

Narcissist autograph*with friends, 1979 or: The Squatter of Woo before the wilderness. 02.10.24.

A quick *Description* of the picture for the hasty extrovert.

This is a 5 foot by 3 feet 4 inches oil paint picture on canvas. The aerial perspective is projected from a virtual centrepoint of the Earth to infinity. It is a figurative Surrealist picture and depicts a nude semi-portrait of the squatter artist, circa 1978/9 in a basement flat in a Hackney house.



From the mid top appears a Daler notepad, a vinyl record by Joy Division, a Gaulois cigarette pack and at the north east, a pink bowtie, enhanced with luminous paint, as was the ruddy skeleton.

Of the two black cats belonging to the painter's then fat girlfriend, the north westerly one attends a spider above the ignorant subject, towards whom the commando arachnid descends, while the artist looses a butterfly, to which the north easterly one attends who overlaps Crowley's Book of the Law, the metaphysic of Anarchism.

As we descend obliquely on a north easterly to south westerly axis, the floor fades into a starry space that frameth the Moon on the mid-right. A plastic border forms between day and space, like a lukewarm wilderness between itself and the room, and from which twilight, the subconscious sends those dreams and ghosts which and who, beset mystics and lunatics, as piebald insights and grey frights might.

Near the Punk Bohemian's foot is a book about Dadaism and a cassette of classical music that include BWV 947 and BWV 542, two of the artists a favourite fugues by maestro Bach, the musician against whom all other are measurable relativities.

Further south, three fifths to the middle, is a selfy photograph taken in *the same flat*, making a tautologia of the painture, not only in that it is a painture of a photograph inside a painture, but in that its subject is the painter of the picture which frames it, as if a mockery of lazy photography.

The vintage tube and bus tickets, small jar of mauve glitter paint show next to the painted shirt, next to which lays a postcard photoportrait of the actress, Louise Brooks, are all original memorabilia and not from computers. I also am not from a computer, am just from memory but was originally conceived by two staright parents and was possibly perceived by the infinite universe.

Rising under the floorboards is the red ochre-painted funereal skeleton of one of those legendary Europoids found in EuroAsia and all across the Europoid continent, to the British isles. The perspective of this invasive wraith's grave is projected from the full Moon's virtual centrepoint to the infinity of zero, as was the outsize image of the monk in No.85, The triple portrait.

The painture was not conceived as an anamorphoid projection yet if seen from the near left or from the near the right one seems to perceive two different spatial realities. I like to paint spaces within spaces and believe every picture consists of sundry pictures within the big picture one visually attends at a glance as the eye analyses its available parts.



A slow *Prescription* of the picture for the leisurely connoisseur.

This picture is a selfish portrait as a 20 or 21 year old squatter. My then girlfriend was 6 years elder than myself and had two black cats whose names I forget. They knew me by my being me, radher dhan by my name which I never chose, anyway, and do not like, as too anonymously common.

They would uprun my trouser legs or leap off the mantelpiece to perch on my shoulders at my request or at will, as if familiars, and I, the reincarnation of a famous wizard. At other scary times they would knead my crotch as lapcats will and so I was always especially friendly then because their claws were out. One is seldom clawed by one's friends nor did they claw, but it was only a loan friendship lent by my cat-lady squatterene hostess. I was a young catman, filling carmine notepads with poetry and sketches, an immature diary of a romantic floorboards idiot.

Thus, the original conception of this picture was sketched long before I began to paint with oils on real He-man's canvas and was made about 1979, so you can see I am an amazingly fast painter, given my birth in 1958. I need only about 200 years to paint four pictures, given I did not begin painting this 60"X40" painture from the monochromoid map below, until about 2017.



We all have to be born some year, otherwise we would linger endlessly in the miasma of Eternity, where everything is cheap because it is as free as fiat imagination with no risk- and Immortals do not need anything. Except life. Which is risky. There, there is drama, change, and facts, like Death.

My arena was the private sandpit of daydream which is all the exile has who must learn the skills to build, bear and broadcast these dreams into flesh, like robot children to share with lucky mankind as goods for as many as wish to perceive or own the original or its clones, thereof.

Once one is born, one is a beast amongst beasts, however hairless, whereby Nature allures one into making more mothers and fathers of one's kind, by becoming one of either, but Alex was too fat and plain, although she had a great persona. But I was a feckless youngling, after a comelier queen.

