

CLASPER

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BARRY CLASPER • REAL MEN DON'T CRY • CLASPER

"REAL MEN DON'T CRY"



Why a book?

Someone asked me why I had decided to create a book?

I am not an author and I am relatively unknown as an artist.

I had over 100 paintings which were far too personal and in my opinion, were not for anyone to view but myself.

A gallery had been in touch asking to show my work but it was simply a general mail shot to lots of local artists.

It was enough to stimulate me, to open up and let the world into my heart and mind.

Scary stuff indeed.

To let the world know my inner thoughts and secrets expressed by my paintings.

I had been treading water in a broken relationship waiting for life to get better.

Seven years were wasted trying.

The paintings created, needed to be explained

I had to be honest with myself

I want men and women to recognize themselves within the pages and realise that there is hope and an alternative life.

Do not allow someone else control yours.

Happiness is possible.

The Coffee Cup

It was my task to bring coffee each time we met.

The order had to be correct.

Medium latte in a large cup, topped up with hot water.

The level had to be correct.

The temperature had to be correct.

Failure was not down to the nerd who prepared it.

It was the fault of the nerd who served it.

ME!

This symbolic gesture reflected the imbalance in our relationship.

The cup and saucer symbolise civilised refinement.

Coffee or tea?

The external image.

The polite face to society.

The complex life we lead.

Tea bag or tampon ?

The opened wrapper revealing the fragility of the contents within.

BARRY CLASPER

REAL MEN DON'T CRY



A journey through myself

Storyline

Sinatra

This was the biography

The broken relationship

Scribble

Angst

Method

Psychological compulsion

Regeneration

Cost

It's over

Life – the titanic struggle

Let's go!

Nature's exploding beauty

Perspective views



Forward

Is it me?

God this sounds like a twisted bitter man looking for a payback.

I promise that this is not the case.

The reason for this book was to create a form of explanation for years of wild explosive painting.

Which happened to coincide with the full period of a seven year relationship?

I began to paint at the start of that same period.

It was frowned upon by the new woman in my life.

I started off with the intention of painting landscapes.

Instead it became a therapeutic tool to quell my frustration which was caused by a relationship that never really got off the ground.

Two failed, long-term relationships, one of which a marriage, and now into a third.

I was desperate to make it work.

Nowadays many couples have two families coming together; each adult has his/her own history and quite often children.

They leave their previous relationships and, more often than not, carry individual mental scars from them.

For me, I had fallen in love and married a woman with two children.

Together we had our son.

Those happy days were very few and far between.

She took off the wedding veil and a very different character was exposed. A stranger.

Insecurity, eating disorders, a previous husband who, she claimed, had physically and mentally abused her, postnatal stress and much more.

All rolled into a time bomb which went off every second day.

One day Mrs. Wonderful.

Next day Mrs. Angry.

Alcohol played a large part.

One sip and then another person entered the room.

The insecurities resulted in over forty suicide attempts.

All cries for help.

Help she refused.

It was a huge strain but I was strong and thought I could see it through for the sake of keeping a family together.

When the kind and considerate half appeared, she was a wonderful woman. A loving mother and wife.

The problem lay deep inside her and only explained itself via psychological consultation years later.

Doctors failed to uncover the secret behind the mask.

There was never any other woman, but her own insecurity would never accept that.

One day on being told I was going on a business trip, she finally broke for real.

I was attacked - she came at me with a kitchen knife, while the kids looked on screaming! As a result she was taken away to a mental hospital in a strait jacket.

After thirteen years.

It was the final straw for me.

I had to make a move for everyone's sake.

It was no good for the children.

Separation and divorce.

After her marriage to me, I believe she married twice again.

Each time the wedding veil came off; it revealed the insecure, other woman beneath.

The other guys got out quickly.

The drinking became her release and sanctuary.

It also killed her.

Unfortunately she died before she got to fifty.

Devastating.

After the divorce I had my wings and the air beneath them.

My knee-jerk reaction, like many in similar situations, was to do my best to catch up with life and find my sense of humour.

Into another relationship, and seven years of happy party days.

I had little money because of the Child Support Agency but the repression was over.

I could only party for so long and became unsettled with the life style.

It was an empty relationship and I decided to walk away from it.

Alcohol was her sanctuary as she fought grief from family losses.
The drink had control.
I left, once again, with nothing.

Into the next (3rd) relationship and I was trying to go more up market!

I wanted a lady with style and beauty.

Class A professional.

I never really learned, and off I went again.

How ridiculously clouded my perception was.

As I put on the correct 'face' to attract a partner, she in turn hid her true character to provide the perfect image of everything I was striving for.

Here we go! No.3.

This time it will work, I will ensure it will work.

I was to blame for walking away from the last one and maybe I should learn to be more resilient in a relationship.

Perhaps I had failed in my marriage.

Perhaps I should have done things differently.

Maybe I could have helped her.

I fully realise that I could quite easily have died trying.

My family and friends watched me slide downwards.

They were concerned for my health.

I knew the damage being done, but as I said, I was trying desperately not to fail and hold it together for the sake of the children.

Each day hoping she would change.

I have learned one thing - 'PEOPLE DO NOT CHANGE'.

Maybe there are some good luck stories out there and I seriously hope so, but my experience has proved otherwise.

Back to No. 3.

Great start!

Love bubble – in the zone – etc, etc.

Same as everyone else when they first meet.

Several failed relationships lay in her past but this time it was for real!

How wrong? I wonder, do we all travel this same path?

My family had grown up into adults.

I entered a new relationship, bringing with it her second brood of children.

The two from her first being almost as old as mine.

Difficulty ensued.

Young children.

Add to that – children of this current generation lacking discipline and respect for others. I am sure that by now they will have matured into fine young people but back then ... It simply added to the difficulties faced when two people try to further their relationship.

It seems the picture I paint is of a saint.

I had seen my days of hard drinking and women chasing but upon entering a serious relationship I left my youthful days behind me. On my word, I applied myself honestly and whole-heartedly to making it work.

Sadly however, it did not.

This lady had a past; a deep past, where she was damaged.

No therapist had been involved and all she sought was love from her parents.

It did not come – or so she told me.

That lack of love from childhood into adulthood resulted in a search for a white knight on a white horse. Someone to pick her up, provide and live in a fairy-tale world where everything she craved, she got.

It was not her place to give, only to take.

This sums it up in a nutshell.

I look back and question why I put up with it for so long.

I too wanted love; I also wanted to share a relationship!

I did not want to fail again.

She had a different set of beliefs.

She believed that a woman could behave as badly as she wanted and the man had to be there for her.

For his efforts, he would receive nothing in return.

It was a slow eroding death of my character.

I once again tried to ride it out – not to fail.

“Bouncebackability” is the joke term.

So... my release to vent my frustration at this unfairness and pent up anger was to paint.

As we lived apart, I was free to come home and do so.

Such was the urgency to finish the work; acrylics were quickly dried with a hair dryer.

A spirit took over me as I threw paint around.

Something magical happened deep from within and only when I tired was the exorcism completed.

Seven years it went on.
I had hoped it might have changed as the kids grew older but instead it reached a climax and went the other way.
She resented me for not being 'stronger'!
There was never any logic.
She wanted full control and wouldn't allow me to be involved with any form of disciplining the children – no paternal say.
She would not allow us to live together.
There was no social life – only chores.
It was stagnant and the plug was pulled.
Key to the misery on top of this lot was the menstrual cycle.
The bit that hardly anyone talks about.
The taboo subject.
The time when the hormones go off in a different direction.
It's expected but it always seemed to come BANG out of the blue.
One minute a calm and rational human being.
The next the opposite.
No logic.
No sense.
Shouting, being unreasonable etc.
I have lived with it for over 30 years.
I understand.
I do.
It is a question of being strong – say the right thing – be there – get in the way – out of the way etc, etc.
This was different.
If we have a little storm in the UK this was a typhoon – a tornado.
Get out of her way or you will be flattened.
Now as I say, I get it.
No fun at all for any woman.
I repeat – no fun for any woman.
But...I can only react as a man.
I do believe I am a decent bloke and can put up with an awful lot.
But men do not speak about it.
We make innuendos and raise our eyebrows with a 'pew, I am pleased that's over.'

But for God's sake I would come out of this one – barred from contact for 4/5/6 days and then had to go two weeks with her not speaking to me because I was not there for her!!

She had chased me away.

Would not talk, text or allow me into the house.

So we probably had very little of the month remaining to form a relationship!! The painting was my release from all of this.

The relationship came to an end and to a degree so did my angry, emotional painting style.

She has someone else by her side, and as a result, I have a room full of paintings.

The product of seven years of cathartic process.

Relationship No. 4 now in full flow.

Life is wonderful.

A woman who cares and loves in return.

If only I had met her years ago.

But then again, would I have ended up painting boring landscapes and portraits of cats and dogs?

There are lots of stories within each painting. Each one a different set of emotions.

A blank canvas or paper was attacked generally without any premeditated ideas.

I would start without a plan, overpainting again and again until something electric took over. After that, the speed increased.

Conclusion was exhaustion.

I felt I had to write this down, just as I had to paint out my angst.

It has been my therapy to clear my mind and soul.

I am a deeply private person but this has been my only option.

It is not my style to bare all but this releases me from my troubled past.

I do it for myself.

I also do it because I want others to realise that there is a better life out there. You can get through your own difficult times.

Mental health problems are huge.

There are so many issues we have to deal with in modern life.

Too many to list.

We have our own inner battles daily, all to a different degree.

Our childhood, parents, relationships, work, family, stress, life and death. As we follow our own paths through life we are all affected in different ways.

Some have more luck than others.

We are forever changing.

For me, I had a great childhood and family.

My parents could not have given me more.

It is only when I entered relationships romantically that I took a battering.

It has been a long, long apprenticeship and still I am learning.

