die

I tell you we must die

I tell you

I tell you

I tell you we must die

Oh, moon of Alabama

We now must say say good-bye

We've lost our good old mamma

And must have whisky

Oh, you know why."