

**IRONSIDE**

**WHAT IS GOING ON IN THE**

**“STÜ”**

**ORIGINAL ARTWORK**

**ORIGINAL POETRY**

**WHAT DOES IT MEAN? : REVELATION DYPTIC**

**HOW TO : EGG BANG TO THE EGG BANGER**

**ISSUE ONE**





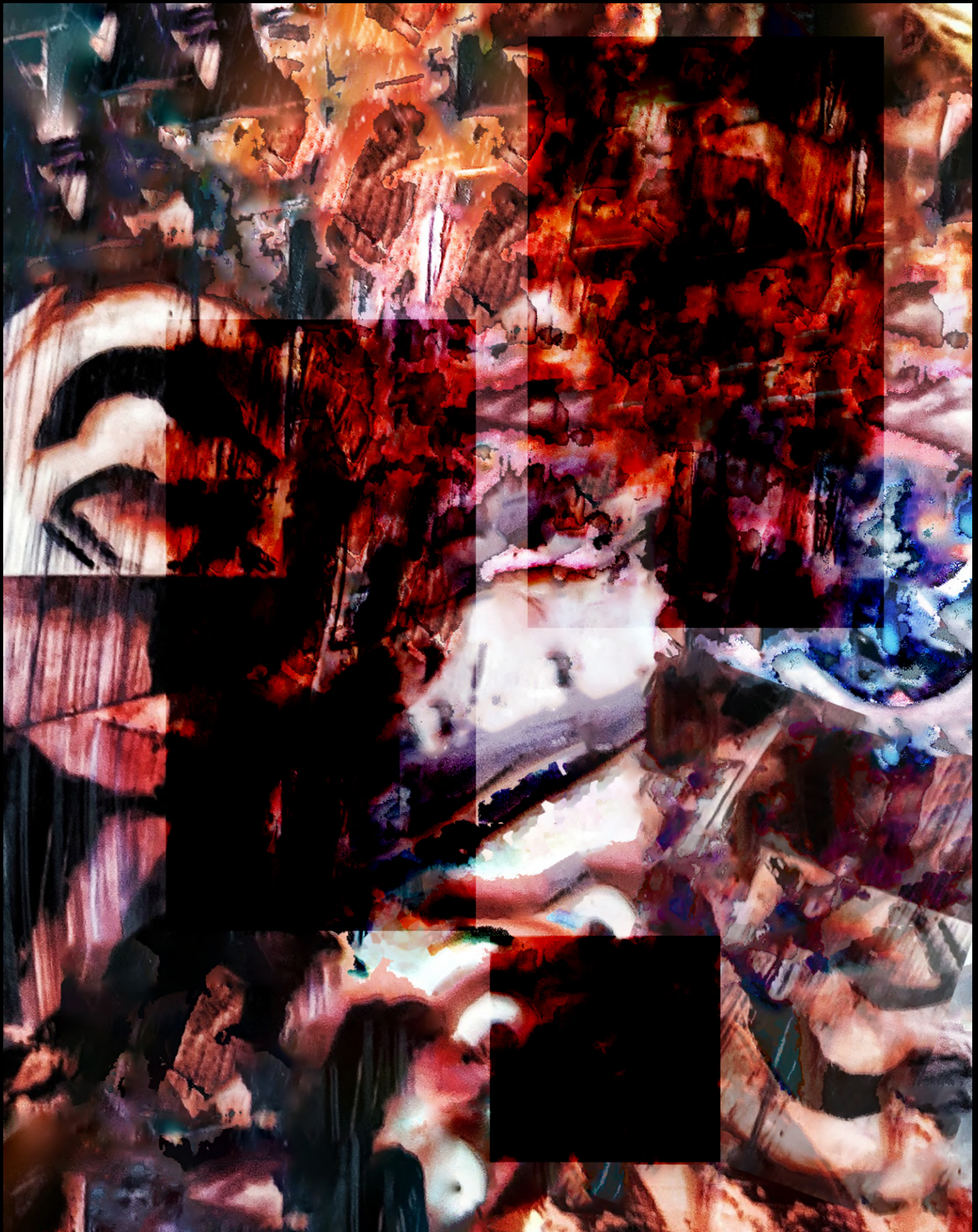
**“STÜ” DYP TIC (2020)**  
“FALL” (ABOVE) + “CLASH” (BOTTOM)





