



Time to think.
Think about. Think over. Think ahead.
Time to take action.

Dedicated to the children of tomorrow.
For love, truth, freedom and life.



Initially we think in pictures.
We create our own pictures. Images of humanity, images of the world, images of God.
But which images get us ahead, in terms of being human?
Which images give us new impulses to broaden our horizons?

We need the pictures of art!

Contemporary art that tells our story and reflects the zeitgeist. Art as a silent rebellion.
Philosophical art that sometimes may be uncomfortable. Art that turns our thinking on its head.
Because we have to break with the old and outdated ways of thinking,
because otherwise there will be no tomorrow for the children of the future.

We need visions as well as new approaches and creative solutions.
We need patrons and supporters of art who invest into the productive-creative results.

That is why, as a philosopher, I support the thinker, poet and artist DENKSTAHL.
He takes a stance on his period of time.
Both his artistic line and symbolic language show it: He is committed to freedom and life.
Constructing, reconstructing, deconstructing – and with his poetic and symbolic sensitivity he succeeds.

Beauty is in the eye of the beholder, it is aptly said. Can it also be beautiful, when it irritates or provokes us
or generates internal resistance? For more meaning, wisdom and beauty in the world.

Ilknur Özen
M.A. Philosophy & Educational Science

BUY ART! INVEST IN LIVING ARTISTS!

ENVIRONMENT
CHILDHOOD
WEALTH
JUSTICE
PEACE
RESPONSIBILITY
HUMANITY

All needed to be done is done, no fuss.
all has been said,
the un- and the conscious.
All nooks, all edges,
the new and the old pledges.
The fences, the wires, the grate,
the bitter and the sweet.
The wall parapets, the regrets,
the blaming and the failing,
thousands of questions,
again and again,
the links and of the chain,
the gallows and the rope,
the fracture and the neck.
And in the end: Tick, tick, tick.
It's five to twelve!

The partiality for artistry,
that I live in every breath,
what I give is never enough
and never will it be,
because every work that I create
remains ever too meager to a degree.
No picture on its own may honestly bespeak,
what needs to be said as critique,
all the heaviness at peak,
the misery, the weary crime of time,
to demonstrate and illustrate,
bowing down in humility and to contemplate
before each picture,
like to a company sign depicted of modern times,
before which we kneel and bow down,
crown and testify also
only the decay in every way.
To say what nobody says,
and also to question what nobody to question dares,
so shall the work of the artist be.

And no human being, no critique,
no poke and no fuck,
no click and no clack,
yes, also no capital
will my worldview unsettle.

An adapted artist
always resembles a circus monkey,
and the people with stares so hungry,
will nevertheless only remain zoo visitors.

But one day he'll be ready,
when his soul screams incredibly,
he'll come to his senses,
the zoo visitor out of his senses
will recognize the true creation
and in the partiality for artistry,
what once was cursed,
he then found,
what he was longing to find at first.



