



ECCENTRICUS
BRITANNICUS

EXHIBITION CATALOGUE

ANECDOTAL AND DESCRIPTIVE
NATURAL TWISTORY

By

Peter & Jayne Smith

PJ

PARENTAL
ADVISORY
EXPLICIT CONTENT

NOT FOR CHILDREN



ECCENTRICUS BRITANNICUS

I was asked to write a bit to fit in this space but do you know how difficult that is? Writing about your own creations is notoriously prone to over exaggeration and self promotion so where exactly do you start to describe a collection without sounding like a complete arty-arsehole?

It took eighteen months, involved the building of large theatre sets, the creation of seven, two foot high models of...ZZzzzz...Sorry I nearly nodded off and quite rightly so, let's start again.

Well, you know when you go to the shop for a bottle of milk and come back with a toilet seat instead? Well that's what happened with this collection.

The Lost Impossimals have been around for a number of years and were originally invented to fill a creative gap combining everything a good book should include but packaging it in an amusing art form. The kind of art you hang on your wall and nudge people as you relate the story behind it, the type of art you snigger at when you pass, art with the kind of detail that you only uncover over time.

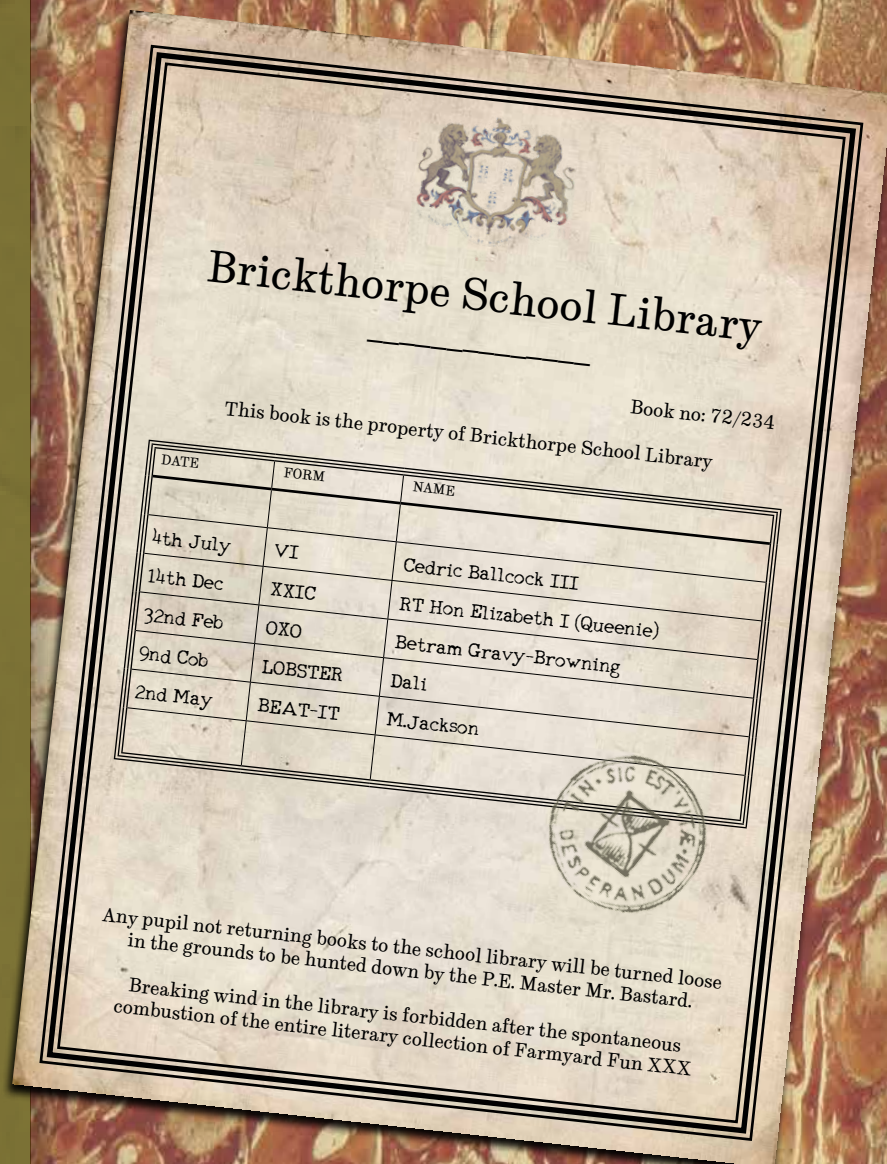
Eccentricus Britannicus is not a crap Harry Potter Brexit spell, it's a tour-de-force of collectable and unique Python'esq imagery twisted with history, surrealism and penny dreadful Victorian storytelling. Artwork that you can proudly hang on your wall and say to jealous friends 'You will never believe what this is about!'

It also contains expletives.

For all their high morals the Victorians were particularly good at swearing so if you are easily offended by the word 'bum' then please close this brochure and turn it over where you will find a delightful fairy tale instead.

Never mind the bollocks, here's the artwork.