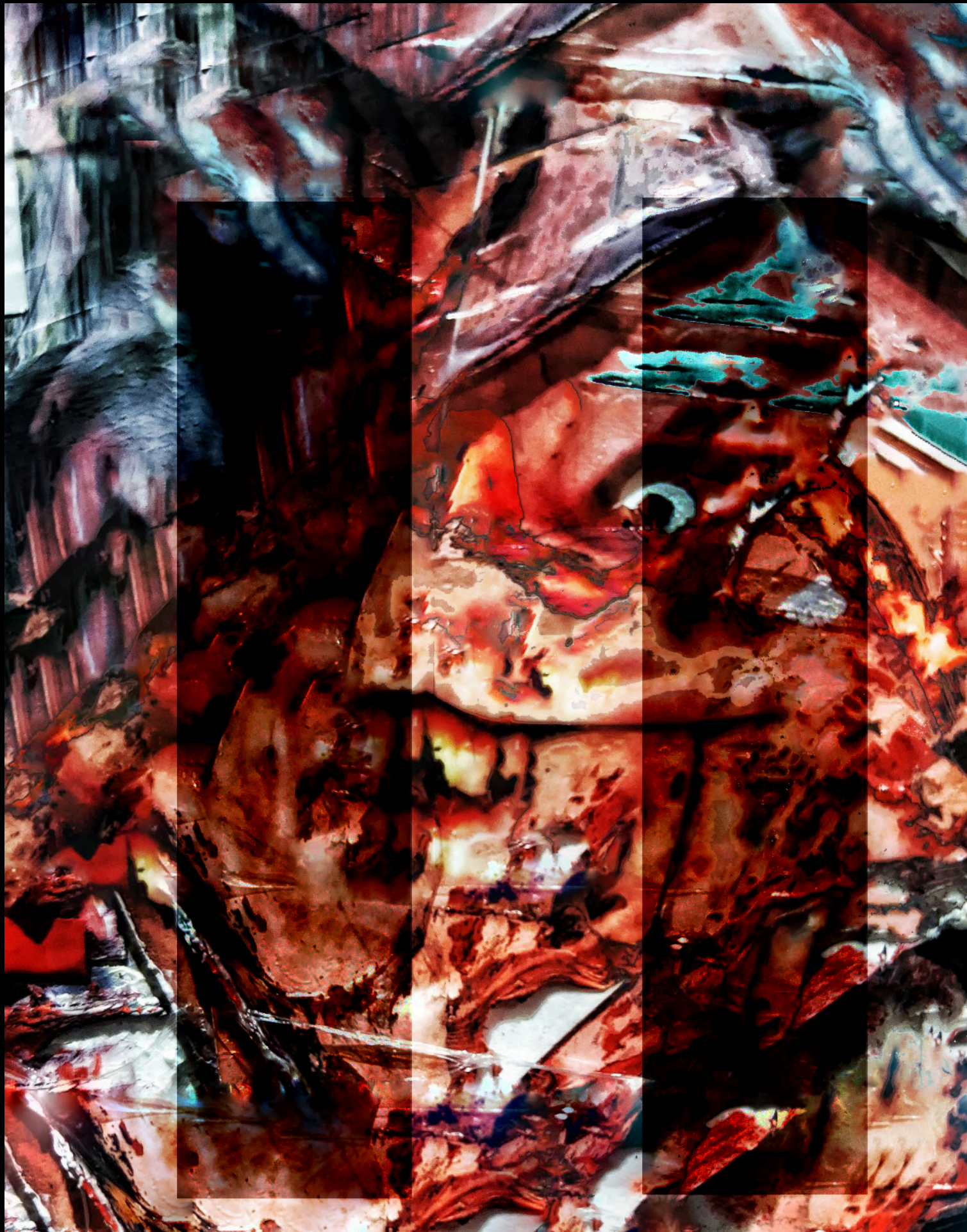
**“STÜ2” DYP TIC (2020)**  
**“GROW” (ABOVE) + “BREAK” (BOTTOM)**





**"MIX" (2020)**





**“PULL” (2020)**



## Goliath Was Only Seven Foot Tall

Opium Eater's maw  
gone Viagra  
as he lies upon the corpse  
of the Ghost Busters marshmallow man.

Slipping sizzurp out a Sprite bottle,

Jolly Ranchers importing authenticity,  
LED lights and a girlfriend tied by the flesh  
between his ribs suggest legitimacy.

Certainly in the image.  
The sight.  
The way it is supposed to look.

So he is happy, as he feels a  
*hot-water-bottle-filled-with-honey-and-VHS-grain*  
warm pull at his shins

and a rigid smile.





## Unlink

Coupled flame  
Olympus given  
broken two  
spitting last  
fragment...

Drifting off into the meta,  
beyond the text, fickle  
tricks shimmering lightly,  
bound up tight as beams.  
Rope and cross, back aching,  
soul breaking, carrion/carried (but left now for passion).

Rotten growth,  
bracken encumbered.  
Grey heaping bubbles  
clicking songs in morsels.  
Mice and ravenous  
meat eating has taken the meat eater.  
As futile groans come  
from knee caps and  
bloated stomachs,  
blowing slow winds,  
ribs fall  
and rest in:

Dog shit.  
Cigarette butts.  
Empty broken glasses.  
The dregs.  
Soaked up into the soil,  
feeding the proceeding births.





## Waxed

Stay and  
slipping into unfocus and  
it switches  
pull  
the  
dots  
back  
across  
focal  
push the lower back in traps up...

-gather.

Jitter-jammed, lethargy fog filling stuffy air arms,  
the treacle space wading through  
looking like Ratzinger or library floor vinyl.

Sliding under a table and out of me  
sitting back to watch the reel run from the inside.

