

Socrates was killed! Mino,
15 September - 15 November 2024, **opening 14**
September, 4 - 8 pm at Stallmann,
Schillerstrasse 70, 10627 Berlin

Opening Times:
Mon - Tues, 12 - 6 pm & by appointment



Hemlock x 2

Look at you now, drinking yourself to death, lost in the illusion you've created. And here I am, passing you the cup someone else ordered for you. You spent your life chasing truth, hoping to break free from the shadows, only to poison others with seductive words. You thought your wisdom would be remembered, but it's the impression you left that lingers, not your ideas. The irony? You tried escaping society's simulation, yet built your own.

"Knowledge killed the feeling; the intellect strangled the heart."

I tried too, thinking I could live outside the box and see the world as it is. But the more I struggled, the more I realized—everything is smoke and mirrors. Nothing is real, yet we feel it deeply. Isn't that the artist's curse? Maybe we should stop and listen to the sky.

But even the stars lie to us—already dead, yet still shining. Like you, trapped in your cave, believing you were escaping. So, drink up. You're not escaping anything. You're just getting lost among us, drunk on your illusions, thinking they'll bring you closer to the truth. But the light is just a dream, and waking up is brutal.