I have simply been unfortunate that the women I have fallen for were often abused; irreparably damaged by the people they trusted and loved, and were defenceless against.

Sailing in the wake of these histories, you are forever fighting to stay afloat.

To console, to protect.

To go to work each day, survive the rat race, only to return home exhausted and back into the tinderbox!

Sudden flare-ups, fuelled by alcohol, with Nature; menstrual tension, post natal depression, anorexia, and bulimia; fanning the flames.

We closed the doors and drew the curtains to stop the world from watching our lives going up in smoke.

Why title the book “Real Men Don’t Cry”?

As individuals, we fight our own emotions daily. Women generally cope by discussing them in the confines of well developed sounding networks whilst for men it is deemed unmanly to express them at all. It is seen as a weakness and I want to challenge this way of thinking. We can only be strong for so long.

Let it out and then take a deep breath of fresh air!

Release the cork and realise that each stage is simply a chapter of your life.

You can move on.

SINATRA

Is there a secret?

Does the family have a skeleton?

Or is it simply a smokescreen?

Do they protect themselves from scandal?

Or did nothing happen?

Is Mr. 'Z' a pervert?

Does his wife pretend that nothing happened?

Did he cause the damage?

The time bomb which ticks on each and every day his daughter wakes.

The veil slips.

Alzheimer's and now all he remembers are his Frank Sinatra recordings.

Nowadays Mr. 'Z' is seen as the victim

No longer the peacock

There is only one person who knows the truth.

If true...

May his retribution in hell last the lifetime of all of his victims.

Sshh!

Do not tell anyone.

SINATRA

*Unfortunately the
damage caused is the
stone thrown into the
pond.*

*The ripples move out
from it's epicentre like a
tsunami of misery.
Washing away hope
before it.*

Mixed Media
1180x610mm



THIS WAS THE BIOGRAPHY

Self taught.

Raw and aggressive.

I am in awe of nature's beauty and power.

I strive to capture her essence.

The creative process driven by raw emotion.

Completion dictated by the exorcism of a spirit within.

Beginning to paint with a huge sense of urgency.

No preliminaries.

No preparatory thought.

My paintings predominantly reflect my mood channelled by the subject matter.

Painting direct with little or no brushwork I aspire to reach a closer affinity with the elements.

I spurn detail and am compelled to mask the image.

THEN SOMETHING HAPPENED!

WHOSE FACE?



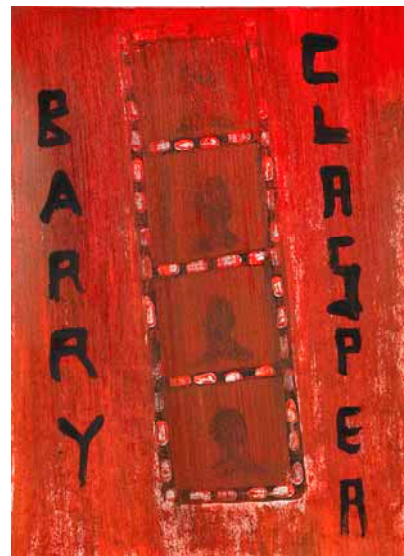
Medium Watercolour on Paper
Size 320x310mm

WHICH FACE DO WE WEAR TODAY?

In the real world – the civilised image we portray to the world is not always the natural one we possess. In a relationship we show, to the person we are trying to attract, a character representative of the one we believe highlights the person we imagine we are.

Over time, the mask we carry falls and the true character is shown.

The bubble is burst and normality creeps slowly in.



Acrylic on Paper
300x200mm

THE BROKEN RELATIONSHIP

A selection of images reflecting a period of my life.

Abstract expressionism and my own time capsule.

Romantic life and its apocalyptic wallpaper.

There are no pretty pictures for the wall as each creation is a diary page of impulsive expression.

The unconscious mind triggered by raw emotion.

Psychological automatism prompted by the spirit within.

MY FROZEN HEART 1

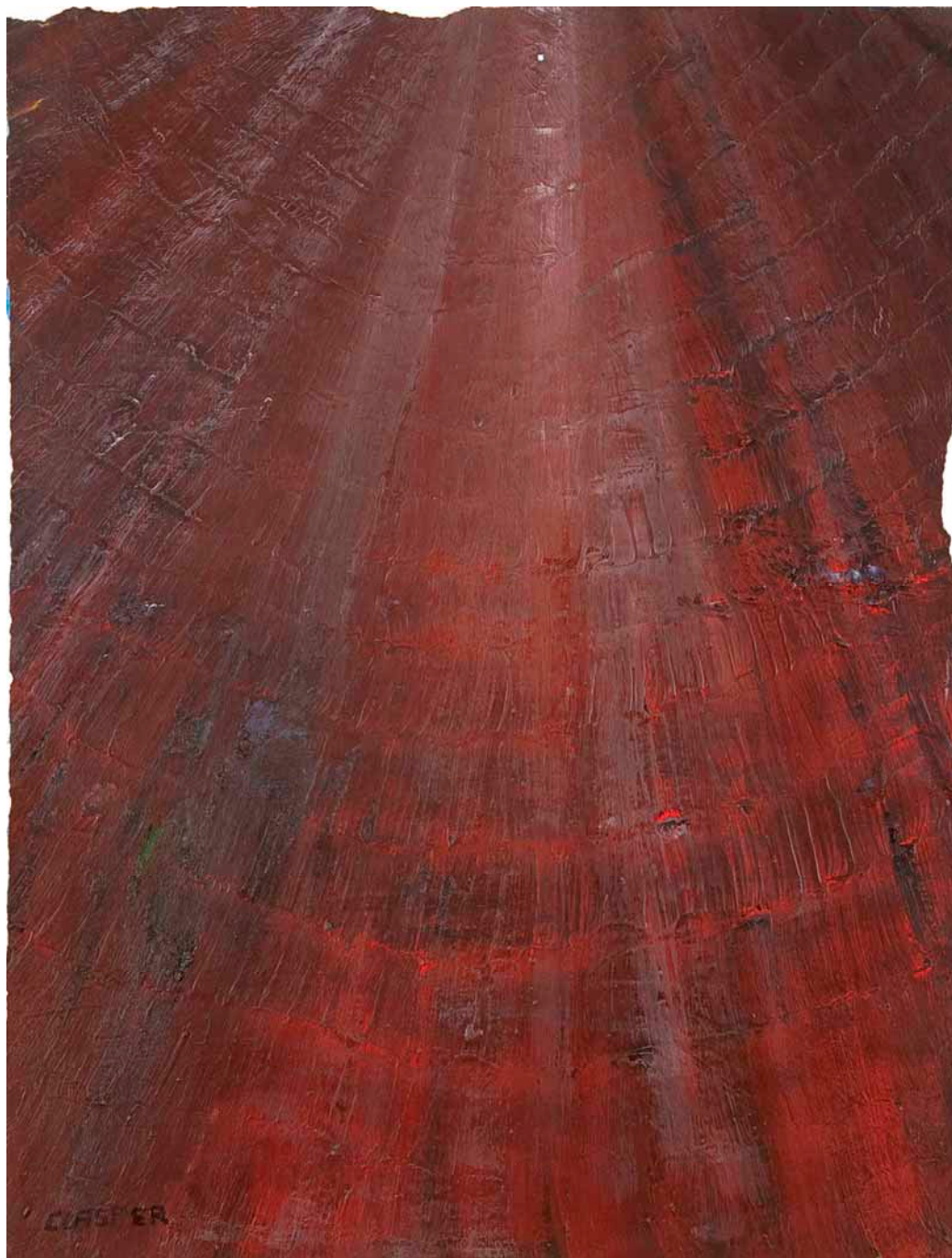


*All I yearned for was
to be loved.
An equal relationship.
Give and take.
Even an unfairly
balanced ratio but
sharing together – a
couple.*

Acrylic on Canvas
600x500mm

THE SHAFT

*Now at the bottom
of the pit.
Light above but I
am helpless.
Stranded.
Alone.*



Acrylic on Paper
500x400mm

DOWN THE DRAIN

I try and try.

*I am considerate,
caring and loving.*

*I will take the
punishment given.
I am guilty only of
trying to give.*

*I am aware that I
should be tolerant.*

I am tolerant.

I do understand.

*It counts for
nothing.*

***The patience and
consideration are
thrown away.***



Acrylic on Canvas
600x500mm

SCRIBBLE

Rough notes spat out exactly as my speed in painting. I am not eloquent enough to delineate into words the passion I feel, but will machine gun the key words which come to mind time after time.

Abstract Art may now be academic commonplace but it is not a time capsule to store in the basement.

I have been on a travelled path unknown to me. Untrained and having had no knowledge of the art world before me, I knew nothing.

I resent the creation of the perfect picture.

There are enough painters in this world following the rules of balance, colour, perspective etc.

I admire ability but it bores me.

Art is an adventure into the unknown. It need not be pretty.

It should not need to be taught or require any high level of skill.

IT IS A PRIMAL IMPULSE.

Self-examination - Self reassurance - Self expression.

It should be intuitive and emotional rather than intellectual.

IT IS PRIMITIVE.

An exaltation of the mystical. Our modern counterpart to the primitive art impulse is to be spontaneous, emerging from emotion.

We need to question rational thought. The artistic expression from the depths of the unconscious. It needs to be free of rules, censorship by the rational mind or the conscious will.

The painting technique has its own dynamics. Figures emerge.

No geometric forms, more organic and biomorphic.

What do they mean and where do they come from?

It is a state of being with no intention to be decorative, structural or romantic.

Self-discovery by being spontaneous and irrational.

Child like?

A monkey could paint!

Impulsive.

Do we not all feel this same guttural release?

It is one of the most basic emotions.

I believe that over the seven year period I used painting to release the cork.

I bore so much frustration and anger.

I could not understand the illogical mentality of a woman's brain.

I guess women also feel the breakdown in communication with men, but I can only try to explain from my own experience.

