

ILLUSTRATORS

BADICAL

ROBERT MASON
**'Escapism
sucks!'**

**GEORGE
SNOW**
**Altered states
and empty
pockets**

JAKE TILSON
**Escape from
the press gang**

**THOSE
NAUGHTY
QUAY BOYS**
**'The first
centimetre
is the
hardest'**

**ROBERT
ELLIS**
**'I was
w-w-wearing
a gold dress'**



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The Association of Illustrators
was formed in 1973
to protect and promote
the rights of the individual
illustrator and the artist's
agent, to bring all illustrators
together and to
raise the standard of
practice in the trade.

The activities of the
Association are run by
seven sub-committees
of members working in
their spare time.

Ethics: Dealing with
members' contractual
problems.

Exhibition: Organising
a show and accompanying
book of illustration.

Forum & Social:
Arranging a regular
monthly forum on illustration-
related subjects
and organising social
events and seeking new
members.

News: Producing an
issue of *Illustrators* every
two months.

Sponsorship: Seeking
financial support for the
Association.

Unions: Co-ordinating
the policy and action of the
Association with trade
unions.

Education: Making
stronger links between
art colleges and illustrators
at work.

Each group would welcome
support from any member.

ROBERT MASON
EDITORIAL FOR
"RADICAL ILLUSTRATION"
NEWSLETTER

"RADICAL ILLUSTRATION" is as
good or bad a name as any for the
work in this issue. Sue Coe said —
(Saloon Bar, Torriano Arms,
c. 1978) — words to the effect that
if we didn't attempt to define
"It" in print, then an "outsider"
would. In fact, definition is im-
possible; "radical" in a political
sense? "Radical" stylistically?
Define "illustration" to the satisfac-
tion of all the individuals in this
issue . . . etc.

All that aside, what do we have
here? A loose-knit group of artists
and illustrators, not all of whom see
eye-to-eye. Mostly young, not all
British; whose work exists, or
once existed, on the fringes of
mainstream illustration; whose
work makes use of a range of
media, techniques and thought
not often associated with illustration
until perhaps ten years ago;
whose work is as often found
hanging in gallery-walls, or seen
flickering on a screen, as it is
discovered on the printed page;
whose work is, for better or worse,
having a noticeable effect within
many graphics and illustration
courses in the U.K. and elsewhere;
whose experimental and/or aggressive
attitudes tend to either alienate
or delight . . .

It's probably true to assert that
they, or rather we — (the pronoun
"we" will be used from now on,
but it's essential to remember
that there is, in fact, no such entity
as "we", or "the group" . . .) —
work mainly in the areas of editorial,
book, and record-sleeve
illustration, markets in which there
exists a wide and demanding
range of jobs, less active
direction, and comparative auto-
nomy for the illustrator. Therefore
it's also true to say that we stand
less chance of making phenomenal
amounts of money than, for in-
stance, advertising illustrators . . .
which fact has obvious drawbacks,
but, also, less obvious advantages.
It's the "stay-hungry" syndrome;
in our field it's as easy to avoid
excessive complacency as it is to
avoid excessive riches.

In connection with the "range
of media, techniques and thought"
mentioned above, it's easy enough
to discuss "media and techniques",
less easy by far to pinpoint what is
meant by "thought" in this con-
text. To focus on the former; where-
as, during the Sixties, there was a
heavy reliance on drawn and
painted imagery among young
illustrators — (along with the
accursed airbrush boom) — the
early Seventies saw people like Sue
Coe, Terry Dowling, Stewart
Mackinnon and the Quay Twins
beginning to expand their working
processes to include collage, photo-
montage, frottage, 3-D work etc;
suggesting a more searching attitude
about the influence they should
assimilate, and a less slavish con-



formity to the popular idea of what
they should assimilate, and a less
slavish conformity to the popular
idea of what might constitute
illustration. To generalise; these
people looked less towards the
Sixties and more towards much
earlier periods — Dada, Supre-
matism, Futurism, Flemish, Ren-
aissance, etc; less towards the
West and far more towards Europe
and the East for their inspiration.
"Heroes" were culled not from
the immediate (commercial) past
but from geriatric and even defunct
individuals and generations.
Duchamp, Ernst, Schwitters,
Grosz, Heartfield, Bouts, and Fra
Angelico rubbed shoulders with
Balthus, Stanley Spencer, Tapiès,
Lenin, Huysmans, and Diane
Arbus in the new constellation of
idols.

As for "thought", i.e. the re-
curring themes in this genre, it's
often said that there seems to be an
almost incestuous "shared-con-
sciousness" at work among us.
In our defence — a misleading
word, since I actually feel no need
to defend — it must be pointed out
that things look very different
from the "inside", and that any
overlap which occurs is invari-
ably more stylistic than intellectual.
To generalise again; we are all
concerned with various combi-
nations of sexuality, mortality,
politics, suicide, psychosis, reli-
gion, violence and related "heavy"
phenomena, but to varying degrees
and for very different personal
reasons. If it is at all possible to
isolate ANY single concept which
MIGHT unite us — as opposed to
the stylistic characteristics which
identify us from "outside" — that
concept might lie in a shared idea
that the wider field of illustration
is, generally, totally lacking in
aggression, adventure and —
not a paradox — sensitivity. Both
in terms of its definition of what
may visually constitute "illus-
tration"; and in its relation to,
and reflection of, the external
world. Given the opportunity, any
of us will question, comment on,
or — if there's no other option
— ridicule *The Dream* . . . rather
than sell it. *The Dream* being,
among many other things, sexism,
rank consumerism, totalitarianism,
alcoholism, complacency, lazy
aestheticism, boredom . . . a random
list to be expanded ad infinitum;
but generally comprising those
everyday, accepted phenomena
which actually inhibit individual,
and therefore societal, development
and progress.

Surely it's a fact that illustration,
as part of the media, has a tremen-
dous potential to influence, per-
haps subliminally, its audience;
consequently it must also be the
case that any illustrator who fails
to realise, or wilfully ignores, his
or her responsibility in connection
with that fact is immediately open
to the charge of contributing to the
vast body of questionable visual
and intellectual information with
which we are constantly bombar-
ded by the media. A cliché/truism:
if you're not part of the solution
you're part of the problem . . .
"Radical Illustrators" are less
open to this charge than MOST
others, though of course there are
a number of exceptions outside
the group. (Dan Fern, Peter Till,
Donna Muir et al.)

Naturally the means by which
individuals within the group
". . . question, comment on, or
. . . ridicule *The Dream*" can vary
enormously; perhaps involving
something as complex as adherence
to a particular political philo-
sophy, and the propagation of
that philosophy in pictorial form; or,
alternatively, involving something
as simple as the recurrent, aggres-
sive distortion of the human form in
recognisable, but somehow fouled,
situations.

Problems occur in connection
with commercial work; how, after
all, is it possible to consistently
reconcile an interest in Dada/
Lenin/Grosz etc with the everyday
limitations and expectations of
illustration? The fact is (again)
that the extent of these problems
varies from individual to individual:
relations with our clients range
— occasionally veering from one
to the other in a matter of moments
. . . Certainly, almost as many
art-directors and others seem to be
irritated by our work and so-called
pretensions, as seem to react
positively. Among those who have
consistently worked with us Chris
Jones, Robert Priest, Derek Un-
gless, David Curless, Rowland
Hill, Gary Day-Ellison, Janice
Butler and Sue Aldworth have
been particularly supportive; some-
times to the extent of sticking
their own necks out in our support.
On the other hand, our general
inability, or refusal, to compromise
to any great extent has often led to
mutual incomprehension and a
subsequent rejection-fee. Or, in
some ways worse, apparent com-
prehension and acceptance follow-
ed by permanent type-casting of
the most damaging sort . . . But that



happens to, and is as frustrating
for (?) many other illustrators.
The dilemma of type-casting
resulting from a reasonable consis-
tency of technique is a recurrent
one. It is generally expected by
art-directors et al that illustrators
should continue to conform, year
after year, to their own personal
style; the definition of "style"
here being the SUPERFICIAL
visual qualities of any given folder
of work, at the moment when
Art Director "X" claps eyes on it
and decides to commission . . .
While it must be conceded that in
most cases artistic development
will follow a reasonably set course,
it is also the case that some
artists occasionally wish to veer off
on a stylistic/intellectual tangent.
In the present climate, this often
seems to be regarded as an un-
reasonable aim; a/d's would rather
accept images whose incestuously
close relatives they've seen before.
Need this be the case quite so
consistently? Surely, one of the
pleasures of working in any creative
activity is the pleasure of the un-
expected occurring . . . why, then,
the insistence that an inflexible
style should be a prime prerequisite
of the successful illustrator? And
in connection with the above, why
the predominant notion that illus-
tration must never, ever, approach
the shifting-sands of so-called
"fine art"? . . . (which is a redun-
dant concept anyway, perpetuated
for convenience by generations of
art-college administrators, and for
the inflation of their egos by gener-
ations of elitist adolescents of all
ages). Why are so many A/D's,
agents, clients, and illustrators
themselves terrified by anything
which threatens to expand the
definition of "illustration"? Espe-
cially when it's so easy to cite,
historically, great illustrators who
had one foot planted firmly — and
quite naturally — on the other side
of the great divide . . . Illustration
must constantly assimilate aspects
of painting, conceptual thought,
etc. — just as "fine artists"
would do well not to ignore the real
qualities of illustrative work) —
in order to expand and evolve.
Failure to do so must condemn
future illustrators to a present
consisting entirely of the past.

If we feel the above to be real

problems, given that we take greater
creative chances than many
other illustrators, what must other,
more restricted artists feel? Hope-
fully they feel an increasing resent-
ment and frustration, as that hints
at some desire for change. But it's
easy to suspect that it's more often
a matter of complacency; an accep-
tance that this lack of artistic
options is necessarily, traditionally
the illustrator's lot. If this suspi-
cion is correct, it shows illus-
trators consistently bowing to the
market's demands, rather than
saying "No, that isn't what you
want, THIS is what you need."
Which attitude inevitably leads to
the rather bizarre situation of
comparatively non-visual clients,
or editorial staff, making aesthetic
decisions which ought to rest with
us, in consultation with A/D's.

On to the question of influence;
our influence on students and on
each other. It's undoubtedly the
case that some of us have closely
replicated each other's work from
time to time; though this is in-
evitable to an extent in an activity
as competitive as illustration, it
has tended, and still does, to
result in feelings running rather
high. It might be sensible to suggest
that when such duplication does
occur, it's the responsibility of both
the imitator and the imitated to
try and remedy it, both by dis-
cussion and a conscious attempt to
diverge . . . who after all wants to
be known mainly as an imitator?
And who, perhaps more subtly,
wants to be that easily imitable?
This links closely with the earlier
paragraph on style and type-
casting; if illustrators felt that
more stylistic options were open to
them, there might consequently be
less paranoia, and a less proprie-
torial attitude about one's own
aesthetic territory.

As for our influence on stu-
dents — often exaggerated any-
way — a charge made against us
has been that we wish to force
"stylistic innovation" on them,
whatever that may mean; and that
we wish to persuade them to pro-
duce work resembling our own.
These apparently related, but
actually contradictory charges miss
the point by some kilometres; in
that "stylistic innovation" cannot
be taught in the first place, and in
the second place it's all but useless
anyway without a basis of emotional
commitment and sincerity . . . and
in that our genre is already too
densely-populated by far, to the
extent that the last thing any of
us needs is another clone. If we are
influencing students at all, it might
just be because we are the only
group of illustrators to have
emerged over the last few years
whose work has any connection
with the notion of progress com-
bined with serious intent; in which
case it's inevitable that students
who need more from illustration
than acceptable decorative clichés
will find an influence, a clue,
somewhere in our ranks. Hope-
fully our work will be seen NOT
as something to duplicate but as a
spring-board for their own ideas



and obsessions, as it's a bit em-
barrassing and — worse — dis-
appointing to still have some vague
reputation as the "angry young
men & women"; the "avant
garde"; the "enfants terribles" of
illustration, when we're all knocking
thirty . . . though it's also great
fun of course!

