

On Arik Miranda's solo exhibition 'Seven Days to Love' in Visual Drugs Gallery
Zurich by Ben Baruch Blich

Being exposed to Arik Miranda's sensitive one line scribbles is a unique visual experience: on the one hand they materialize themselves by the very touch of paint and pencil, yet on the other hand they seem to evaporate in the thin air as if their existence is unstable, shaky, hidden and implied. These entity-non-entity representations bring to the open questions as to the nature of art, creativity and what is considered as visual culture. It seems to me correct to say that Miranda's art is an open texture rendering without a definite subject or an articulate statement, and as such it puts our conventional understanding of what is art under a magnifying glass. And indeed, his works compel to examine them with an innocent eye stripped off any of the known genres we are familiar with in the arts. Miranda is not an impressionist, nor he an expressionist or a surrealist; his works do not correspond with postmodern realism and he defies any connection to popular art. And yet, Miranda takes us by surprise with his tender and sensitive point of view on what art should dedicated itself to. If I read him correctly, Miranda gently *protests* by his insistence on pure undefined renderings that art has abandoned its obligation for exhibiting the elements of the arts, i.e.: lines, patches of color, strings of curves, which were suggested by Paul Klee in his Pedagogical Sketches, as the pillars of visual presentation.

By committing himself to these non-gravity entities: black and white canvases smeared with minimal hinted lines either as a positive rendering or as a negative one, Miranda constitutes a new and fresh approach to what is considered as the traditional well established goals artists for centuries strived to depict, i.e.: the very essence of the line, the dot, the curve – cornerstones of reflections by art and in art.

Having a deep and unbiased look at the works exhibited one will no doubt come to the conclusion that their merit lies in the twilight zone between traditional art with an extensive touch by far east calligraphy, and a profound reflective understanding of their role in western civilization. The black canvases allude no doubt to Malevich's black void paintings, and the golden-bronze dotted scribbles vigorously put them in context. The same goes with the empty white canvases delicately scribbled with short undefined lines. Both manifest a profound apprehension of what painting is vis-à-vis traditional ancient calligraphy as opposed to western black void canvases done by Malevich.

It is therefore in place to say that Miranda serves as a bridge between the sources of artistic skills originated in Eastern Cultures and what we are familiar with as residents in Western Culture. As such his works put us in a reflective mood bringing up undefined memories, imaginary daydreams, scattered maps of forgotten terrains, ideas we have not put into words, in short – Miranda's studies make us think, observe and reflect at hidden primeval non-articulate thoughts.

To end this short note, let me say that the whispering voice of Miranda is a merit of its own we rarely witness in postmodern art, which unravels what art is all about.

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