

# ARTS' News

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Autumn 2001

Business Arts / Conservatory Gallery 6 Hills Avenue Cambridge CB1 7XA 01223 211311 www.businessarts.co.uk

## MAKING MARKS...

**Juliet Gorman**  
smoke-fired pottery

**Jane Sainsbury**  
linocuts

**Nikki Willis**  
imaginative textiles (clothes and wallhangings)

4 - 27th October 2001

**You are cordially invited to the Private View  
on Wednesday 3rd October 7 - 9 p.m.  
Open Thursdays to Saturdays and Sunday 7th  
October 11 - 5 p.m. or by appointment**

## HERE AND NOW ...

**CIVILIZATION: July at the Conservatory  
Gallery : review by Jane Evans**

**F**inding a theme for a mixed exhibition must be a recurrent problem for galleries – on the one hand the exhibition should be a coherent whole rather than an arbitrarily assembled group of artists. On the other you don't want the title to be so prescriptive that the artists' freedom is constrained. The link between the three artists featured in 'Civilisation' and their subject was a subtle one. The classical theme of some of **Gary Haigh Smith's** pictures was echoed in the shapes of **Stephen Murfitt's** pots while, in turn, the bronze patina on Stephen's pots and the metallic feel of their rims echoed **John Brown's** sculptures.

The graphic design background of Norfolk-based painter Gary Haigh Smith was evident in his works. There were several monoprints of classical and Arab images. These had an almost austere appeal, lightened by touches of humour, a snail adorning a monoprint of a Grecian urn, a bee on a Greek head. Also on show were large colourful paintings. These burst with energy and life but I would personally have preferred to dispense with the titles which are blazoned across them – almost as if the artist was telling us not to view them as serious works of art but as posters. In a few works the artist juxtaposes the two styles – on one side is a cool, remote image of the Elgin marbles, on the other an exuberant splash of colour.

I loved Stephen Murfitt's raku-fired pots, especially the large crackle-glazed ones displayed in the garden. He

combined voluptuous curves with an almost metallic



*Textiles by Nikki Willis*

angularity at the rim, as if the rim has been fashioned from a curved, overlapping sheet of metal. The bronze glaze of several pieces enhanced the metallic effect - there was a wide closed bowl that even looked as if it had extra pieces of metal soldiered onto it. There were also tall elegantly formed pots and large flat, highly desirable dishes that appear to have been completely created from sheets of bronze.

Just as the garden setting is ideal for large pots so it provided a fitting backdrop for John Brown's sculptures of semi-abstract conjoined figures. Most of the pieces were cast in bronze resin although there were a few in soapstone and aluminium resin. Although nearly all the sculptures represented couples, only one piece seemed to display overt sexuality – the others were more redolent of tenderness. The pieces on show ranged from nearly representational to almost totally abstract and it was these latter pieces that appealed most to me. Also on show were some pencil and charcoal life drawings and a few small mixed media sketches that could be preliminary sketches for the sculptures. As a mixed show *Civilisation* certainly

contained plenty of variety while managing to establish and maintain a common thread through the different works.

## OUT AND ABOUT ...

### HOMAGE TO ELY - AND ART CHOSEN TO FIT by Anthony Day

**D**espairing of the wasteful war of bulk and the absence of recycling opportunities in my district, I've been persuading myself for years to give up the weekend newspapers without finding the gall to tell the newsagent. After all, he comes from miles out and needs all of us in a small village to justify his coming.



To face reading anything in those newspapers I first have to spill out the enclosures, including colour supplements within colour supplements, none worth more than a passing glare. Yet a few months ago something seemingly worthwhile spilled out and I retrieved it as useful.

It turned out not to be. This was a compact guide to leisure amenities and places worth visiting in Cambridgeshire, but once it had dismissed the city of Ely as hardly worthy of an overnight stay I threw the wretched book away. After recommending only the cathedral as a worthwhile experience the writer had apparently gone home bored in the absence of nightclubs and cinemas and with no heart for market towns and their down-to-earth, friendly people.