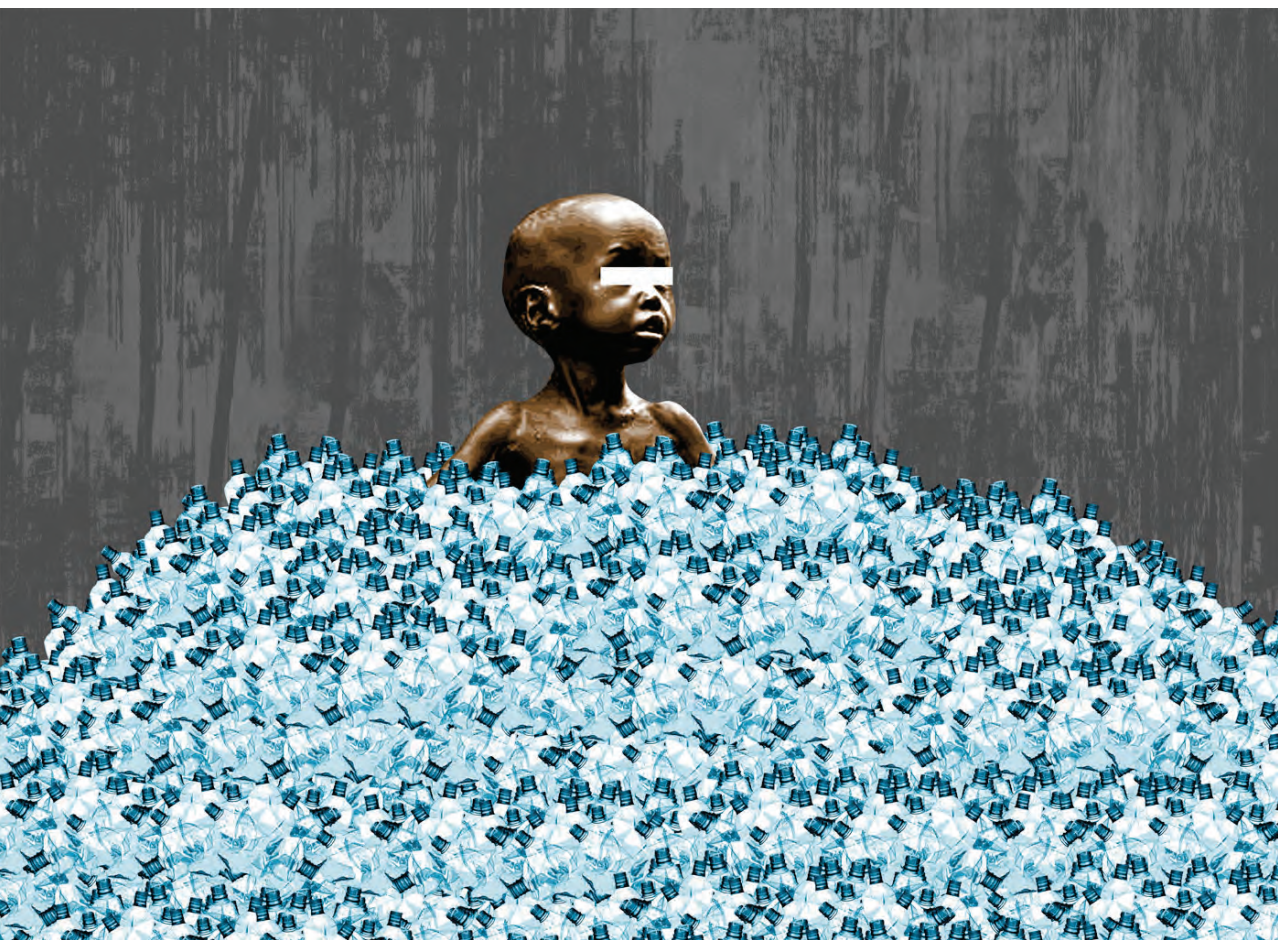
Everyone's mind
is filled with the
same thing and
all run in the
same direction.
But where are
we going?