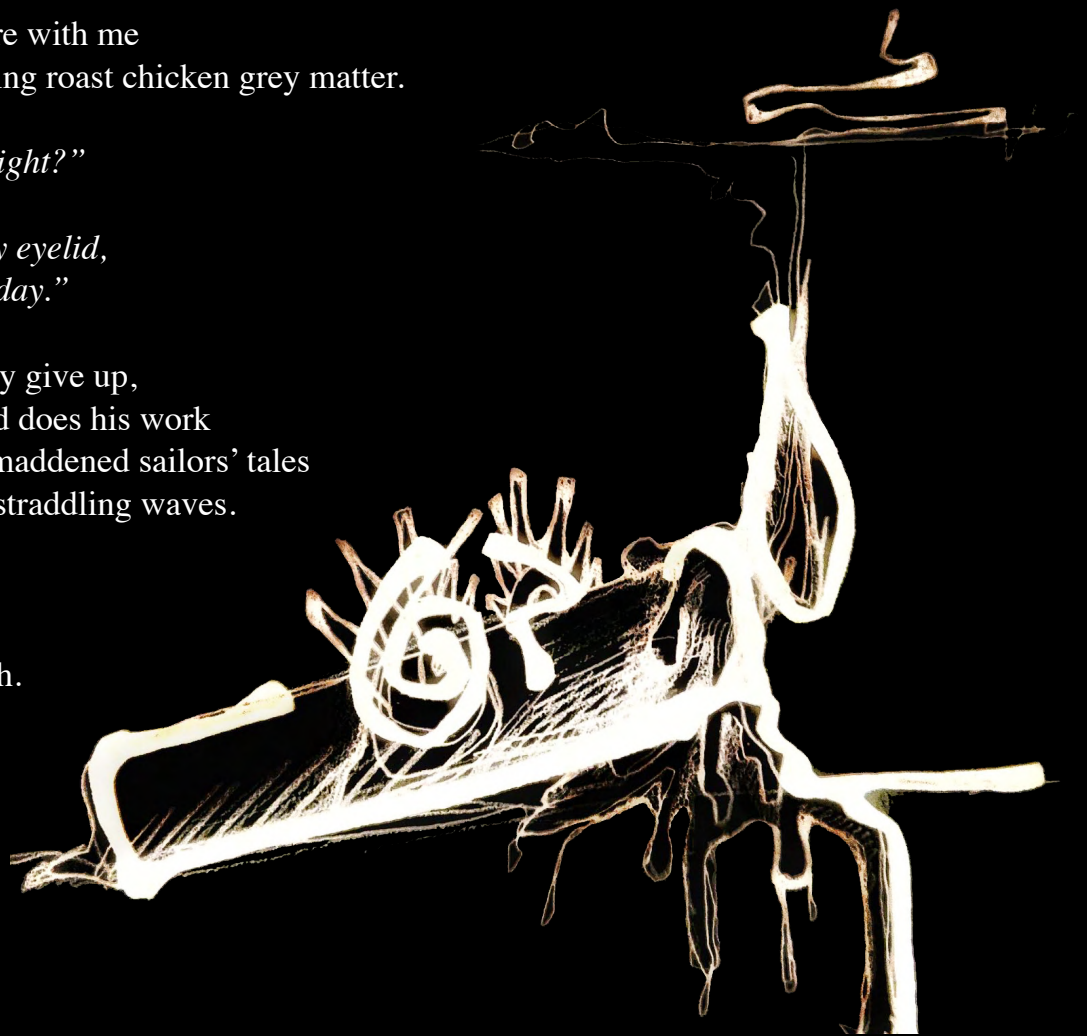
Disconnect plug-in  
from the hours burning endless candles  
at countless ends,  
and the heat is in here with me  
so I'm always smelling roast chicken grey matter.

*"Has anyone got a light?"*

*"Yeah, touch it to my eyelid,  
I've been reading today."*

But when they finally give up,  
Morpheus wakes and does his work  
spinning yarns like maddened sailors' tales  
of sinking, rushing, straddling waves.

He lets me go to  
wax and wane  
until I'm Nero's torch.





## Stationary Tan

Vinyl wood wrapped skinny legend  
with Ratzinger's eye bags  
drooped red and green.  
Lips going blue from  
the cold and  
the grey wool dividers.

The office grid glow growing more  
hypnotic.

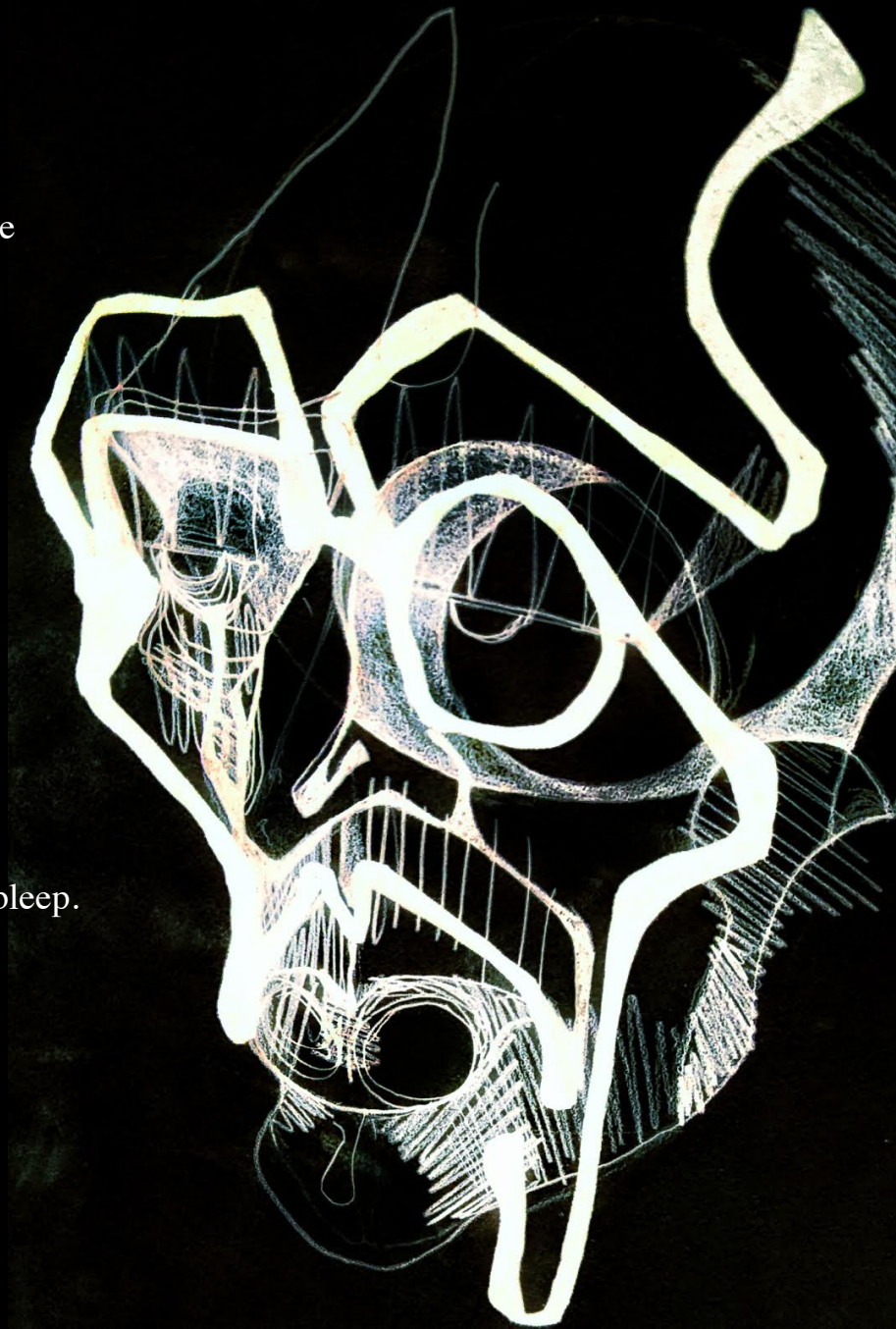
Running on low gas,  
more gas than anything else.  
Wafting in the air smelling like a  
vaporial ball-bag.