Ely has a great deal going for it, not least the succession of heavily-attended symphony and choral concerts in that glorious cathedral. It has *The Maltings* too, wherein is a cinema, theatre and space for many enterprises, activities and exhibitions. There is *Cromwell House* furnished as it was in his time, and plenty going on outside in summer to entertain its horde of visitors. It has high quality restaurants and tea rooms, none better than *The Old Fire Engine House* with its succession of art exhibitions, big names among them, and there is the new *Babylon Gallery* by the river dedicated to art of today and the twentieth century, which I visited all too belatedly only a few weeks ago.

**Matisse** and **Kenneth Martin** have been the big names there this year and I shouldn't have missed their exhibitions. Nor should I have missed the one I saw, although it left me not a little uneasy. And this is why.

Yes, you have to have a clean wall to start with when you hang an art exhibition, but how far can you go towards an immaculate setting before it becomes inviolable space? The *Babylon Gallery* is so perfectly ordered that it can tolerate only a limited range of art before it loses its appeal as a work of art in itself. This exhibition was chosen to fit from a much bigger send-in, meaning that anything weightier was discarded as disruptive. I guessed beforehand that this inhibiting rule was in place and thus refrained from sending in to this preview for the annual Open Studios scheme.

It was indeed a perfectly ordered arrangement of pictures, pots and sculptures, the art choice within its limitations; elegance and sophistication the first rule of selection. I looked in vain for something stronger and louder but such a voice was unacceptable here. The gallery itself was

predominant. It's not the only art space to restrict its contents, of course. I recall the other extreme of the old *Beaux Arts Gallery* in Bruton Street, London - a barn-like



*smoke-fired pot by Juliet Gorman*

interior heated, on principle, with paraffin stoves, the gaunt lady in charge made to match

and dedicated only to the drab, coarse renderings of the kitchen sink school. Now there I fancied a little more sophistication, but that was a commercial art gallery and one person's choice, not a public art gallery supposedly dedicated to many aspects of the art of our time. The *Babylon* reminded me of many a *Cork Street* gallery where I found myself wondering if the rarified atmosphere came off the polish, the glamour girl at the desk or the remote works of art on the walls.

I don't expect them to scruff up the *Babylon* but I felt that one finger-smudge on the walls would have them in fits. It's too much a retreat from the world outside, reminding me that art should be integral to life, not an escape from it. It should reflect the rough with the smooth, rise to passion, disturb and elate in equal measure and open eyes and hearts to more than art caught up in its own trimmings.

*Ed: Well, there's certainly no chance of us here ever being accused of being 'too perfect'. In fact, this is a good opportunity to apologise to all those of you whose surnames fall between 'B' and 'K' in the alphabet who found that gremlins hiding in our state-of-the-art computer used their superior wisdom to separate names from their addresses. If anyone did not get their copy, we do apologise and will of course send another one if you notify us, or perhaps you can pick one up from the Gallery.*

*Coincidentally, Tony's theme is echoed by the thoughts of Robin below:*

### OPEN STUDIOS by Robin Stemp

**I**n the 1960s my mother shared a studio with the painter **Charles Higgins**, known as **Pic**. Higgins was the most unpretentious of men, but his studio could have been used as a stage set for any production showing *la vie Boheme* from 1920 on. When the Alwyn Gallery staged his retrospective, they recreated it exactly, down to the last cup of half finished coffee, with a half eaten ginger nut stuck to the saucer. Charles Higgins' studio was a large, damp space, filled with objects and paintings stacked round the walls. By staging this controlled chaos, the gallery captured the spirit of the artist, allowing the viewer a far greater understanding of the work than if it had been hung in a line on the walls.

It is this sense of being privy to the daily routine of an artist which defines an Open Studio. I am writing this in July, when the Cambridge Open Studios are in full swing. The



standard of work is generally high but, with laudable exceptions, the Open Studio can be more like a Private Gallery, in a space swept clean, with all creative detritus tidied away and not a half eaten ginger nut in sight.

