

Ratspike



Blanche Miller

Malevolent Shape Knight Panther

Citita Dolente Lux Sp

Malevolent Shape Malevolent Shape

Citita Dolente Dark Arts of Illumination
Cow Pies Dark Arts
Lux Mundi Golli Goggs

Rats Before Sunset

Pikes Gold Spike Lux Mundi Lux Mind Malevolent

Answers and Buried Golli Goggs Sunset Knight Panther from Cow Pies

Intention Pikes Lux Mundi Kills Before Sunset The North Wind John Linnell
Blanche Malevolent

Vind
John
Celia Dolente
Ratspike
John Blanche & Ian Miller
Ratspike
Lux M
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Dark Arts of Illumination
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Pikes
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Rats
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Before
Sunset
Buccaneers and Buried Gold
Buccaneers and

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10

BEST WISHES

Ratspike

HN

Q

Dedications

For Celeste and the Knights of the Wonderkind - you know who you are.

John Blanche

For Jenny and Dan, with special thanks to Violet Elizabeth and her dog Spot, and all those who sit on high and those who scurry below.

Ian Miller

FOREWORD

Most young people are somehow *bribed* to grow up. With the regular reinforcement of pocket money, sweets, etc., their parents anxiously try to foster in their kids the conformity that promises survival. You can't blame the parents; they're only obeying orders from their genes. They are only preparing their young ones for the chill realities of a world without pity. But for people like Ian and John this process of maturation was, I suspect, only partially successful. When I asked them, for example, why they had chosen the title "Ratspike" for this collection of their work, they simply replied: "Well, we liked the sound of the word." Such wisdom does not abide in the adult mind.

The fact is, for people like Ian and John the bribery didn't work. They still have, metaphorically at least, conkers and cap-guns in their trouser-pockets. As thin as a cigarette card, as tenuous as a film of bubble gum, is the veil that clothes these two school-boys in an often-slipping facade of maturity. Like many creative people, they just don't see things as adults do. In fact, *they get paid not to*.

I first encountered Ian Miller's work in the late sixties, when his pictures and mine were featured in an issue of "The Image" magazine. At that time I was a part-time schoolmaster, though a full-time artist. I had never achieved a sale or a commission. Ian, I imagined in my naivety, belonged to some select band of "real" artists, who walked in a gilded paradise of wealthy galleries and lucrative commissions, respected, fêted, confident of their own skill.

All fantasy! All imaginings! There's no such place! I met Ian for the first time about fifteen years later. In the meantime we had both made careers (of sorts) for ourselves, each of us aware that the other existed, fiddling away manically while the metaphorical Rome burned, churning out a motley collection of work, some good, some bad, some sublime! Not striving to make ART, only to be *of interest*, only to make a peep-hole from one mind to another. Training the hand, simply to make the process succeed.

And sometimes Ian made me see the world differently. I couldn't look at a pylon or a rocking horse or a gnarled tree without being reminded of Ian's drawings, his *Green Dog Trumpet*, his persistently haunting *Martian Chronicles*. He is an excellent artist, which by the way is only marginally a matter of technique. There is nothing of the copyist about Ian Miller. I doubt very much that he uses reference material of any kind. He is a true original, both in his character and in his art, and this I believe comes in turn from a common characteristic of most fantasy artists. He bores easily. He has no patience, yet paradoxically, will take infinite pains over what does *not* bore him. For Ian is his own man, his own judge, his own most scathing critic. Surprisingly perhaps, he does not always like what he does, but then, as Vaughan Williams said of his own disturbing fourth symphony - "I don't know whether I like it, but it's what I *meant*" - the function of art is not always to please.

John Blanche may seem at first to be an unlikely collaborator in an anthology with Ian Miller. What brings them together is, I suspect, less a question of artistic compatibility than of friendship and convenience; they do at present share the same employer. For John's work is, except for the occasional (conscious or not?) "homage" to Ian's style, a very different genre, of a style and content indeed which, as far as I know, has as yet no name, no easy access, no fixed criteria. Some people I am sure would not even regard John's work as belonging anywhere in the art scene as they perceive it. It does not set out to do what we normally might expect. Is it packaging? Is it comic-book art? Where does it fit? Rôleplaying games, and all the paraphernalia that go with them, must still be unfamiliar to the average citizen of this land, so we should certainly be over-optimistic if we expected the art scene to be aware already of a brand-new genre, a genre with new criteria, indeed with totally different aspirations.

John's often tiny paintings are immaculate, painstakingly accurate, jewel-like in the intensity of repeatedly glazed colours. To be fully appreciated they must be seen as original for it is their small

size that somehow emphasizes their uniqueness. With a quite characteristic lack of concern John will allow his originals to be exhibited without glass, unprotected from the greasy fingers and expostulatory spittle of his fans, indeed undefended like as not from the would-be thief.

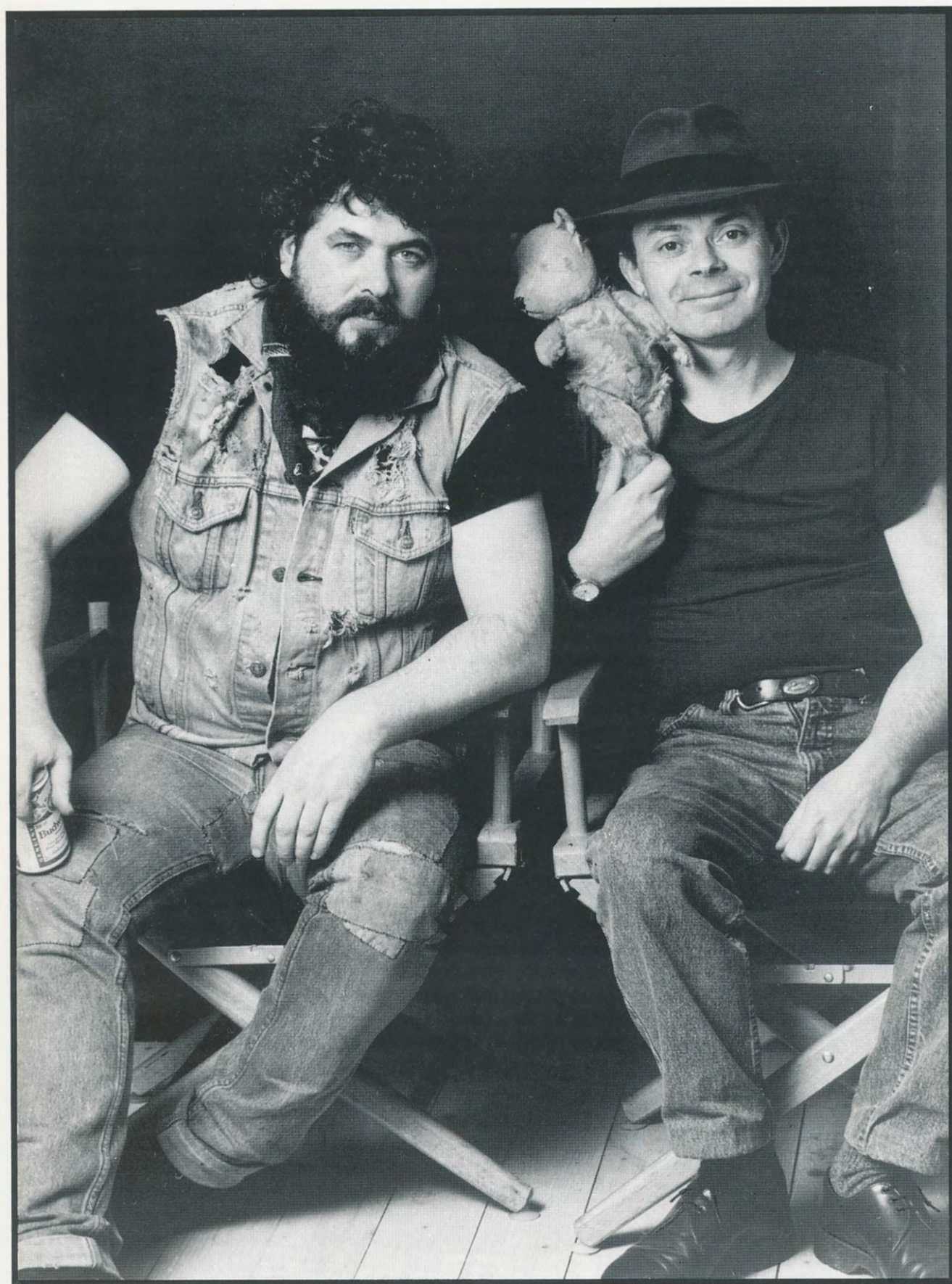
For somehow other things are more important to John. Doing the thing itself. Seeing it decently reproduced. Getting paid. Buying some further embellishments for his motor-bike. In such a context, John's fondness for Latin slogans may seem out of place, and yet a glimpse of the originals makes one realise that such miniature work is not even one step removed from the work of the medieval illuminator. What *throws* us is that the gods are different, or at least the devils are. This is very modern stuff. Different. Hard to assess.

If the world were differently made, John might just as easily have ended up as an "enfant terrible" in the established fine art world. They'd love him. Perhaps one day they may. But before that particular blue moon rises, there would have to dawn an even less likely day - the day when the art world changes in root and branch, when it plucks out from its very heart its single most destructive and most inhibiting vice - that of prejudice.

Anyway, I'm looking forward to getting my signed copies, you two ... And, oh, by the way, which one's Spike?

Patrick Woodroffe
Falmouth, December 1988.





Jabberwocky

'Twas brillig, and the slithy toves
Did gyre and gimble in the wabe;
All mimsy were the borogoves,
And the mome raths outrabe.

'Beware the Jabberwock, my son!
The jaws that bite, the claws that catch!
Beware the Jubjub bird, and shun
The frumious Bandersnatch!'

He took his vorpal sword in hand:
Long time the manxome foe he sought -
So rested he by the Tumtum tree,
And stood awhile in thought.

And as in uffish thought he stood,
The Jabberwock, with eyes of flame,
Came whiffing through the tulgey wood,
And burbled as it came!

One, two! One, two! And through and through
The vorpal blade went snicker-snack!
He left it dead, and with its head
He went galumphing back.

'And hast thou slain the Jabberwock?
Come to my arms, my beamish boy!
O frabjous day! Callooh! Callay!'
He chortled in his joy.

Lewis Carroll

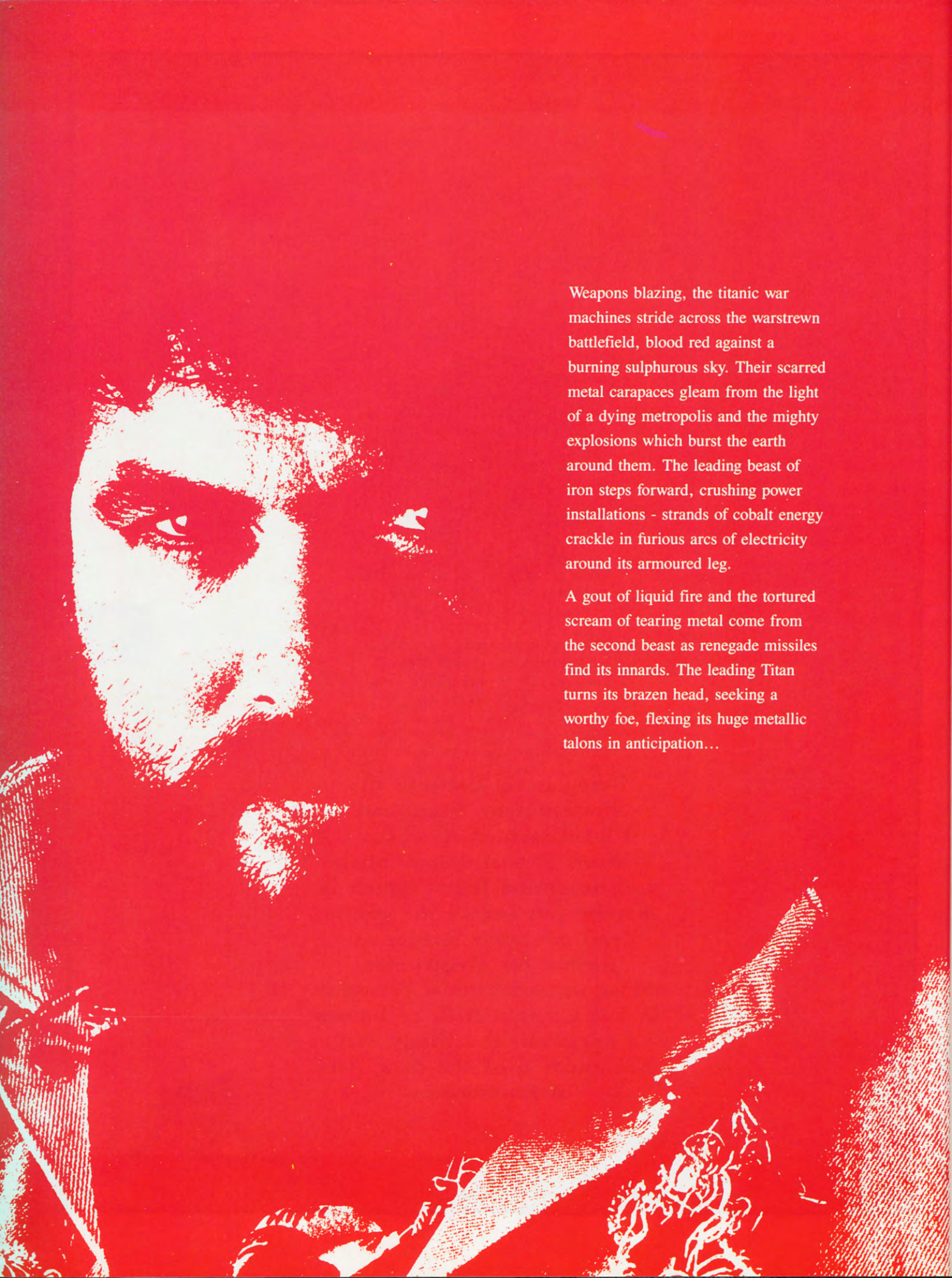


JOHN BLANCHE



Being in its Entirety the
Presentment, Form and
Elucidation of Ratspike -
a Work of malevolent Shape
and deformed Intent which is
hereby put before the gentle
and educated Reader to
further his Knowledge,
Wisdom and critical Faculties
in but a single Area of human
Endeavour: the Study and
Examination of the dark Arts
of Illumination.





Weapons blazing, the titanic war machines stride across the warstrewn battlefield, blood red against a burning sulphurous sky. Their scarred metal carapaces gleam from the light of a dying metropolis and the mighty explosions which burst the earth around them. The leading beast of iron steps forward, crushing power installations - strands of cobalt energy crackle in furious arcs of electricity around its armoured leg.

A gout of liquid fire and the tortured scream of tearing metal come from the second beast as renegade missiles find its innards. The leading Titan turns its brazen head, seeking a worthy foe, flexing its huge metallic talons in anticipation...



Titans

...another image crystallises in my mind - the start of another painting, more war machines of epic proportions set in gargantuan conflict in a future world. But what's it really all about? How's it done? What makes an artist tick? Well, I'm not quite sure, but all I can tell you is how it is for me. Whether you are any the wiser, having read these words, only you can decide.

So which one of us is the rat, and who's the spike, or is this merely a reference to a phalanx of pike-armed rats? Well, suffice it to say that both Ian and myself came into the world under the sign of Scorpio.

Actually, I was born into a world of high adventure and heroism - to a family of pirates off the coast of Tortega Bay, the distant sky pocked by erupting volcanoes as Greek triremes raced the coming of Neptune. Meanwhile, on the shoreline, El Cid advanced in column to repel the Moor whilst, on a nearby promontory, a tyrannosaurus was locked in mortal combat with a triple-crowned triceratops.

I longed to be a Viking, following a one-eyed warlord in his longship, and I would've gone into the backwoods with Davy Crockett if he'd only passed me by. But not for me the life of a freebooter or mercenary; I was to become a scribe of sorts, an illuminator of savage events and distant wars. These pages will bring you some of those images, so dwell not long upon these words, but sit back and sink into worlds of ancient myth and lore.

In reality, my childhood days of the 50's seemed grey and flat; post-war Britain, for me at least, lacked the visual bombardments to which our children are subjected by the media of today. I had to make do with the cinema and the Christmas encyclopedia and a box of toy soldiers under the living-room table. My crusaders got a coat of silver paint, and my early drawings consisted of matchstick men - Romans, Greeks and Vikings - spread in combat across the back of old wallpaper rolls.

The next decade exploded in a barrage of plastic and fluorescent colour. I discovered art and its varied movements, and I also discovered art college, which puzzled me because the people there seemed unaware of art in all its heroic glory. I'd never stopped drawing and painting, and my battle scenes and prehistoric conflicts got me on the course easily enough, but then people stood back and expected me to metamorphose into an existentialist of sorts.

Well, I couldn't even spell that, so I drifted into graphics and became exposed to illustration, hippydom and *The Lord of the Rings*. Even then, I was told never to invent for the sake of it and that I would never get a job painting pictures of angels, dragons, goblins and trolls.

I'd become influenced by the turn-of-the-century illustrators such as Rackham, Neilson, the Robinsons and others. They

dealt with *real* things, such as giants and unicorns, as did groups like Tyrannosaurus Rex and writers like Tolkien. So I discovered that I was not on my own and got right to the business of growing my hair as long as it would go, wearing pirate coats, and painting purely for the joy of invention.

I'd also discovered the technical drawing pen and teamed its use with my normal water-colour painting techniques. Minute detail was possible with the pen, and washes of colour gave the painting life and form. These basic techniques would stay with me until the early 80's, by which time my work had finally outgrown them.

Curiously, on leaving college and seeking illustration work, I was always told, "Go away and develop a style." Most odd, this, because that's exactly what I already had; I suppose it just did not fit a commercial slot at the time. But this didn't worry me, for I found myself working within the confines of a Georgian manor-house deep in the woods, building models of battles, drawing wildlife and assisting a taxidermist - a great learning ground for an artist.

During my spare time, I was content to paint fantastic scenes for their own sake - that was, until I discovered others at it. This came to me as something of a shock because they were out there getting published. So I set to painting and drawing at every opportunity, with the sole aim of getting my work in print.

It was with a flourish of excitement that I trekked on down to London Town and approached Roger Dean, who apparently was involved with publishing, as well as creating, fantasy art. Roger was great, both friendly and enthusiastic, and gave me an opportunity to work freelance and also get involved in a project or two.

The fantasy and sci-fi art scene peaked during the late 70's and early 80's, and I was making a living by producing mainly book jacket covers and book illustrations. During that period, I produced five plates for Mitchell Beazley's ambitious *Tolkien Bestiary* project. It was in their offices in London that I first saw some of Ian Miller's original works.

I also met the man himself briefly in a lift. "Ow do," I said. "Ow do," he said, and we went our separate ways, unaware of future events.

A freelance artist cannot rest on his laurels, however, and with a growing family to feed, I proceeded to seek new commissions. Ever since those early days of painting my toy soldiers, I had never lost my interest in military history, and I became an avid collector of miniatures as soon as I discovered their existence. Fantasy was soon to make its mark upon miniature enthusiasts, and with the formation in 1979 of a new company called Games Workshop, which dealt with the importing of an American phenomenon

known as *Dungeons & Dragons*, a new era in my career commenced.

At first it was just restricted to a few commissions, the cover for the first English print of *Dungeons & Dragons* and the odd *White Dwarf* magazine cover. It was not until the opening of the Nottingham branch of Games Workshop in 1986 that things would really start moving. There I got talking to an old acquaintance who had entered my consciousness as the motivating force behind Asgard Miniatures. He was now general manager of Citadel Miniatures, a sister company to Games Workshop and based in the Nottingham area.

Bryan Ansell had epic ideas and an epic vision. Soon I would be a part of the management team in the new, combined Games Workshop/Citadel Miniatures design studio in Nottingham, under his astute leadership. And here I still am, not only producing designs for miniatures and fantasy artwork, but also commissioning work from my heroes of the previous decade.

Thus the circle turned once more, and the man in the lift became a man on the end of a phone, who became a man that produced images for Games Workshop, which ultimately led to this book.

My art has changed a great deal over this period of time. No longer do I use technical pens and washes, but instead I utilise a fully-modelled painting technique, with inks and acrylics mimicking the oil painting methods of classical and romantic artists. Invention and decoration now take second place to mood and atmosphere, and a darker ambience has been cast over my work. My taste in art has also moved on in pace with this change, with Victorian romanticists now being a particular favourite.

My technique tightens constantly, as does, to a certain extent, the subject matter I paint. By this I mean that the range of my imagery has lessened, becoming more concerned with what I regard as potent archetypes. It might be considered cliché by some, but I am convinced that there exists a core of inherited images in each of us, at least in those native to the West. This potent imagery has occurred throughout the history of art, and to utilise this imagery is to tap a source that may have its roots in primeval man.

By this 'source' I mean such things as skulls, stormy skies, sweeping landscapes, panoramic forests, predatory beasts - the list goes on and on. Man responds to his surroundings in very particular ways, and his experiences and superstitions - dare I say, racial memory? - create that response, which I believe is inherent in each of us.

The first images of primeval man would concern themselves with hunting scenes, heroic action, mighty beasts, death masks, war paint, fetishes and trophies. Today we see the same sorts of themes represented in punk haircuts, studded

leather and even in the imagery employed in films like *Bladerunner* and *Aliens*. This is the heritage of a Western culture, and that is what I am trying to tap when I paint.

In a similar way, my influences are drawn from a wide spectrum: from traditional paintings to comic book illustrations and films; from people on the streets to literature and the natural world itself. My favourite artists are also many and varied. A full list would fill a page, and I am still discovering more, but Grunwald, Durer, Shishkin, the pre-Raphaelites, Casper Friedrich, Géricault and Gérôme immediately spring to mind, not forgetting my contemporaries Burns, Woodroffe, Roland Cat, and the work of my colleagues at the Games Workshop studio, whose skills are a never-ceasing source of inspiration.

I have even borrowed certain images from other artists in my paintings. This has been no mere plagiarism, but a deliberate policy, for particular reasons. You will see the *Mona Lisa* in a number of my works. This is great fun, placing what is probably the world's best known painted image into a new reality. *Dart of Harkness* uses the main figures from David's *Rape of the Sabine Women* in an attempt to create a classical feel, but using Chaos Knights and Orcs.

Knight Panther is a very careful copy of Géricault's Napoleonic cavalry officer. As that is one of my favourite paintings, I decided to pay homage to the artist by producing the image in a fantasy setting. Only the horse and figure position was taken from the original and put into the new epic backdrop. As with many others of my paintings, this piece was produced for no other reason than my own pleasure, although the parallel nature of Games Workshop's own Warhammer mythos has enabled this and others of my paintings to find a place in the commercial world.

I try to use references like these whenever I can. Although a certain amount of spontaneity and dynamism is lost, I would rather have the edge on sustaining believability by utilising a real object as subject matter. Subtle nuances cannot be guessed, and some things are just too damn hard to draw convincingly straight out of one's head. I therefore construct each separate element in a sketch pad first. Friends pose, books are consulted, and photos from the Sunday supplements are collected. You might regard this as cheating, but I've not met an artist yet who doesn't use similar materials.

