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Florian Meisenberg

*Being blonde with insufficient funds
(transpirations of a virgin)*



Traces and scars and glorious irresponsibility

Man is born with feet, but wings he must grow himself. The longer and stronger the wings become, the less the feet leave traces on the earth.

The same applies to artists – the higher they fly with the help of the wings they grew, the less signifiers they leave on earth, and the more scars appear in the sky, because of their wings. I am sure artists who firmly follow these steps, in the end simply disappear from the human horizon - so only the sky becomes a bearer of the scars from their sword-like wings.

Florian Meisenberg also began with marks left on the earth. He left exuberant, joyful and magical traces on the surfaces of his paintings: birds wrapped in light and paradisaical colors and turned into the gemstones of a majestic necklace; colorful insects – members of one big and joyous family, clinging onto each other and covering the vast space of Florian's huge canvas as a glamorous spider's web; also, insect-like humans having sexual intercourse in pettily furnished and decorated rooms; disciples of Jesus Christ who, during the last supper, are lost behind an enormous table and turned into the tiny, painfully-coloured wounds of this huge metaphorical object; a mesmerizing, fleshy-piggy-rose coloured ornamental carpet made out of the bodies of Chinese piglets; – and many other flamboyant, flourishing, worldly and heavenly images, all with charismatic charm.

At this “feet”- stage Florian was exploding the world, and the world was doing the same with him.

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But what is the main talent given to the child of God? To overcome that bumpkinly attraction to worldly phenomena(!) which makes him a slave of the world, and turns the world into a boundless jungle of exotic adventures that one can get lost and forgotten in. Yes the son of God has the strength to overcome this gala-fest, and to draw with black ink on the table cloth of this Gargantuan celebration only one sign – a single, vast, question mark stretching across the world! And here, from this moment, within this question mark, wings begin rapidly to grow; and that is why these birds, pigs, fucking figures, disciples and God knows what else – glittering, flashing, mesmerizing characteristics of the surfaces of phenomena - slowly turn into silent signs, symbols, metaphors. So, here the lively pirouettes of existence stop to be caught... into the favour of deep silence, and here begin the first elevating flights of artists into the thin air.

In this space, here and there one can notice suspended signs, artists' creations - but they are not for the regulation of life-traffic. These are drafts for the perfect reality Plato suggested as the initial cause of existence of everything [*Eidos*]. These signs are the scars which result from the powerful action of the sharp wings that artists succeeded in growing.

But Florian's specific scars and signs, left in the air, dance with each other. The dance is Florian's initial vision, detected by him via his deeply subjective examination of the deeper sense of the things and events around us. His personal flight reaches up into the thin air of a sun-filled space; the warm and inviting colours of his raw canvases are create the quality within which these dancing signs are placed. Via them he speaks to us of a "happy cataclysm", where those signs are actually the debris of the once-dramatic metaphysical castle, now in ruins, no longer serving the symbolic order and its hierarchy. They became toys, freely floating and interacting with each other in a new way, free from any depth and height.

In their very essence, the cosmos of these fresh breath-filled signifiers construct a new spectacle with no beginning and no end, no dialectics and no goal/reason orientation.

The future of this cosmos refers only to the endless poetic process, and opens up further joyful explorations of the "ecstasy of the absurd". But this "absurd", being far removed from human history, bears no bitterness (contrasting to the usual human association of the loss of the sense of something). It exposes only the light of "glorious irresponsibility"! Never having this condition in his possession here on earth, man has been endlessly simulating it throughout history with help of different means: wealth, knowledge, beliefs. Every human being always was and is striving towards this divine condition, even unknowingly – it is their main obsession! Long, long ago they even invented a name for this condition, the heavy and awkward moniker "Truth" [*Logos*], which in the end became such a burden that it became their most efficient prison; one which lasted until this name "Truth" finally discredited itself fully and entirely. But since the demise of the false name, "Truth", the dance of signs in the golden air has been continually discovering and chanting the true name, "Glorious Irresponsibility".

Gia Edzgeradze