

## Paranoid Delusion

Recumbent, the fabric falls, a slippery piece of velvet down the body, from the stone slab to the floor, in a viscous drape. This is a shot. First, last, in-between— indistinguishable.

Above or below, the other acts as a duplicitous extension, a *tricker*.

It claws its way up the ladder, seeks dominance. Here, the salamander's gait strange in its aerodynamic carapace is ambiguous. There, languid, almost taunting, hair undulates. The underlying replicas strike through associative disorder. B.P.D.\* Doubled sound effects, blurred overlays.

The insertion of one reality into another, the penetration of a forclosed zone, warps the dimensions. Outlaw collage.

The filthy, accoutered figure emerges in the heterodox mosaic. Flames burst, the brazen flow constellates, and at the gates of perception, a silhouette and its implosion take shape. The portrait then is a descent into hell for the psyche—one and undivided. But who speaks?

In a noxious haze, the panda's eye twitches, its claw trembles with childish impatience— to obliterate, to flay, to lacerate. Its paw shakes off the blood. The medieval mutant convulses. Patterns of bruises, scattered across a sum of off-screen frames and nested shots.

We scrutinize, in complicit terror and delight, the snapshot of decomposition. From the depths of parts making the whole, the viciously looped, waterlogged time allows painting to multiply— a cathedral of shadowy personalities, mannequined on the surface of a free zone. The loop—fox-like—builds a versatile gallery of obstructed stained glass. From reflection to echo, a ball of hybrids in diverging, converging bodysuits celebrates, dances. Excesses, jigs, flanks, and pelts detonate.

Cyborg fissure vs. damned mineral. In the absence of ooze, we witness the centrifugal force of these latent bodies. Floating on the edge, liminal, a ribbon, knotted.

Is it the garter of a profaned vestment? A coat of arms, or the quintessence of a consecrated identity? Or merely the hallucination of a sick eye?

In loops.

Fragments of these frilled, shattered bodies are arranged in a polychronic, paranoid stylism. Conflicting interrelations take root.

Larval, the neighborhood feud is urticant, bellicose, nuclear. Uggly stepsister.

The layering hits the mark, transparencies duel.

The panda's eye superimposes itself onto the madonna.

The fight goes on.

Must one sever limbs to join the game? Outside the ring, on the horizon of the outsider's gaze, the mediated portrait acts in delay, disguising a faun with no sutures, layer upon layer, reiterated. The kinky stratifications, the mute fragments, are left there as representations— crude, abrupt, schizoid bridges on the edge of flat worlds. Masks crack; celluloid overlays, repurposed into paint and grimaces, play the grand game of spills, tearings, hybridizations.

Pasted together, garish postures. Corybantes, priests clad in soiled, vicious armor, these tricksters, then, a rogue, unbridled species, hybridized from odds and ends, bastard scraps and ideally stamped sheets, reassembled to give the troupe's alignment the feel of an explosion and collective, perpetual.

The great pictorial bridge, now iconodule, now iconoclast, binds chimeras to impossible repentance.

There are more bodies.

Additions: these hands grid and trace a graphic alphabet, substituting the primary collage with the valences of a polyphonic image like a current traversing, transplanting the multireferential, the data, the meta. Shells and cuirasses, redingotes and doublets shape the painted postures in two contingent movements: one exploding forward on the surface, the other sour, lateral, or barycentric, receding. What falls— birth, grotesque, the formed— is it joyful in Lauren Coullard's work, or merely satirical, if not introspective? It is the collapse of a body quickly regaining its footing.

These paintings are the adventure of the mismatched uniform, the tale of inner battles, wandering hands, iconographic brainwashings, lobotomies at full gallop. *Parmigiana, basta pasta!*

Tearings, by cut-and-paste.

The rest burns.

The skin, boneless, rises.

The being here lies, in the portrait gallery, to be remembered—or not at all.

Mathieu Buard, August 2025

- **Borderline Personality Disorder**