

The Eternal Painting in KIRAC episode 25 'Male Love'



The gonzo-filmmaking of Stefan Ruitenbeek produces a holographic image in which not one of the actors has a clue what's going on – even the artist himself is caught in the frame, perhaps as the eternal archetype of the trickster – a character I would attribute to Stefan only with the premise that he wants to use these elements to lead us towards the sublime experience of being able to react to a complete, created picture of timeless beauty, conveyed via contemporary shapes or forms and separated characters. The clear-cut archetypes and inescapable subject of the not-so-artworld give the work substantive direction, until long after the raw footage has been shot. What has always drawn me to filmmaking is the possibility of a reversed writing process, the possibility to manipulate what might be going on, hours, days, years after the psychotic instance of creating an artwork. I have been stranded, for two weeks already, by trying to keep the subject to myself, while the subject should always already be inescapably caught in the medial act of making art.

Clear-cut archetypal characters?



Did you get that?

The eyes: look. All that's said, is said with a clear intention or premise – of which the purveyor himself is seldomly aware: Philip, the all too comfortable for decades on end inexpressive child who can't lose (money) any longer so he doesn't have to care for safety, an invulnerability which makes him unable to produce the work of art himself, a bearded man presented, having sadistic, protected fun, in an effort to immortalize himself as one the subjects he usually gawks at passively, but really on the receiving end of secret remedial teaching; an exciting, lively double act for which he knows he has to sacrifice some of his ambrosia.



You might see yourself
as an exceptional person.

Bart, in skeptical disbelief, the typical moral knight, the deeply cynical everyman, the Gifted Child of divorced parents that doesn't really want to be sitting there except in moral judgment, covert claustrophobic aggression, caught deeply in the rectangular

arrangement of information and external validation of other people's wins and losses within their own little games, in the useless hope for an absolute moral whilst unaware of the simple nature of good and bad, or, singularity and plurality.



The politician Diederik Boomsma takes on a servitude easily rhymed with that of Animal Farm's Squealer, but, I might be a bit of a bully towards this man obviously unfit for combatting Philip's stern belief in his empirical reality, yet, when safely guarded, intellectually able to defend the faux moral façade used by monetary rulers through the ages, embodying a natural inferiority sprouting from the physically subpar beginnings and the postnatal snapshot of a baby born in Christian servitude to angry old white fathers, siding with the oppressor for means of survival, blushing away as the two blond-haired men do brilliantly in this so-truthful-it's-funny-and-ugly-and-beautiful picture that took me a second viewing in order to peer through the veil of the discursive contents.

Then we have Stefan, the organizer and rightfully bored Dutchman who loves Art and nothing but Art so much he takes on the unholy chore of setting up a documentary trap for the puppets of the Great Painter to fall exactly into place in his undoubtedly fluctuating experience of manic brilliance during post-production. He sits, laughs, manipulates tactfully, paints with social skills and sacrifice, knows what he wants and what he has, just as Philip does, hence they're brothers in arms, Abrahamic adrenaline junkies, no, Abrahamic lovers. One could notice I might take sides of those who philosophically conclude in every instance, one of which does this via overt cynicism and the other via art and its engrained playfulness in joy of mere *seeing*. I find myself championing those who at least seem to want to have the stomach to take themselves apart on the limb so I don't have to, too much. Not that I have to. I'm here to learn. I learn by being critical. Philip and Stefan seem adept in guarding their own evaluation by not only criticizing themselves but also finding strength in their weakness, which gives them an unseriousness in their seriousness. I'm like a wolf, breaking up the Shepard's herd for the sole pleasure of breaking them apart only to show myself apart to reveal that they're the Shepard too, so I am.



Philip, you're like that too!
It's how you got rich!

Then we have the three filmmaking youngsters standing at the edge of a geyser, laughing like goats, surely sobbing in silent judgment after bedtime, semi-eagerly waiting to be caught in the boiling stream of letting go of all of life's eluding morals, or, judgment, while remaining grounded in art and money, silence, or otherwise, inevitably used as mere figures in its all-encompassing, static painting of disagreement, immorality, insecurity and unrest of which the modern gonzo-renaissance brushstrokes of Stefan have given me the chance to experience the brief psychedelic clarity of looking around as if a lithic ricochet suddenly turns sentient in the midst of an explosion, which is a repeatable effect of an experiment with similar results for which we can set the documentary trap with lighting and film and Premiere Pro, which is so nice about art.

What have I learned?

For all my life, I have rebelled against the duality of choosing a subject, choosing a single option from all of life's infinitudes. I have always enmeshed myself into my products and frustrated myself by the sexless, vegetarian cannibalistic urge of science, psychology and education across the board, to separate the author and the researched subject. Of course, nothing was as intelligent and true as my deepest pillow-thoughts were, so, I kept it to myself. Now, after five years of education in the arts, I want to give up this stagnant implosion of looking for a candle where there's darkness and the sun is out and everybody's playing games. I want to hop in and start taking on subjects, of course, still, only to dissect them so one can recognize the same in all, which is my goal, naturally. KIRAC's shown me the balls it takes – in closeup – to take on subjects and pull them along in an entropic, balletlike fall, which, when done well, will end in a soft bed of mutual understanding, since nobody will win this game except for who enjoys the process, which Stefan's obviously doing in the films. What I will do is make art about the art, and only present the eternal Shape Sorting Cube of the principal archetypes of the human condition, I guess, whatever,

maybe I'll draw apples forever. I will start making it hard for myself by becoming outspokenly critical: unwise. I might end up talking to myself.