QUO VADIS

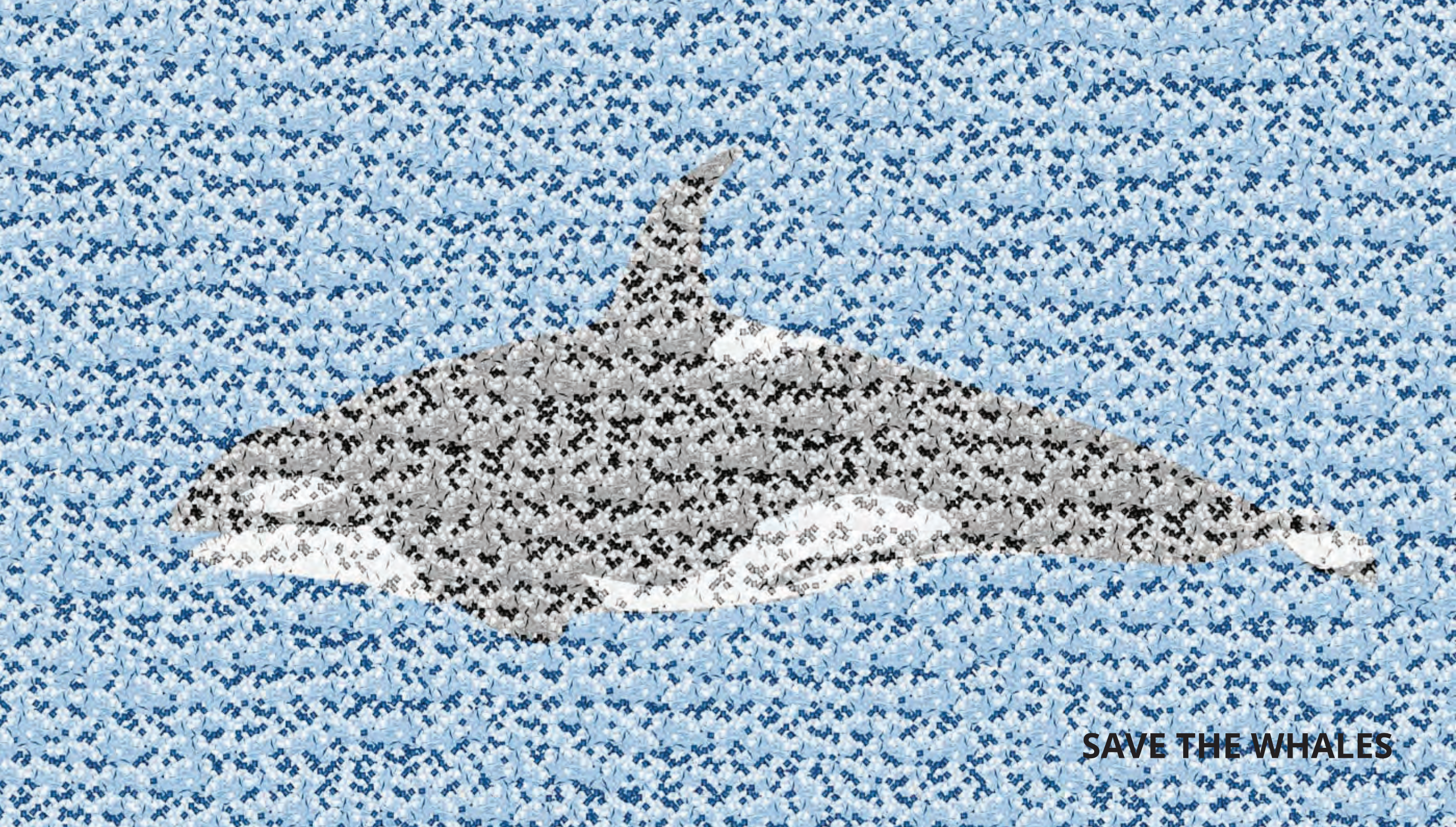


Somewhere within nowhere,
between old & new,
between tradition & innovation.
Can the world still be saved?

DIGITAL NATIVE



THE BALANCE OF THE OPPOSITES



SAVE THE WHALES



PANTHER'S & LEO'S
NIGHTMARE





NOT VERY JUST



THE
GOLDEN
CAGE OF
THE
RICH MAN



IN PARALLEL

For all the souls of this world,
all enslaved with the sword,
for all the people of this earth,
who suffer cause of money's worth,
for all of those who've been dispelled,
from land and
loved ones so heartfelt,
for everything that grows and thrives,
I am sorry, I apologize.



There's a human child in discomfort
as if they're cutting his heart out.
No-one takes any notice
of all the ongoing anguish.
We hear him whining, whimpering, screaming.
We could just free him.
But this is too much fuss,
people, what is wrong with us?

DREAM A LITTLE NIGHTMARE





Dead End

You were born,
were excited about life and all,
but at the end of the road, there stood a wall.
Went through life and saw,
but did not understand at all,
at the end of the road, there stood a wall.
Voted and thought you loved your country above all,
but at the end of the road, there stood a wall.
Had found fortune in the night,
that was lost when morning befall,
yes, at the end of the road, there stood a wall.
Had hoped, believed and promissed,
gave your word, your hand in thrall,
but at the end of the road, there stood a wall.
Burned inside out, you gave it all,
but at the end of the road, there stood a wall.
Right before death as the fog did fall,
yes, at the end of the road, there stood a wall.
Arrived in heaven,
you realize it all,
everyone knew overall,
you yourself were the road
and also the wall.



Giving when taking,
living when dying,
saying something
when not talking,
asking when having
to be silent.
To see everything
with closed eyes,
only then you can
understand the meaning.

From The Stars

In worlds to disappear,
that others won't find ever,
thought do then you abdicate,
no answer, nought to interrogate,
escaping from existence,
vacation from the senses,
flying and seeing
high above the firmament,
to tell you what I saw,
that's my life's achievement.
Thanks for everything.

Art Series & Lyrics on YouTube:

- » DEDICATED TO THE CHILDREN
- » MAKE LOVE NOT WAR
- » KRIEGSBEMALUNG
- » DIE FRIEDENSTAUBE & IHRE BOTSCHAFT
- » HEADS WANTED – WERDE ZUR LEGENDE

- » THINK WITH DENKSTAHL – Art Blog
- » DENKSTAHL Books

denkstahl.com | [instagram.com/denkstahl](https://www.instagram.com/denkstahl)

Represented by
Ilknur Özen | [Galerie Vollherzig.de](https://www.galerie-vollherzig.de)
denkstahl@vollherzig.de | +49 177 2851804



DENKSTAHL