Peter & Jayne Smith



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NATURAL TWISTORY

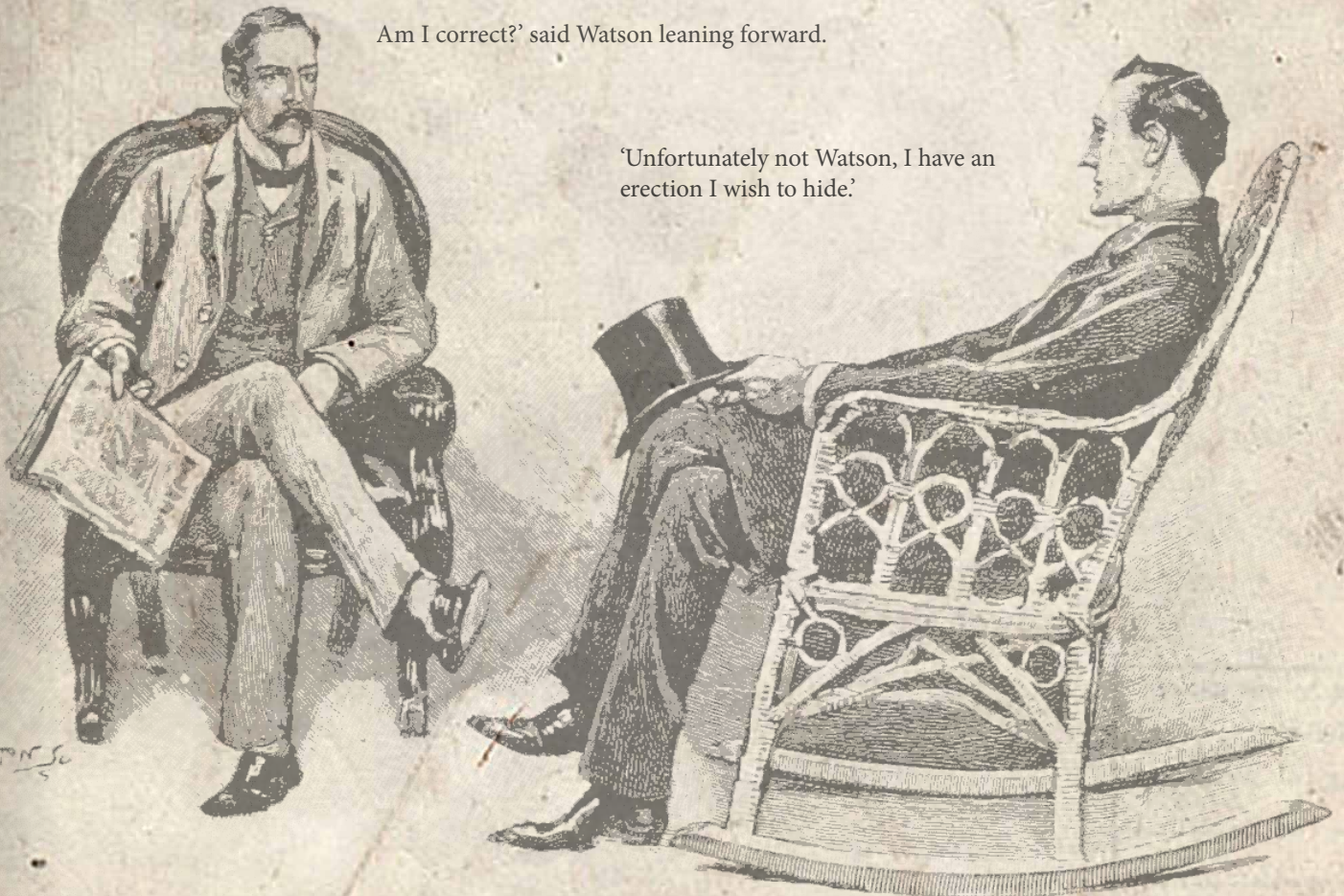
By

Peter & Jayne Smith

'I see Holmes, that from the angle of your hat and the stiffness of your arm that you have been out recently.

Am I correct?' said Watson leaning forward.

'Unfortunately not Watson, I have an erection I wish to hide.'



ECCENTRICUS BRITANNICUS

ABANDON SHIP!

In 1876 explorers discovered natural occurring bubbles mysteriously rising from the seabed in the Atlantic, they were caused by an unknown oily substance that left multicoloured patterns on the surface of the sea, unfortunately it was considered unimportant and its location wasn't fully recorded in the ship's logs.

In London, 1898, one of those explorers, an Arthur Parsington-Pears, after feasting on a nine course meal including wine returned drunkenly home and instructed his maid to prepare his bath, further asking and winking to be 'treated like a dirty shirt'. The maid innocently responded by adding potash, soda and a little tallow to his bath as one would when washing clothes, agitating it into froth with a wooden dolly to create soap suds thus making the first ever bubble bath. Arthur, still drunk, was unable to see the bath through the suds and fell headlong into the tub, his flailing added to the bubbles but also gave him an immensely curiously pleasing frisson of excitement from the warm foamy embrace that made him stand upright in a eureka moment exposing himself to the maid and shouting "By jove! If only I could bottle this bathing fun!" he then passed out awakening face down and staring at oily, multicoloured patterns on the bathroom floor. His memories of the strange discovery in the Atlantic returned.

Adding bubbles to soap was time consuming and costly, employing hundreds of workers to blow through small narrow tubes into large vats, Arthur had indeed stumbled years earlier on the soap world's Holy Grail; free soapy aeration, and set out to rediscover the location. For 14 years he tried to raise the funds for a new expedition but failed so instead he did the next best thing and thought 'bollocks to this' instead purchasing a first class, all expenses paid ticket on the fastest ship in the Atlantic, the brand new and unsinkable Titanic.

On the 15th April, 1912, Arthur was stood behind Jack and Rose with arms outstretched on the bow of the Titanic enjoying the clear night sky when he spotted bubbles. He couldn't believe his eyes and turned to Jack excitedly, whispering 'Paint me like a French tart, I feel frisky' just before a two hundred foot iceberg slammed into the ship.

