

The Tactile Breath: A Response to Hung Keung's Finger-Buddha Works  
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When I first encountered Hung Keung's Finger-Buddha paintings, I recognized something deeper than technique. These were not images. They were imprints: of time, of memory, of contact. Not representations of the sacred, but transmissions of a moment in which the sacred was touched.

And touched back.

In these works, the fingertip becomes an instrument of radical attention. It does not seek to depict. It transmits. Through ink, pressure, breath, and presence, Hung captures something I have long tried to approach in my own art practice and exploration of the Bodhisattva path: the felt reality that perception is not passive. It is contact. It is vibration. It is a current running between the world and the self, where both are transformed.

Hung's work reminds us that to perceive is to surrender: to let go of interpretation, explanation, authorship. His finger, carrying the textured memory of ancient stone, becomes the site of aesthetic awakening. The result is not painting as expression, but painting as phenomenological trace: the ripple left by a sacred touch across time.

In the tradition of the Bodhisattva, there is no need to declare presence. Presence simply acts. These works act. They breathe. They remain.

To witness them is to be reminded that art, at its core, is not a product but an event. A whisper from fingertip to field of vision: you are here, now.

Everything is already present. Presence is everything.