We all experience the frustration when an argument goes beyond explanation and dialogue breaks down.

The anxiety has to go somewhere.

It has been used as a weapon of destruction over the centuries.

This power can also be used as an instrument. Violence can only be savagely expressed by releasing these feelings onto the canvas, hence the explosive nature of my paintings.

I needed to urgently and vehemently express how troubled, restive and driven I was.

I needed to use the positive impetus and the fury of an animal to release my angst via a charge of energy.

The paintings have a life of their own, as when I was painting I seemed not to be in control.

Sounds crazy and is not arty bollocks!

Experience means to feel the situation or things personally.

Expression converts experience into meaning because when we express something it is no more a private and personal thing but an appeal to somebody else.

I have always remained faithful to my own convictions, allowing fate to control my destiny. Does this exorcism decode our historical past or personal history?

It has been said before, the meaning is not IN the painting itself but everything that is NOT in the painting.

The internal contradiction.

Comprehension and incomprehension.

Incomprehension means more or less – wrong understanding.

Comprehension produces co-existence.

DITHEY – “He, who understands, understands others. He, who does not understand, stands alone.”

Understanding moves from the outer manifestations of human action and productivity to explore their inner meaning. Understanding is not a process of reconstructing the state of mind but one of articulating what is expressed in the work. It is your guess and not mine!

Experience, expression and comprehension.
Heavy Man!

In trying to understand why I have painted with such drive I have questioned my state of mind. Hold back with the buckled jacket.

The Concept of Anxiety and Dread: - Soren Kierkegaard (1813-1855)

“A profound and deep-seated spiritual condition of insecurity. A fear in the human being. Where the animal is a slave to its instincts but always conscious of its own actions.

Today’s freedom leaves the human in constant fear of failing in his/her responsibilities.

There is a general frustration associated with the conflict between actual responsibilities to oneself, one’s principles and those of others.”

Another slant questions as to whether we have religious responsibilities and to who’s God?

I think we must all search for a deeper universal truth.

Psychology – hermeneutics - meanings and interpretations.

This is all too much for my tiny brain!

Far too complex but are we used as vessels existing now whilst others pass through us?

Is this irrational thought, a madness inflicted upon the receiver and by whom?

In a nutshell I would like people to understand the questions and the logic as I struggle to explain. I will also add, that I do not care how my work is interpreted.

Have your own contemplation.

They were my feelings, my release.

Everyone will experience difficulties in their individual lives.

Life is not always a pretty picture.

Each day is unique and personal. There are no imitations, no copies.

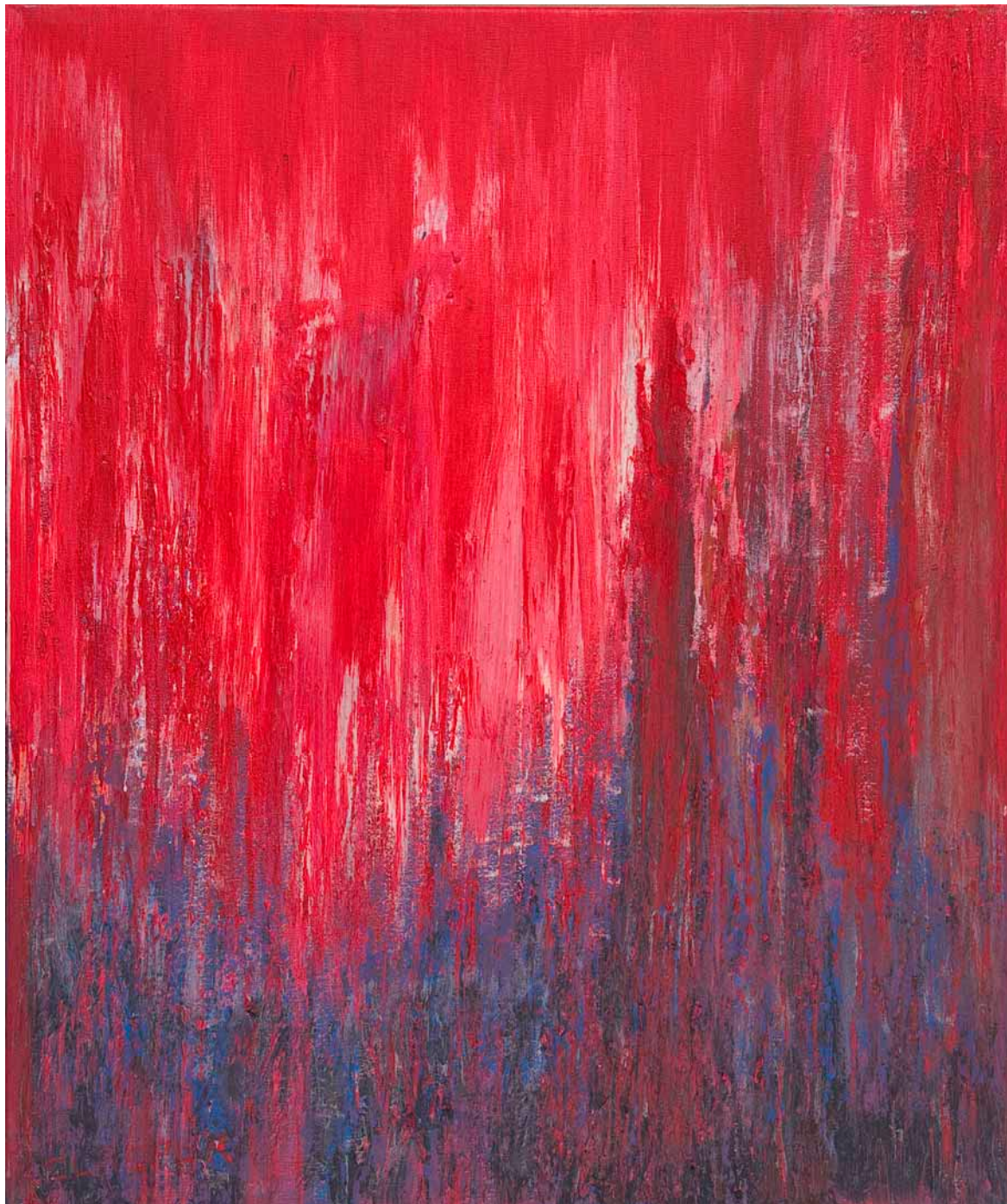
There can be an accomplishment.

Not visually.

Just like my paintings.

IT IS THE VITALITY AND NOT THE BEAUTY

“MY HELL”



Acrylic on Canvas
600x500mm

CRUSTED CHARGE



*The routine.
Expected but never easy.
If she wants to fight she will.
No appeasement.
It's scripted.
It has to happen.*

Acrylic on Canvas
400x300mm

END OF THE WORLD



Acrylic on Canvas
600x500mm

*In full swing.
The reaction.
Despite the attempt
to show self control.
No more walking on
eggshells.
Patience gone.*

ANGST

A tidal wave of energy creates the image.

The finished work is a shroud.

It is discarded dead skin.

A page in one's life.

Simply a diary entry.

Yesterday's feelings, exhausted and gone.

I have a deep subconscious will to hide the canvas.

To not allow the eye to stand still.

I am unable to focus on any structure and must destabilise the position of any viewer.

What am I trying to hide?

What is being created and what does it say?

A labyrinth with no way out.

As its creator even I do not hold the key.

This primal form lies within us all.

Why has chance been allowed to create certain images?

THE WORLD BURNS

*My world burns.
It is a facade.
Everything I strive for.
Everything I yearn for.
All beyond my reach.*



Oil on Paper
360x210mm

BLAZING II

Darkness.

Misery.

*Why do you want
to fight?*



Oil on Paper
360x260mm

STRUGGLE

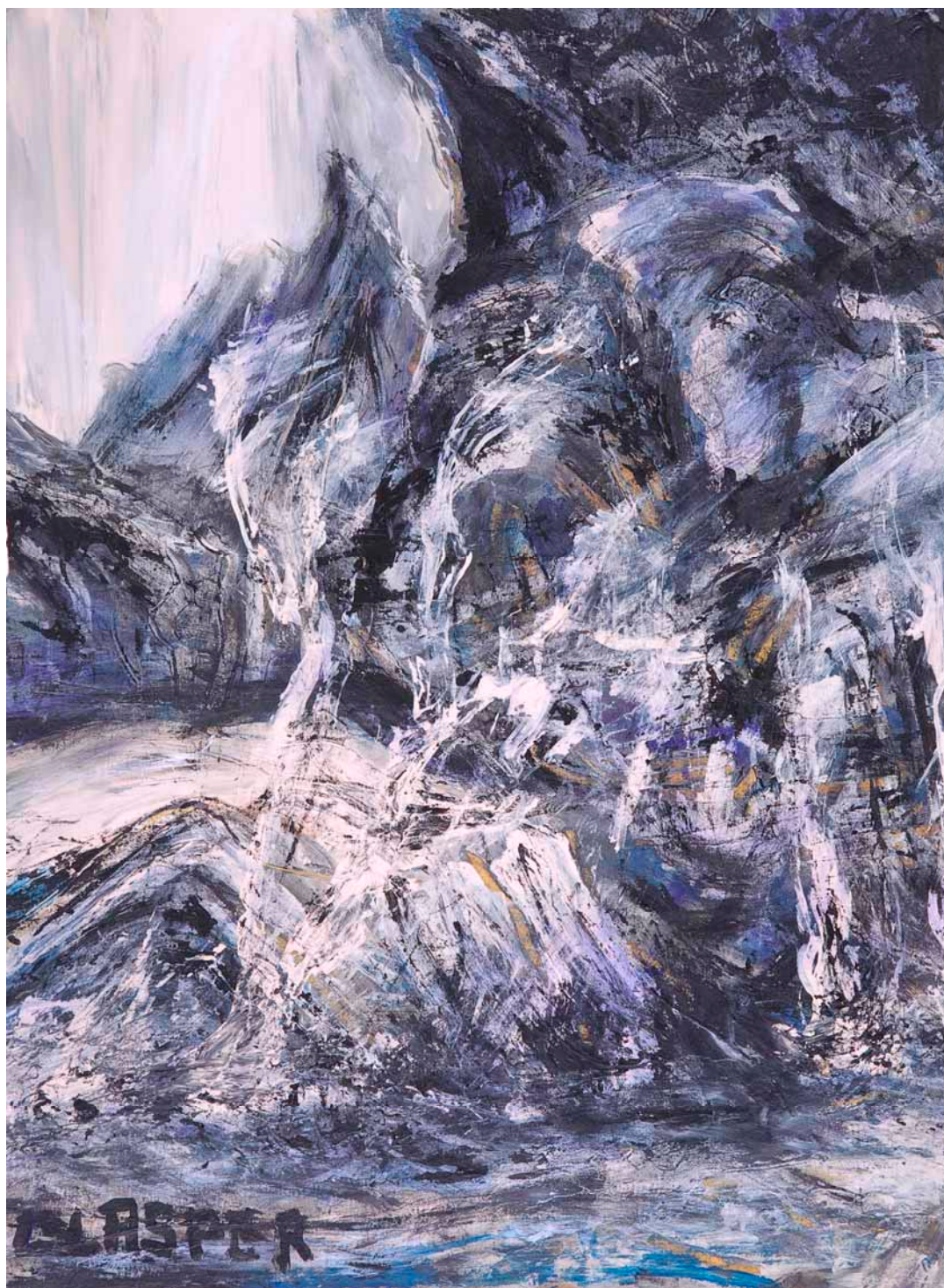
*Why do you want to control all of my life?
Please allow me to breathe.*



