

WK: Smart, sharp, scrawny and snarky

Urs Stahel

Thinking about Walter Keller also means thinking about my own life. No, we were not childhood friends, or scouting buddies, nor did we play handball together, or even – in the “Jules et Jim” style of the day – ever share a girlfriend. For a long time, we weren’t even particularly close personally. For all his curiosity in quizzing me insistently and thoroughly on anything, everything and everybody, he remained, for his part, stubbornly reticent whenever my own curiosity was piqued and my questions took a personal turn. Then he would nimbly deflect, responding as briefly and as curtly as he wished. Any such inquiry was nipped in the bud.

Yet, from the moment we first met, at the Malatesta bar on Hirschenplatz in Zurich, Walter Keller floated like a constant buoy on the seas of my professional life. We would often meet at university seminars, where we would sit together. He spoke with such enthusiasm and incisiveness about founding the periodical *Der Alltag* – nervously waving an A4 block under my nose – that I still believe I was then holding in my hands the prototype of the very first edition. Kurt Eckert, the other half of the two-man team of early designers, cycled past on his bike, and together they gave me the feeling that I was witnessing the birth of this new publication. “*Wieviel weiss ein Pöstler wirklich?*” [How much does a postman really know?] was underlined in red on the cover. “*Masseusen über sich, ihre Kunden und den Sex*” [Masseuses talk about themselves, their clients and sex]; “*Der Juniorchef: Die Arbeiter sind so wie erwartet*”; [The junior manager: the workers meet expectations] “*Jekami-Singen in englischem Pub*”, [Open session in an English pub] “*Bösartiges zum Jahr des Kindes*” [Unkind Thoughts on the Year of the Child] were also there in bold, pale grey. And as a counterpoint to the monochrome grey of the cover (as well as the grey of the city of Zurich in those days) the issue cried out in (desperate) encouragement: “*Mehr als grau!*” [More than grey!] Author René Merz added a satirical contribution “*Die Kinderlein kommen!*” [Suffer the little children!] with the despondent sigh of “I don’t know. Aren’t we overdoing this cult of the kids thing that is washing over us right now?... Kids, kids! Isn’t it enough that already our national institutions for children and youth are touting that every year should be the year of the child?” Back then, in 1979, Merz could hardly have foreseen just how strongly child-centred, with parenting as an all-encompassing life-project, our society was yet to become.

The pamphlet that Walter Keller excitedly opened in front of my eyes, leafing through it from front to back and from back to front again, was already the fourth issue of the magazine, now in its second year, published in January 1979. The conversation electrified me. I absolutely wanted to be part of this. I had dropped out of my course of studies because, insecure and snotty as I was at the time, I found much of it utterly tedious, and so I headed off to London for a year before knuckling down again at the University of Zurich. Strange to say, in my wayward youth, a project such as *Der Alltag* provided me with an anchor and a sense of direction. And so it wasn't long before I actually made my way to Bocklerstrasse in the city's Schwamendingen district (1), where I started out as a junior member of the team, working full-time for *Der Alltag*, which bore the teasing sub-header "*Das Sensationsblatt des Gewöhnlichen*". [The Scandal Sheet of the Ordinary]

Although the two editors, Nikolaus Wyss and Walter Keller, were both anthropologists, they did not set their questing, curious sights on the exotic in the world, but regarded the ubiquitous everyday life around them as the object of interest and desire. Instead of focusing their ethnological studies on the jungle, the so-called third world, or cultures far from civilisation, they set about exploring the world on their doorstep, just around the corner, staring at their own feet, at the slow movement of the big toe. In the editorial of the fourth issue, they justified their approach, because, as they wrote, a lot of readers seemed perplexed by it. "Addressing everyday life as a topic, in a publication specially intended to do just that, seemed to be a provocation; all the more so because we had set ourselves the aim of making exact and extensive observations rather than improving the world." (2) Exact and extensive observations instead of world improvement; showing what exists, rather than expressing ideological opinions. Precision without exclamation marks. For such a credo, they would have been ridiculed just a decade before, but all that was said now was that their contributions were too verbose and too boring; that instead of excitement and entertainment, they offered only banality. Nevertheless, even this amount of resistance seems to have hit home, for they felt compelled to provide a kind of *leitbild* or mission statement about their magazine. The key academic figures they took as their points of reference were sociologists Norbert Elias and Henri Lefebvre, as well as the ethnologist Arnold Niederer, who had been their professor when they were students in Zurich.

