



'From

ROY CLUCAS: GRAPHIC DESIGNER AND INDUSTRY BUSYBODY. BOY ROY DREW RACING CARS AND JET AIRCRAFT IN THE MARGINS OF HIS SCHOOL EXERCISE BOOKS. HE DREW CARS THROUGHOUT HIS TIME AT BOARDING SCHOOL AND THE ARMY - WHERE HE FEELS HE 'PRE-EMPTED MANY OF THE STYLING TRENDS THAT HAVE SINCE EMERGED'. POOR RESULTS IN MATHS AND SCIENCE AT SCHOOL KEPT HIM OUT OF ARCHITECTURE 'AND CAR STYLING WAS SOMETHING THAT HAPPENED IN ITALY.' (IT STILL DOESN'T HAPPEN HERE, HE COMMENTS RUEFULLY).

HIS FATHER WAS A MECHANICAL ENGINEER BUT HIS PARENTS SOON REALISED THAT THE BOY ROY WAS TO BE A COMMERCIAL ARTIST - AND HE WAS SENT TO THE DURBAN TECH TO EXPLORE. AT TEN YEARS OF AGE HE WAS A SATURDAY MORNING SPLASH CLASS STUDENT OF THE YOUNG NOEL BISSEKER - NOW HEAD OF 3D DESIGN AT WITS TECHNIKON.

AT EIGHTEEN HE WAS A CO-STUDENT WITH DERMOT MAGOWAN, RICK WARD, LESLIE MACKIE AND STELLA - NOW GORDON MURRAY'S WIFE. GORDON WAS STUDYING ENGINEERING AT TECH AND WENT ON TO DESIGN BRABHAM AND McLAREN CARS IN THE U.K. RICK DOES HIS GRAPHICS. AT TWENTY ONE ROY BECAME A JUNIOR **account** EXECUTIVE ON THE DATSUN ACCOUNT.

Some eighteen months later he joined PIG (Partners in Graphics) for two weeks before being summoned to join the legendary Horst Sambo's creative team as Kurt Baumgarten's assistant.

Six months later that agency - Bernstein Kennedy (North) - headed by the great Bob Rightford - took a dive. Redundant Roy found himself headed for Cape Town in a Fiat Sports coupé, accompanied by two 'flower child' beauties to "explore the bohemian edge" - the last days of sixties hippiedom. 'Just in case', he packed his party. Janice Ashby 'had nothing for him'. Somewhere between furtive showers taken at the Cape Town station (it was 'out' for commune members to bathe) he called a friend in Johannesburg to 'check the market'. Phillips Bunton Mundel and Blake had been born. They needed a 'junior'.

Within months he was promoted to 'studio manager', at R300 a month. Too much too soon. He was fired under dubious circumstances - along with scores of others. Dermot took over. Roy threw a party. Kenny Saint and Peter Worsley came. They invited him to join their new design company. They had called it Grapplegroup. Someone drove their car over a wall into the tennis court. Jilly wore a long white cheese cloth dress. Suddenly they were all older. Roy had learned to airbrush and

Jilly had run off with Zak. Ed McCabe's wife was friendly, and Brillo was brill. New York beckoned. Studio 54 hollered. Bright lights, limos and before long, Paris - the city of romance - was seducing one more uppie from the deep South. Fashion shows and pop stars - Riviera shoots and social elan came fast and furiously. Ecstasy on prime time, 'Toujour...'. He blissfully resigned himself to becoming a Frenchman with a future.

Pop. The bubble bursts, once more. The blonde flees. What now? England, spiritual home, source of inspiration and dare one prophesy ...destiny?

Nay. Nooit. Naught. Jo'burg. Via Durban's bleak Mobeni (Darling, darling) and Cape Town's blustery beauties. Jo'burg! What magnet lies beneath your skin deep crush. What unseen force creates such mystic equilibrium? Aah, blissful village ... you're just like Pingo. From: "It's mar larf anaal do what ah waant..." Eric (the orchestra leader) Burdon.

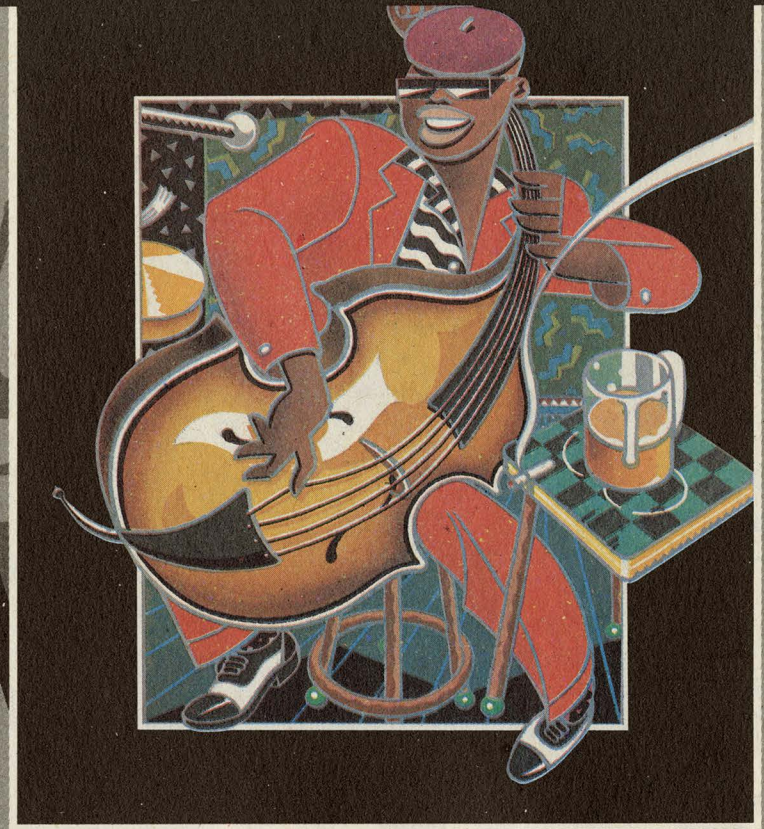
to Paris' (e n t e r u g) .

Pingó: affectionate abbreviation of Isipingo Beach - once a charming seaside community of mainly English folk, situated 15km south of Durban, which was annexed by the Group Areas 'Act' in 1960 to accommodate the Indian folk forcibly moved from Cato Manor. Stiñky story, né?

P i n g o

H O T , H O S T E L , H O S T I L E . . .

I S M A K I N G



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HIGHVELD

HONKIES

HYSTERICALLY

HAPPY

HIGHVELD

Style