Acrylic on Canvas
300x200mm

ENDLESS

*No matter how hard I
thrash about, it goes
on and on....*



Acrylic on Paper
360x480mm

"CHOKING"



Mixed media on Paper
200x310mm

*Oppression must never win.
No-one has the right to control another individual.
Where is the respect?
Where is the consideration?
She wants to control me.*

TREPIDATION



*A life on eggshells
The fear of saying or doing the 'wrong' thing*

Acrylic on Canvas
300x400mm

BEYOND REASON



Acrylic on Canvas
1015x765mm

*Yes. Beyond reason.
I do everything I am asked.
She wants to split up my family.
No logical reason.
Control.
She wants me all to herself.
No —one else in my life.
She believes it is wrong to love anyone else but her!
There should be no love for my mother, my sister, my son and daughters.
She wants it all!*

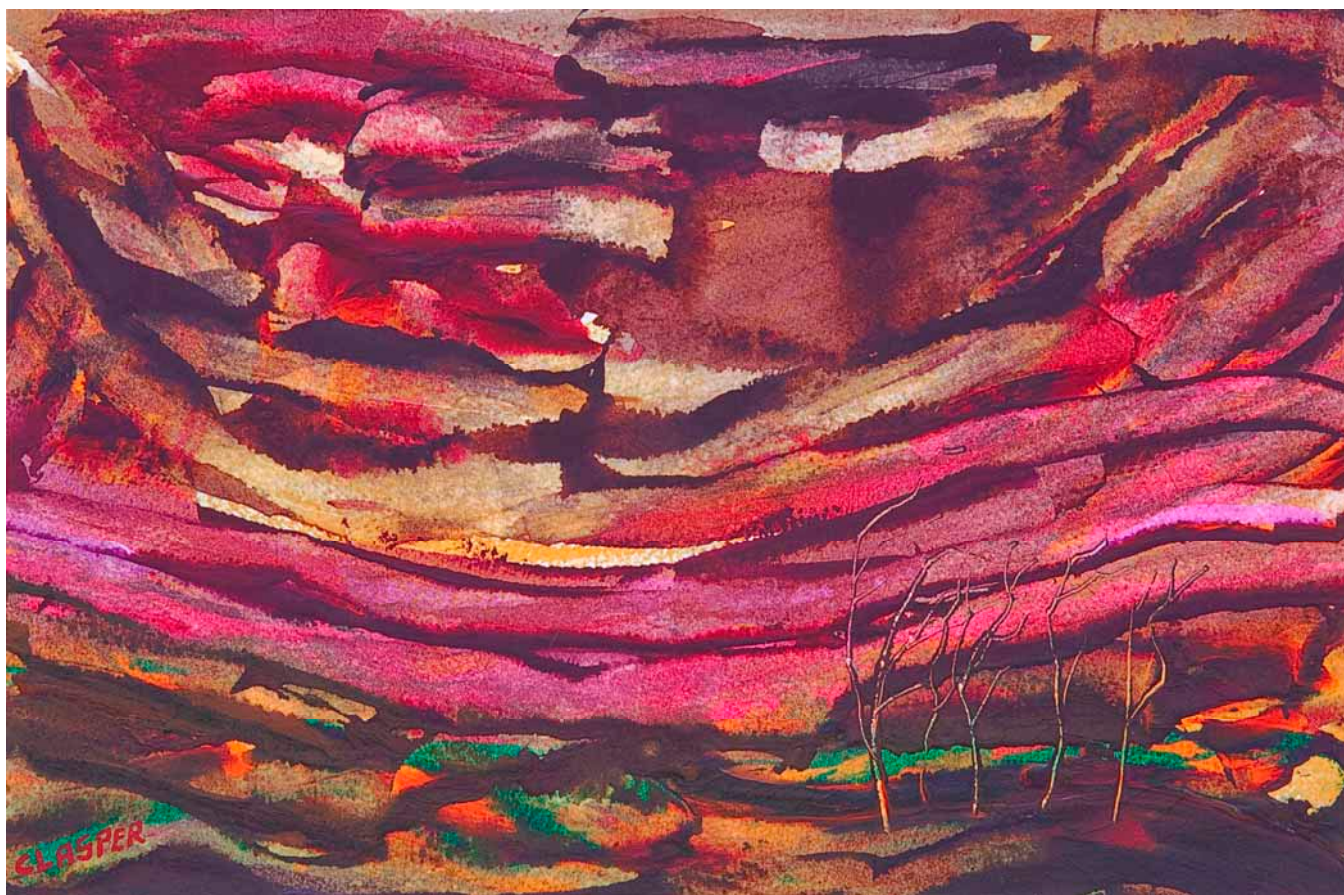
THE FALLOUT

And then afterwards...

What is left?

The ache.

The emptiness.



Acrylic on Paper
310x210mm

METHOD

The blank canvas is unprimed /
unsealed.

I paint when I feel isolated and
anguished.

It starts slowly, a kind of
automatism, and as it builds it
suddenly dies.

It then returns in a tidal wave of
energy.

The spirit says yes, yes to its power.

Driven by powerful impulses and
digging violently into the canvas.

Creating fire and hell, interlocking
twisted shapes with a will to drive
away from any visual subject
matter.

There needs to be no anecdotal subject and I
must hide anything of a geometric form.
I release the violent mental changes experienced
by life.

Attacking the canvas and unleashing the pent up
angst.

Gestural flailing, sweeping, spurting, slapping,
throwing which emphasises the visual exorcism
within.

This is personal. It is deep.

The female contribution causing my anger and
frustration.

Angry heavy brushing- fingers in- gestural.

It is a fight with the paint.

I do not have time to allow it to dry.

I heap up layers and layers.

Muddy and messy without thought to pretty
colour-wheels of contrast and correctness.

It is exactly what it is.

The reaction is recorded by pressure, saturation,
velocity, caress, repulsion, anger or desire.

It might change and vary in unison with the flow
and feeling of the moment.

Gesture is the most important personal tool to
use to reflect emotion.

The emotional truth must be spontaneous.

No denials.

No accidents.

The canvas is transformed to its visual form.

The sickness is released.

The eye must not be allowed to stand still.

It can not rest.

The viewer must also struggle.

Everything must be covered.

I must show the anger.

Colour with red, yellow, black.

There must be flames, explosions, burning..... hell.

I want to be rid of it all.

I want happiness and do not want this
resentment.

I do not want to exercise control towards the reception of the painting and therefore minimise it to be less preconceived.

Bamboo sticks, anything at hand. I splatter and blow paint from the tubes.

It is only when I have lost control that the painting has life.

It is violent and driven by a traumatic experience and I have no intention of being an image maker. The canvas is the arena for this vomit and this vile, evil and putrid taste which must be regurgitated. Get rid.

Cleanse the mind and clear the soul.

The process is a dialogue whose significance is difficult to assess. Even to myself.

Involved with the image, even though I do not completely know the imagery myself.

Truth is that I probably do not want to be too clear about it myself.

This refusal, any critical interpretation as a form of repression of traumatic experiences either private or social, who knows?

I feel excommunicated, as I mentally left God when he took my father.

There is a historical similar path but this differs in that my source is my failings in romantic relationships.

The scars I bear are from too many years of misery and mental anguish.

MASCULINE EXPRESSIONISM.

The creative act of painting.

The physicality of the paintings.

Their clotted and caked surface is the key to understanding them as documents of the struggle.

The finished item being the physical manifestation.

A kind of residue of the actual "work of art" - which was the process of the painting creation.