In short, and in a nutshell, what issue 4 says is that each and every one of us lives an everyday life. We live it and take it for granted, without giving it a second thought. Indeed, we would prefer not to think about it, because that

would simply feed our insecurities. And when we are challenged, we react with hostility. We are, they write, the authors of our own emotional repression, preferring to turn instead to our learned and accepted ideas of what is deemed normal and what is deemed abnormal. We react with even more hostility when we are invited to take a closer look at our own insecurities and inner turmoil. For that would pitch us into an acute awareness of our alienation, our grief, and the trials and tribulations of life.

Given that this everyday life affects “all events and decisions to a far greater degree than is generally recognised” (3), and because, as they pointed out, our everyday habits also have an impact on wider developments, the two editors wanted to focus their attention on the quotidian and so they expressed their credo as follows: “Everyday life challenges us to take stock of our own lifeworld, its possibilities and obstacles, and recognise that they are created, rather than naturally occurring. We believe that it is worthwhile examining the banalities, and that it is worthwhile making conscious interventions in our own daily grind and that of others. In this respect, “Der Alltag” asserts that it is necessary that we should not be too quick to close our minds to inquietude...” (4) It’s a tenet that would still hold true today. Not commercially, of course. Certainly not that. Albeit with the important caveat: “We didn’t want to dismiss offhand the consciousness of the many we sought to describe, by apostrophising it as alienated and therefore as a ‘false consciousness’.”(2)

Ultimately, this followed on from what sociologists and ethnologists had been demanding in the 1970s: just as we should completely jettison the notion of western civilisation as enlightened, progressive, more highly developed and therefore superior to “savage” and “underdeveloped” cultures, so too should the hierarchical stepladders between high and low, between the cultural and the quotidian, be diminished, dismantled, destroyed, or at least levelled out in our evaluation and esteem.

At first, the office at Bocklerstrasse consisted of just one room. Then there were two. And soon there was also a repro camera in the narrow hallway between them, which we used to produce our own lithos for the print-run. Not always to the benefit of the end result; for, as often as not, the copies would leave the offset printing facility at Hardturmstrasse full of insipid photographs lacking in contrast. But that detracted little from the magazine itself, whose layout was couched in Lucius Burkhardt’s maxim that “design is invisible”. Initially published in a glue-bound A4 format, it was later produced, much more cheaply, in a stapled A5 version with black print on

uncoated pale green or orange paper. Once the turbulent financial waters of the start-up had calmed somewhat, the stapling reverted back to glue-binding and the publication became more substantial, eventually retaining its compact A4 format. There was also a gradual improvement in the quality of the photography. The issue featuring Walter Pfeiffer's scenes of everyday bohemian life, with almost fifty pages of smoky black-and-white photographs "straddling the boundary between everyday banality and postures of glamorous stardom" (5) still struggled with the murky tonality of early-day recycled paper, while the *Metropolis* images by Franz Gloor and Roland Schneider in issue no. 5/82, presenting an "optical comparison between New York and Gerlafingen [Canton Solothurn]", were printed with an almost otherworldly sheen on glossy art paper. That issue, headlined "From Schwamendingen to Pailly, from New York to Gerlafingen", explored the problems of the divide between centre and periphery. During that time, Nikolaus Wyss became [AT THAT TIME, NIKOLAUS WYSS HAD BECOME?] a jovial expert in the touristic potential of dreary, mundane normality. His sightseeing tours of Schwamendingen were the stuff of legend, and may well have inspired Fischli Weiss to create their Schwamendingen photos. In this issue, he mused about local district tourism.

At some point, the two editors drifted apart, fell out, and – as the press releases of large companies would say – parted ways in mutual agreement. I must have been absent at that point, either physically, because I was immersed in writing my final thesis, or absent-minded, because my memory has let me down. Suddenly, there was only Walter Keller, even though Nikolaus Wyss lived just upstairs and we still met there or next door at the artist Thomas Müllenbach's place for lunch. A 1983 video, posthumously released, (3) playfully hints that the separation may have been for personal reasons, due to incompatibility, or even on sexual grounds. My contribution here can shed no light on the mystery of that break-up, but a mundane example illustrates just how very different these two characters were: Nikolaus Wyss loved to savour his lunch, without distraction, to the point of almost celebrating it; even in the most basic of district 12's cafés, such as the one in the Migros supermarket just around the corner on Saatlenstrasse. Walter Keller, by contrast, would bring a pile of manuscripts with him to the table. He would busy himself editing the texts whilst wolfing down his plate of spaghetti, barely lifting his eyes from the page. Then he would stand up and urge us to follow suit. "Come on now, let's get going!" While Nikolaus explored the tourism of the everyday in Schwamendingen, giving the neighbourhood a kind of upgrade, as it were, Walter let everything coalesce

