



Micha Klein

By **Douglas Rushkoff**, author of *The Ecstasy Club*

Micha Klein's idealized photo-paintings spring from the very heart of rave culture. His is a world of sexy innocence, youthful sagacity, classic trendiness, and mutating tradition. In short: impossible.

But resonate for a moment with a blue-haired boy discovering the philosopher's stone, or a tattooed nymph floating in tetrahedral clouds, and you might just get a taste of the designer utopia to which Klein's work, and subjects, aspire.

Not since the ancient Greeks pondered and imitated the festivities at Mount Olympus has such a perfect union of decadence and Platonic ideas been proto-typed on a culture at large. Micha Klein actualizes the wistful longing and never-postponed celebration of a subculture that worships the beauty of thoughts and forms too perfect for this dimension, yet ever-present in the way they draw us forward - like a strange attractor, pulling us over the event horizon of our own curmudgeonly cynicism, and into a future as beautiful as we dare imagine.

The portals are psychedelics, of course - as they've always been - at least for a sneak peak of what's in store. But Klein's images provide new access to that same terrain. Much more than "this-is-what-you-see-when-you're-

flying-on-E," these pictures are challenges. Do you dare behold this manufactured image? To do so, is to acknowledge its very life. And to do that, well, is to accept the beauty of this alternate world as real. You know you want her, eh? Why not admit it?

The other portal, of course, is technology - the processors behind Micha Klein's alchemical collage. And his unashamed, unabashed exploitation of every digital tool at his disposal only underscores Micha's contention that "perfect" beauty hovers somewhere above the natural world - manifest only through the expanded imaginative capacity unleashed by human invention.

This is a new sort of romantic idealism for children of the synthetic age, blasting through the compromised irony of the 20th Century, towards a self-aware naivety. Actualized bliss.