TINMANTIS

ELITE FINE ART

May 22 – June 28, 2026


SPLIT
I AM SENDING ALL MY LOVE


MEDAPhilia CANNIBALS
prolonged agony of cancer
childhood cancer
starvation, agony, and
Senseless War
TORTURE
RAPE RAPE
ENDLESS MURDERS
FILTH+DISEASE
despair
SICKNESS
HET DA YOUR KNEES!
HAUNTED by the PAST
CHASE
no one listens
TRUIST
no one listens
somebody ELSES
LIFE


CHASE
no one listens
TRUST
no one listens
somebody ELSES
LIFE
WHEN I CLICK THIS...
IT LOCKS
Rebirth of the Middle Ages
Jeff Koons
ARE Americans SELF ADDICT


When I click this...
It locks
Rebirth of the Middle Ages
Jeff Koons
ARE Americans SELF AWAR


When I click this...
it locks
Rebirth of the Middle Ages
SPLIT
imperial majesty
Pepsi
is better


SPLIT
FORM
imperial
majesty
Jordan
PEPSI
is better
FLINT
FRIENDS


SPLIT
FOR A
PERFORMANCE
Today
THEY WERE LOST
door to door
I AM
SENDING
ALL MY
LOVE


ROSEHIA SIDIO
MY LAST
1000 PAINTINGS
were AI
THEY WERE LOST
door to door
in and out
I AM
SENDING
ALL MY
LOVE

TINMANTIS
ELITE FINE ART
May 22 - June 28, 2026
Foreign & Domestic, 24 Rutgers Street, New York
opening Friday, May 22, 6-8pm

He has slogans too.

Things like: **No friends, no trends**. Did he make it up?

He also likes to pose with weapons, but we'll get to that.

A Testament In Defense Of The Madman Known As **TINMANTIS**

I don't remember who first told me about **TINMANTIS**, and I don't have time to figure it out. My memory is like a moldy Swiss cheese. But I do have an eye for art, and I believe that **TINMANTIS** is great genius whose work demands our close attention. It's a production full of surprises and novelties, exotic visual pleasure alternating with perplexingly hateful threats. He makes great quantities, the better to smother us, to drown us all with wave after majestic wave.

We gave him a key to the city, and he used it to stir a pot of bitter juices.

Who is he, and what? **TINMANTIS** manifests a determined commitment to obscure the most basic facts of his life. It's well known that I am also a person who has obfuscated my identity, so I may have an insight, yet I really have no clarity about why I behave this way. I can tell you that it stretches far back into my childhood. I always hated having a name — it seemed like the first step down a rocky, rocky road to hells of parental surveillance and punitive social judgements. I experience someone asking my name as something of an assault. Of course, you have to prepare in advance for such assaults, by having six extra names that you go through, like a cheating gambler shuffling a deck of cards.

I bring this up because **TINMANTIS** has the same problem or some version of it. I don't know if he has some dark secret he's hiding... But you don't have to have a dark secret to not want anybody to know who you are, or what you do, or what you think about...

There's a good line by so-called "Bob Dylan"... *If my thought-dreams could be seen, they'd probably put my head in a guillotine...*

We are, of course, living in a time when the phenom of social media means that the forces of evil have full access to everything we think and do, for better or for dystopian worse, and odds are this is just proper preparation for a grotesque future culling of the human race based on our Facebook posts. Place your bets! *Don't darken the sky with clouds that bleed!*

Anyway, I am fully transparent compared to the darkling maze that is **TINMANTIS**' identity. He poses in pictures always with a mask, a white mask like something you would put over someone's head before you execute them. Except it has eye-holes, and it's quite dirty.

He tops it with a black beret, apparently referencing an ancient stereotype ridiculing French artists. It's a joke from post-WW2 cartoons, after America's abstract expressionistos had seized the planetary art-world crown and enjoyed looking snottily down at the deposed Frogs.

Or maybe it's about beatnik culture? Wherever the source, its not funny. I don't know, but it's the kind of mistake a surreptitiously invading space alien might make.

Furthermore, I am just being polite when I refer to **TINMANTIS** as a he, because even though he presents as a bio-man, I've had my doubts!

Anyway, I started telling this guy via Insta how much I liked his art and how I thought he was a genius, very sincerely. He later told me that he didn't sleep for three days because I was the Mark Flood. Back when it meant something — boo-hoo.

We decided to trade work, and I traded him ten or so trademark Mark Floods for a nice roll of his paintings on paper.

I knew at least that my little time capsule of the **TINMANTIS** legacy would be safe for the future. At the time, I felt like he was dangerously under-known. Because whenever you see a genius/nut with a huge pile of great Art nobody knows about, sometimes there's a tragic loss. Because huge piles of art are as fragile as butterflies' wings.

Kafka's last wish, from his deathbed, was that his best buddy burn all his writings, which had never been published, and which he kept in a big trunk. The buddy assured him he would ash that shit, and then, thank Heaven, he published them all.

In other news, **TINMANTIS**' practice bristles with technical novelty. Those who know me know that I look for technical novelty in art, because art cannot be great without it. With it, you cannot help but make art that has never been made before.

A good example of one technical novelty apparently pioneered by the Mantis is in his series of portraits of historical figures made with chains. He will draw the portrait by doling out lengths of fine chain onto a support He then spray-paints, stenciling the chain.

You end up with a charmingly novel style of portrait, made with a line that references slavery. Chain, like the chain of a swing-set more than anything. Yet, he did all the presidents of the USA and many other colonizers, so there is a strange political edge poking out of the winter landscape of his general madness.

He has also gone down the glitter road, and as you know, it is a classic case of technical novelty in the service of madness.

I could go on celebrating the violent stumbling downward of an entire civilization that is TINMANTIS, and I shall in an irrational way, *but since* TINMANTIS *came, the whole world is upside down. He didn't even write a catalog résumé on the* TINMANTIS *run of glorious days. Or a book of aesthetic rules he wisely disobeyed! He didn't volunteer all the different ways he was willing to pay and pay and pay. Leave us alone,* TINMANTIS. *Please leave us alone! Spare us your touch, cruel demon! Your genius is like a bony finger dipped in an acid bath!*

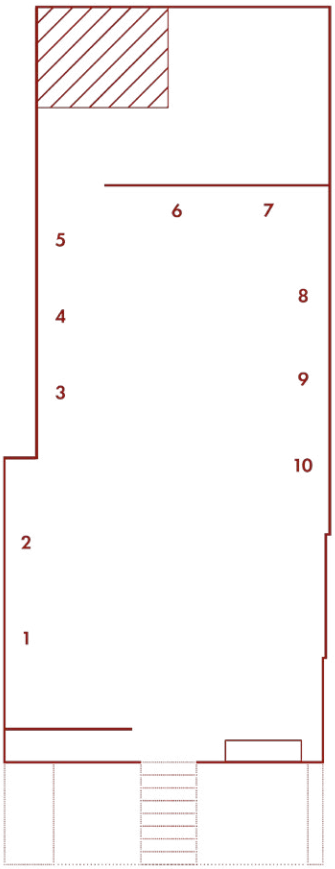
This is the end of my sane thoughts on the genius, and perhaps an empty and un-amusing musing on the acceptance and study of the art of TINMANTIS as a mental disease.

Thank you,
Mark Flood

ELITE FINE ART is the first solo exhibition by TINMANTIS

A written interview of the artist by Pujan Gandhi will accompany the exhibition.

for more information contact *info@foreigndomestic.io*



1. TINMANTIS
Blessed Be My Gifts
2026
acrylic and household paint
on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches

2. TINMANTIS
No One Listens
2026
acrylic, household and spray paint,
collage on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches

3. TINMANTIS
Return of the Middle Ages
2026
acrylic and household paint, pen,
glitter on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches

4. TINMANTIS
Jeff Koons
2026
acrylic and household paint,
coffee stains on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches

5. TINMANTIS
Are Americans Self Aware
2026
acrylic, household and spray paint,
collage on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches

6. TINMANTIS
Split Form
2026
acrylic, household and spray paint
on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches

7. TINMANTIS
Imperial Majesty Jordan
2026
racrylic and household paint,
collage, pencil, jigsaw pieces, glitter
on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches

8. TINMANTIS
Rosetta Stone
2026
acrylic, household and spray paint,
collage on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches

9. TINMANTIS
My Last 1000 Paintings Were Ai
2026
acrylic, household and spray paint
on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches

10. TINMANTIS
I am Sending All My Love
2026
acrylic and household paint, ink,
on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches

TINMANTIS interviewed by **Pujan Gandhi**, April 2026

Pujan Gandhi is a curator and writer, focused on South Asian art, ancient and modern.

TINMANTIS
Oh dear, I don't know if I could do this. I was just thinking, I'm not an artist really. I can't do anything like this. I can't answer questions or talk sensibly or do anything.

Pujan Gandhi
That's all right. That's why you make the work, and that's why there are people like me that try to make sense of it.

I've just been doing Superman poses – you know if you do a Superman pose then you feel more confident about what you're gonna say?

Is that so? I've not tried it.

So I was standing here with my hands on my hips with my chest out, thinking, 'Yeah, I'm Superman' and then punch in the air, thinking, 'Yeah, I'm gonna save the world.' I don't know if it works.

Has Superman flown into one of your 'poster-paintings'?

No, I hate him. I hate Superman. Don't you?

Why?

He's so pukey, American fucking ... blah! That's everything that I hate: Superman, all Marvel stuff, and everything like that. Just disgusting. I don't know why I'm doing Superman poses.

What's the difference between Marvel, Superman, and Star Wars?

Star Wars is OK. I like that. Maybe it's all the superheroes. **I don't like superheroes, people being super great and saving things. I think it's such an extreme American dream.** You know, it's gotten even worse with AI crap, and I hate watching New York blow up: all that glittery annihilation and Superman standing there saving the day ... Do you like Superman? Do you watch Marvel movies?

As a kid, I thought Superman was a fun story. But it could be that I appreciated the outfit more than the actual content.

I was thinking about that since you sent me those questions. I've been thinking about everything, and I try not to think about anything: about why I hate things and why I like things. If you sit down and think, 'Why do I hate this?', you just go around in circles. So yeah, I don't know why I hate Superman.

Maybe you have to hate something to like it and hate it again.

Yeah.

Let's start with the substrate: your 'poster-paintings' – did you coin that term? Could you share more about your process?

I used to think of them as posters 'cause I didn't really think of them as art. I didn't think of myself as an artist. I used to say, 'They're my posters,' like a sign painting. I thought I was a weird sign painter, in private, making posters for myself. I'm glad I kept them all because I didn't think they were anything.

So how long have you been making them?

I can't reveal too much. Remember, I'm supposed to be mysterious.

We could talk about that?

Well, you sent me all these questions. I've been thinking about them all week, and I thought, 'There's no way I can answer this.' I thought you were gonna send me a question like, 'What's your favorite color?'

What is your favorite color?

Black!!! (laughs) But that's just stupid ... That's why I think I can't be an artist. I don't know what an artist is.

Didn't André Breton say, "If your experience isn't strange to you, it's false"?

Oh, I like that.

When we last spoke, we discussed how they started as found objects.

Everything, everything's found. My paint, everything, everything ... Let me read from my notes:

I didn't know I was an artist really, and it's painful to think and talk about it. I think it's so cringe! I always felt excluded from the art world: to say, 'This is me. I'm so special.' I couldn't afford paint. I've never been able to afford paint or stuff or materials or gallery tickets or anything. But I felt like I didn't want to bow down to it all and worship great art in great galleries. I thought, 'Why are they better than me?' I thought, 'Fuck you.' I thought I had a problem with

the art world. I don't get the rules. I can't talk like an artist. I don't buy paint. I don't buy paper or canvas – anything. I find everything. I get free paint from the recycling dump, and I'm always stealing pens. I thought I'd never lower myself to go into an art store. That's everything I'm at war with, but I don't really know why. I think I retreated into my own lonely art world where I might be super cool, but it's just me in a vacuum. I used to think this is how to justify why I was getting nowhere and nothing meant anything. I thought success and acceptance is like being tamed or something. I thought the whole thing is a cage. I've gotta stay anonymous (I didn't know what I was doing anyway): I thought, yeah, if I'm accepted by everyone I hate, that's the end of everything. My work is inspired and motivated by revenge, and I had that written on the post-it: **revenge on those fuckers who thought my work was shit.** Like a private war, and that's sort of what's led me here – an art process fueled by revenge, which I thought was so funny. But again, they say the best revenge is success, so, I mean, I fucked that up because if get successful, the whole thing is wrong...

But I have dreams though. I saw Keith Harring's checkered studio floor, so I thought, 'Fuck, I want that checkered studio floor!' And Mike Kelly, I saw his *Clovered Hoof* prints when I was younger. I thought, 'Oh my, I've gotta have one of those.' And reading *World of Interiors* magazine, I always look at the paintings in the background, and I thought, 'Wow.' That's one thing I want, is to have one of my paintings in the background in someone's house in *World of Interiors* magazine. The final thing would be an art book about me, which I can put next to my book on Dürer, who is just the single most inspirational artist ever. I had one book on Dürer when I was young, and it just blew my mind.