PSYCHIC AUTOMATISM

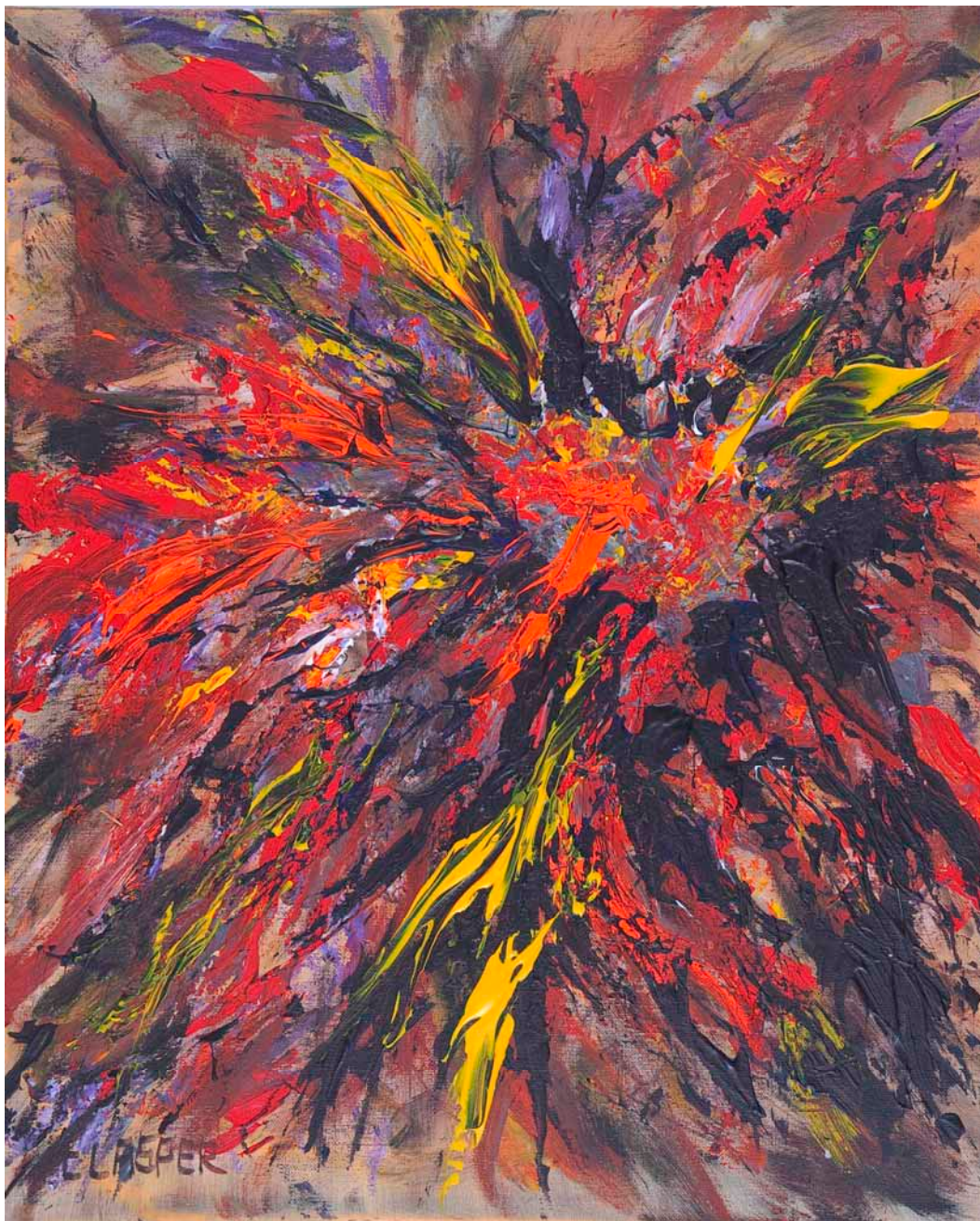
Dredging up images from the unconscious, but where is the elusive vault of creative wisdom in its depths?

Can it be spontaneously tapped?

NO!

If you try, it is JUST imagination.

*How I yearn for
an easy life.*



Acrylic on Canvas
600x500mm

RELEASE

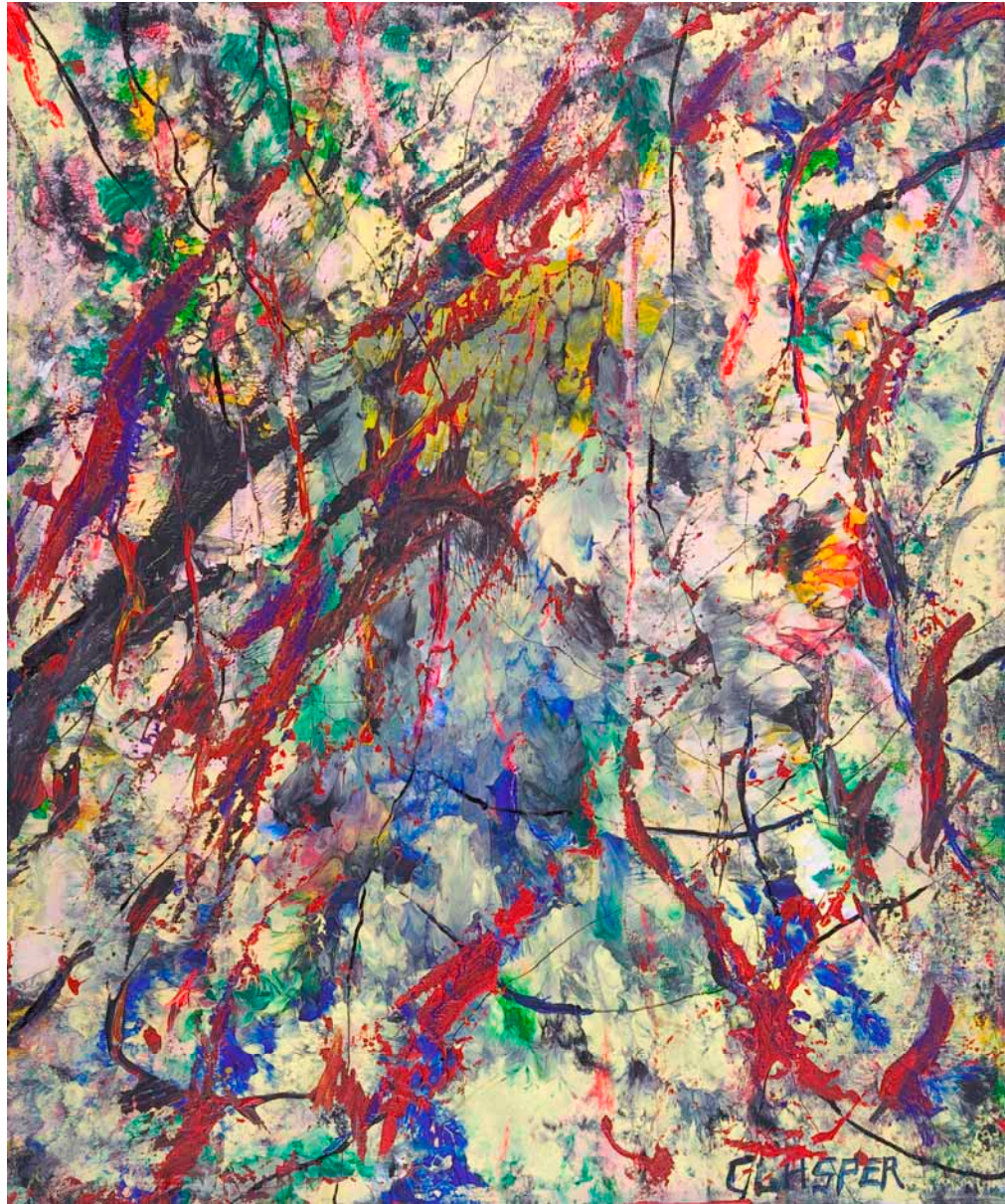


*The paint releases me.
It frees my soul.
It empties the vile taste.*

Acrylic on Canvas
600x500mm

CHOKED BY IT ALL

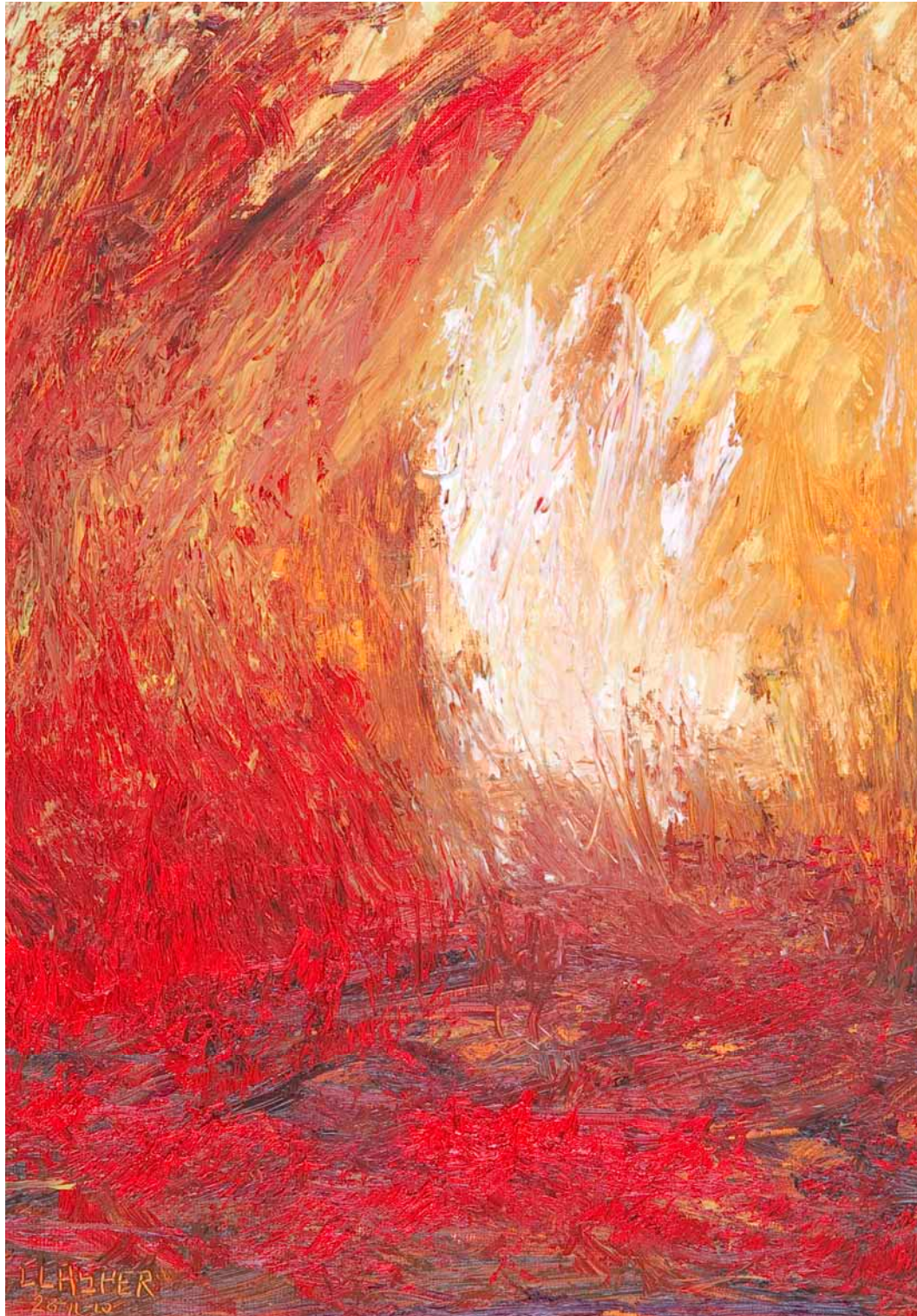
*She does not like it when I paint.
She has no control.
She says it is effeminate.
A man should not paint.
It is only for girls.
She questions my sexuality.
Real men do not paint.
Real men do not have emotions.*