For the most part, my images are meant to be read in a literal way - no hidden messages or secret meanings. They are what they are, and if the viewer enjoys them, then fine. If, as sometimes happens, the viewer recoils in horror, then that's fine, too. If someone marvels at the technique or at the relationship of colours, then I have done my job.

Nobody has to ask for an explanation of what they are seeing in terms of reality. Sure, some may want background information regarding Terminators, but the majority of viewers will instantly recognise the humanoids in heavy power armour, firing big guns. The paintings and drawings are what they depict.

For myself, beyond pure depiction, my aim and interest is to develop such things as texture, colour relationships, atmosphere, and the relationship of shapes, dynamics and characters. The act of painting and the quality of brush strokes is becoming more important to me, and even as my technique or, rather, the finished image of my technique appears to become more controlled and tighter, the individual strokes become more spontaneous. Indeed, acts of pure spontaneity can be incorporated into the painting, controlled and made to appear planned. Freely applied strokes, dropped pigment and the use of the airbrush can all bring random elements to a painting.

Skies in my paintings are nearly always sprayed in with the use of an airbrush which provides me with a perfect, smooth backdrop on which to lay detailed imagery. Occasionally, the airbrush is also used to add mist or distance, but this is gradually being replaced by a dry brushing technique.

There is one painting in this book that was a deliberate attempt to mean something - a comment on certain elements of contemporary art. This is the painting *Amazonia Gothique*; a stylistic Amazon warrior in plate armour set against a blazing setting sun. I wanted to create a picture around geometric shapes - a rectangle, circle and triangle. I also wanted to use opposite colours (red and green) to create some additional dynamism. But most of all, I was utterly sick of seeing brilliant artists producing painting after painting of near-naked fantasy females with chests the size of airships.

To me these paintings had no style, no grace and no elegance, and I was tired of seeing them everywhere. So were other people, but for different reasons. Elements of this style of fantasy art were creeping onto the front of *White Dwarf*, Games Workshop's house magazine, and in my capacity as its art editor, I was receiving letters on a weekly basis, complaining about what people saw as exploitation of the female form.

I wanted to prove that it was possible to depict an attractive woman without resorting to various states of undress (a strange thing for adventurers and warriors to do anyway). So *Amazonia Gothique* hit the stands as the cover of *White Dwarf* 79, became a popular poster, a metal miniature and did not receive one letter of complaint. In fact, it was voted the best cover of the year by the magazine's readership. Still, I ought not to get carried away with self-congratulation,

for someone once remarked that, with that mass of white hair, my Amazon reminded them of a dandelion gone to seed. Oh well, back to the drawing board.

As for the paintings themselves - or at least the ones that appear after *The Battle of Five Armies* - well, I set out to create the impression of a large image of which the viewer is seeing but a reduced print. A result of this is that most of my work, in the original, is smaller than A4, the standard size of writing paper. Some are even smaller, while others are roughly double that size, such as *Titans*, *Ignorant Armies*, and *Sentinel II*, although these are few and far between.

Paintings of this sort are planned meticulously on lay-out pads and traced onto art board, then shaded with an HB pencil and coloured with a small number of inks, usually red, yellow, green, blue, cobalt blue, brown and purple. Highlights and textures are created with Citadel Skull White, a colour developed for the painting of models. Coloured washes or glazes are overlayed in thin, transparent films which allow the white of the art board to shine through the pigments. This gives the finished piece an inner light and will often make it appear to glow. This is mostly lost in the printing process, unfortunately.

The exception to this is where I have utilised oils in place of inks and the acrylic white. Here the colours glow with a richness that can even be seen in a print, although, again, much of the original's lustre is lost in the reproduction process. I have only executed three pictures in oils since my early adolescent experiments. These are *Amazon*, *Troubadours*, and *Adeptus Mechanicus*.

In this book, you will discover many images seen for the first time without the intrusion of logos and other graphics - *Titans*, *Chaos Dwarf Lords*, *McDeath*, *Ignorant Armies*, *Terminators*, *Confrontation* - all produced for Games Workshop games and books - alongside record sleeve paintings, like *Horned is the Hunter* and *The Kindred*, and work executed for no other reason than fun, such as *Coke Runner* and *Jonah*. It is unimportant for what reasons they were painted; what is important, however, is the story they tell, whether seen as a whole or as a sequence of images - not a literal story, but a glimpse into a universe that exists in the mind of the artist. This is important to me and dictates both the way I paint and employ imagery.

So that's basically what it's all about and how it's done. Me, well, of course it's a great honour to be published, but I've got scores of paintings waiting to be done, and the next one is always the best.

John Blanche
Summer, 1989





Chaos Terminator Space Marine



Streetfighter

Once a childhood game for me - later an adolescent hobby, and now part of my professional duties - painting and converting miniatures has always fascinated me. These examples of finished figures have been taken from the pages of 'Eavy Metal, a monthly column featured in *White Dwarf* magazine, that deals with all aspects of miniature painting and collecting.



Elf Nobles, above and below - a simple addition of shields gives a flat surface for decoration and motifs



Chaos Beastman



Eldar Warrior



Space Adventurer



Astropath



Chaos Champion



Chaos Mutant



Ogres - a converted model with banner, rat on lead and landscaped base



Mutant Eldar



Chaos Mutations provide the perfect opportunity for modelling and conversion





Orcs, the archetypal monster - metal miniatures shown actual size, and painted with acrylics and inks



Chainsaw Warrior



Eldar



Corum Jhaelen Irsei



Ogre Chieftain



Mutant Beastman



Chaos Champion



Mutant Space Adventurer



Amazon, an ever-popular subject for art and miniatures, take inspiration from original artwork



A complex conversion - a Chaos Minotaur with Mona Lisa banner took 32 hours of work and won 'Master Painter' competition at Games Day 1987



Warhammer I





Ignorant Armies



Gunderwald



Gothermond



The Barbarian



Ice Unicorn



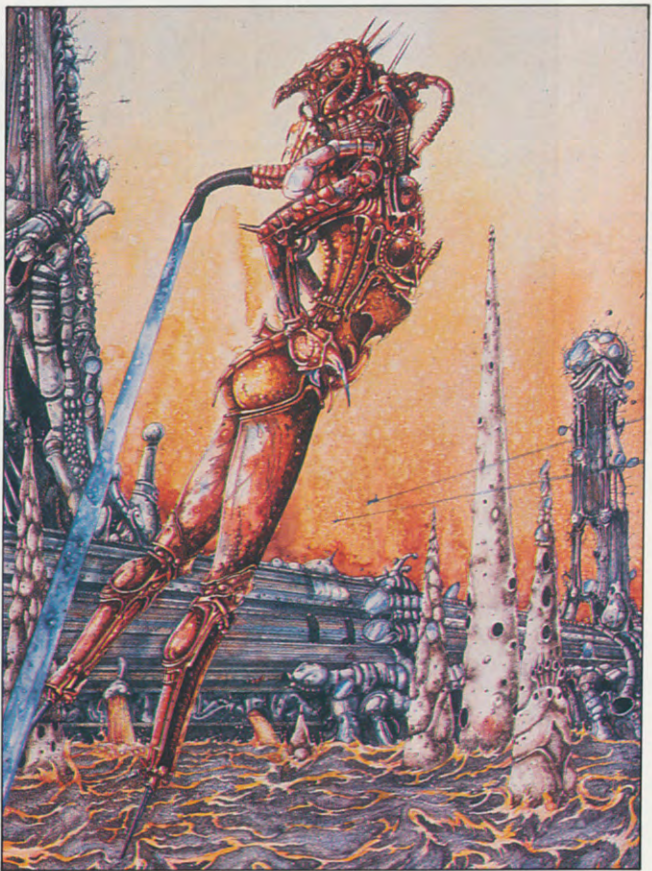
The Rescue



Sentinel I



Mermaid



Untitled



Untitled



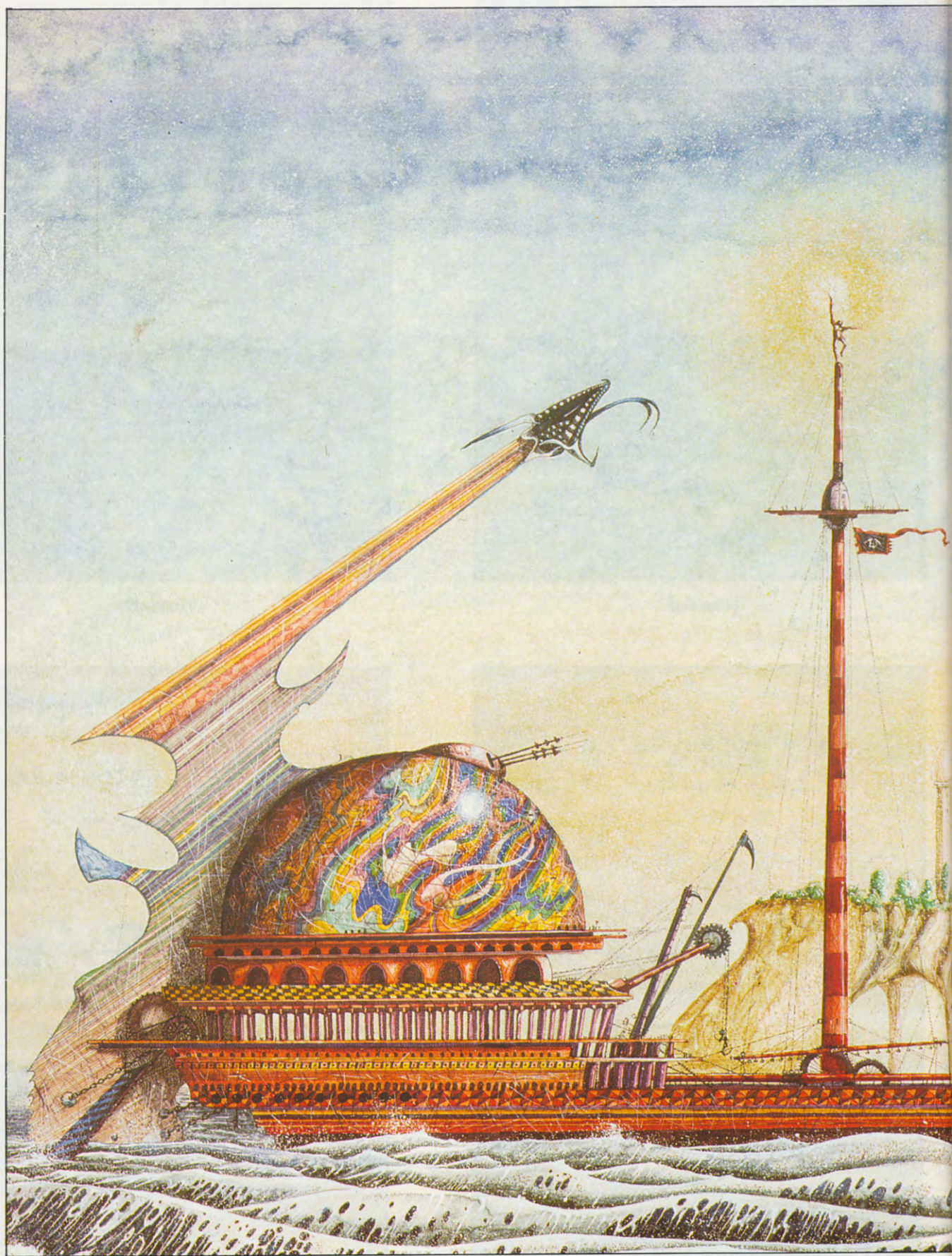
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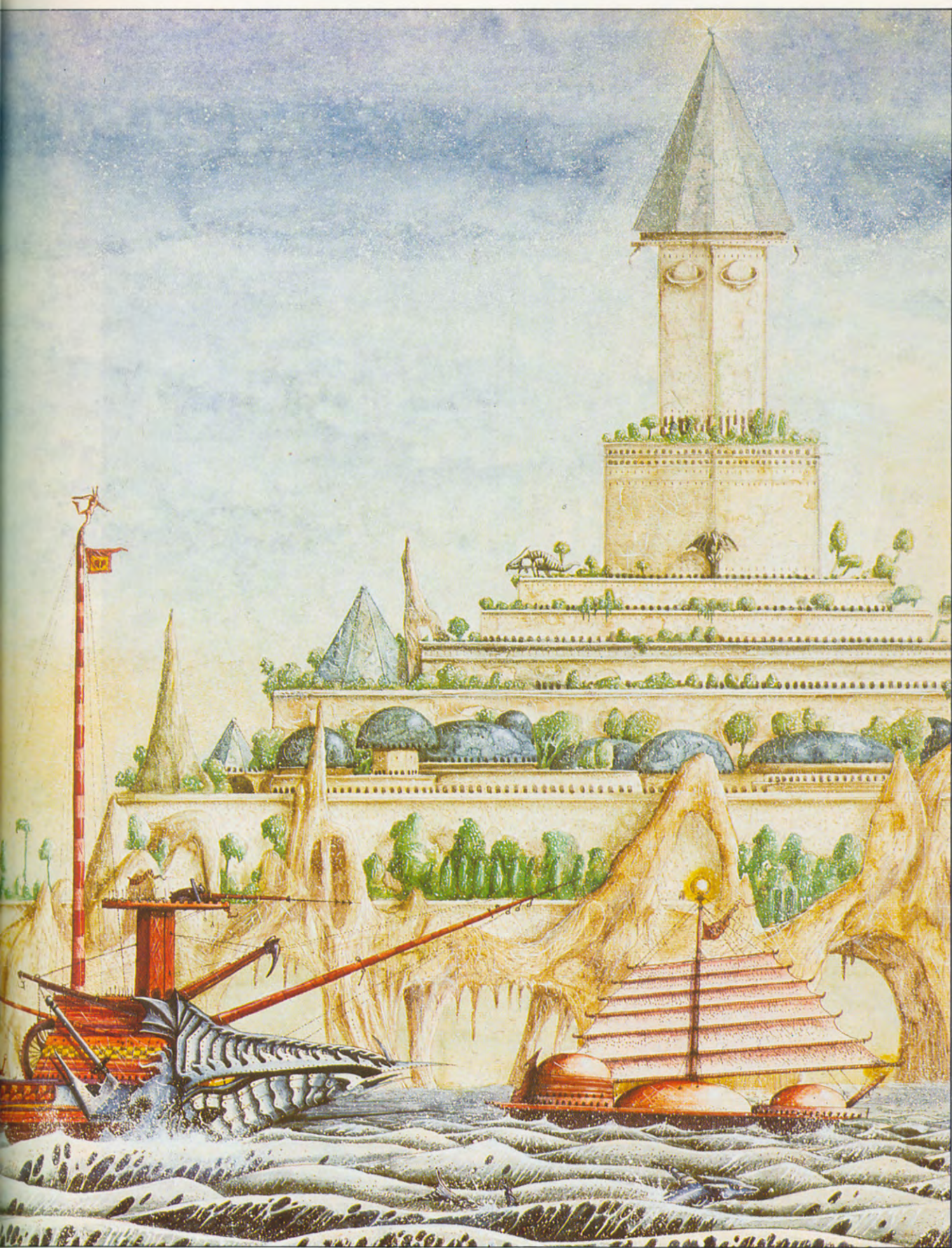


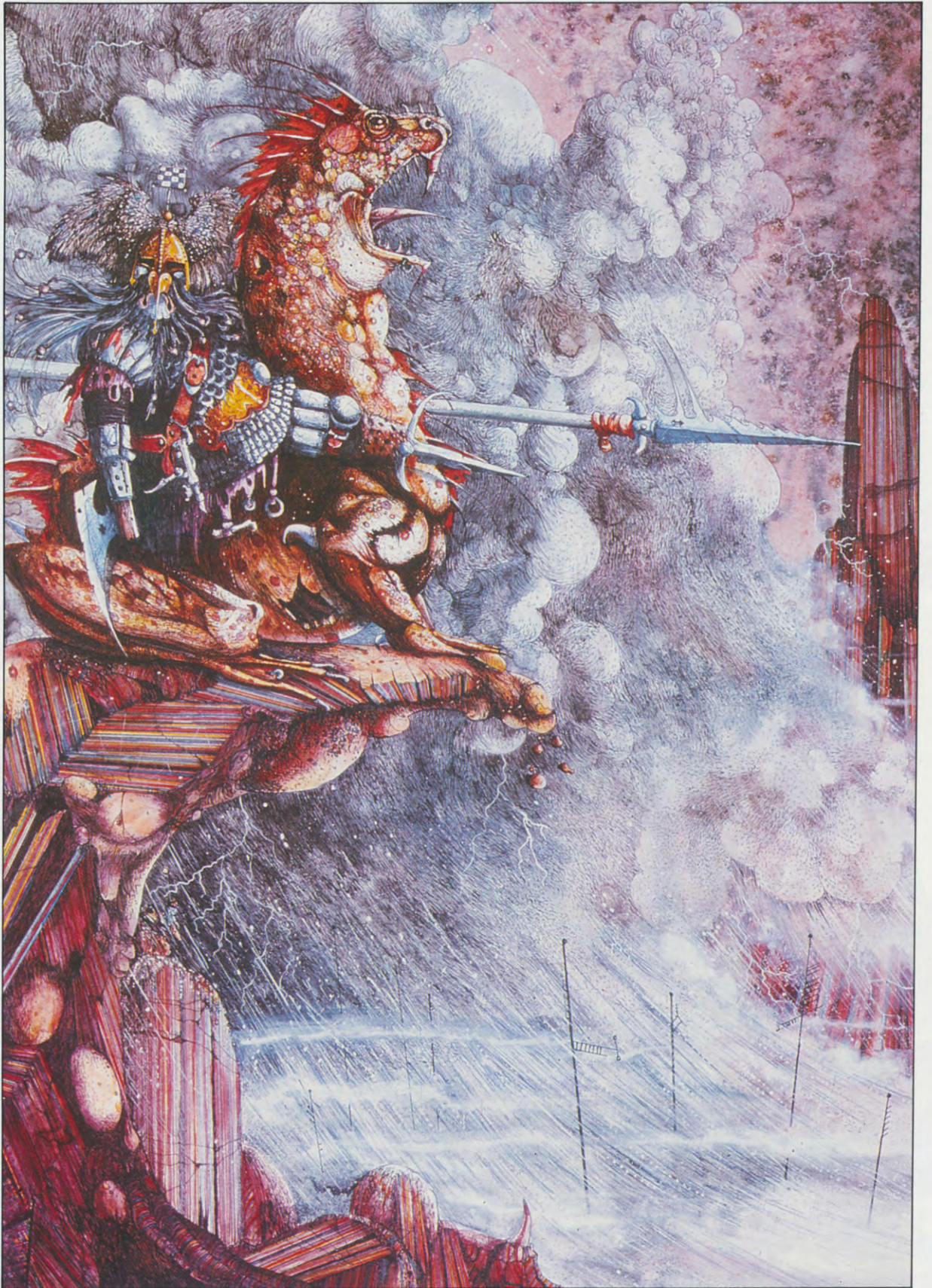
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War Boss



Running Man



Battle of Five Armies

From *A Tolkien Bestiary* by David Day
© Mitchell Beazley Publishers, London.



Troglodytes



Slann





Our brethren shall pour forth
from the forests to slay and burn,
chaos will cover the land and we,
the chosen servants, shall be
exulted in his eyes.



Donner und Blitzen





Credo in Un Dio Crudel



"Knowest thou the Truth spake herein - for as much as Manne feels himself Master of All Things, he is but a worm, crawling on his belly amidst the dung. And to raise himself from his lowly position in the Great Scheme, Manne shall crave Power, and then shall he lead, for the vast horde of his fellows are as the sheep of the hills, to be led by the strongest and the quickest. And for the gifts of strength and speed he may in his folly turn to thrice-damned Chaos, for it is the way of those with no thought to want Power thus. Yet the gifts of foul and accursed Chaos are not such, though at first they seem, but confusion and uncertainty, disorder and distrust. And thus, through foul whispers and seductions, Manne is led to his Doom."

"Der Mysteriis Verboten"



Nuln



Good King Otto



Winter Galley



Troubadours

The party floated along on the wind corridor's swift current through a burning ruby sky. The jester weighed the wit he'd brought for the trip as he sat listening to the ceaseless weeping of squit bugs in the huggrass. He cringed as the mute minstrel broke wind again.

"You'll send us off course with your unwarranted emissions, Plankspanker," said Jagglespur.

Newmoon smiled but that was because his mouth was fixed that way. "He wants to shorten our journey, Jagglespur. Give him credit for his effort."

"Be silent, all of you," Jadeblade commanded. "We have nearly reached our destination. You should be saving your energy - for more important matters." Her stare settled briefly on Plankspanker, who was flushing now.

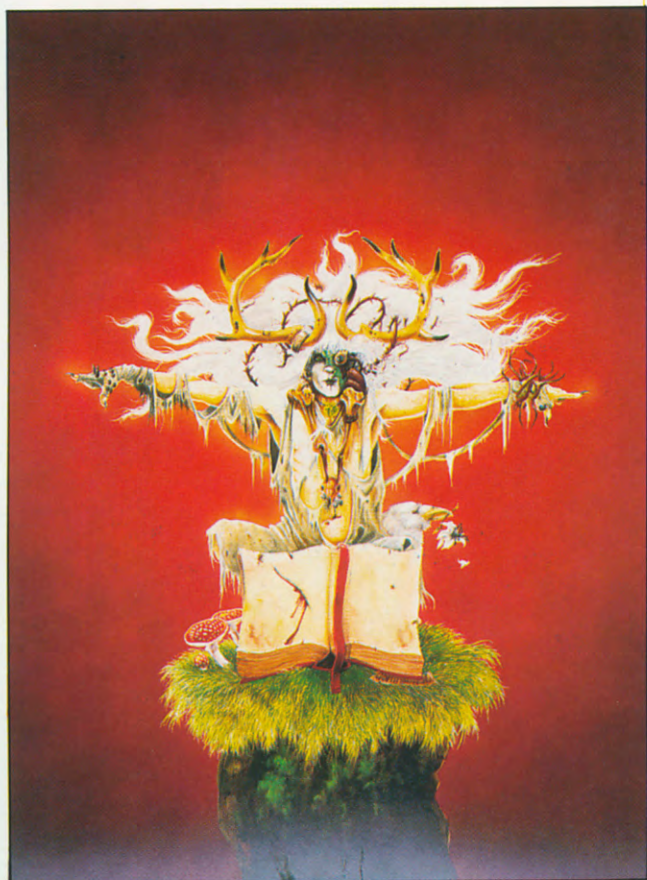
Newmoon slapped his knee and looked over his shoulder at this misplaced adventuress. "Jadeblade, I remember you saying that thirteen years ago!"

The Witchgirl rested one arm against the bow of the dead tree that accompanied them on their sabbatical. The breeze caught her hair whispering to itself. "We have left time behind us, Newmoon."

