

MIRCEA STĂNESCU

DISCUSSION WITH SUSSANE TUNN

/e-mailing on the 'Abstract Matters' photo-exhibit

Mircea Stanescu (M.S.): (...) I'm preparing now an expo for September in Bucharest. It will be a photo-exhibit, something about > artist perspective, artist choosing to work with photography as an expressive medium.

The exhibit will be called 'Abstract Matters' & there are 3 main points / 3 rooms;
1.Fire Escape Ladder
2.Under the Hoboken Railways
3.Pier / Pontoon (3 rooms >> air / ground / water)

There are deliberate high contrast images, B&White. I send you here a selection of images.

M.S.: Dear Susanne, Here are some lines to complete the matter of the photo-exhibit. (Why Matters... if Matters?) Some images are completed by considerations. I think will be better to point out some reflections on the abstract matter of the images.

This approach consider some lines I wrote, some arguments on the; city, streets, fluxus, the 'climax' and genius loci's imagery.

I began with an interview of an object (fiction, abstract). Is it possible to have a dialog with an object? Is a Fire Escape Ladder (as object) intriguing enough to offer a genuine point of view? And I add some considerations on qualities, on the nuances of the shadows. A Shady borough as a the 'genius giving attitude to the streets'.

Second part is about a passage (room 2).

Third room, Pier/Pontoon, seen as a mirroring buffer medium..

All three pointing on an abstract attitude towards the relations between the abstract and alienation. Abstract as an alien reaction... & the rhetoric of the abstract > through photo imagery > as therapy, as an antidote of the 'urbanolepsia'. That abstract doubt beyond the order of things...

Here are the images: (...)

Sussane Tunn (S.T.): Last night during the review of the images of the fire ladders (916,276,587,879), I thought about the relation and the composition of a drawing itself. A multiplied drawing form of her own shadows which follows a distinguished and secret line. And I thought about the material created against fire, a fictional system supposed to impersonate the human guardian.

M.S.: Liebe Sussane, You felt well. I started to take pictures having in mind some large drawings to do. I thought that black charcoal will fit the fire ladders. Wrapping paper was also in my mind. Fire was in my thoughts too, as an ubiquitous wing of danger, above us. And I saw also some ethical issues there. Than I took the photos.

I started though to write & analyze the shadows. The material of low light (& darkness), as a moving duplicate of steps, stairs, the way to runaway, far from the daily fears or daily quiz. After I chose to use contrast (in photography), I looked closer to the gray's layers and realize that beyond that was an abstract phantom (duplicate) of reality. So, my senses were perverted. I became an alien into a new precarious and false territory.

S.T.: I like your idea of the abstract level of content. The ladders provide an opportunity to escape, to connect, airy wide deep looks, everything in mind and if necessary also real. Lots of light bring deep shade, little light shows darkness. So the darkness is always there, compared to the coming and outgoing light.

M.S.: Next (on photos) was to realize the streets content. To look for, if possible, a dialog with the objects. The street objects. The ladder perspective who is also ambivalent and contradictory. So, I imagined an interview with a fire escape ladder (some questions in writing), as an object of the street. I asked for some answers, and then, with all that in mind, I took more pictures. I found it easier to go further with all this new drawings in my mind. The next though, was the 'curtain of iron' above the streets, the grid, the nets, that hardware motifs in between the light, reality & darkness. The abstract cocktail was there, unfriendly but stable, settled. The grill of the dark lines of shadows provoked that dialogue with the street kind of objects. My images tried to get to the inner story of that shadows. (...)

S.T.: I like the ambivalent depth in your work and your thoughts of the curtain of iron. It opens up for me images and my thoughts flow around the geometry of life and the lightness of a place - the internal geometry and an universally view in the clouds. So the Ladders may be a prosthesis to look or to go into another sphere.

M.S.: Liebe Sussane, About the second room. Under the Hoboken Railways is about a passage. A tunnel, a looking up perspective also based on the traces of the abstract presence. You find yourself researching the vibes of the unknown, the tales of the objects through a photo-'parcours' game of shadows. A wonderland of the parabolas. The Abstract is a territory of epiphanies. Of parabolas. An object of mind, wandering in low light fragments (photos), sharing the sweet duplicity of the abstract in pictures. A notion with no definition. Ineffable? A reality with no proofs, no evidence, made of successive overlays...

S.T.: Lieber Mirceas, Deine Fotos 'Under the Hoboken Railways' haben eine sehr intensive und irisierende Wirkung auf mich. Halt suchend folge ich der Schwere und löse mich in der Leichtigkeit auf. Ein irritierender Taumel. Ordnung, Konstrukt, Wiederholung heben sich auf und verschleiern den zugrunde liegenden Plan des Gerippes. Resonanz und Rausch je tiefer ich in den opaken und flirrenden Stellen tauche./

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Your photos, 'Under the Hoboken Railways' have a very intense and iridescent effect upon me. Stop searching I follow to the gravity and loose myself in the ease. An irritating swash. Order, construct, repetition cancel each other out and obscure the underlying plan of the skeleton. Resonance and noise more deeply I dive into the opaque and flickering bodies. Till later,S.

M.S.: Liebe Sussane,
Some words now about the third room. (above the water surface photos)
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After dancing with the shadows and the symmetry of the Railways, here comes an abstract liquid touch.