Acrylic on Canvas
600x500mm

ANOTHER FIELD BURNS

*But why?
Another day.
Another fight.
What was that over?*



Oil on Paper
360x210mm

PSYCHOLOGICAL

Now to go that little bit further.
Painting is a state of being. It is
how you feel at that very
moment.

To delve deep into the psyche and
allow your own body to be used.
My role was to allow it the
freedom to come through me.
To allow spontaneous feelings
forcefully in a quest for the inner
truth.

Release the impulses and make
psychic and physical energies
visible in the process of painting.
Are these created by spirits
outside of the human
consciousness?

The source lying in the
unconscious, triggered by
emotion.

An exploration of the inner self
and could it be the transcending
cultures of past spirits. Do they
lie within us all?

Do I paint with such aggression
prompted by a psychological
automatism as I explore my inner
self?

Is there one or more spirit?
Why does the hair stand
and goosebumps rise when
I allow myself to be
controlled from within?

Who then controls the physical? Science
and religion are the two powers which must
be balanced.

We must allow chance into the process.
Individual anarchy.

The power lies elsewhere and when I have
been used as a tool, then the work is
finished. Stirred up feelings are often
stormy with moments of high intensity,
explosiveness and chaos. It can be lawless
and haphazard.

One alcoholic drink is enough to quell the
mental censor in the brain.

The paint flies around as the incessant
process of self analysis attempts to find out
where I belong. Fighting against the
conscious wall until a burst of energy floods
out to find its own form. A unique creation
caused by the process.

What is the background which leads to the
radical images powerfully conveyed?

I am not intense about art.

Uninformed, uneducated and with a mind
in an unsettled state, I use energy, bold
vitality and explosiveness as mentors.

When in the zone I am in an exalted state of mind
which stirs up my energies and gives a
thoughtless freedom.

COMPULSION

It is a carefree, sensual pleasure and an experience ultimately of greater importance than the work produced.

It is the true meaning of art. Derived from the sensations and responses of the process of creativity.

It is natural.

Just as senses of sight, smell, hearing, touch.

Natural and drawn from life itself. The initial subject matter would often have been taken from nature.

A sea, sky or driving wind and storm.

Drama.

No pretty little happy picture of cows grazing and distant cottages.

Subject matter nil points!

Our inner spirit drives us.

We are tiny in both history and the universe.

This individual lonely journey of spiritual discovery.

Some need religious beliefs and some talk of other beings.

Who knows?

It is all a wonderful mystery.

I have no idea why I paint planets of other worlds as I have no interest in sci-fi. Why so many paintings of our earth at its apocalyptic ending?

Why the cosmic connection?

All beyond me!

Why?

The paintings are often dark and tortured.

Black / grey / dismal / bloody-red and hellish.

Easy and sounding so obvious to a psychoanalyst.

Or is that the simple answer?

Do I submit nature to an emotive and deeply felt personal transformation by significantly condensing the forms of reality, and subconsciously organise them so the composition proclaims the mood I was in when I painted?

The unconscious mind contains the record of all of our past experiences.

They are individual, from the first cell germination to the present day.

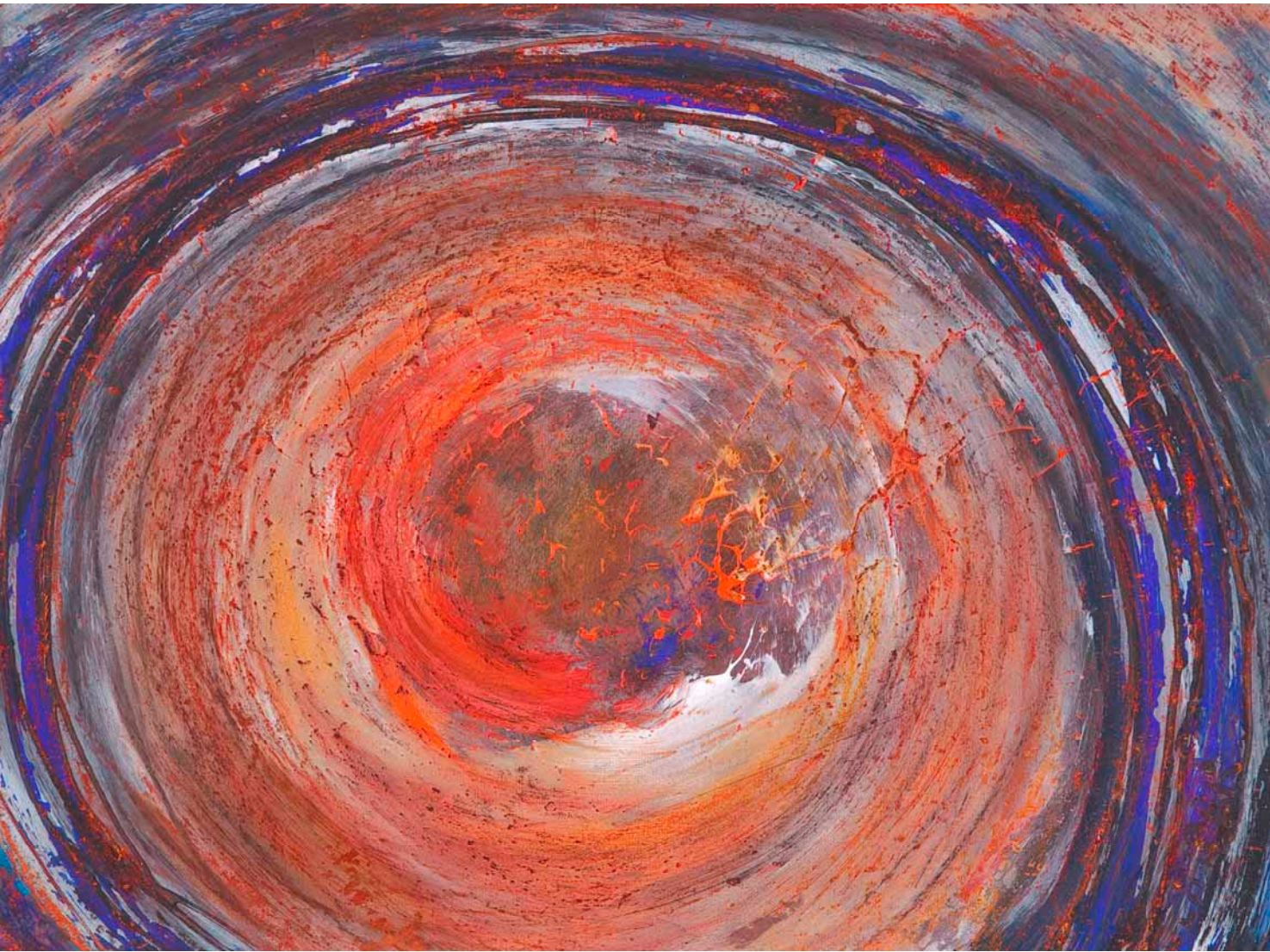
Art is the medium to make contact with its source of power.

A travelogue of the unconscious.

I have no fascination with the supernatural and stay well away because of fear.

If God exists, can he not precede existence or be the creator of the universe?