The old child leaves its adult bones of experiential highlights behind and a Catholic upbringing pickles the infant captive with evil Todesangst, as that cult's Egyptian founders were infamously absorbed with Thanatos and judgement; but I also have had and still have, an abiding interest in

history and its archaeologia, a romantic rather than a morbid interest.

The autobiographoid content of the image in its finite frame, making it an archaeopsychographia,* whereby as inevitable death advances, I flush my past wherefrom this work is spun, much as if a biographia was everyone's roots in soils becoming thinner in Time, as one ages into the realm of Afterlife whereby one becomes but an image in others' minds, one painted in their mind's inner light – just as, in fact, a painting or photograph exist only by local reflective light for the, or any Seer.

The picture is a mirror, as is the Moon for the Sun – the grey border of night into day betokens the subconscious wilderness before sleep and its dreams that leak into the daylight as lucky insights.

I haunt this picture and it has my dandruff and breath in it, though no actual dung of the like alien charlatans put in theirs, like puerile hypocrites to shock the masochist bourgeoisie who are denied my richly substantial work, perhaps due to midwit censorship and/or peach minger's snobbery.

Any self-portrait is redolent of psychokinesis as if it a picture were a laborious mirror and any such self-referential image is thus existentially redolent of a ghostly absenteeism whereby one '*Conceives*' of oneself outside of one's biologoid vehicle, the body.

This idea is one the Monotheist and Materialist, both authoritarian, eschew for different reasons, the latter of which is a scientific reaction to Catholic dogmatism, which paranoid cultus sees Satan in applecores or Jesus in clouds, while the Scientist cultus dismisses the conscious *Subject* as a mortal brainfart that imagines itself conscious for its lifespan before feeding its hapless corpus to the deaf and blind worms, thus throwing the spiritualist baby of Buddha out, with the honest bathwater of experiential insight, one that fears neither twin of the fuddy purist Ism.

However, I waffle, because I did *not* sketch this picture as a record of wyrd astral travel, because I had had few at that time, albeit I have had many such uberwild trips since, without drugs of any kind, trips too fantastic for the credibility of both varieties of puritan extremist, who, in fact, are allies in the inferiority of ignorant authority that has scant grasp of soul or blood.

Furthermore, the mature image is of a young, spooky Neo-Dadaist, a punk on the dole, a virtual orphan and an adventurist martyr in the realm of philosophy and poetry, before reading *The Lord of the Rings* in 1984, and so, is still reading Tzara, Pound and creepy Libertine, Crowley, whose *Book of the Law* is in the north east of the picture.

A Dada book is by the bed and a cassette wherefrom I learnt the Bach fugues BWV 947 and BWV 542 I sing by heart. If not this cassette, it would be *Joy Division's* first vinyl long player in the top middle, *Unknown Pleasures*, which I played everyday for six months and to which I did the Japanese ghost dance at concerts as was normal then, having seen them play at the Hope and Anchor public house.

Misanthropy was my only friend then, apart from the cats who were not human, and for my fat girlfriend, Sally, whose nipples were hairy and who was also not a man. Too much info, I know, but there could be worse information if I wanted to sic gross confessions onto any luckless browser.

But this wee writ is about the picture, not its circumstances, of which only a slight sordid mikrokosmos is apparent in the relative squalor of a Bohemian youth's abode, as if one could put a memoria on a mikroskopoid slide and edit it into a likelihood like a snapshot in a rectangular frame.

Time is all in the mind, which is no realer than the bytes of a computer or gold in the banks, and the mind is that magnet inside the space of the electroid body, which is eternally present, now, not

then, or tomorrow - the body is that kubernetoid organismos that can be and is squatted by a ghost and is quit by the same. I paint all my pictures while alive while I can.

One trusts the image just because one knows it is an ideal object and even if it were a photorealist image, any maker can censor what is shown, just by the choice of what is shown.

It must have been warm enough for us to sleep naked, but the cats were always fur-clad, even in Spring and Summer, the dawn and day of the year which is as well, as fur fills them out and no one wants to stroke bare, wrinkly pink skin, unless one stealthily fondles mummies or boozy bimbos.