into a universal Schwamendingen. For a while, the mood barometer swung back and forth. Their respective “Greetings from Schwamendingen” could hardly have been more different, even though both kept their noses to the wind, just as the title of *Der Alltag*’s news section – “Nase im Wind” -- implied, and even though both shared the aim of dismantling the boundaries between high and low and reversing the concepts of centre and periphery.

After graduating from the University of Zurich, I was taken on full-time at *Der Alltag*. My start in working life: graphic design, subscription management (of some 2000 subscribers), photo lithography, editing, print supervision, writing – and photography. I spent that first year just learning the ropes, entirely from scratch, about how to produce a magazine. I wrote about additives in foodstuffs, photographed the Riedtli housing estate, where I actually lived at the time, edited the issue about the 25th anniversary of the Swiss motorway system, and scattered images all across the layout like symbolic explosions of thought. For my full-time employment, Walter Keller initially offered me a monthly salary of 1200 Francs. Later, after meeting with an old friend of his who was a publisher, he came back to the Bocklerstrasse office and explained the economics of publishing to me in his singularly offhand way: “Well, listen, for those 1200 Francs, you’re going to have to earn the publishing house six times that amount, which is 7200 Francs.” Ten years later, he worked out my salary as director of the newly-founded Fotomuseum Winterthur by asking me to outline my personal living costs in detail. Around the same time, he financed the industrial photographer Giorgio Wolfensberger to the tune of 5000 Francs for equipment he needed to set up a multimedia company for his pre-digital slide shows in Umbria. Walter was all over the place when it came to money matters, going from one extreme to another, from the cautiously calculated to the extraordinarily generous. Protestant on the one hand, Catholic on the other; Swiss on the one hand, Italian (maternal side) on the other. As a freelancer in the field of art and culture, he would finance one project through another, relying on the next one or the one ahead of that. *Der Alltag* was hardly self-financing, and was certainly not a reliable source of income. Instead, Walter Keller would draw up one concept after another, mainly for Ariane Kowner, who was the head of arts and culture for the Migros food concern at the time. Like so many people in the world of arts and culture, he was forever cross-subsidising, both for himself and for those on his payroll. Though a brilliantly analytical thinker, a mover and shaker par excellence, and a painstakingly precise editor, he was unfortunately all too often embroiled in financial difficulties; the gradual – then, in 2006, quite abrupt –

demise of the Scalo publishing house being a case in point. For a few years he had found not only a friend and supporter in George Reinhart, but also a like-minded individual to guide him in financial matters.

In 1983, I accepted an editorial post with the art magazine *Du*. That led to a five-year separation with Walter. It was, at first, a sharp and painful split, though that eased somewhat with time. But it was our shared idea of having me compile a kind of lexicon of 55 contemporary Swiss photographers for *Der Alltag* that brought us back together again. We then went on, almost immediately, to plan a major publication for the exhibition *Wichtige Bilder – Fotografie in der Schweiz*, which Martin Heller and I had curated for the Museum für Gestaltung [Museum for Design] in Zurich. It was the third or fourth book published by Verlag der Alltag, devoted to photography. The first had been Roland Schneider's *Zwischenzeit*, which was his last photographic presentation before disappearing for some time into obscurity due to mental health issues, followed by Robert Frank's *The Lines of My Hand*, which was a revised and new edition, by Parkett/Der Alltag Publishers, of a book originally published in Japan, and finally *Ich kann nicht mehr leben wie Ihr Negativen*, edited by Koni Nordmann & Heiko Sobel (published by Verlag der Alltag, 1990, and distributed by Parkett/Der Alltag Publishers).