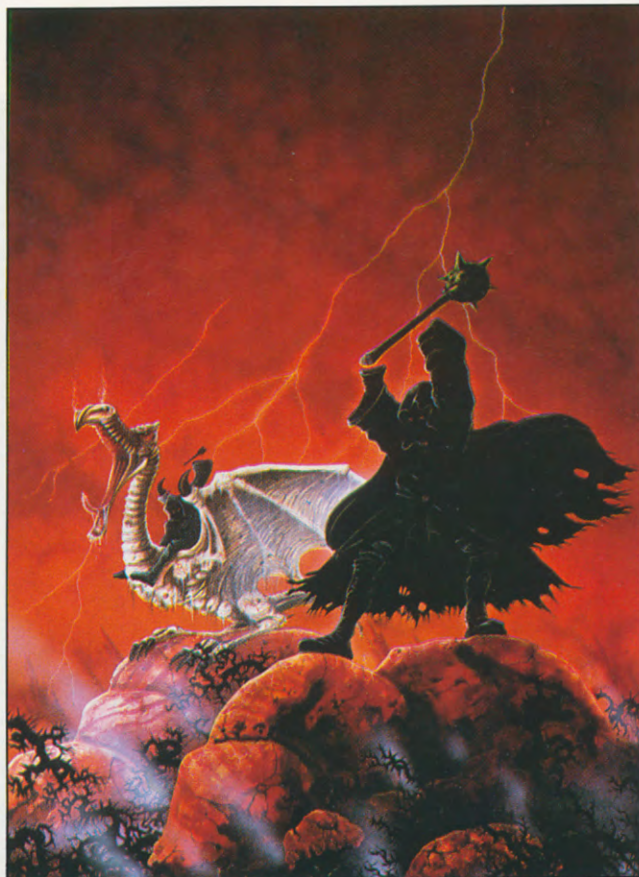
Jagglespur twiddled his thumbs and listened to the sad songs of the squit bugs and thought about the day when he would turn every one of them into diamonds.



Amazonia Gothique



Hornéd is the Hunter



Riders on the Storm



The Eternal Champion



Chaos Marauders



Reiklanders



Pagan Angel



Amazon



Magma Daemons



Dart of Harkness



Terror of the Lichemaster



Dwarf Lords of Chaos



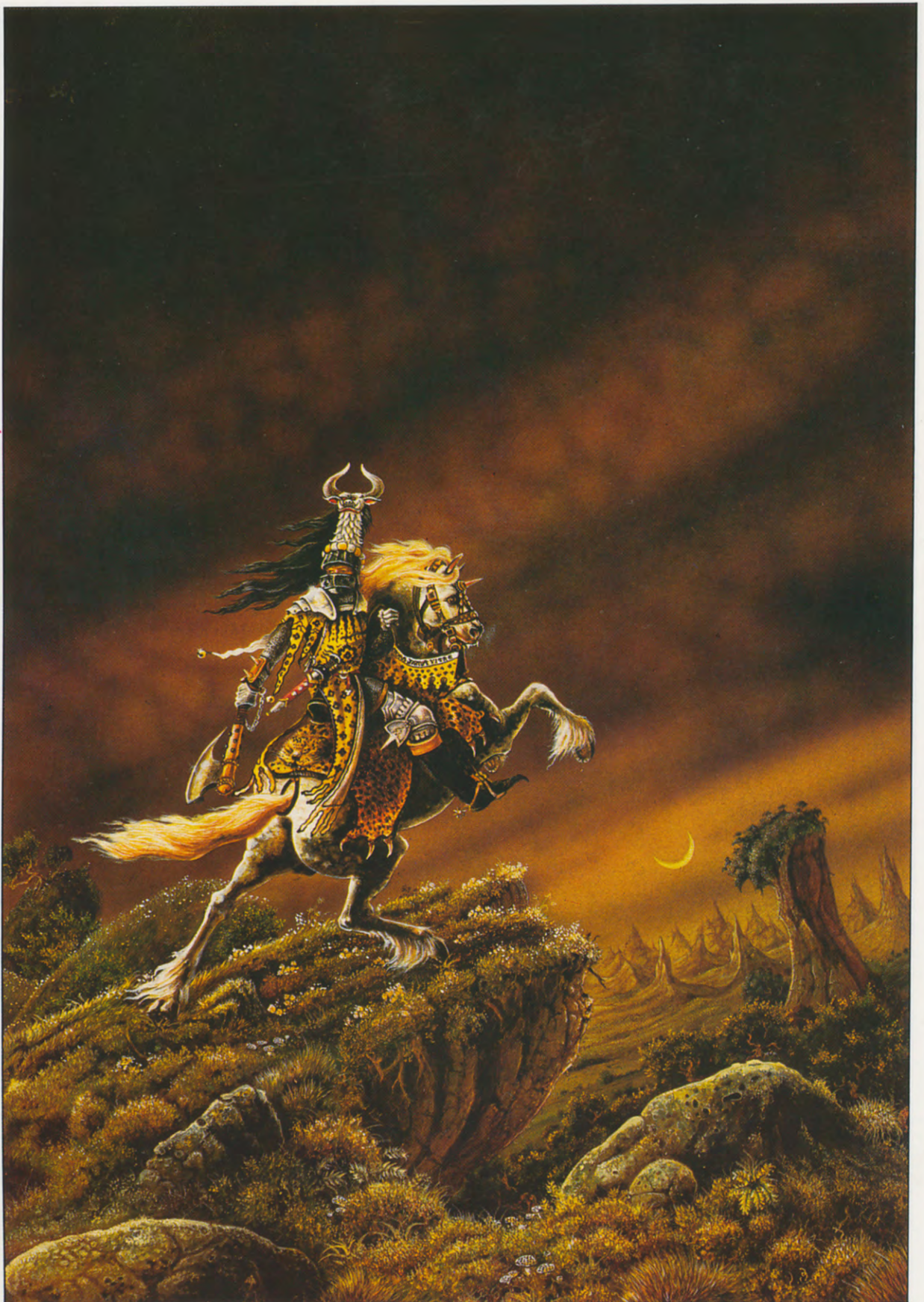
The Awakening



McDeath



Skeleton Horde



Knight Panther



Mona and the Moonman



Ogre's Tower



'Lux Mundi'







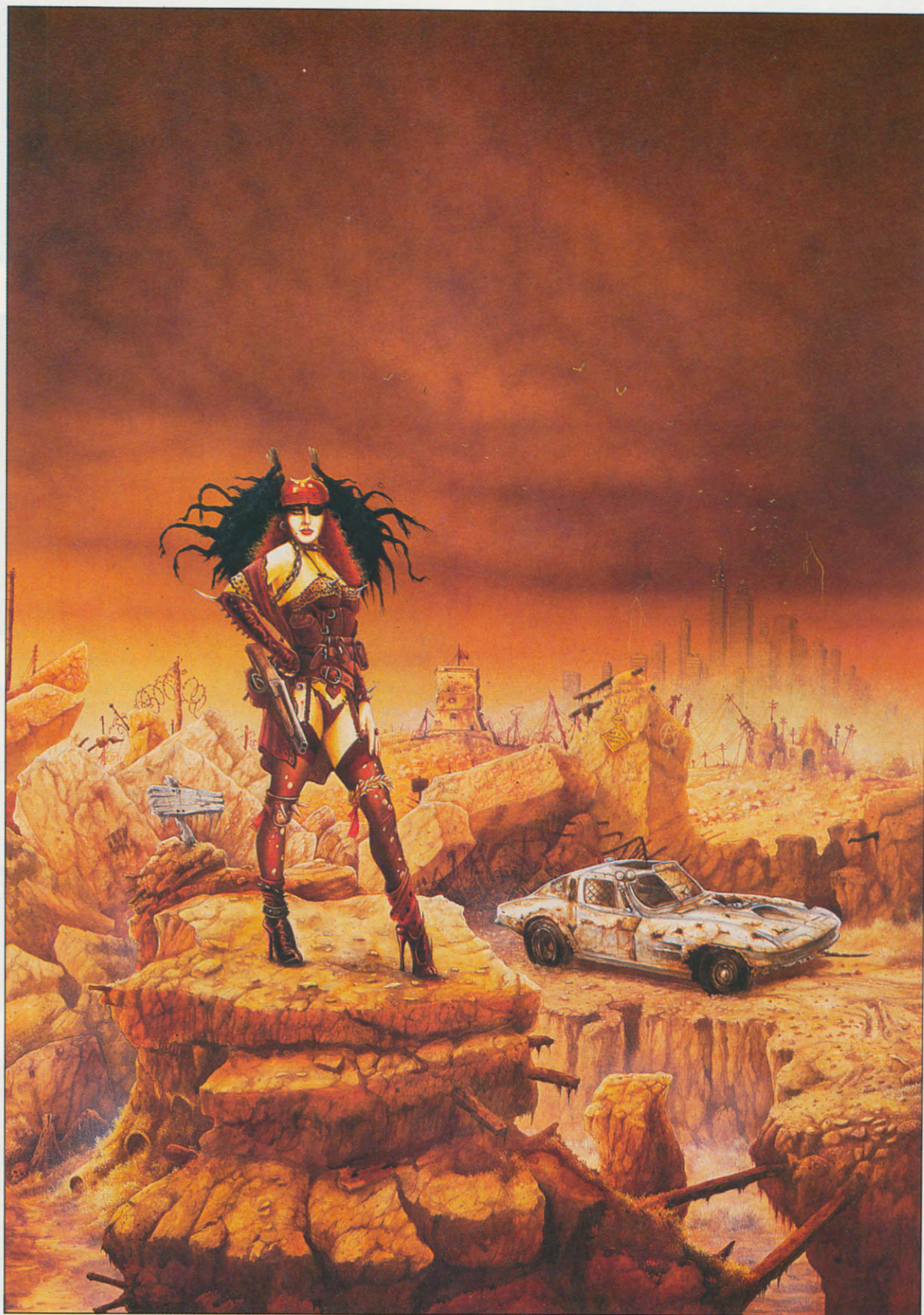
Coke Runner

Kelly upped the magnification of her expensive new eyes. The image of the approaching rider enlarged. She paid attention to the detail. Detail was important here in Deadland. It marked the boundary between survival and extinction, predator and prey, victor and victim. Kelly didn't intend to be a victim anymore.

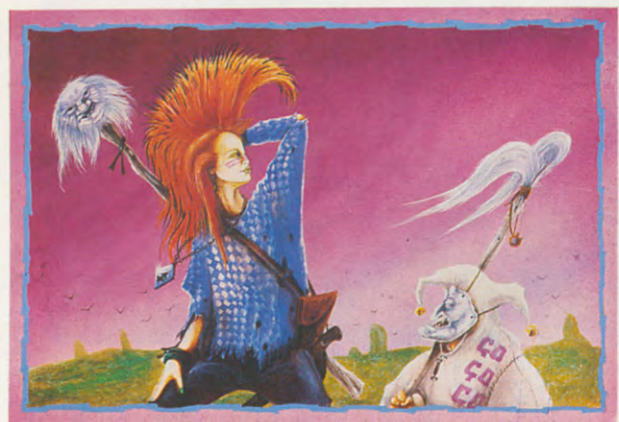
Tiny details made a difference. Was the guy on the bike a Coke Runner or a Horseman of Apocalyptica, a crim-zoner or a shocktrooper? Was his standard real or fake? Some spooks out here impersonated motorpsychos the way mockflies took on the warning colours of predatory insects. Kelly sought clues while the meatware in her skull calculated his approach vector, his armament, his chance of survival.

She cursed herself for not buying the pattern-recognition cortex that would have matched his appearance to the info in her Fedlaw-approved Identikit database. At the time the sawn-off had seemed like a better investment. She checked its action and grinned as the green ready lights winked on.

Jackpot, she thought, spotting the red Coke logo on his right shoulder. He was the target all right. Now came the hard part, bringing him in. Well hard or not, she decided, it was time. The man in the sharkskin suit had paid her to do a job. That was what she intended to do.



Sentinel II





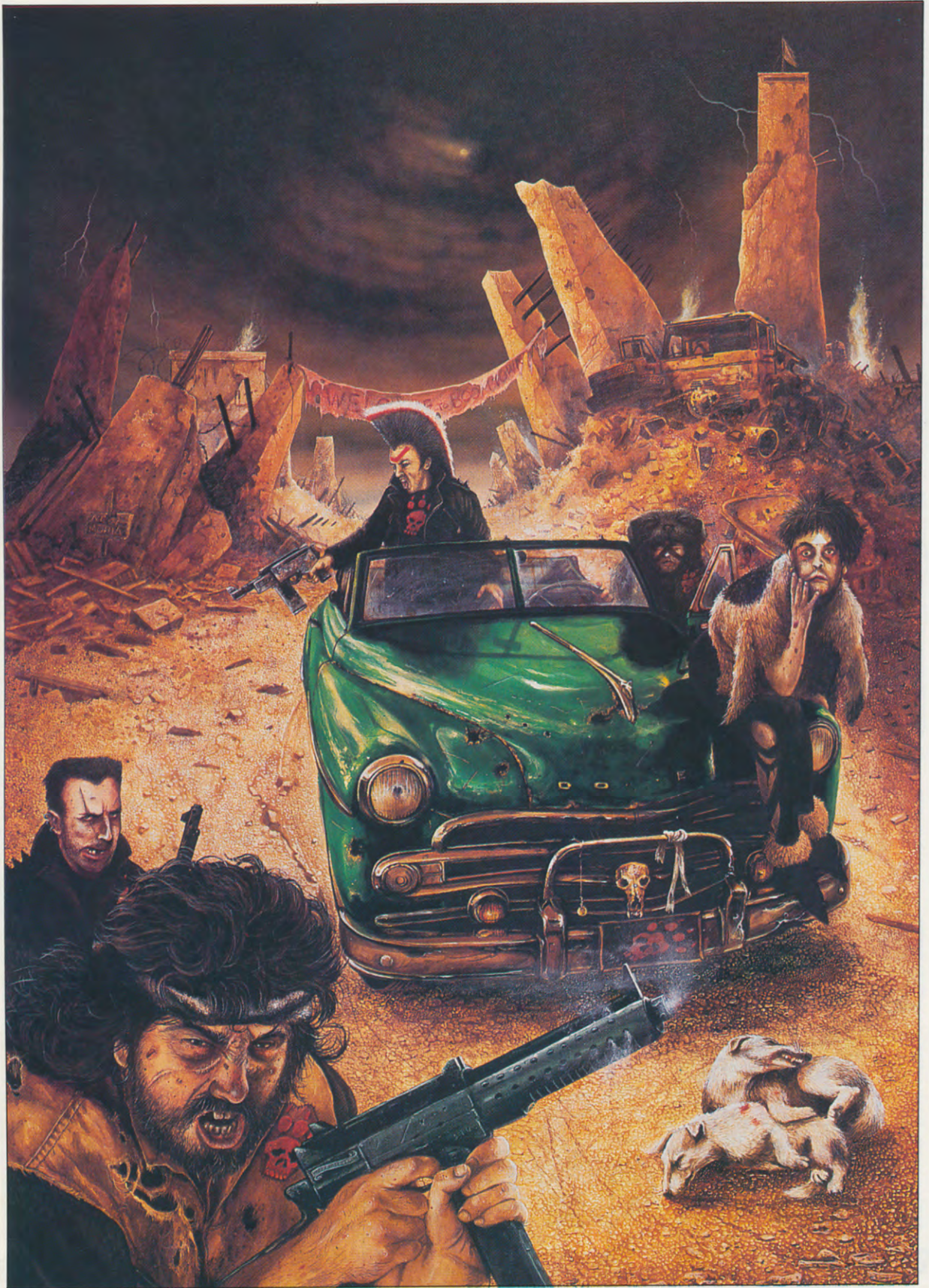
Lay Down All Hope



Across the Styx



Edge of the Abyss



Dogsoldiers



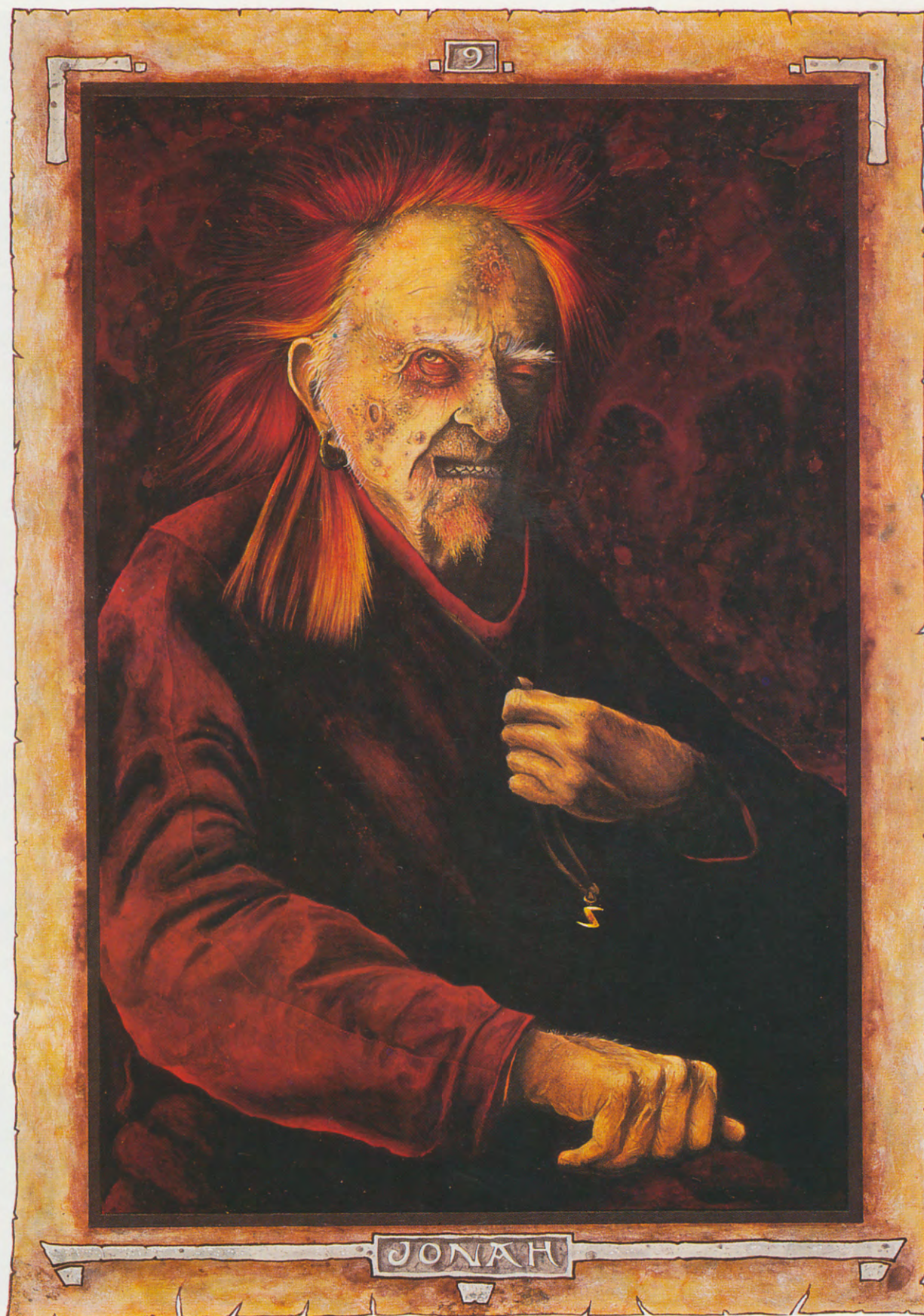
Confrontation 40K



Adeptus Mechanicus

“And so the Emperor decreed that the armies of Humanity should defend his worlds from the encroaching darkness of eternal space, and though assailed by enemies and fell creatures of the Warp, their hearts were pure, and their arms guided by the burning light of the Emperor’s truth. And though worlds fell they were taken also, and even in this night, amidst the struggles of the worlds did Humanity rejoice in the manifold blessings of the Emperor. And thus His servants, the Masters of the Adeptus Mechanicus, themselves more machine than man, did strive to provide mighty engines of war to strike at the hearts of the enemy, and shatter their planets beneath them. And yet the souls of men were sometimes overcome by fear, assailed by the overwhelming task of the defence of Humanity, leaving whimpering turncoats where once proud warriors had stood. For these weaknesses did the Master of the Inquisition seek, and his eye was no less bright than that of the Emperor, and no less feared.”

Liberum Galactus Humanitas Vol. XXXVII



Look to your battle-gear and it
will protect you

We guard it with our lives

Your armour is your Soul, and
your Soul's dedication is its
armour

*The soul of a warrior is the
shield of humanity*

Honour the craft of death

*Only the Emperor is higher in
our devotion*

Honour the battle-gear of the
Dead

We ask only to serve

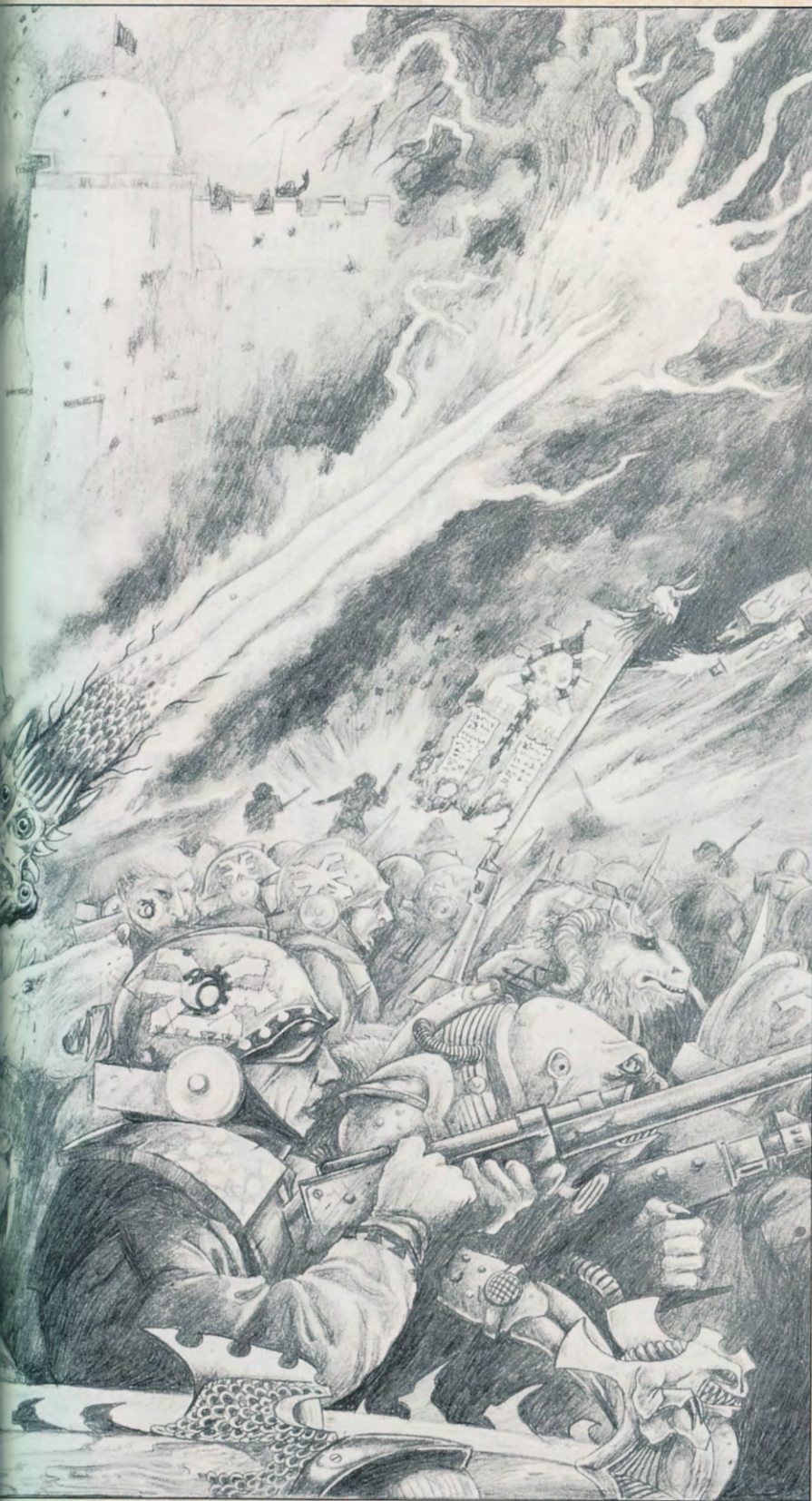
Part of the Warrior's Catechism of
Worship





Terminator Space Marines





The Blood and Loyalty of those
who follow Us

Skulls for the Skull Lord

The Souls of those who stand
against Us

Blood for the Blood God

The Shades of our Brothers who
fall beside Us

Skulls for the Skull Lord

The Lives of Our Children who
come after Us

Blood for the Blood God

All these we pledge to Khorne,
Our Lord

Genestealer Cult Prayer to Khorne

We Are Legion



The Kindred







To the hesitating purchaser

If sailor tales to sailor tunes,
Storm and adventure, heat and cold,
If schooners, islands, and maroons
And Buccaneers and buried Gold,
And all the old romance, retold
Exactly in the ancient way,
Can please, as me they pleased of old,
The wider youngsters of today:

-So be it, and fall on! If not,
If studious youth no longer crave,
His ancient appetites forgot,
Kingston or Ballantyne the brave,
Or Cooper of the wood and wave:
So be it, also! And may I
And all my pirates share the grave
Where these and their creations lie!