But my studio, it's a dungeon. It's always been a dungeon. I've got no space or time for anything. Sometimes I have floor space smaller than my painting, so I have to fold it, and I paint upside-down so I can fit myself around it. I think I read once (this is probably a lie), Michelangelo said that small studios force you to concentrate. I thought, 'That's quite a good idea.' I naturally have a small studio. He's probably got a fucking massive studio, even though he's dead.

And Manet, or Monet, (laughs) said, 'It's hard to paint when you know how to paint.' I thought, 'Wow!' I've gotta remember that, because I think I could paint all day in my dream-world. And I don't try to paint – I just try to be honest. I'm not trying to do anything. I don't plan anything. I never talk about art. I don't have anyone to talk to. No one knows I paint, not even my family. I don't know why. I suppose it was easier for me, and my mask really was to disappear. Yet here I am: appeared! I slowly collapsed into this. I didn't have a master plan. I just wanted to be supremely honest. **I think that's what art is to me: supreme honesty, freedom, and magic. No style, no skill, nothing. Not just fine art, but elite fine art** (I say that a lot). I don't try to sell it or show it or talk about it, but somehow it happens, this connection to others. But I want mystery and magic and honesty. I feel like I'm creating art, and understanding it would be like destroying it. I work on the floor, accidentally spilling paint, things get torn, I get annoyed, pens run out: I need pink, but I've only got blue! I work minimum wage, and I've got no time. I feel like I have no time to waste on art. It's so limited. I'm in a panic all the time. And I end up painting like someone else but doing it in my style – doing it wrong. I'm dreaming of being Goya (!), and then I'm looking down, thinking, 'What a depressed mess!' But I've kept it all. I don't know why, but I've noticed I paint in bipolar pulses. I'd like to poetically say, 'I paint like the tide' (that's what a real artist would say), but hopefully **I paint more like the plague because I read that the flow of the Black Death went above-ground into humans and then would retreat back into rats.** That's how I'm dreaming when I'm painting – dramatic and poetic. And then I look at it and say, 'Oh God, what is that?!' But then I just pile it up and get on with the next. If I've got five minutes, I get on with the next.

What about the exterior? How did you come to use Instagram?

I've only had a phone for the last few years, and I saw Instagram and thought it could be a good place to store my paintings if I ever wanna look at them instead of trying to dig them out. And that was just before COVID. So I started taking photos, thinking I've gotta document this crap – I don't really know why ...

It was kind of an accident. I thought, 'Yeah, take photos, store them on Instagram, then I can always get them.' I don't understand the Internet, where the pictures go or anything. Very quickly, I wrote to Mark Flood, the artist. I thought, 'How interesting you can write to people on Instagram.' He wrote back immediately – I think he was sitting around during COVID not knowing what to do either, and he said, 'Wow, your stuff is really good.' And I was like, 'What? Are you the real Mark Flood?' I thought it's all fake, the internet – no one is real. He was saying, 'You're such a good artist,' and I was like, 'What?' So that gave me a real boost, talking to him. I'd only seen him on YouTube. I love looking at gallery tours and shows on Youtube because obviously I can't get to them. I'm too poor. I saw all Mark Flood's shows – I like his stuff because it didn't seem like art to me. It was amazing to have him write back, for him to say, 'You are an artist like me.' So that got me thinking, 'If I'm an artist, this is what I've gotta do.'

I fall asleep at night watching YouTube art tours, at the Louvre or something. I think maybe that ends up in my dreams, to think about what it would be like to be one of the great artists in the Louvre.

Do you like watching them?

Not really. I rarely watch them, I suppose because I've had to do them! But I've always been curious about the impact of those initiatives.

Yeah, I don't know because I'm stuck in South Carolina, and there's nothing here: there's no gallery to go to, but when I did live in cities, I did love going to them. But I always felt I was looking in a different way to everyone else. People

creep around like it's a church, like getting on their knees to worship. I would walk past and think, 'Am I missing something here?' Because that's shit, isn't it? I mean, there could be amazing backgrounds with these paintings, but actually, I thought, 'Would I have that in my house?' No, it's crap, no matter what it means. But then I'm not part of this cult worship. But I also love it. I love creeping around galleries – I told you I kissed a Giacometti?

That was fantastic. To go to a gallery when you're drunk and have fun. Why do you have to do it the way you're supposed to do it: on a tour, with headphones on and being told what you're supposed to like? That's probably why I'm always painting the Mona Lisa and things like that. I think, 'God, that's so shit,' like Damien Hirst, everything he does is such shit. Not that I'm so great...

I think you can have a personal view about art. That is art, isn't it? To say, 'That's shit, that's good, that's shit' – shouldn't that be it? I don't know about art anyway – sorry, I'm getting mean now. I'm a nice person, really. I'm not angry at art galleries. I wouldn't punch a painting, I kiss them. **I kissed the Rosetta Stone, before they had guards and a case around it. I thought if I kissed it, I could suck out all the magic and knowledge from ancient Egypt.** Maybe I did, I just haven't accessed it yet in my head.

The object is important, even when hyper-mediated?

Yes. That Giacometti sculpture – a hundred-million-dollar sculpture, to just grab and kiss, squeeze just like you were hugging a tree. Why can't you? Why do you have to stand 10 feet away and worship and whisper, 'That's so good.' I just wanna eat it.

I agree. You can't understand the sculpture until you touch it.

Good, yeah, grab them. The Rosetta Stone was so cold – can you imagine? I'm making a full-size replica of the Rosetta Stone right now. I'm really into it, but I just can't quite finish it off at the minute. I'm trying to make a stand for it. It was gonna be emojis on it instead of the writing, but I think I might do a blank, black, glossy Rosetta Stone – like a Jolly Rancher, but black. Make it out of black sugar, so everyone can lick it. Anyhow, I don't have time or materials or money or anything to actually do what. I'm making the Rosetta Stone out of insulation sheets that I found at the recycling dump. I'm blabbering ... let's get to your second question.

When I began delighting in your practice (thanks to Alexander Meurice of Foreign & Domestic), it prompted further reflection on this age of hyper-information. I encountered Marshall McLuhan's publication *The Medium is the Message* (1967). In it, he asserts: 'Societies have always been shaped more by the nature of the media by which men communicate than by the content of the communication.' To what extent do you think this still rings true?

It's all medium these days. Modern life is all medium. All the messages are just smashed into a medium. Nothing means anything. All art these days is medium. I mean, what is a message? Politics, porn, art – all medium with shit, pointless messages. What's a banana?

Who wants to actually put a Yoko Ono piece on their wall, I mean seriously. I know it has a lot of meaning, but, sorry, it's so shit. Do you want a Kaws sculpture? Ahh, for God's sake – I can't even say his name. Or do you want a Damien Hirst pile of shit?

Burn it all. I've written, '**burn it all: pathetic pointless irrelevant crap.**' I thought, 'It's the content of your character, not the color of your skin.' But then I'm going 'round in circles 'cause I suppose my medium is just a pile of messages. I used to walk past the big statue of Nelson Mandela every morning, and the plaque said: 'the struggle is my life,' and I read it as 'life is a struggle,' but now I think he meant that the struggle was his life – you know, the fight.

Someone told me my work looked like a search history, and that's all medium; and in another recent comment, someone said that I was 'fully committed to my own strange world with an undercurrent of amusing, social commentary, and psychic debris from modern life.' That's all medium: my confused messages are my confused medium. It's like painting a turd blue 'cause I ran out of brown – that's always happening to me. But I agree – the message is in control, or rather, medium is in control at the moment. (I'm getting mixed up because it's kind of the same to me.) Real messages are so boring these days – no one listens.

Do you think it was different for Dürer?

No, I think it's always been that everything's medium. There isn't a message. Even if you write a huge message, no one would look at it, or if they looked it, they'd see it as a medium. The wall artists went on about this. But I contradict myself all the time: I've written, '**I try not to think too much and be more feral!!**' So God knows, medium and message. I can't even remember the question.

I agree, even when we try, the message ends up subservient to the medium. When I was working in a museum, folks would try to look at a sculpture or painting and attempt to memorize the mythology of Krishna or the life story of the Buddha. Few could retain it all, and more would get frustrated. In our enlightenment-cum-capitalist framework, it's much easier to register a Chola bronze or a court painting from Kishangarh. Which is OK – perhaps the medium is the vessel for regurgitated messages?

Yeah, I think of religion, especially all the bullshit of Christian religion. I'm always ranting about that. Like from the Bible, people constantly use these phrases that they think are cool and meaningful, but no one is actually reading it or listening to it properly. They just want the big medium of religion to say, 'Oh, I'm Christian.' But if you ask them one thing about what they're reading that doesn't make sense, you

realize no one wants to know. They don't wanna know the real message. Hey, I suppose it's because I'm all about truth and honesty (laughs) ... What's the next question – the one about everyone knowing everything?

Exactly. So, in the ways you probe subjects, from celebrity culture (poor Mathew Perry!) to apocalyptic social strife, your imagery is incisive in ways both naughty and profound. I'd argue that most audiences can on some level intuit it. This got me thinking of the notion of 'Singularity' – coined in 1950 by John von Neumann – to describe an 'ever-accelerating progress of technology and changes in the mode of human life, which gives the appearance of approaching some essential singularity in the history of the race beyond which human affairs, as we know them, could not continue.' *The Age of Earthquakes* (Basar, Coupland, Obrist, 2015) echoes the theory with the quip: 'The last time humanity had so much in common was when the few remaining cavemen sat out the last Ice Age.' I wonder if you think we are there?

I use everyday life stuff in my paintings because that is my everyday life. Everyone knows everything, so people must be able to relate to my stuff because it is just normal life stuff. I have a shit job. By the way, this is a really good TUMANTIS quote: '**I have a shit job. I am real people.**' I can see that in a magazine, like blown up. I love it when I'm not one person...

But I think there's too much information at the moment, we are folding in on ourselves. I reject knowledge, I want to reject knowledge, or I want to feel like I'm rejecting knowledge. Someone once asked me if I'd been diagnosed with DKS? I said, 'What's that?' He said: 'Don't Know Shit.' I said, 'Yes, I've got DKS.' I've tried to know as little as possible – it's so much more magical. Who needs to know where the nearest restaurant is, serving some niche oyster shit? Or I could have dry bread in a cave gazing at the moonlight. Who's the winner? Who's alive here? Someone paying loads of money for oysters or me looking at the moon? I don't know about information value. I've written: '**Fuck Information. Fuck Knowledge.**' That's another quote, and this is a good one: 'The most damaging art lesson is the art lesson.'

BlachkDungeons is my music intervention, a made-up band. (I'm always writing about black dungeons in my paintings.) But *BlachkDungeons* says: 'Never evolve – the future is the past.' I think we're barely alive these days, and I think it's getting worse. The trees used to talk to us; giant boulders used to walk. We had spells and spirits and a reason to live; life was extreme and real. Now we have nothing but information. We've destroyed everything:

Mystery builds, and knowledge destroys.

Now we have knowledge like Siri – 'Where's the nearest restaurant?' Fuck Siri. Why don't we try to find a restaurant, get lost, have an adventure? I was the one always getting lost, and everyone else was on MapQuest. But I thought, 'You're smoothing your life down – you're smoothing your brain down, like a perfect clear crystal. Information really means nothing. We're not like that – I think we are apes. I've gone right off topic, but I think we peaked in the dark ages. We should be enjoying the land and caves and trees and the moon. I reckon people's brains back in the Black Death were so much more alive to everything, to superstition and magic. I mean, I know it was brutal back then as well, but while we are trying to not be brutal, we bomb Iran and Gaza... It's insane what we're doing now.

It's true, knowledge lies in the realm of philosophical speculation, arising from mystery. But in the spirit of taking oneself too seriously, I'm obliged to talk about art history. Your work compresses the 20th and 21st century arc: the surrealist notion of free association vis-a-vis the artist's search for inner-consciousness; the way Rauschenberg's 'combines' would invert those possibilities outwardly onto the viewer; and the 'lowbrow' vernacular criticism of artist-cum-publisher Robert Williams, all blended with the added mix of punk. I make these references because your work seems to idolize the mythology of the artist, e.g. Anish Kapoor and Gerhard Richter (Hail Hitler!), and the art world, e.g. meta-verse viewing rooms. What's your take on art history?

I love those two, but not Robert Williams. I never really liked that LSD crap. I'm more into Anish Kapoor, just wow. I don't even know what I'm looking at with his stuff. If I walk through a gallery thinking, 'That's shit, that's good, shit, shit, good,' and then Anish Kapoor ... suddenly I'm on another planet looking, especially the red wax stuff.

But let me read my notes:

Art history is just a load of old books. Books on the shelf, all dead. 99% of art is irrelevant, but I love the old glory of old art. You know, the glory days. **I don't like the way the art world sets artists up to be worshiped by us scum, when we should be ridiculing most of them.** It's a house of cards, a house of cash. But I love the fake romance of the fake past, of what we think it was like: paint fumes and antique easels.

I love taking shots at all those fuckers, bringing them down to my level in my head. All that old shit set in stone, but I think it's not like that anymore. The whole history of our art is its own single era. It's one book. But it's nice to dream that you're part of it when you're not. **The future of art history isn't all this technological AI shit, it should be a retreat into the Dark Ages.** To real art, to magic, because I think that's what we all are. Art history seems to click onwards every 10 years in comfort – something new to break old rules with new rules – but I think the whole thing is just one style.

