

A landscape emerges after several months in your bed sheets. Parts grow with intentional and unintentional creativity, even – they want pure surrender, a reality TV show of ‘emotions’ but you know there is no difference between one and the other, making the hierarchies repetitive, dysfunctional, futile.

Is there such a thing as absolute error? Is there a way out of regret? Once you refuse to do something, is there a way of turning back – to say, I was the one that didn’t do this or that?

Parallel to actually doing what is necessary to make something out of the situation, one can relapse into a disjointed frame of mind in order to fill the deficit. Parallel to behaving antagonistically to a fundamentally platitudinous canvas wherein the inevitability of certain sociological superstructures form the most part of its identity e.g. in art history where artists such as Cy Twombly got a hand in first editions, one can instead ‘progress’ in accomplishing what is considered a deeper more socially desirable ‘open mind’. Between these poles something happens; the further away these poles drift, the greater the offence.

There are some crummy artists who appear to be walking history. They say “this is me, I am walking history” and for the most part, all the others believe them except a few. Others, without being fully aware of themselves, overload absurdity, garbage paint, crayons, indecipherable texts, over-workings to create an appetite for a far graver question ‘why did you?’ rather than a light-hearted and harmless ‘how could you?’ A bit like Jean Pierre Brisset, people laughed at him, misinterpreting the temper entirely. They needed a buffering distance-cushion of belittlement to make them feel better.

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