## **Against Irony**

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Irony is a *deliberate strategy* intended merely to create distance, merely to be able to look the other way, merely to avoid viewing the essence of visual art, literature, theory or opinion – as a creator or spectator – in its direct form.

Irony is a tactic employed by the lazy, cowardly and idle. It is an attempt, a wish, not to be held accountable for what is said, written or done: it was after all intended *aloofly*, with a pale smile, a grotesque slight curling of the lips which *feigns* insight, but in a duality expresses nothing more than *inability*: inability to make a statement and assume full responsibility for doing so.

Irony is an expression of fear and, at the same time, a gratuitous display of ostensible intelligence. It stands, on the one hand, for the wish to remain a spectator, the suggestion of neutrality, and on the other hand, for the will to nonetheless be recognized as having an opinion or a taking a stance. It is a façade: the affirmation of not wanting to face the complex network that, in a few brave cases, one dares to call security.

Irony is *a diversion* that leaves improper space for the observer to distance himself, space that the observer fills with ironic *reflection*, which overshadows any substantial contemplation. It is the means used in approaching a matter so as not to be subjected to its full implication out of fear, out of laziness, out of boredom.

Irony is a *worthless choice* of juxtaposing a message with an opposing image or statement, with a renouncing tone or dismissive gesture, which leaves everyone's stance undisputed, and yet expresses that *one has understood* it: how shameless! Shameless because, in doing so, one prefers the indisputability of an idea or status to an actual critique of the parameters with which we approach the world. Irony is a feint. It insinuates the presence of potential meaning and negates it at the very same time. It is nothing other than an escape, a fear. a fear, in fact, of standing unconditionally behind a recognition, a declaration of previously mentioned parameters; a fear of actually committing to this statement or, at least, to the importance of making a statement as an act in itself.

How shameless!