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ISSUE FIVE LIBERA OCCASIONAL

SORRY EXCUSES ARE OFFERED IN DEFENCE OF INFREQUENCY AND INCONSISTENCY

Previouſly; Barcelona. Next; Rotterdam.

Regular readers of this intermittent bulletin may recall that towards the cloſe of laſt year there was a Exhibition of Mr Donwood & Dr Tchock's paintings in Barcelona, at the Iguapop Gallery.

It was intereſting to see the paintings in properly lit conditions, as they were painted in a shed with very low levels of illumination and subſequently stored stacked up in a barn, feſtooned with skeins of spider silk and obſerved only by incurious rodents. Cleaned up, re-stretched and hung on white walls, they were tranſformed.

After what could be deſcribed as the 'succeß' of the Barcelona show, there is to be another exhibition this coming May, in Rotterdam. The show will, this time, display around twenty screenprints from the Slowly Downward Manufactory, along with four of the original London Views panels and four large acrylic paintings from the Kid A series. Entitled 'Department of Recluſive Paranoia', the show will run from May 11th until June 6th. There will be a catalogue to accompany the exhibition.

BELOW; THE POSTER FOR THE EXHIBITION, WHICH WILL HOPEFULLY GET FLYPOSTERED AROUND ROTTERDAM.

'FICTION' SECTION

Happineſs: a Guide.

No-one is happy and if they say they are *they're fucking lying.* And I should know; I've tried it. I've collected all the ingredients of happineß and rubbed the reſulting mixture all over myself.

Not many people have done it. It's *extremely difficult* to get any of the ingredients in the firſt place, let alone all of them. Mixing them properly is also very challenging; a lot of people get it totally wrong by concentrating on one ingredient at the expenſe of another; an easy miſtake to make. What you have to do is lie in wait for each, be patient whilſt they congregate (which doeſn't often happen) and then saunter over, introduce yourſelf, and invite them back to your place. Metaphorically speaking, of courſe.

But it doesn't end there. It's not simply a matter of aßembly; you've got to add various sorts of seaſoning if the whole thing iſn't going to end up like some *nauſeating religious marzipan.* What you want is an eaſily abſorbed lotion that won't bring you out in a raſh or make you smell.

Beware of commercial preparations, expenſive luxuries, evangelical tautologies, meretricious platitudes and printed hyperbole. Anything that promises faſt results or pain-free acquiſition should be avoided. Real happineß is, as I've said, incredibly hard to attain, requiring years of struggle, hurt, anguiſh, self-doubt, paranoia and lengthy periods of agoniſing melancholy. Anyone who tells you different is either fooling you or themſelves.

Personally speaking, I have overcome these many obſtacles. And you can too, if you're willing to work at it; *but to be brutally honeſt, it's not worth it.*

COMING SOON:
"POINTLESS PLATITUDES"
A new series of screenprints
from the
Slowly Downward Manufactory

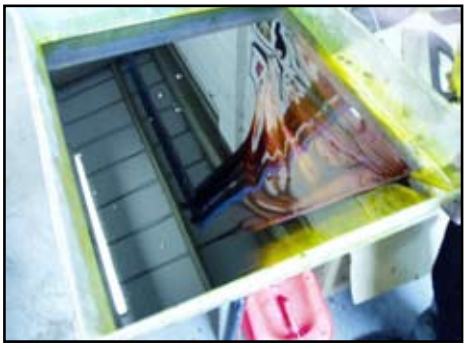
Using Acid in the East Anglian Fens.

The other week I travelled North on the UK's ramshackle railways to begin work on a series of *etchings* that will hopefully form part of a show in the Summer at *Mr. Lazarides' gallery* in Soho's Greek Street. There are only a few studios which can edition etchings of the type I'm making, and the one I'm uſing is far away, in the Fens, through an out-of-town retail park, over a level-croßing and paſt a furniture warehouſe.

The etchings are going well. Continuing my tendency to use *ever more old-faſhioned* and *outmoded* machinery to make art with, I'm uſing a printing preß more than a hundred and fifty years old. It was built by Furnival & Co. of Redditch & London in 1850, and it's kind of like a mangle for giants.

What I'm attempting to do is create a series of ten etchings, each in an edition of 33, sized approximately 18 inches by 22. The series is a *diſtraught meditation* on certain *depreßing subjects* that have now been occupying my mind for about three years. Dissolving these morbid obseßions in shallow baths of acid is a little conſoling, but not very. I don't know how much of my morose deliberation comes across in the pictures, but I hope that they will speak for themselves.

Photogravure etching is *an almoſt unbelievably complicated, laborious, involved, lengthy and difficult proceß.* I now look upon my endeavours laſt year with all that London Views linocutting and printing as pretty much *a walk in the fucking park.*

Anyway, I shall return to this subject in the near future. I think the work will take a while yet.

BELOW; AN ETCHING PLATE IN A BATH OF ACID.