Treasure Island
Robert Louis Stevenson



IAN MILLER

"My images are the stuff of dreams
and apparitions, the tremors that
touch the skirt of day. Unspoken
thoughts, stored memories, drawn up
to be aired and then twisted by fancy."



Wolves wait for us

"My images are the stuff of dreams and apparitions, the tremors that touch the skirt of day. Unspoken thoughts, stored memories, drawn up to be aired and then twisted by fancy."

In my mother's opinion Art was something to be applauded and enthused over and because of this, I believe she earmarked me for an artistic career from the very outset and cleared the path accordingly. When I said I wanted to be a soldier like my brother, she raved about the ravages of war, declared that she had not borne children to supply the state with cannon fodder, and wrote off to Heath and Heather for a herbal remedy to calm me down. What I got was a noisy tin of skullcap pills which, between doses, I pretended were suicide pills, as carried by secret agents.

On my sixth birthday, I was given a set of twelve coloured pencils with a different colour at each end. The vivid quality of the colours was quite startling and even now, all these years, on I can still remember the excitement they aroused in me. With the twirl of the finger I launched into a series of drawings I now call my 'Ancient Egyptian Phase'. Hieroglyphic pillars, pyramids and Ancient Egyptians were all that mattered. Maybe it was the bright desert yellow that started it all, but in any event, sand and asps filled the pages of my drawing books until those twelve pencils were all used up.

I remember that dank, 'unclutchable' Thursday as much by association as anything else, because on that same day, Wink, my brother's crippled crow, savaged Joey, my clown hot water bottle and pecked out his eyes. In between the tears and wishing the foul bird dead, I put the sightless bottle in a biscuit tin along with the coloured pencil stumps and buried them in the garden. Sad though this incident was, I soon recovered and hit upon a wholly new interest. I started lighting fires behind the velvet drapes in the lounge. This was not an act of mindless vandalism you understand, but an attempt to re-enact the Teepee-style living of the American Plains Indians. Nobody ever discovered the fires, and from these smoky enactments sprang a life-long love of fire, the colour called flame red and my next drawing phase which was anything to do with Red Indians. When I discovered an apparent inability to draw horses that did not look like giant Alsatian dogs I foresook the Plains Indians for the foot-padding Hurons and the backwoods country of James Fenimore Cooper and his heroes Hawkeye and Chingachgook.

Poster paints were the thing here, and jolly good they were too, ten pots of assorted colours with my first real paintbrush. Up until then the only brushes I'd used were those mini-yard brushes they supplied at school to stir the

globby 'mix it if you can' powder paint. The poster paint and sable brush allowed me to paint with a degree of precision that, up until then, I'd never thought possible. So excited was I by this new found facility that I launched into an epic rendering of the massacre of General Braddock and his Redcoats by the Indians and their French paymasters in the woods. This proved a timely undertaking and signalled the end of my Indian Phase. After my problems with the horses, I determined that there would be no more setbacks. Thereafter, when confronted by a problem of draughtsmanship I could not solve I addressed the problem by sticking a tree in front of, or over, the offending form and have continued to do so in a manner of speaking ever since. Stubbs may have drawn great horses, but by God, I bet I'd pip him at the post when it comes to trees with Hurons behind them.

My interest in the story-telling process and the world of make-believe was greatly enhanced through my mother's involvement in the theatre and motion picture industry. I enjoyed a vivid and well-stocked childhood. Vivid because my mother took me to the cinema every Saturday afternoon and well-stocked because I owned a toy box, full to overflowing with theatrical props and clothing from an array of film and theatre productions, amongst them a Sioux war bonnet from the film 'Sitting Bull' and an assortment of headpieces from 'The Black Knight'. The magic of the silver screen was never farther than the end of my bed. This was a phantasmagorical time when the boundaries between fact and fiction were not in contention. Bizarre worlds could still be reached through the backs of wardrobes and dinosaurs lived on at the centre of the earth. It was an irrefutable fact that bubble gum was made from Everglades swamp water, and that I had seen a headless cow grazing in a field alongside the railway line somewhere between Rugby and Manchester. Hollywood seemed preoccupied with things medieval during the Fifties. Camelots, Norman bastions and crenellated piles of every configuration festooned the landscape. Although, by virtue of inside information, I knew that they were for the most part little more than structures of canvas and wood, paper cut-outs and paintings on glass, it did not matter one jot. I was always more than ready to fill them out with substance of my own, as indeed I still am today.

What is real? I remember someone, possibly the art historian Herbert Read, saying something to the effect that reality is not the four walls of the room we sit in, nor the view through the window, but rather a stability of mind. If there was more to this statement, if indeed it was ever uttered at all, then I have forgotten it and in the best tradition of the half-remembered I court confusion and move on.

Whoosh

As an alternative to lighting fires behind the curtains in the lounge, I took up the less hazardous occupation of 'picture-staring'. This entailed taking a photograph of your choice - my favourite was one of soldiers moving in skirmish order through a ruined village during the First War - and staring at it fixedly, without blinking, until the figures began to move in a slow dream-like motion along the road with the dust and smoke billowing lazily around them. It was my ambition to have all the figures walk out of the photograph but it never happened. Walk, though, they most certainly did. The buildings shimmered and moved with them so that the compositional elements remained constant and unchanged.

During this same period I was also plagued by a cannibal, who for reasons best known to himself, saw fit to appear at my bedroom window every night. Whether he had designs on upon my flesh I never found out but, in thinking back over this incident, I surmise that he was just lonely and searching for a friend. I first saw him in a furniture shop in Chiswick High Road where, so my mother told me, he had been installed as a promotional gimmick to sell bedroom suites. Given my diminutive size amongst the throng of Saturday afternoon shoppers I am still surprised that he noticed me, even more so that he discovered where I lived. Though my screams sent my parents out into the dark looking for this owl-eyed fellow, he was never found and, in time, he just went away and never came back.

At the age of nine I was enrolled at the Mortbane Academy for Boys in Invernessshire: a harsh granite edifice situated on the shores of a little known, black-water loch. Every Wednesday, come rain or shine, we would sally forth from its cheerless halls on painting expeditions, under the jaundiced tutelage of Mr. Beck the art master, referred to affectionately by his charges as 'Old Dribble'. He was a spare-framed man, with a livid pallor, spiky grey hair and the blushed nose of an inveterate drinker. Encumbered with easels, canvas stools and all the other paraphernalia of picture-making, we would march through bog and fern, uphill and down in search of 'uplifting views'. These invariably took the form of a wave-lashed promontory or wind-swept crag. Try as we might to paint these scenes, the elements always conspired against us. Where the wind failed to rip our paper from our boards and carry it heavenwards, the rain would oblige by soaking it until it sagged and slipped gobbet-like into our laps, leaving a mucus-trail of colour on our wet drawing boards. Mr. Beck was, however, unperturbed by these losses, proffering the

theory that 'what really matters at this point, is the act of confrontation. Being an artist comes later. First you must learn to see and to understand what's there in front of you.' On one memorable occasion I actually finished a picture, which I considered to be a very passable study of trees running down to a small tarn. When I showed it to Dribble he told me it was 'bereft of all feeling', and that I should look a little harder next time. I don't think anyone ever made the grade with Mr. Beck, but we all tried and in doing so became very keen observers of the world around us. Six years on, aged fourteen, I departed that grey-green world without remorse and returned to Manchester where my family had settled after leaving London.

In 1963 I went to St. Martin's School of Art, London, and for the next seven years did all those things Art Students do and don't do. Towards the end of this period I began working on a series of drawings based upon an artificial world and during the latter part of the seventies this coalesced in the shape of the 'Hollywood Gothic' project, of which there are some examples in this book. The idea was further fuelled by a particular experience during my stay in California when I stumbled upon an artificial hill on the outskirts of San Francisco. At first sight this shrub- and grass-covered elevation looked perfectly natural. It was only as I moved around its base that the truth revealed itself: a section of the hillside on the east-facing slope had collapsed to reveal a huge cavernous hollow within, supported on a forest of scaffolding. It occurred to me then, in a whimsical frame of mind, that perhaps the whole of California was just the same: nothing more than a huge undulating lump of papiermâché supported on pig-iron poles. Rust, falling facades, tottering buttresses, and an overriding sense of impermanence, these are the things which fascinate me most.

It was whilst my wife and I were wandering penniless around San Francisco, that the film director, Ralph Bakshi, tracked me down and offered me a job working on his film 'Wizards' in Los Angeles. After our frugal time in the old Gaylord Hotel near Union Square, where the lift threatened to die every day and the event of the week was the free doughnuts and coffee on Sunday mornings, West Hollywood was something else. Although the scenery was not so good, the material gains were quite dramatic. We suddenly had a swimming pool to jump into right outside our door, a colour television and ice machine in our room and money to spend. It was a time of violent contrasts. One minute the world hardly moved, the next moment it was spinning fit to burst.

A few days before the fateful phone call that took us to Los Angeles, I had been sitting in Grace Cathedral listening to a free organ recital, looking at the wall paintings depicting the Founding Fathers and wondering what the hell happened next. 'O Happy Days'.

As part of Bakshi's highly motivated team I saw my work enhanced and animated in ways I would never have imagined possible. It was in every way an enlightening and dynamic experience, and given my love of film, a little like coming home. Twelve years on I now find myself involved with another highly-charged team in the guise of Games Workshop and in the same way look forward to an equally, if not more, creative interaction.

My early exposure to the cinematic medium had a pronounced effect on the way I perceive and construct my imagery. I see it terms of still frames from a film, which, whilst they exist as complete images in their own right, nevertheless point insistently towards wider and more revealing terms of reference. Everything I draw is part of an episodic sequence. Being of an essentially simple disposition, I have always endeavoured to present my images in the clearest and most direct terms as possible. Although the intense surface detail might outwardly seem to contradict and belie this fact, the underlying structure of my pictures is always, by necessity, immediate and straightforward in its conception and execution.

Although short-sightedness must have influenced my close-worked pen style I think it is also true to say that this obsessional regard for surface details is very much in keeping with the Northern European Art traditions. If you don't believe me ask the first purblind Saxon that you encounter. Whilst the artists of the Italian Renaissance occupied themselves with classical proportions, heavenly vistas and violent sweeps of colour, the artists of Northern Europe took perhaps a more parochial path. Here the emphasis revolved more around temporal scenes and a concern for mood and things observed close in. Compare a painting by Raphael or Titian with those of Van Eyck or Peter Brueghel and you will see what I mean. That said, this aforementioned Tradition is concerned with much more than just painted images. It is also to do with the collective mind and racial memories, which touch at the roots of each successive generation. I believe that each of us, some more than others, draw from this resource on a day to day basis. I choose to interpret it as a force of extremes: on the one hand tottering maniacally on the edge of the abyss, whilst on the other cavorting this way and that in the gossamer

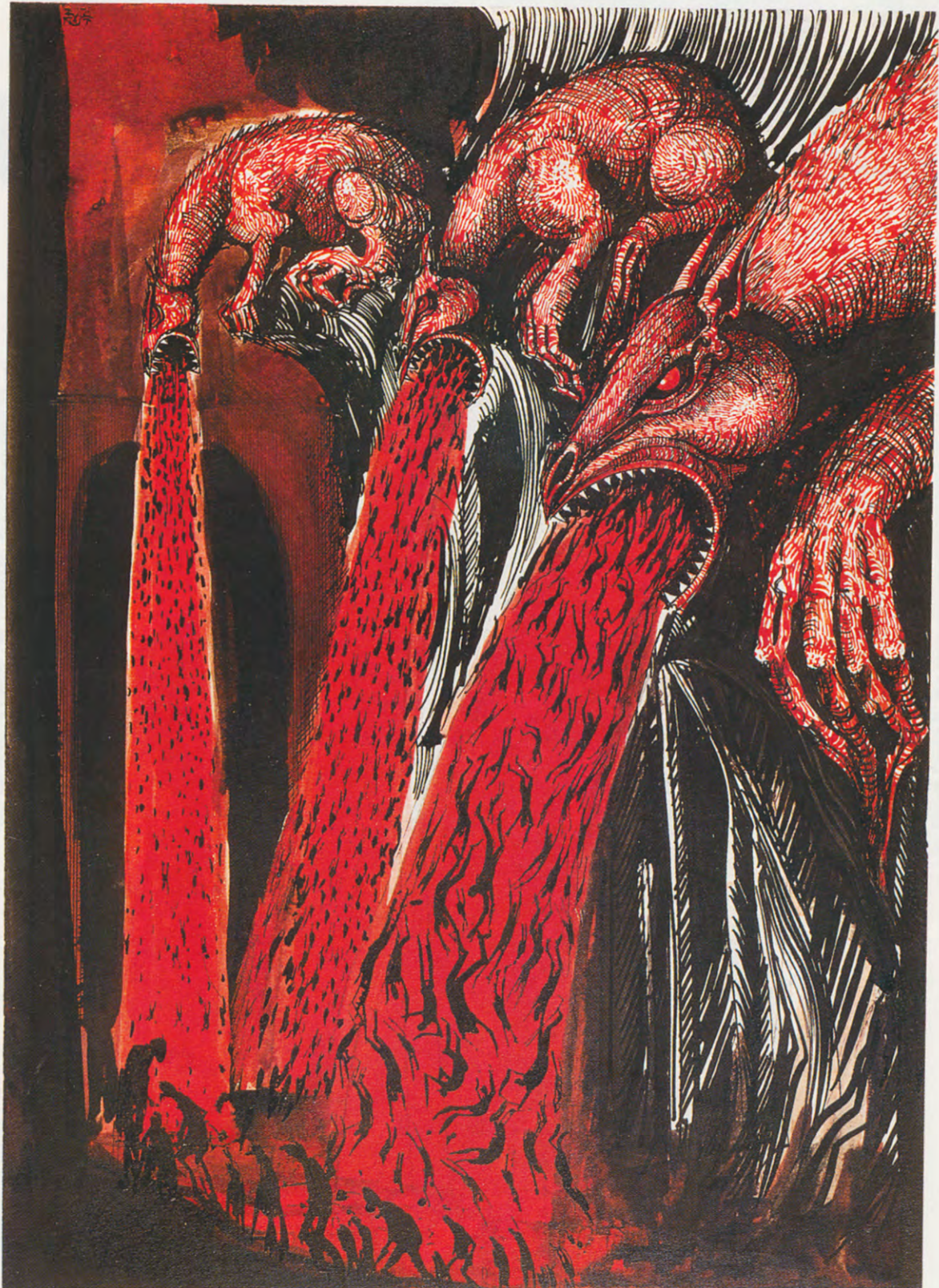
glare of pure fancy.

People often ask me who my favourite artists are and about those people who have influenced me the most. Well, if you want some big names I would cite Durer and Da Vinci as salient figures in my development, but that said, include the German Expressionist Movement, the French Impressionist and a host of others too numerous to mention. In truth, inspiration is just about everywhere you choose to look. It's all mixed up in non-artistic things in day-to-day interactions and boring interludes. It's a huge mess of pottage spiked with grit, but if you're persistent you'll always find the meat.

The paintings and drawings in Ratspike are for the most part a mix of commercial and personal images with a bias towards the latter. They are executed in what I choose to term my *Tight Pen Style*. In some instances however, this appellation may seem inappropriate, given the obvious lack of pen lines, but I persist in its use to separate the more formal images from the experimental work, which for the sake of theatre, I will call the *Asylum Images*. Whereas John has chosen to present his pictures sequentially and chronologically, I have determined upon a form of presentation which relies more on an emotive response to the nature and order of the imagery. The juxtaposition of differing styles has, I hope, created a provocative interaction that excites the eye, stimulates comment and gives the viewer a meaningful insight into my methods of working. Whilst the formal images pant for air, the free forms shout and run free.

The images I've chosen, are in the main a combination of watercolour, ink and pencil, rendered on a line board base. Watercolour has always been a strong favourite with me. It is clean and versatile and offers an immense range of expression, through free vibrant washes to the most delicate of brush work. Without a doubt it is quite magical. It is probably true to say however, that my long time love affair with the Rapidograph has made inks the most used of the three mediums. Though by no means as subtle as watercolour, inks are nevertheless still an extremely versatile and exciting proposition, especially with the new and improved variants that seem to hit the market most every day now. Of late I have reverted to the use of the dip-pen and find the flex of the different nibs after the rigid monoline of the technical pen extremely refreshing and advantageous. I am also experimenting with charcoal, concrete, string, oil, pastel and anything else I can get my hands on, and in closing I thoroughly recommend you to do the same.

for us



The Vomit Hounds

+

Tick Tock Tick Tock



Spring's Bane

+

Turning

With the death of Kaspar 'the Unwelded' last of the Gottencogs,



the Empire known by that name succumbed to the wiles of evil men.

Bill Spring

+



Grinding

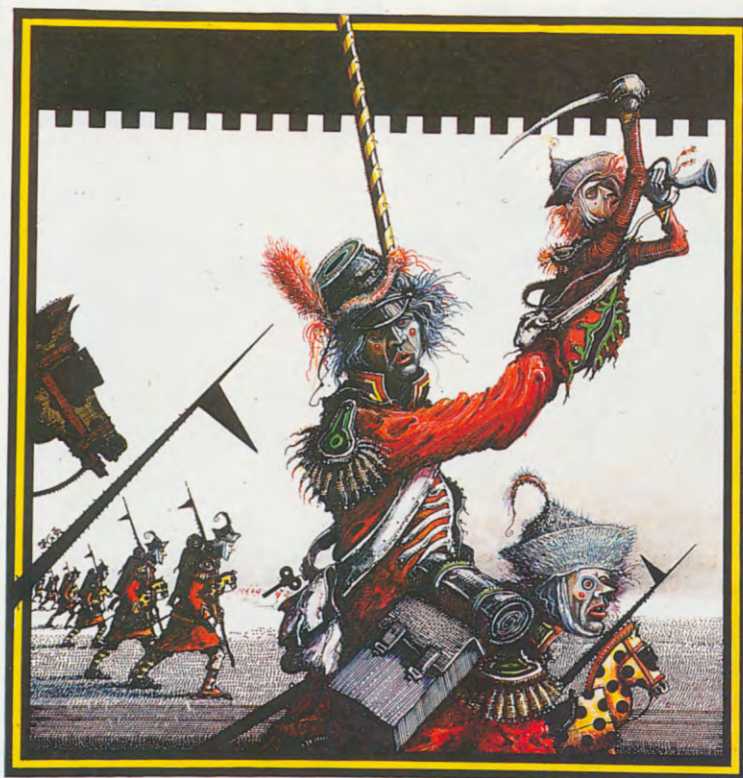
falling



Screaming



Sanctuary



Debacle



It was a clockwork world
a place of whirring mechanisms
and turning keys,
of well-oiled cogs
and flexing springs:
a place in which
few thought beyond
the next squirt of oil.
And those that did
met secretly
in dark places
lest they die in the Waste...

Turning



Cog Tree



CHAPTER ONE: The Fall

From a vantage point, high up on the battlements of the captured citadel, Bill Spring, his lips touched by a rare smile, surveyed his newly conquered domain. At his side, and prominent amongst the dark retinue that surrounded him, was the treacherous Captain Scut, whose dastardly connivance had been instrumental in the downfall and uncontested seizure of the Cog Fortress.

Whilst Spring's gaze traced the distant boundaries of the walled forest, Scut stared fixedly into the courtyard below, at the heaped and ravaged remains of his erstwhile comrades in arms. Cannibalised by the voracious creatures built by Spring, only the death grimace on their decapitated heads remained unmarred. He chuckled with delight at this frightful scene, having savoured such a savage revenge upon the Gottencogs for many years.

from 'The Revenge of the Tin Soldier' by Ian Miller © 1987



Captain Scut



Death in the Rocking Horse Factory



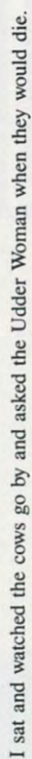
The Reaper



The Nursery



The Beach



She smiled at me and said "Soon enough Barnabus, even for you."