No one, surely, could work in such pristine surroundings, with nothing out of place, no sign of work in progress and nothing which can be remotely seen as a failure. Why can't more Open Studios exhibit the failures and the mess as vital evidence of a creative mind at work? Some artists do just that and it makes all the difference to our understanding. As a society we underestimate failure, seeing it as something to be avoided, not as an essential ingredient of a lively mind, the inevitable partner of experimentation. The artists who understand the full ethos of an Open Studio let us come into their space and see, not just the finished work, but the unfinished jottings, the sketch books and the notes, the scribbled words, postcards pinned to a shelf and anything else which gives a clue to their identity. And music. Music which means something, not musack for easy viewing. And notebooks, unedited, with the mistakes and ideas which led nowhere, in there with the flashes of brilliance.

Cambridge is changing fast and the old scruffiness is being eroded (except in my studio, which is a dust-filled asthma inducing tip). The new wave of London-based ghastrly good taste is stripping away the eccentric and the artists who open their studios should have an enviable freedom not found in most galleries. Artists who talk freely about what they do, how they do it and what they can't or don't want to do, are far more influential propagandists for the visual arts than any official committee. And in our increasingly philistine world the arts, visual and otherwise, need all the propaganda they can muster.

## MUSICINGS ...

### THE BRINGER OF LIGHT by Anthony Day

**W**e were never there to quarrel with our art school training in those days. It was enough that, at a time when this country was in tatters after the war, we had been awarded training grants to compensate for our years of mundane work and military service and were realising our wildest dreams. We were more than eager to benefit from what was offered without comparisons.

Without question our teachers were highly competent and encouraging, soon revered for their dedication. The disciplines were sound, the encouragement to study, interpret and enjoy the visual world and to enjoy ourselves at the easel was unmistakable and life was good with social diversions enough on hand.

Yet we came to want a little more from those teachers. We wanted evidence of their own creativity out of school. Could they do as well as teach? Or was this the message that we would never succeed as artists but would sooner secure ourselves as they had done or change course altogether, back even to where we had begun. We wanted light beyond this and were to get it.

He came while I was absent receiving hospital treatment, a part-time teacher who was to daunt me only once when he revealed his age as younger than mine by a few months. Thereafter, although he was never officially my teacher, I found myself running to him for advice and encouragement to act on my ideas and inspiration. His message was that if we were forced into subsidiary employment we could still

make it as painters. He was the painter born and his name was **John Bolam**.

He added zest to every student's endeavours, giving as much to the evening class students as to us, all of us soon hungry for his guidance. Yes, he became a full-time teacher at the school and later its Head, but he kept up production and his paintings took off apace when he retired from the post.

Proof enough of that came with his July exhibition at the Old Fire Engine House, Ely, a flood of colour, rich and harmonious, a rejoicing in landscape and the seasons, an art betraying its roots in the neo-Romanticism of our early days, nothing lost, so much gained during the intervening years.

Coincidentally, he was exhibiting beside another former student of the Cambridge School of Art: **Mac Gregory**, who arrived when I had one year to go and, with a small group of contemporaries, set the place alight with his free handling of colour and design, venturing into some lively abstraction to hush the staid reactionaries. Like John a landscape painter, Mac pushes equally away from description to forceful symphonies of colour with a wonderful play on light and movement. His *Lyrical Landscape* was a sizzler, a painting whose authority stifled any question before it arose.

Going back to that coincidence of age, there are two more of the same vintage on the Conservatory Gallery's list who, hopefully, will be joining us for a showing there next year. Well, it had to be confessed at some time.

Keep's you young, though, painting.

