

I Finally get myself a Hobby.

It's something of a truism (*a statement that is obviously true and says nothing new or interesting*) that *every man needs a hobby*. Until recently I failed in this regard, having no *hobbies, pastimes or interests*.

However, I was determined to get one. So I did. I am proud to announce that I have become the CEO (Chief Executive Officer) of a Record Company! It's pretty much a spare time sort of thing, as a hobby should be, but *it keeps me busy*.

The Record Company is called *six inch records*, and as CEO I'm in charge of A&R, hiring and firing, accounts (ha!), design, and everything else too. Predictably, it's not run to make money, but as an *art project*, so I'm still no closer to the big time.

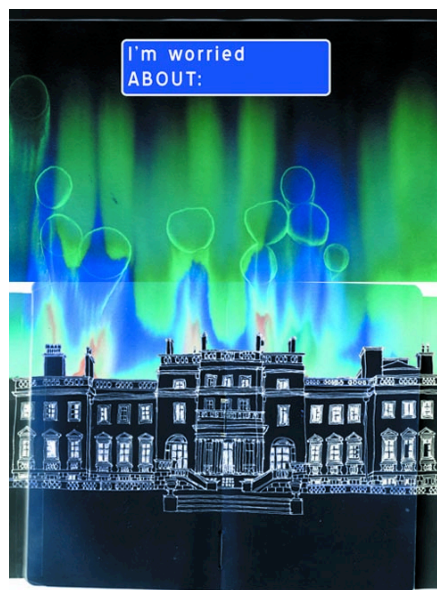
I've decided to run the company on solid numerological* principles; I will be initially releasing three records, each in an edition of 333, and selling them for (I think) 18 pounds, which is three times six. The label is called *six inch records* because the sleeves will be six inches square, printed using the trusty 1965 Heidelberg on a type of card called Printaboard, which is the stuff used to make cereal packets. Inside the sleeve is a sheet of beer mat board, with a CD - sized hole punched in it, which miraculously holds the CD in place. And they will be Eighteen Quid because I'm doing everything by hand.

I've even got my artistes to sign a contract! Being a CEO of a record Company is a great hobby, but I wouldn't recommend it as a proper job.

The first three releases (possibly the only three releases) will be Travel Notes by Patrick Bell, Claßist by Max de Mara, and The Beyond Within by The Joy of Living. Each will be numbered, and of course will be available from the usual outlet, www.slowlydownward.com.

Only not yet, because all this takes ages, and it's only a hobby.

*<http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Numerology>



Department of Reclusive Paranoia opens in Rotterdam.

Astute internet-watchers will by now possibly have noticed that there is a new link on the front page of slowlydownward.com which leads to a few pieces of information about Stanley & the Doktor's exhibition in the low-lying Netherlands.

Situated in sunny Rotterdam, the interestingly-named V!P's Gallery will be showing a lot of screenprints, some large paintings done during the notoriously tortuous KID A period, and some of the big panels from last year's infamous LONDON VIEWS show.

The gallery is at Van Vollenhovenstraat 15, Rotterdam, and the exhibition will be on show between May 11th and June 17th. The Slowly Downward Manufactory has been dusted down and set to work printing posters for the show (yours for thirty Euros, or £20.00, usual place, no questions asked) whilst the Rotterdam gallery are producing a limited edition giclee* print of the image you can see above.

Oh yes, and there will be special Stanley Donwood underpants on sale too. No, really. In a nice box, for both the ladies and the gentlemen.

*<http://www.gicleeprint.net/abtGclee.shtm>

If You Lived here You'd be Home By Now.

An exhibition of new work, comprising large photogravure etchings, new paintings, and some other stuff I haven't thought about yet will be on show in Mr. Lazarides' gallery in Soho (London) from June 15th.

The show is entitled "IF YOU LIVED HERE YOU'D BE HOME BY NOW", and if I'd known how fucking hard etching was I probably would have stayed in bed.

The etchings were carried out at St. Barnabas Press in Cambridge, whilst the paintings were executed in a spider/rat-infested barn somewhere outside Oxford.

There is, essentially, only one subject that is referred to in these works; *the fact that suburbia and 'consumerism' are very probably the most incalculably massive misallocation of resources (financial, social and environmental) in the entire history of human culture*.

My obsession with this subject is something I've referred to before in the previous *Taglibro*. I recommend a DVD called *The End of Suburbia*, which you can get easily enough from internet shops. The bare and rather terrifying fact is that our Western way of life is predicated on the assumption of an endless supply of cheap oil. *We use oil for pretty much everything; from medicines to fertilisers, from packaging to transport...* all you have to do to get an idea of how far we have become hostage to cheap oil is sit down and figure out which of the things that surround you could exist without oil. There aren't many.

All of this would be fine, just fine... (apart from the fact that burning the stuff is fucking up our climate) but our entire globalised economy is similarly based on cheap oil. And we've used most of it. Hallelujah, folks, we've drained the planet dry of oil. Well, not quite; there's a bit left in Iraq (oh...), a bit more in Saudi Arabia (good people, solid human rights record) and some around the Caspian Sea.

Okay, I'll shut up now. I've run out of space anyway. Probably just as well. Happy happy, Joy joy. Anyway, come to the show! It'll be... fun.