WK, as he signed himself, had launched the art magazine *Parkett* together with Jacqueline Burckhardt, Bice Curiger and Peter Blum in Zurich, and also produced it in the early years. This intense engagement with art changed the way he saw photography. In the *Alltag* days, as I recall, he was primarily an anthropologist, an ethnologist, who regarded photography as a source and as a visual record of everyday life, rather than as an autonomous visual medium with its own rules. Towards the end of the 1980s, he began to look at photography as photography, and became interested in it as an art form in its own right. He opened the Folio bookshop – a long, narrow space in the historic centre of Zurich – and hosted small exhibitions, including chromalins of the airport photos by Fischli/Weiss. The bookshop soon moved from Hechtplatz to a rear courtyard just above the Central plaza, and changed its name to Scalo. The name change was a concession to the fact that the daily broadsheet *Neue Zürcher Zeitung* was planning to launch a weekly supplement with the title “Folio”. A certain sum of money and the offer of a number of free advertisements in the *NZZ* smoothed the way for Walter Keller to accept the name change. It was Giorgio Wolfensberger, by this time successfully established in Città della Pieve in Umbria, who provided the new name. In Italy, “Scalo” is often used to designate a transport hub or shipment point. While the villages are mostly situated on

the hillsides, the freight rail system runs mainly through the valleys. Wolfensberger sent Walter a few photos showing signs with the word “Scalo” on them.

And so it was, that in this rear courtyard of the former Welti hat factory – initially on the ground floor, later extending up to the first floor as well – a bookshop, gallery and publishing house emerged, by the name of “Scalo Books & Looks”. Within just a few short years, Scalo had become one of the world’s foremost art publishers, especially for books on photography. Together with his business partner George Reinhart, and later also with the support and investment of Patrick Frey, Walter Keller launched a high-calibre range of publications that truly changed perceptions of what a “photo book” should be. Fellow travellers on that journey included graphic artist Hans Werner Holzwarth, editor Miriam Wiesel, printer Gerhard Steidl and a handful of other friends. In what was Switzerland’s first and only viable photo bookshop, Marianne Müller and Martin Jaeggi were prominent and influential figures. Scalo utterly changed the photographic publishing world of the 1990s. Books by Nan Goldin, Paul Graham, Boris Mikhailov, Robert Frank, Gilles Peress, Lewis Baltz, Larry Clark, Richard Prince, Roni Horn, and many more besides, were like a series of discursive models, or intellectual beauties, who proudly showcased the potential and the acceptance of photographic art. Paul Graham wrote to me from New York on hearing of Walter’s unexpected death: “Dreadful news. I am so sorry to hear that. Quite a shock – our generation is not supposed to go just yet. And it will be hard on you, as you worked together for so long and so closely for decades. At least we know he changed the landscape and appreciation of photography. All the way from little Zurich, to make a global transformation on the publishing and understanding of photographs. That is a real achievement worthy of his life and energy.”

In 2005, shortly after moving to new premises on the Schiffflände in Zürich, Walter Keller closed the bookshop. Daniele Muscionico asked him at the start of an interview published in the *NZZ* on 23 June 2005: “Mr Keller, no sooner have you moved your bookshop from Weinbergstrasse to the banks of the river Limmat, than you have closed it. What went wrong?” Walter Keller responded: “The internal reason is this: I thought that the book sales could be supported by offering original photographic prints on the first floor. But the sale of the artworks did not meet expectations. The external reason: crucial buyer circles have come under financial pressure in the last couple of years, and their disposable income has fallen. If Zurich wants a bookshop of the calibre of Scalo, in such a central location, then there is the following

solution: either create a foundation or association on a semi-commercial basis – or find a patron. From 2004 to 2005, our turnover increased by some 65 percent, but without funding or patronage even that is not enough.” One year later, his publishing venture also went into liquidation. A dual realm of photography came to a bitter and tragic end. The financial decline had been gradually looming. The initial step of debt rescheduling was not enough to stop it. Scalo’s mini-empire had been on an increasingly shaky footing since the death of George Reinhart. The proud, sharp-minded, intellectual Walter Keller was up to his neck in accountancy. In response to another question by Muscionico, who asked whether the art book as an object of prestige would die out just like wood-fired heating, Keller replied: “I don’t believe so. But there are structural clear-outs needed in the western European book market! Leading art book dealer Walther König confirmed that when he wrote to me saying that ‘the European market for photography, art and design books costing more than 50 Euros is falling apart.’ And even the book trade can buy some Scalo titles more cheaply from Amazon in America than they can from us right here, from our own distributor! Book sales were never the core business of Scalo, and I never had the intention of joining the rat-race between Taschen, Phaidon and Steidl. What’s more, I swore I would never stock titles like ‘The adorable little book of Zurich bears illustrated by Rolf Knie’.”

