



arrow**space**

renaissance artist or underground messiah?

THE BEGINNINGS OF ARROWSPACE11, FROM THOUGHT TO ACTION

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7:30 a.m: Up and out of my bed like a bullet shot from a .350 Magnum. I need fresh-squeezed juice and rocket fuel coffee on this day, because immediately upon awakening, I am debating a conundrum of consciousness. Am I what they say? A Renaissance artist or rather an underground messiah?

Well, let's do the math. The term "messiah," for most, equals hung on cross, nails in palms, falsely accused, beat down, judged, abandoned by father, turned on mother, betrayed by a kiss and being raised from the dead. (Probably a lot like being awake at 7:30 a.m. on a Monday morning.) I slowly roll back the gigantic tombstone that is my front door and step out into the most glorious light. It is a magnificent morning. The smell of jasmine, lavender, pink roses, peppermint and strawberries infiltrate my olfactory as they drift graciously from my garden of life. It's a welcomed sensation after the bat cave, a dark night of perception. Then suddenly, in a flash of a moment, in the twinkle of an eye ... Ta da! I am Renaissance man! Beautiful muse at my fingertips.

I begin my daily ritual of immortalizing life's tragically tasty pleasures to canvas, lusting for love and affection with every stroke of the brush. Smoking like a train blazing across a European landscape, I am unleashed, uninhibited, traveling through times of Monet, Van Gogh, Picasso, Klimt, Egon, Hundertwasser, Basquiat. My mind slips into a daydream ... Paris, Spain, Italy, Morocco — it's going so fast in my brain — then suddenly I come crashing back through the hemisphere of consciousness and into the atmosphere of the messiah.

Meanwhile, in my mind's mania, the clock is ticking away. I have three days to move into Arrowspace11 where the Renaissance begins. It's not Berlin in the '20s or New York in the '70s, it's LA — right now — generated by a love for the fantastic. Mobilized by spirited artists of all genres and hosted by yours truly, because I love my life, I love my friends, I love my purpose, and after the recent death of a friend, I



realize how short life is. So today I vow to live life unreserved and make it everlasting, and then I shall rise again!

I share with you a recent dream ... I am welcomed inside a beautiful Spanish chateau. A very stocky man in a blue-and-white-striped sailor shirt ushers me into his party and introduces me to each person in the room. He proclaims the Manteau shall be passed to me and since I have no idea who this man is, I have no idea what is to be passed to me. That is until I discover a gracious balding man on the cover of a book titled *Picasso* and the quote "I do not seek, I find." Upon waking, the quote circles in my head and I recall that is exactly what one individual named Tom Solomon inspired me to do.

Tom is the son of the highly respected art collector and dealer, Holly Solomon, from NYC in its art-loving heyday. The Solomon lineage inspired me not to seek, but to find the tree of artists that I stem from and thus discovering the lineage of my work; the forefathers of my DNA stream; the Masters' footprints in the sand. My grandfather was Van Gogh, Picasso my father, Klimt my great uncle, Chagall my uncle, Egon my cousin, and my brother is most definitely Basquiat. But the question remains even for the ones who have passed: Are all of these great artists Renaissance men or underground messiahs of their time? Thus, my mental debate continues.

If you'd like to aide me in my quest, please visit www.arrowspace11.com and send me a message of enlightenment