I mentioned earlier the fact of
our existence causing irritation to
some people outside the group.
There has been some contumely
over our "arrogance", our "bigotry",
our "pretentiousness" —
the latter being the favourite
accusation. As stated earlier, to
some extent this is a positive
thing. But it often seems to be the
case that such anger among our
critics is less the result of an objec-
tive appraisal of what we have,
or have not got to offer illustration
than the result of a formless irri-
tation, a resentment at our temerity
in raising certain points which
have not recently been the province
of the illustrator. This kind of
irrational reaction to our actions is,
in turn, irritating to us; but more
than irritation we feel, once again,
disappointment. After all, it's so
easy to react to an irritant by
throwing out the accusation of arro-
gance and pretentiousness. I feel
it's a reaction which says more
about the character of the complain-
ant than about the content of the
original irritant, and I'm certain
that this very accusation of pre-
tentiousness/arrogance/bigotry will
be levelled at this editorial and at
the newsletter as a whole. If so, I
for one will be disappointed and,
as ever, I won't know what it
means . . . By all means CRITI-
CISE my writing, our varied ideals,
the intentions or quality of the
work in this issue of ILLUSTRATORS
— but don't just shout at
us. Be specific, be rational . . . tell
us what you think and what you
mean, not just what you FEEL.
We expect more than hollow words;
we want a response to match our
seriousness, our concern, our
doubts and our idealism about
illustration. By all means call us
"naive" and "idealistic" . . .
though no doubt intended as criti-
cisms they will be gratefully re-
ceived as compliments of the high-
est order by most of the people
represented here.

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RADICAL ILLUSTRATION HISTORY OF THE ART

AGGRESSION AND INNOVATION, like chicken and dumplings, go hand in hand.

Aggression: Difficult though it is to define in the context of this publication I'd say an aggressive spirit (rather than an excess of testosterone), is the essential ingredient in the work of all the artists featured here, giving them a determined sense of independence.

Innovation: Whether or not all those featured in this magazine are truly innovative is open to argument, but they have all made a personal and individual contribution to Illustration while increasing our awareness of its possibilities. Certainly they are all part of a unique movement which has diminished the role of the editor and art director in terms of the concept and aesthetics of illustration, and allowed the artist to assert his own personal feelings and philosophy on the printed work.

The prevailing social climate has greatly helped the development of aggressive and innovative illustration over the last thirteen years, as it has done the theatre, music,

Part One -
1968 / 1974
by George Snow

ABOVE: Situationist poster, Paris '68. RIGHT: Martin Sharp's Dylan. Front cover: OZ no.7. BELOW: A devastating sense of humour enabled Robert Crumb to turn the comic strip into a medium of social realism.



The RHONUS BALONUS Blues



journalism and the arts generally.

During the late sixties a collective consciousness developed giving rise to the "Alternative Society". It became possible to shun the traditional School/College/Career syndrome and, as the wise men of the day said, "Do your own thing... man!"

The central core of this alternative society was its press. Armed with a new set of values, a moderate affluence, the invention of the I.B.M. Golfball typesetter and cheap litho printing, the "Underground Press" set about providing us with an alternative to the "Daily Telegraph" and the "Angling Times".

The Underground Press gave free expression to new cultural and political ideas and was an experimental vehicle for illustrators and photographers who didn't see their future in advertising or conventional publishing. Modest though they were, the sums paid to contributors enabled many of them to live solely off their earnings from this group of magazines. (With occasional help from the "real world" and the social security office.) Oz, International Times, Frenz and Time Out, limited and naive though they were, broke new ground visually and typographically without hindrance from dogmatic sexual, political and cultural values.

Complex though many of the magazines may have appeared, their artworking and printing was a relatively simple affair, limited by a lack of funds and technology. Though continuous tone and even full colour reproduction were used, the cost of origination led to a bias towards line illustration and line graphics generally. This is where artists like Peter Till, Andrej Dudzinski and Robert Crumb came into their own. Their line

The spirit was wild and the flesh was vulnerable. 1968 to '74 was a good period for massacres: from Kent State to Londonderry; Manson to My Lai. RIGHT: Veitch and Irons' "Legion of Charlies" drew parallels between the Sharon Tate slaughter and the U.S. Army's achievements in Vietnam. BELOW: The British Press called it the killing of 13 terrorists in a gun battle with paras... The Republican News in Belfast told it as it was: the murder of innocent protestors in a crazy act of vengeance. (Details of trajectories and bullet-wounds available on request.)



ABOVE: From the days when art students weren't all bleating sheep. A poster from the occupation of Hornsey College in May 1968. RIGHT: Peter Till's drawing on "Perception and Reality" from the "Index of Possibilities". BELOW: The press gets it wrong again!



illustrations were reduced or enlarged on a simple process camera, and pasted-up alongside the I.B.M. typesetting as they would appear on the printed page. This process made origination a comparatively easy task, as the camera operator at the printing works could photograph a whole double-spread, type and images, in one shot. Colour backgrounds for the illustrations were provided by simple red overlays on transparent film. Complex multi-coloured separations could be achieved by increasingly involved red film cut-outs, though the process of origination remained simple — a line negative being made by the printer for each subsequent overlay.

A simple and effective method of achieving a striking colour effect was to "pos./neg." the whole page. In such a case the negative image was printed in light colour (say yellow) and the positive image in a dark one (say purple). The effect on the reader could be quite dramatic. The lack of sophistication produced a variety of ingenious solutions to maximise the potential of the limited technology. My own favourite technique was to produce a black-and-white photomontage, in line, and then duplicate it a number of times (according to the number of colours available). Each of the line duplicates was then re-artworked by the addition of process black to the white areas, and process white to the black areas. This could be done carefully according to a set plan, or at random by splattering on the process black and white. This technique gave me an "additive and subtractive" method of building up or reducing the colour in specific areas of the printed image. Sounds complicated — but it's a simple and effective way of colouring a black-and-white line original, and of course there are many variations of this process.

As the designers of these magazines became aware of the increasing possibilities of this limited litho technology, so more

complex tinting and colour separation was attempted. I don't think I ever saw an ordinary mono-tone photo or illustration printed as such. 'Duo-tones', made by giving varied lengths of exposure to a series of negatives shot from a mono-tone continuous tone original, meant that a simple black-and-white photo or illustration could be tinted in any combination of process colours. Full colour reproduction was rarely used as it looked out of place, was somehow pretty boring and expensive to originate, even for a low quality result. Besides which it was much more fun to play with two, three or four





THE GAY LIBERATION FRONT DEMANDS...

- Eliminate all discrimination against any people, male and female, by the laws, regulations, and by society.
- Eliminate all people who are attracted to members of their own sex. (Should those who do not want to be gay, they should not be gay.)
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- Eliminate all people who are attracted to members of their own sex. (Should those who do not want to be gay, they should not be gay.)

GAY IS GOOD!

ALL POWER TO THE OPPRESSED PEOPLE

NO MORE HETEROSEXUALITY, NO MORE SEXUAL ABUSE, NO MORE GAY BARRIERS, NO MORE GAY BARRIERS.

1972, 10/18/72, 10/18/72, 10/18/72

ABOVE: Jim Leon's "Psychopathia Sexualis" from OZ 41, and an early Gay Lib hand-out. RIGHT: Edward Bell's Aleister Crowley from the "Index of Possibilities". BELOW: "Even the president of the United States must sometimes have to stand naked" — Bob Dylan: "It's alright Ma. (I'm only bleed-in)"

though it has passed into history along with the movement whose voice it was, it has an enduring legacy; demonstrating as it did that it was no longer necessary to compromise with, or humble oneself to any established hierarchy in order to win some degree of freedom of expression.

I am pleased to add that recent years have seen a re-emergence of this spirit, though in a somewhat muted form, in such publications as "Sniffin' Glue" (and a mass of lesser Fanzines), "Undercurrents", "Fortean Times", "The Beast", Jake Tilson's "Cipher", Heathcote Williams' and Richard Adams' "Open Head Press", and many other 'do-it-yourself' publications.

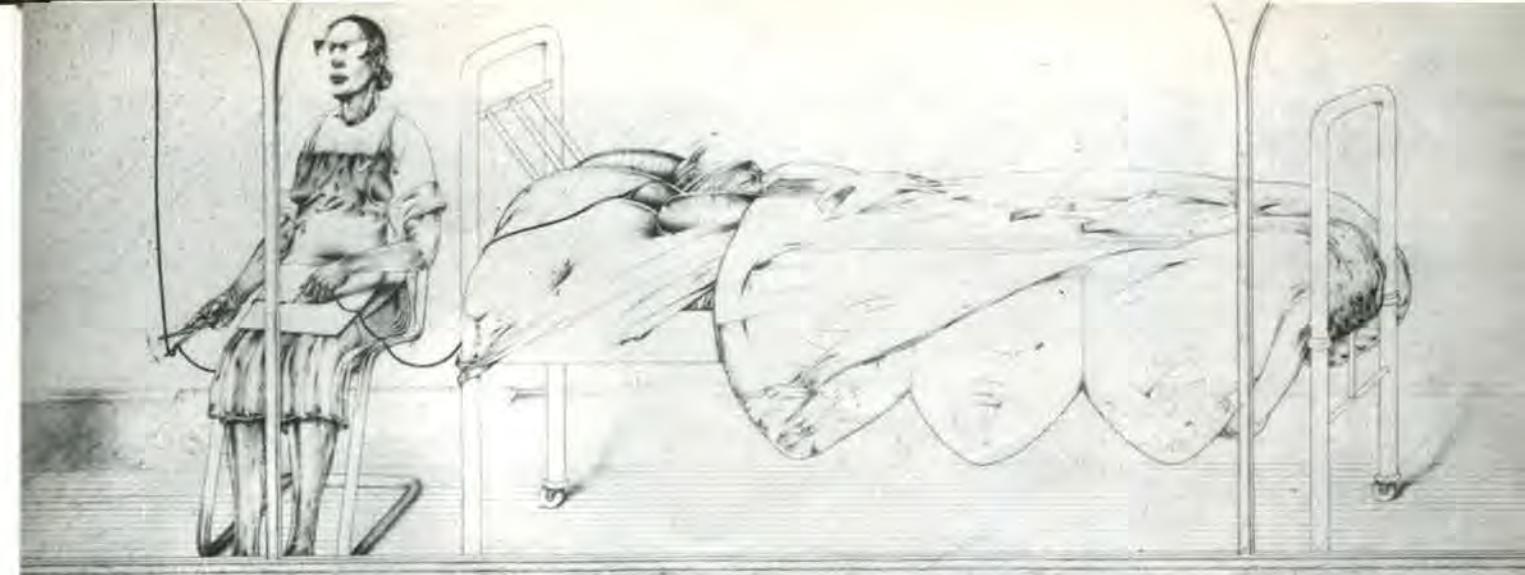
I suppose if one artist can be said to have truly captured the spirit of the day it was the perceptive comic-strip artist Robert Crumb. His characters were real and easily identifiable. 'Shuman the Human', the guru-infested seeker after inner truth; the irritating 'Mr Natural', instant ideologue, wise-guy and bane of Shuman the Human's life; 'Bo-Bo Bolinski', the drunken Polish-



American slob; 'Honey-Bunch Kominski' (13 of L.A.), "What a little yummy"; and the immortal 'Pete the Plumber', the down-at-heel sanitary worker who committed suicide by flushing himself down the lavatory, only to be reborn (with wings) to a fanfare of trumpets from a sewer outlet. Crumb's prolific output from his home town of San Francisco is still to be found in London's Science Fiction Bookshop and other alternative outlets.

Not so accessible perhaps, but with an instantly recognisable style, is the enigmatic Martin Sharp (whose work gives hope to all those unfortunate enough to be born in Australia). Along with Richard Neville and Jim Anderson he founded Oz magazine in the land of surfboards and sodomy. Sharp's illustrations certainly illuminated the phase 'altered states of consciousness'. His contribution to Oz was during the early pre-political days when Timothy Leary's loony philosophy reigned supreme.

A number of British illustrators still



ABOVE: Two drawings on euthanasia for NOVA by Stewart Mackinnon. Subsequently used in Ark 51, published by R.C.A. BELOW: "Death of Feltrinelli" by George Snow. Unpublished montage from a series on political figures; Feltrinelli was an Italian left-wing publisher murdered by fascists in March '72.

working today cut their teeth on the Underground Press. Peter Till's drawings were to be seen regularly in Oz and Time Out, and he was even responsible for designing some issues of 'Red Mole', the Trotskyite monthly. I am pleased to see that the work of this venerable gentleman of the the Underground Press has today diversified into animation and even advertising, and is still commanding the attention it deserves.

Of the many contributors to the alternative publications during the early seventies I was most impressed by the work of Edward Bell. His work for Oz and "The Index of Possibilities" (a compendium of information, comment and short stories on the subject of energy and power, which is my own personal bible on things scientific and visual) — was both aggressive and humorous. His work today is still very much out on a limb and his drawing ability, combined with an inventive and unusual constructive process, ensures both my continuing respect and his continuing poverty.

The later issues of Oz printed the work of Stuart Mackinnon, perhaps the greatest single influence on today's Radical Illustrators. The formal construction of his work (particularly the figures) established the 'mood' which is so much a part of contemporary radicals' work. He was, I suppose, a link between the Underground Press and the Royal College of Art group of Terry Dowling, Sue Coe and the Quay Twins. The development of his socialist philosophy has taken him away from illustration and into film, but I think it's fair to say that his ideas (like

those of Terry Dowling) live on in the work of others.