The early days of Scalo also coincided with the foundation of the Fotomuseum Winterthur. Anecdotally, it went like this: Walter Keller and George Reinhart got to know each other through the figure of Robert Frank. George Reinhart had co-produced Robert Frank’s film *Candy Mountain* in 1988. Around the same time, Walter Keller was working with Robert Frank on the book *The Lines of My Hand*. And parallel to that, there was a retrospective exhibition of Robert Frank’s work at the Musée de l’Elysée in Lausanne. It was this three-pronged situation that generated the idea of setting up a museum of photography in German-speaking Switzerland. Prompted by divisions between Robert Frank and Charles-Henri Favrod, then director of the Musée de l’Elysée, George Reinhart planned on persuading a group of collectors to acquire as many works as possible by the Swiss-American photographer, to be retained right here in Switzerland. Although that plan came to nothing – only George Reinhart bought some 30 of Frank’s works – it did lead, in a new form, to the founding of Fotomuseum Winterthur. In the spring of 1990, Walter Keller wrote a three-page outline statement of intent; he then met with me and George Reinhart in the early summer of 1990 for initial discussions, following the opening and

publication of *Wichtige Bilder – Fotografie in der Schweiz*, at Quellenstrasse 27.(4) George Reinhart had already started coughing politely long before my fingers had so much as even reached for the pack of cigarettes in my shirt pocket. Just two and a half years later, on Friday 29th January 1993 to be precise, we opened the museum. We had mulled over various possible locations and respective conceptual approaches before finally deciding on the former textile factory and joinery workshop on Grünenstrasse in Winterthur, which had already made something of a name for itself as a cultural venue known as the “Kultursagi”. Richard Avedon had personally presented portraits from his *In The American West* project there, while he was visiting Zurich to give a talk at the Kunsthaus in 1991. Although the Kultursagi and the photographs by Avedon belonged to Andreas Reinhart, George’s brother, it was clear from the outset that this was not going to be a private museum, but a museum for photography that could be initiated through patronage, and funded by broad-based support from a wider association of museum members or “friends” , as well as some public subsidies. It was to be a museum dedicated to a discursive analysis of the medium of photography.

The roles were clearly allocated: George Reinhart became the first president of the foundation and Walter Keller president of the association, while I took on the role of director and curator. Scalo Publishers and the Fotomuseum had their own different programmes, but every couple of years or so there would be an overlap or a joint venture of some kind, whether planned or unplanned. For instance with Nan Goldin, Roni Horn, Wendy Ewald, Lewis Baltz, Gilles Peress or Hans Danuser. Walter Keller played the role of ambassador, committed to the interests of Fotomuseum Winterthur. It was thanks to him and his travels and business dealings that the museum was able to establish a reputation in New York at such an early stage. And it was also thanks to him that Fotomuseum Winterthur was able to host the Nan Goldin exhibition from the Whitney Museum of American Art in New York in 1997, followed by Roni Horn’s *You are the weather*. As president of the association and later as chairman of the foundation, he was a loyal and reliable pillar of support and solidarity in my work as director, even though the feathers would sometimes fly at the board meetings, with the two of us squabbling and picking each other’s arguments to pieces in front of all the other board members. Walter would drive to Winterthur in his little white Peugeot 104. On the way, he would come up with new ideas of how to progress the development of the association and the museum. He would then present these ideas eloquently and insistently to the board, meeting on the one hand with (female) adulation and, on the other, with the resistance

of the director, who would claim to have reflected on the matter for three days or three weeks, rather than just three hours. But it was precisely this friendly macho rivalry that helped to fuel our ideas and actions in the field of photography. Such public outbursts actually lessened the tension and at the same time energised us to tackle new projects.

Accordingly, it came as a real blow when he stepped down as president of the foundation and it was equally devastating to witness his descent into financial difficulty, followed by two or three years of personal crisis. Walter Keller, quick-thinking and sharp-witted, with a capacity for systematic analysis, tended to withdraw into his shell when difficulties arose. For the most part, he dealt single-handedly with the serious business problems that followed the death of George Reinhart. He refused to discuss matters and became almost non-communicative. Just how precarious his situation had become, and how heavily the financial difficulties weighed on him, was physically palpable; so much so that, in the end, he even lost confidence in his own publishing programme. After the crash, after the break, the road to recovery was tough. He had initially been filled with resentment and anger, and it pained him that former friends would cross to the other side of the street when they saw him coming. His success in curating the exhibition *Kapital* at Landesmuseum Zürich (2012) seemed to bring back a suddenly renewed sense of self-worth.