Pier/Pontoon. The territory comes with an informal view of the underwater polls relics, the nervous surface of water, the eternal trembling picture of the light cruise.

The pier topos are mysterious and risky, intrigued by this slippery zone of unexpected overlays, opacities and transparencies, where the Abstract becomes almost reality.
Fear or fever?! Abstract let your spirit free. (...)

S.T.: With the water photos you change into another state of aggregation. I feel that the different type of temperature and pressure opens the view. What does it mean for you?..

M.S.: Introducing a water photo's room was the horizontal come back. The intrusive water objects are always aggressive. The result of a struggle. And yes, that geometry of the water field have an influential pressure on the water skin and above. I feel them related to the water mirror and to the fading shadows of the overwhelming savage sky.

For me the heaviness of the sky and the degrees, the levels of light strained by the nature are the connection with the abstract level. It's a secret and a prove of a tiny and subtle stardust touch, similar to the uninvited thoughts into the silence of a waiting empty hall of the world. (...)

After this sentences on the three photo rooms demo, seems easier to evaluate the potential of the abstract field in the photos. This kind of expertise must be read as a visual challenge, helping the viewer to realize if abstract really matters for him. A matter, if matters..

Next time: > The Abstract, self-conscious by his omnipresence, like an endless threat.
& > The Abstract and the sounds of silence. (...)

S.T.: Lieber Mircea, our mails and thoughts are crossing intensively, not one after another, but connected in a way of unknown lines.

M.S.: More on the abstract Matter: Floating in the air like sounds, music, light, shadows, the abstract quality of the images (photos), must rejuvenate their power in relation with the viewer. The rhetorical content of images comes to life and add new mental scenarios on real. The fantasy is the substance of the mind objects and the magic is in the unusual intrigue of their deepnesses. This line of pictures involves similarities with an abstract zone hopefully become clearer by the image. Abstract matters, even if his existence cannot be proved into a spiritual laboratory. Abstract stays away from lucidity.

The aim of this skeptical 'neo-concrete' look is less prepared for an ethic view, so unreliable.

This 'neural-selected-images' confirms the 'photo-instinct' provocation, the conspiracy of the hazard and the canonical silence of chronophobia, fully charged by the pitoresque state of mind, recollections and nostalgia. Abstract is pragmatic not pathetic.

M.S.: Liebe Sussanne, The Abstract is an alternative reality, a notion of spread spectrum. Is an immaterial presence, hard, structured, organized, skeptical and unfriendly. His visual surface structured

by the daily refreshing drawings and images, similar to a sound platform, listening the vibrations, the tonalities, the temperature of color and the voice of the nature's libretto.

Aware that he cannot be reduced or replaced with solely conceptual thoughts, or visual metaphors. The abstract prefers confusion to clarity. Abstract is less rebellious. Installed in a comfortable position, immaterial, is not aggressive, is tenacious. 'Small steps, raise concentration'. His perseverance encourages his persistence. His symphony of sensors always helps to escape in style of any confrontation.

In a world where our reality is mastered by words, by new languages, and shaped by photography every second, the abstraction plays a rejuvenated significance. His peculiar position is stimulated by the lyric emulsion of a new era. (...)

S.T.: Dear Mircea, I'm just on the road from Berlin to Osnabrück to reinstall my tin grip at the Kunsthalle. Midnight - driving, listening music from the radio, viewing the lights passing by and the strong darkness around is abstract and real in one breathe . I remember the first photos I saw from you many years ago in Sibiu. They also have this strong darkness, which I like so much. I ask me, or better you, do you have also very white photos?
It is a pity that I cannot come to the opening in Bukarest to see the three rooms with all the photos. I hope, I will have the opportunity change to see it an other time.

I have to say, that your words have a strong lyrical power and I feel, that your lyric is the second leg of your art work.

M.S.: Those rooms confronted with people's attention was a good thing. Texts were working with images & playing with their perceptions. Tall ceilings & the XIX's century doors worked together. The Abstract spirit was trapped there too. Between visitors and visuality (vi-SUA-lity), between black and white and words... The first vibes were not bad. We'll see.
And the abstract Persona was here/there!...

M.S.: *Retrospective morning manipulated by mind, dreams, recollections & technology. I haven't finished my thoughts on the abstract issue. Time beat me. Again.
My notes >unfinished;
*our own reality shaped by photography (metaphors & parabolae) & mastered by words & languages..
*abstract as -a libretto approach > subject to interpret & interpretations > photos with words
*compositions to listen, to decipher, to interpret > images picturing states of mind..
-*the Spread spectrum - this pixelated world of detailed frequency signals (on this sensorial diabolicum utopia...'The Paradise of the Phantoms')
* world of new dimensions / 2&3D>4D /on ambiguity & vanity > and fight for clarity
*magic of recollection + the nature of reality and abstraction > in pictures.

Instead of conclusion: >To evaluate the abstract > still an utopia - beyond the reasonable doubt. A paradise of doubt > rhetorical. Counting the number of questions raised by the subject >unsolved.
The exhibit is open. The feedback button is on.

S.T.: Hi Mircea, I'm also back in my home place. Thanks a lot for your thoughts. The image of your show give me the feeling of being there, but on the other hand it is a pity that I cannot stand directly before your images.

Do you know the work from John Cage (ASLAP - As slow as possible) ? I haven't been in Halberstadt yet, but for me it is a wonderful work - reality and abstraction is melting together. (...)