Udder Woman, Killer of Cows



Black Angel Grinder



Wasp Eye

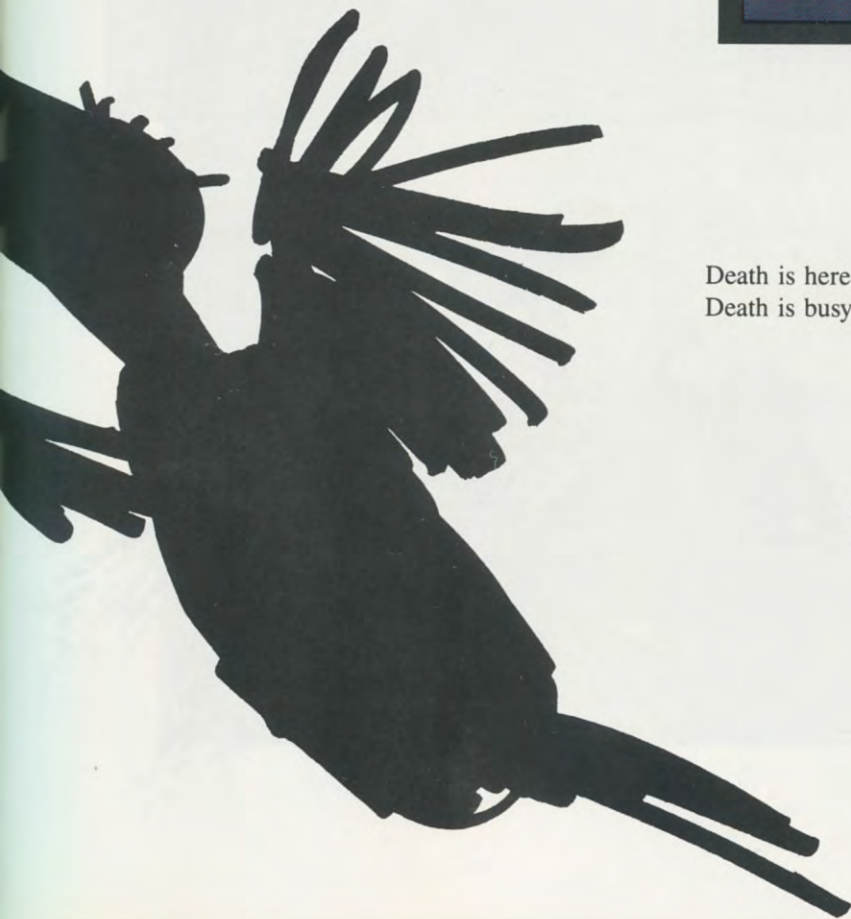
Wasp eyes,
Cow pies,
Feathers, pitch and pine.



The Paradise Fence

Death is here and death is there,
Death is busy everywhere.

Shelley





Cherry Ripe,
Cherry Ripe,
ripe I cry,
Full and fair ones,
come and buy

If so be you ask me where
They do grow I answer there
Where my Julia's lips do smile
There's the land or Cherry Isle
There plantations fully show
All the year where
Cherries grow

Cherry Ripe,
Cherry Ripe,
ripe I cry,
Full and fair ones,
come and buy.



Maypole



+

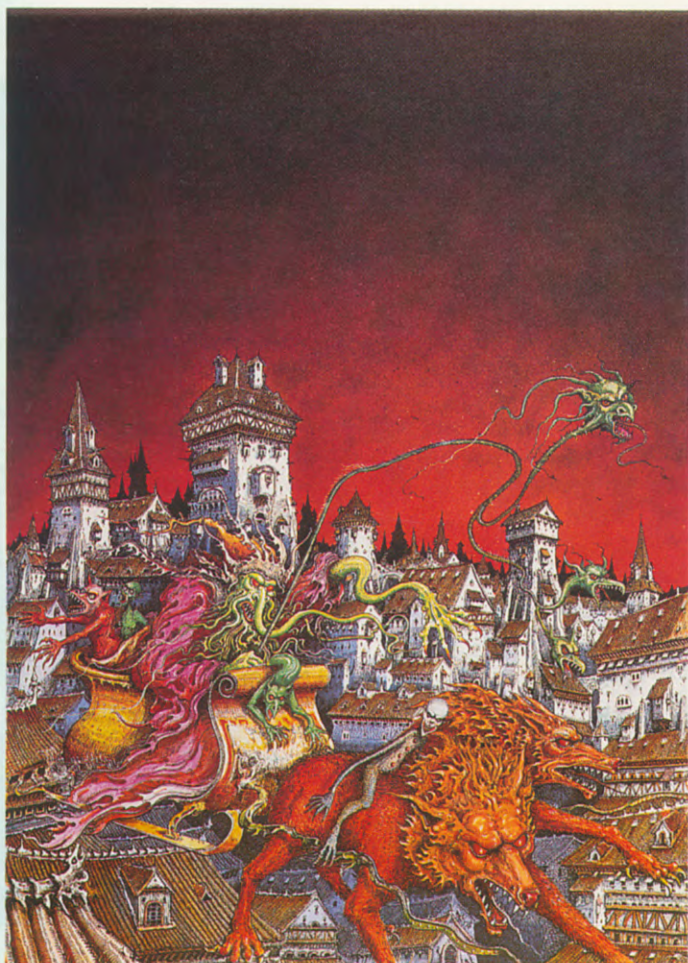


Angel Butcher



Terror of the Lichemaster





Santa Chaos



Demon Head



Sucke Woman



From a hill like a skull
 that has gorged with its face.
 From a hill that has gorged
 its blood on the plain

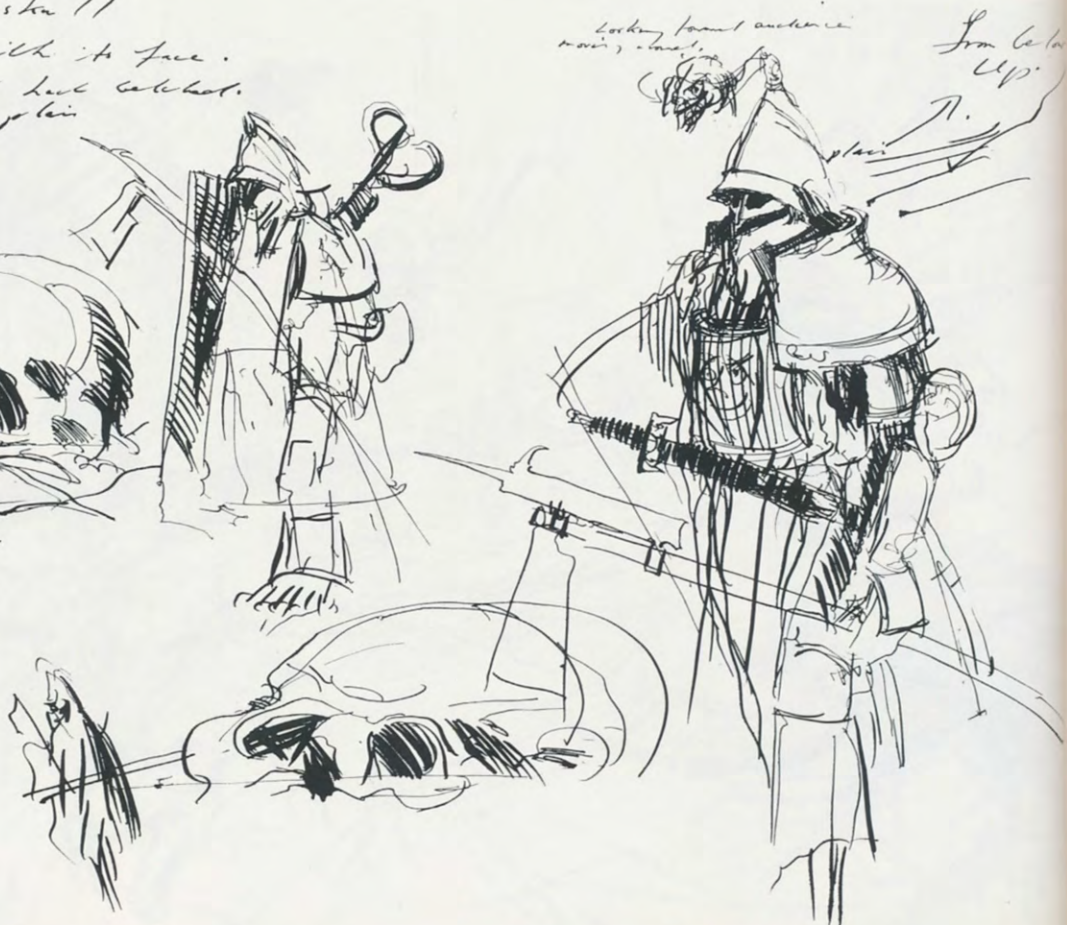


consuming a la
 plain rest goes
 from skull hill

rect, do tail

Sketch, sheet 1)
 second frame.
 'Sucke woman'

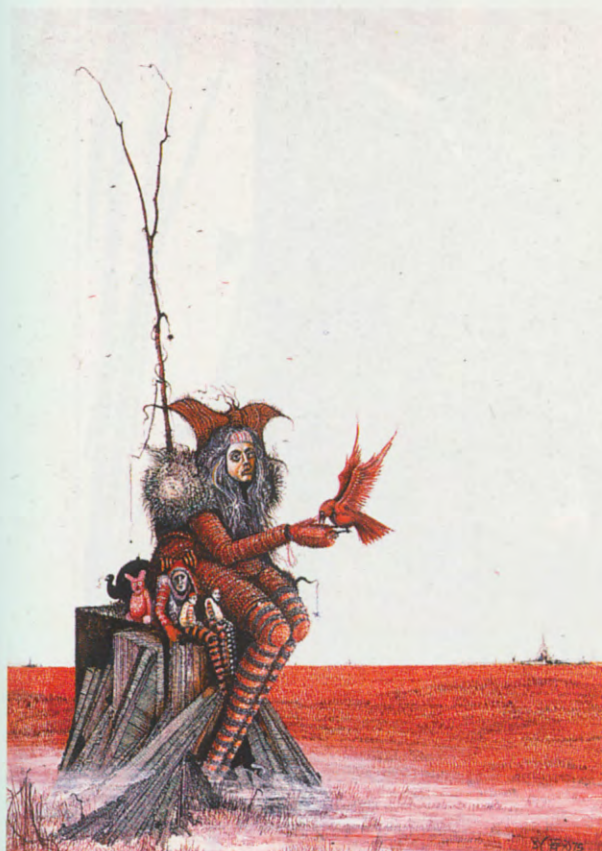
A/S (7/11/75)



looking toward audience
 moving, standing

from the low
 up

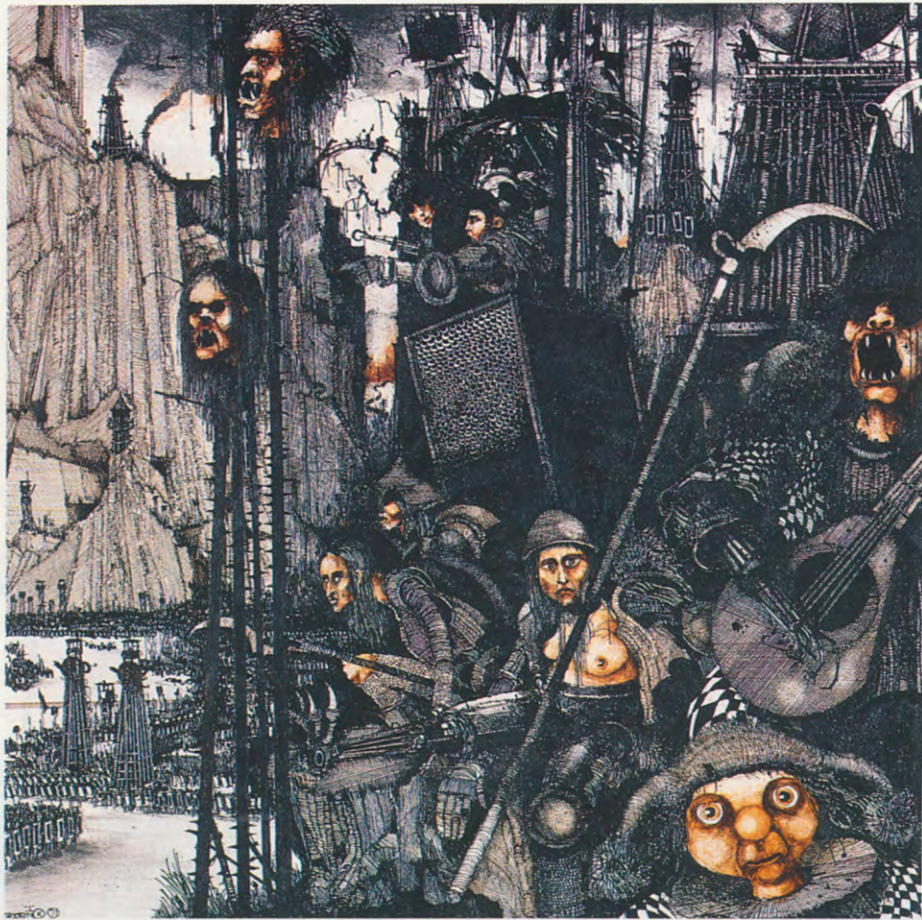
plain



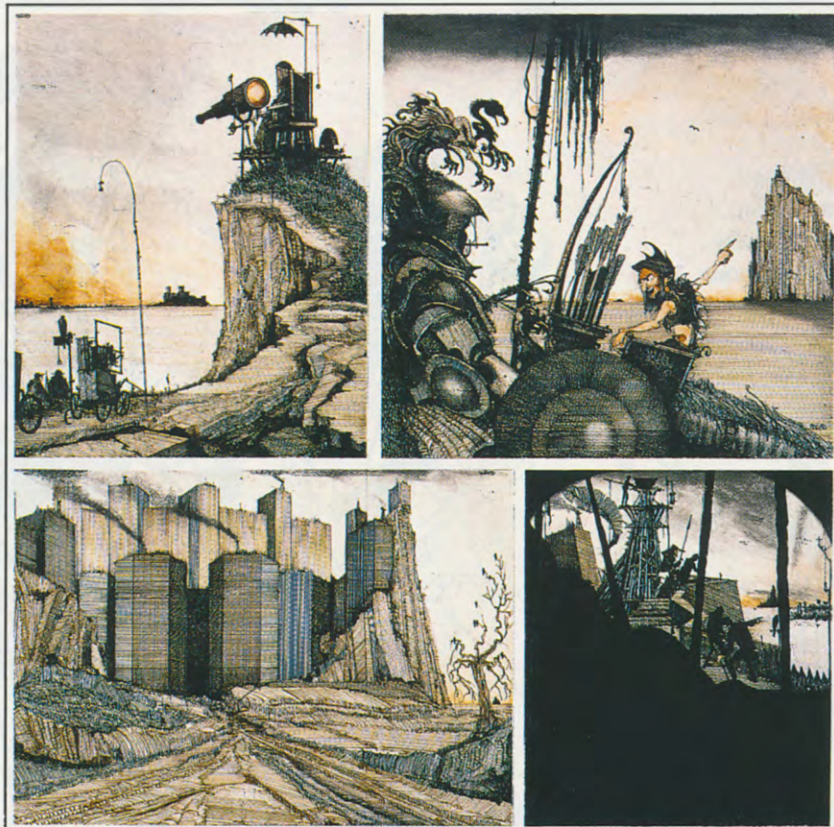
Playful she turn'd that he might see
The passing smile her cheek put on;
But when she mark'd how mournfully
His eyes met hers, that smile was gone.