Door backs open  
and the draft drifts against  
shaved shins.  
Pins and needles:  
feels.

And the only ones too  
except the thudding beat  
of the miscellaneous background bleep.

Brown lipstick over the blue lips,  
turns darker under the lily hue.  
Sunflower for LED  
from foam board roofs.

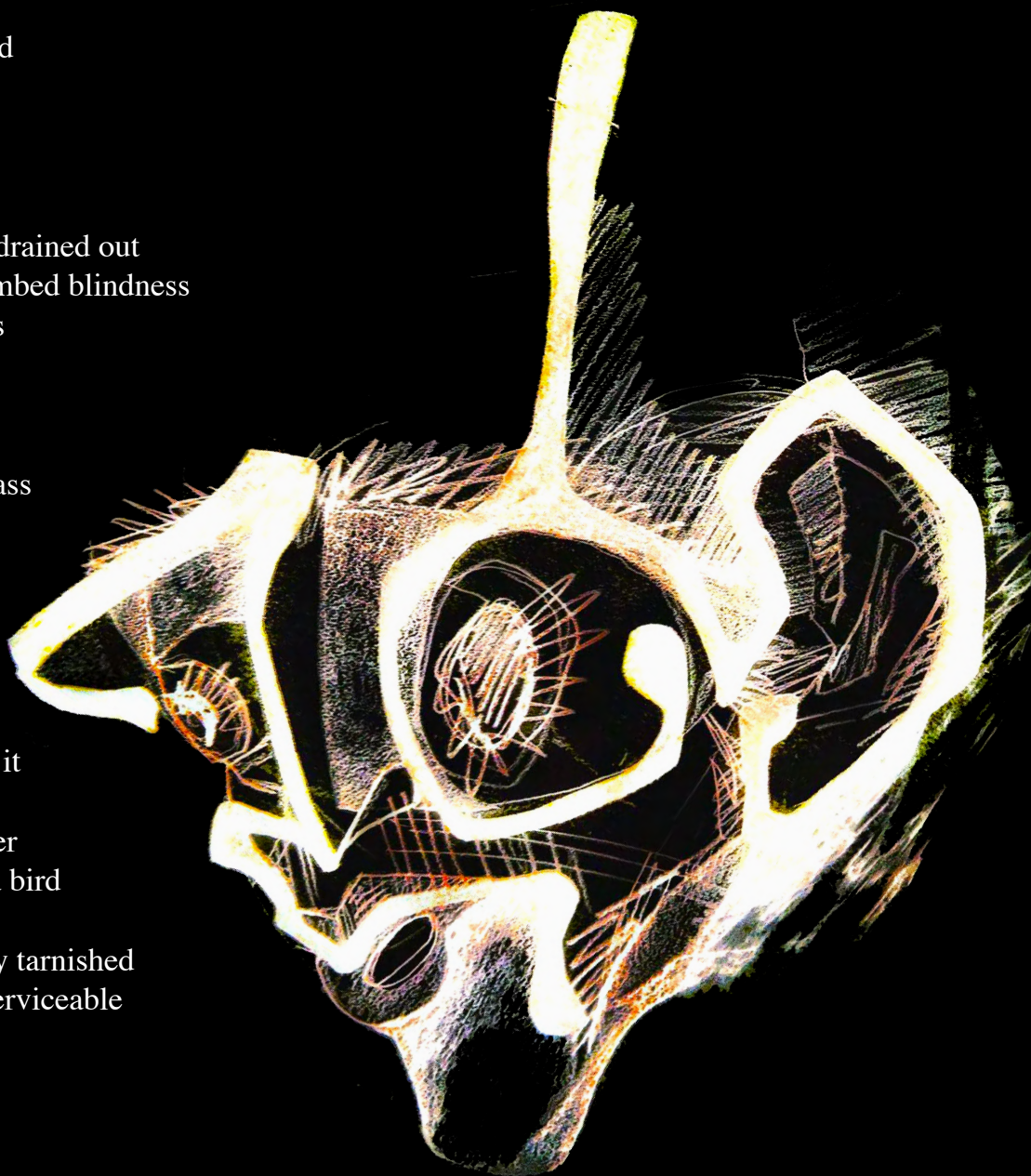
The office worker office light tan.





## Road Side Suicide

The windshield shivered  
in humming metal  
as spider webs crawl  
out from her back  
across the face  
screwed like wet cloth drained out  
soaking me to heavy limbed blindness  
peaking between shards  
held by hairs of white  
frost on the pane  
combusting  
still his chassis fibre glass  
bent into shape  
and crushed under her  
lifted  
bonnet  
crushed  
dead  
and that was the end of it  
being him completed  
now them apart from her  
marking his hood like a bird  
white flour clapped  
over shimmering lightly tarnished  
red paint chipped but serviceable  
wheels that creak and  
ache like backs  
against the wall  
dusted with glitter  
like a French Fancy in drag  
-ing the body in a bag  
out the car  
because he crashed a second  
this time on purpose  
to paint  
*the leather that runs smooth on the  
passenger seat*  
with himself  
since he could not see anything in his  
windshield  
but her  
and the cracks that she left.