The R.C.A. group of Mackinnon, Dowling, Coe and the Quays were major contributors to some interesting publications being produced at the college at that time. "Scratch" and "Stroke", both one-offs, and the regular "Ark" were, as seems reasonable for student publications, more concerned with the artists' formal problems than with communicating specific ideas. Nevertheless, they represent lively portfolios of work of a standard rarely seen in today's commercial publications, where marketing plays a more important role than imagination.

It's a strange contradiction that with so much money being spent on the production of magazines, record sleeves, and books, and on the sophisticated technology needed to manufacture them, that more cash isn't invested in developing the great talent of our artists. With the cost of living so high and the rewards for excellence so low it is not surprising that many illustrators feel oppressed. The potential of today's original and inventive illustrators is, it seems, being stifled by the declining intellectual standards of the printed media, and by businessmen who seem to have forgotten that freshness and innovation are incredibly effective marketing tools.

The community as a whole is the poorer when an artist of Sue Coe's calibre disappears to the United States, and Terry Dowling devotes his energy solely to teaching. It is difficult to counter feelings of disillusion and disappointment when an artist of the stature of Russell Mills has to tout around an illustrated book for three years without finding a publisher; while Ian Pollock, a gifted and original draughtsman, is reduced to embellishing the white spaces in weekly trade magazines.

But I think there is a solution. That is to forget the dull marketing men. If the publication of our work is that important then I think we should 'do-it-ourselves'. In the spirit of the Underground Press we should conceive, manufacture and distribute our own product. I don't think illustrators today can afford to wait for the dullards at the Sunday supplements and publishing houses to wake up. There is no alternative but to ignore them, to exploit such advantages as we have and demonstrate that not only

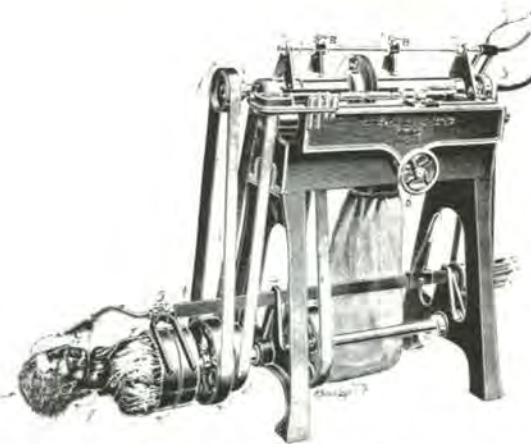




ABOVE: Two figures by Stewart Mackinnon from "Angry Oz" (no. 37). RIGHT: An early Sue Coe; made at the R.C.A. c. 1974. This series on air disasters made the rest of us sit up and take notice, by virtue of their size and range of materials.



RIGHT: Collage/drawing by Denis Leigh — (A.K.A. John Foxx) — 1973. BELOW: Convenient. ja?



spanning the last ten years of Royal College illustration activity.

An odd situation seems to exist within the illustration department; its "successful" denizens appear to fall into two distinct categories. There are those who use it mainly as a stepping-stone to fairly straightforward commercial success, honing their already-enviable techniques to a razor-edge during the three year period. There are also those above (again, et al) who spend the three years not just capitalising, but THINKING. Not simply about which Art Directors to court/private views to attend/trousers to wear — crucial though all of these may be — but about the content, development and context of their art (it's that word...)

Interestingly, not many of these people see Fame & Fortune within illustration as the absolute peak of human endeavour, in contrast to the prevailing attitude that success in any field is measured solely in units of image and finance. This fact can be seen as a direct extension of the credo fostered by the alternative press; the visual trappings and subject-matter may have metamorphosed but the crux remains the same — a great degree of creative, political, and personal freedom within one's work is always preferable to its opposite. If the practice of that freedom goes hand-in-hand with earning, then fine; but when the two activities clash... life gets tedious. The RCA, at its best, gives students the opportunity to recognise and react to this fact of life.

I've no wish to analyse individual works there's too much verbiage in this magazine already, much of it cobbled together by me. Make your own judgements, form your own links. But I'll conclude that both the underground press in its brief life, and the RCA in its (hopefully) continuing activity, work as environments suited to the growth of INDEPENDENT thought, without which our visual and intellectual perception would be poorer by far.



Part Two - THE R.C.A. by Robert Mason

BELOW: Brian Robb, the then Head of Illustration at R.C.A., as seen by Terry Dowling. From the book "Medicine Man", c. 1970. RIGHT: A portrait (?) by Stephen England; c. 1975.



are we artists collectively more intelligent than they are, but more imaginative and successful as businessmen too.

Aggression and innovation, tools of the trade for the radical illustrator, must be used to develop a new manufacturing and distribution system which will give voice to our ideas and aspirations. If the 'Jobsworth' mentality prevails in the printed media, and the art directors and editors have neither the wit nor inclination to experiment with new forms of illustration, then I believe it is nothing less than our social responsibility to show them how it's done.

FIRSTLY; how the hell did I get hold of Oz, International Times, Frenz, etc? In Sittingbourne? ... (half a dozen of the straightest newsagents anywhere; not a pubic hair in the place). Get hold of them I did though... secretive purchases; bed-reading; a necessary adjunct to simultaneous serious schooltime discoveries of Spencer, Bacon, Giotto, Soutine. In retrospect, 95% of it all is so obviously short-life shit; then, it was part of some huge liberation... all that colour! All that sex! (Hey Dad do you use this stuff??) All that violence! (Most of it now totally obnoxious.) Drugs! Hells Angels! Rupert with a hard-on! "Politics" of a sort...

See me in Hyde Park in hick kipper-tie, grinning through 10lb Hank Marvin's at oblivious painted androgynes; Peter Green and Jeremy Spencer nearly near enough to touch. Temporary bliss. Very soon my Cream and Pink Floyd logos were Sharper than Martin's. Other people's hallucinations found a secondary outlet courtesy of my maths master's blind eye; my art master (a Slade man) lost sleep though....

So it went for a year.

At college however, a change. The underground press lost all interest for me as more and more friends, legless and brainless on anything they could score (man), either stopped working completely or (worse)

produced painting after drawing after cosmic etching of pyramids, rainbows, prisms, planets. Total reaction set in. I got married, which was much more interesting.

BUT! "ANGRY OZ", (No. 37, September 1971, 20p). Five ink drawings by a certain Stewart Mackinnon. (Who is this man? And how does he do that? Where is this Royal College? Those floorboards! That... sparseness!) Subsequent sightings of his (and, soon, Coe's) work marked a watershed for me and others; and it was fitting that Oz, always the best of the underground papers, revealed this GOOD work first.

Thereafter it all changed; I got serious; stayed up nights to work; fought for the right to draw (at art college!); made connections.

If all of this seems too personal, my apolo-



ABOVE: Figure by Russell Mills; 1977. RIGHT: Two figures by Liz Pyle; 1980. From the R.C.A. publication "The Lightning-Eyed". BELOW: No banner headlines for Ian Curtis and Malcolm Owen....



gies. A bit. I'm simply describing a welcome and necessary process which provided a catalyst not just for me but, to my mind, for a whole branch of illustration in the 70's and into the 80's. It perhaps began the sequence of events leading to the present "post-punk" expansion of illustration, part of which this issue attempts to describe. Without Mackinnon et al, and by association without boring, hippy old OZ, I don't feel that this genre of illustration would have developed to the extent that it has. It would probably still be practised, as it had been to an extent just prior to Stewart's emergence, by succeeding generations of Royal College students... but he and Sue made their work PUBLIC. Ironic though perhaps inevitable that he is now elsewhere, involved in other activities; while we observe, or perhaps invent "Radical Illustration", so much of which has crystallised courtesy of R.C.A. A dodgy circumstance to be sure; I hear cries of "Elitist", "Ivory Tower" form on (your?) lips at the mere name. Hackles rise, prejudices are dusted off.

The fact remains; Joe Wright, The Quays, Dowling, Mackinnon, Coe, Steve England, Robin Harris, Candy Amsden, Denis Leigh, Mason, Pollock, Clive Holmes, Muriel Mackenzie, Mills, Howson, Steve Johnson, Ellis, Linda Hurler, Tony MacSweeney, Mike Litherland, Laura Knight, Pyle, Gowdy et al form a discernable "family-tree"



LIVES OF THE ARTISTS

Folk are familiar with the printed work of many of the illustrators featured in this magazine and may have even shared a drunken discourse at some illustrators' convention or other. We have asked a selection of radical illustrators to submit biographies in which they proclaim the 'raison d'être' of their work. Now read on...

BORN IN CHESHIRE 1950, followed by a prolonged childhood which I spent prising up damp flagstones to watch the retreat of worms and the frantic scurrying of millepedes. I've always wanted to be famous; mass-murdering didn't appeal; besides, the only activity I was any good at during school, apart from maths, physics and chemistry, was drawing. 'Best send him to art-college!' I was awarded a grade E for art A-level and sentenced to four years at Manchester Polytechnic followed by another three years at the Royal College of Art for not conforming to photorealism.

In truth I've always wanted to be a conjurer — I like tricks; Houdini was my hero before I'd even heard of George Grosz. If I could make all abstract painters disappear I would do so immediately.

While at the 'College' I alternated between maggot and butterfly. Collage, my dominating activity, gave way to water-colour: a new dawn. I began to work on thirty water-colour illustrations for 'The Brothers of the Head', illustrated fiction by Brian W. Aldiss. I was given this commission during my final term, it saved me from having to hawk my folio around; though I enjoy showing my work to art-editors I resent the need to do so — especially phoning up and making appointments. 'Ian who...?'

I don't, and never have had, an agent. As for art-editors, I can only express the utmost gratitude to those highly responsible arbiters of public taste who give me money for doing what I want to do, and then go to all the trouble to make sure that as many people see it as possible — wonderful!

Since leaving the R.C.A. I spent three years out of circulation working solely on book illustration; it is only recently, this last eighteen months, that I've become involved in editorial illustration. I've never done a job for an advertising agency, nor have I refused a job —



GEORGE SNOW

ABOVE: Documentary collage from Kracow, Poland (Detail). BELOW: From sketchbook: Greek relief in the British Museum.



a measure of how much work I get. Each new brief I regard as a challenge, in fact the worse the brief the better. Imagine being given a job for which you could do exactly what you wanted, it would be like playing chess with yourself.

At heart I'm a traditionalist, respecting 'good' draughtsmanship above all else, it is the meat-hook from which the raw imagination

can hang. Without it a work lacks a spine, and I don't like works without spines — Constable doesn't have a spine, Turner does: the difference is obvious. Most illustration I'd class as invertebrate, most 'fine-art' is invertebrate; in fact there is very little around at the moment that does have a spine, and that is a very sad situation. Grunt!

School of Art (because it's near to Kings Road).

1974—Assistant Vogue photographic studios until they close down.

1975—Photography Royal College of Art. Fail to attend mortar and gown ceremony — however M.A. certificate arrived in post later.

1976—Live in Paris — freelance for Façade and Elle.

1977-9—Freelance photography and illustration (photomontage) in London for Times, Honey, 19, Harpers, Over 21, New Society, New Scientist, Bananas, Ms London, Radio Times, Vogue, etc.

1979—George Snow and I organise regular Sunday afternoon drawing sessions with a live model.

1980—Start painting larger than life portraits. Exhibitions Neal Street Gallery and 'Zanzibar'. Bowle album sleeve — Elton John and Hazel O'Connor follow.



I WAS BORN IN HANNOVER, West Germany to Lucy Makowiecka, a Polish/German Refugee and William Snow, an English Army corporal.

Of my period at college I won't say much, save that whereas most students graduate with a B.A. or an M.A., I was awarded the G.B.H. after hitting the head of the fashion/textile department at Hornsey College of Art.

My subsequent expulsion imbued me with the necessary bitterness to function within the extreme left and underground press. This was to prove a useful foundation course in the vagaries of litho printing, forcing me to maximise the minimal resources available — poor quality paper, limited colour, and crude reproduction.

The natural consequence of such limited technology was a move away from drawing and into photomontage, using the same line

CATHERINE DENVIR

Foundation course at school followed by 3 year Diploma course at Chelsea School of Art 1971-1974.

BELOW and RIGHT: Unpublished line collages.



RATHER THAN CONCEIVING AN IDEA and then sticking rigidly to it, my pictures have always tended to evolve, one line or image being sparked off by another. Now, because of the time limitations of commissioned work, where space and theme add further restrictions, I have to build from the base of a set plan. This approach has increasingly infiltrated my personal work.

I use collage as a medium because it has the same immediacy as drawing in line, which I have always preferred. A problem I've previously encountered was how to successfully add tone to my pictures without bogging down the essential linear quality of the drawing. With collage not only can I control the mood with varying tonal effects, but can also, in the process of cutting or tearing paper or print achieve, (in result and execution), a quality very similar to the spontaneity of drawing in pen and ink. There is of course the plus of being able to juxtapose an image, repositioning it to produce an unexpected effect. The versatility of this process, I find, is not matched by the comparative immobility of line drawing.