I like to think I paint like Bruce Lee. He said to fight in the style of no style, although I do have my selection of weapons. I am an art fan and a history nut. I rant on in my head like I'm clever when I'm not. If I could be anything, I'd be a poor untrained realist painter during the Black Death in the 1660's. Can you imagine, these realist paintings of all that squalor? I could be part of the history of art with paintings like that, but I don't

do paintings like that.

But like I was saying about Anish, I do fall in love with modern artists and their work. Sometimes it just crushes me. I've got that red wax in my brain at the minute, it's like **I can nearly puke and burst into tears and I go into spasm when I look at something like that.** But that's kind of rare, but that's real, what I call **elite fine art.** I think, 'Yeah, it is out there, and I love it,' but it's very rare.

In the painting *A Portrait of Anish Kapoor*, you write in one register: 'A MAN LAYing in the leaves...BLACK COCAINE'.

Mmm... *Anish Kapoor: The black snowman* – I made a black snowman out of mud, and thought, 'God, it would be good to make it out of Vantablack,' to honor (Kapoor). I go for a 5-mile walk every morning in the dark, and I was thinking, 'What if I came across Anish Kapoor's spirit under a pile of leaves...?' I could see it sparkling, so I tried to paint it, but I can't really paint like that, so I was trying to build a black snowman. Free association...

But, imagine black cocaine! I mean you could rule the drug world if you invented black cocaine. Everyone would ask: '**Have you tried the new black cocaine?!**' It would be the same as the white stuff, but it's just black. Or, you could just cover it with the Vantablack stuff.

In that case, it would be imperceptible! On the prostrate body, there's a frieze of glyptic annotations, reminiscent of cave painting, or Paul Klee.

I do like all that stuff, hieroglyphs and magic, like voodoo patterns. I'm just dreaming that I'm Goya when I'm painting, but I'm not actually looking at what I do, so when I look down, it's a bit of a shock. I think about being that realist painter back in the Dark Ages, but we just gotta stick with this **TIMMANIS**ness mess, and then get back to work.

What about your Gerhard Richter painting?

Yeah, that was a mistake. I remember when I was looking at his work, I thought, 'I could do that.' I know everyone says that – I'll just slide a rule across some paint. And then I thought, 'What if I have these yellow minions to help Gerhard Richter?' I wasn't thinking at all, and I happened to just write 'Hail Hitler' above. I had thought the top part of that painting was gonna be a different painting. But I had put it all together, and then I just moved on. Then Mark Flood asked if he could buy that one; he thought it was so funny. I hadn't even thought about Richter being German, and then thought, 'Oh my God.' It started making sense. Hail Hitler, the minions – yeah, it all made sense, so then I had to pretend that was actually what it meant. I said, 'Oh yeah, it's about the cult of...' But really, I add things until it accidentally makes sense. That's the end of that painting.

I don't know if you knew this, but Richter once said, 'Art is the highest form of hope.'

Oh...Yeah, I've gotta think about that for a few weeks. That makes me think, '**There is no higher religion than the truth.**' I love that one as well.

That's why I'm always trying to be truthful. I'm religious, right? Oh God, this is why I hate artists; this is why I hate myself. Once you uncork an artist, blah blah blah blah – I'm so great, my work is so great, everything's about me.

Well, curators are no better! It could be that we're all just trying to keep the magic alive. Your gestures into the public realm do this well – could you walk us through some of your interventions/performances?

Very briefly, I'll talk about it. With paintings, I think they're not good, but I just won't stop. I'm just trying to make life a bit more interesting. It's like when you're in your little bubble and reach out every now and again and try to mess with the outside world.

One that I keep doing now is these evil coins. I stamp the word '**evil**' on those quarters you need to put into the Aldi shopping cart. I've been doing this for years. I must've stamped about 1,000 quarters with the word '**evil**'. I think, 'God, what if someone gave me some money, and it was stamped with the word '**evil**'?' It would be insane! To think: 'Who has done this? How did it get to me? What does it mean?' I've got a little coin collection of crappy coins, but that would be the star of the show. I know people around here, they would freak out and think they'd been cursed.

I just thought it was funny to just keep putting these coins into circulation. I don't know what happens to them. Out of 1,000 evil quarters, I've gotten one back. I've even waited in my car watching and waiting for the next customer to get my evil coin just to see what they would do. But it hasn't happened yet.

And the shoes?

I'd get old shoes, from a thrift store or some of my worn-out shoes, and then paint them with acrylic paint so they look new again. Then, I sneak them into a NikeTown or Foot Locker. I'd put them back on display and take pictures of them, if I could. It is a bit scary: haven't done one for a few years 'cause I think, these days, you'll probably get arrested or shot – they would think it's a bomb. I thought it was funny, to give a shoe back to a shoe stop: to say, 'Thank you, I've won. We paid 100 bucks for your shoe, we've worn it or got it from the thrift store: I've painted it, and I've given it back to you to say thank you.' They must take a while to realize that it's not a real shoe. I've done a lot of things like that. They aren't projects, you know, just what I think would be funny. Dreaming that I'll be watching the local news one night and they'll say, 'Mysterious shoe was found in Foot Locker.' I have a free rush like that. It's almost like snorting some black cocaine!

I've made a lot of things I've put on eBay that didn't sell. Things I thought would be funny that they'd even be for sale.

Like what? And if you put it on eBay, do you use the name Tinmantis?

Oh no, different ones... I made these really big metal pendants that I knew no one would want for $29.99. I put them on Etsy as well. I did about 20 of them. No one bought them. But one day, they'll regret that!!!

Indeed.

I did stupid paintings of World War II tanks. My God, I did about one a week, and I put them on eBay. I must have sold about 50 paintings at 50 bucks each. They were so bad. I tried to age them to make them look like they were painted back in the '40s. In the description, I'd write things like 'origin unknown'. I've got a few left. I suppose these things make you feel alive, right?

You've got to poke the bear, which lends itself to the hyper-presentness of your work. You digest and regurgitate propositions revealing the bitter ironies of the everyday, but there are icons (or weapons) which seem to re-occur: castles and fences, the masses (dead and alive), text (including your pseudonym), and aliens. How do you think you arrived at your iconography?

They're easy, icons. It's just me, and it keeps repeating. I don't really go through mega phases. It's just me from the start: aliens, vampires, antichrist, Goth stuff, history, and death. I always ask myself, 'What do I like, honestly?' I make lists: chains, mazes, castles, and that's pretty much what I paint. I like glitter, and I like Star Wars, so I made my glitter Star Wars paintings. 'Wow, what an equation: "Glitter" + "Star Wars" = "Glitter Star Wars" ! I mean, there's 1 million other reasons in there, but it makes simple sense to me. I like aliens and vampires, and I worship the devil, and I paint.

But I am the alien. I am the alien, and I am the stick man, and so are you. I don't understand anyone or anything: nor do you. A stick man with the top hat – that was my old graffiti thing – and we called him 'the uninvited'; so, obviously, that's me. Same with my name, which isn't my name, but it is too. I can't leave a painting without tagging it with an upside-down cross and my name: **Hail Tinmantis, Elite Fine Art!**

I've noticed more bodily imagery in your recent work.

I've been going through all my old paintings, from 10-15 years ago, and they were a lot more big tits and big dicks. It's kind of coming back, but I think it's quite funny really. I think of being at a job interview, and then I paint a naked woman or man, or both, boobs and a big dick at a table together. What an interview?!

My mum always used to say, 'If you're ever nervous, just imagine everyone with no clothes on,' and I think that's probably it. I don't paint people with clothes on much.

You mentioned sculpture, and if I'm not mistaken, music too? But to me, it's hard to ignore the pluck of your brush. Neil Jenney once said, 'You cannot out-paint the paint.' What does the medium of painting mean to you?

What's painting to me? I have a couple of unresolved sculptures on the go right now. I've got a Mexican drug war victim. I made a cast of my brother, and I was gonna put daggers it, except my brother died a couple years ago, and now I've got this replica of him, and I'm trying to build up the courage to put all these knives into it, as the drug victim. I was telling you of the Rosetta Stone I'm in love with at the minute, but I don't have much room. I have to paint on paper, as it's easier to pile up. I don't have room or money or time for canvases or sculpture. I make a sculpture when I get a bit of extra room: I suppose that's the reason for my interventions because they take up other people's space. Though I have to paint. I found some thicker paper once, but it took up more physical space than thin. In fact, I found some thicker paint paper today, and I thought, 'That's gonna take a lot of room, that thick paper.' I use thin paper. It sounds nuts as an art practice, but it's real, and I've said again and again, 'I live in the real world.' I don't have 50,000 square feet of studio space – thank fuck, I'd probably make soulless irrelevant art, pathetic bullshit like everyone else. So painting is really my only option; it is quick and free and easy. I think back in the day, I'd paint on the cave wall with just my hands, mud, and magic. That's really what I'd do. **I'm not clever. I don't wanna be. Just honest and make direct art. My hands with mud on a wall – that's it, painting. That's all I can do.**

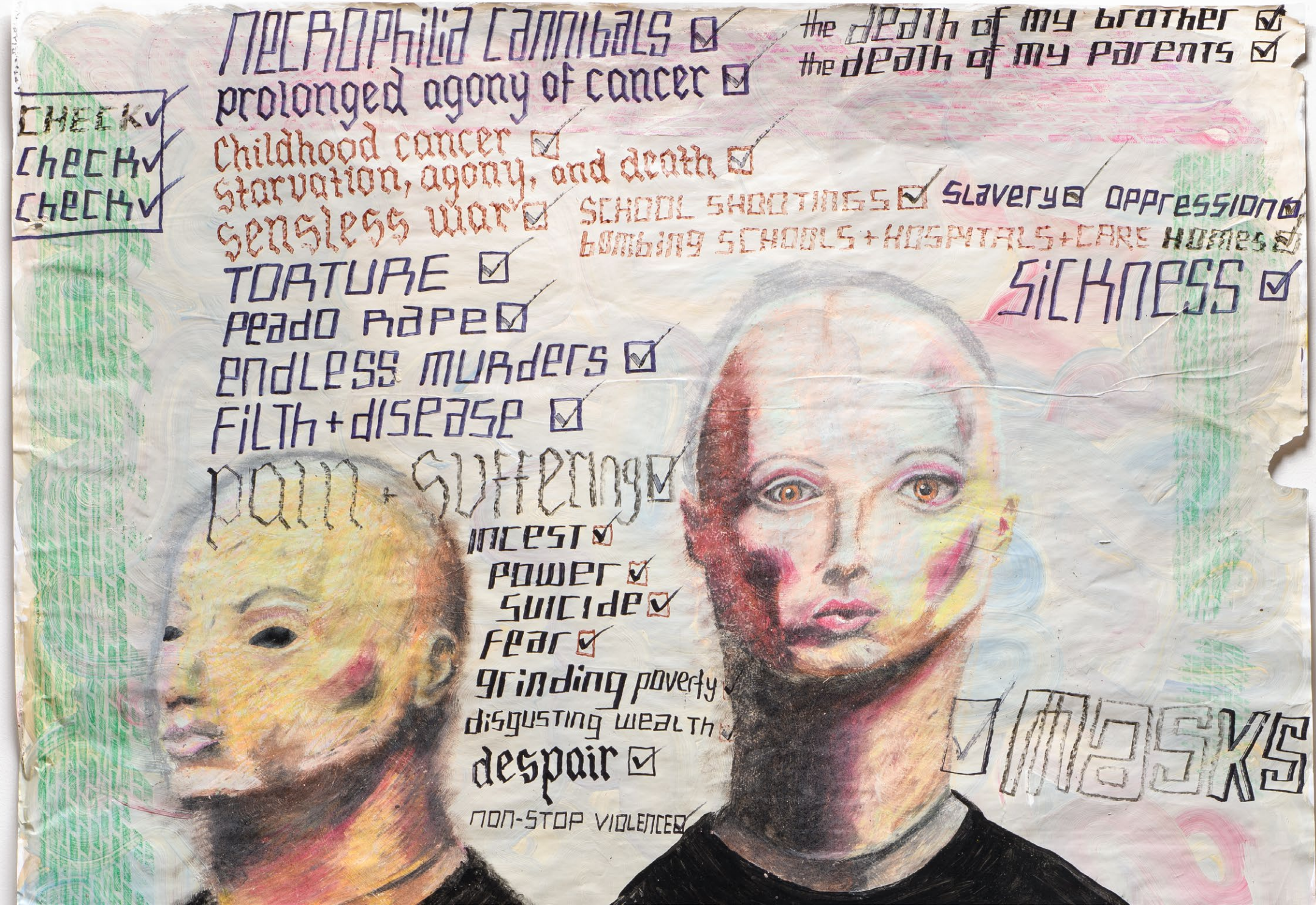
You've mostly been working in isolation, under a pseudonym which has become your signature. Is there still a desire to remain anonymous? In this regard, how are you processing the prospect of your first solo show in New York?