STÜ

POP \*zits\* fritzzzzzzzz!

crackleand

*Drive Boy Drive Boy Dirty Numb Angel  
Boy.*

Clatter amongst cans drill  
the walls bumping fresh air  
in dense light  
drenching swinging jaws  
the mix glides from one  
to another  
seamless  
ice skates  
carving.

Starving ears and hungry hands  
grabbing at the decks,  
aurora synthetic and  
the like.

Making physical the waves  
needing something tangible.

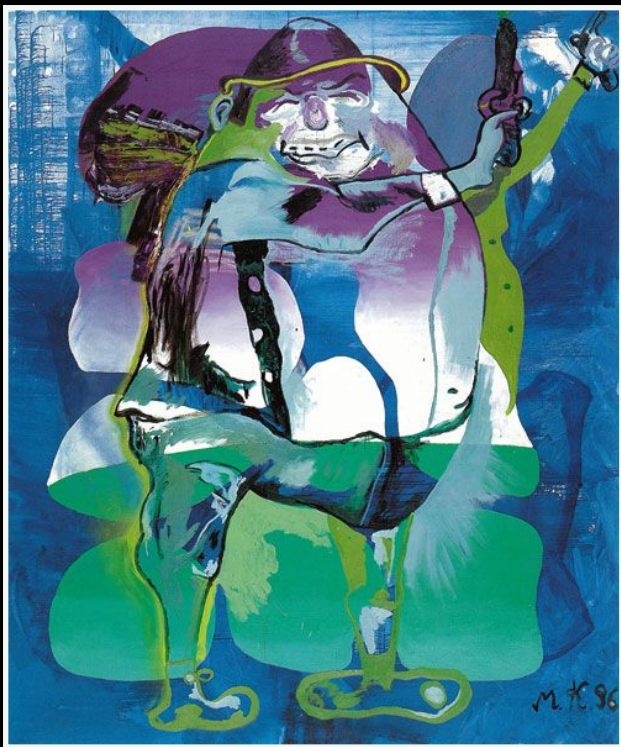
So grip the liquor quick,  
the curve figure and  
swig her.

The Glen(')s.  
The Holy Water.  
That makes the flooor smooth,  
that makes the night shórt,  
the next day long,  
but the feeling forever relieved in cannibal  
ivory.

And the headache.  
And the mirror faces,  
that shift / with / for / because of / the time.







Martin Kippenberger *"Deutscher Eierknaller (German Egg Banger)"* (1996) Oil on Canvas

## HOW TO: EGG BANG TO THE EGG BANGER

The story goes that Martin Kippenberger could be found every morning, sitting in a local cafe, staring deeply into a plate of fried eggs. What was he thinking about? Existentialism? New works? Well, maybe those, but more likely he was just trying not to throw up, as an overwhelming hangover squeezed at his gut. This German artist is emblematic of the mid 20th century artist persona - the bottomless glass of hard spirit and indecipherable (or nonsensical) antics. But it's not all that that makes him great, or at least that isn't what I find interesting. His work, for lack of a better term, is ugly.



A perpetuator of the Ready-Made; a form of art where everyday objects are appropriated by artists, and presented as original works - often completely unaltered. Also, an executor of incredibly ugly paintings, and creator of disorientating installations. Kippenberger is known for his "naive" style. I don't want to get caught up too much in details, so what is important to understand is that his art is famously disgusting, and people love him for it.

So why do I think he is so good, if he is (in reality) so bad. Well, the short answer is that he actually isn't that bad, it's just that we aren't trained to appreciate it. The best way I can describe it, is that taste is often dictated by societal norms. For example, there's a reason why your elderly neighbours don't appreciate hearing "Who Robbed the Hash From the Gaff" blasted through their walls on a Friday night. Sure, they might want to listen to their own music, or the piercing silence of a tennis match played on mute (or whatever it is old people do), but at its core, they are not trained to listen to Techno made by teenagers on their laptops. The same goes for Jazz, or A-tonal, or Industrial music - a sort of "ear training" is required.

Kippenberger's art works in a similar vein. The technical skill involved in his painting is actually quite high, it's simply that the imagery, handling of paint, and colour palettes are not those we have been trained to enjoy. It's that subversion that is so important to his work, and why I find it so inspiring. He takes our aesthetic principles, beats us over the head with them, and then presents whatever dented wreck remains as a profound new work.

"German Egg Banger" (1996) is frankly an ugly painting. The colour palette is garish and clashing, the brush strokes are rough and sketchy, and it is literally just a picture of an egg with a funny hat. From a first glance, this is a truly repulsive painting, but if you learn to look critically, beauty can be found in it. First of all, the whole painting is very textured. If you try and paint multi-coloured random scribbles yourself, you'll quickly find yourself with a homogenous brown-grey mass, not very interesting. Here, Kippenberger has been careful in his application of paint, and has created a great variety of textures and "marks" on the canvas. It's not the Mona Lisa, but the artist has clearly put a great amount of effort





## 'NOBOFY HELPS ANYBODY' - KIPPENBERGER

into developing lots of interesting textural variation for us to enjoy.

Going further, you'll notice that it's very difficult to understand what's in the background, and what's in-front. This is actually a very difficult thing to achieve, and Kippenberger has used colour theory to make sure we as viewers, really have to struggle to understand exactly what's going on. What this does, is create movement. When you see photos taken at a party, and everyone is blurred out, we can assume that people have been moving around. The reason why edgy teens post these poor quality photos on their instagram,

is because they give some sense of energy; It gives life to an image. The streaks of light show where someone was, and where they moved to.

