

I have been asked what my visual fiction is about, naively unaware images would need linguistic contextualisation. Some of my tropes are windows and reflections, eye level placements, Inversive recursions, Pareidolia and Logoid ambiguity, Real space placement, Transcendentalism, Heritage, Dutch angles and pictures within pictures.

There is a theoria behind my pictures but I don't paint to decorate hung planes hung like a trophy as a Liberal autistic might, or to depict things literally like a reactionary photojournalist with pedantic Realism.

I cannot say anything true with abstracts or even anything ugly, so am a figurative painter soon to paint his own poetry, but for now these images betoken my main work so far. These pictures were painted by an amateur fanatic of Beauty in general, and in especial.

This essay describes some of my pictures which exemplify metaphysical tropes in my visual fiction. I have painted most of my life, showing in Germany in the late 1980's and at some joint shows such as The Stuckists in the Noughties. I have held two one man shows in 2017 and some smaller informal ones since.

My pictures depict a spiritual and atavist ideology. I am only the means to that end but I write in a spirit of mockery of the verbose and fatuous Abstract anti-Art, that has long used to shame the Puritan of Figurativism, while selling vacuuous pretence. The images are not to relative scale.

### 1. The psychochronograph.

No.96 The Psychonaut. 29X47" and No.33. Twin self portrait. 16X20".

This picture, 96, mimes the minds clockwork and betokens the imperceivable idea in the egg of conceptual perception. The black dot means the vacuous zero magnet soul and the white wreaths mean inspiration, while images of toy and butterfly duplicate in the minds pineal eye and ear shells, in the echo chambers of audibility as he is aware of the butterflies flutter, without clocking.

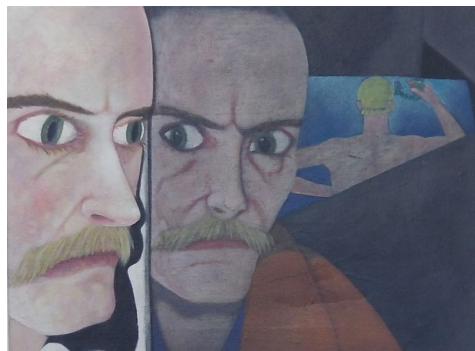
The cone perspective of the figure extends from the earths core and grows into the whole of the finite universe like a projectile disc that everts into a global skin inside that vast inclusive cosmosphere, shutting as it meets the surface of space-time's inner skin behind its source-point at the earths core, from where the image is geometrically spun by and from a conceivable viewpoint.

At his feet is a childish skull mask which means the origin, not end, of life in the metapsychoid schema, while the aeroplane model means reincarnational memories. In his left hand he holds a golden broomhandle Mauser toy capgun and has been awarded a Monitor's badge at school.

The butterfly is bigger than life and inside the conceptual space of the Seer's mind who is conceptually inside the picture while the human character is the Seen by the outside Onlooker.

The self portrait was originally a 1984 monochrome photograph, like an early digitalless selfy and was then oil-painted onto paper in monochrome, then the same monochrome was repeated on a canvas in oils again and finally colourised. It includes a painting within a painting, the usual

tautologoid conceit of existentialist fiction in whatever mode, given the mirror and camera are themselves artificial imagists of spatial realities such as our eyes and liken the minds memories of sights, within the perceptual egg of conscious conceptuality.



## 2.Pareidoloi.

No.57 Pareidolia.14X10”, No.88, Athena contra Sparta, 24X68”, No.45, Hollow tree.14X19”.

This theme is pareidolia, about how people see patterns in images that seem random they believe are meaningful, like prophecies and forecasts seen in events or in aesthetic facts, shapes in clouds or natural objects that seem timely like Jesus in an apple core, which conclusions others call wishful thought or hallucinations spun from accidental abstracts. Synchronia is similar, when events seem to happen like a hyperchronoid pattern or in fact only according to wishes. Jung wrote about such.

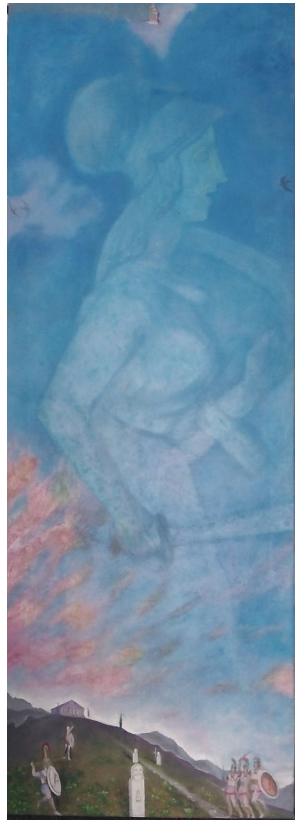
Mimetoid creativitas is also a complot as much as those are of policies,that are the actors of philosophia that are maps or plans, so that aesthetoid creativitas or idolatria are also opponents of misanthropoid conspiracia.

