

Jean-Paul Opperman

Netherlands

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Professional Experience and Curriculum Vitae

Jean-Paul Opperman (1980) – text date: June 8 2010 (upd. August 5)

If I choice art I believe in it with my life, If I could save it I lie to protect it. For me the creation of art is nothing but a treasure to keep with me on a daily base, be happy with it, be oh so sad, make jokes about, as a friendly enemy to flirt with for some good refreshment; punishment is pure agreement.

Art is a thought non can reveal, blessed with hope on a great future in good days, filled with terror and depressions on some moments; later on to be called decent preparations of ones integrity. I studied art and I remember just as much from it as I forgot. Rietveld Academie Amsterdam – very grey for me – but art could use some dislogical colours – that is a lie by the way – they offered me the eyeglasses I now take off most often.

What I wrote where the words of a kid, what I knew was nothing. Just until art brought me that “mmm” like my grandmother did when she made me cake that was so full of taste that I could smell her obsession from it. Art is a cake without sugar or ingredients unless you are willing to see what happens if you add your idiomatic confusions and boil it; don’t add mouth sugar. Cultural disagreement with history or acts; wisdom of the public, they are temporary concepts like zombie cakes.

A dance, a hesitation; a weak moment – a lost tale of pleasure – a provoked mind when there is not much to tell. I feel so much, there is so little to pay attention to, yet there is to much to handle. To reveal direct acts is when art comes to a meaningful level. Communication is not about shitting around – art is – therefore we explore but it will be about removing previous actions in order to create power from the less you can use. No act can fail unless the creation has no reason to appear.

“Come on and light a joyful impression of a land where non would go – unless it is a museum”. Art is a way to love your childhood and to make visible how much our inner hell also needs to be seen, its a good day and a little blood. I love to make visible, to receive access to what has been hidden; to kiss it and forget I did. We leave art behind...it’s a connective horny moment, sooner or later maybe a very valuable one though. Nevertheless at the same time the artist should also reject his previous babies if he wants to continue – knowledge will only be cage for your next level.

The wall of fame; a goat hanging on a cave, charcoal and respect, art is visual history from which each art maker is a member and each individual has its own eyes to share or disorder from. Art is the dance of life with small compassion, for some political or made with religion, for me a joke, a wish a treasure to deal with and mostly a demonstration of the ego that won of our childhood while we know that only the show of an object is true for the area it’s in. Art is for the moment, and has only reason to be understood when it touches the moment of the other – in a gallery, a museum or beside the garbage. All ways are good, communicate.

Many said it has died, no future no goal, nothing new; but why would it? Art is our inner earth and it turns despite rain and sun, ready to bring you darkness or morning light. In both ways it’s poetry of life and always new and there every moment again, no reasons or actions to follow, no train to hold, plane to catch or dream to leave in disbelief. When you move you see what disappears, when you close your eyes the same happens but without perspective or knowledge to intend or capture this happening. When you create you see connections and it becomes bold what you did, art is decoration of the mind – the rest is out of place.

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