Another way that movement can be suggested however, is through tone. If you put a light colour and a dark colour side by side, the dark colour will appear further back (you can even see it in the text here). I'm sure there is plenty of scientific explanation for this, but now isn't the time for that. Kippenberger has taken advantage of this, and confuses us by placing light and dark tones together in a way that confuses the eye. All of a sudden, what was simply an ugly painting, becomes a very complex exercise in colour theory.

Most of us don't need to think about all these technical ideas very often, unless we are employing them ourselves, so what can a non-artist gain from exposing themselves to this type of painting. It's about finding beauty in even the ugliest things. The next time you find yourself walking around thinking "Wow, where I live is so boring", remember the Egg Banger. If you look at the real world in the same way you might look at an ugly painting, you open yourself up to the startling diversity of texture and shape and colour that composes our world. It's about appreciating EVERYTHING, not just sunsets and A\$AP Rocky music videos, but the dirt and grime too.

If you asked Kippenberger why he refused to just 'give us "nice" things', I don't think you'd get a very cogent reply. But I would say, it's because "nice" things are boring, and frankly I would prefer to look at a mound of an artist's literal shit (something you **can** see by the way, thank you Manzoni), then whatever placid crap hangs on coffee shop walls the world over.

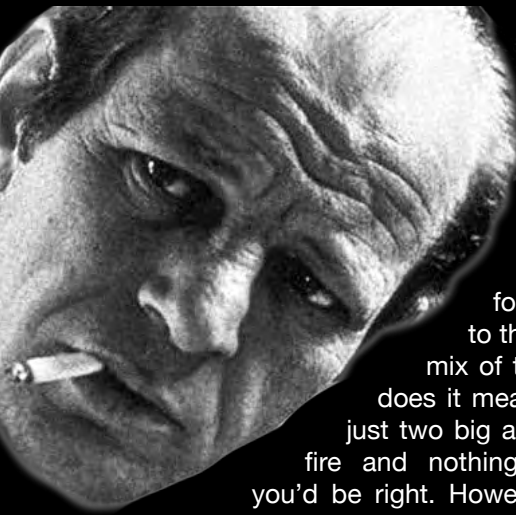


\* Piero Manzoni *"Merda de Artist (Artist's Shit)"* (1961)





## WHAT DOES IT MEAN: REVELATION DIPTYCH



Most of my work is pretty meaningless. I just start working and hope either *One* meaning reveals itself in the process or *Two* someone explains it for me when I show it to them. This one, was a mix of those two. But what does it mean? Surely these are just two big and chaotic plates of fire and nothing much else. Well, you'd be right. However if you'd indulge me, there is some context for these works that might justify them as "art works", rather than just some stuff I knocked up in photoshop.

These works are examples of abstract expressionism. This is a rather expansive genre of (mostly) painting that was particularly popular in the 40s and 50s. You most likely know abstract expressionism as the "modern art" that is just scribbles on a canvas, and sometimes not even that. I am under no illusion that I can justify this

type of painting to you if you don't like it, certainly not now. However it is important to understand what these artists were trying to do, and why some of this stuff is actually quite good, not just a greedy cash grab by lazy artists.



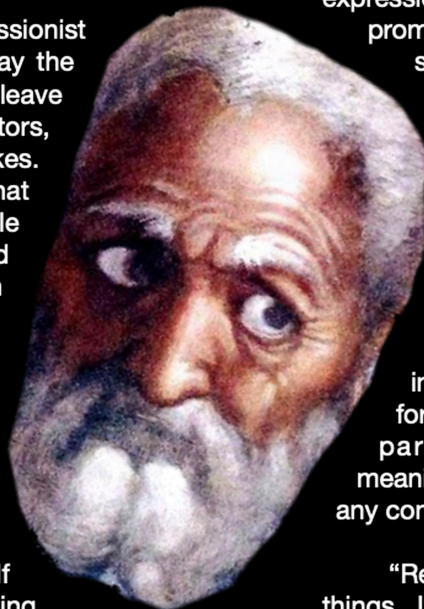
Abstract expressionism is the result of art's gradual move towards abstraction - when you take something and represent it in ways other than its "real" appearance. This allows artists to infuse an object with other connotations. For example, cartoons like manga or anime use abstraction. When a character is angry, their hair might spike up and their face turns bright red. Of course, that doesn't happen (most of the time) when we are angry, but the artist has altered the "real" appearance of the character to convey that emotion. Painters use this technique too. For example, if a scene is calm, an artist might smooth out edges, or use cool colours, to soften the impact of the image. Conversely, if an artist wanted to show chaos, they may use erratic brush strokes, and a hot colour palette. These ideas are





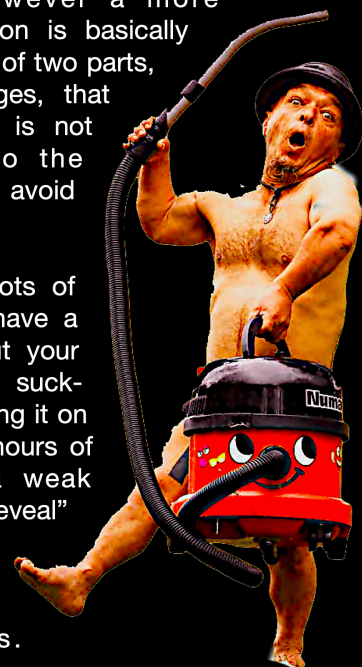
relatively simple, but abstract expressionism takes them to the extreme.