The Titanicus Giganticus Britannicus hated its underwater soapy bath time being disturbed by what it called sightseers and purposely pushed an iceberg in the way of the Titanic, 'I love playing with rubber ducky but all these ships are taking it too far' it explained many years later to a local newspaper about the tragedy, 'Anyway, it had a hole in it.' It concluded before purchasing a new sponge and returning to the depths of the sea.





TITANICUS GIGANTICUS BRITANNICUS

Limited Edition of 150

Hand Varnished Giclée on Canvas

Image Size 38cm x 81cm | Framed Size 55cm x 98cm | Framed £550



THE QUINTESSENTIALLY QUAIN'T QUEEN OF ICES

Limited Edition of 150

Hand Varnished Giclée on Canvas

Image Size 71cm x 53cm | Framed Size 88cm x 70cm | Framed £595

I win, now forfeit thoust clothes



ECCENTRICUS BRITANNICUS

ROYAL COMMAND

In 1862 a young Georgina Willow was a worried young lady. For months she had been concerned that her favourite room in her grand, gaily decorated house remained cold no matter what she did to heat it. From open fires to a hundred candles, nothing but nothing made a difference and your breath remained visible even on the sunniest and warmest of days.

Inevitably the room was abandoned leaving its contents intact in the hope that in the future she would find the cause of the cold, the door was locked and time moved on, so did Georgina.

In 1878 a newlywed Agnes Marshal moved in to the house, filled with enthusiasm she set to making it into a comfortable home in which to raise a family. When she came to the cold room and grasped the key that had always remained in place a shudder went through her body, she paused puzzled before slowly opening the door and peering in but the room was normal if a little cold, full of furniture with a beautiful painting of a very grand horse on the wall above the fireplace. She admired the painting for a while then turned to leave closing the door behind her on the way out but a noise from the room stopped her in her tracks, it sounded like a horse.

She flung open the door and she wasn't in the room any more.

The floor had turned to ice and snow, icicles rose from the floor whilst a swirly cool mist rolled over her feet and the view stretched out into the distance where she could make out a shimmering palace on the horizon but more importantly she was surrounded by puddings, lots and lots of puddings and flamingos, lots and lots of flamingos, each wearing a different crown and carrying a silver spoon. In the centre of all this stood motionless was the most splendid, majestic, regal, decorated creature she had ever seen, the Quintessentially Quaint Queen Of Ices, a fabled relative of the Canterburg Caketacular Queen Of Bakes. Two flamingos respectfully approached Agnes, bowed and took her by the hand to lead her closer to the Queen. As she approached, the Queen Of Ices bowed and lifted her small perfectly formed hoof to reveal a swirl of delicate snowflakes and...

We don't know. This is as far as Agnes Marshal's diary went, it never revealed anything more about the Queen of Ices but we do know the room was never cold again and more importantly Agnes went on to become a Queen of Ices herself when in 1885 she wrote and published *Ices Plain and Fancy: The Book of Ices*, the first ever book about ice cream that even suggested using liquid nitrogen to make quick ice cream.

I wonder where that idea came from? Maybe you should check that cold room in your house a little more closely...

cheat! thou ist a stupid pervert

FAITH - HOPE

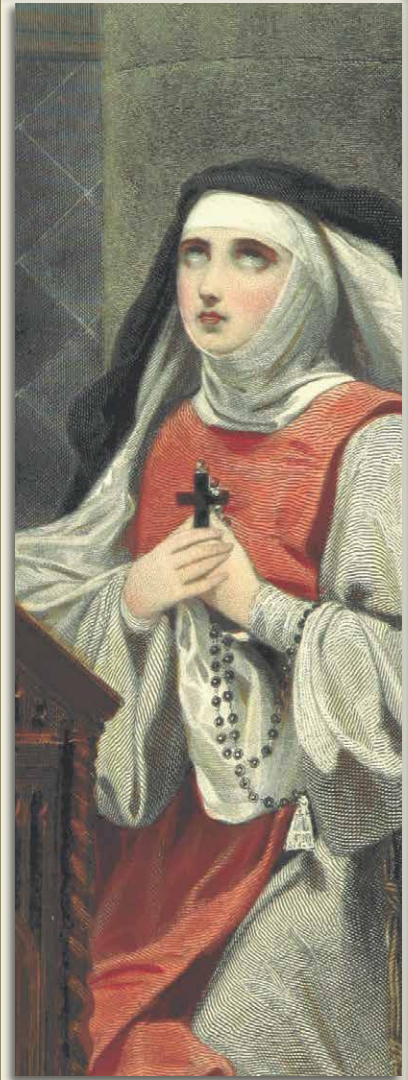
*Nobody will find this, I've hidden it
behind
that like*

*Horse
ridin*

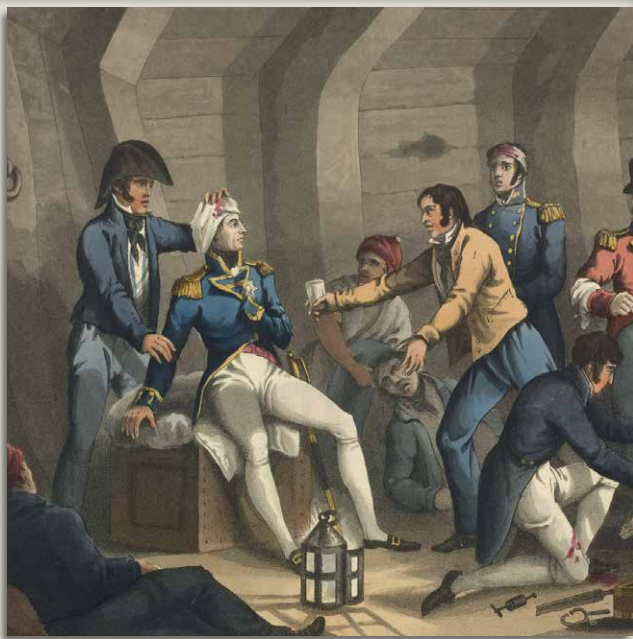
See



Burn search history, burn!