DOWNWARDS

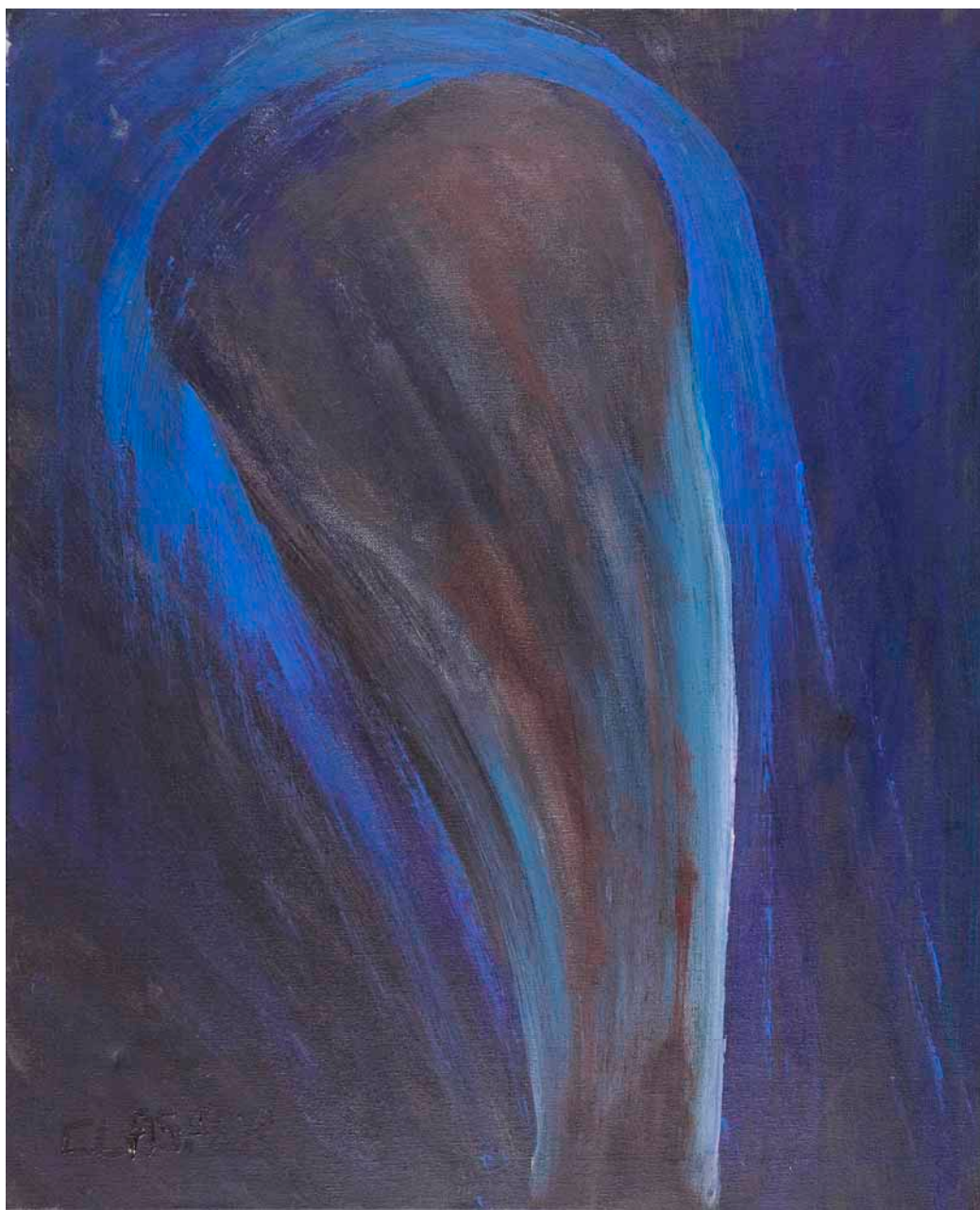


Acrylic on Card
360x480mm

*Which spirit controls me?
Why am I painting these images?
Subconsciously I spiral downwards.*

WATCHING SPIRIT

*Does someone
care?*



Acrylic on Fabric
700x600mm

REGENERATION

Knowledge of the higher worlds is an attainment.

Legitimise the mystical proclivities.

Most people lose direct access to their unconscious at about 7 years old, closing access to all sources of power.

Ready?

Well, you can temporarily relax the blockage by alcohol/inspiration or insanity!

The idea is to reveal the secrets stemming from deep within the psyche.

Is spiritual science an observation of spiritual processes in human life and ...in the cosmos?

There you go... I said it.

Sorry, no 'Star Trek' fixations here.

I just think you cannot close your mind to thinking that we are the only life form in the universe.

Just far too big and we are so small.
Easy reasoning in my mind.

JOHN GRAHAM -

"A great painting results from the immediate unadorned record of an authentic intellectro-emotional reaction of the artist set in space".

The creation provides an immediate outlet for expression of thoughts and feelings through to the final release of completion, giving satisfaction and a sense of achievement.

In using unconscious thoughts, who knows if psychic regeneration exists?
To produce each painting, a new spiritual release creates a psychic charge.

Who drives me when I am in the zone?
Why is it a controlled violence?

Is it from a primitive past and could people travel through spiritual levels?
Painting is a basic extension of the need to utter.

Primitive.

It is a discovery of the sources of power and its release.

Each painting is self driven.

Does it give birth to, or is it from, a new personality in the spirit world?

Who knows?

It is all a fight against tradition.

To accelerate the escape from repressive pretty pictures and sunny days.

Does it help us to come to terms with the constantly threatening emotional turmoil which is the birth / life / death / rebirth cycle?

Does this primal force control the intensity of the painting and who has psychological control?

My soul?

Is it just a confused aspect of my personality?

Are there primordial memories lying within my own personality?

Are there primordial memories lying within my unconscious?

Irrational impulses fighting with the controlled mind?

A psychic journey into the unconscious. It discloses secrets of nature and reality that most people do not want to conceive/perceive.

Painting should not be rational and disciplined.

Allow it to open access to the unconscious mind.

Abstract art is a creative process and any aesthetic creation is conscious.

Pretty, pretty, pretty!

Go to the deep subconscious levels of the mind – explore.

CHURCH OUTCAST

*As a non-religious man
I paint an awful lot
of church windows!
Once again - Why?
Where does this come
from?
Am I fearful of the
Spiritual World?*



Acrylic on Paper
400x300mm

COST

In an effort to appease, how long do you continue?

How much more can you do in an attempt to satisfy?

When will the tide turn?

When will you accept defeat?

At which point do you accept failure?

How much more can you take?



**GRIEF: THEN ONCE A
MONTH MORE GRIEF!**

AKA

SEARCHING FOR LOVE II

*A cycle, a reiteration.
Separated by a fleeting 28 days.*

*The frame has finger printed red
paint in an attempt to simulate
the monthly period. Blood
stained days – hormonal
imbalance shrouds the real
person. The frame below the
glass is the other side. A more
gentle personality.*

Acrylic on Glass
600x500mm

IT'S OVER

The shackles of resentment and control have disappeared.

The private repression and traumatic experience is over.

This is the point in my personal life and my life as an “artist”, when I realised I was breaking free.

No one should be controlled by another.

We all need freedom of thought, speech and mind.

Repression takes many forms.

It ALL has to end!

THE ARGUMENT

Acrylic on Canvas
1015x765mm



*Big style blowout.
Words are useless.
Shouting is useless.
No-one ever wins.
There is only failure.*

GOODBYE YOU / THE END

Finally.

Finally.

Finally.

I have got to go.

We give in.

Tried and tried.

Every attempt leads to failure.

I fear you will never be happy.

I hope I am wrong.

I have to try.



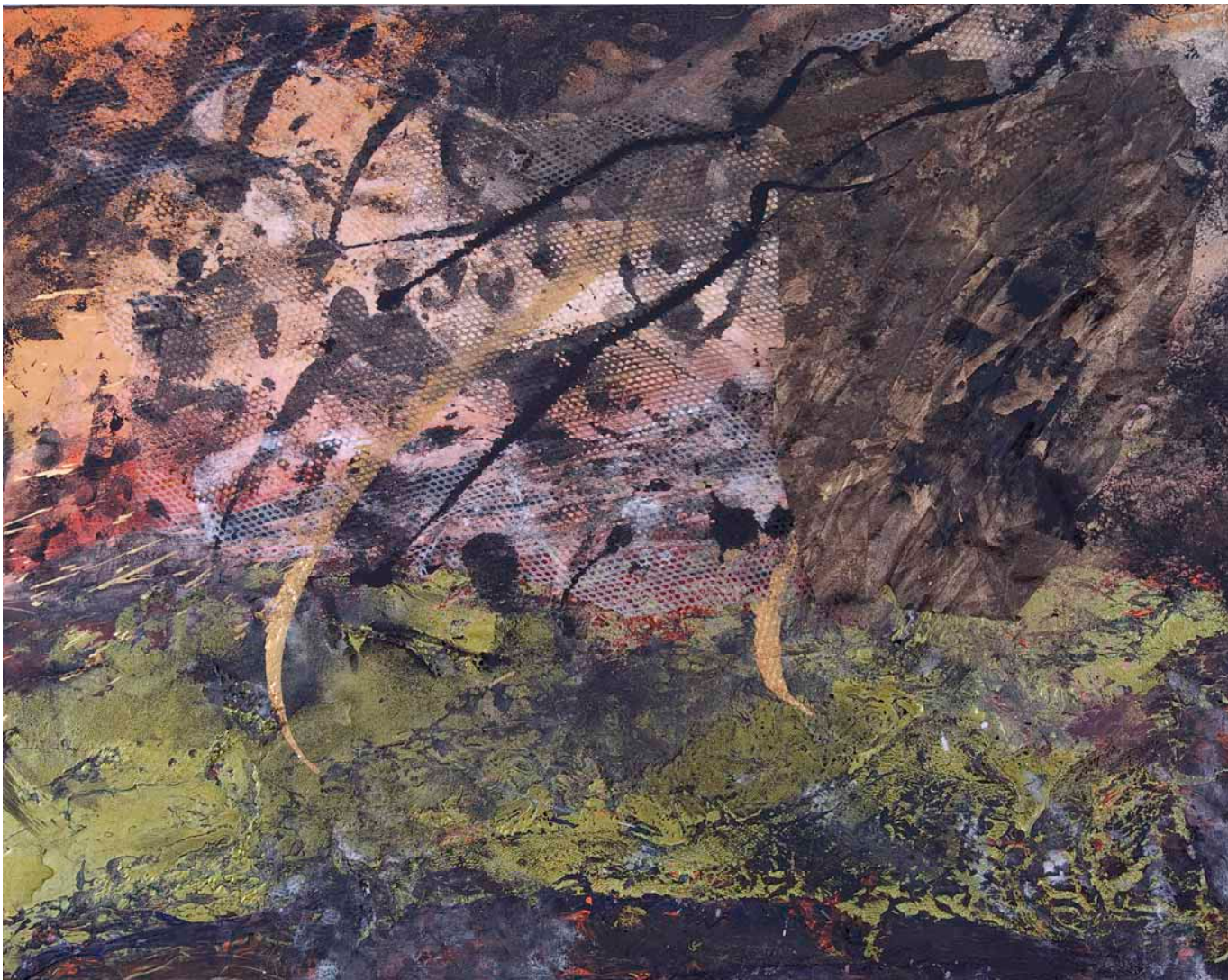
Acrylic on Fabric
400x300mm



The Titanic Struggle...

