

Anca Munteanu Rimnic

Drawings

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There remains an unofficial proscription on touch. No, don't touch: touch has no acuity, helps discern the optima of the other senses by its own failure, touch leads nowhere. Touch reproduces itself behind the mind, just as sight finds its unique mirror in the cerebral court. Touch nullifies, and births on the other side. Touch is sexuality. Touch is pre-sociality, or sociality itself. Touch is evidentially not-sexual, because sexual seems to have its own category. Touch remains the undefined, the ultraimmediate that immediacy can never qualify since it is also a temporal notion. Touch erases all that, or razes it, or other holy verbs. Touch is Shiva the destroyer, and inversely is combated as Shiva the annoyer, the gadfly of what the world would/could really want. High light is just as visible as due obscurities.

As the light will whirl continuing whirl, Anca Munteanu will touch at all costs. The violence of the motion of light and object must come to something, since it is the quintessentially unreliable map, the window onto the world omnifreckled in odd, onerous, and intractable designs. Hence a weird, coruscating, and nervous task comes. Divine anxiety: "the world is mine but it is not". In the Munteanan case, one allays anxiety by use of touch. Curiosity in regard can only be secured through sudden touch. With the touch of the inveterate, compulsive healer (er, toucher), the innate salve, even the smotherer (which in the Munteanan case somehow hopes to lead to laughter, even if plaintive).

Smother and laughter alight upon the workshop. Waiting for that thoughtful cataclysm where the hand divines its needs in advance of its needing to, and well after its wanting to. Anca Munteanu places her hands at the pit of every piece, and then places the piece. She does not use her hands to form anything. She uses her hands to decide, never to make. It is quite common for eyes to have hands, but I believe it less common for hands to have eyes. If Anca Munteanu were to work in clay, nothing would ever happen! Maybe a brain in each hand too, like that Steve Martin movie "The Man With Two Brains In His Hands".

I think that Heidegger makes it a point to link thinking, thanking and memory together etymologically, so that he can make any outrageous injustice that befalls the Idea just again, and forever again. Like most, Anca Munteanu says thanks with her art, for she thinks with it. But, that memory should continue through the display of an artwork is completely coincidental. There is always the path of the hand through the world: the hand that helps the world by taking back the world; it is only through facets of touch that we are not artists, and we suddenly vacate our place as *homo faber*. As the artwork sails to remote shores of some edifice, the lilt and huff of touch remains unmoved and no one remembers it. Anca Munteanu tries to remember touch. In the fear, joy and fury of an artist, the world is refused its drift. What is impassible is taken in hand and held unto release (er, death).

Perhaps it's because I held her hand in my own that I can't but address the profundity of touch in Anca's work. I've held enough hands to know that hands are different. And so I scream (grin, or some other holy verb) that touch itself chooses to define and not-know the world of order, even if it is the progenitor of all games. Healing with no remorse: consummate tenderness, not clemency.

But maybe it is clemency in the end, because we do have art work. We have a circumspect eye even behind the touch-behind-the-mind. In the cool heats of love and inspiration design can arise as legible. And that fugitive legibility and its romantic vise on art (er, aesthetics?) are utterly, fantastically, simultaneously (not immediately!) present and manipulable. Manipulable: the Latin 'hand' makes this word: Anca Munteanu helps inaugurate its resuscitation in the creative act that outwits educated poetry.

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