Many abstract expressionist painters decided to take away the objects from an image, and leave only those emotional indicators, like colour and brush strokes. So, the result is painting that doesn't have any identifiable subject, and is just colour and brush strokes and an "expression". This is of course a massive over simplification, and I will explain more as things become relevant, but this is the essence of abstract expressionism. It seems pretentious, and it is in some ways, but if you allow yourself to look at this type of painting sincerely, it can be a very emotional experience. It taps into something that cannot be described. Because of the fact that there are no objects or "icons" for us to look at and interpret, like a sad face, or a happy sunflower, we can be left a bit clueless. But viewed with the context I just described, that it is a collection of "emotional indicators" just without the objects and images, you may be able to taste some of the emotion that is expressed in a work.



*The Revelation Diptych* is an abstract expressionist work, but it also gives you a few prompts about how to interpret it in the title, so let's move on to that next. "Diptych" is a term that basically just describes one work that is made up of two parts. It would have initially described something like an altarpiece, which consisted of two panels, connected by hinges in the middle, that could be folded shut. However a more contemporary definition is basically any work that consists of two parts, in this case two images, that form one "piece". This is not particularly relevant to the meaning, but is important to avoid any confusion.

"Revelation" can mean lots of things. It could be that you have a revelation when you figure out your vacuum cleaner has multiple suck-force options, after years of using it on the lowest setting, absorbing hours of your life hoovering with a weak vacuum. Equally, you could "reveal" yourself, although please do that in the privacy of your own homes. *The Revelation Diptych* draws on both meanings.





*Revelation to Jacob*, eludes to the story of Jacob from the Bible, when God reveals himself, and Jacob is awestruck by what appears to be a stairway to heaven. *Revelation to Semele* draws on Greek myth, when Zeus reveals his true form to a mortal mistress. When she - Semele - sees Zeus like this, she suddenly combusts into flame.

Okay, so now we understand the references, and what type of art the works are, we should put them together, and hopefully trigger something of an artistic revelation in you too. So, these images use a hot colour pallet, which as we have already established, indicates chaos. You can apply all sorts of connotations to the colours red, orange and yellow, and I invite you too, but it's my hope that through my use of colour, I evoke a feeling of power, heat, energy or even fear. This all connects back to those references to Greek mythology and the Bible. The characters in these stories were overcome by these "revelations", so that is what I have tried to convey in the images. Similarly, I've used lots of sharp, jagged shapes, another one of those emotional indicators. The more you look at the works in this kind of way, you might discover more of the choices I have made, in order to convey emotion. Ultimately, if you don't connect with these images, that's fine. Everyone has a different way of looking at and

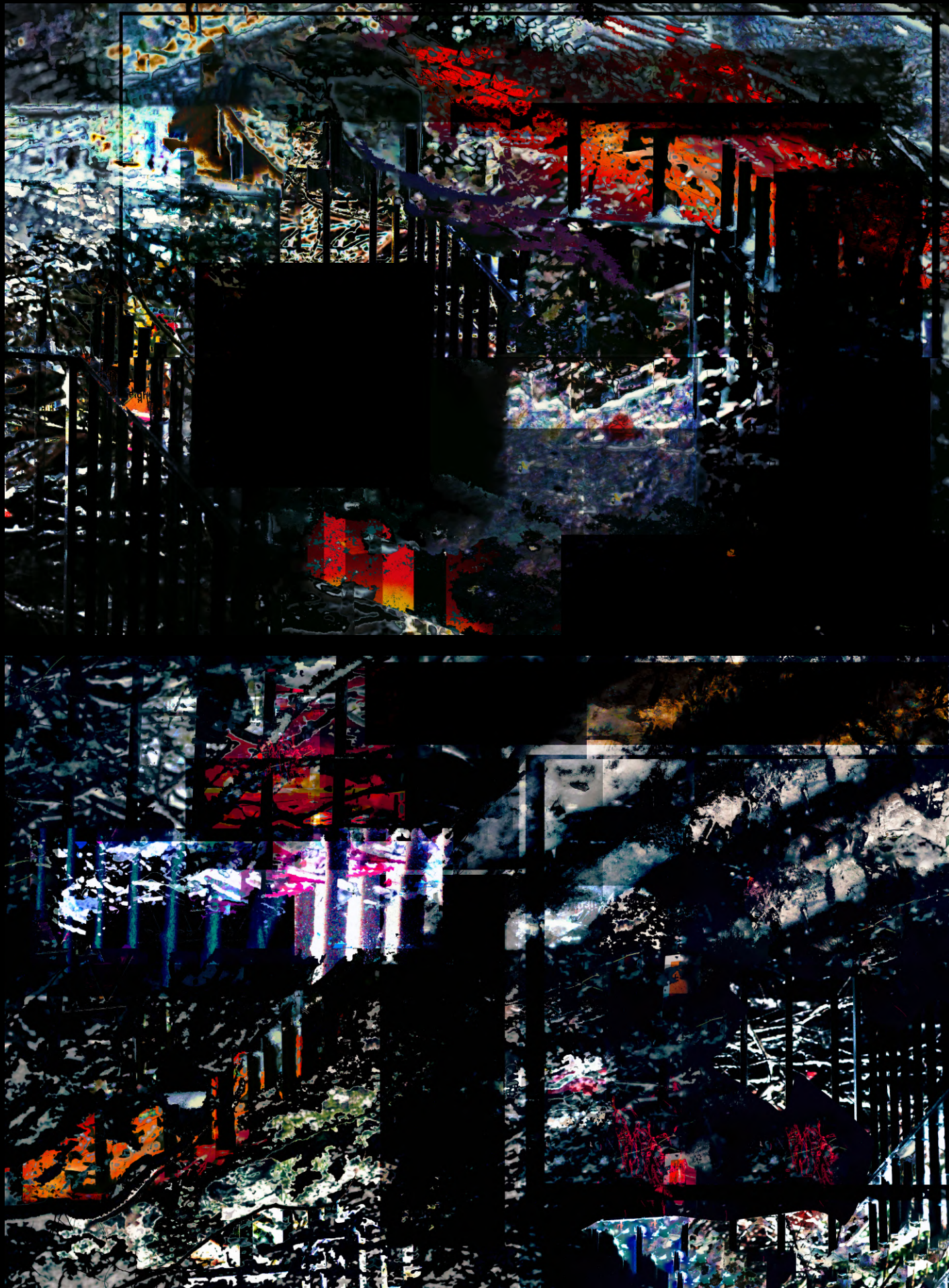
understanding the world, and that's what makes art subjective. But I hope I have shed some light on how you might go about looking at a work of art like this.

