

“Hey hey! hey hey! hey hey! hey hey!”

—Black Elk

“But before I tell you how we did it, I will tell you something about heyokas and the heyoka ceremony, which seems to be very foolish, but is not so.

Only those who have had visions of the thunder beings of the West can act as heyokas. They have sacred power and they share some of this with all the people, but they do it through funny actions. When a vision comes from the thunder beings of the West, it comes with terror like a thunder storm; but when the storm of vision has passed, the world is greener and happier; for wherever the truth of vision comes upon the world, it is like a rain. The world, you see, is happier after the terror of the storm. But in the heyoka ceremony, everything is backwards (...).”

—Black Elk

As if two great quotes by Black Elk weren't enough, something in my Kreuzberg kitchen urges me to drop a few more lines about this show.

All I do is adding up stuff. The clown is my nature and naturally introduced itself to my artistic practice (paintings and stuff) right when I started. He's the agent and patient in all of my art works, always. His nose that he follows is round as the planet, his vision streams through the feelers on his forehead right into his third eye, the only one we ever got.

“Everything is backwards.”

Halftones on a piano's keyboard, tail feathers of the Golden Eagle. You name it.

It looks familiar.

This is not a group of works circling around the topic of native american Otherness. This is not pointing anywhere. There is no topic.

There's no limitations. All is very narrow. There's no such thing as depiction.

We're all in this together. Only fools divide and conquer.

Empty brain and heart bring in colors and form automatically. The automatism of the Soul is our only connection.

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Don't judge a man by his looks.

“Everything is backwards.”

SAD PEOPLE HAVE NO PEACE.
SEND IN THE CLOWNS.

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