Pareidolia excludes the literal journalism of natural echoes or reflections such as in sounds in caves or images on water or glass, though one could still spy shapes in those natural mimoid media, so the psychohypergraph may also be akin to the pareidolia of patterns in images as in '60's Op art.

Some people see celebrities in clouds, some see devils in fires or see secrets in pictures, but they may also be there, like beasts in camouflage or like actors in cunning mascara, from whence arose the word, Mask; or they may be merely the icons of wishful thought or of deep feels.

No.57 is Pareidolia and the image within the image is plain enough, while No.88's is also plain, but as a solarisation rather than material, showing a patriotic diva in an ancient war in Hellas.

No.45 is a scene through a cryptotelescope whose negative is also anthropoid, and which betokens an ancient Celtic Tin Isles of the aristokratoid Druids of Boudicca's time, or of long before.



### 3.Ambiguous fractals.

No.95. The Archaeologist, 60X90”and No.42, The ginger duo, 60X40”.

No.95 is an illusion bound by its local border, an ideal and fictional space upon a flat plane, on which is painted a pareidolia of a face in mud within the fictional context of the whole image, a picture within a picture, that is, an image of a sculptural object within the overall picture. Da Vinci or a contemporary said sculpture was perceivable only as many flat images, while the image of this face was painted within the illusion of space the frame compresses into perceptual objectivity.

The face is an image within a bigger image, which shows sculptural objects, as every figurative picture does, yet the mask is a part of the total image which bounds it, shown in the imaginary earth. Does the picture bound a miniimage of a sculpt? Or it bounds only the image of a sculpt within its finite image? Is every picture an image of sculpts because any object is a sculpt, while the majorimage is a mere still?

If we think figurative images are images of space, as literature is an image of Time, then the image of the sculpt is a micrograph in the pangraph of the picture, or is it an atypical mikrograph of its context. Is it the image of some imaginary character's raw sculpt? An image within an image, or a sculpt within an image? The face has no more substance than fantasies.

If a sculpt is photographed, the photograph is only the image of one. Is the spatial image of the sculpt fractal, and the perceivable equivalent of the psychohypergraph, and is an image of a sculpt inside an image, an image of art itself, and thusly hypergraphoid? Figurative fiction has a narrative, but also has modal ambiguities that amount to scopotautologies.

Imagine this illusory image within an artistic depiction, as a reference to hypertext in computers, or to recurrent memories in the mind, or as a wilful pareidolia; because visual fiction exists, it will depict itself like a fecundist virus, just as reproductive people wear badges or literary shirts that reproduce them. The picture was an image of space that included an image of a sculpture with no spatial substance, yet is still only a pattern, like letters, with no mass but the seer's insight, which, just as we may overlook things before our own eyes, we later grasp, while some can see things others cannot see.

Sometimes we cannot imagine ideas others do. Some cannot see the third dimension in magic eye images and this is a fact akin to the invisible insubstantiality of quantum particles or to weight. Is the image of the face within the whole picture an image of a crude sculpt in pictorial mud, or is it only an image within the whole image of a graverobber or archaeologist?

The pattern in the carpet is immaterial, despite its material vector. The image of a face in the mud is contextually amateur and its existential identity is ambiguous as an image within the picture or it is the actual image of a minisculptural edifice.

Every object in a picture is a particular of a whole, whose wholeness is the imaginary space that its plane presents to the Seer, if it be confronted at right angles and from a vertical viewpoint distance, and from one neither microscopoid nor macroscopoid, since one can neither see atoms nor the universe. It may be both can see us, in certain states.

Is a hypergraphoid image of a sculpt inside an image, a sculpt, or a discreet image of art itself?

Do I wish the image to be an image within the whole depiction, or to be the image of a sculpt? If the image is not Realism, like photography, then none of it is realer than its parts. Where sculpture is an image of mass, an image of sculpture in a picture is simply an image of (Visual) fiction, per se.

