



Jonathan Meese, *Generalissimor-Monte-Cristo*, 2007, bronze, 44 x 40 x 30 cm.
Photo: Jochen Lütkeemann. Courtesy Contemporary Fine Arts, Berlin

EAT IT: JONATHAN MEESE

Jonathan Meese is a kind of artist rarely to be found outside Germany - or indeed within. Teutonic and histrionic, he often seems too wild to be sincere. His schizoid ranting has been described as pseudo, his primitivism as faux and his romanticism as ersatz. It doesn't appear to have occurred to many that Meese's invocation of a sort of primal creative fury is neither finely honed irony nor a marketing ploy - it's deadly serious. Yes, Jonathan Meese is a highly articulate, sensitive and inventive art monster. Framed in terms of his native culture, he's the bastard offspring of the unnatural coupling of Joseph Beuys and Klaus Kinski - a demagogue anti-pedagogue who knows that art shouts incomprehensible orders that must be obeyed.

Some of his best work has been done in collaboration or seen in counterpoint with that of other artists - among them Jörg Immendorff, Albert Oehlen, Daniel Richter and Tal R - so there's good reason to hope for fireworks at his show at CFA Berlin alongside leading expressionist Georg Baselitz. Expect violently composed oils with references to Nietzsche and Wagner and *Dr. No* (1962), and hideous yet accomplished bronzes with titles like *SUSSESTES Revolutionbaby Lollypie d'Animalluntea 'BLOKINDL'* (2007). The result will not be conventionally pretty, but as Meese once said, prettiness is a matter of taste. Art is a matter of digestion.
Adam Jasper

GEORG BASELITZ / JONATHAN MEESE, 24 JANUARY - 8 MARCH, CFA, BERLIN
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