My mask was always so I could disappear. When I first started putting my paintings on Instagram, I was gonna hold up my paintings. I thought I would just hold them up and take a picture. I'll dress in white with a white mask, and I'll just disappear. But that ended up being a thing rather than not a thing. I thought about this show and the only way I can step out of the gloom, or my gloom: I asked the gallery to fill the space with dry ice, so I can just stand in the middle and just dissolve in the white. **But I'm only agreeing to the show because things have gotten out of hand, and there's no going back. I feel like I'm stepping into my grave at that show.** I think maybe I am. I'm in a coma really, but I don't care because I'm not part of that world. I'm not even an artist. I can't paint, and I'm not even Tinmantis! And if you can fill it up with dry ice and I can just dissolve, that's perfect, right?

catalogue of works

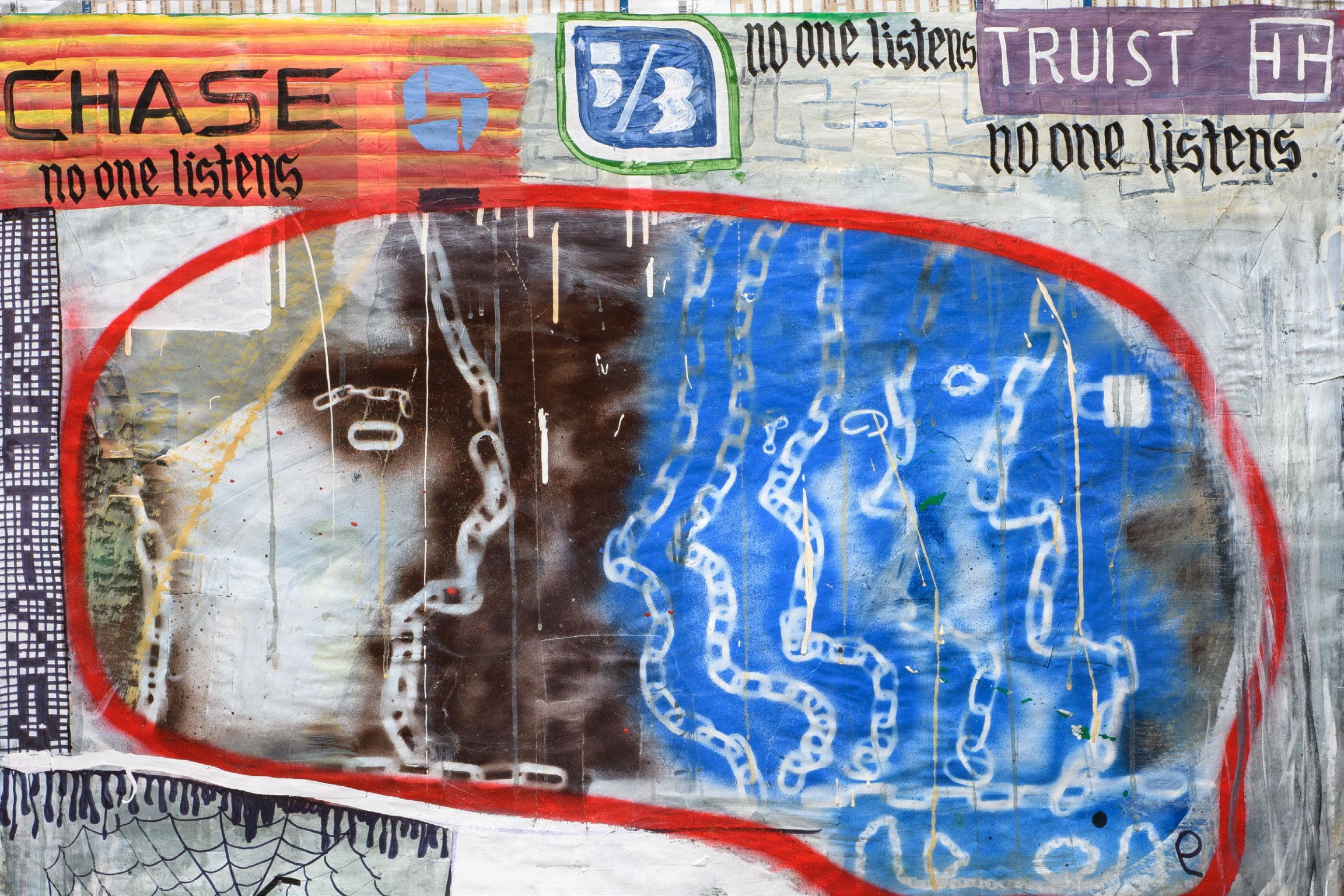


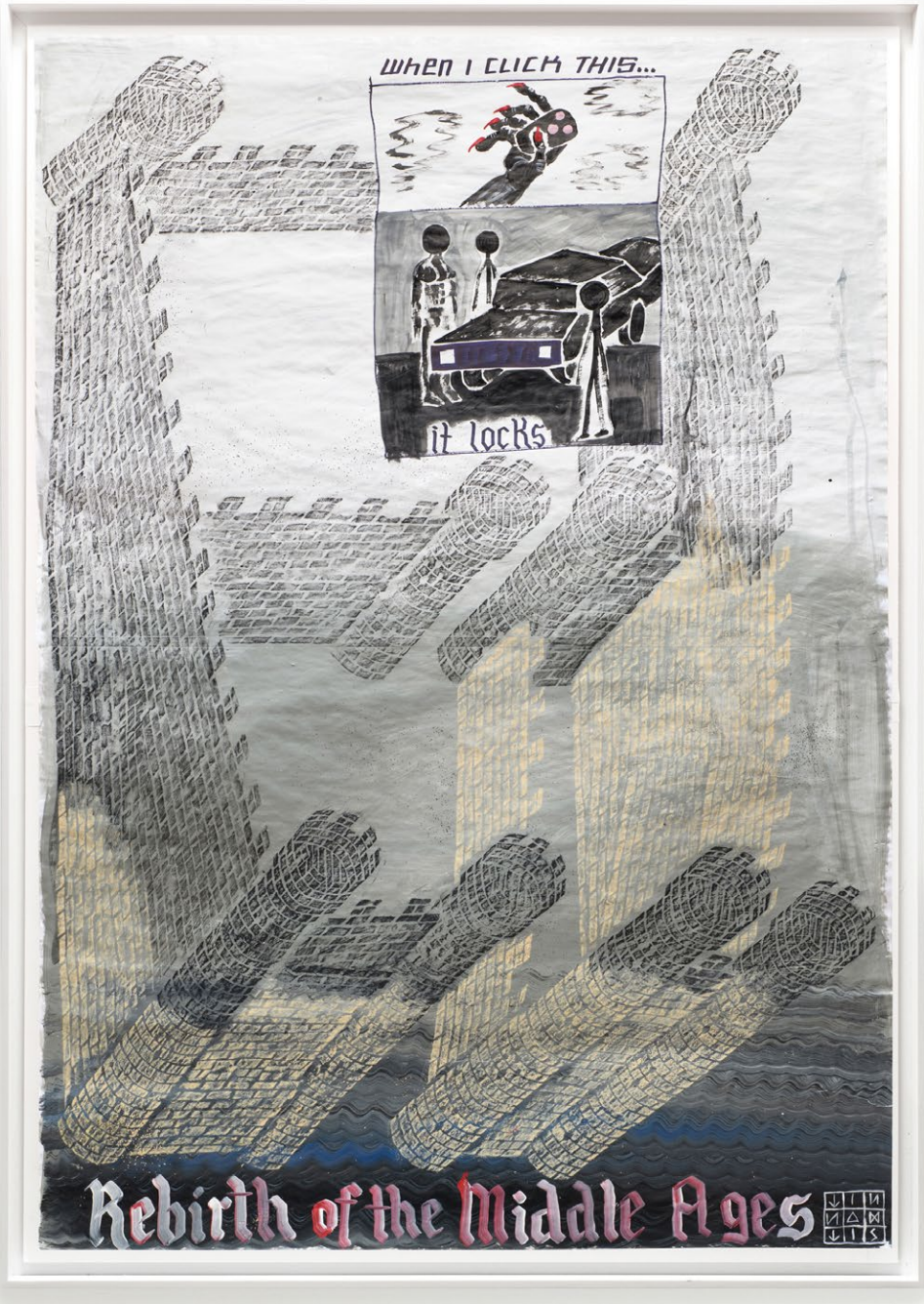
TINMANTIS
Blessed Be My Gifts
2026
acrylic and household paint on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches
(150 x 106.5 cm)
TM0043


NECROPHILIA CANNIBALS
prolonged agony of cancer
the death of my brother
the death of my parents
CHECK
CHECK
CHECK
Childhood cancer
Starvation, agony, and death
Senseless war
SCHOOL SHOOTINGS
Slavery
Oppression
bombing SCHOOLS+HOSPITALS+CARE HOMES
TORTURE
SICKNESS
PEADO RAPE
ENDLESS MURDERS
FILTH+DISEASE
PAIN+SUFFERING
INCEST
POWER
SUICIDE
FEAR
grinding poverty
disgusting wealth
despair
NON-STOP VIOLENCE
MASKS



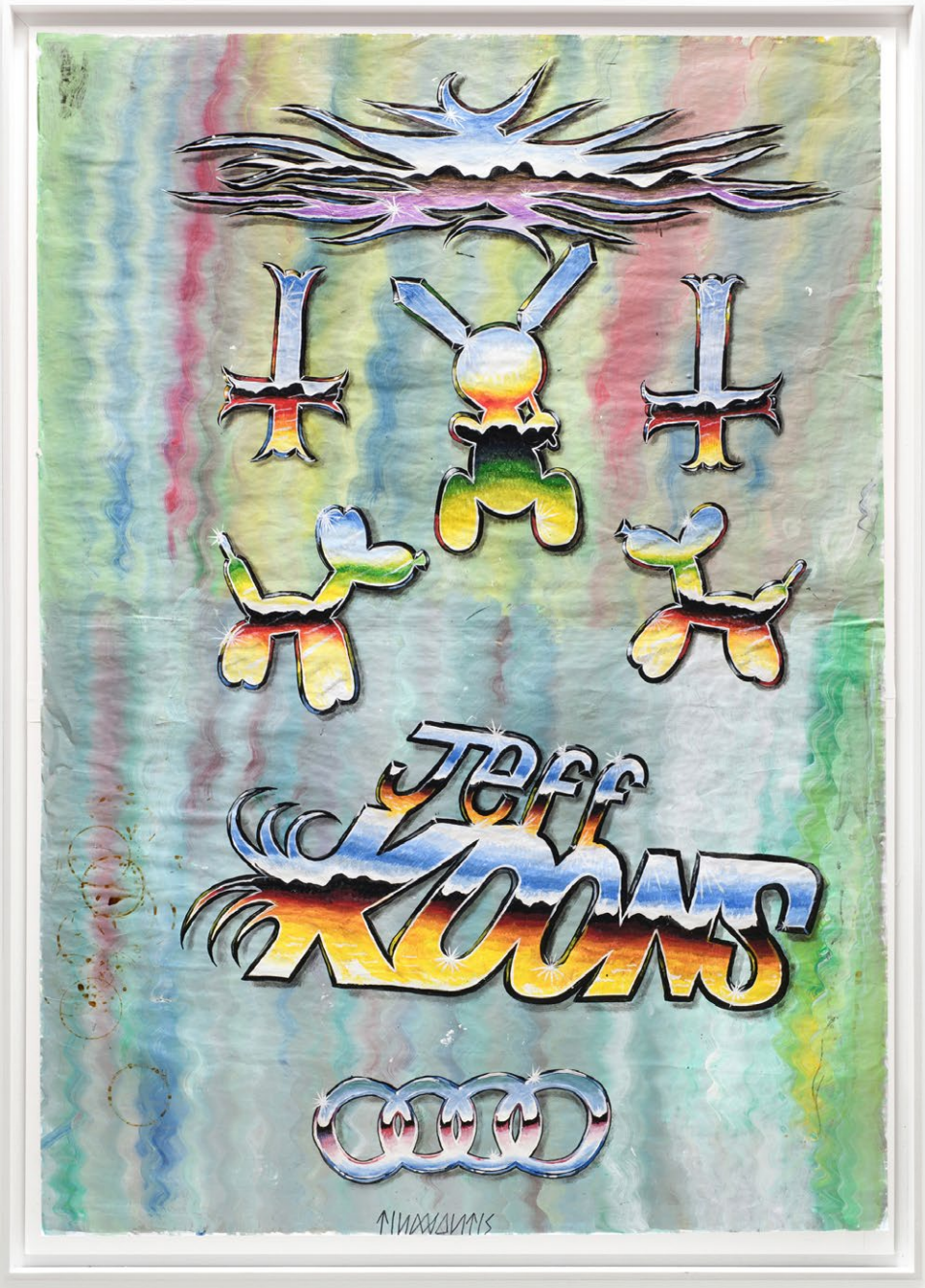
TINMANTIS
No One Listens
2026
acrylic, household and spray paint, collage on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches
(150 x 106.5 cm)
TM0040