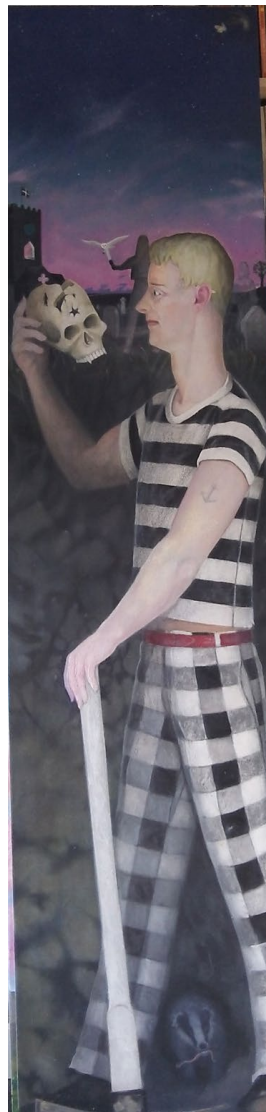
The hyperpsychograph is an image of Time, just as the hypergraph of the pareidolia is an image of space. One might paint a figurative scene which includes an abstract picture and ask if the picture is an abstract or a figurative object or, indeed, subject. Is the face a thing the protagonist made, who is also ideal, or is it something real found in the hole he digs? If it real, it is surreal, like any fiction.

It is a visual tautologia about the picture itself, seeming to knot any seer's belief in a planar illusion as ironoid in that the facial imago is not a sculpt but a raw image while the contextual picture is real, if the whole depiction be read as a fictional drama.

An archaeologist finds a bestial skull in a grave while hunting for treasure or for archaeologoid evidences, but does not see the muddy mask show as a witness, in the homogenoid camouflage of earth and of lowlight dusk amidst his finder's glee or curiosity. It could be solid.

The scene is creepy with the French burglar's shirt and tartan trousers, huntsbird owl aloft, and wormhunt badger below at their non-vegetarian livelihoods, killing sans anaesthesia, and, being thumbless, scoff without handy tools - and do so, nude, but for fur and feathers.

In the dandy pirates hand, a cannibal's skull and a young girlfriend accomplice above who spots



the spooky barn owl who has won a luckless vole or a mouse for its meal. That is narrative.

No.42 is a frogs eye view from 1980 but painted in 1987, and tweaked later, depicting my parents in ginger disguises and myself in a Guido Fawkes mask. There was no cognitive dissonance in those days over cheering Napoleon in Waterloo, or in begging pennies for the Guy and feuerwerk monnaie. I blue the sunlit gloom and show myself as the virtual orphan I would soon become.

The viewpoint is a witnesses, because my face, literally a mask, is the anonymous tautologia of the picture as the retrospective futurist who would paint the picture in later adult decades, as the twilight of oncoming death nears to the right, through the opening door.



#### 4. Recursive Perspectives.

No.85, Triple portrait with apocalyptoid sky. 60X40” and No.103, The sun sees through things. 60X40”

Recursive projection, Perspective interiorisation, Real Space orientation and horizon as depth; these concepts concern a correct or literal orientation in space in relation to a picture, whereby any Seer occupies the same standpoint they would if the picture were merely a window and not a mute still stood between them and the true perspective of the surface that hides the real horizon, given pictures are mainly hung vertically, though the same fact would be true whatever orientation they were in hung, just as kinemas often seat patrons in wrong perspectives to the screen plane, likewise galleries seldom take into account the most illusorily truthful position to see a picture from, as if they had no awareness or curiosity for the literalism of figurative art. This makes sense in the age of indifferent ersatz abstraction and of performance non-art conceits, which are the ultimate in smug submodernist laziness.

Point projection recursively betokens astral travel or the viewpoints of souls, both dead and unborn, through the literal medium of perspective topographoi on the picture plane where, say, the core of the earth is the projectile sourcepoint of the image, as if the planet dreams through the daydreamy maker, having long before inspired renaissance craftsmen, mainly beholden to churchly and aristokratoid patronages to map space and to depict images of life how the live eyes see them.

But that very binocular vision is also existential and also points to the core of the Seer and so art is spiritual, when it is not only the currency of rich snobs and of vulgar monetarist puritans, for whom it is a valuable slave or is cultural corpses for the artworlds orgies at sexy plutokratoid auctions, where it is only an object for soulless gambler's private underground dens, or for corporate walls, as bland materialist trophies. Venal critics sell fashionable race-horses as the newest genii.

In the background of No.85 is the soldier poet, David Jones. The girl in an Irish national garb, is lifesize on the picture plane but also nominally outside it while the monk is inside the Seer's head in the endless darkroom of the brainlit mind.

