Slowly Downward TAGLIBRO.

ISSUE THIRTEEN CONTAINS MILD TO MODERATE HORROR DECEMBER 2008

Six Inch Records; things actually going quite well.

At the time of writing, being the 'head honcho' of a record company feels pretty good. I've got **a cup of tea,** I've made a few sales, and only one of the 'artistes' on my 'roster' has **disappeared to a remote rock in the northern Atlantic.**

The project (my 'hobby') involved an **enormous amount of work** that I **completely failed** to forsee, but all that's in the past now. The work is done, the website is live (**www.6inchrecords.com**) and there's even going to be **a launch night**, details of which I shall post on the website when all of the irritating details (time, date, location et cetera) are completely sorted out. All I can say is that it'll be at the end of January, because getting a **swanky London venue** in late December is quite difficult.

It's all working well numerologically too. There are 3 releases; Patrick Bell's *Travel Notes*, Max de Mara's *Classist*, and The Joy of Living's *The Beyond Within*; there are 333 numbered copies of each, encased in strangely-designed 6" square sleeves; they each cost £6.66, which I hope will also be the ticket price for the launch night.

By 'strangely-designed', I mean that me and Richard Lawrence figured out how to do everything in his incredibly crowded studio, **making it up as we went along.** It was most refreshing to design without the aid of computers **or forethought**, more like a kind of printing-folding-cutting-sticking variety of **bodging*** than anything else. That was the fun bit. It wasn't until later on that we realised **the magnitude of our folly.** But never mind! Like I say, everything's fine.

I've got a sort of blog, writing about it all on the website, which also has details on how we made everything, and possible reasons why. (although 'reason' isn't a particularly apt word in this case) I leave you with the **last words** I had from Patrick Bell: ***"Hi there. I'm off to Orkney again for a bit don't know how long."***

*Bodging: the traditional craft of creating chair legs and braces with green wood using portable tools including a pole-lathe to turn chair legs and so on. Bodging can also refer to a job done of necessity using whatever tools and materials come to hand and which, whilst not necessarily pretty, is nevertheless serviceable. It is not to be confused with a "botched" job, deriving from the mediaeval word "botch" - a bruise or carbuncle - which is one done badly or incompetently. A "bodged" job is serviceable. A "botched" one is not.

Vacancies at Pictures On Walls.

A Japanese magazine called IDEA once asked me to fill about forty of their pages with whatever I liked, so I did a sort of photo essay called '*Vacancies*' exploring the vacuum between the picturesque heritage version of the United Kingdom with the often abrasive signage that goes with it when at ground level, so to speak.

Since then I've not done much with the idea, but recently I started making some prints of a few of the images icluding my favourite, which you see above.

Because screenprinting CMYK colour separations is something of a **screaming nightmare,** and the backgrounds of these images are anything but simple, I've had giclée prints made and screenprinted the signage over the top.

An initial three designs will be available shortly from those unparalled masters of sarcasm Pictures On Walls, at their website **www.picturesonwalls.com.**

Tiny Apocalypse.

There are small versions of the *Fleet Street Apocalypse* picture available from the Slowly Downward Manufactory. These are printed on the Heidelberg machine using a metal plate, and the edition is potentially unlimited and thus not numbered (they are signed though). They are 146mm x 97mm on nice paper and are yours for £20 apiece. Ideal for those wishing to re-sell in a couple of years on eBay. Usual place, usual post & packing arrangement:

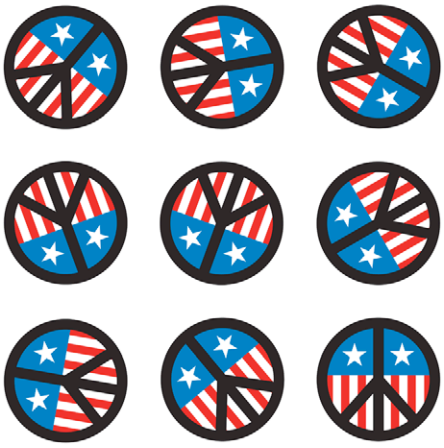
www.slowlydownward.com

Hopelessly distant American Dream.

I've editioned some screen prints of an image I made some years ago. It's the image you can see either side of the masthead above; a classic CND sign Americanised with two stars and thirteen stripes. It was for a tshirt; on the back of the shirt was a version of a sign I'd seen outside a car wash. My version offered a war wash instead, which was what the public had been offered by the media.

In the dying days of George W. Bush's presidency I'd been working on some pictures of missiles falling over a fiery version of Hokusai's wave, but the election of Barack Obama was the best news I'd heard in a very long time. I decided to shelve the missiles and, instead, reinvent the **American Nuclear Disarmament** symbol as a more hopeful image.

I realise, of course, that the prospect of **nuclear disarmament from the country that invented the atomic bomb** is less than likely, but the possibility of that country electing someone like Obama was pretty unlikely a short time ago. It remains to be seen what kind of administration will arise from the **scorched earth** of Bush's reign (and from the inevitable implosion of the hallucinated economy), but my naive belief is that the fewer nuclear weapons around, the better off we'll be.



These are the **last order dates** from the ***Slowly Downward Manufactory*** if you are after things in time for Xmas:

South/Central America, Caribbean, Middle East, Far East, New Zealand and Australia: **4th Dec**

Japan, USA , Canada and Eastern Europe: **9th Dec**

Western Europe: **11th Dec**

UK: **17th Dec**