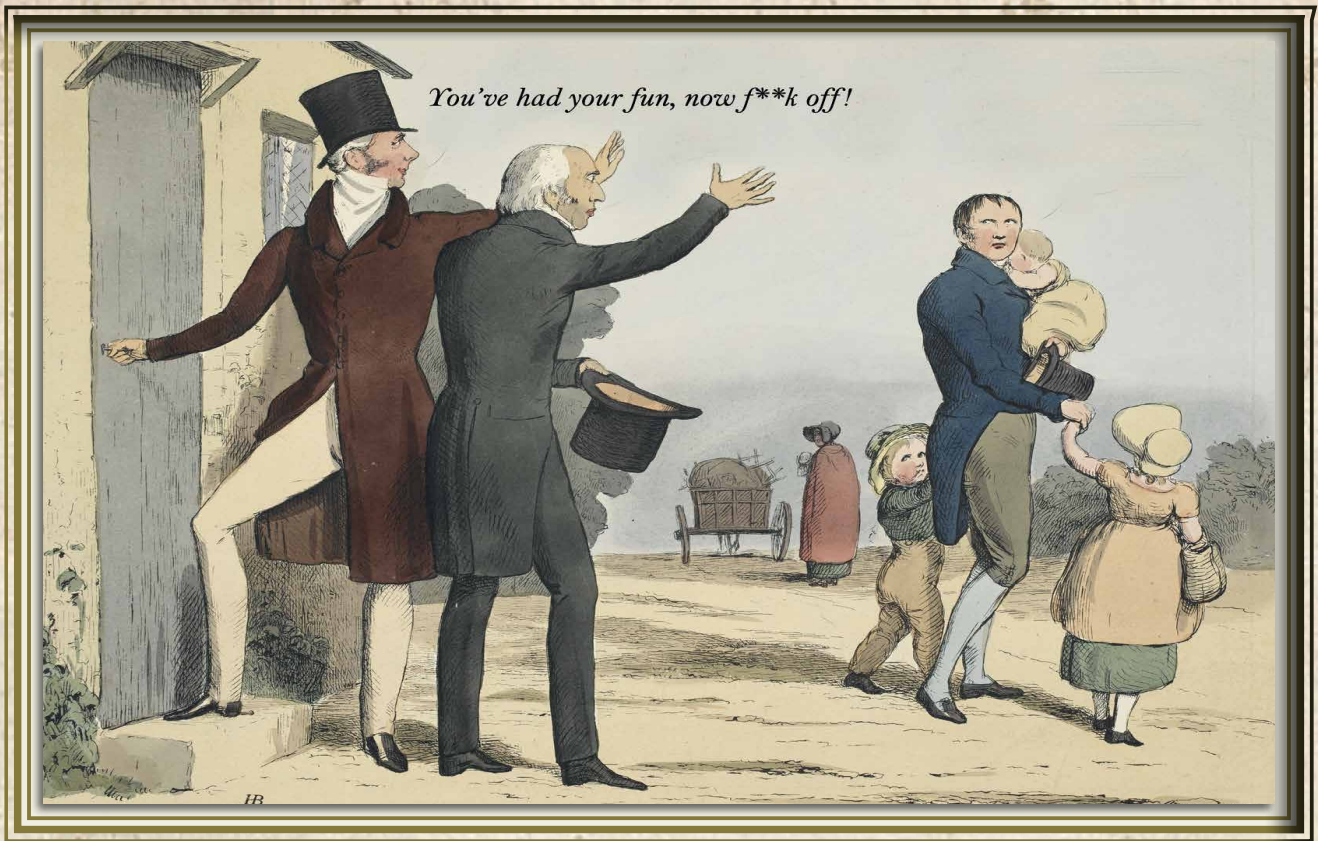
Gin makes me sin!



Last chance, go big or go home

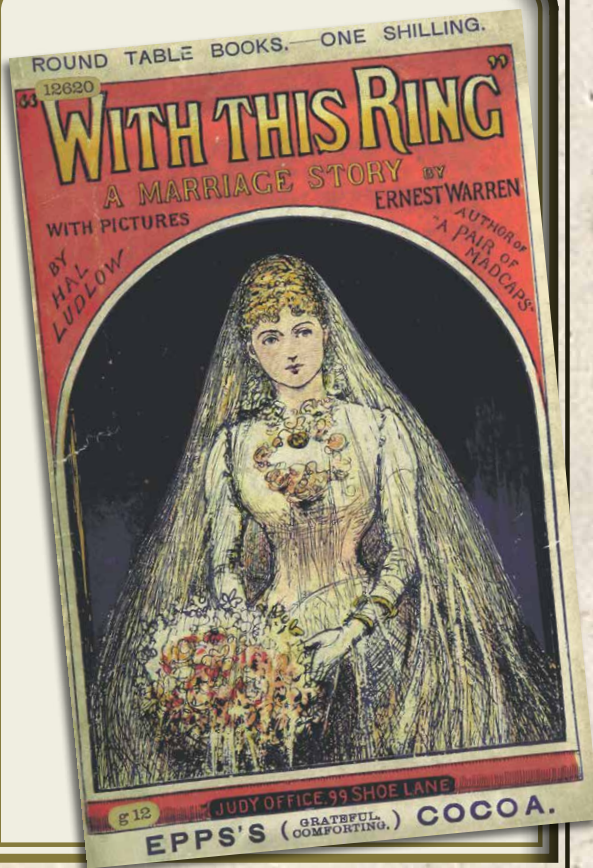


First day at work



Great Expectations, the great expectation for you to leave.