In the wake of that exhibition, he was a changed man. During the last three years of his life, he seemed reborn; for two or three years he was brimming with new energy – impassioned, perspicacious, trenchant – and set about curating exciting and attractively presented exhibitions at the National Museum. In addition to the well-received *Kapital*, these included exhibitions on such themes as humour, fairytales and Swiss history; the latter masterfully orchestrated with clips from Swiss films, in collaboration with his longtime friend Christian Gerig. At the same time, he acted as advisor to the editor-in-chief of the newspaper *Blick* and penned well-grounded opinion pieces on controversial political and social issues. Anyone who encountered him in those last days and weeks of his life was struck by his analytical sharpness, his witty repartee and his evident lust for life and creative energy. That rare blend of intellectual curiosity and can-do practicality in getting things done, as well as his fearless and enthusiastic embrace of the high-brow, the low-brow, the cultural and the quotidian, had resurfaced, albeit now coupled with a certain gentle amiability to which his friends had previously been unaccustomed. Now, for the first time, there was a real

sense of deep personal friendship. The professional friendship had always been there.

In the summer of 2014, we were sitting outside the restaurant beside his gallery, joking like the cantankerous old guys Statler and Waldorf from the *Muppet Show* about how stressed the women trooping into the yoga studio next door looked and how serenely enlightened they seemed when they re-emerged an hour later. Yes, Walter and women; that might radically alter perceptions of him. Walter and his sister Barbara. Walter and his boyhood friends, his employees, his business partners, his photographers, his close-knit networks in Zurich, Berlin and New York. And, of course, Walter and his daughter. Each insight would shed a different light, brighter or darker, on Walter Keller. He lived several lives, parallel and overlapping, yet never united, as he headed out into the world with fresh shirt, toothbrush and deodorant in a black sports bag. No Walter Benjamin style showdown for him. Instead, he preferred to keep moving along, head down, muttering the occasional remark to left and right, bowing out, all too soon, from the encroaching limelight.

- 1) Schwamendingen is a district in the north of Zurich 12.
- 2) “Den Alltag als Thema in einer eigens dafür geschaffenen Publikation zu behandeln, schien eine Provokation zu sein; dies umso mehr, als wir redaktionell für uns in Anspruch nahmen, der Weltverbesserung genaue und ausgedehnte Beobachtungen vorzuziehen.” *Der Alltag*, issue no. 4, 1979
- (3) “Alle Geschehnisse und Entscheidungen in einem viel grösseren Masse verantwortlich als allgemein angenommen” (3) *Der Alltag*, issue no. 4, 1979
- (4) “Der Alltag’ fordert dazu auf, die eigene Lebenswelt, ihre Möglichkeiten und Verhinderungen als gemachte und nicht als natürliche zu erkennen. Wir meinen, dass sich die Auseinandersetzung mit Banalitäten lohnt, dass sich das überlegende Eingreifen in den eigenen und fremden Trott lohnt. In diesem Sinne meint *Der Alltag*, dass es Not tut, sich der Unruhe nicht allzu schnell zu verschliessen ...” *Der Alltag*, issue no. 4, 1979
- (5) “...an der Grenze zwischen alltäglicher Belanglosigkeit und mondänstarhafter Pose” (Nikolaus Wyss, 1/81)
- (6) “Wir wollten das Bewusstsein der vielen, die darzustellen wir uns vorgenommen hatten, nicht gleich als entfremdet und damit als *‘falsches Bewusstsein’* apostrophieren.” Cited in *Schweizerisches Archiv für Volkskunde*, vol. 76, 1980.

(7) *Walter Keller in Conversation with Nikolaus Wyss*, camera: Dorothee Hess, 7:45 mins., CH 1983, online: www.youtube.com/watch?v=RDGWkOAXPNE (accessed: 26 July 2018).

(8) Quellenstrasse 27: this was the 1990s address of Walter Keller's office in the former industrial district 5 in Zurich. The same building still houses the publishing office of the art magazine *Parkett*, which issued its last print edition, vol. 100/101, in 2017.