

Whether a a literal definition of visual Art will help any graphist artist make the images they want to see easier to see in three dimensions, I don't know, but such definition may clarify those intentions and may therefore discipline the techniques needed to achieve those ideal images.

Art begins in the private head, just as it is only appreciated from there, and has no value in darkness. It is no currency for the Puritan and so Art pertains firstly to the artistic persona and that is our first definition of it – or our first confession of same.

The word *ART* is Latin, the tongue of the ancient Romans and is still the language of Catholic liturgy. It means, *CRAFT*, but the word is used in all Romance tongues to mean visual fiction, as distinct from the merely applied arts of textile, furniture or architecture, which, despite their relative aesthetic qualities, do not invoke the psychodrama that does any kind of fiction, visual or otherwise, because the application of fiction is to the mind and not to the body. Art is from and to the Mind, across the chasm of light or sound, which include literature and theatre, although some sexy artfulness is needed to make painterly fiction, and rather more than is needed to daydream its content before literal execution in any given medium.

Thus (visual) Art is the application of fiction to visible surfaces (or to masses in the case of sculpture), whose perceptual medium is light, just as that of our dreams are and as such, is the sunlit fiction, unless one paints in only luminous paints as if to imitate the experience of literal dreams or of firelit scenes acted by fantasist sages, or unless one looks at pictures only by night with candle or torch like a miser. Even so, though mute and still, even if the artist writes his signature or hieroglyphs upon them, pictures are not braille any more than music is morse.

The psychodrama or visual fiction is that thing or experience where we witness the fictions of more or less figurative skill or art, unless abstract, rather than naturally imitative; thus we witness the naked face of the remote artist's self-outing and so witness the outlook of said person.

In this way, the artful fiction is recursive, asking us to match our imagination to its content with our natural choices which is all instinctive taste is. After all, no one has an abstract face, or wishes to see ugly faces unless a masochist aesthete, and so most fiction is idealist and selective.

The psychodrama a visual fiction evokes in the sunlit onlooker's waking mind, it makes of the image either a virtual mirror of our tastes, or a fake window into the virtual space of a stranger's unforseen inner life.

There exist both famous pictures we seldom see and exists, obscure pictures in various media we never forget, some merely journalistic but iconic, which we never forget, which latter are still fictional if posed. Even photography is artistic to that extent and a dull photograph is still a visual fiction; however, its selective identity is still redolent of a circumstantial edit and is still not honester than an outright fiction, hence biographies are often tendentious than frank fiction.

All the images within any picture, artfully depicted within the chosen focus of the subjective framework are, of course, posed firstly in the imagination of the dreamy artist, as if they were mute stills from an ongoing film that unfolds through the biography of the private daydreamer's mind and indeed, the framing image of the invisible plane of the finite art object constitutes reflective images of the the virtual space of the imaginative mind and of the space meant by the picture's perspective that reflect that same space back at the picture's maker, but also do so to the artwork's witnesses; Art

must be social, and was always ritual and tribal rather more than merely original or narcissistoid.

All fiction is a psychodrama, just as all creativity is, that begins in the mind first, and this is true of scientists, too, many of whom are known to have had visions other than of materialist numbers, but fiction is not scientific, it is evolutionary in that it envisages the discovery of the soul, and thus I name it the art of the psychodrama and even of survival in extreme cases if starving in a cultural desert and seeing mirages of painterly fruit.

Visual fiction is one of the easiest fictions to attend since pictures exist as stills in space, unlike audio-visual theatre or its cinematic evolution, the kinema, and it is unlike music or spoken fiction that play in time, rather than in the space of a sunlit glance, so that it is we who must stop in time before the inner space of the image, whose canvas and paint mass besets real space in order to depict imaginary space that penetrates mere reality, as the mind does, life.

Images, even billboards, disguise the circular horizon, the meteoric skies and even the underworld, when vintage mosaics. Visual fiction arrests the body and is far less a spectacle than the embodied spectacularity of theatre or film and no one can dance or sing to sculpture, although it, too, is visually yet also solid fiction.

Visual fiction depicts both mass and light with the reflective mirrors of earthen pigments and imitates mass with the perspective of imaginary light, but we daily we see attractive objects and people immediately to our taste and distaste, and the artwork and what it depicts can be like a remote metaphor for our own normal visual or auditory experience, which becomes the substance of the dreams daydreamers weave fiction from.

The picture is mute, like the vision of a Seer, unless its ambitious maker has made of it a prosaic propaganda like an Egyptian stele's saga with mute letters like icons, but even fonts are visible and may be more or less pleasant to us, like any applied art as a design.

As such, any picture is a lucid dream in paralysis and like any fiction, demands a suspension of unbelief and the benefit of the doubt that forgives some abstract elements or of surrealism in the figuratives mimeses of natural likenesses in the pictorial space or surface that any onlooker must grant artistic licence within the needful focus of any given prejudice.

Thus if the image is surrealist, then it is only redundant journalism, yet if its abstraction is extreme, it is as bland as a random derelict and so visual fiction is that wavelength between, that brackets quality art, appreciable to the mainstream witness or to the connoisseur Aesthete.

Great and good art is between those two extremes of the literal Right and of the materialist Left, is between the extremes of mechanoid Things and chemical Death, and is any original variable in the figurative spectrum, and likeliest to provoke the psychodrama of ripe interest in the percipients observant mind that the artwork's possessive artist is likeliest to seek, upon the unveiling of the likely masterwork at public shows.

An image is an image of space, but images are lit, unless tactile braille, so that an image is an image of spatial light, whether it be of the sun, a fire or is lit artificially and the same is true of the images in our minds, for it is the mind that sees and which can only do so in the dimension of its own inner light, by means of the phosphor of the monocular inner eye.