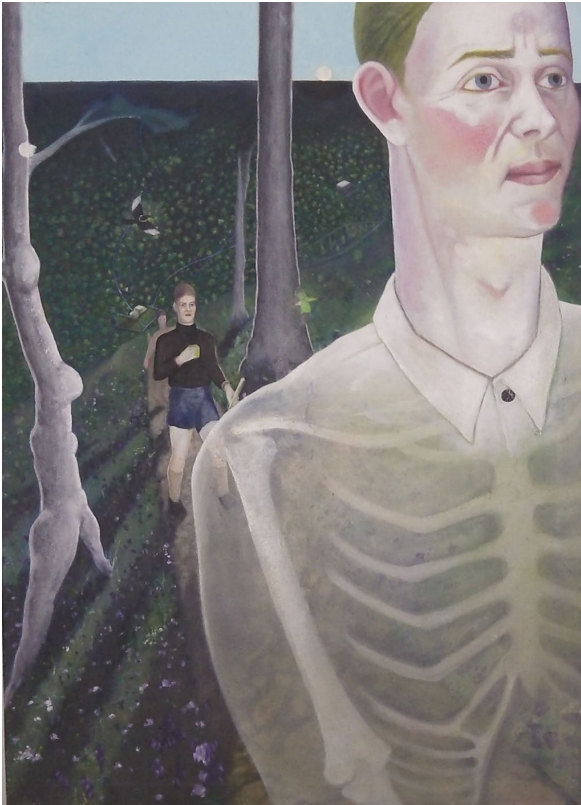
The outer perspective can be subverted to an inner perspective that extends virtually beyond the picture plane into the collective inner world, from an ocular point outside in space, while the artist is only a focus for kosmoid visions that intrude into the solid public world, like images of solid light, light that turns the mass and space on and off of, as it flushes the virtual space beyond the image that image holds, like a dormant reflection or computer programme memory existent in invisible magnetismos.

In the sky romp all the tropes of paranoid apocalyptoi:comets, Islam, Aliens, and the downfall of Satan and the atomoid bomb, while the dead Welsh poets wasteland haunts the past.

No.103 seems morbid, even Gothy but it is only a likeness of how the sentient Sun lights our surface and sees through it to our inner entrails that our designer thoughtfully hides from our eyes, but which the unsqueamisher chirurgeons and undertakers know better who deal with fallen bodies.

It is a portrait of two former friends, hiking through a woody hill in England, while the foreground figure leaves the picture plane to enter the Seer's private inner life through the brains twin outer

eyes. Each pictorial image is a mute still or a statue one can only see from an angle, faker than a lit solid, because images are like digital mosaics.



## 5. Globalist viewpoints, bird and frogs eye viewpoints.

No.84, The cliff. 9X12", No.40, Julia indoors. 24 X30" and No.81, The young Boudicca. 33x37".

Globalist viewpoints is about the given in art, that the work-witness is upright or vertical and not an idle Roman on a sofa or a frog-eyey fourleg, and so therefore, all the images seen in galleries and thus in repro, whether in landscape or portrait format, are painted, of course, in vertical format - when one looks up or down, the picture plane is horizontal, and so few artist use the the ceiling or floor for their visual fiction, which only means our buildings naturally serve our own bipedal orientation, and so every picture is made for walls, as if the horizon were the only thing and the Earth and sky the only things we could see, which only means art is subconsciously domestic and introvert, and, after all, houses are the the main original place of making and the final resting places of artworks - and a studio is not the basket of a hot air balloon.

Why crane ones neck, unless in a magnificent church or study mosaics underfoot? The worms-eye view is very rare, and few galleries would show images whose normal orientations are the floor. Indeed, the images on this page will be read upright if paperised, or if not, the same on a monitor.

The only match of this idea is the street art pictures on pavements that show vertiginous falls, while normal pictures are kin to matte paintures for the kino, or to ordinary art mimeses of space seen vertically - just as the edge of an image vanishes held horizontally, so the plane of a picture seen vertically also vanishes seen too near its abstract pigments, or seen too far from an invisible point though the same is true of a horizontal picture with a prone witness looking up or down.

One sees ones reflections on the wet pavement, an inverse kinograph that mimes every movement or the fossil footprints of strange creatures in the rocks of archaologia kept in museums. Each pictura is a psychoid soulprint of its absentee maker.

No.84 is a birds eye view of a manless space overseen by birds, bats or insects only, with a doorway underneath it the sea laps to drown any sleepy fool who dreams there, and who must swim.

No.40 depicts two times that met, the Objectivists and the subjects, into the one time of the work that outlived the kinship like an aesthetoid relict of the same, much as the past withdraws into the maw of murky history. It is a portrait from a monochrome photograph.

No.81 shows the matriarchoid heroine, Boudicca at her private pagan prayers before the sun, next to an idol of her manly Celtic ancestors and before a sacrificial fire that fades like night into dawn. It is painted on perspex in oils and enamels.