CHASE
no one listens
no one listens
TRUIST
no one listens



TINMANTIS
Rebirth of the Middle Ages
2026
acrylic and household paint, pen, glitter on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches
(150 x 106.5 cm)
TM0039


when I click THIS...
it locks

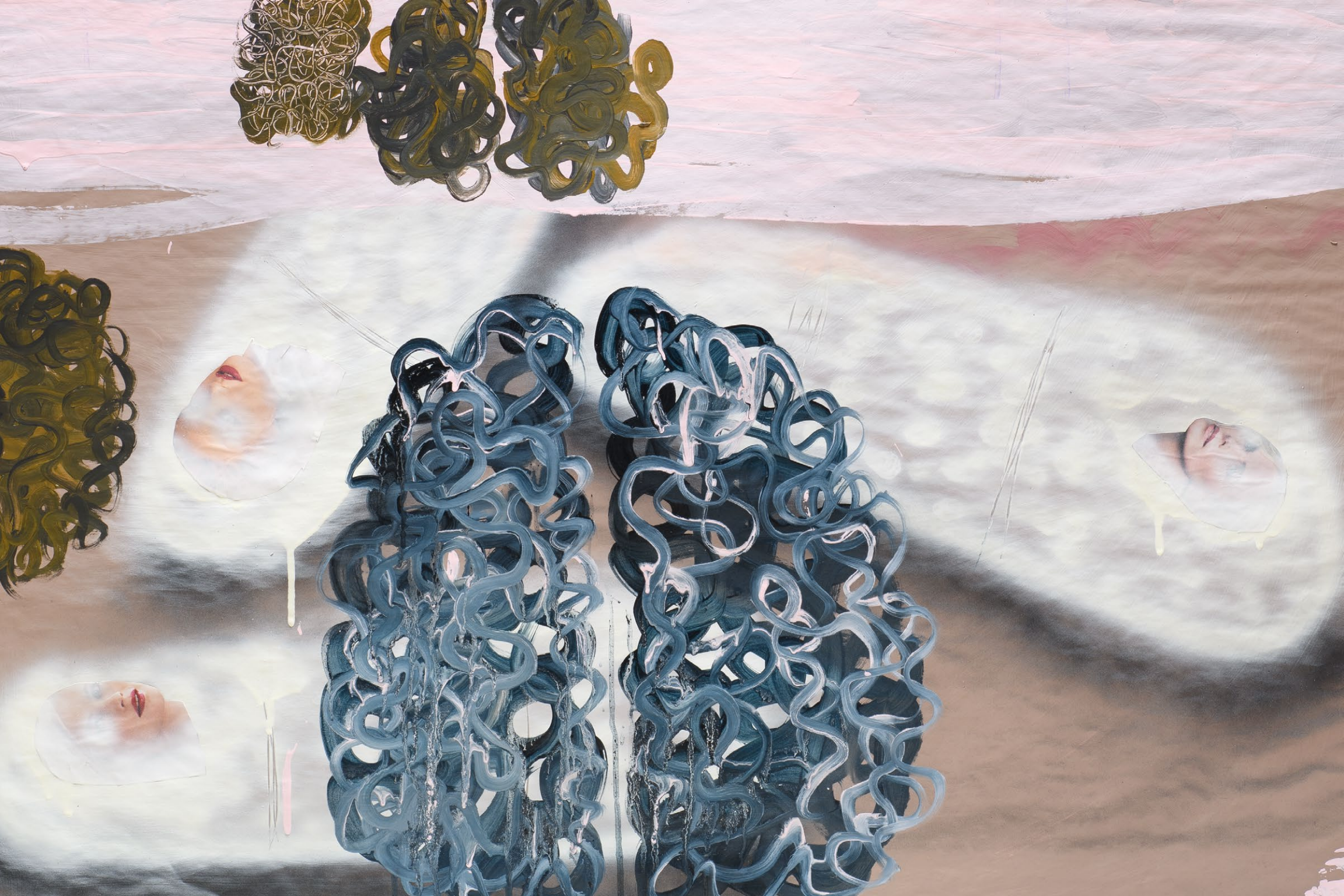


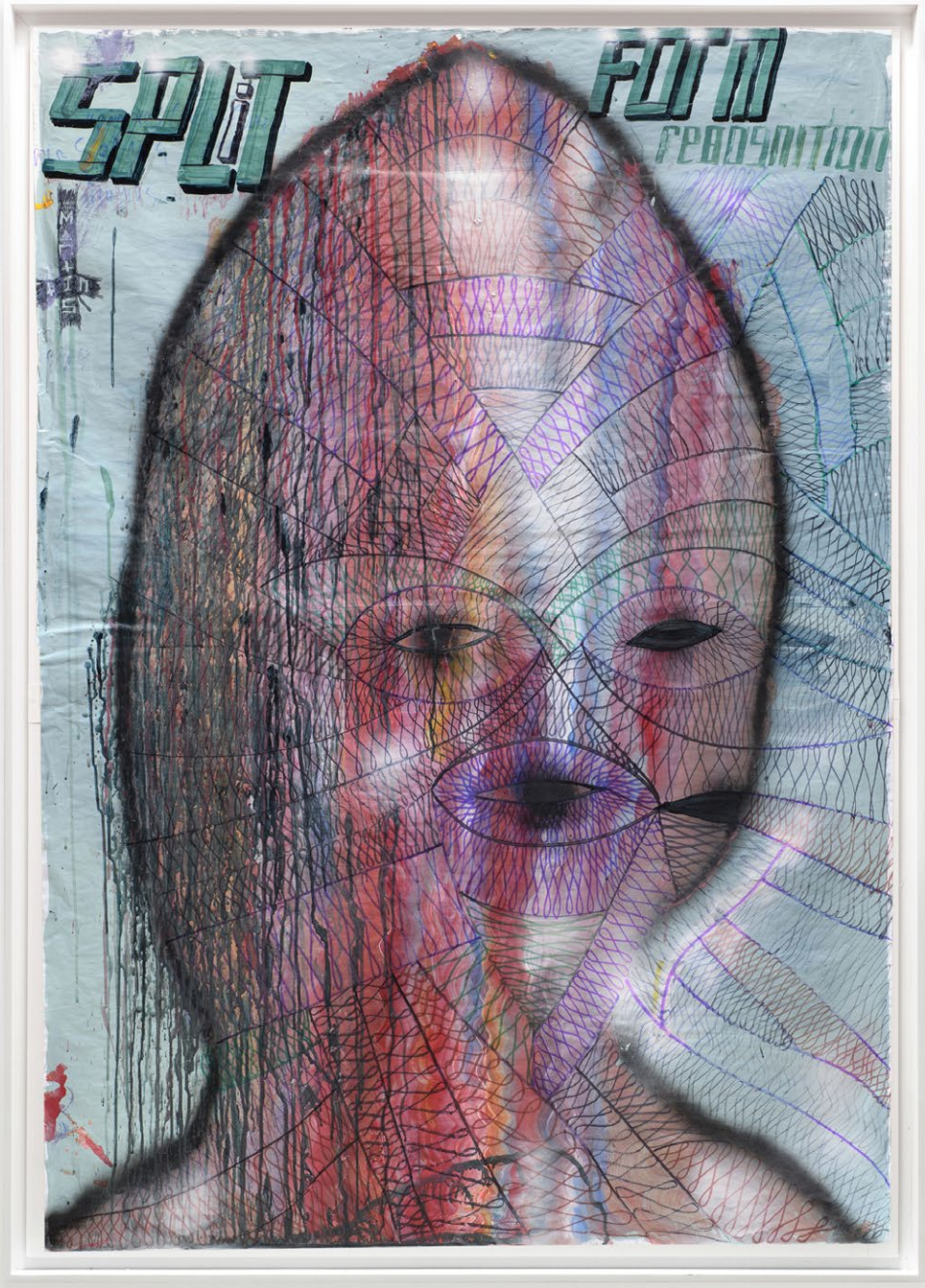
TINMANTIS
Jeff Koons
2026
acrylic and household paint, coffee stains on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches
(150 x 106.5 cm)
TM0025





TINMANTIS
Are Americans Self Aware
2026
acrylic, household and spray paint, collage on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches
(150 x 106.5 cm)
TM0063





TINMANTIS
Split Form
2026
acrylic, household and spray paint on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches
(150 x 106.5 cm)
TM0069





TINMANTIS
Imperial Majesty Jordan
2026
acrylic and household paint, collage, pencil, jigsaw pieces, glitter on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches
(150 x 106.5 cm)
TM0047


imperial
majesty
Jordan
PEPSI
is better
than shitty coke
ALL YOUR
CUNT
FRIENDS



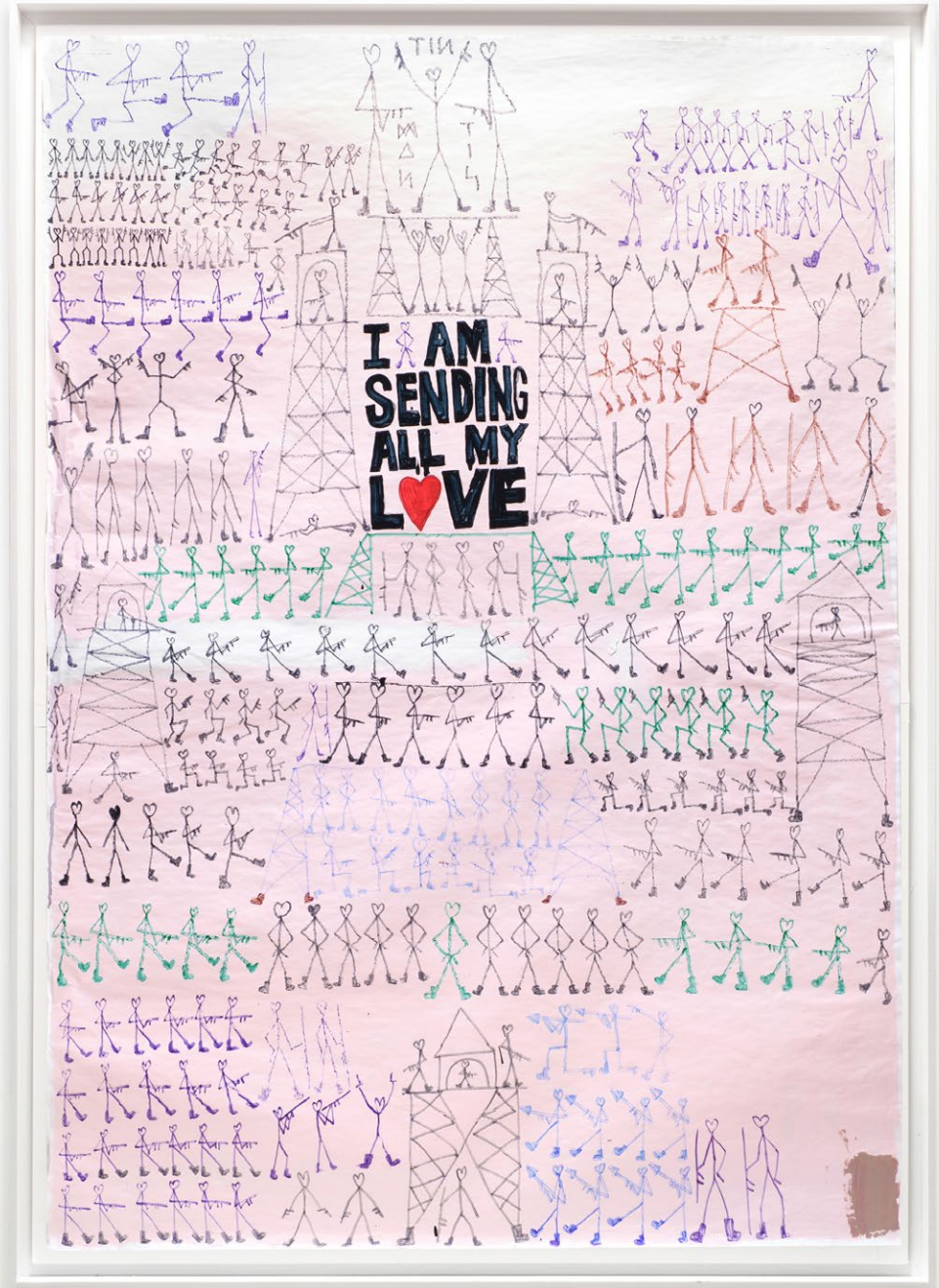
TINMANTIS
Rosetta Stone
2026
acrylic, household and spray paint, collage on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches
(150 x 106.5 cm)
TM0059