As mentioned previously, I now find myself increasingly working to a pre-set plan, particularly with commissioned work. This factor, combined with the ability I now have of being able to judge the manner in which the raw material of

techniques as are used to transfer line artwork onto a litho plate. This method evolved until I was able to use complex line separations to produce multi-coloured photomontages.

A hardening of my radical arteries took place in the mid-seventies caused, in part, by the visual illiteracy and claustrophobic thinking of my erstwhile comrades. Disillusion set in with a vengeance. Money and amphetamine, in symbiosis, became an addiction which obsessed me for three years from 1974 to 1977.

Two factors played a part in my renaissance. The first was the emergence of Punk music in 1977. For the first time since the disappearance of the underground press I was being asked to produce aggressive work. The second factor was my discovery of the work of Mason, Mills and Pollock. Not only was I impressed by their product but it appeared to me that they were also able to make a living. I greedily devoured their influence.

I decided to start again at the beginning. So in 1978 I went back to life-drawing, painting and experiments with collage.

The ability to draw and abstract is to me the root discipline in all fields of visual communication; painting, sculpture, photography, typography, montage and all fields of design, craft and even architecture. I believe that the eye that understands line can develop an understanding for space, three dimensional form, colour and tone.

The words 'design' and 'drawing' are to me interchangeable. (In Italian the word *disegno* suffices for both.) An ability to draw well gives the artist freedom from the confines of one particular style.

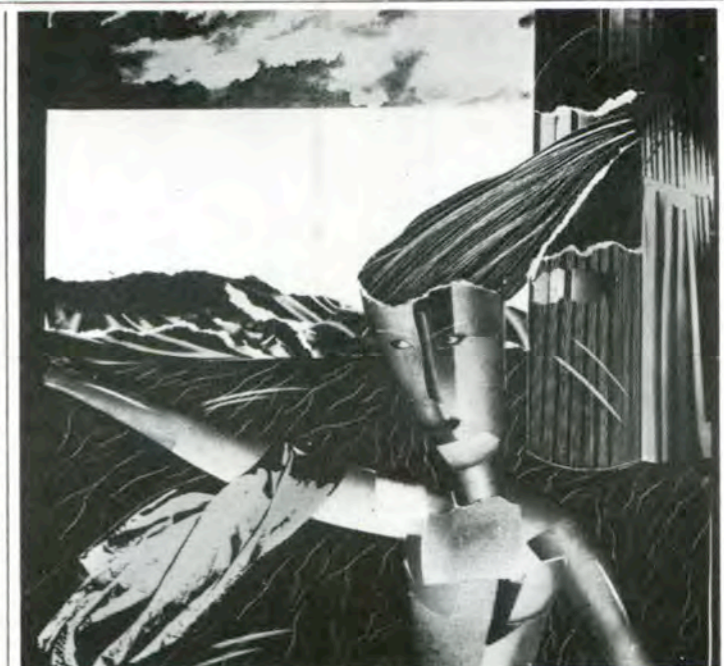
Without this freedom an artist like Picasso could not have progressed beyond the limited sphere of synthetic Cubism, leaving as he did his fellow traveller Georges Braque to endlessly repeat himself. Limited ability to draw can often, (though

not always), lead to the inability to develop ideas. My formula is this: Ideas give birth to an approach, approach leads on to a formal construction (style). From the formal construction we get mood and expression. In short, there are so many things to say, I don't believe I can say them all in the same way.

I enjoy commissioned work where I have to manufacture a solution to a problem which would otherwise never have entered my head, however I prefer to be the prime-mover in a visual product rather than an 'illustrator' who merely clarifies someone else's concept. I have no beef with art-directors. I see them as employees of organizations which frankly don't owe me, or any other illustrator, a living. I'm thankful when I'm given a commission which I hope I execute in an uncompromising fashion, but no art-director can set me a problem which will tax me to the limit.

I am currently developing a 'human' dimension to my work. I want the figures in my personal work to reflect those I encounter in life. Figures (and environments) are now researched with the aid of a camera, as opposed to my previous method of using 'found' material. The photographic results of these researches are abstracted using the traditional materials of collage. I call this approach 'documentary collage'. The aim is to reflect the *soul* of the people I portray, and to get away from my previous approach of manufacturing impersonal patterns which merely allude to real people. My 'role model' is Masaccio.

My interest in Masaccio has led me to study the problems he and other Renaissance artists were trying to solve. I am trying to re-define for myself the terms 'abstract' and 'illusion', and to this end I am producing a picture in the 'illusionistic' style. I am studying anatomy, perspective and the effects of light. No conclusions yet.



my collage will reproduce once it has been rephotographed, (perhaps diminishing the role of chance effects), has resulted in a tightening of my style. I don't want this process to lead to an over-sophisticated, rigid technique, resulting in a series of stylized conclusions.

Although to plan a piece of work is convenient, and to a certain extent necessary, I would like to concentrate on the content rather than become preoccupied with the technical finish, and to introduce again some of the more abstract elements of my earlier collages.



IAN POLLOCK

ABOVE: Unpublished drawing. RIGHT: Old prostitute; from the 'Business?' exhibition at the Thumb Gallery in November 1981.

EDWARD BELL

1955—Sing 'Davey Crockett' to nuns at convent school.

1960—Sing in St Matthews church choir, Surbiton.

1968—Do not take art 'A' level — Father explains that art is a 'cissy' subject.

1969—Leave Architectural Association School of Architecture after one term.

1970—Hitch-hike Europe as pavement artist — pictures of a sad Christ earning most response.

1971—Foundation year Brighton School of Art: take first photographs... 'This is easier than drawing.'

1972—Graphics Chelsea



ATELIER
KONINCK,
LONDYN
The Brothers
Quay

RIGHT: Unpublished theatre poster for "Die Physiker" by Dürrenmatt. FAR RIGHT: "Der Mitmacher", same author.

Born 1947 Norristown, 1965-69 Philadelphia College of Art. 1969-72 Royal College of Art. 1979 "NOCTURNA ARTIFICIALIA. Those Who Desire Without End" puppet film for BFI. 1980 Atelier KONINCK, Londyn formed. 1980 "PUNCH AND JUDY" co-directed with Keith Griffiths: 47 min. film for Arts Council. Create decors, puppets, mise-en-scène, animation for excerpts from Harrison Birtwistle's opera "Punch and Judy". 1981 Present work: Adaptation of Kafka's "Ein Bruder-mord", Melodram für Marionetten for GLAA 5 min; and for the Arts Council a 30 min. spectrography: "L'ETERNEL AUDOUD'HUI DE MICHEL DE GHELDERODE", the Belgian playwright.

BELOW: Poster from Janacek's opera "From the House of the Dead". RIGHT: Poster advertising "Dome 2" by B.C. Gilbert and G. Lewis on Rough Trade Records.



diePhysiker
SCHAUSPIELHAUS DÜRRENMATT

"THE TIMES OF DISCOVERY ARE OFFICIALLY OVER . . . THEY NO LONGER EXIST AND CAN NEVER EXIST AGAIN." You can no longer walk into a Europe already shrunk by the ornamental pornography of pre-packaged tours, americanexpress-barclayaccessvisa etc. etc., and hope to unearth some corner that hasn't already been wrestled into its future grimace. No street in any quarter of any city hasn't already once extended the welcoming handshake to the new age's new custom drapers, the new age's new inheritance . . . the nefarious plastics' envoys.

Butchering ambassadors, of real taste, the American (Anglo-Saxon) malevolence of product insensitivity will change the face of Europe (if not the earth) to suit its own deformed altar. Pin brained . . . ball cutting . . . star gazing art directors (England and Europe included) have already wedged entire reputations on that wonderful sodomization all the while believing they're maintaining some vestige of their own cultures. It's not English . . . it's not French . . . it's not German . . . it's not Dutch and it's not EEC sauce we're talking about. It's tinned American!!! "Cock-a-doodle-doo." A hundred years from now only the language will remain as obstruction to still greater uniformity. Then and only then will the skull Europe spit out the teeth of her façades into her rivers.

And for what? The ultimate decorators . . . the formica clinics . . . Star Wars via the McDonald's Merchant Brain Trust . . . the Pope's blessing for that heroic egalitarian sovereign corporate clap bulldozing the "sniff" of

"plenty" into still newer territory. You only have to imagine a little. SYRINGE . . . COTTON . . . SCALPEL . . . the thin smiles . . . A Poland on the horizon . . . Eastern Europe later. And then . . . AMERICAN BUSINESSMEN . . . whole squadrons . . . scheming giants in jockey shorts . . . lips slaving, already chapped in anticipation . . . D-Day all over again. And then just a little behind . . . the EEC boys . . . engines in their asses . . . Cortinas, Renaults, Fiats trying to catch up. FORGET IT. Leave Poland to the Russians!!! They're better off than if the Americans can have them their way. Flying fortress air lift . . . 2000 instant hamburger palaces . . . 20,000,000 toy hats and a country music jamboree at Czesochowa plus the Daughters of the American Revolution as interpreters. You watch . . . in a year's time . . . total conversion . . . right down to the last atom. Just another decent country stuffed and set up as a urinal for the American cyclops. And advertising?? A field day!! Heroic, artistic advertising!!! The most impeccable parasitism down the last thirty years. Pucker-ed, pimping, camphorated, determined, mythical suppliers of happiness grinning with all the banal numbness of an eight foot tumor. Creativity you say!! Via what! Their ratings . . . their financial pages . . . their deals . . . their lunches. Whoosh!!! 90 miles an hour straight to the feed bag belching and farting harder for a piece of the profit and burial insurance. And then every year the Honours and Profits Battalion . . . the handing out of prizes to these pioneers of salesmanship. Hymns . . . headlines . . . proclamations . . . "THERE'S NO COMPROMISE WHEN STANDARDS ARE BEING

SET." What!! In typography for instance??? What exactly do you think a typographic jury bases its special brand of immensity on? Look-alike-genius?? All those rum-maging swooning puppies pirouetting for the billings with the fattest thighs and the biggest set of varicose veins. Let's get it straight. These typographers let alone the agencies they represent would be the first to eliminate a Lissitzky, a Maholy-Nagy, or a Pete Zwaart. Make no mistake . . . these three



ABOVE: Poster for 'Carcanet' the Manchester publishing house. RIGHT: Poster for "Hundsprozess" by Hartmut Lange performed at the Basler Theatre.

would be out on the street today. You only have to compare the "formal" experiments they were introducing in advertising and typography to see where today's butter ball prick typographers are sewing and farting. A Lissitzky, a Maholy-Nagy and a Zwaart . . . they'd have a poodle's chance of attaining the infinite. And a jury report . . . all that sanctimonious 12 point perforated vinyl, bladder of plaintive piquant moaning for things just a bit better in the



ABOVE: Poster for 'Carcanet' the Manchester publishing house. RIGHT: Poster for "Hundsprozess" by Hartmut Lange performed at the Basler Theatre.

TERRY DOWLING



Terry Dowling studied illustration and ceramics at the R.C.A. and is now Head of Graphics at Newcastle upon Tyne Polytechnic. ABOVE: Drawing for "The Levig ateur". RIGHT: Tigers. BELOW: Collage of works used as a postcard invitation to an exhibit of graphics at the Bluecoat Gallery, Liverpool.



individual categories . . . the cult of squalor that runs throughout all the subsequent categories. And then . . . the largesse itself . . . that pygmy herd of A.D's . . . whole trayfuls . . . in hostess suits and medals . . . faces folded like bill carriers dispensing one citation after another where there's only the most cock-softening uniformity. And then there's the published report itself . . . The Imperial Message . . . the self congratulation so grotesquely self sufficient that it's hypnotised itself for the universe. "IT'S A ROWBOAT WITH A SINGLE OAR!!" And today's typographer!! What do they do? Or rather what can they do? These quivering connoisseurs . . . these minges at the wheel of the alphabet. They take the copywriters 2ccs and they spell out with the typical conservative legible cautioning of letters which shake the finger of a typeface which has no other nose than for a wallet. RESPONSE?? The reader's head is nothing but one big turd. From your first infant nightmare to your last sweat it won't improve.

You get your prick in one millimetre, the first centimetre is the hardest, the most costly . . . thereafter there's no problem! Every pederast will tell you this. Absolutely any ass hole can become well buggered by advertising, an immense whatever you like [. . .]. Advertising in order to render its full magical effect must not be troubled,

hindered, diverted by anything. It must not be allowed to assert, consecrate, vociferate, trumpet abroad the worst stupidities, no matter what Himalayan, brainless, thundering phantasmagoria on the subject of cars, stars, toothbrushes, writers, female



pop singers, rupture trusses without anyone batting an eyelid, or making from the theatre pit the tiniest simplest protest. The pit must remain permanently and totally hypnotised by stupid rubbish."