Self-portraits are normal if you do not have a model. Not everyone is available or flattered to be asked to pose. I ressurect in this flat plane, my elder old girlfriend's two cats, both posthumous poseurs, in memoriam, as it were. They were better friends than my own Elders.

The one, top left, north west, is aped from a brief still in the right orientation for this painture, is from that old fillum, *Night of the Demon*; the other cat, is imaginary. I have never worn a smock or beret, though I did later grow a handlebar moustache. I thought I was Nietzsche or Klimt. That is a lie about the beret, as I used to wear a black beret, because the Punk tramp zeitgeist was a Dandy slummer's zeitgeist. I also wore a red or pink bowtie, the latter of which is above the north east cat.

I wore inflatable pantaloons and cloaks, fortunately not in this picture, in which I dredge up an old image of a young idiot for your visual amusement and serious contemplation. Narkissismos is normal to every ebullient new beast, being frolicsome newcomers to the strange party of lewd life, which, with Time, will kill us, as Time kills all the godlessly Young.

We were safer in space, *Dead*, to contrast those classic partners and *born*, as if escapees from Heaven or Hell or, likelier, from Purgatory's boredom, while the picture plane itself only betokens an imaginary space like the mind, Mind, stuffy with icons of experience echoing day and night, as this mikrobiographos does for me, having lived years through its laborious pregnancy and blinking birth into the enlightened present of its presence. I had no model, nor even silence to work in.

The floorboards were bare, but for dust and strewn stuff that makes a young or old troll feel a cave a familiar home. My mistress fed exotic foods like pomegranates and lichees. I was later evicted, not by the council, but by her, for dimwit infidelity. I was later to be further corrupted with Baclava and Turkish coffee by Heinrich August Ferdinand Manske, a German Attila.

To the bottom left, southwest, is a shirt, dekoriert with squares by myself. I did the same patterns for Miss Binny's silver booties, she, who worked at the famous Scala. A portrait postcard of Louise Brooks floats into space.

These cards were sold in the NG, NPG and ICA. An old pot of mauve glitter paint is south west, original to that time like the shirt postcard and book, but the Gaulois fags on the record and the record are WWW images.

The cassette is vintage, as is the photograph, which is a fractal of the virtual space of the plane whereupon the picture imagines itself real, which it virtually is, albeit the plane is hidden by the picture. The photograph is like an autograph, because it was taken in the same flat, and while the whole picture is an autopsychograph, the cats are not portraits, but memories. Likewise, the insects.

None the less, this artifice is a faction, because History can never have the focus of the whole reality, because of the inevitable inadmissable biases of its recorders, and for the same reason, faces are optimistically describable, but actually unrecognisable in the wild. I am no longer twenty.

The picture was not conceived anamorphoid, but an odd effect is available by looking sideways from the right, left, or from the left to the right, insofar as the picture seems to behold two spaces.

Finally, the red skeleton betokens those found all over Europa, stained with the red ochre of royalty, in a perspective that pertains to the Moon, rather than Earth, because the framework of the main picture pertains to an imaginary projection from the Earth's core to infinity.

The Moon is Earth's satellite, the local mirror that monthly hides the almighty sun that owns both bodies, and every life on the bigger body. Mine, too. This picture is likely set at the end of Maia, Junius, or Julius, or even in the same times, in '78.

The bad news is, this pictogram is unfinished, but it is probably one of the greatest pictures ever painted in the history of my life. Without history, we have no future, which is to say, memory and legends are better than amnesia. Call Fiction, legends. In youth, we have new time, in Elderdom, we have space before Death cancels the future and the mind reiterates its history to hosts of ghosts.

I include pictures for those anti-literates who think painting is a visual art, as are sculpture or the kinematograph which needs no language to enjoy, so you could read the picture as well, without this descriptive commentary by its wordy maker, also a sophist, poet and musician, as well as a sculptor.

But it would be meaningless without a picture of the text's subject, for one can never describe a face truly enough to identify it in life, because words can never focus truly enough on the original fact but only roughly so, like the law or clocks cannot focus on justice or Time - and space is as boundless as zero which is yet full of the entities of infinity such as the Earth and Moon and Sun.

I bid you good looking. The cats will, via seance, confirm that they were alive, the picture proves it. I would just like to *not* apologise for my odd English, as English died in 1066, and I write it as a mature latterday Neo-Futurist any old way I like, because base old coins get clipped and worn.