CHARITY



Don't do it!

MISERY



ECCENTRICUS BRITANNICUS

WE ALL SCREAM!

In 1905 two Italian Ice Cream sellers Signor Staroli and the hot headed Marconi Ballerie were in a bitter feud often resulting in blows over a popular "Hokey Pokey" or ice cream pitch in central London. A major source of income for both they used a pony and cart to sell the unhygienic but incredibly popular "Penny Licks"; glass bowls filled with ice cream that were handed back to the vendor after use to be refilled, often unwashed, for the next customer. Ice cream eating from 'Licks' was always a risky affair and some unscrupulous sellers, like Marconi, masked spoiled milk with various flavours helping to pass on a string of illnesses, many proving fatal to the customers.

Things came to a head one particularly hot day when Signor Staroli appalled by Marconi's lack of concern for his customers rolled into view with a new cart. Gone were the 'Penny Lick' bowls and in came the waffle cone and pasteurised milk with a sign proudly declaring 'HYGIENIC ICE CREAM - WITHOUT RISK TO LIFE'.

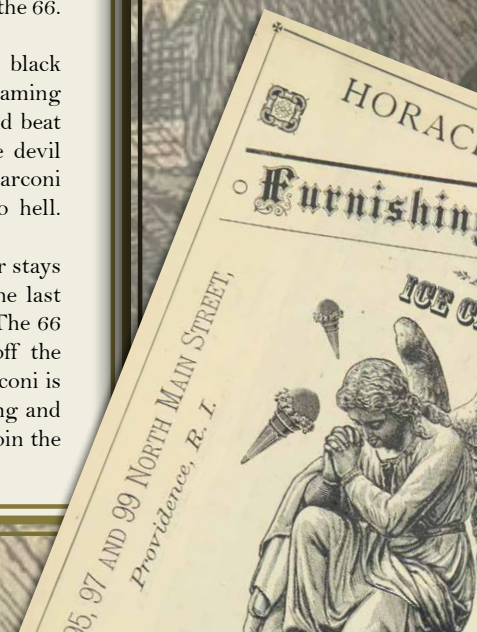
It was an immediate hit, sending Marconi into a jealous rage as he watched his profits tumble day after day. Unfortunately Staroli had also made sure that Marconi wouldn't be able to buy the new cones or the more expensive pasteurised milk, further infuriating him. 'I'd sell my soul to destroy Staroli' he was heard to mutter as he walked away several weeks later his business in tatters. Staroli prospered, his pitch got bigger and his fame spread until almost a year later to the day since Marconi left a new ice cream cart rolled into London...

With loud organ music blaring out from its bell tower rooftop it was three times the size of Staroli's, the decoration six times better, the cone selection ten times better with a fantastical choice of flavours but the thing that really stood out was the 66; Ice cream whipped into a frenzy and swirled into a large cone decorated with six sticks of chocolate. Riding atop the cart was Marconi, laughing manically, 'You're finished!' he shouted, pointing directly at Staroli as his new transport of delight crashed into Staroli's cart turning it into matchwood.

Crowds gathered as the cart stopped. Marconi jumped down and addressed the crowds. 'Come! Taste the best ice cream, the richest toppings, the most delectable flavours! Taste it once and you'll taste it forever!'. Marconi pulled out a 66 from behind the counter and raised it above his head, the crowds pressed forward, cheering with money in hand. 'You scream! I scream! We all scream for ice cream!' shouted Marconi with a possessed look in his eye as he licked the 66.

Immediately there was a blinding flash and four horses clad in black complete with skeletal riders appeared in the sky to drag a screaming Marconi and his cart into the bowels of the earth. Indeed Marconi did beat Staroli in the end but satanic pacts are tricky things to control, the devil never specified how long Marconi's victory would last, something Marconi would have eternity to think about as his soul was sent straight to hell.

Forever cursed to ply his trade in the underworld where ice cream never stays cold and the never ending wailing of an out of tune organ drives the last wits from his mind Marconi is still remembered on our earthly plain. The 66 became the 99, an ice cream beacon of light that has powers to ward off the devil. Remember this as you approach Halloween, for on that date Marconi is allowed to return for one night only to ply his trade amongst the living and should you buy an ice cream from his ethereal cart then you, too, will join the realms of the undead for eternity.





THE FREAKISHLY FIENDISH FRIGHT SCREAM MAN

Limited Edition of 150

Hand Varnished Giclée on Canvas

Image Size 60cm x 60cm | Framed Size 77cm x 77cm | Framed £595







Peacock?
Then loosen your
Prince Albert

Emu-sing

I could
murder a gin

Do they really
stuff cotton wool
up their bottoms?

Yes, madam,
they do.

ff Stuffed Stuff
adilly.