R
STONE
SSE
THE
ROSSETTA STONE

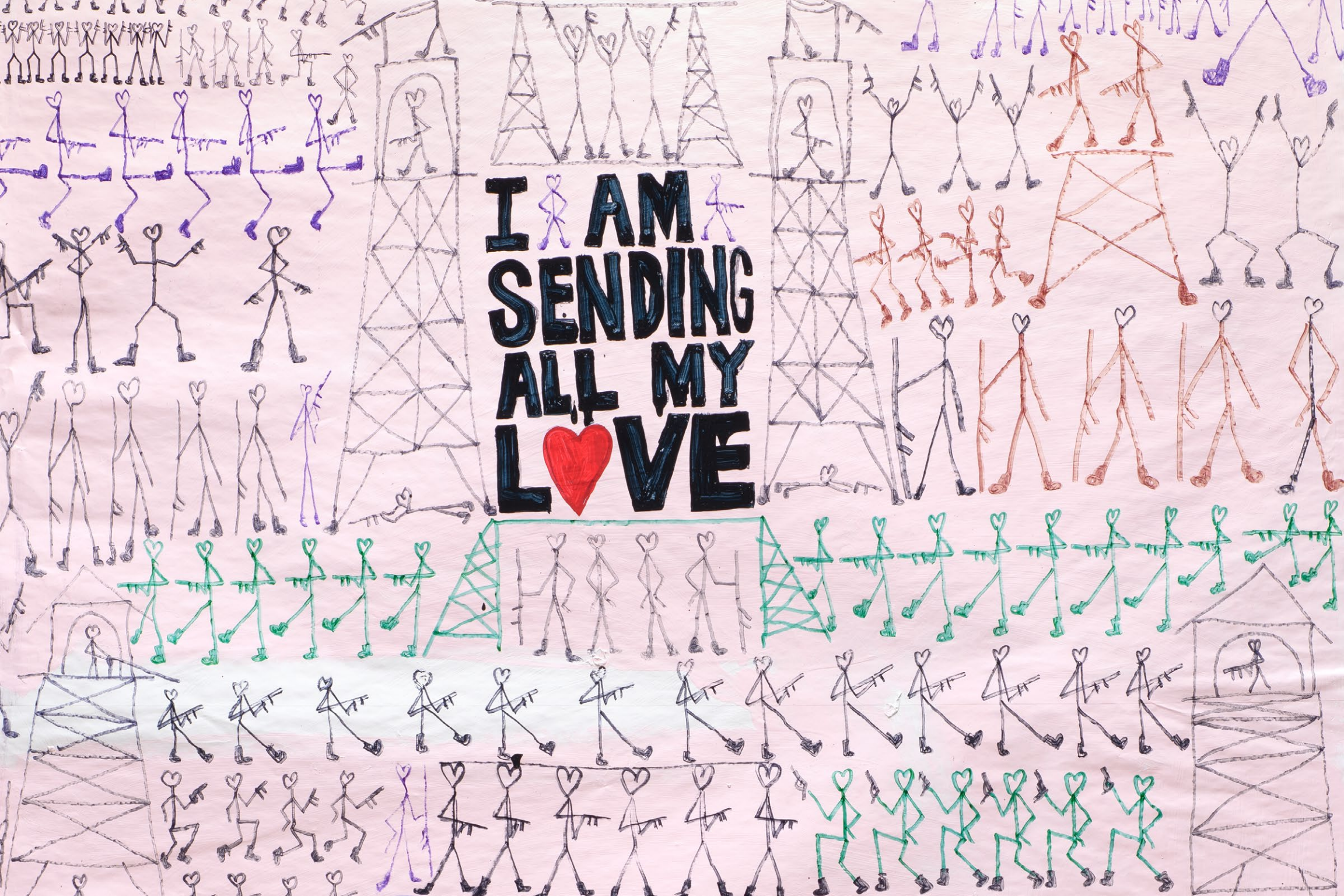


TINMANTIS
My Last 1000 Paintings Were Ai
2026
acrylic, household and spray paint on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches
(150 x 106.5 cm)
TM0065

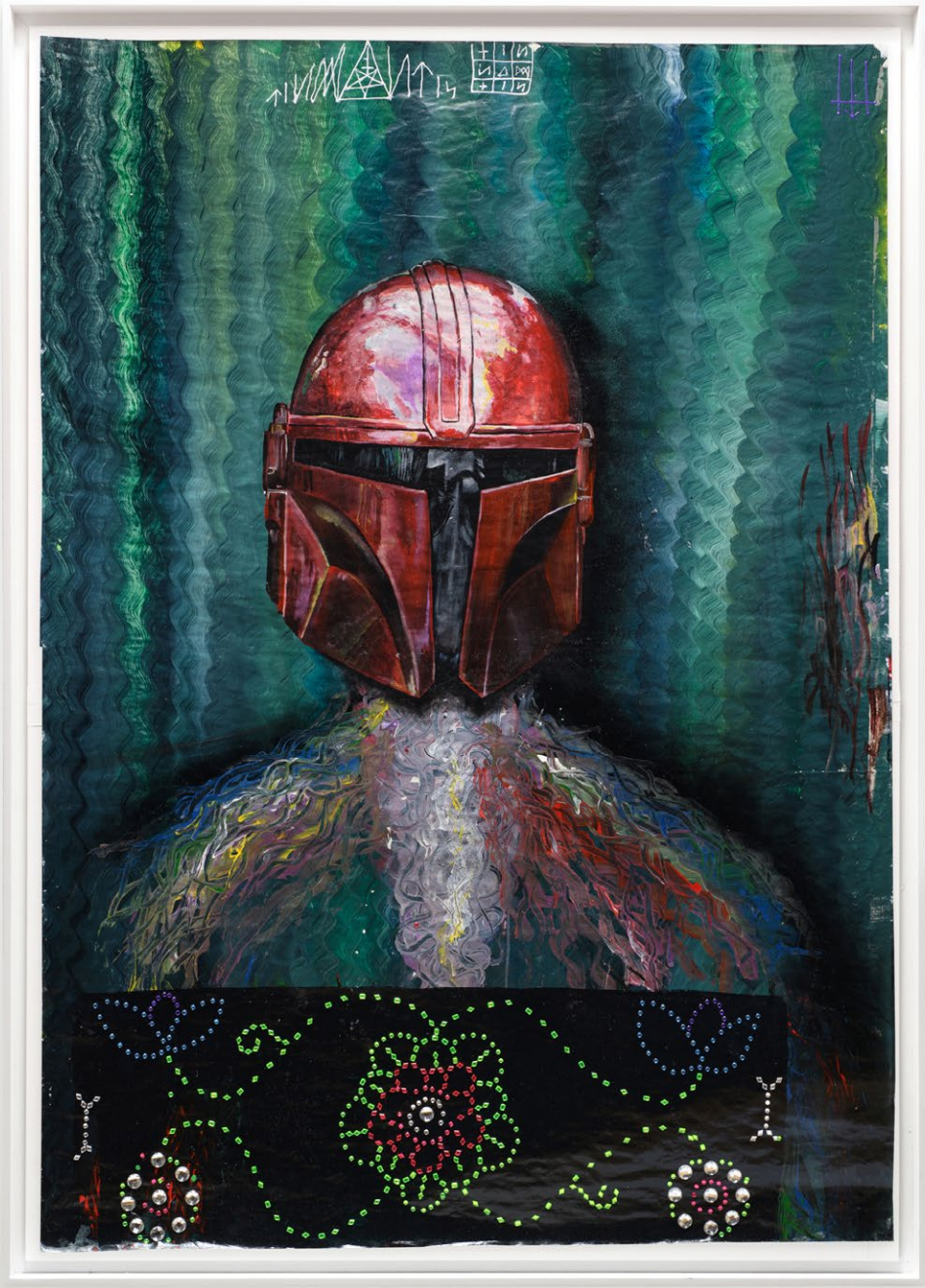

door to door
in and out



TINMANIS
I Am Sending All My Love
2026
acrylic and household paint, ink, on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches
(150 x 106.5 cm)
TM0051


I AM
SENDING
ALL MY
LOVE

additional works



TINMANTIS
Untitled (Mandalorian)
2026
acrylic and household paint, plastic beads on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches
(150 x 106.5 cm)
TM0052





TINMANTIS
Collect The Galaxy
2026
acrylic, household and spray paint, collage on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches
(150 x 106.5 cm)
TM0058


get a job
#lipstickenvy
ESTĒE LA
Guuxy
Coca-Cola STAR WARS
LIMITED EDITION
COLLECT THE GALAXY
ORIGINAL TASTE
BEAUTY+WELLNESS
LOVE is in THE AIR
FACE off



TINMANTIS
LOWE'S PRO
2026
acrylic, household and spray paint on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches
(150 x 106.5 cm)
TM0017


PICK ONE for the gallows
BANKSY
KAPOOR
WARHOL
RICKTER
KOONS
FREUD
KAWS
HIRST
WILEY
LICKENSTINE
MURAKAMI
PAINCE
SCHNABEL
KUSAMA
BASQUIAT
HOCKNEY
POLLACK
NARA
TIN NAM TIS
the toilet
the drain
going places
I ♥ WARLOCK CORPSES
JENNY HOLZER
FOLD HERE



TIMMANTIS

Accept The Doom

2026

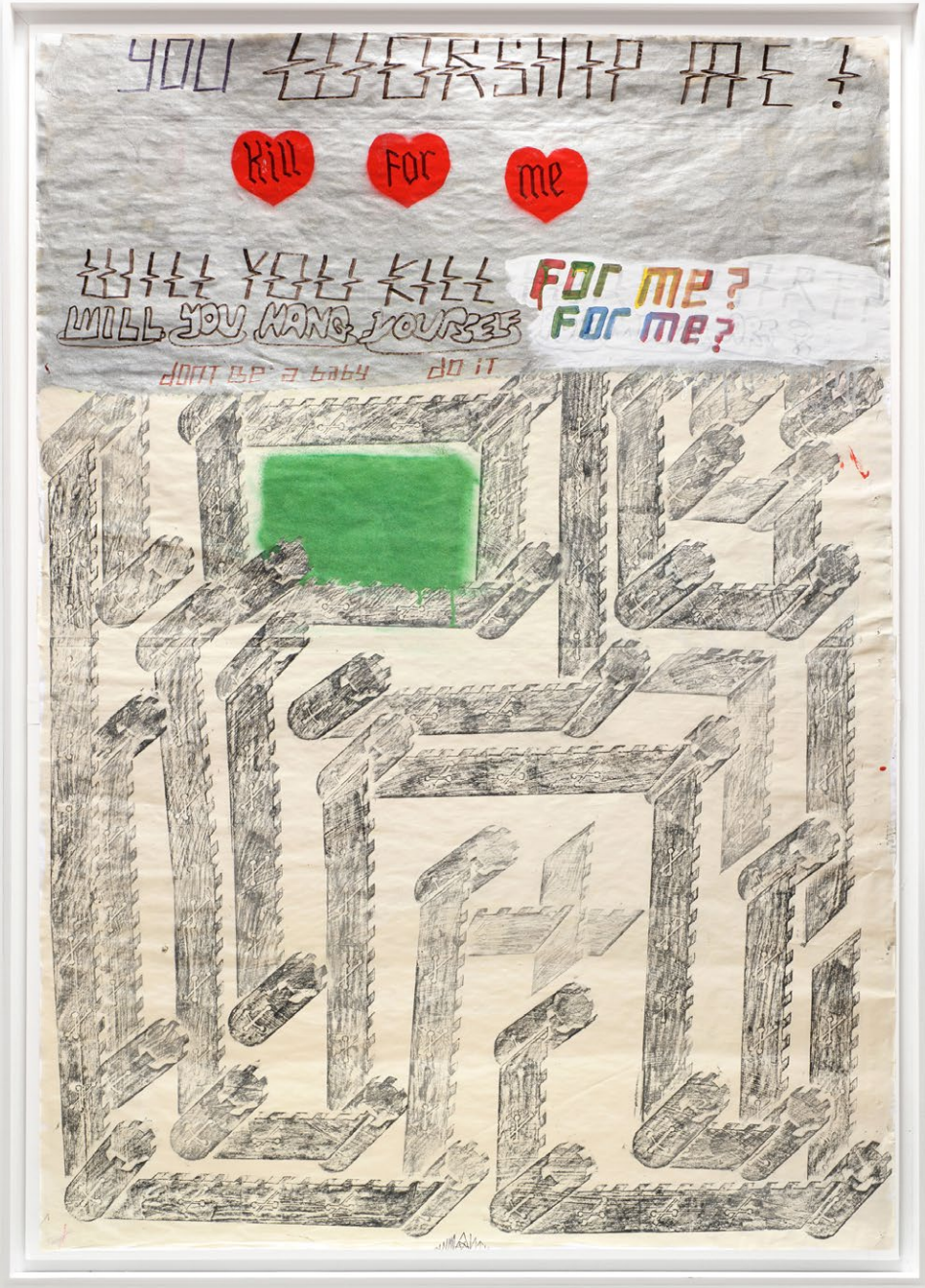
acrylic, household and spray paint, card, collage on reclaimed paper

59 x 42 inches

(150 x 106.5 cm)

TM0035


Accept the
doom
system
hail doom
hail conjurer



TINMANTIS
You Worship Me?
2026
acrylic, household and spray paint on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches
(150 x 106.5 cm)
TM0037

YOU WORSHIP ME!

