

MIRCEA STANESCU

Abstract Matters

Photographically extended visuals, with a minutely selected contrast. This perspective is part of an uncensored journey of the mind on its way to the rationale for the abstract, mapping out a certain part of an inflated reality. Controversial as it is, the abstract defies the 'ubiquity of photographed images', the selfie hysteria, that of gifs, or of seasonal instagrams.

The abstract within photography is not real, but mediated, dissolved inside the concrete. It is not as detached from the objects as it is claimed and neither is it sensitively inaudible. Nevertheless, it will not remain at the level of mere speculations, lost among shadows, in their immutable passing towards darkness.

The abstract, for the reality to which you have access, is not one to encourage, but one that will instinctively oppose you, by trying to cover up its communion and complicity with the photographic protective contrast. Pliable, evasive and deeply duplicitous, the abstract evinces its own imagistic whims to frame the greys, one after the other, until extinction.

A link which should not be underestimated is the one between the abstract and alienation, between attitude and ambiguity, in which the selected reality remains nothing but a conditioned reflex of a guileful consciousness.

Leaving 'descriptive psychology' aside, together with the map of doubt, of the lack of confidence and the play of ambiguity, the journey towards the abstract is a matter of plasticity, of the eidetic spirits of the author, as he is testing, once again, the 'subtle negotiation' between art, fiction and reality.

Will art continue to be a consequence of discontentment with reality? And nothing more..?

The abstract, a concept with a unique allotropy, whose translation remains a mere desideration.

SCARA DE INCENDIU / Fire Escape Ladder /

The street now appears as a privileged theater of shadows. A framework of the claire-obscure in which scenarios of reality are perceived. The street has its own language, its restlessness and its punctuation marks. The fire escape ladder is one of them. The light organ shrouds the shapes of the street and juggles with the instances of its materiality.

Each street has a meant-to-be dialogue with its objects. A dialogue which is, however, missing its privacy, since each gesture of the street is registered by the aula of the community and may even go down in history.

This step-by-step intertwining, along the streets, is rather a Schadenfreude* tattooed with individual stories and surrealistic shadows.

Such an experience, far from being a mere tutorial of walking on the street, inevitably conveys a distinctive code of emotion. And, in so doing, the elation or the infatuation can be perceived as mysterious abilities of shadows, sliding solemnly and silently down the streets, over people and objects. Steps thus taken on such a 'sensorial asphalt' of the community, evince the patience and the curiosity of light, which allows, in some places, a genuine and gentle contact with the privacy of urban obscurities. Such areas may bear the features of a state of grace.

SUB LINIILE FERATE DIN HOBOKEN
/ Under the Hoboken Railways /

Passage. The revelations of a space with a distinct visual motivation, enveloped in near darkness, do not quite come to hand. Such a space is the kind of nurturing place bearing an enigmatical load which is strong enough to compel you to revisit and re-ponder it. The simple act of passing through such a corridor stirs up and discloses the interest for the impulses of emotions latent within memory. And within imagination. Shadows which crawl on the asphalt, one after the other, instantly reveal an involuntary daily quiz, whose questions overlap with the instinct of raw exploration.

Inside incomplete darkness, emotional states assert their supremacy. And authenticity. Every gesture of the penumbra is recounting a story- if not, thought rests unconsolated. But suspicion, doubt and precaution remain obscure. The exploring of depths denotes an appetite for the sensorial. And could be read as an 'urbanoleptic' symptom.

Where light hesitates, rhetoric prospers.

Light dictates through its frequencies the outlining of objects, which, in their turn, become doubled by the deliberate game of incestuous shadows, cast over the surrounding world. Even if we do not have the certainty of a dialogue between human beings and things, objects do have their moments, in which they are willing to help, when the outlines of reality are getting thinner, and when the 'subtle reality from a photo surpasses reality itself' (Alfred Stieglitz). Shadows overlap rigorously with components in the same state of aggregation, but their materiality is rather imperiled. Fragile.

The shadow metaphorically folds onto human beings and common objects and presents facts of everyday life, like strange associations. This 'murky process' contains in fact arguments of a prosaic 'urbanishad' where the images possess their attributes, beyond any narrative thread, of exposure or of special effects. The moment when 'talismanic significance' is bestowed upon diurnal substance remains impossible to predict.

A vade mecum of shades does not exist inasmuch that a visual trip which is 'urbanesque' must reshape itself. Impossible to catalogue, these 'restless muses', diffuse, baroque, worn or thrown out, shove the real into the unreal and thus remain the righteous prerogative of chronic anxieties, without any warranty.

PONTON
/ Pier /

The images of piles forever stuck refuses any objective (or figurative) description and is located within the area of ambiguity, avoiding to distinguish between 'pictures' and 'images', between the creation of the mind, or the echoes of memory, which are granted, by means of principle, to the imagination. The world of abandoned decks appears as an area of risk. But risk attracts, much like any latent threat, and forces you to react, to decide. The forces of water, lurking underneath,

EASTWARDS PROSPECTUS

+40 311 016 942
50 PLATELOR STREET, BUCHAREST
CONTACT@EASTWARDSPROSPECTUS.COM

urging you to choose: land or water? Real or unreal? The eye of the mind is ubiquitous, and its applied lens revels in mysterious antinomies, ex machina.

Magic lies in the uncanny rhetoric of depths.

The projection of a pontoon bridge on the mirror of the water surface can be likened to that secret geometry of things unspoken.

Those being photographed hold the lucidity of water, and the visual approach in the fashion of Sigmar Polke, imposing itself on mental sediments. And if to photograph means to confer importance on things, each 'burst of fragments' reinstates the experiment required to stimulate the viewer's consciousness.