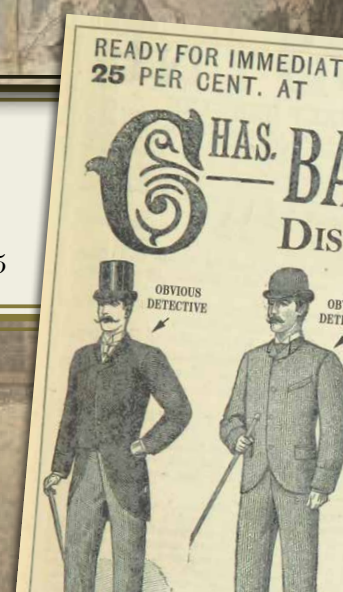


THE SHERLOCK SIDEWINDER'S FINAL PROBLEM

Limited Edition of 150

Hand Varnished Giclée on Canvas

Image Size 53cm x 71cm | Framed Size 70cm x 88cm | Framed £595



ECCENTRICUS BRITANNICUS

SLEUTH

As catalogued in previous stories since the appearance of the Sherlock Sidewinder and the Menacing Moriarty in 1876 the life of Arthur Conan Doyle had never been the same. Dragged into an underworld he never knew existed Arthur's life now hung in the balance as Sherlock and Moriarty brought their battle to the very heart of Baker Street.

In 1892 Arthur was sat in the study of 221b Baker Street reading the latest letter from the Sherlock Sidewinder, it was different from the others and the Sherlock that came across was a Sherlock that had almost reached the end. Over the years mementoes from the many cases he and Sherlock had shared filled the small room he now sat in, the letter referenced this and the many successes but also explained he couldn't stop until Moriarty, the 'Napoleon of Crime' was brought to justice. Arthur took one long puff from his pipe and folded the letter carefully placing it on the table. Turning to the fireplace he bent over to tap out his pipe narrowly avoiding the bullet that came through the window that would have a second earlier ended his life. Arthur picked up the fire poker and ran to the wall next to the window just as a slithering sound came from the stairs.

The door opened to a shadowy figure that removed its cape and produced a revolver at the same time. It was the Moriarty Marauder.

'Hello Arthur, I expected you to die. What a pity, if you want a job doing...' said Moriarty raising the revolver to point directly between Arthur's eyes.

'...Do it yourself' a different voice finished as the Sherlock Sidewinder stepped out of the shadows in the study, revolver also raised but pointing directly at Moriarty. 'Your ruse worked Arthur, I'm impressed' Sherlock added.

Moriarty nodded, 'Touché my dear Sherlock, if I had a hand free I would clap. How on earth are we going to untangle this mess? One of us three will die'

'One of us two Moriarty, it's just between us'

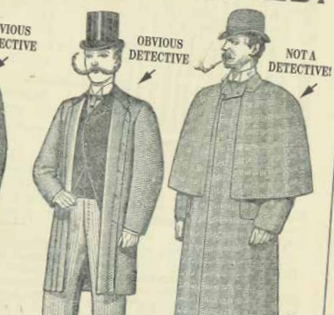
'On the contrary Sherlock, it's still three, you're forgetting that I didn't fire the shot through the window and now that gun is trained on you instead'

And so the final problem presented itself, a triangle of death that could only be solved with a loss of life captured in this one painting with a solution embedded within its depths waiting for a sleuth to uncover the truth.

Can you find it?

WE WEAR, WILL SAVE AT LEAST
Only High Class Outfitters being employed,
a Good Fit and Style is Guaranteed.

AKER & Co.'s
GUISES LIMITED.





ECCENTRICUS BRITANNICUS

VOTES FOR WOMEN!

In 1906 the term Suffragette was used in the Daily Mail to describe the members of Women's organisations who fought for women's suffrage under the banner of "Votes For Women". The word was readily embraced; in 1908 the co-editor of the 'Votes For Women' newspaper designed a colour scheme to identify Suffragettes - purple for loyalty and dignity, white for purity and green for hope. Fashionable London shops sold ranges of the tricolour items to help support the Suffragette movement but publicity and funds were raised in more unusual ways.

In 1909 a board game, the 'Pank-A-Squith' was produced featuring a spiral board, the object being to lead a suffragette figure from the start to parliament in the centre thus toppling the government. Around the same time two suffragettes tried to post themselves by Royal Mail to Downing Street, this however failed in its attempt. More successful was the travelling entertainment and none more so than Pankhurst's Portable Retribution, more commonly known as the Punch Him Judy Booth.

Wheeled into town squares and seaside destinations, ladies with particularly difficult and untrained husbands were encouraged to entice them along to the seemingly harmless show where they experienced a tirade of ridicule and stylised violence from a Pankhurst Puncher that battered them into submission, usually making them part with large sums of money to stop the show and to utter expletives such as 'My god! Not the pointy end!' and 'Oooff! You have smashed my scruttock sack!'

Men who survived the battering were awarded tri-coloured medals in purple, white and green which coincidentally matched the colour of their scruttock sacks. Those that didn't survive became useless wrecks unable to function in society so ultimately ran for government positions where they were greeted with open arms.



THE BRITISH EMPIRE'S TENPENNY BRITANNISAURUS

Limited Edition of 150

Hand Varnished Giclée on Canvas

Image Size 60cm x 60cm | Framed Size 77cm x 77cm | Framed £595

ECCENTRICUS BRITANNICUS

SUGAR RUSH

In May 1848 Sam Brannan, a store keeper, brandished a bottle filled with gold dust around San Francisco shouting 'Gold! Gold!' an incident which sparked the infamous Californian Gold Rush. Over the course of the years a further 250,000 fortune seekers flooded the area, most destined to lose everything. One of these prospectors was an 18 year old Charles Timpson but by 1856 when he arrived he was too late to make his fortune and in 1878 returned to Britain a broken man but still looking for the fabled 'pot of gold' that would make his fortune.