I want to leave you with one last thought. The way I have described looking at abstract expressionist art is not so foreign to us. In fact, it is because it isn't foreign that this type of art can be successful. This, I think, is a case of art intimidation. The art world has the power to make people feel small. Plenty of people (including myself) walk into an art gallery, and don't understand any of the wank that's in there. So when art asks us to stop thinking, and just look at something and feel, we struggle to turn off. We look at it critically, and apply our ingrained standards to it. Doing this, there's no wonder so many people think that this type of art is just pretentious. And it is pretentious, but I promise you, it's not **just** pretentious. When we look at a friend's face, and their eyebrows point in and scrunch up into a scowl (an expression I frequently see when giving this exact lecture), we understand they are unhappy. Such hints exist all around us: stop signs are red, so red means stop or bad, or "don't go here", fields and hills are calming, so green is calming too. Abstract expressionism doesn't ask you to think about "what it all means". You just have to look at it, as you look at anything else, and try to understand how it makes you feel.



**PRINTS OF THE "REVELATION DIPTYCH"  
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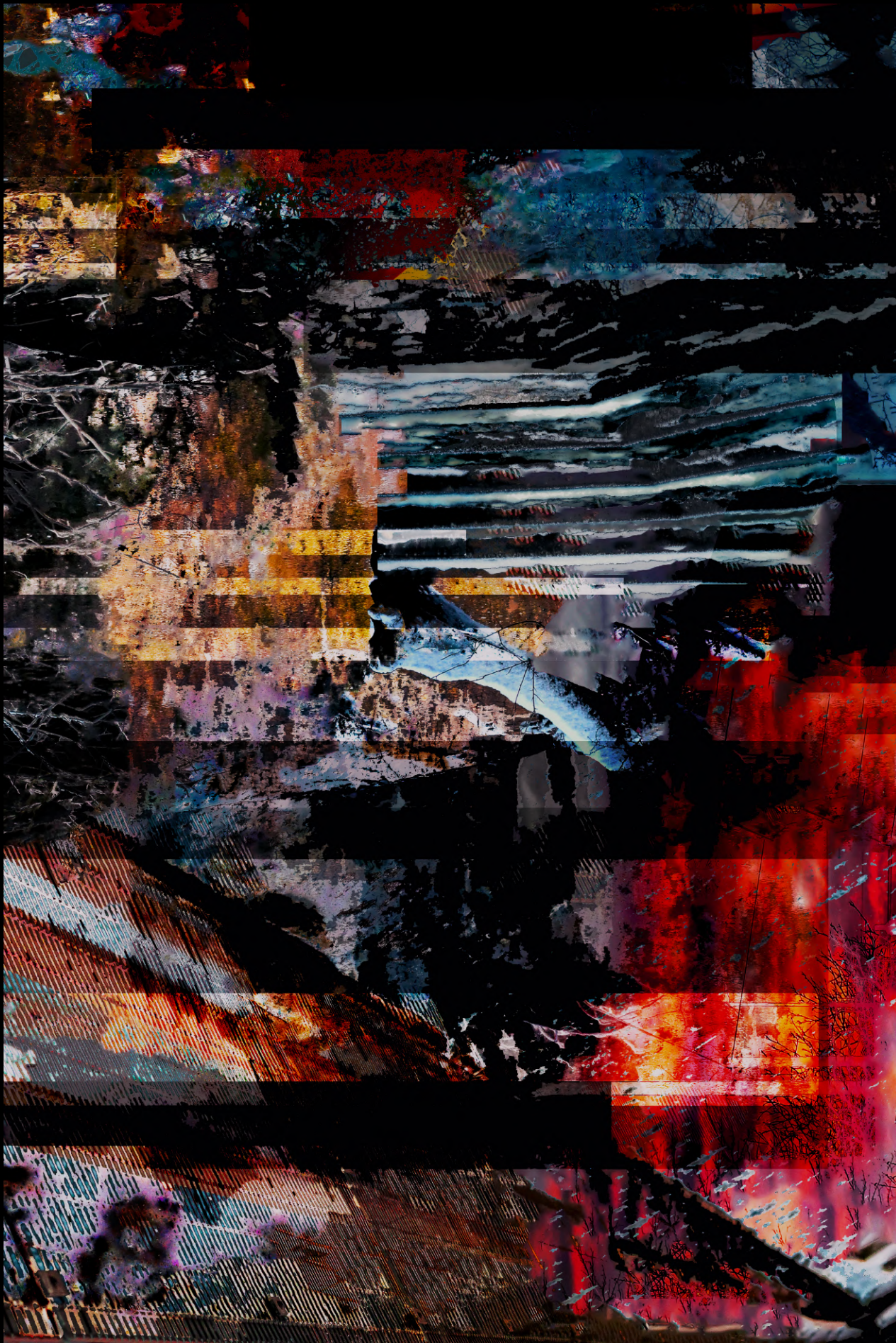
**“IN ABSCENCE” DYPTICH (2021)**





**“PERIPHERAL VISIONS” (2021)**





**“THAT’S A HUNGRY CRY” (2021)**



**IRONSIDE**

**FIN**

**ISSUE ONE**