Louis-Ferdinand Céline:
Bagatelles pour un Massacre
1937

And illustration? What's the point of arguing for a resistance in terms of "radical" expression. Illustrator!! Go turn into a bag of worms. Zero future. If they can sell Maitkovski like cereal they'll do it. All artistic capability stops when there's an ounce of money to be made. All the tutti-frutti ragtail of flunkey editors, art directors, marketing heads, etc. . . . the more chronically conservative they are, the better they'll rule and the longer they'll rule. You'll never stir skulls like these even with an oar. It's an escalator straight to the basement. You're not there to dream but to listen to death rattles . . . it's handcuffs!! Line up on the line!! That's advertising. "Café de la Morgue." There's nothing anymore of intelligence or intellect of interpretation. Radical today? Just another coterie as inbred as the fattest agencies . . . jittering junk-heads, fashionable, flippant and ephemeral as maggot agencies are constipated and conservative. Either you take the position as artist to shoe the stars from another universe or else you ventilate your brains on the options handed you by high geared head breakers. Radical??? Not for long. You're only a handshake away from being filed down, ironed, melted, glazed, starched, and mashed by these fathers of happiness. It's no longer noon at 2 o'clock. Tell yourself that the next time you impale yourself on a grain of hope.



UNDER INTELLENCE



Arbus: Arohipenko: Bacon:
 Balthus: Bayer: Beardsley:
 Beckmann: E.J. Belloq:
 Bellows: Beuys: Bonnard:
 Botero: Bourke-White: Bouts:
 Brassai: Arik Brauer: Brisley:
 Chris Burden: Burra: Paul Cadmus:
 Mihail Chemiakin: Chterenberg:
 Constructivism: Cornell: C.O.U.M.:
 Crivelli: Da Vinci: De la Tour:
 Di Cosimo: Dix: Duchamp: Ernst:
 Walker Evans: Fra Angelico:
 Lucien Freud: Futurism: Gertler:
 Goya: Grosz: Heartfield: Adrian
 Hill?: Hockney: Hopper: Hubbuck:
 Ingres: Frida Kahlo: Kandinsky:
 Kertesz: Pyke Koch: Kollwitz:
 Les Krims: Martin Lewis: De
 Lempicka: Linder: Lindner: El
 Lissitsky: Magritte: Masereel:
 Massaccio: Matisse: McCullin: Memlinc:
 Middle Art: Modersohn-Becker:
 Molinière: Moholy-Nagy: Munch:
 Muybridge: Orozco: Palmer: Picasso:
 Polish Posters: Radziwill:
 Rauschenberg: Eric Ravilious:
 Rembrandt: Niccolo Renieri: Rivera:
 William Roberts: Felicien Rops:
 Runge: August Sander: Schad: Schlichter:
 Schwitters: Peter Sengl: Siqueiros:
 Spencer: Suprematism: Dorothea Tanning:
 Richard Teschner: Clovis Trouille:
 Turner: Van der Weyden: Van Eyck:
 Weegee: John Buckland Wright: Yokoo.

ALEX BATTER

Aguirre, Wrath of God
 Ai No Corrida (Empire of the Senses)
 American Friend, The
 Blue Sunshine
 Cabinet of Dr. Caligari
 Casablanca
 Chant D'Amour
 Childhood of Ivan
 Conversation, The
 Crazies, The
 Cries & Whispers
 Dead of Night
 Death in Venice
 Don't Look Now
 Eraserhead
 Freaks
 Goto, L'île D'Amour
 Hand, The
 Killing of a Chinese Bookie
 Knife in the Head
 La Belle et la Bête
 Last Picture Show, The
 M
 Mad Max
 Martin
 Metropolis
 Mirror
 Modern Times
 Night of the Living Dead
 Onibaba
 Ordet
 Orphée
 Pandora's Box
 Peeping Tom
 Performance

F I L M



Persona
 Phantasm
 Psycho
 Rabid
 Rebel, The
 Rebellion
 Shivers
 Silence, The
 Stalker
 Steelyard Blues
 Suspiria
 Testament of Dr. Mabuse, The
 Trolenberg Terror, The
 Vampyr
 Woyzeck

A RE
 AR
 À Rebours (Against Nature) - Huysmans
 Alexanderplatz - Döblin
 Auto Da Fe - Lanetti
 By Grand Central Station I Sat Down
 and Wept - Smart
 Call of the Wild - London
 Chants de Maldoror - Lautréamont
 Conformist, The - Moravia
 Diary of a Nobody - G & W Grossmith
 Duchess of Malfi/White Devil - Webster
 Enderby Trilogy - Burgess
 England Their England - Macdonell
 Exotic Pleasures - Carey
 Experiences of an Irish R.M. -
 Somerville & Ross
 Garden of Tortures - Mirbeau
 Heart is a Lonely Hunter, The - McCullers
 I Love Myself (When I am laughing and then
 again when I am looking mean and impress-
 ive) - Zora Neale Hurston

F I L M

BOOKS (F)



WRITERS

Beckett: Walter Benjamin:
 Brecht: Camus: DeLigne:
 Coover: Didion: Eliot:
 Faulkner: Flaubert: Fuentes:
 De Ghalderode: Grass:
 Peter Handke: Isherwood:
 M.R. James: Jarry: Joyce:
 Kafka: Koestler: Nabokov:
 Henry Miller: Mishima:
 Robert Musil: Nabokov:
 Flann O'Brien: Orson:
 Orwell: Jayne Anne Phillips:
 Plath: J.C. Powys: Rechy:
 Ramon: Saint-Exupéry:
 Sartre: Wallace Stevens:
 Swift: Thomas: Amos Tutuola:
 Vidal: Wells: Zola.

A Very Easy Death - de Beauvoir
 After Bar Sinister - Oppenheimer
 Against Our Will - Brownmiller
 Animals of Silence - Parry
 Art & Illusion - Gombrich
 Art of Social Conscience - Von Blum
 Art on the Edge - Rosenberg
 Bog People, The - Glob
 Boston Strangler, The - Unknown
 Brain of the Firm - Beer
 Canine Gladiators of Old
 and Modern Times - Reid
 Cheated, The - Nowra
 Communist Manifesto, The - Marx/Engels
 Fontana Dictionary of Modern Thought -
 Bullock & Stallybrass
 Gray's Anatomy
 Haunted Screen, The - Eisner
 Illuminations - Benjamin
 In Cold Blood - Capote
 Index of Possibilities
 Innovation: The Basis of Cultural
 Change - Barnett
 Letter and Image - Massin
 Man's Rage for Chaos: Biology,
 Behaviour & The Arts - Peckham
 McCuffin & Co. - Oppenheimer
 Necessity of Art, The - Fischer
 North: South - Brandt Commission Report
 Permanent Red - Berger
 Platform for Change - Beer
 Psychopathia Sexualis - Kraft Ebbing
 Savage God, The - Alvarez
 Second Sex, The - de Beauvoir
 Seven Pillars of Wisdom - Lawrence
 Synectics - Gordon

BOOKS (NF)

BOOKS (NF)

Tools for Thought - Waddington
 Treatise on Painting - Da Vinci
 War of the Flea: Guerilla Warfare
 Theory and Practice - Unknown
 War on the Mind - Watson
 Whores of War - Burchett & Roebuck

M I S C

Beano, The
 Bull Terriers
 Dowland, John
 Eno, Brian
 Elgin Marbles, The
 Houdini - The Fall
 Jagz
 Joy Division
 Lee Perry
 Merle Haggard
 Modern R.C. Imagery
 Moon, The
 Outer Limits, The (TV)
 Quatermass & the Pit (TV)
 Space Patrol (TV)
 Sun, The - V&A
 WILLIAMS, HANK

BOOKS (F)

Interview with the Vampire - Rice
 Journey to the East - Hesse
 Lehrbuch de Gerichtlichen Medizin -
 Prokop
 Nightwood - Barnes
 On the Marble Cliffs - Junger
 Portrait of Dorian Gray - Wilde
 Railway Accident, The - Upward
 Sleepless Nights - Hardwicke
 Two Serious Ladies - Jane Bowles
 Under the Volcano - Lowry
 We - Zamyatin
 Woyzeck - Buchner
 Wuthering Heights - Emily Brontë



ROBERT MASON

BELOW: "A day like any other". One of a series of nine scraperboard drawings; 1981. RIGHT: "Date with Death"; watercolour 1980. Both of these pictures form part of a series on prostitution.



THERE IS LITTLE CONTEMPORARY ILLUSTRATION I can totally admire: among the few people I feel are really TRYING I would count Sue Coe, Anne Howeson, Liz Pyle and Carolyn Gowdy . . . four women. For the precious few illustrators whose efforts I respect at all, personal work is as important as commissioned work. I feel that, if ever I stopped producing the former, the latter would expire very quickly. My work has moved away from a total concern with private jokes and masturbatory obsessions; I am now starting to try and reflect more directly aspects of what I see around me, but this is a lengthy process and I've only just begun.

I have no interest in or sympathy for aestheticism divorced from content. Apart from anything else it's lazy. Aesthetes, "decorators", seem to ignore or waste vast areas

of their brains; generally, I feel, because "pretty" = "money" . . . I'd rather see 25 "bad" drawings which try to comment/question than one techno-flash meisterwerk devoid of real humanity and intelligence. Unfortunately the college system continues to place more emphasis on style, and less and less emphasis on content and analysis. This is a tragedy which

THE IMAGERY IN MY WORK is deliberately personal, it also has a narrative side, usually deriving from a written source, or particular experience/idea. At the same time I'm interested in form — the colour, light and composition through which emotion can be conveyed. If the final image works as illustration as well, so much the better; I don't make this one of my aims.

Nonetheless, I value the visual experience of earning my living as an illustrator; there's much to be gained from the discipline of deadlines, and of working with materials and within contexts one wouldn't normally choose.

But my concern for individuality tends to limit my professional potential as an illustrator, and excludes me — for the most part — from the mainstream of commercial work, against whose preoccupations with style/technique and comparative impersonality my pictures must appear eccentric and rather too intense.

I'm not sure I mind about this — I want to do good work more than to be a commercial success — but it disappoints me that the potential for this individualistic approach within illustration is not more widely recognised by those people with the power to make use of it.

ANNE HOWESON



ABOVE: Pencil rough for "Rush-Hour, Rue St. Denis"; 1980. RIGHT: "You feel they're judging you"; 1980. Again, both these pictures form part of a series on prostitution, the non-illustrative variety.



has its roots in the ordure of rank commercialism — a phenomenon I hate as much as aestheticism, and which finds its credo in the widely-held idea that the only success worth pursuing is financial. Bullshit. Education ought to be education and not merely the quickest route to a fat bank-

balance. Illustration, in conjunction with the other media, shapes and reflects society. We therefore have a duty to comment, to shock, to inform and suggest. WHY then the perennial obsessions — as typified by 95% of the entries for this and every other year's annual — with pussy-cats and bunny-rabbits, Debbie H. and David B., cocktails and gingham, inter-galactic battle-

cruisers hovering over the planet Varg in all their awesome non-existent detail? We're big boys and girls now and it's 1981 . . . an ex-Hollywood movie hick has his finger on the button, a new Vietnam is starting to simmer, our beloved P.M.'s secondary career as arms-salesman is flourishing. On a more parochial level, art-education (among so many other things) is being emasculated and shaped to serve the establishment rather than question it . . .

ESCAPISM SUCKS. New Romanticism is a waste of time and energy. Who needs another royal wedding? Repeat runs of Coronation Street? A cruise-missile base on the doorstep?

YOU ARE WHAT YOU DRAW.



LIZ PYLE

RIGHT: Monochrome illustration from "Saturday Night" magazine. Toronto: 1981. Unused.

AWARDS: Awarded William H. Ely award. Philadelphia College of Art, 1978. Second prize, The Folio Society Competition, Royal College of Art 1980.

EXHIBITIONS: Group exhibitions at Royal College of Art 1979, 1980 including "The Sex Show", "The Paper Show", etc. The Folio Society competition, exhibition, Royal College of Art 1979, 1980. "Lines" exhibition, Illustrators Gallery, London 1979. "Valentine" exhibition, the Workshop Gallery 1979. Invitational exhibition, the Neal St Gallery, Nov. 1979. "The Shoe Show", Invitational exhibition, Neal Street Gallery, April 1980. "Alternative Transport Show" Association of Illustrators Annual Exhibition, London 1980/81. European Illustration, London, Paris, Amsterdam, 1981.

MIKE LITHERLAND

I CONSIDER MYSELF A PAINTER-NARRATOR. My pictures tell their own stories by fragmenting an idea and narrating its parts instead of the whole understanding. This exposes the mystery and ambiguity which underlies the basic action. The result is a full personal interpretation which parallels its origin.