An ageing Charles eventually found employment at the Bassett factory in Sheffield as a travelling salesman supplying the shopkeepers of Britain with an endless supply of the latest confectionery. In 1898 he was given the special task of trying to sell a new product, liquorice wrapped in a variety of sugary flavours but on his first visit to a major buyer he dropped the tray of samples. Quickly he gathered them together mixing up the various sweets, colours and shapes as he tried to rearrange them. The client stopped him, he loved the mixed up assortment of shapes and colours and asked if they could be made like that intentionally.

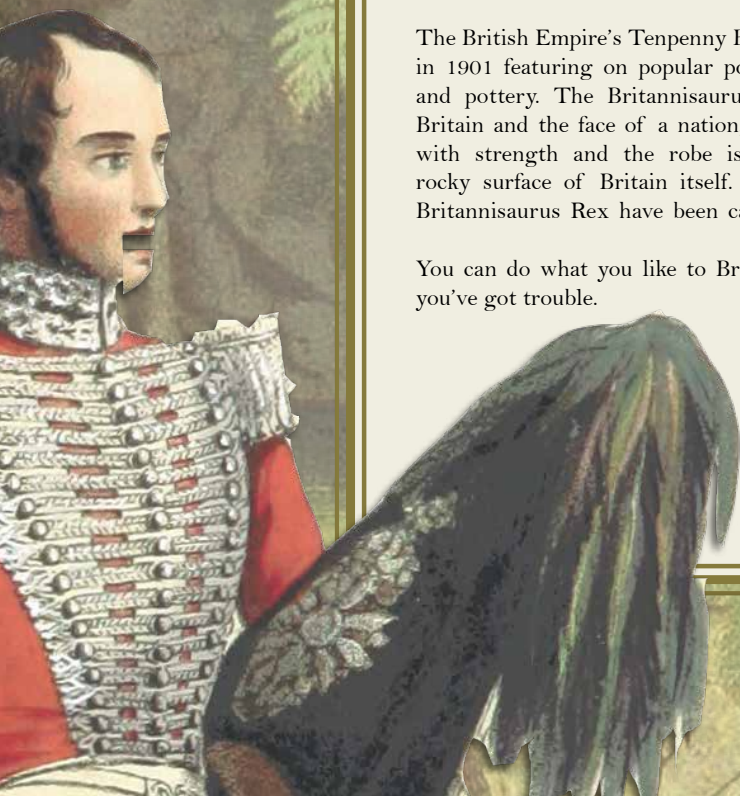
They could indeed and Liquorice Allsorts came into being. So popular did they become that this period in history is called the 'Sugar Rush', Charles was richly rewarded for his own 'rush' finding the pot of gold he so desperately sought. Such was the impact of liquorice allsorts that an explosion of sweet production followed as other manufacturers tried to catch up. Pear drops, sherbet lemons, wine gums, aniseed twists and even lollipops made their first appearances during the sugar era.

Britain, proud of its new sugar rush employed the greatest minds of the time to come up with a figure to represent the nation's obsession with confectionery and its worldly empire driven dominance.

The British Empire's Tenpenny Britannisaurus Rex made its first appearance in 1901 featuring on popular posters of the day as well as coins, stamps and pottery. The Britannisaurus Rex was used to reflect the mood of Britain and the face of a nation; the spear is held with serenity, the shield with strength and the robe is a flowing representation of the stable, rocky surface of Britain itself. The selection of sweets surrounding the Britannisaurus Rex have been carefully selected to pass on a message too.

You can do what you like to Britain but f**k around with our sweets and you've got trouble.

Well I never! I did not know that. Rule Britannia...





Family is dope, wit courage and hope, bin cruisin the world in a big black jag, son shackd up with a nag faced hag.

*Get down wid it muthaf*ka!*

Wow! You need raking out love.

I'd sooner suffocate in my corset, it's far less depressing.

Poot!



What absolute bollocks

*He look'd at me from behind
and said 'what an ass!' I
looked at his face and
thought the same thing.*



ECCENTRICUS BRITANNICUS

BIG BALLS

In 1818 twenty four members of the Royal Society excited by the recent publication of the electric inspired novel, *Frankenstein*, gathered together for a demonstration called the 'Galvanisation Of Electro-Bioiotelegraphs'. In the centre of the selected auditorium was a wooden booth seven feet high with a metal inside, ornately panelled with glass highlights and a pitched lead roof to isolate magnetic interference. A complex mass of wires and steel entered the roof through ceramic caps to the metal box within which would allow electricity to safely enter the entire structure. The idea was to allow a patient to enter the metal box whereupon a burst of electricity would fill the booth stimulating the muscles and nerves to invigorate the body and thus effect a cure.

Of course the ideal candidate would be a member of the society itself. Doctor William Howard-Oswald, nicknamed Whohoo, a young, willing and recent member of the distinguished society made a rash decision, but as all the other members were either too wise or too afraid to step forward the experiment began. The Doctor entered the booth. Switches were thrown and buttons pressed as the group looked on expectantly, what they expected I don't know but what they got was a large flash bang that singed the eyebrows and curled the beards of the closest onlookers as the booth took off to shoot through the roof of the auditorium.

The Doctor inside had heard the bang and knew something had happened. He waited a rather polite amount of time before nervously peering out and feeling both doors fly away from his hands as he crash landed on a rocky surface and everything went black.

'Master! Master! Wake up!' The voice grated as he slowly opened his eyes, it sounded metallic but regal, annoyed but stupid, boring but...but...it was a dog, a large metal dog with bun shaped hair urinating up the side of the broken booth.

'What the f...' the doctor said rather confused with the whole affair.

'It's me Master, Leia K9P! We've crashed in a s***hole of a place again!'

'Skegness?' The stunned doctor replied, unsure of why he had just answered.