Kill for me

WILL YOU KILL

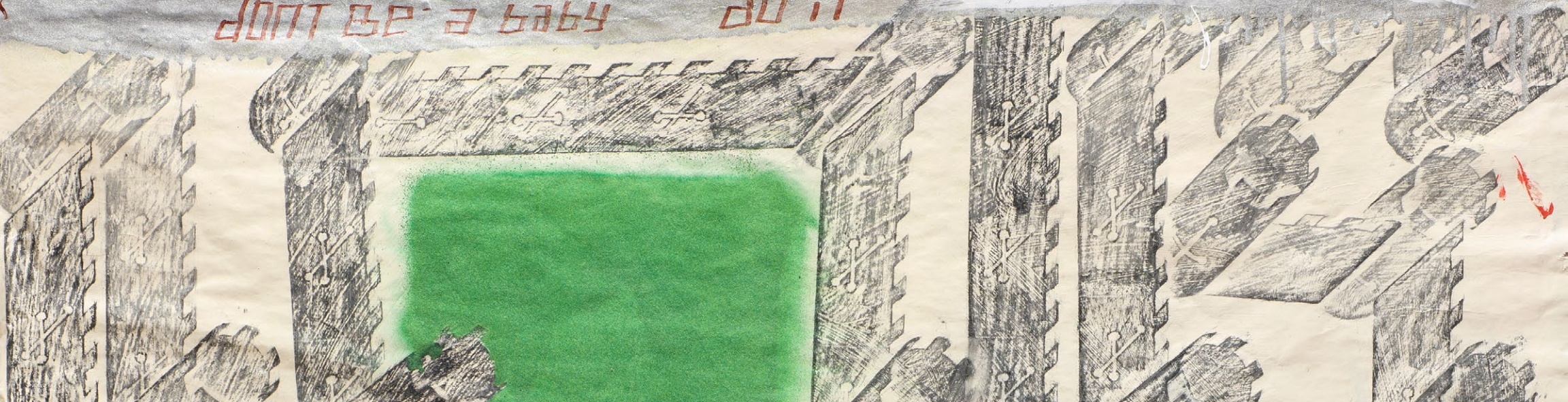
WILL YOU HANG YOURSELF

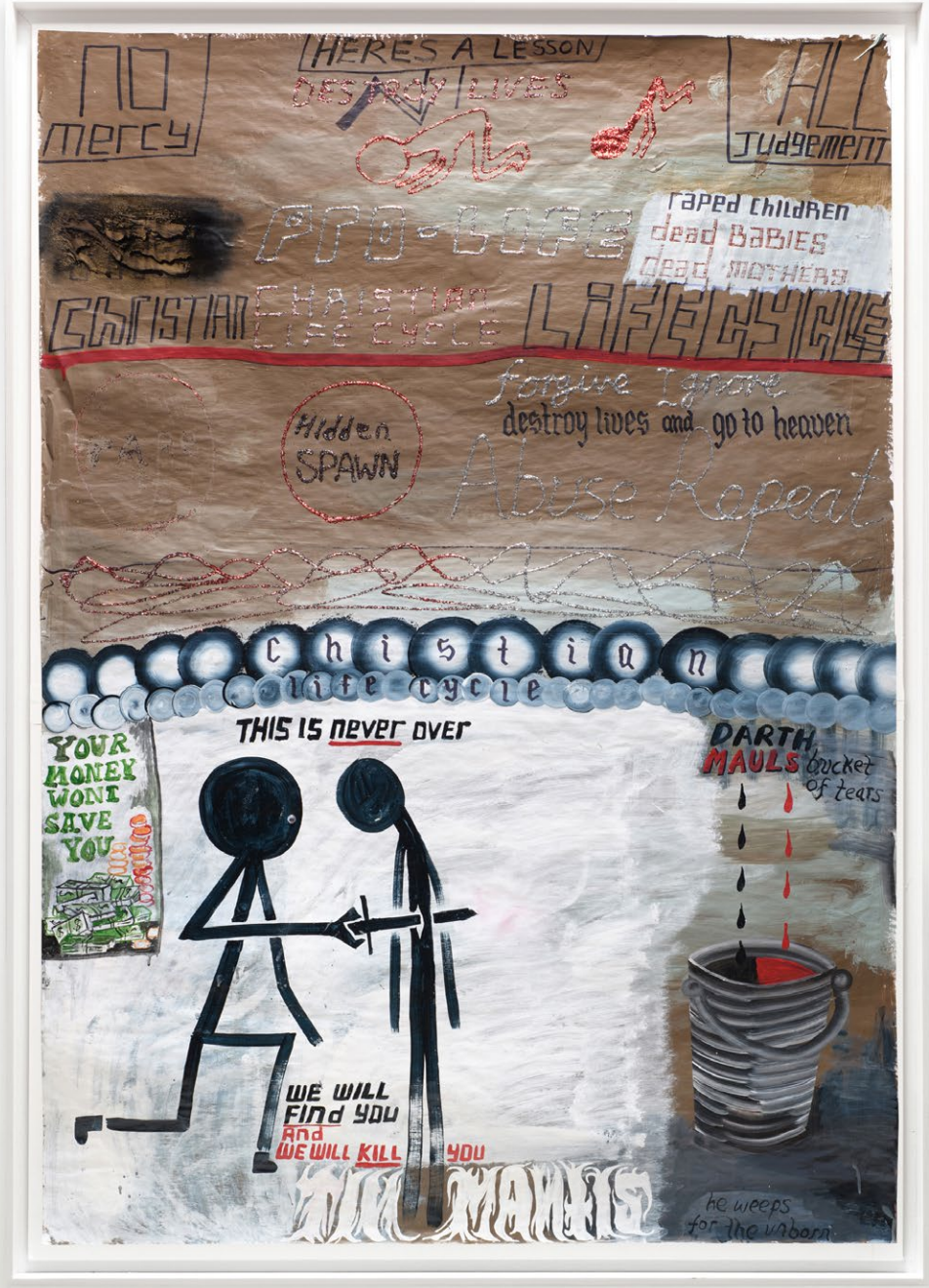
DONT BE A BABY

DO IT

FOR ME?

FOR ME?





TINMANIS
PRO-LIFE
2026
acrylic, household and spray paint, collage, glitter on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches
(150 x 106.5 cm)
TM0053


christian
life cycle
THIS IS never over
YOUR MONEY WONT SAVE YOU
WE WILL FIND YOU
And
WE WILL KILL YOU
DARTH MAULS bucket of tears



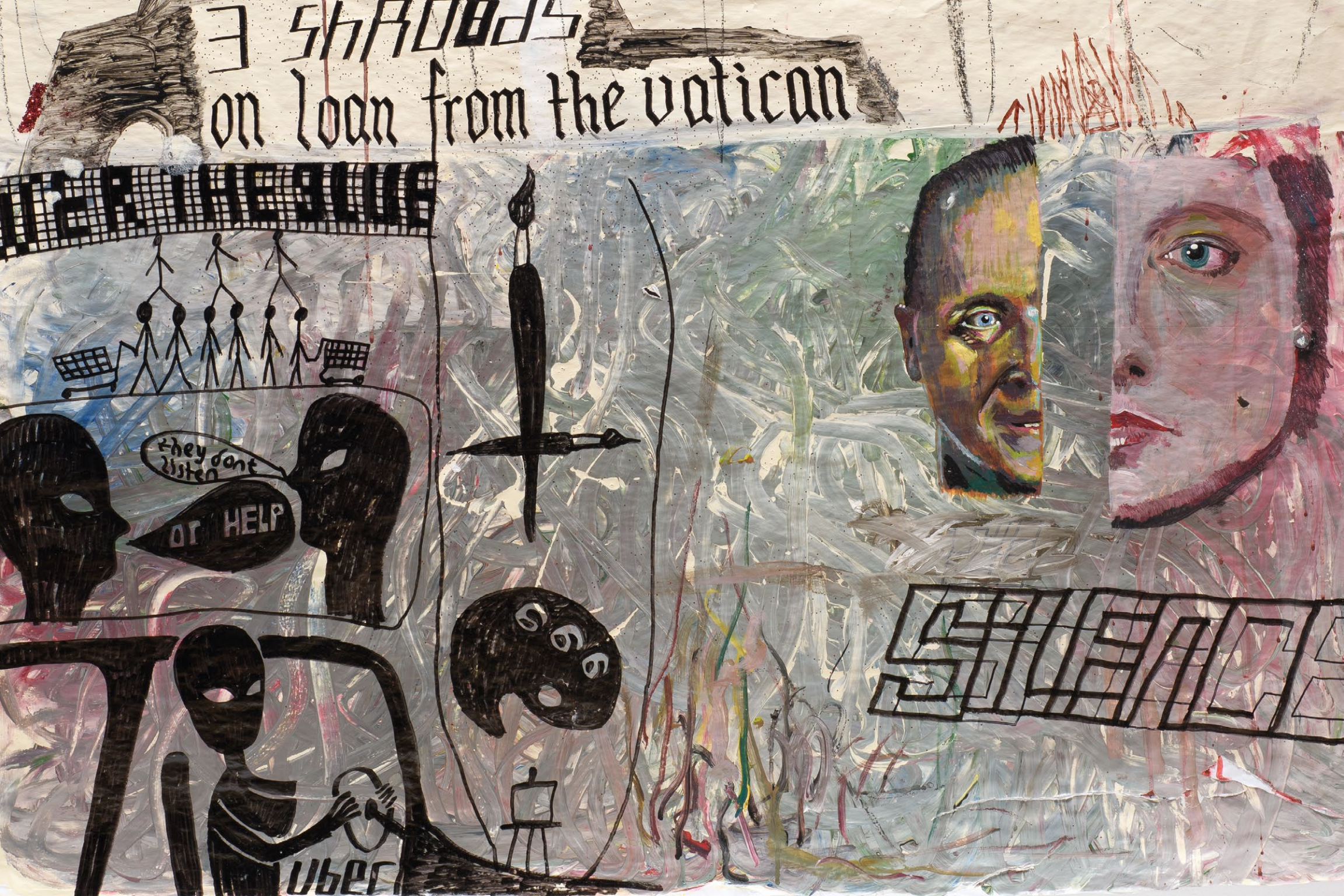
TINMANTIS
Running From Bombs
2026
acrylic, household and spray paint on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches
(150 x 106.5 cm)
TM0036


running from bombs
DARTH
LET ME BE
YOUR BLASPH=M



TINMANTIS

3 Shrouds On Loan From The Vatican
2026
acrylic and household paint, graphite, glitter on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches
(150 x 106.5 cm)
TM0045


3 shROOds
on loan from the vatican
they dont listen
or HELP
666
uber



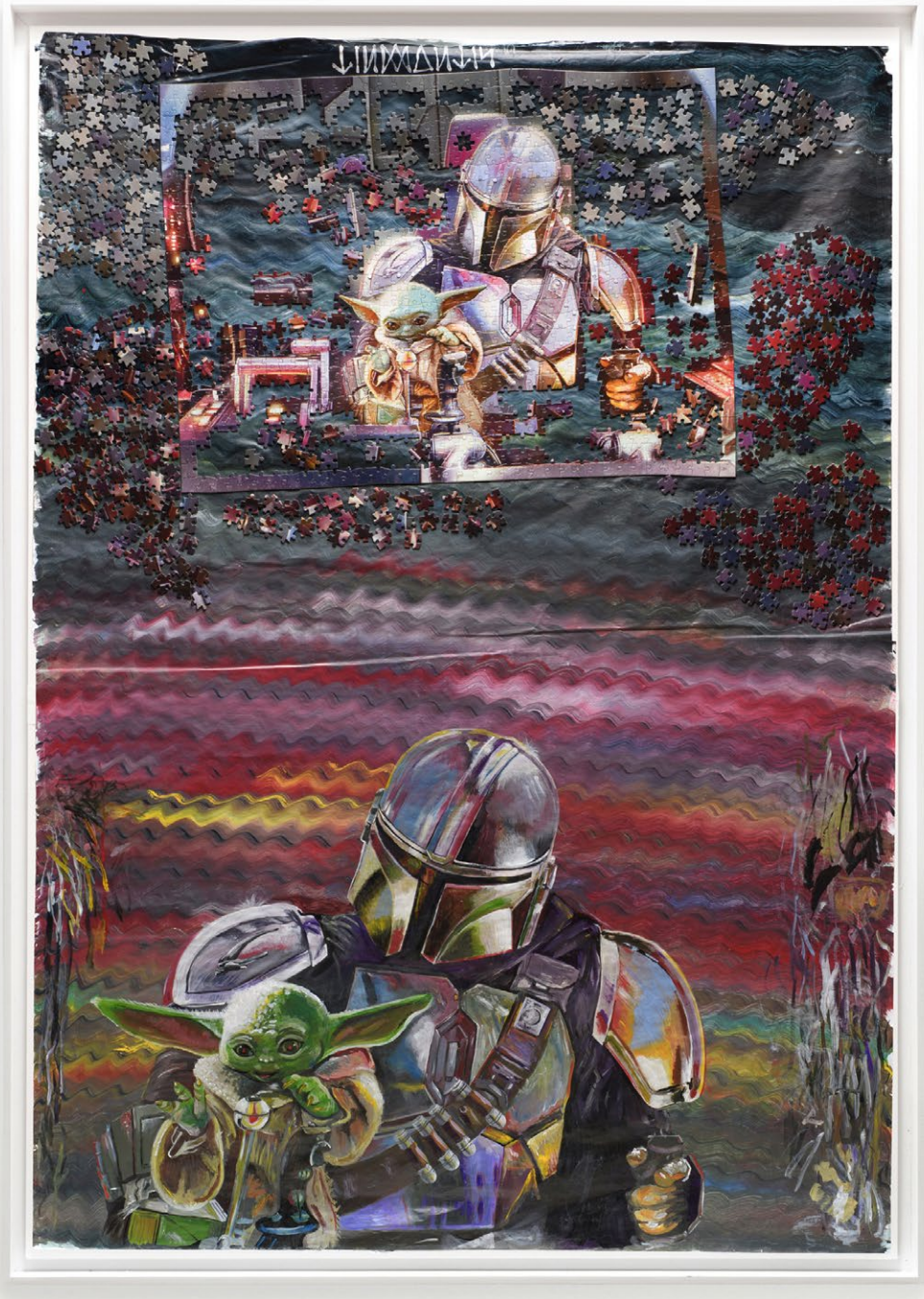
TINMANTIS
Somebody's Monday
2026
acrylic, household and spray paint, glitter on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches
(150 x 106.5 cm)
TM0050