This dissection and analysis is a result of my interest in science. I first studied to be a scientist at the University of Pennsylvania in 1973 where I was disillusioned by the lack of creativity and overwhelmed by the competition. After one year, I then transferred to the Philadelphia College of Art. I started out on the illustration course because I liked to draw, but I ended up being well versed in "style-making". When I finished the course in 1978, I was just beginning to realize what kind of pictures I wanted to make. So at this stage I knew I was not ready for "style-marketing" in New York.

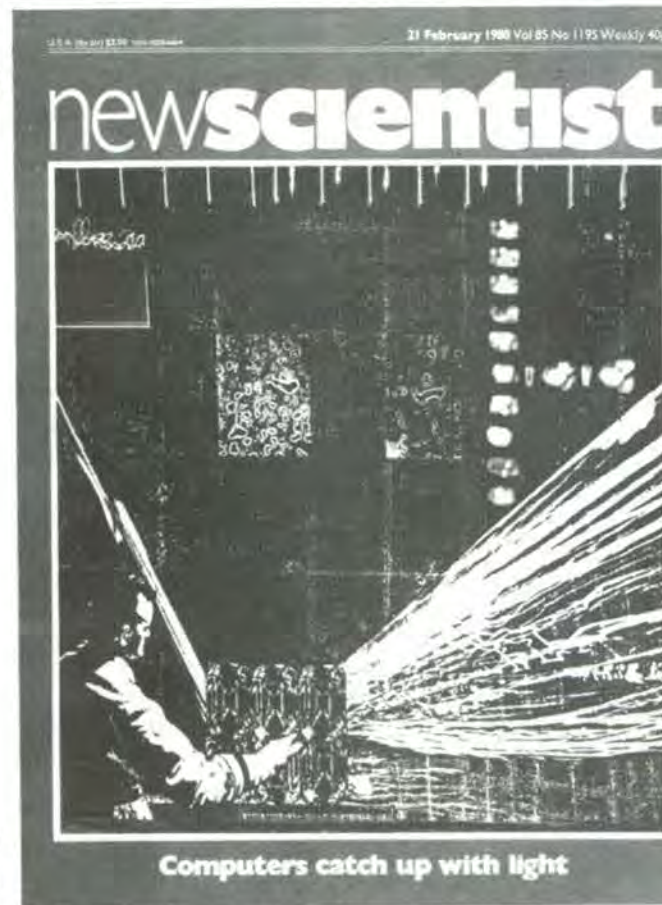
Instead, I headed for London with a box of transparencies knowing that I might find a more concordant atmosphere. I went to the Royal College of Art where I was given time and encouragement to unlearn all of the "rules of illustration" that I had previously been taught. I became aware of the connection between my interests and imagery; that I could create my own "science" pictorially. Also I learned to make use of more inherent means of expression, such as colour and form, which I had



neglected since I was young.

At the same time I was being published in several magazines and newspapers even though my work was in transition. The result was that I treated the commissions in

the same way as my own pieces. Since 1978 I have continued to work as an illustrator in England, Canada and the United States and I am presently living in New York City.



Computers catch up with light

RIGHT: Cover image for New Scientist; commissioned by the very wonderful Chris Jones. 1980.

AFTER 1ST YEAR OF GENERAL GRAPHICS I specialised in illustration, encouraged by Terry Dowling, and later by Peter Bailey.

July 1975. Leave Liverpool, move to London, attempt to freelance. At this point in time my work was split into two distinct areas, line drawings tinted with photo dyes, and collage work tinted with

coloured pencils. Subjects were of a slightly macabre nature.

Sept. 1976. Start a three year illustration course at the Royal College of Art. The two separate aspects of my work fuse together, becoming a mixture of drawing, printing and collage techniques. Some freelance work for various magazines, including the Sunday

Times, and Observer magazines. June 1979. Degree Show.

Everybody seems to be inundated with offers: I get the total of one book cover as a result.

Since that time I have had various freelance commissions, including an LP cover, book covers and editorial work.

I taught vocational graphics at Salisbury College of Art, where I learnt more about graphics than I ever did at college. I now teach vocational illustration, full time at Richmond-upon-Thames College. I try to encourage the students to be bold and original and not to be frightened of experimenting; originality, inventiveness linked with suitability being the prime concern.

Although from my personal experience with the majority of art directors, experimentation and originality are the last things they want to see. Safe, familiar art work still rules the day, airbrush, and photorealism abound. Any young hopeful who comes along with a portfolio of fresh, exciting experimental work, generally has a bloody hard time, whilst the no talent bums who just imitate the established people grab all the work and all the money.

To sum up: illustration, as an art form, should be in a constant state of change, expanding into new avenues of thought all the time. To a small degree this is happening, but only because of a minority. In fact if it were not for the encouragement and protection that the R.C.A. gives to people on the fringe of established illustration, we in Britain, would be in the same mess that American illustrators are in. (Liz Pyle excluded of course).

If change is to take place, the illustrators can not do it alone. All of you art directors out there will have to wake up and give new people with new approaches a chance.

GEORGANNE DEEN

Born Fort Worth, after spell on E. Coast now resident in L.A.



From a letter to R.M. dated 28.2.81.

"ILLUSTRATIONS ARE MOST EFFECTIVE when they shatter your illusions, destroy your self-confidence, wreck your health and get inside your mind . . . or make you do the St. Vitus Dance . . . Since you asked how I'm paying for gas these days I'm working on some cards and selling silk-screen prints and jumping through fiery hoops . . . Since you may not speak Spanish the first two words on

"Two Terrible Texans" say "Hola Pepé" meaning "Hi Pierre!" or "Felicitations Moisha!" Mr Potato Head is a favourite toy — do you all have him? In my old age he stands for a sadistic man or more precisely [censored at G.D.'s request]. You may not quote me. Goodnight."

Blurb from "Art Direction" mag., dated Dec. 1977.

"Georganne Deen, our festive cover illustrator, hails from Fort



Worth, Texas. Of her magical, inspired, detail-laden cover she writes the following: 'This is Venus of Manhattan, whom I let trick me into leaving Cowtown by promising me all kinds of juicy illustration work.' Her Holiday Toast: 'I dare you to give this person a job.'"



Dear Robert, Sue had contacted me to send some slides to you for the magazine. By my understanding, you also request a short bio. Well it will be short since I'm too young to have a past.

I was born December 6, 1956. My education was pursued at Bergen Community College; Paterson State (both in New Jersey); Parsons School of Design; and School of Visual Arts.

I won the Artistic Merit Award at Paterson State.

At SVA, I was selected for two media arts shows at the SVA Gallery in Soho; founded, contributed as artist and editor to Targets. (SVA's short-lived political paper); selected for SVA's media book juried by Robert Priest (Esquire), Walter Bernard (Time) and Paula Sher (CBS) and won the Rhodes Family Artist Award (cash).

In my professional life I've worked for Esquire and contributed art for the United Nations Worldwide Anti-racism Convention last June.

Sincerely
Sol Robbins

P.S. I would like the slides returned. Keep up the good work.

Mr Snow, As a freelance artist and recent college graduate, my objective is to

make quality pictures that can meet your mind and needs. This requires pictures that are mentally affecting as well as artistically arresting and still suit a variety of textual uses. I try to make illustrations for edi-

torial, investigative, political and social articles portraying ideas and events, in an intriguing manner.

Thank You,
Sol



CAROLYN GOWDY

ABOVE LEFT: Unpublished illustration for a book about "Year of the Child". ABOVE RIGHT: Illustration for "The Image of Childhood".

MY DRAWINGS ARE NARRATIVE. I try to find words or images that will best articulate the thing I want to say. They may be inspired by a literary source and/or by a personal response or observation.

Hopefully, the way of approach to a piece, commissioned or otherwise, emerges from a way of perceiving the environment which may develop and change. I think I'm always continuing to develop clarity

of vision, both in regard to my work and relationships to other people, and that it's important to keep this vision alive.

I'm interested in technique, but I'm even more interested in ideas, in thought process. Perfect ideas survive imperfect techniques and cheap reproductions. They can create change.

I would like my work to continue to keep reasoning and to pose

questions, but still not to forget the greatness of being alive, to contain healthy amounts of energy, sensuality, and humility.

As Pablo Neruda writes:
It's good to have a change of clothes
of skin of hair of work
let us make a profession of being earthbound
let us touch the earth with our beings.



BLAIR DRAWSON

Born Winnipeg 16/10/43. Educated Ontario College of Art, Toronto 1963-66. Dropped out of drawing/painting course in 3rd year, began book illustration. Editorial illustrator 1975 onwards.

" . . . I AM CANADIAN . . . I am an ageing white heterosexual male, 37 yrs old, hair black, eyes brown, beard blue, shoe size 11 . . . The prominence of my philtrum is often remarked upon . . . certainly solitary . . . These days I prefer you Englishmen over the Americans, since concept and expression play such a large part in what you do. Many of the Americans, on the other hand, seem to pay attention only to technique, and as a result I find a lot of their work rather cold and emotionally vapid."

RIGHT: Two paintings from a series of nine, "dealing with aspects of sexuality". BELOW: "The astronaut's bride"; published by Weekend





SUE COE

ABOVE. "El Salvador" 1981. The trio at the top are our allies. Cosy....

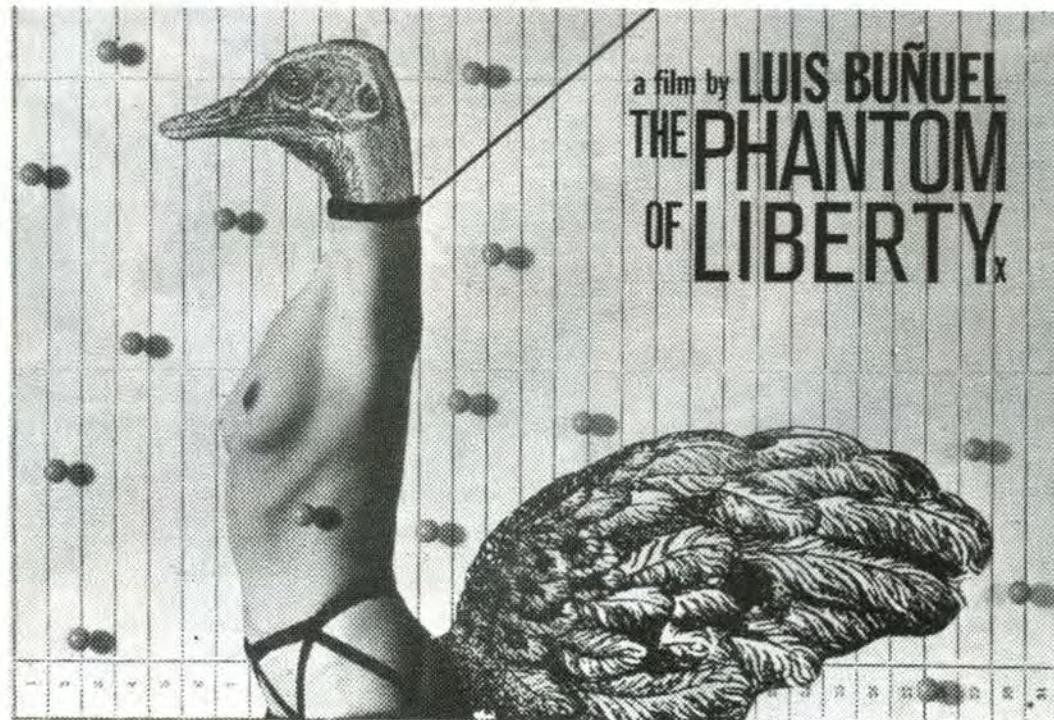
PERHAPS THE MOST deserving of all the contributors in this issue to be called "radical". Sue Coe was a student at Chelsea and the RCA before her self-imposed exile to New York. A seminal influence on

later generations, her output over the last decade has been consistently aggressive in its form and critical in its content. A sometime tutor at the SVA in New York, Sue's commitment to her beliefs ensures

a constant conflict with the powers-that-be. Her hit-&-run visits to London are too few — when are you coming again Coe?RM

ANDRZEJ KLIMOWSKI

RIGHT. Film poster for Bunuel's "The Phantom of Liberty". X-rated film. X-rated poster — at least by London Transport, who refused to allow its appearance to sully our fair city.



Born July 1949 in London.

1968-72 studied painting at St Martins School of Art, followed by one year Advanced Graphics course specialising in film animation.

1973-75 post-graduate work at the Academy of Fine Arts in Warsaw under professor Henryk Tomaszewski. During this time he also contributed drawings and designed covers for the satirical magazine "Szpilki".

