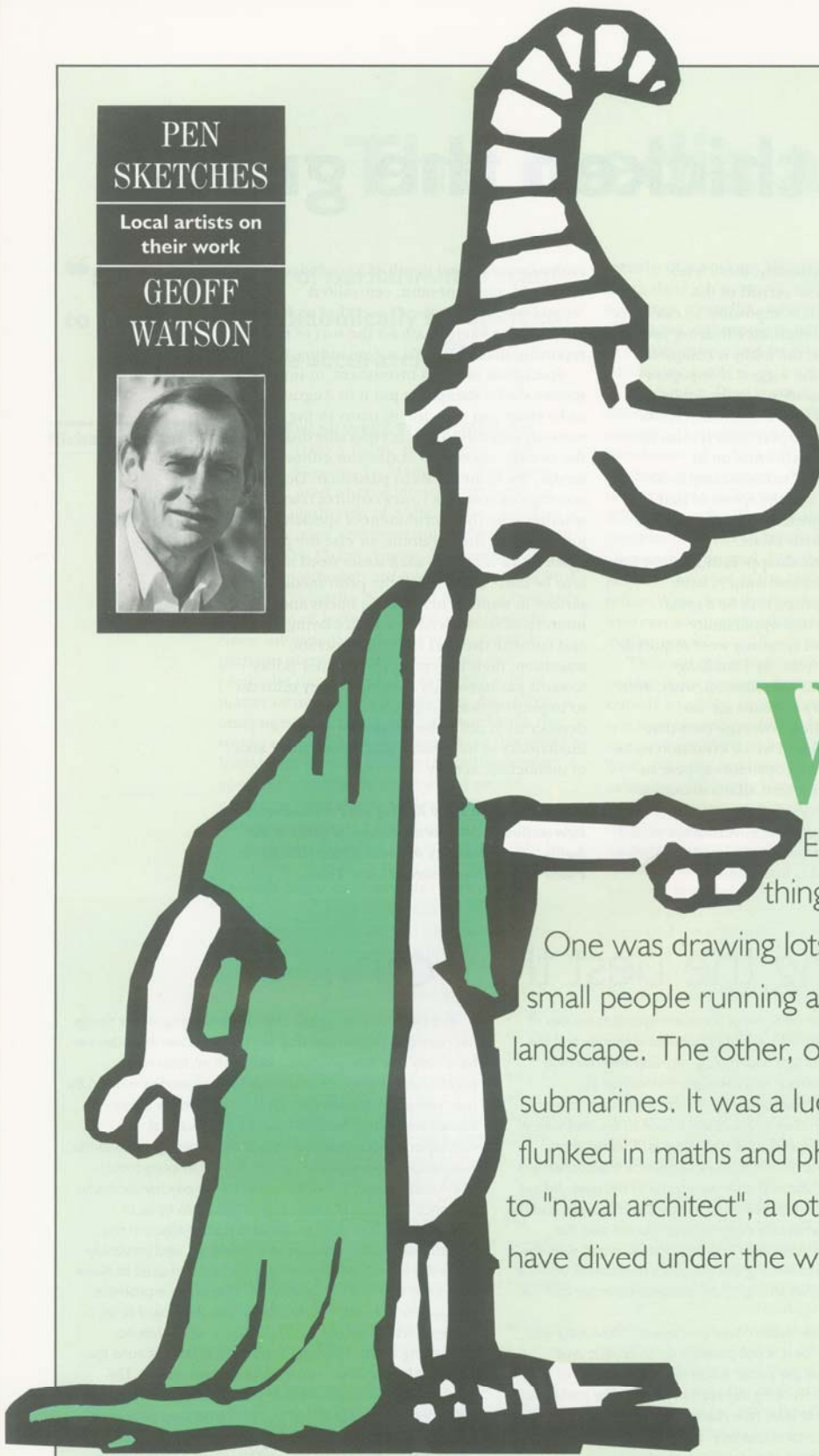


PEN
SKETCHES

Local artists on
their work

GEOFF
WATSON



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HEN I was a kid in
England there were only two
things I was ever interested in.

One was drawing lots and lots of identical, very
small people running around aimlessly over a barren
landscape. The other, of all things, was designing
submarines. It was a lucky day for submarines when I
flunked in maths and physics. I think if I'd ever made it
to "naval architect", a lot of very bizarre vessels would
have dived under the waves, never to be seen again. ►

Watson's World

MURPHY'S LAW

BY GIM



Undeterred, and with the single-mindedness of the true devotee, I chose the next closest thing to naval architecture — just plain "architecture". An obvious change, involving as it did merely the deletion of one minor word from the title. I recommend architecture as a very interesting career — and also as a very good way of staying clear of actual work for about six years until you qualify. I managed to prolong this idyllic life for a further two years, doing "town planning". Fortunately for the civilised community, I never actually did any work in this sphere.

I once did work as an architect for a while, however, drifting aimlessly in and out of jobs and designing funny-looking buildings in even funnier places. One drawing office was a converted brothel in San Francisco, followed by a "converted" date factory in Algiers — run by the Algerian army, would you believe? So there I was, running around pretty much aimlessly over the Sahara Desert. There was also the dubious privilege of designing no-cost housing on Gibraltar and, equally impossible, hooligan-proof pubs in Glasgow. And various other mad-cap schemes that never got built. Except a bank in the middle of Soweto.