Lalla Rookh

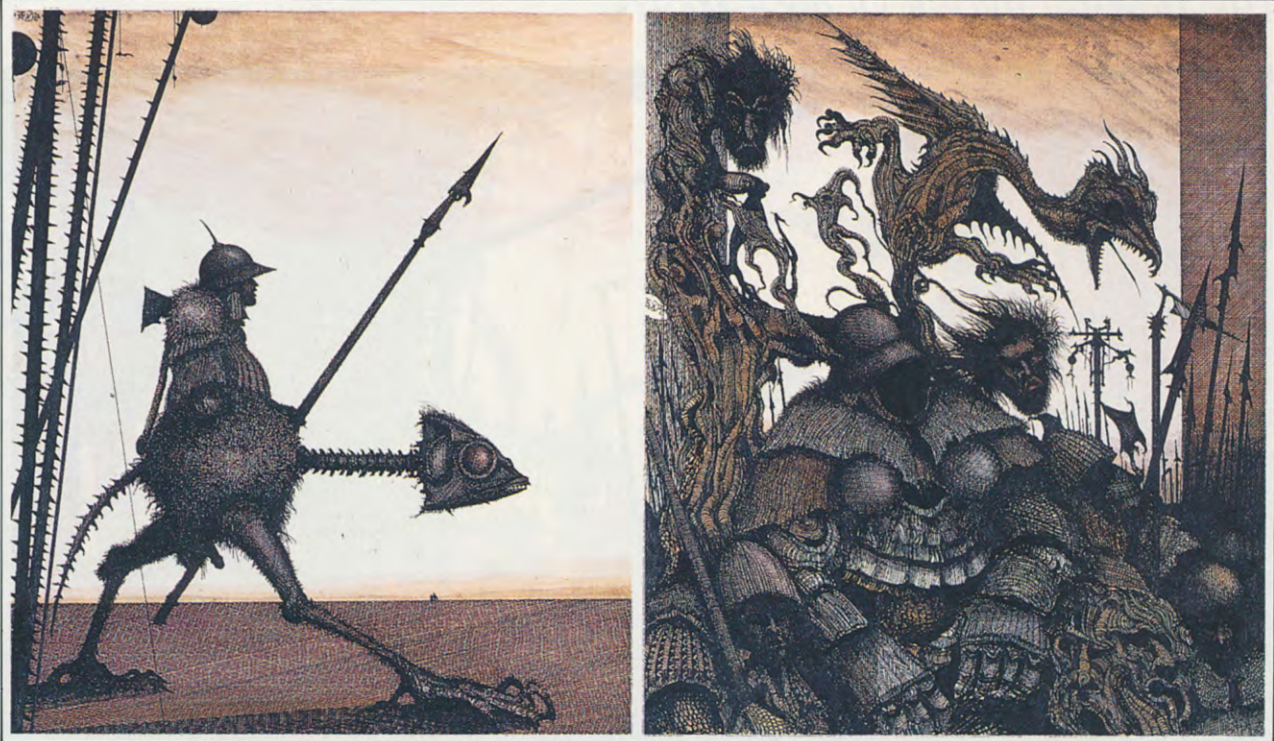




Horde



The Watcher

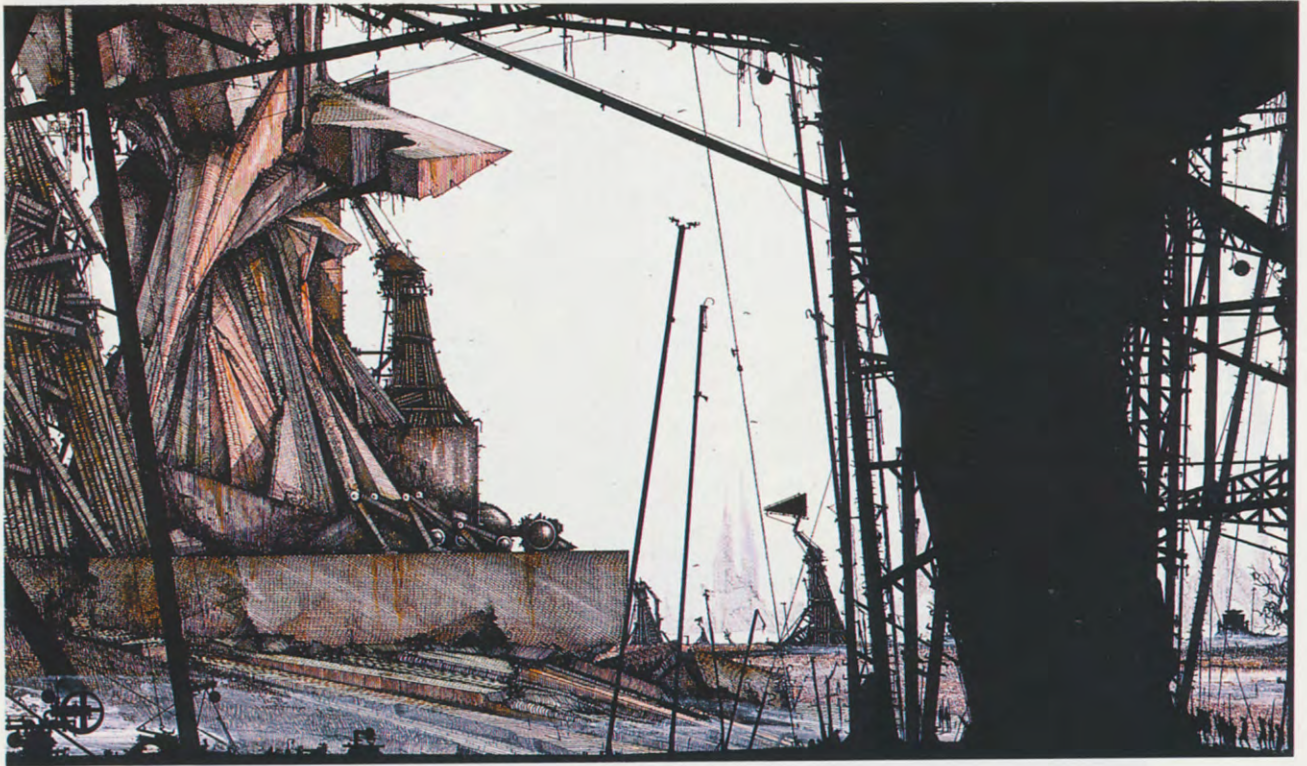


Edward Hoghead

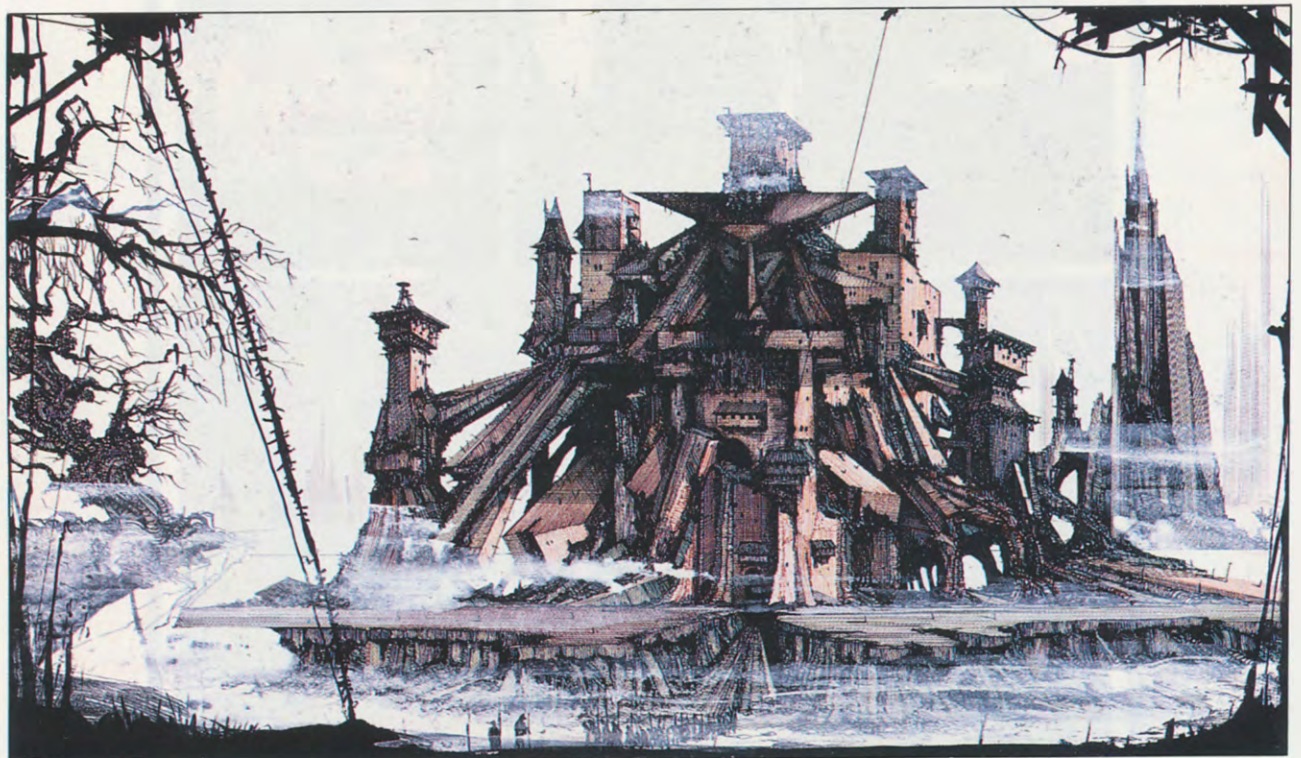


Second Pequod Saga

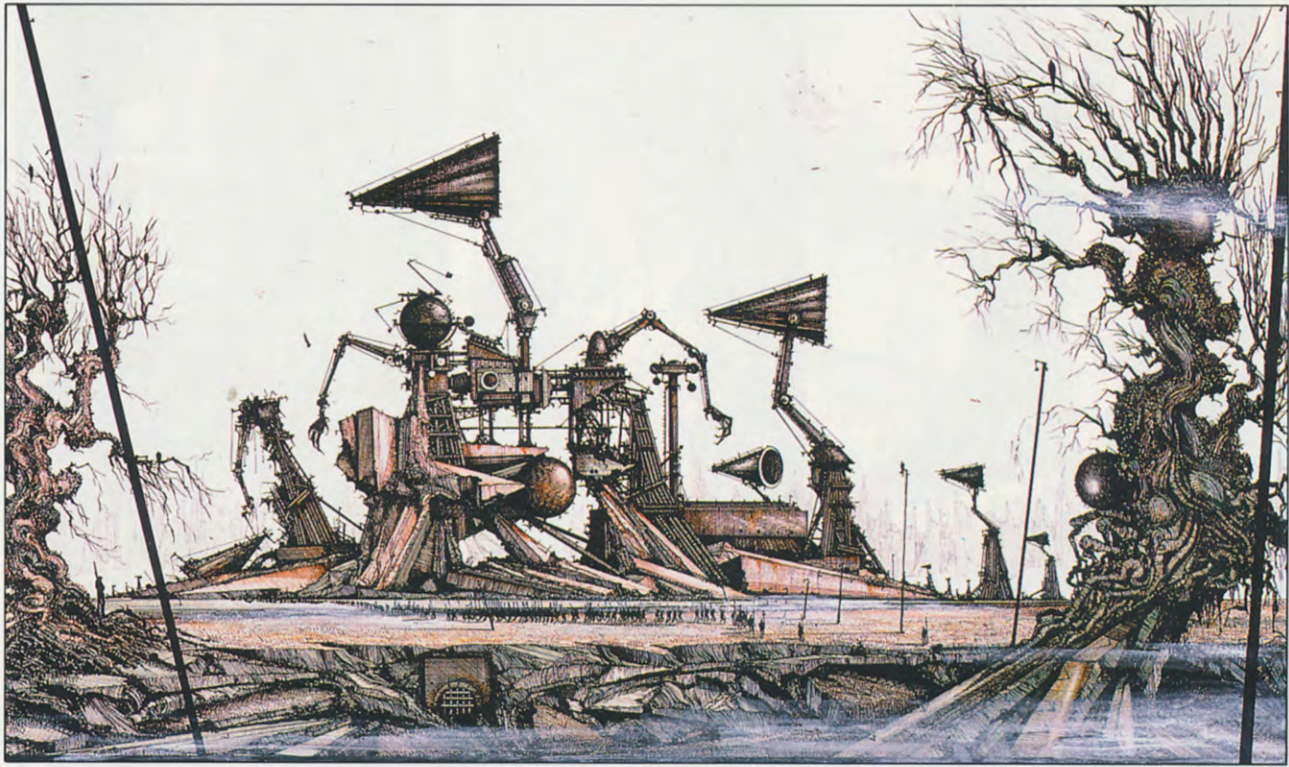
THE TRIWAG CHRONICLE (FRAGMENTS)



Horn Towers 1



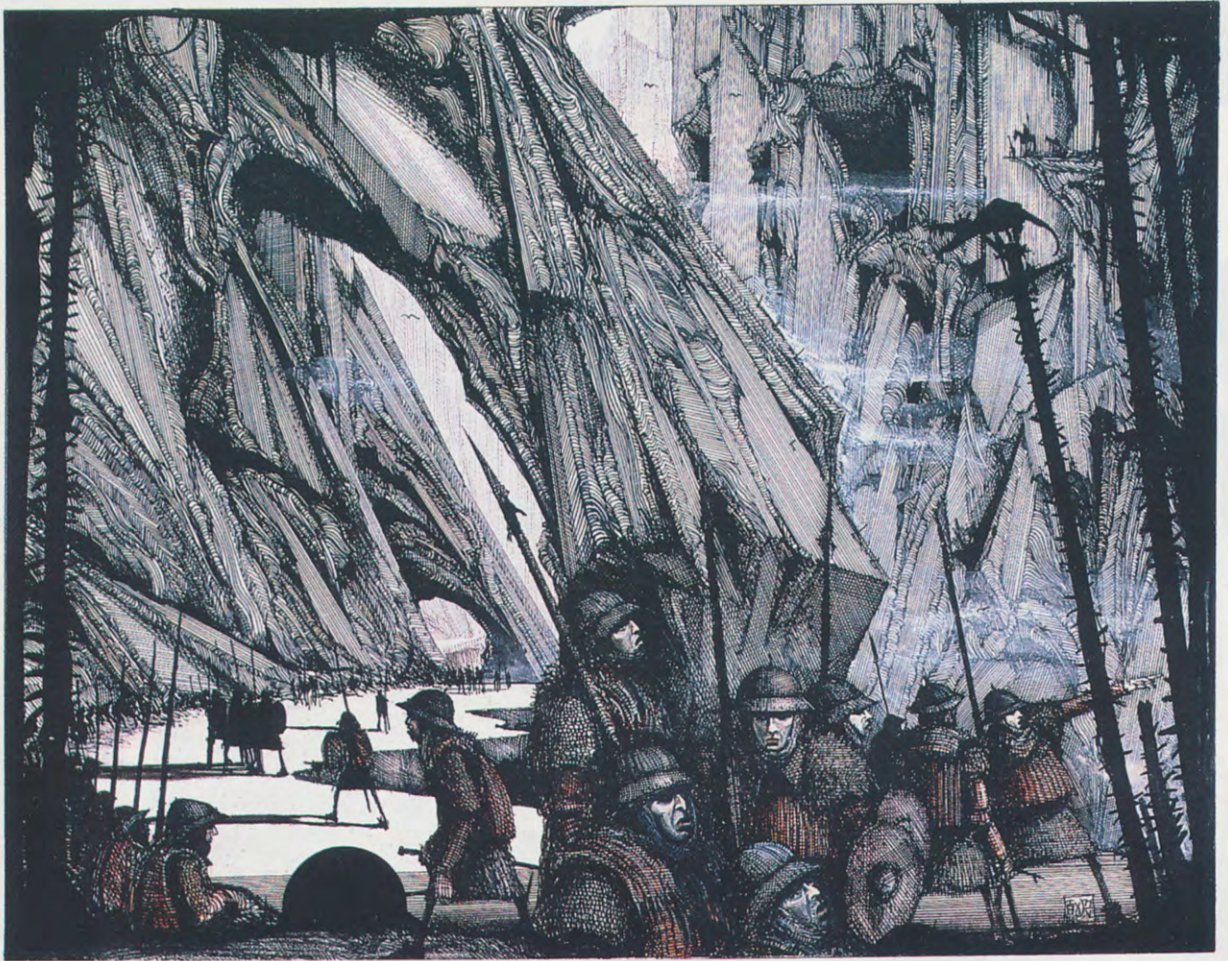
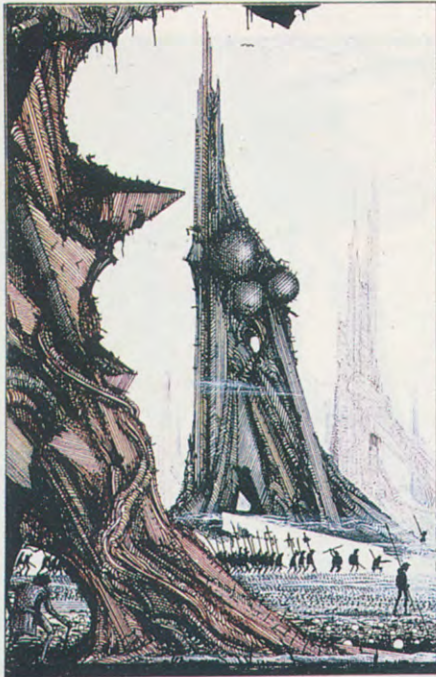
Horn Towers 2



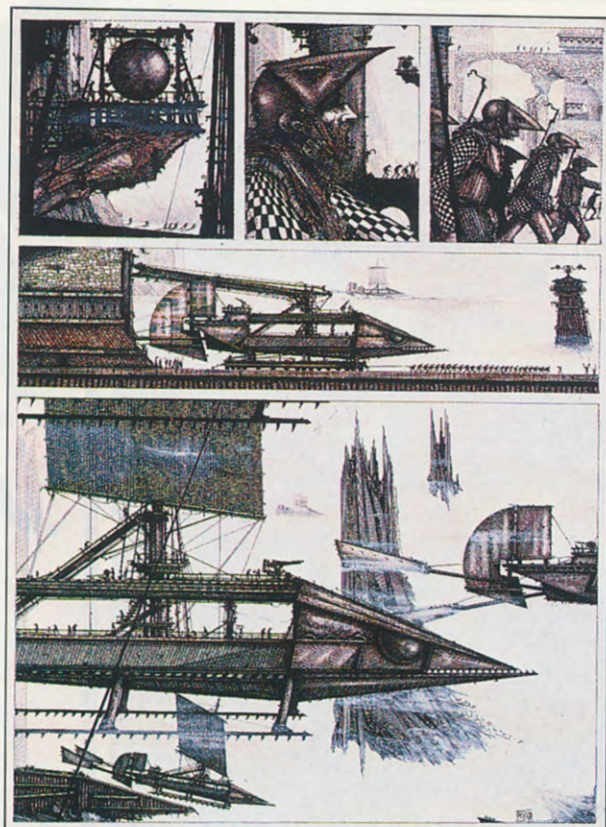
Wag Citadel



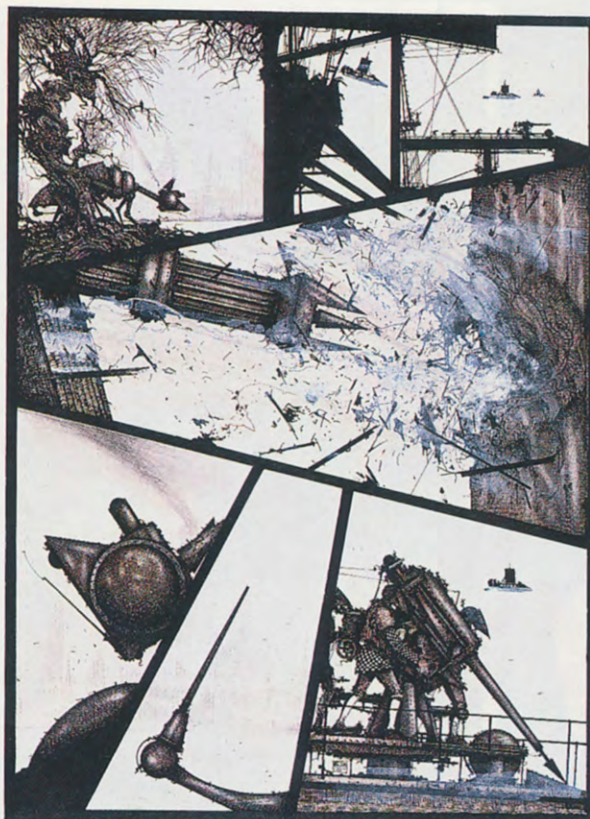
Tri-Ram



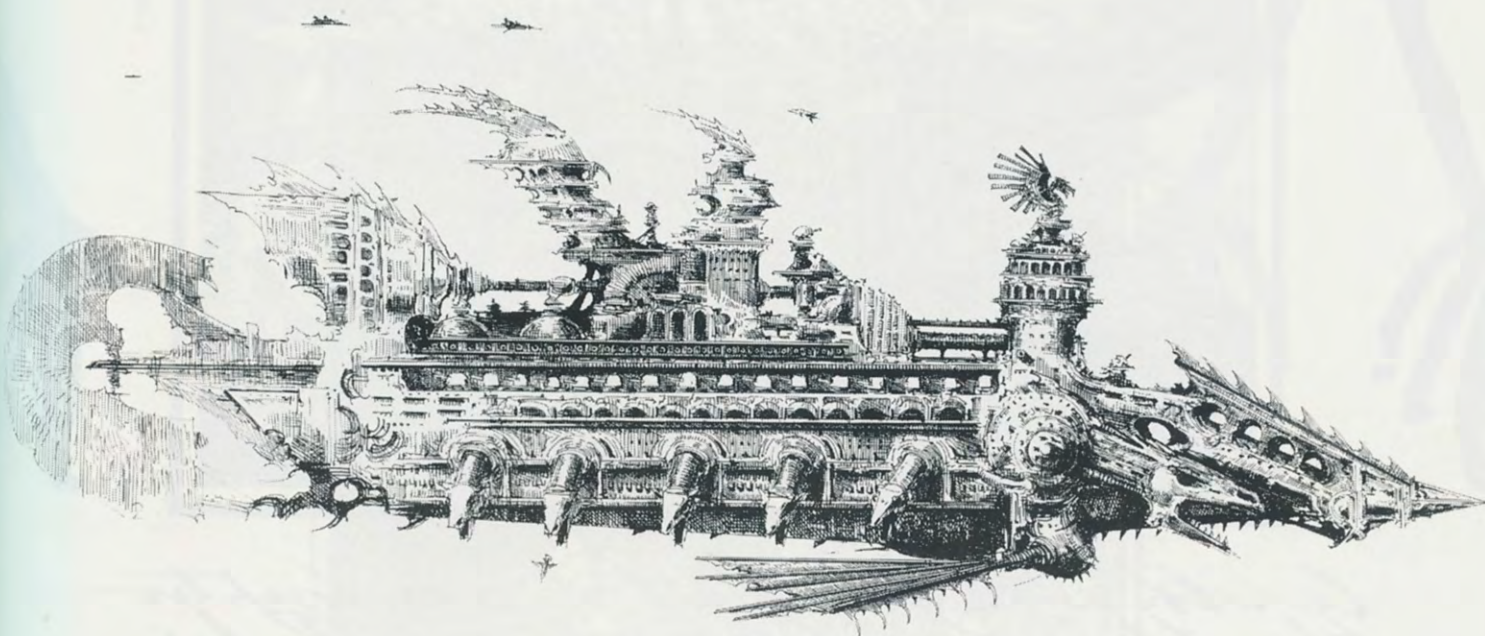
Nort Passage



Triwag



Triwag



Emperor Starship



Champion of Khorne

With a mighty shout he rose brighter
 than the Sun and more fierce. In his
 hand he held a rod of twisted
 bone, crossed and double crossed to form
 the sign of his dark Lord, a symbol of
 his power and fruit of mortal longings
 well fulfilled.

I'm a Friend of the Cheshire Cats.



Punch Succession

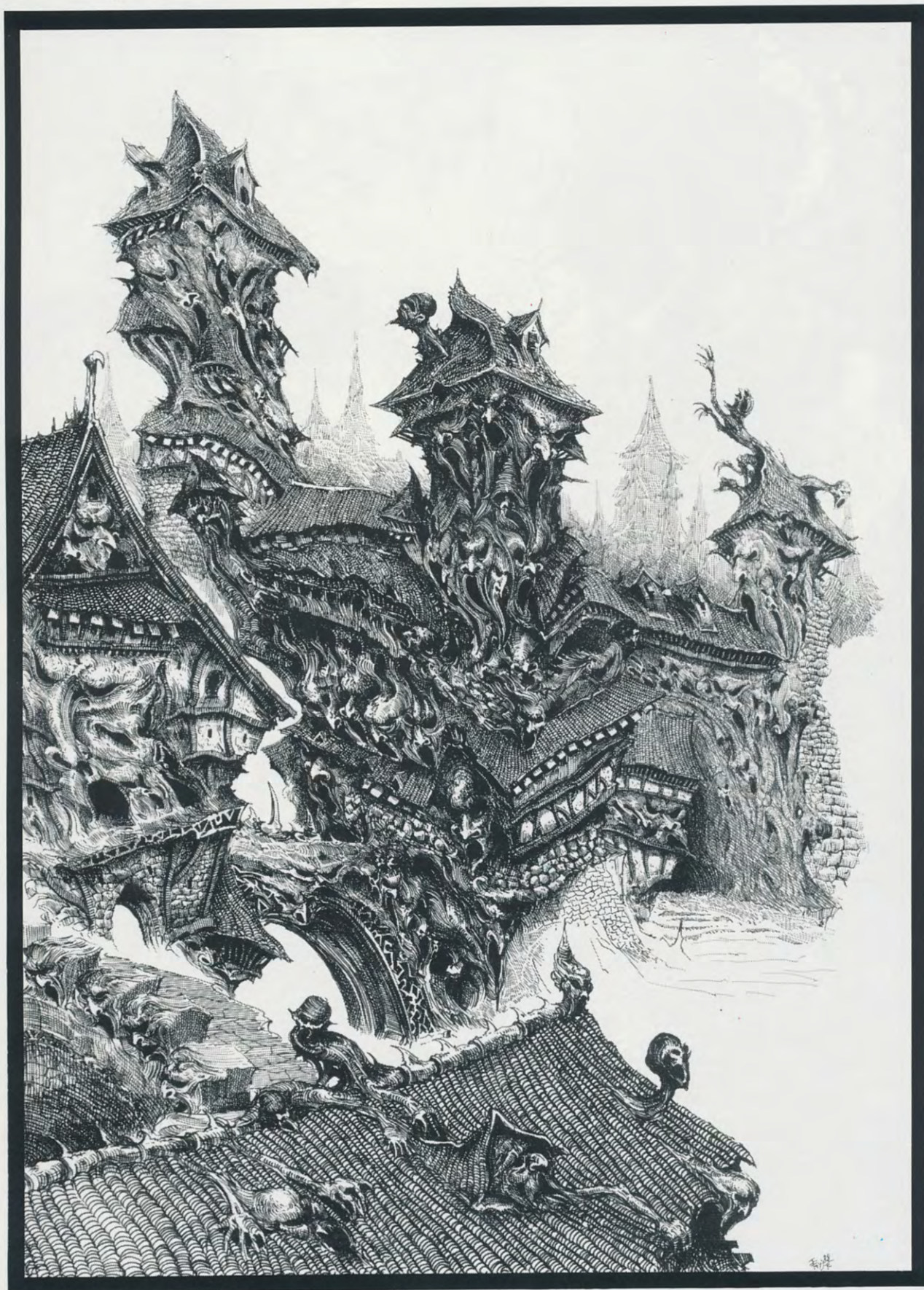


*Bring me his testicles!
screamed sexton Breen.*

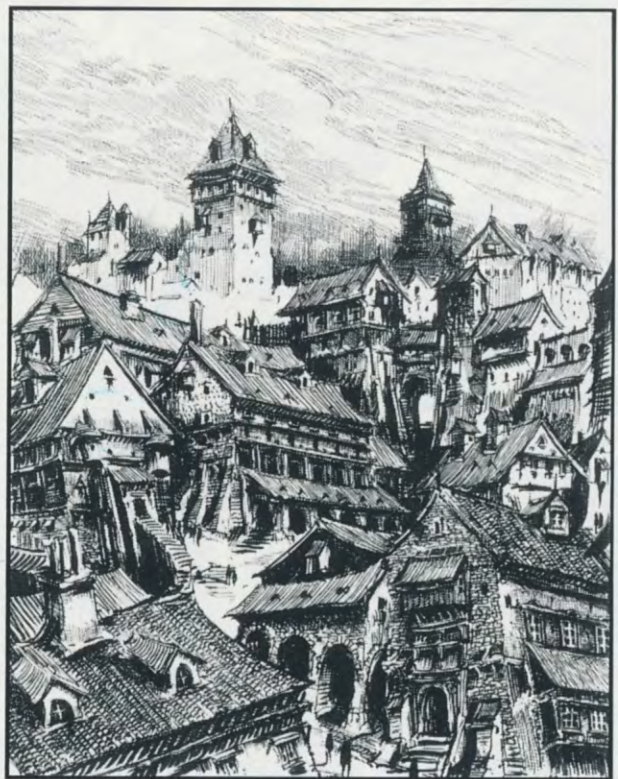
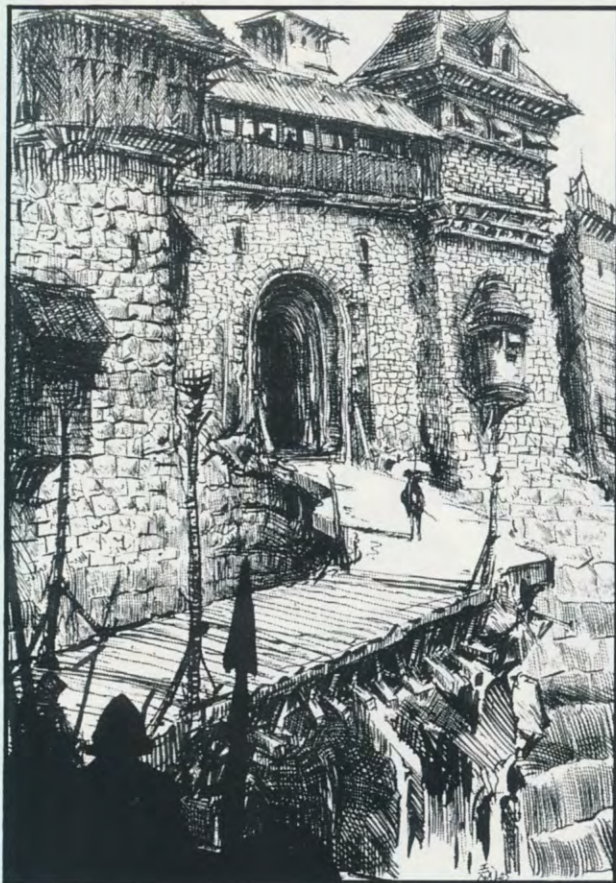




+ Warp



+











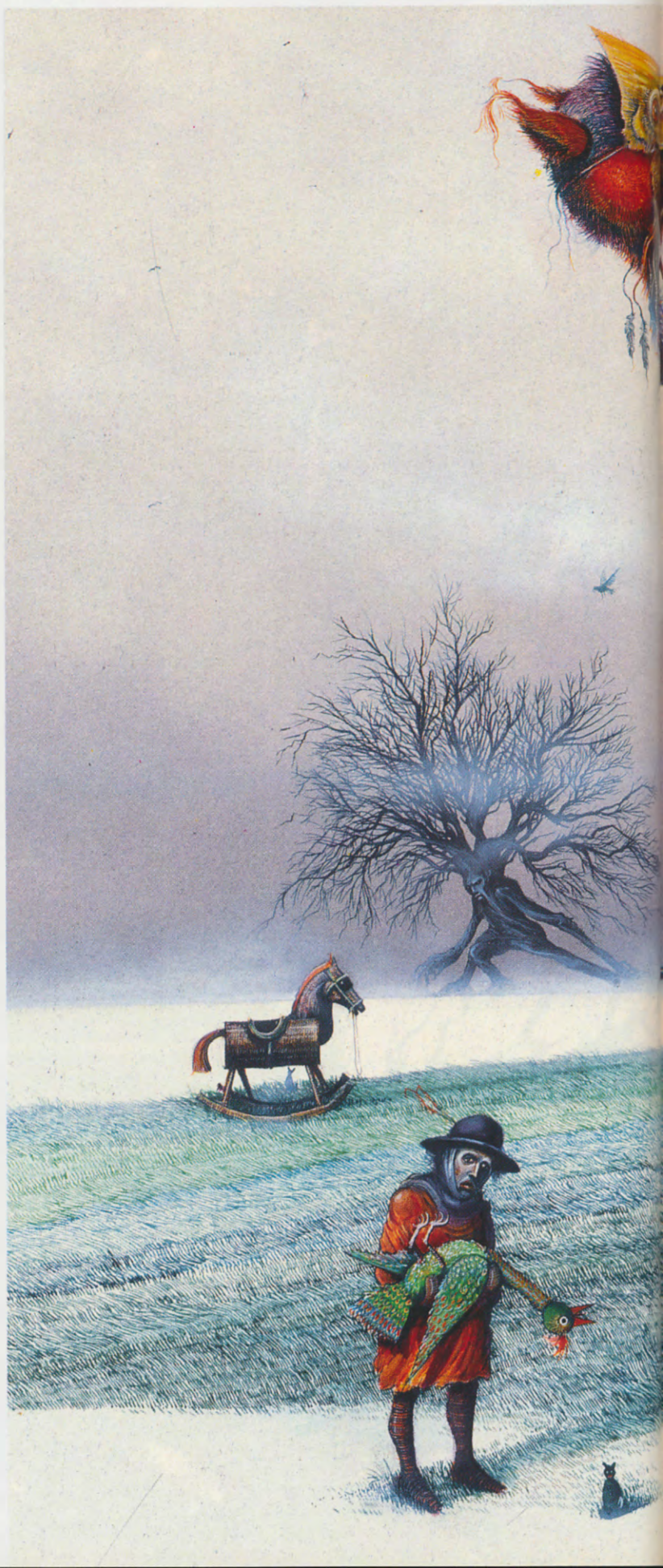
Khorne





The North Wind doth blow,
And we shall have snow,
And what will the Robin do then?
Poor thing.

