I am full of meaning.

Before me a painting. One metre square. Canvas on a wedged frame. The surface primed in dark aubergine and roughened as if dried tea leaves had been stirred into the primer. Distributed over the surface, white paper balls are affixed. From some metres distance these white balls produce an effect of snowflakes. Freeze! The points with jagged edges are distributed uniformly. They produce no new picture, no higher order, no readable meaning. They are what they are. The snap-shot of a moment.

I approach the painting and see that the white balls conceal a secret. A written text, not readable, only to be surmised. Keywords: true, false, code, button, mouse on, URL. I realise: this is an html code with which an Internet domain was programmed.

Each of the paper flakes has an individual structure. They are special, as is that of which they speak. They are frozen, but produce an effect as though they were alive. They yield compounded energy. I feel the concentration. Here, thoughts are brought to the point. In their accumulation, the thought flakes turn into a murmuring in which all possibilities are contained. Pure information. Screwed up and thrown into the waste paper basket. Pure redundancy. Yes or no - the decision lies in between. The title of the painting says what I see: "cogitoergosum goes trash". I stand before this painting of Michael Weisser and think ... therefore I am!

Torn to pieces, put together to a totality

Before me a painting. One metre square. Canvas on a wedged frame. The surface primed in dark aubergine and slightly roughened as if ground coffee had been stirred into the primer. Small piles of paper are arranged with precision on the surface. One page, halved and torn, halved and torn ... the shreds, piled on top of each other and tacked, are carefully lined up on the canvas in 7 rows of 10 piles each, all comprised of torn pages of paper. Portions of information, like hot chilli pods at an Asian market. The covering pages of the piles vary between White, Grey and Black. I can recognise points which become larger, and I see fragments of texts.

I approach the painting and read lines and words from a technical novel. The manuscript page has been enlarged from time to time. The enlargement extends beyond the text, concentrates on a black point. BlowUp. The point becomes an irregular surface which is not black, but contains its own structure. At the beginning it is a text. "stay in the system". In the middle, the word "point". At the end there is a blank white sheet of paper. As if everything has been said; as if everything remains open.

I follow the flow, follow the little piles. I read from left to right, jump into the next line, read from right to left. I miss the connection, search for the logical link, feel confused, try again and realise that I am trying again and again to find a meaning. In the world of empty meanings I make myself meaning-full.