We can indeed see in darkness, but can see inside only recursively, as if we mirror reality in our existential darkness so that visual art is that combination of inner private vision with the public visions of dreamers, dreams existent through the mute vector of solid objects such as pigments

blended inside oily glues who can only speak should they depict lyrics, and we exclude from depictive media, here, the literal theatre, whose pigmentary objects are biologoid actors who merely *Behave* and *Utter* the import of another's scriptures like so many emotional slaves.

Thus we exclude the spectacular audio-visual kinema, whose public medium is phototheatroid technology, which medium only abstracts life's space onto a changeling picture plane, a tale thrown by a projector, onto a picture plane which as such, frames a brazen dream.

The maker of images projects from dreams within, to publicise the private as if a dreammonger's confession. The artist paints stills from a dream that may have been a private film, as all dreams are.

Abstraction and Photorealismus.

Given *Art* is a Latin word, *Ars*, meaning craft we conceive that Art means aesthetoid mimesis (Any visual or other fictional mode of fiction such as sculpture), therefore, *Abstract art* is an oxymoron, and at best only bespeaks pattern recognition in its relative randomness, much as a Rorschach blot might, which lucky blots lack even legible pattern, and which one can consider figural illiteracy.

Abstract art is the oxymoronic expression of the idiot or of the insane, barking primitive emotions, whose import is sensationally obvious, and objectively redundant. Interpretation of it is guesswork, but one does not query the fake sum of a time-wastrel meaningless object, nor of a blunt saw, that lacking sawfulness, is thus no saw and unfit, like perverts or rubber hammers: Oxymorons are not fit for purpose, form must follow function, while anti-art is a parasite because if it has no form, yet steals space and time of real fiction, as insanity does personality, as tin steals gold coinage.

We should have long since reevolved from Duchamp's pissoir troperies, without resorting to the stale extreme of pictorial literalism which photography trumps, should one crave pedestrian literalism.

Cameras are like any machine, old AI, and are no consciouser than computers, stones, or than the avalanches of Pollock or than the slurries of Rothkowitz, while the infantile figures of Dubuffet are at least figuratively semi-conscious, like a drunkard is or like Soutine's hysterias are.

If the foregoing seems pretentious, bear in mind the loquacious drivel needed to promote Abstract art to the insider dealer and his, to the buyer or windowshoply public, *and* to justify it to spendthrift collectors. The Unenlightened heathen cannot behold Damian Andre's bricks or Carl Hurst's half a hippo or Tracy Yeniceri's Unmade wankpit, without the sleazy feel of of uncomely loneliness.

The yokel public of Outsiders often fail to see the sublime merit of Andrew's bricks or of Hurt's Eric the half a shark which modern anti-art betokens the start of the anti-art complot just before world war one with Dada and Surrealisme, and means Modernism is a 100 years out of date until becoming untethered into the wasteland of conceptual art and of Herringbone Bathweasel. One might choose Foster Jenkins or The Porstmouth symphonia over Jock Cage. At least they try, as did McGonagall.

To imagine a conceptual art or skill, is to think and do nothing, and means one's thoughts are ineptly vacuuous. Autismos is a good definition of abstract art. Either my or the other's realism is magic, or it is superficial decoration. One might except a Riley or Vasarely, or eraly Kandinsky.

Everything in art is ideal, like the imagination, so, although real art demands skill, skill alone is still *not Art*, if it merely imitates what a machine can do quicker and cheaper, which fact is

coincidentally, but also necessarily, why abstract chance is irrelevant, except as a profitable scam – Arty Modernism is a parasitic redundancy, neither insightfully imaginative, nor skillfully accurate.

I have never ploughed through Finnegans Wake. I preferred Stephen Hero before corny Beatnik incoherence of the Dada kind became a Bohemian cultus of the lame clerk's class, for whom concept *is* Art, whereas real art is a fact, or a thing made, even if it is manicured rubbish curated by a hypocrite. However, the alternative to Dada Nihilism is Magic Realism, not midwit Literalism.

Art is not decoration, fashion or currency, save to the Puritan, to the fatuous or to the Materialist gambler, for whom it is of no more intrinsic interest than a monarch's or heroes portrait, depicted on a papery banknote, whose value is only an exchange rate like a branded prostitute's usable age as if inflation made a currency age, or a picture were a supercurrency, a virtual gold and silver coinage.

Figurativism is only neutral reportage when it depicts daffodils or puppies, and that is best when it is photography for advertisement, which mechanoid figurativism has long since made messy painture and its craftsmanship redundant, save for those arty works which manage to burgle past the art trade's gatekeeper gallerists and slink into their public galleries, all of which works are then subject to the ersatz critiques of Liberal or Reactionary critics, lauding their rootless teams.

Bourgeois art judge panels are fussy snobs and art is not the craft of lumpen workers or tradesman, unless a declassé bard writes popular songs and becomes a popular star.

There is no middle way for original heresy past Red Lettrists like Bonksy and celebrity portraitists like Beacon, enshrined in the tourists National portrait galleries of London's Libertine cosmopolis: Culture is work, and so are pictures, but they do not do anything, such as boil water, rig card games, or cull badgers, although they may enlighten onlookers with a secular spirituality.

Art launders big denomination credits like gambling chips and its winners are chosen on the merit of their outlooks and provenances and not on the intrinsic qualitas of their often puerile works that liken the spiritual, thus cultural emptiness of modern urban life and its mercantilist hubbub of greedy trivia celebrity prostitution.