He'll sit in a barn,
And keep himself warm,
And hide his head under his wing,
Poor thing.



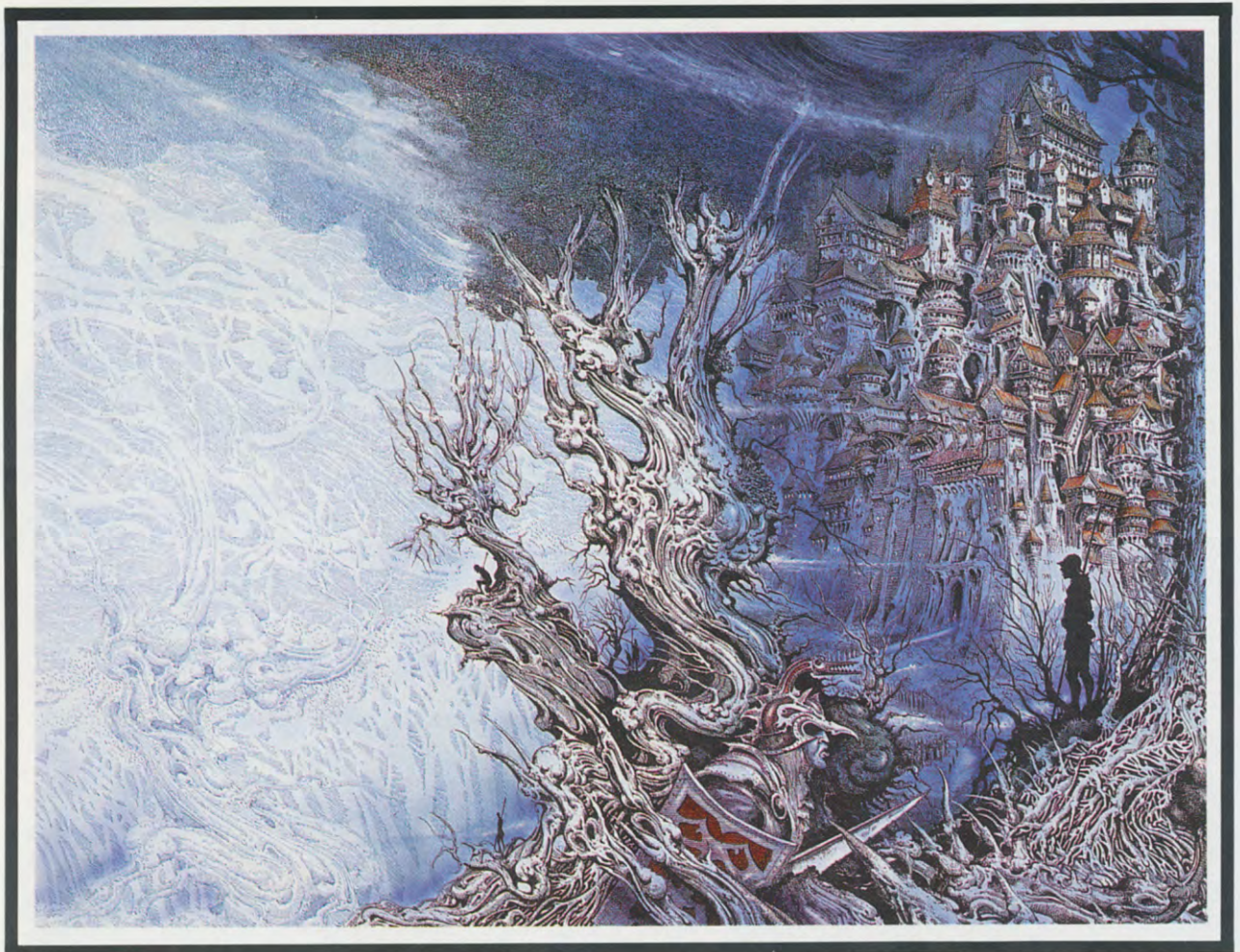


西學

Winter



Gormenghast



Forge in the Forest

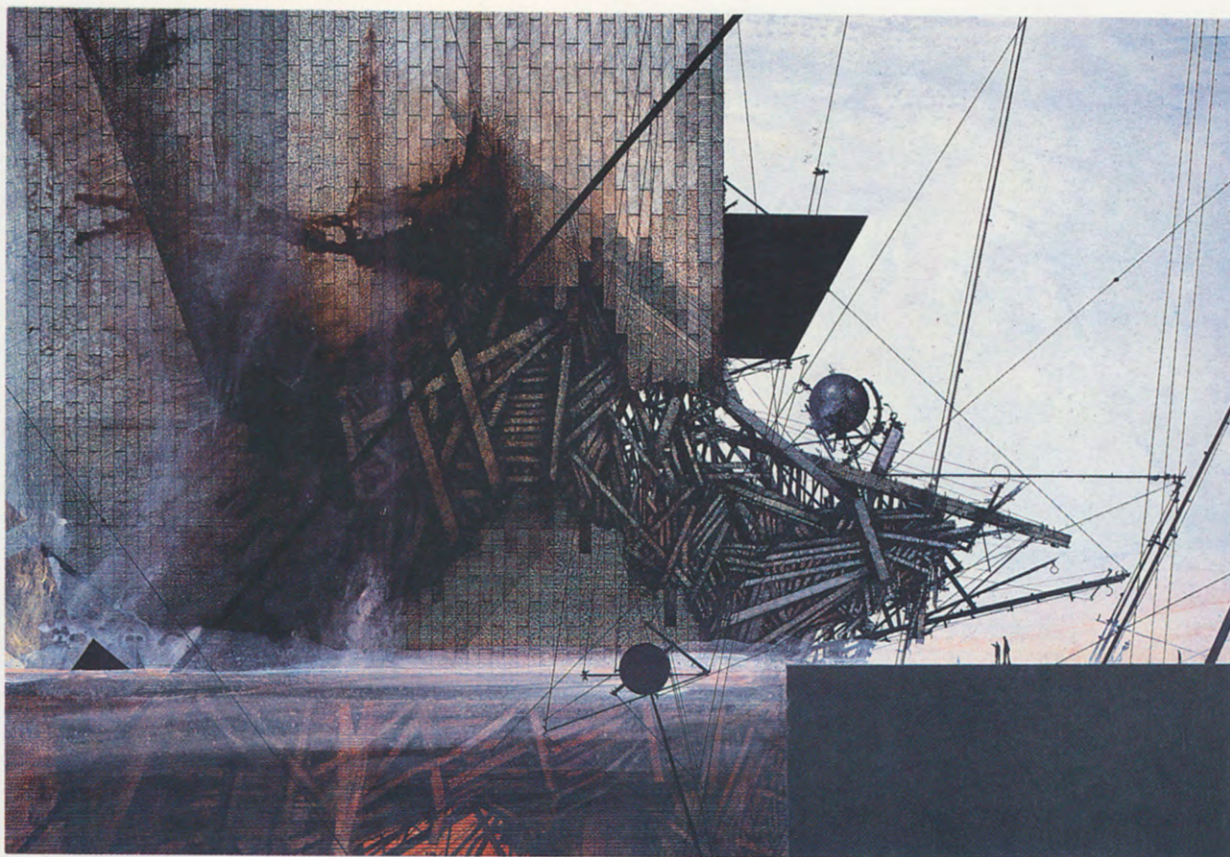


Death on the Reik



East Rift

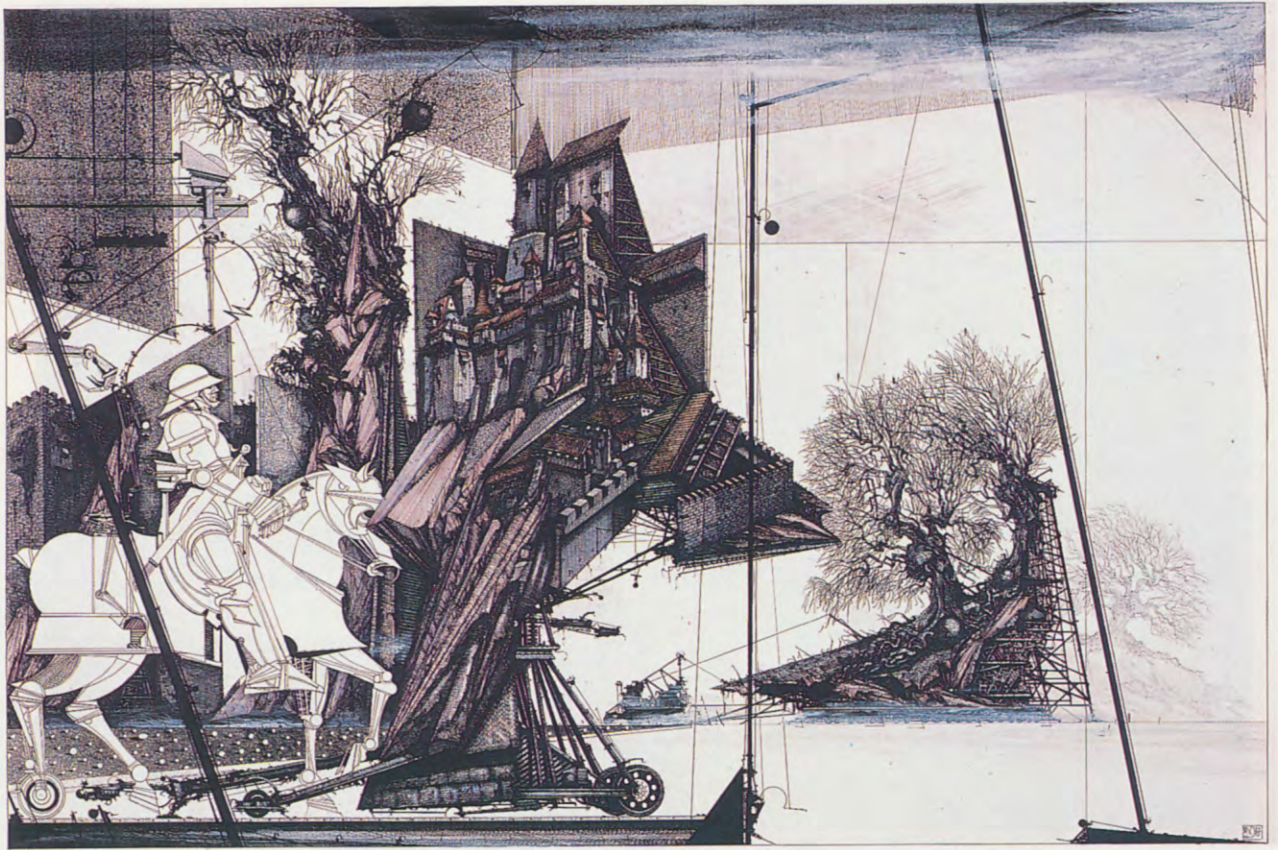
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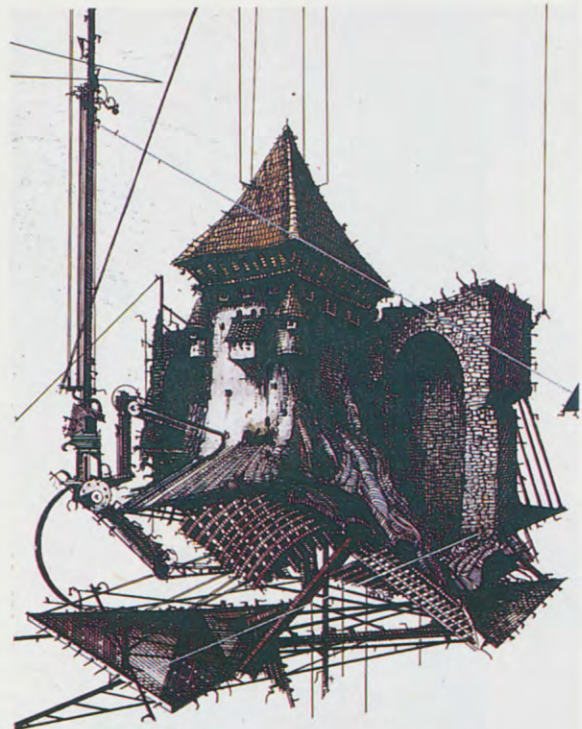
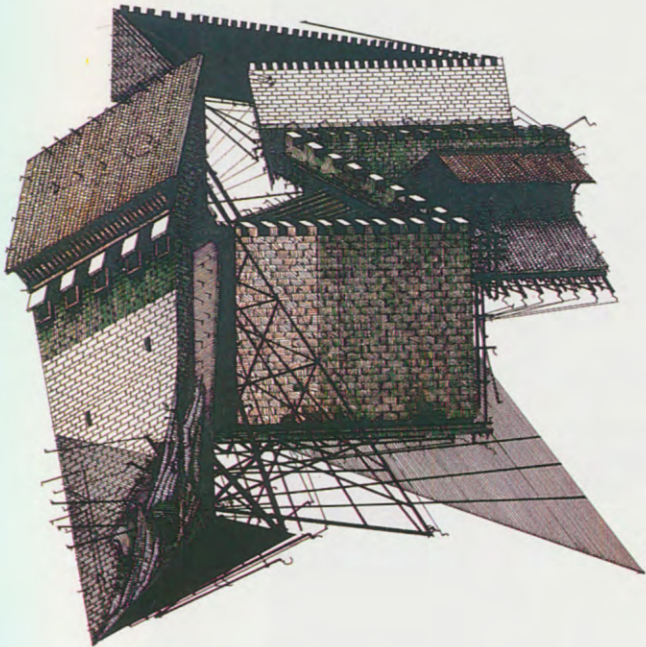
Iron Gate



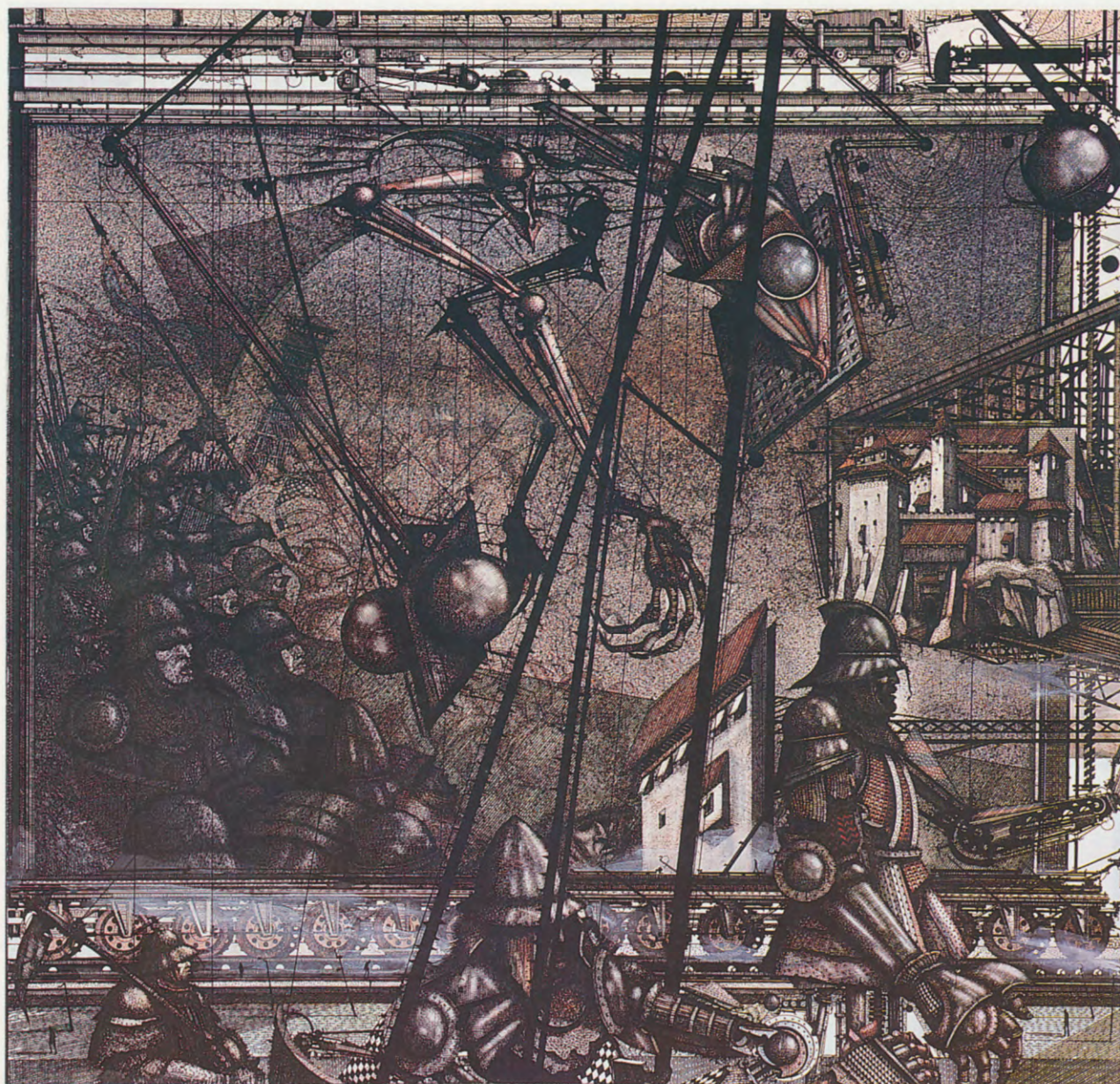
The Margin



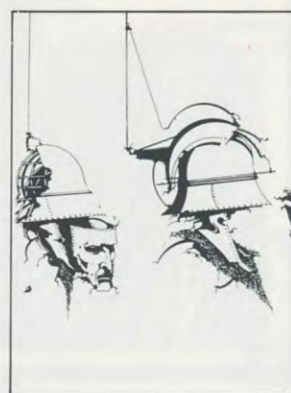
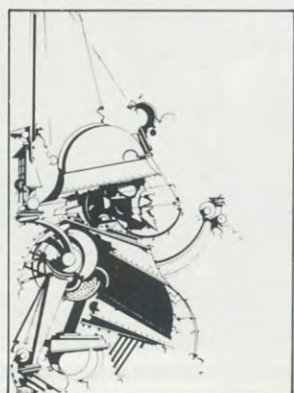
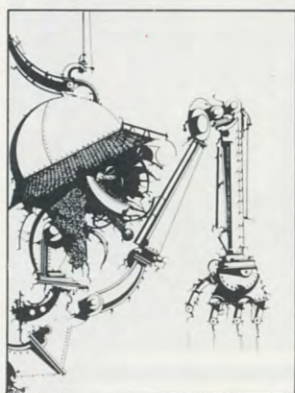
Hollywood Gothic - White Rider



+



Hollywood Gothic - Gottenheim



clank



Battle of the Hornburg



Battle of Pelennor Fields

from 'A Tolkien Bestiary' by David Day
© Mitchell Beazley Publishers, London



Chessmen





About the twentieth of this Month comes in a Flie call'd the Horse-flesh Flie, the dubbing of which is a blew Mohair, with pink colour'd, and red Tammy mixt, a light coloured wing, and a dark brown head. This flie is taken best in an Evening, and kills from two hours before Sun set till twilight, and is taken the Month thorough.