...Life Itself

LIFE - The Titanic struggle



*Sometimes it can be so hard.
But sometimes you can survive.*

Mixed Media on Canvas
600x765mm

LET'S GO!

As we all know, it is so easy to *fall* in love.

Staying in love is the difficult bit.

It ought to be a considerate and shared experience.

Respect for each other.

Once the cracks widen, there is a shift in power.

The mind regains control from the heart.

Logic and reality creep in.

The world we live in continues.

No respect for the deceased relationship.

Life has to go on.

Everyone tells you that time is the great healer.

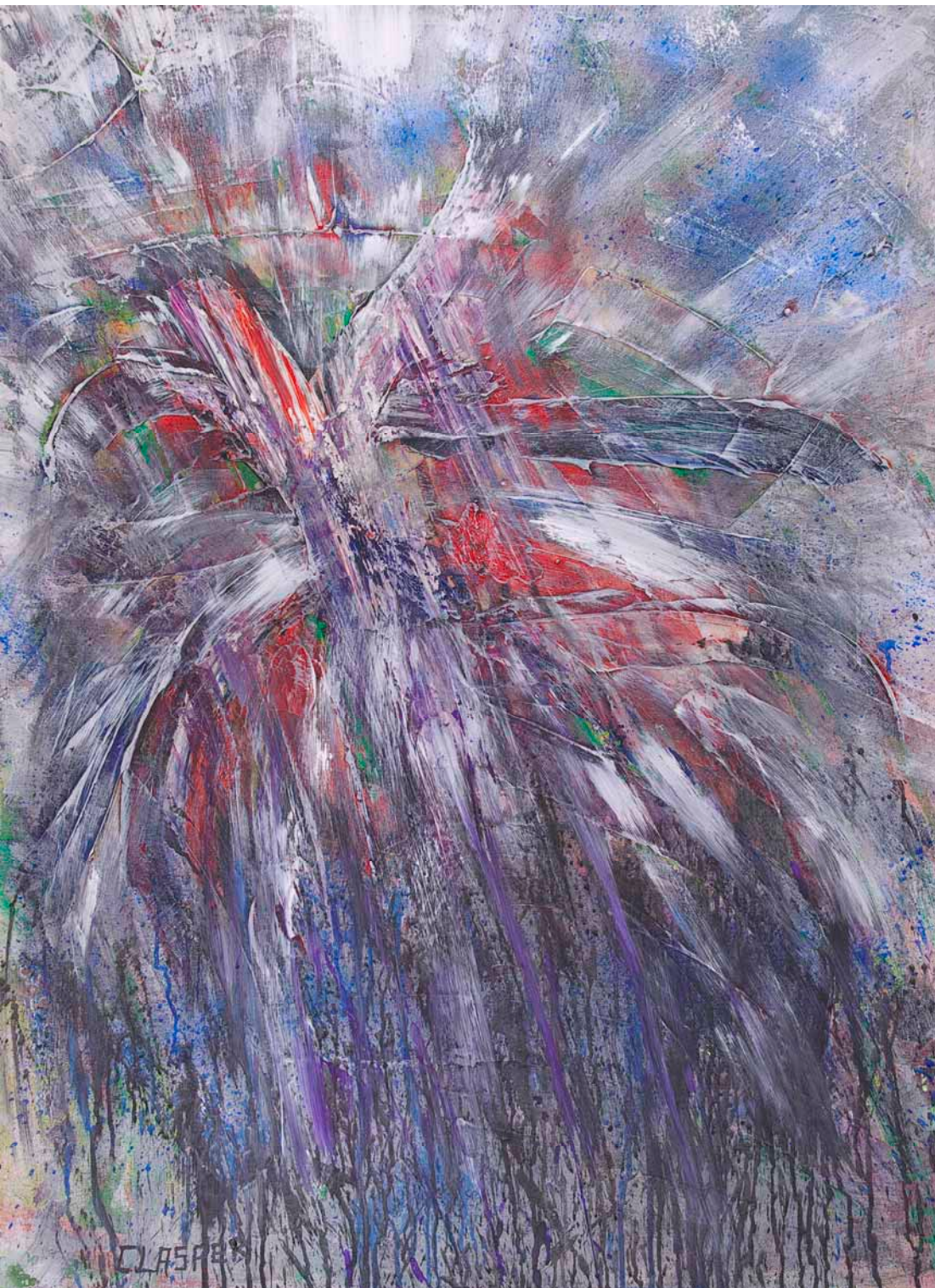
The pain becomes part of your history.

The true character returns.

You.

Now comes the time to catch up on seven lost years.

Let's go!



SUNLIGHT

*Reaching for the light.
Allow it to flood back in
and lift my spirit.*

Acrylic on Canvas
1015x765mm

SHARDS OF JOY



YIPPEE!

I have my life again!

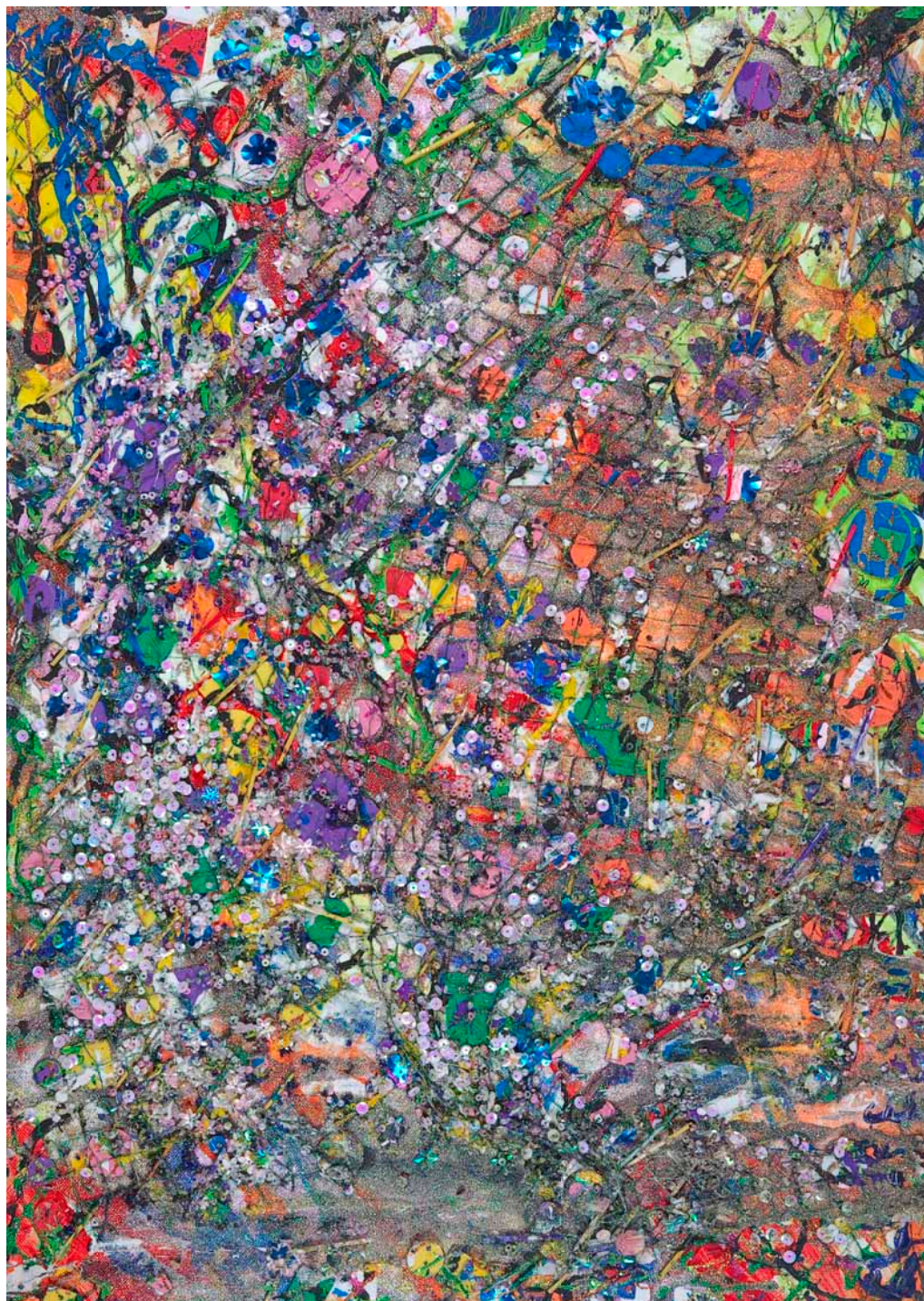
Poster Paint on Paper
Glazed and Framed
800x600mm

SAT-NAV (beyond the sun)



*Places to see.
People to see.
It is called
"A Life".*

Acrylic on Canvas
1015x765mm



CAPTURE LIFE NOW

*Seven wasted
years, but lots of
time to quickly
seize as much of
life as is possible.*

Mixed Media on Paper
700x500mm

PERSPECTIVE

VIEWS

**TWIN
TOWERS
TRAGEDY**



Acrylic on Paper
470x360mm

We will always remember.

NIPPON NIGHTMARE - TSUNAMI I



*The horror remains.
Man against the elements.
Only ever one winner.*

Mixed Media on Paper
250x350mm