I finally realised, of course, that submarines were my true niche in life, but as this was out of the question, the other pre-occupation came to mind, with funny little men running around a desert. And so it was not a great leap from there to King Tutt, and here we are again, back in the good old "tried and tested" infancy at

the age of 50.

My stuff doesn't have much relevance to anything really, outside of the odd social comment now and again. And anyway, hardly anybody in South Africa prints my work anymore. (I always knew that this country had more class than anybody gave it credit for.) Well done, editors! Keep up the standards!

King Tutt and Murphy's Law go almost exclusively overseas and are handled by agencies in London and Rome. King Tutt has been in continual daily print internationally for 15 years, and appears in such diverse publications as *The Manchester Evening News*, *The Straits Times* of Singapore and *The Star*. In southern Africa, Murphy appears in publications in Namibia and Zimbabwe.

Seffrica was commissioned by *Sidelines* magazine and does not appear anywhere else. (South Africa being "flavour of the month" I had hoped it would sell abroad, but so far, it hasn't.)

The Great Ratts has only recently been produced. I have great hopes that once I can get a few disciples properly motivated, it may become a new world religion. We could call it "The Deity of the Golden Ratt", with tabernacles at every major rubbish dump. I envisage weekend sabbraticals with hordes of Ratter-day Saints reciting the *Desideratta*. "Go rattily amongst the mice, and haste..." etc.

The essence of both humour and tragedy is that something happens that wasn't supposed to happen. You either burst into tears or laugh 'til you cry. I like the definition by Arthur

overleaf



SEFFRICA



SEFFRICA



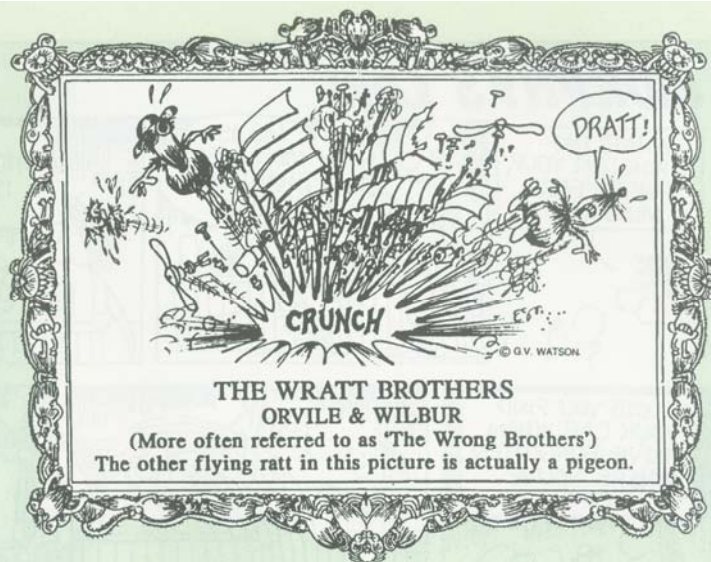
"The essence of both humour and tragedy is that something happens that wasn't supposed to happen. You either burst into tears or laugh till you cry."

MUTTER GRUMBLE MUTTER



SEFFRICA





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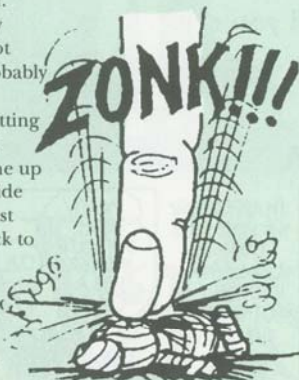
Koestler that goes something like this: "When a person laughs, the sound effect is very similar to a person crying, particularly in women. The facial expressions are very similar too."

Of course, humour isn't always sad — only half of it is at any given time. The trick is to use only one brain cell at a time. Always reserve the other one for when you need to really experience the difference. It has been my experience that people who use both brain cells simultaneously get very confused and tend to walk around with a stiff expression on their faces: up on one side, and down on the other. You've probably seen them in most walks of life, walking around in circles, another side effect.

Those amongst us fortunate enough to either use only the right-hand brain cell or the left, know here they are going, thus giving rise to Politics. And that is where the political cartoonist comes in. You've got to juggle those brain cells and try to puncture either or both of them. Something like two little balls with a prick in between them.

Personally speaking I prefer my humour to live in a vacuum i.e. not involving either brain cell. It's probably significant that one or two of my cartoons are about little nitwits getting pissed and falling off bar stools. It takes a lot of field research to come up with the authentic touch that I pride myself on. In fact, the clock has just struck five, and it's time to get back to the office. Happy Hour waits for no man.

PS I finally built a submarine, too. It's just over one metre long and is collecting dust on top of my wardrobe. Offers welcome.

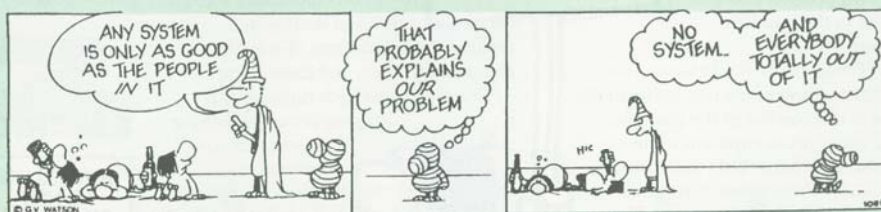


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KING TUTT



KING TUTT



Geoff Watson can be contacted at (021) 7883945