from 'The Compleat Angler'
by Izaak Walton



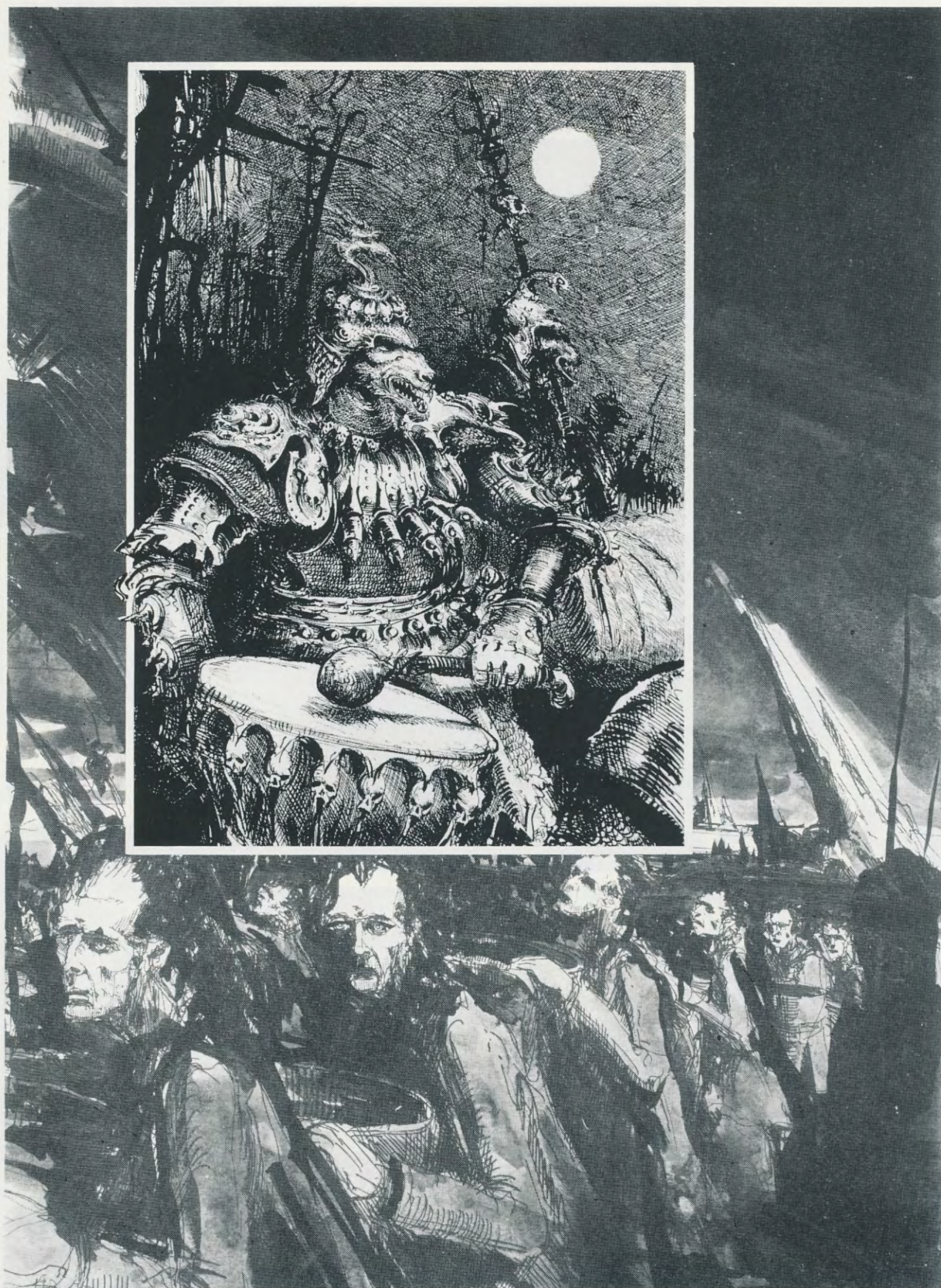
Mesh Death



The Wave







Dog Drummer



Chaos Knight

+



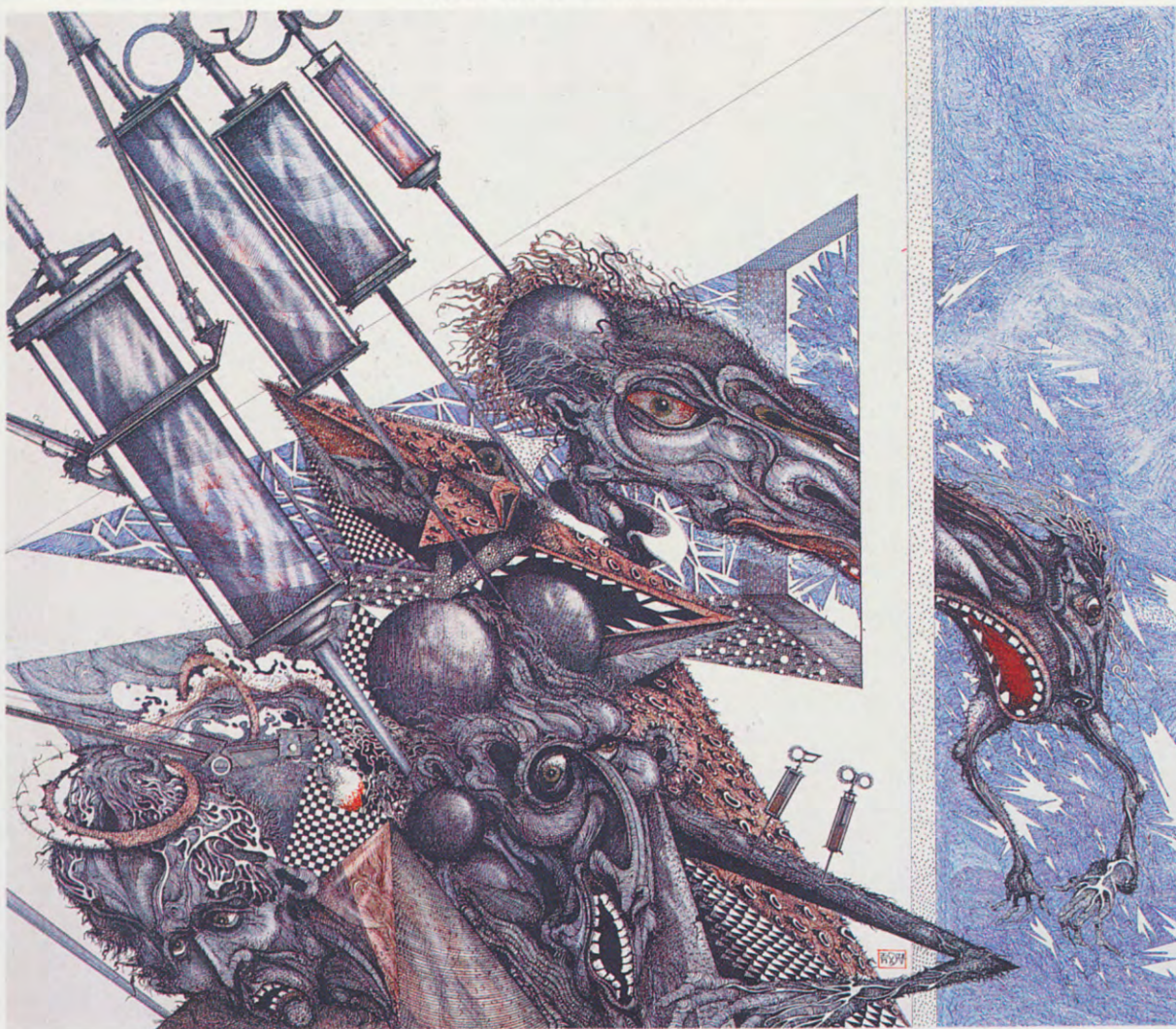
The Cry



Spring Cough

+

those sent to that dark place



The Window



Pig-sticking

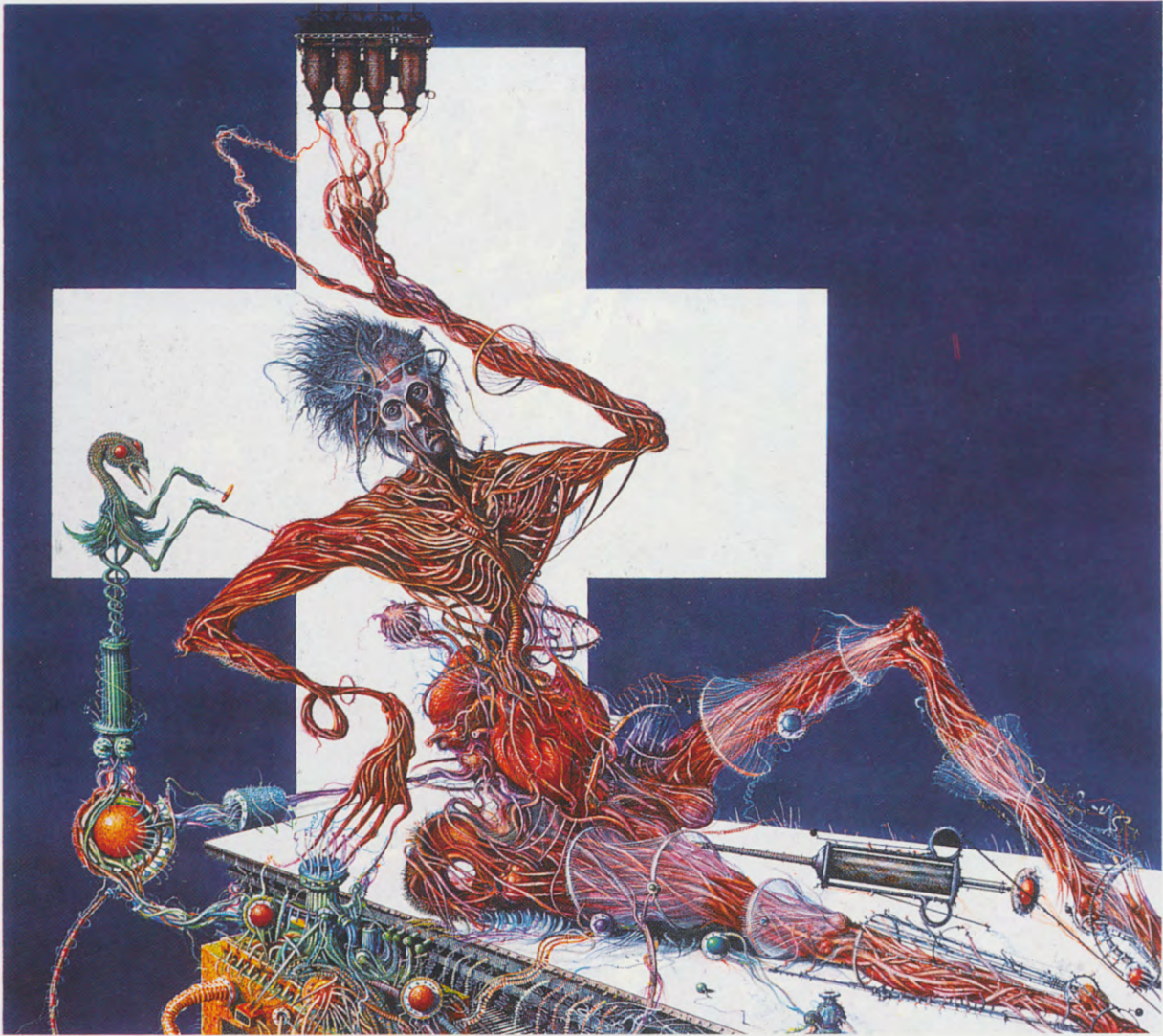
crimes

weaknesses

Victim

30

+



Abuse



Mallet

+ Debacke

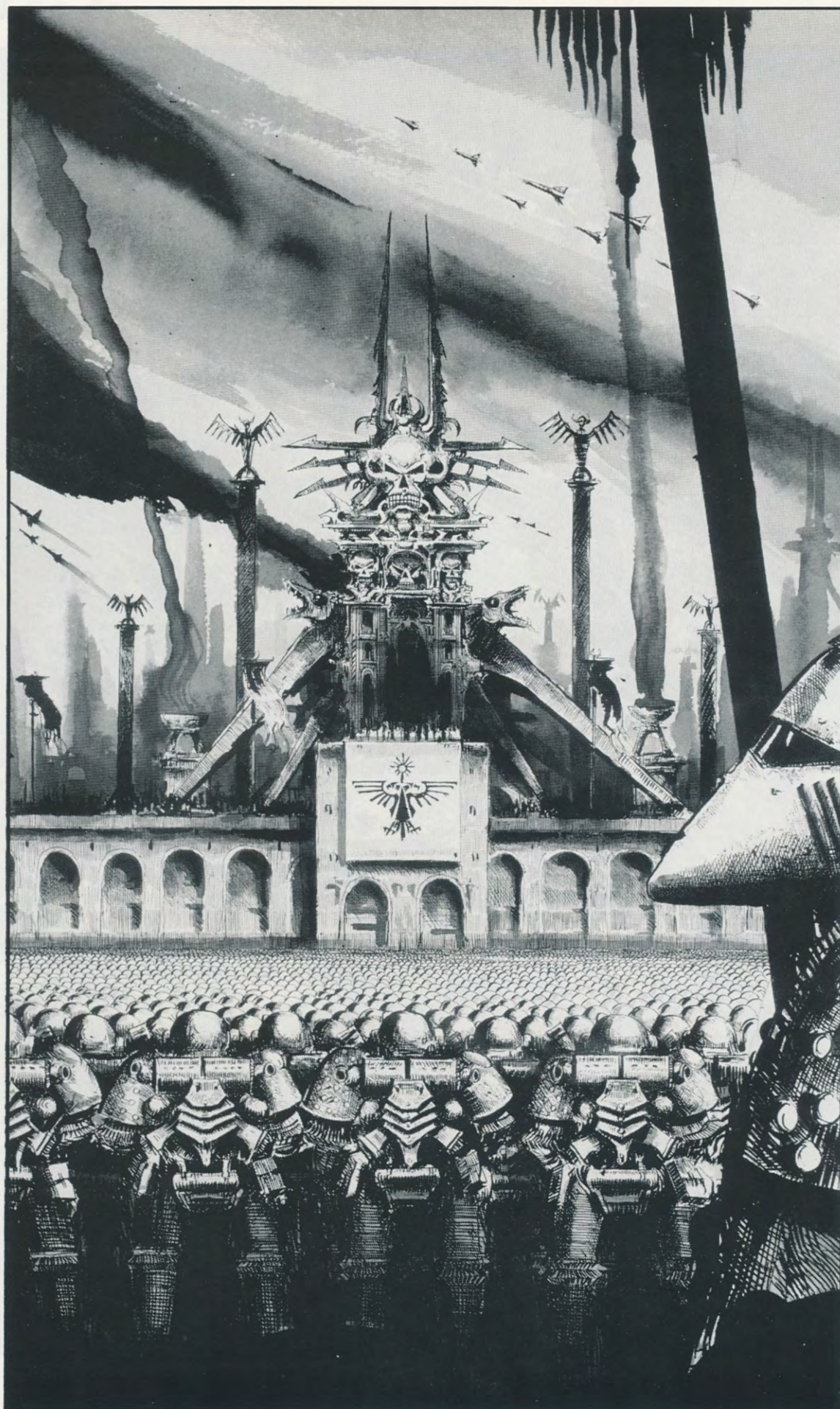


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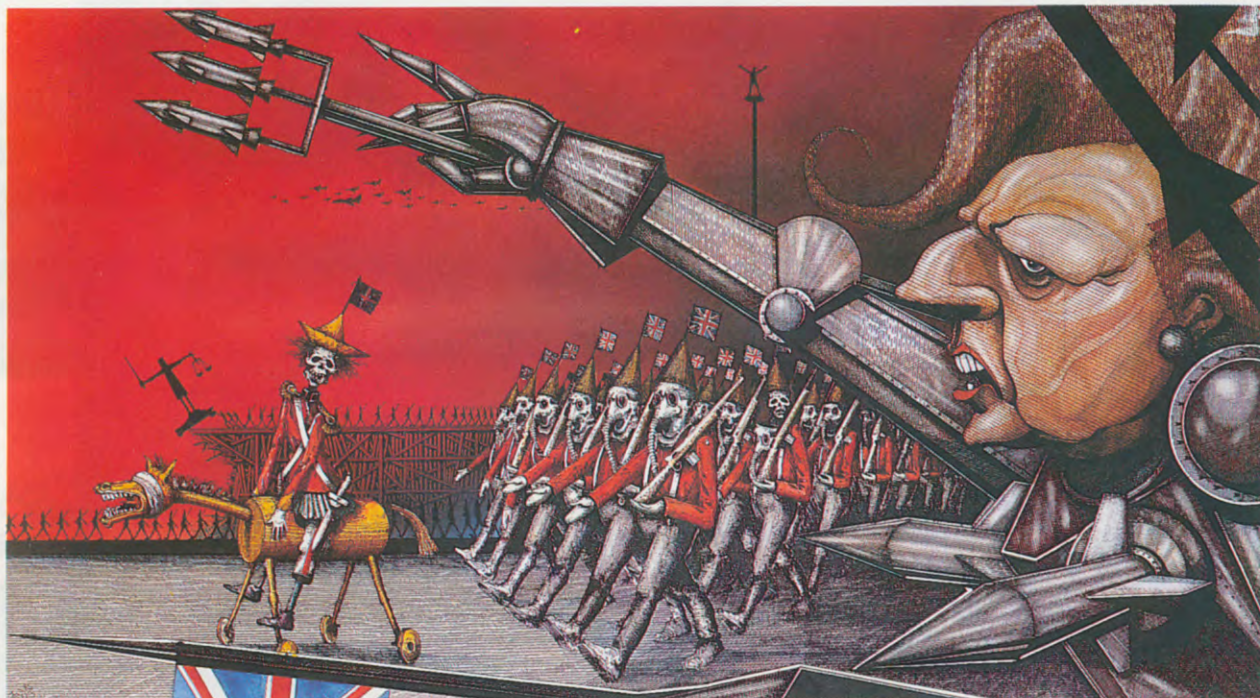


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The Imperium

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Iron Lady

Bella Horrida Bella Horrida
Bella Horrida Bella Horrida
Bella Horrida Bella Bella Ho
Bella Horrida Bella B



Wargames

Red Dog

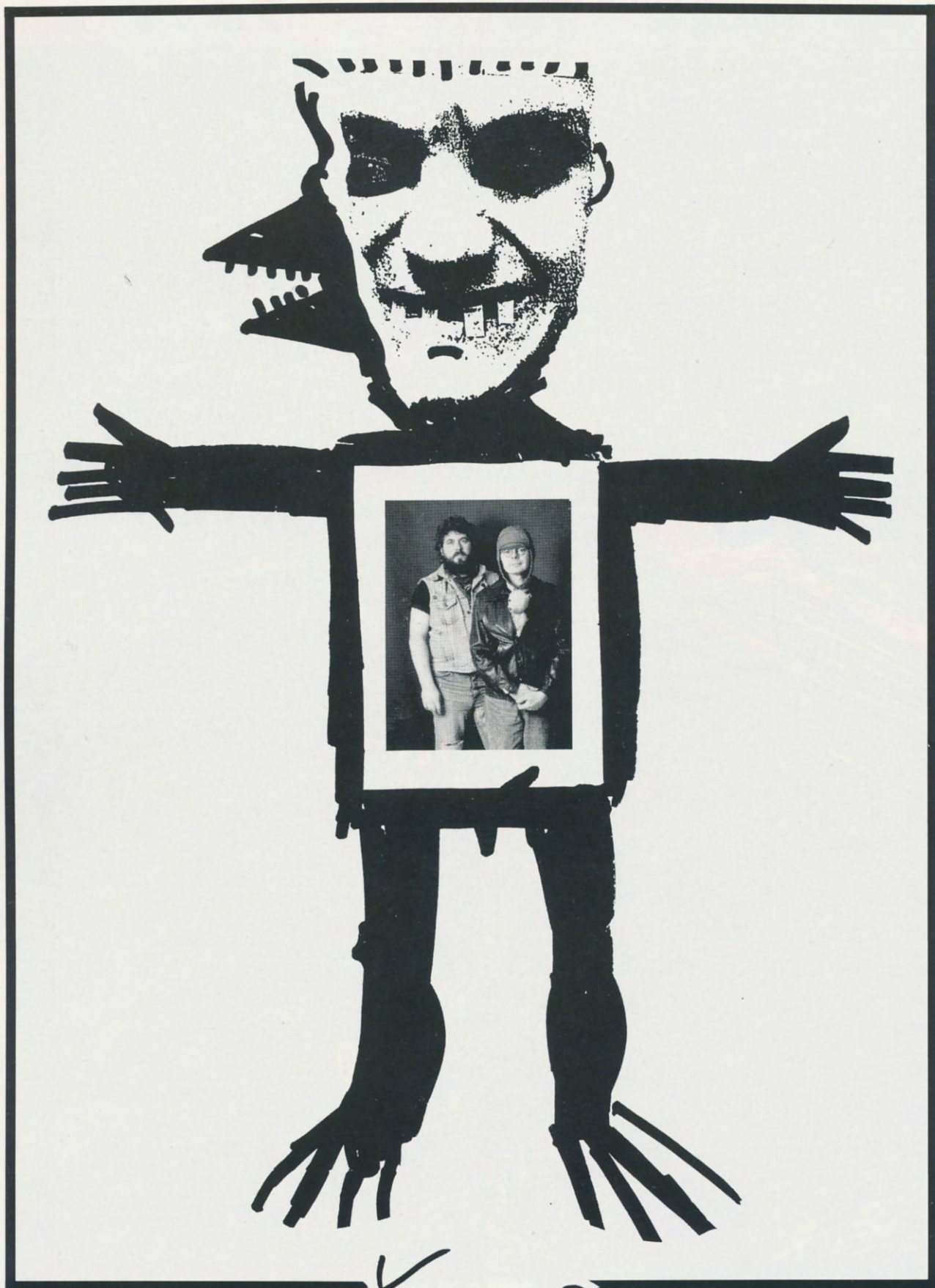
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falling

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James

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I went to the pictures tomorrow,
I took a front seat at the back,
I fell from the floor to the ceiling,
And broke a front bone in my back,
I went round a straight crooked corner,
I saw a dead donkey die,
I pulled out my pistol to stab him,
And he kicked me in the eye.

Malevolent Shape Knight Panther

The North Wind
Doth Blow

Citita Dolente Lux Sp

Malevolent Shape Malevolent Shape
Citita Dolente Dark Arts of Illumination Rats Before Sunset

Cow Pies Dark Arts
Lux Mundi Golli Eggs

Pikes Gold Spike Lux Mundi Lux Mind Malevolent

Graves and Buried Graves and Buried
Sunset Knight Panther form Cow Pie

Intense Pikes Kills Before Sunset
Blanche Malevolent

Citra Dante
Ratspike

John Blanche & Ian Miller

Ratspike

Lux Mundi

ike Goli

Gogs
Goli Gogs

Deformed Liberty

Spike

Dark Arts of Illumination

JT

Goli Gogs
Pikes

John

Ian

BM

Goli Gogs

Con Pies

Pik

Shape Shape

Citra Dante
Pikes

Ratspike

Knig

Rats

Rats

Mundi Kill

Spike

Doth Blow
Ian Miller

North

Wind

Buccaneers and Buried Gold

North

Before

Sunset



Consider ye this: the Warrior doth strive, sword in hande, to slay and lay waste
his enemies. Yet I say unto thee, more fearsome still are the diligents who wield
brushe and pigment in the creation of multifarious images. For whereas the
warrior sows only fear and reaps naught but death, the artist can provoke both
wonder and horror. In the incitement of such emotions is power indeed
- for the hearts and minds of those who behold the
artist's creations may thus be changed forever.

**RATSPIKE — A JOURNEY THROUGH THE FANTASTIC
IMAGERY CONTAINED IN THE PAINTINGS & DRAWINGS OF
ARTISTS JOHN BLANCHE & IAN MILLER.**



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