1975-80 WORKED FOR SEVERAL THEATRES IN Warsaw, Wrocław,

Łódź, Hamburg and Rome designing posters and programmes. During this period he also designed posters for the cinema in Poland. In 1977 and 1978 he was awarded the Key Art Awards in the Hollywood Reporters annual international film poster competition / Los Angeles/. He was awarded the first prize for the best design of a poster for Russian films screened in Poland during the years 1975-78.

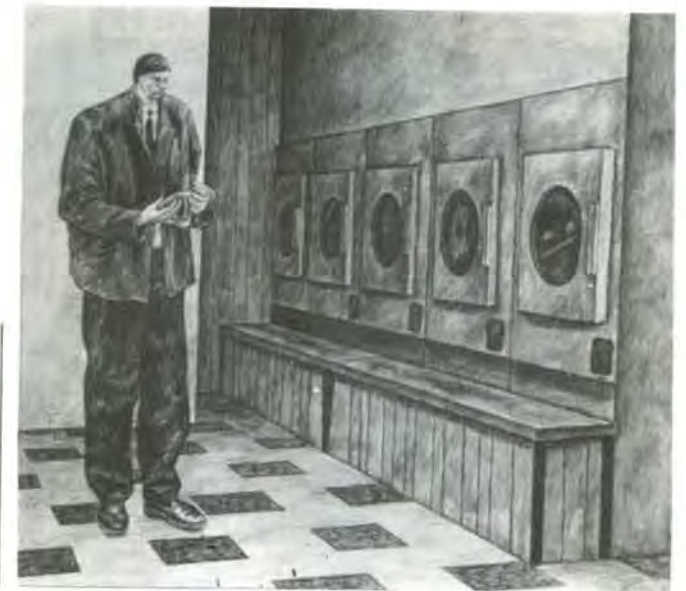
In 1980 made the film "Dead Shadow" for the Łódź Short Film Studios, the film was shown at the International Short Film Festival

in Cracow. At the end of 1980 returned to England where he works as a freelance graphic artist and film maker and is a visiting lecturer at Canterbury College of Art. He is a member of Transcorda.

Individual exhibitions: 1978 Contemporary Posters Gallery, Warsaw. 1980 Galeria Wielka 19, Poznań. 1980 Teatr Współczesny Gallery, Wrocław. 1981 Galeria Grazyny Hase, Warsaw — 2 man show with Danuta Schejbal.

RODERICK JUDKINS

RIGHT. Drawing for a Judkins short story about a man enamoured of a washing machine... 1980.



I ILLUSTRATE my own writing because that way I don't have to think — did the writer want it done that way or like this or like that; I just do it. I always work from my own photos too, so I don't have to compose anything, don't have to think — oh that should go here and that down there and that over here — it's all there for me. Only use black and white and grey now too, so I don't have to make any decisions about colour.

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AIMS To innovate, inspire and incite

Preliminary explorations 1975

Something to believe in 1976

Sense of involvement? 1978

Making decisions 1978/80

PRESENT
In control 1981

FUTURE PLAN
1981,2

EXCUSES. Film. Movie maker award.
BAND ON KIN. Film. Movie maker award. Gold star.
Iyr Building site... get camera
BREATH OF AIR. Film. Suffocate in our own vomit.
Young filmmakers Award 1st prize, UNESCO. B.B.C.
SOUTH LONDON STARS SWINGS. Day Glo magazine
..... Soundtracks, scripts, Editorial work
BOOLEAN PROCEDURE. Switch to new think mode. Film
Festivals. London, Washington, Cork, Thessalonika, Lille
GLIP. Film. April '81 Release Date
Energy-minuter worth in a 5 minute stimuli society
continue editorial work.

FUTURE LEISURE. Film. Inability to express ideas.
FUTURE PLEASURE. Film. The cult of the eccentric and exotic.

TABOO. Film. Series of shorts. Advert for Ideas.
Stimulate

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CHRISTINE ROCHE

STATEMENT: Penguin Dictionary of Quotations, p.358, no.17

ABOVE RIGHT & BELOW RIGHT. Two drawings for New Society on "The Appearance of Justice". FAR RIGHT. A personal piece on rape.



SHINRO OH TAKE

BORN in Tokyo, 8th October 1955. Angry, excited, disillusioned, happy sometimes.



God's Judgment Day

BY OSWALD J. SMITH, LL.D.

The Great White Throne is set. The Judge is seated. Angels and archangels are in attendance. All heaven assembles. Unnumbered millions, in breathless wonder, survey the fearful scene. With awe on every face, they wait. Time's final drama is to be enacted. Nothing else matters now. Everything of a secondary nature has been forgotten. 'Tis God Almighty's Judgment Day.

Presently, amid the awful silence, the Dead appear; sinners great and small, from every clime and race, sinners of the deepest dye; murderers, sorcerers, liars, thieves, idolaters, adulterers, drunkards, revilers, extortioners, blasphemers, Sabbath breakers, infidels, atheists, agnostics and criminals of the blackest type, along with those who have neglected and forgotten God.

From the world's great battlefields where their dust has lain for hundreds of years, they come; from ocean depths where ships were sunk long centuries ago; from graveyard's innumerable, long since forgotten, they come. Oh, what a company! And how they keep coming, millions upon millions of them, once the men and women of earth—summoned to appear before the God whom they have ignored and despised, to render an account. They glance this way and that, looking for a means of escape. They call for the mountains to fall on them, and hide them from Him who sitteth upon the Throne. But there is no escape, no help. It is the day of their doom.

And the books are opened, the books filled with

JOIN...

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17 Carlton House Terrace, London SW1.

Full membership of the Association costs £40.00 annually. This is inclusive of the subscription to *Illustrators* (Students £15, first year out £25)

I am a professional illustrator/artist's agent and would like details about becoming a member of the Association of Illustrators.

NAME _____

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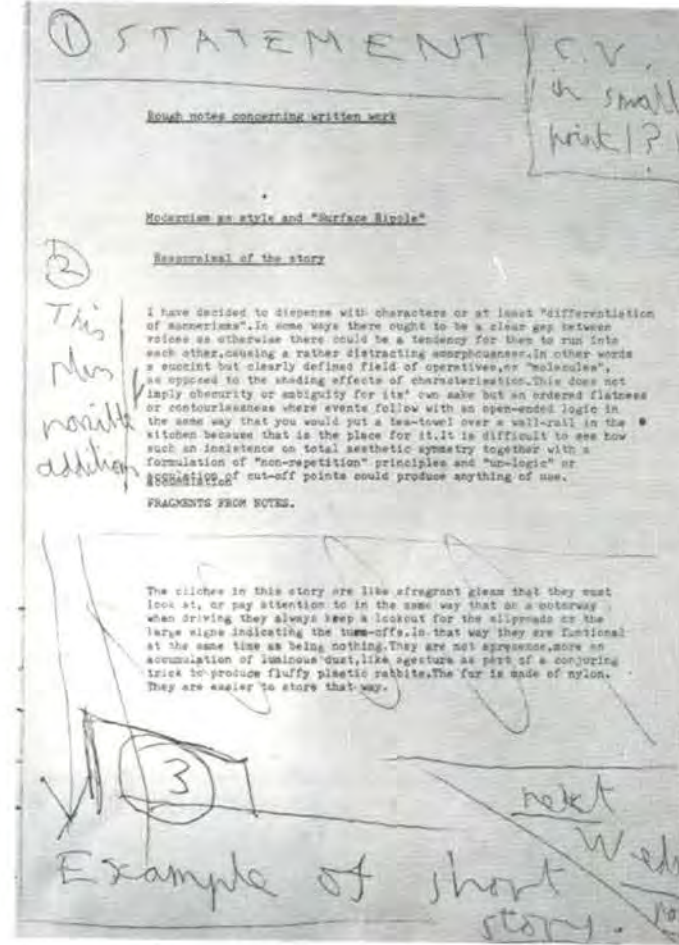
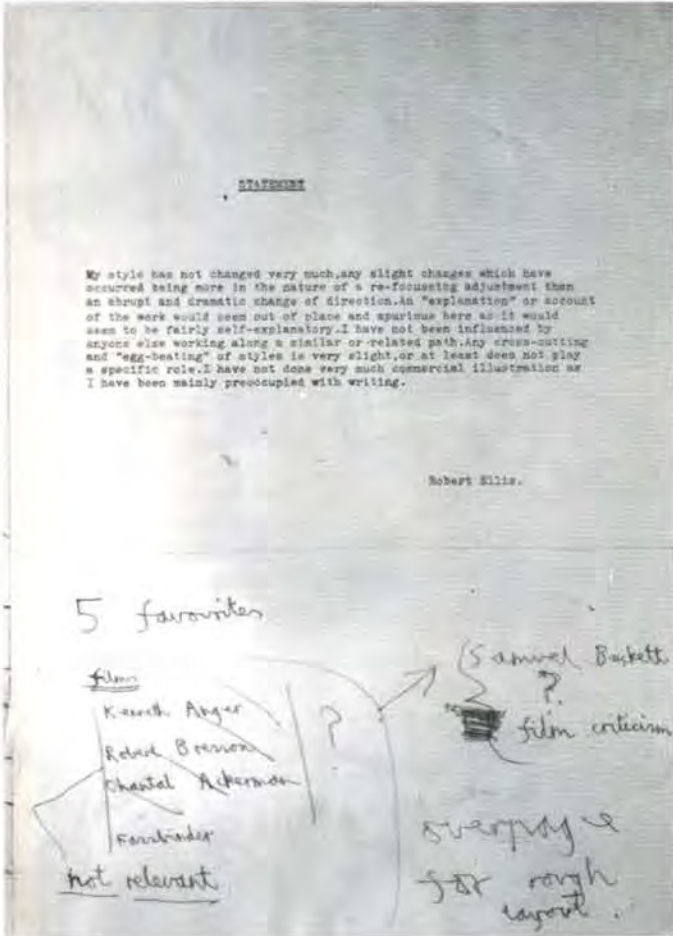
I am not a member — but would like to subscribe to *Illustrators*
I enclose a cheque/postal order for £10.00 (6 issues) crossed and made payable to the Association of Illustrators.

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

ROBERT ELLIS:

Rough notes concerning illustration in combination with written work



Robert Ellis

Short Curriculum Vitae

b. 1951

Plymouth College of Art & Design
foundation course 1970-71

Manchester Polytechnic
(College of Art)

Dip.A.D. course 1971-74

Royal College of Art 1974-77

Exhibition of work; Plymouth City
Art Gallery 1973

have had work printed in "European
Illustration"

For a number of years I have been
mainly preoccupied with writing.

Robert Ellis. illustrations equivalent to the Lone
Ranger. has been much admired for his independent
and uncompromising stance. His work has greatly
influenced his contemporaries, particularly Ian
Pollock, though he himself sadly receives few com-
missions. ABOVE LEFT: Notes on illustrations.
ABOVE RIGHT: Notes on writing and a short story.
LEFT: Radiation testing device. RIGHT: Co-habitant
of Robert's flat.



ESCAPE FROM THE PRESS GANG

Survival on the outer limits of publishing -
by JAKE TILSON

THE REASONS FOR SELF-PUBLICATION are manifold; the content might not be commercial enough or perhaps too intricate. This is a false view taken by established publishers. Hundreds of independent presses in Britain and abroad publish a wide variety of contemporary writing and artwork, often with great success. The small presses flourish as the larger publishing houses drop 'uncommercial' writers and artists into their willing laps. The term 'small press' is in itself misleading as they often reach as large an audience as a hardback novel. During the past 3-4 years the average print-run of a novel has been 2,000 or even less; of which most are sent to libraries or left in mouldy cottages in Wales; the remaining few being known only by collectors. The small press publication, by its very nature of being 'hand-made', will receive more sympathetic treatment. Eventually there will be as many copies of a 500-run small press magazine as there would be of the novel. So all in all they are both receiving about the same 'true' readership, to quote Borges 'There are many good writers but very few true readers'. So small press publications should receive as much critical attention as the novel.

Instead of promoting an even readership of good contemporary fiction, British publishers are now taking on the American 'Super-Hype' approach which cuts out practically all of the contemporary market in new fiction other than Horror-Romance-War etc.

Speaking as a painter/publisher I approach producing a book as I would a painting. I spend an equal amount of energy on both the painting and the publication, but I have been conditioned to expect to 'break even' with the publication and to feel lucky if I even exhibit the painting, let alone sell it. So to have a publication seen and read by a large and responsive audience seems reason enough to publish. It is a very immediate form of communication in this push-button printing era.

Magazines or collective works tend to sell better than singular publications; this should be considered when deciding on print runs. A small print run is a realistic start, especially if spending needed money.

OVERPRICING: Once you have overpriced, and consequently are not selling, it is awkward to reduce the price. Previous buyers won't be too pleased — would you? 'House-styles' and the leaden-logo can be millstones around the brain, but a unifying name for a press' output is practical. The Something Press — Something Books etc.