'No, planet Crapcomicon, a whole p***hole of a planet that should have had its backside lashed eons ago. It's where crap cosplay comes to die, if you want a sh**ty Superman or a slutty Sooty you've come to the right place and now the Turdis is f**ked too!' replied K9P for he was very 'Potty of the Mouth'.

The doctor leaned out of the broken door to look at this new world, it was indeed a f***king hole but he was more concerned that his arms had turned into a long multicoloured scarf and he was stood facing the mother of all dressing up disasters, a selection of crap cosplayers. What on earth was the Doctor going to do next?

'A billion planets out there with a billion combinations and you had to land on this fucking one' said Leia K9P wishing it had balls to lick.

TO BE CONTINUED...



DOCTOR WHOHOO AND THE PLANET OF CRAPCOMICON
(HAND PAINTED ECCENTRIC REMARQUE EDITION)

Limited Edition of 95

Hand Varnished Giclée on Canvas

Image Size 81cm x 53cm | Framed Size 98cm x 70cm | Framed £1,950

***ADD
YOUR
OWN**

CRAPCOMICON CHARACTER!

'All I need is a name; it can be an iconic popular culture favourite like Han Solo or Superman, a television or film personality or even your own creation (for this I'll need a name and a description of the character), either way I will create for you a Planet Crapcomicon version of it like no other and merge it into the existing painting in a rather amusing way. Think of it as your own unique rebellious art vandalism - be inventive, be creative, let it be who you want it to be! My wish is your command, as long as it's a crap one! May the Crapcomicon be with you.'

- Peter Smith

*Your unique character will be hand painted by Peter Smith. With the nature of the piece, Peter Smith will retain artistic right in regard to the character's completion. This will be a 'crap' version of the character on the planet crapcomicon rather than a detailed realistic representation.

Eccentricus Britannicus Notes

Draw stuff thats cool

Don't forget to buy milk and
eggs

It's like creating a statue
of an elephant from a
square bit of granite with the
simple instruction of 'chip off
everything that doesn't look
elephanty

Don't put a hairdryer on the
bird table again, it'll blow your
tits off.



Does this look
really look like
me?





Can you fart
in space?

Do cats play
chess?



THE HANDSOME MOUSE



Far, far away in a land like no other lived a beautiful princess in a high tower. Imprisoned many years earlier by an evil king for being the most beautiful princess in the land who refused the king's hand in marriage she lived out her days spinning the finest silk from spider webs. She could never leave the tower as it had no doors. The king sent her food and clothes and she used a basket on a pulley from the topmost window which she would lower down every morning.

Then one day as she sat spinning she noticed a small crack in one of the walls. She could not remember ever seeing the crack before, surely it was new. The princess approached curiously and peered into the small crack. In the darkness she could see a small pair of eyes looking back. It was a mouse.

Instead of screaming the princess spoke, for that is what princesses do on these occasions.

'Come little mouse, I mean you no harm'

The little mouse shuffled forward into the light, his fur was the finest silk and his tail was made from a golden braid.

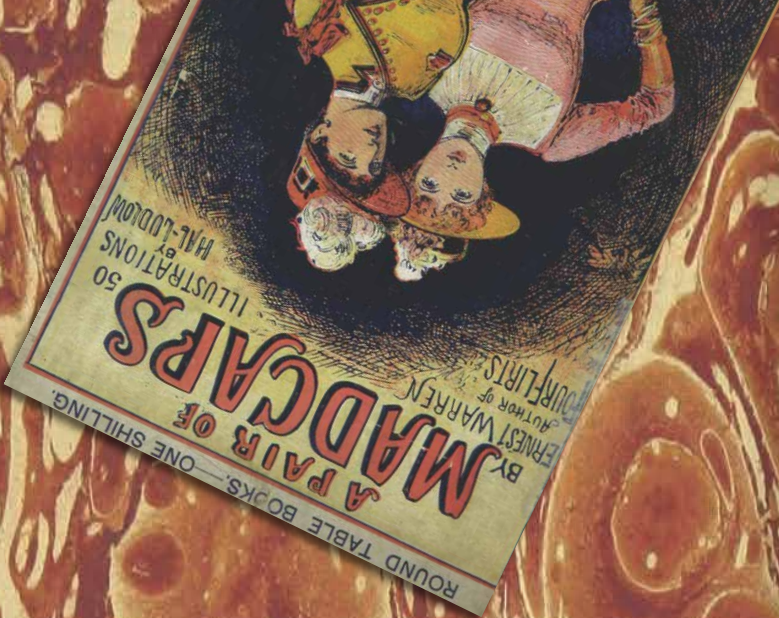
'You are the most handsomest mouse I have ever seen!' exclaimed the princess.

The mouse just looked back with a tear in its eye, for the mouse was no ordinary mouse, the mouse used to be the most handsomest prince in the kingdom until an evil king turned him into a mouse using a magic potion. The very same evil king that imprisoned the princess.

'Oh, we are both trapped here little mouse, what shall we do?' she said as she picked up the handsome mouse. 'Maybe you are a handsome prince turned into a mouse' she said. The mouse looked at the princess and started to cry. 'You are! You are a prince little mouse! Oh my!' said the princess excitedly, 'Maybe I can help! A kiss from a princess could break the spell and return you to your original form!'

The princess raised the handsome mouse to her lips and delicately kissed its cheek. In a flash the mouse transformed into the most handsome prince the princess had ever met, unfortunately she transformed into a small ugly mouse.

'Thanks bitch' said the prince as he hopped out of the window for he was also a chauvinist pig with low moral values.



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