TINMANTIS
A Face In The Dark
2026
acrylic, household and spray paint, collage on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches
(150 x 106.5 cm)
TM0056





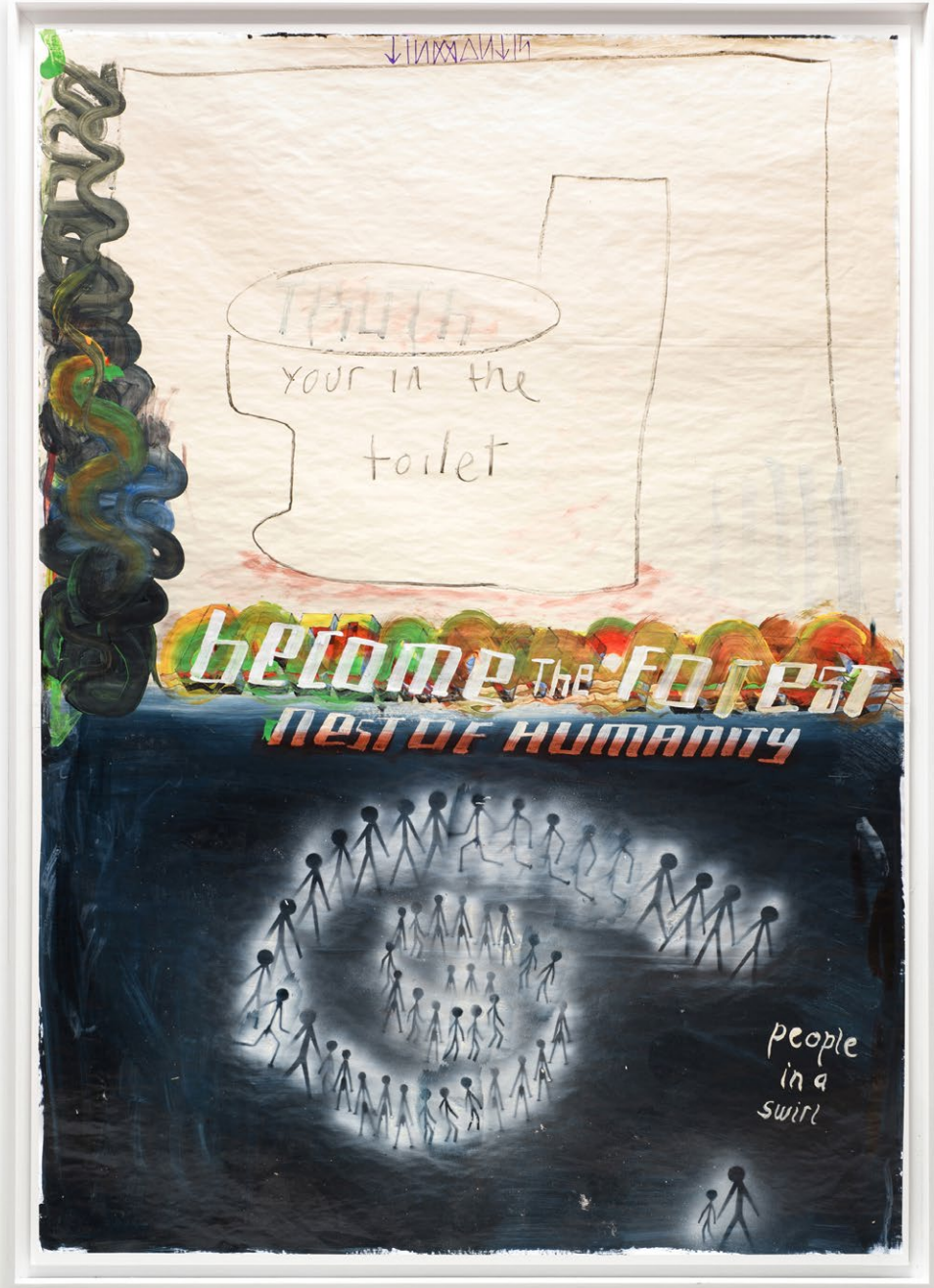
TINMANTIS
Untitled (Mandalorian & Grogu)
2026
acrylic, household and spray paint, jigsaw pieces on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches
(150 x 106.5 cm)
TM0021



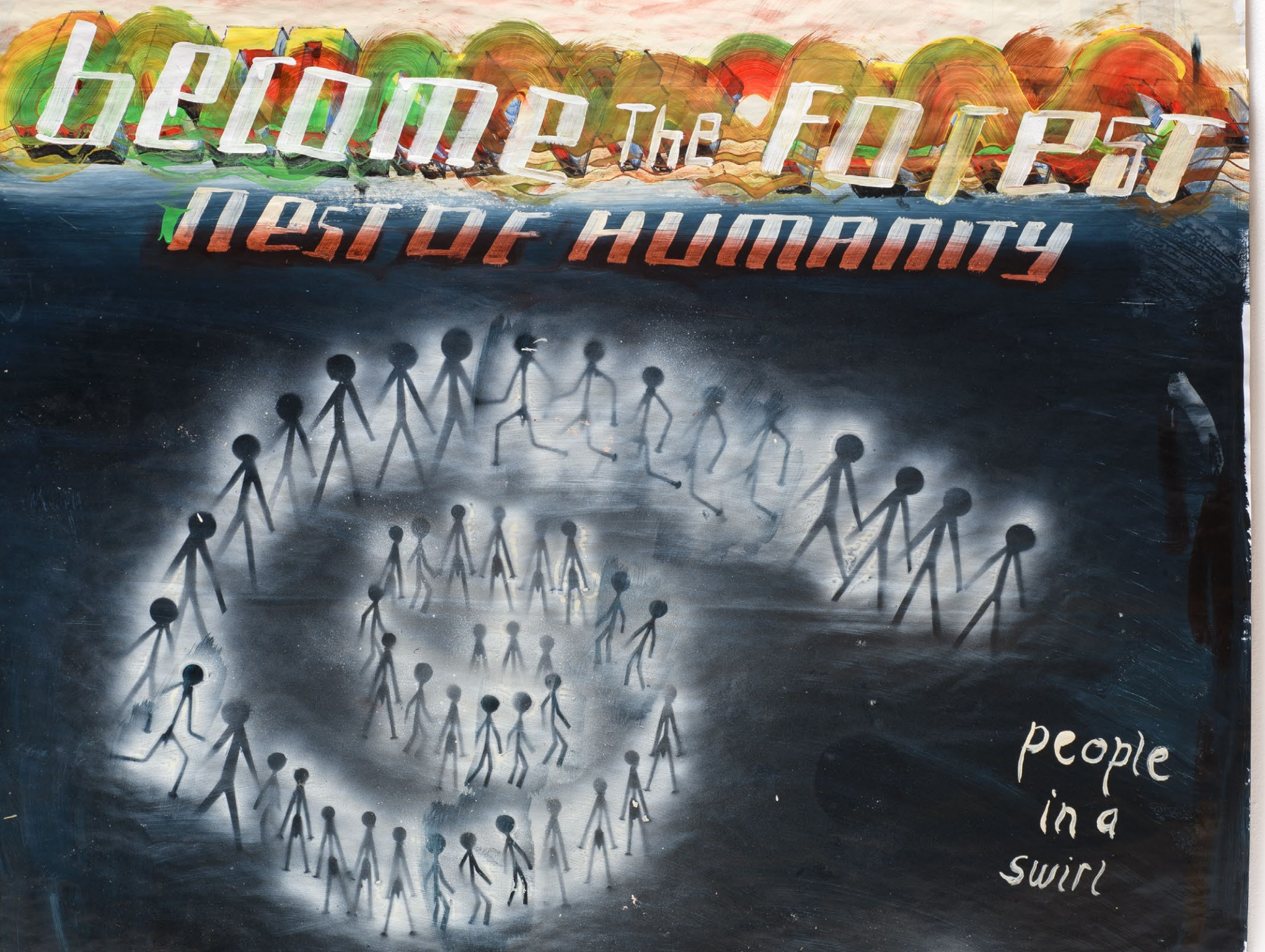


TIMMANIS
Peasant Life
2026
acrylic, household and spray paint on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches
(150 x 106.5 cm)
TM0066



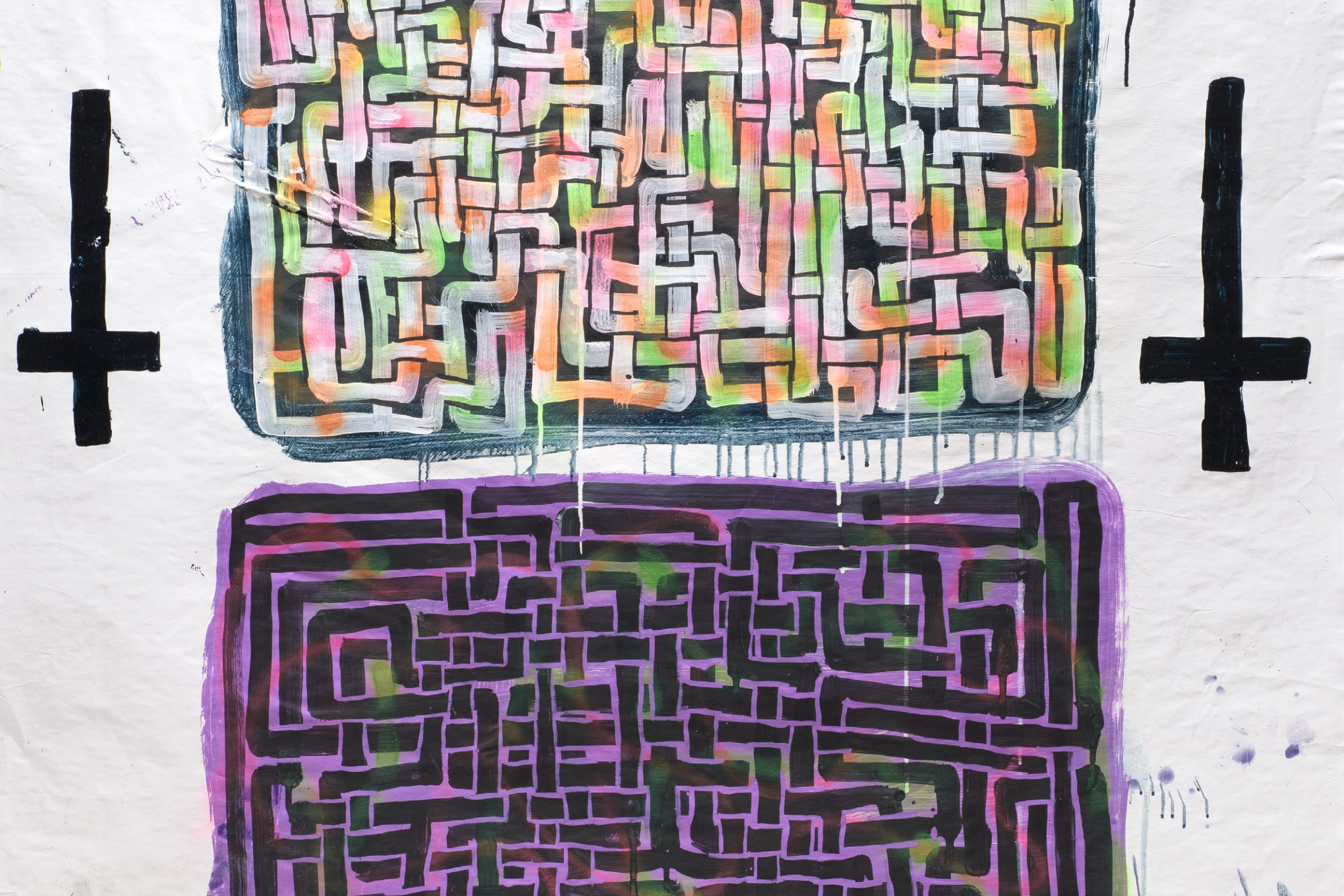


TINMANTIS
Become The Forest
2026
acrylic, household and spray paint on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches
(150 x 106.5 cm)
TM0029


become the forest
rest of humanity
people in a swirl



TINMANTIS
Rothko
2026
acrylic, household and spray paint, collage on reclaimed paper
59 x 42 inches
(150 x 106.5 cm)
TM0012





photography by Carter Seddon

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