



ERMES ERMES
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BEHRANG KARIMI
BACCHUS MADNESS WALKING EXPERIENCE
SEPTEMBER 30 - NOVEMBER 15
OPENING SEPTEMBER 29, 5 - 8.30PM

The idea of "Body as a Prison" or the Dimension of Perception of all things fits so well for the tragic figure of Bacchus or also known as Dionysos. His Parents took him apart and cut him into thousands of pieces. For his misbehaving and freedom, his/her arrogance. Through thousands of years, the Olympus was never seen as a world of Justice or equality. It has been the Place where fire and Wind were created. Not a sense of doubt or complaints about worldly pain. After the Mercy of Bacchus/Dionysos' Grandmother put him together out of the thousand pieces he could become himself again. But doomed to be mad and crazy, to see everything and realise everything. All his senses would awaken and would stay so...wandering and walking without aim or security, wandering through times and worlds, walking along creation itself.

The Pain of all was felt, at once and for eternity. Nothing was worse, nothing was to live through. Burden so heavy and hard that he was doomed to drink so much to be able to stand all the madness he saw in the world, all the pain, all the injustices, all the worldly things which brought suffering. He had to be drunk. Had to survive in this dimension. Had to go through the transformation. With the help of rotten Grapes, the wine.

To be able to stand all the earthly Sufferings. Gravity as a band of this slave-being...All the perversion, all the lies and betrayals nothing kept more in mind than a mirage of wrong truth, we knew, we will know, we will receive a whole image one day, so then we will have to know what we already have seen, what we are really seeing there, what is the absolute possible seeing look like? What do we actually know?

What is to know actually, where can anything get fixed? Where is the World when we are asleep? Is Transformation possible in other dimensions or do things become the same as they started to be? If we are the only Species in this Galaxy, in how many Dimensions do we exist? And is there no Progress for us after all?

Nothing exists without meaning and cause – even a grain of sand contains the information of a million year old Earth in Itself – When it comes to the point of knowing – the point of recognizing – the loss of hope – receiving the present that hope was never needed... the will to become a grain...the highest form of being...the most honorable present of all is to take a stone and hit it against your head! You are helping the universe to understand. Make sure you are not a robot or simulation, make sure you are unsure about being sure at all, make sure that unsureness is a high state of being walk and wandering.

walk and wandering

*B*K*

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Roma

Behrang Karimi (*1980 Shiraz, Iran) lives and works in Cologne

Selected solo and group exhibitions 2022: bacchus madness walking experience - research project and exhibition Ermes Ermes, Rome; Rotpeter-eines zur Dressur gezwungenen-Moongrowth, Manchester; Sweet Days of Discipline, Hannah Hoffman Gallery, LA; 2021: Fifteen Painters, Andrew Kreps Gallery, New York; Coming for your Job and Wifes, Tramps, London; SPIT, Braunsfelder, Cologne; 2020: Behrang Karimi, Zarinbal Khoshbakht, Cologne; Any Day Now, Sprüth Magers, online; Everything is Personal, Tramps, New York; 2019: Behrang Karimi and Alastair Mackinven, Maureen Paley, London; 2018: Salon des Amateurs, Tramps, London