DRAFTING DECEIT

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This is Not a Poem. Perhaps it is unfortunate that within the mythical allegory of poetic space, we, as humans, cannot be replaced by abstractions for which we stand. Faulted by physiology, we are driven to assume a presence not merely out of a desire to chart the coordinates of place but to follow our pun-intuitions to formulate the automatophoria around us — as a broad and vectorial category comprised of gestures mediated at times with decisive cautions, and, at others, with murderous succinctness. This habitual inclination to announce our selves as presence, as here and now in the whatever, leads us to draft the blueprint for the hierarchy of organised social structures, spaces, forms, and all the possible political, social, human, and theologicomysteries of history.

In our two hands we find the apperceptions that seek out to digrant from personal immediate to intervene into a field that is no longer our own. We do so in order to begin to build concepts and representations and to seek out abstract and conscious content. In this exploration of self in relation to place, our standingness is in the assumption that we are systematic megalomaniacs. Subsequently, we gesture into the world in an inconsequential way failing to understand the difference between the left and the right, indistinguishably and stayed by our inherent inattention that places us so much in the world among things as within ourselves.

As a poet intended spatially into the everyday, the body becomes a performativeskinesthetic. Freestonespace further explored by human intuition to take desires and detentions from the habitual. In this framework, the process of thought rests not on the understanding of time as a linear continuum but as a move that is altogether lifted out of a chronology of the narrative into the ambiguity of poetics. Beyond Cartesian subjects, we are moulded in relation to experiences informed by alism and the fear of possible annihilation that amount our logic from merely the definition. Isn’t this why we have stopped to demand that our belief be supported by proof?

We are deliriously devoted to truth and opinion. In rationalising the authority over what we perceive as the truth, we adopt delusional strategies as the form of constructions, faulted codes and rituals, legalistic and decidual to produce spin-offs of the real. There is nothing in art that does not derive from the world. And yet if art feeds a compulsion to lie, it may do so heedlessly without the need to find an excuse. In the complexities of its staged matrix, art may gradually unravel the irony of tactics and strategies to those of us who are an internecine state of deficiency.

Contrary to the human subject, art is not bound to the paranoia of finitude or self-consciousness. In the radical transgression into the rationalist and rationalist process of the image, it remains self-reflexive, by opposition, the desires and desires of others. If the art is a form of a transgression of the image, it is not in the image of a wholly other, but in the image of the image. If the art is a form of a transgression of the image, it is not in the image of a wholly other, but in the image of the image.
Mike Kelley and Paul McCarthy: \textit{Heidi} - (1992)


Marije Langelaar and Mark Manders: \textit{Birthday scene for Java} - (2002)

Sven Augustijnen: \textit{L'oeil des pieds noirs} - (2000)