SIZE: In recent years we have been conditioned to see the international 'A' sizes — Eurostyle Chic — especially the proverbial 'A4' — a false God and one of Catholic regularity and tedium. 'A4' has done for publishing what the Cruise Missile has done for paranoia. Printing caters for the 'A' sizes so we have to use this to our advantage. Most small presses use either A4 or A5 as a starting point. Of the two I much prefer A5. A5 is, however, very much A5 and needs trimming 1/4 or 1/2 an inch to achieve 'cosmic order'. To quote from John Michell's book

'The City of Revelation' (published by Abacus) on British Metrology and the Metric System:

"The essential difference between the traditional units and those of the metric system is that the former reflect the realities of human nature and the cosmic order, while the metre is the symbol of a transitory ideal, established by force and maintained only by legal sanctions." pg.112.

COVERS: Use every trick in the book on your book. The cover has to compete with a variety of publications. A John Bull printing set can have more effect than full-colour litho if used well.

Methods of layout etc are obviously a matter of personal taste. Publications across the WHOLE market lack clarity and careful thought; overcrowding their contents by using every inch of the printable page. Every publication should be jewelled with careful and meticulous thought and debate, work and rework — no compromises.

PRINTING — B&W XEROX: Contrary to popular belief B&W Xerox is an excellent method of printing. The latest range of Xerox machines — the 9500 — 8200 — 2080, have to be seen to be believed. They will give a black of blacks on a large range of good quality papers and boards. The friendly 'Printing Services' department store Letterstream, 45, Conduit Street, London W1, have an up-to-date approach to their choice of machines. The recently-installed 2080 copies onto A0 width and at any length up to 500 feet. It has a variable zoom and can copy onto coloured stock, tracing paper, acetate, paper from 60gsm-200gsm. 1 x A1 for £1.90, 6 plus for 95p and less.

On the 9500 — 500 sheets of A4 double-sided £16.40 (includes copying onto regular paper). Add £5 surcharge for better paper; also deduct 10% for COD (+ VAT).

INSTANTPRINT: For type, screened artwork (PMT) & linework your high street Instantprint can be very cheap. If you aren't fortunate enough to get screening done by a friend, Letterstream also do screening. A safe 'lines per inch' for instantprint is 100 or 80. This can give a coarse image but will reproduce artwork better. Instantprint is an offset litho process which uses a 3M camera and plastic-plates, so it is reasonably priced. From Instantprint West One, Heddon Street, London. — 500 double-sided copies on 100 gsm A4 — £12.50p. Leave 1/4" free at one end on artwork for the machine's gripper.

EXTRAS: A thousand other processes can be added to the B&W framework, often at little expense. A lot of work but maximum impact. Rubber stamps, lino cuts, potato cuts, hand-tinting, staining, handwriting, anything goes.

Also use ready-made objects, stickers, badges, postage stamps, postcards, balloons, ready-printed junk such as Yellow Pages etc. Coloured and handmade papers can also be used to great effect, but beware of overkill, or artefact for artefact's sake. Unless you find



ABOVE: "Rodrigo". A short story written and illustrated by Jake Tilson. Published as limited edition of 150. Single colour litho with colour-xerox insert. BELOW: Cover and cost analysis of "Cipher" issue 4. BELOW RIGHT: "Stazioneastazione" short story written and illustrated by Jake. Original size 10.2 cm x 7 cm.

somewhere cheap I would also recommend doing your own folding, collating, stapling & guillotining.

COLOUR XEROX: Colour-Xerox is often misused, but if the artwork to be reproduced (or transformed) is in sympathy with the light-scanners the result can be more effective than any other printing process. Proofing is also easy and the colours are stable, they don't fade. To use Colour-Xerox in a publication an economical approach is to pack into the available space (oversized foolscap) as many artworks as possible. Leave 1/2 an inch at the top for the 'flare' from the machine. When cut up these colour plates can be glued in ('tipped in') throughout a publication to great effect. The plates can be tipped-in using Pritt Stick glue which is easy to use and recommended as a reliable, non-staining glue. Use the glue along the top edge of the plates. The darker Xeroxes might curl but will flatten when in a publication. Flatten them well before tipping. An oversized-foolscap page from Letterstream is 30p (self-service at off peak times), open 7 days a week.

FULL COLOUR LITHO SCAN: This process is the reverse of Xerox in end result. Whereas Xerox will heighten colours, Litho Scan will make the colours pastel. As with colour Xerox the artwork should be s/s, but with Litho Scan the artwork should be flat and on paper, not board. Leave 1/4 an inch 'gripper' at one end for the machine. 1,000 single sided 4-col. A4 for £44.00. This is available from Better Badges, 286, Portobello Road, London W11. An example of Litho Scan available from Better Badges is "All The Poets", 50p incl. p&p. They will also do colour-separation plates for offset work, and are trying to organise distribution services using their badges as a starter.

TYPE: A lot can be done without typesetting facilities using a typewriter. Material ribbons do not always give a dense enough impression for camera-ready artwork, so use a carbon ribbon. There is a carbon ribbon, not advertised often, which will give an electric typewriter look, the 'NORM 13MM Plastic Carbon'. A way of avoiding the typewriter look further is to reduce the type. The Xerox 9500 has a variable zoom which will give you a wide range of percentage reductions.

THE BLURB: The small print in books is of extreme use to readers, libraries, collectors and reviewers. A comprehensive listing should include: Editor, Other Staff, Editorial Address, Publisher, Printers, Binders, Typesetters. Price, Date, Amount printed — numbered if possible, ISSN or ISBN and copyright.

DISTRIBUTION: Certainly worth the DIY approach. Content might alienate you from certain shops but it's worth trying all bookshops. If they don't stock small press publications (THEY SHOULD), you will probably have to settle for a sale-or-return basis at first. It can be nerve-racking having to sell a publication, especially if it's solely yours. It will be the first public response you encounter — some will rave and some will hate it.

SHOPS: LONDON: COMPENDIUM NW1, ARTS COUNCIL WC2, DILLONS WC1, ICA Bkshp SW1, BASILISK PRESS NW3, CORACLE PRESS SE5, DARK THEY WERE AND GOLDEN EYED WC2, FORBIDDEN PLANET WC2, BERNARD STONE WC2, ARTS BIBLIOGRAPHIC WC1, DUCK SOUP WC1, RIVERSIDE W6. ORIEL Bkshp Cardiff, PUBLIC HOUSE Bkshp Brighton, ARNOLFINI Bkshp Bristol, ORWELL Bks, Ipswich, 3RD EYE CENTRE Glasgow, LA HUNE Paris, JAAP RIETMAN — PRINTED MATTER — GOTHAM Bk-MART New York, CITY LIGHTS BOOKSTORE San Francisco, OTHER BKS & CO Amsterdam.

LIBRARIES: The British Library (A.T. Smail, 100 Euston Street, London NW1) is legally owed 4 gratis copies of everything published in the UK. It is definitely worth the bother as they will go to The Bodleian in Oxford, Cambridge University Library, The Copyright Office and The British Library Ref. Division, London. If also for some reason all your stocks disappear there will always be copies available for reviewers etc. Other libraries of note: Chelsea Sch. of Art, St Martins Sch. of Art, Central Sch. of Art, Little Magazines Section of UCL Library, Gower Street.

ISBN/ISSN: The International Book Number is a digit system for numbering singular works and is of use for ordering, e.g.: libraries. The ISSN, Int. Stn. Serial No., is for listing magazines and serials. Standard Book Numbering Agency, 12, Dyott Street, London WC1A 1DF.

REVIEWS: Any review is better than none as readers will make up their own minds — try to get visuals reproduced with any review. If you do seek reviews in the regular spots try and make personal contact, it can help. For exposure in the small press world: PFMA, Poetry Fiction Magazine Association, Ken Mann, 22 Pennethorn Road, Peckham, London SE15. Also Association of Little Presses, Bob Cobbing, 262, Randolph Avenue, London W9. Certain small press magazines carry large review sections, obtainable from PFMA.

There are a thousand books, magazines and people you didn't know existed. Why sit around spending your dole on nuclear bunkers and beer when you could be printing — someone out there will hear.

(Prices quoted in this article were accurate at the time of going to press. Readers wishing to act on information herein should check with the companies mentioned for an up-to-date price list.)



ABOVE: Colour-xeroxed covers from "Cipher" issues 2 and 3. BELOW: Cover of "8 Views of Paris": colour-xeroxed fold-out images, in the manner of a souvenir postcard booklet.



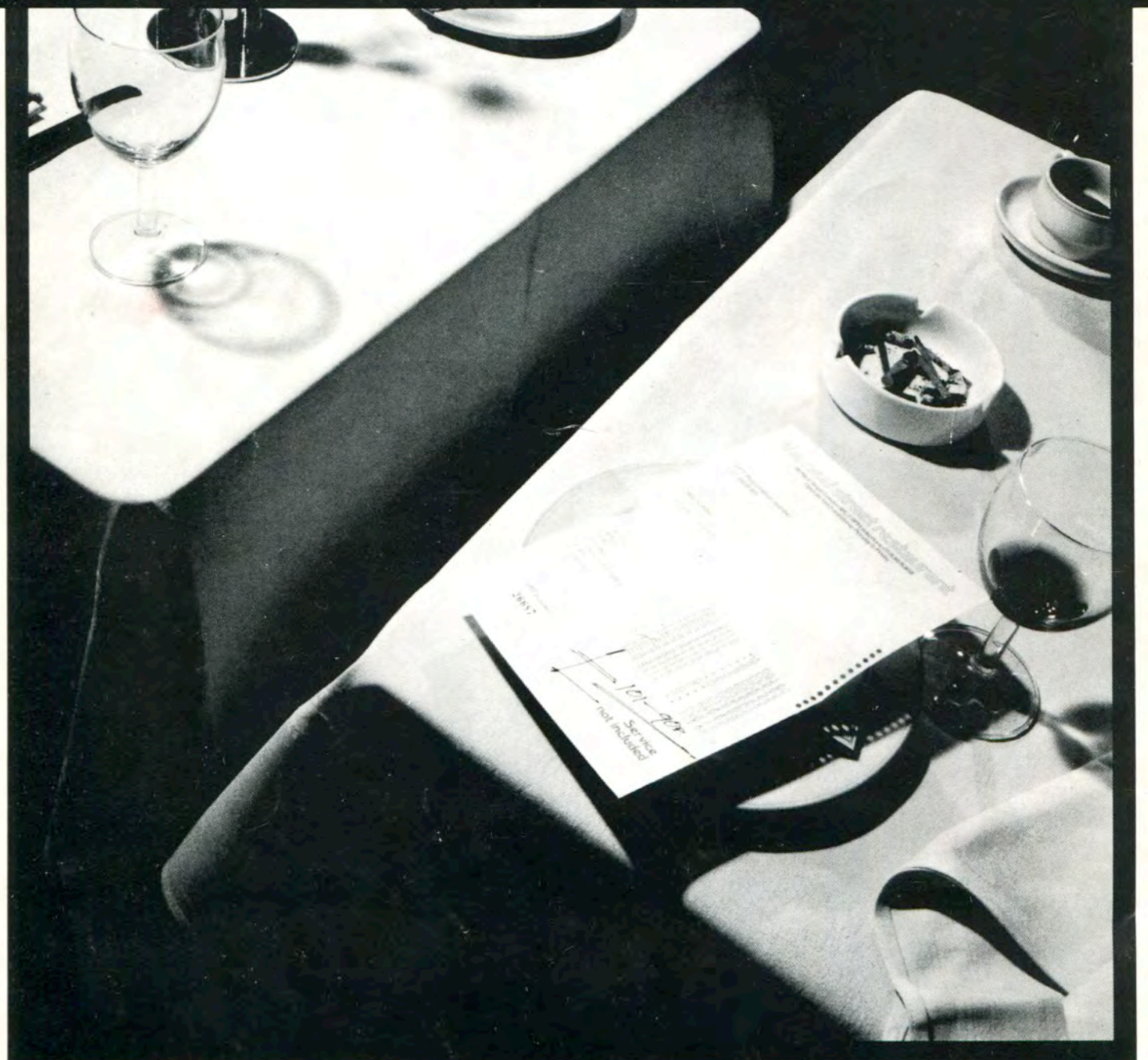
CIPHER no.4 Cover painting by Gwen Joy, design by CIPHER. Breakdown of no.4 expenditure:

Xerox proofing	£6.85
Typex, ribbons & Lino ink	8.18
Paper	65.60
Lucy's prints	21.00
Colour Xerox	114.29
Zinco plates	20.00
Cover printing	15.00
B&W int.	77.00
Glue	5.90
Postage/Envel.	20.90
Total:	£354.72

For information concerning CIPHER magazine or THE WOOLLEY DALE PRESS, please send SAE to: 44 Broomwood Rd. London SW11.



“To think it used to be double egg and chips in Frank’s cafe until I took that ad in The Creative Handbook.”



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