*Ed: Yes, an exhibition not to be missed next Spring is Four from '22 - an exhibition to celebrate the 80th birthday year of John Bolam, Anthony Day, Christine Fox and Richard Sell. Put it in your diaries now.*

### CONCEPTIONS / MISCONCEPTIONS by Robin Stemp

**I**n the summer, Kettles Yard had an exhibition from Japan, *Mono ha* (School of Things) which was the most enjoyable and interesting, because the least 'explained' show of its kind I have seen. I mention it now, because although it is over, the ideas which it threw up are timeless. Conceptual art, like most modernist movements, is not well served by the armada of commentators who follow it about, spraying it with a protective coating of words, thus shielding it from the appalling fate of being generally understood.

A rock sits on a sheet of cracked glass, the lines coming from the rock to the edge of the glass. Were they caused by the rock, or was the glass broken first, then the rock lowered onto it? Does it matter? Yes, it does. It matters because glass broken by a rock says one thing and glass which appears to have been broken by a rock says another. We glance at the two objects and the natural assumption is that the one was caused by the other. It is this assumption which is important, the way in which the outward appearance is often misleading. An artist's job is to realign our perceptions of what is beautiful and, if not beautiful, then interesting. The artist who placed the rock on the glass was asking essential questions about what we see and what we think we see and that is not only valid, but vital.

If the art critics and art historians, writing in their incomprehensible jargon, successfully exclude the public from 'modern art', then the tabloids, coming from a

different angle, do exactly the same. Through their blind dismissal, based on ignorance, they have done as much as the poseurs to alienate a public already alienated; a notorious example being **Carl Andre's** elegant arrangement popularly known as *Tate Bricks*. They were bricks certainly, and in the Tate, but they had a resonance and a beauty which had to be experienced at first hand. How many of those who jeered at *Tate bricks* took the trouble to go and see for themselves?

If the rock on the sheet of glass had been hedged about with screeds of incomprehensible art-speak, it would have been stripped of its meaning. Too many words and you lose the point. Communication between art and the public is essential, but only if it is helpful. Artists are the best advocates for their work, but there are times when nothing is more eloquent than silence.

**SPOKEN LANDSCAPES - continuing our alphabetical anthology of landscape poetry selected, introduced and illustrated by Mark Handley and interwoven with our art anthology**



**'M'** is for ...

**JOHN MASEFIELD (1878-1967)**



**I**n his speech of thanks to the citizens of Hereford upon being given the Freedom of that city John Masefield (Poet Laureate from 1930) was reported as saying, 'When I was a little child I looked upon this beautiful landscape, the red earth and deep woodlands and running brooks and streams, and I

felt that they were the shadow of Paradise, and that just beyond there was Paradise'. It seems to me that in his poetry the dark compacted layers of the real past beneath his feet work just as strongly on his imagination as the paradisaical shadows of the visible landscape:

**UP ON THE DOWNS**

**U**p on the downs the red-eyed kestrels hover,  
Eyeing the grass.  
The field-mouse flits like a shadow into cover  
As their shadows pass.

Men are burning the gorse on the down's shoulder;  
A drift of smoke  
Glitters with fire and hangs, and the skies smoulder,  
And the lungs choke.

Once the tribe did thus on the downs, on these downs  
burning  
Men in the frame,

Crying to the gods of the downs till their brains were turning  
And the gods came.

And to-day on the downs, in the wind, the hawks, the  
grasses,  
In blood and air,  
Something passes me and cries as it passes,  
On the chalk downland bare.

... for **WILLIAM MERRITT CHASE**  
(1849-1916)

**B**orn in 1849 Williamsburg, Indiana, the oldest child of a successful merchant, William Merritt Chase became one of New York's most prominent painters and teacher of portraits, figures and still-lives. In 1861 the family moved to Indianapolis where Merritt Chase received his first artistic training. In 1867 he was apprenticed to a local painter, **Barton S Hays** for two years and then, following Hays' advice, sent to the National Academy of Design in New York. The still lifes with which he supported himself during this time brought him critical and financial success throughout his life. In 1871 he tried unsuccessfully to establish himself in St Louis but was rescued by two prominent local businessmen and art patrons who financed his study in Europe. He enrolled at the Munich Royal Academy in the fall of 1872, studying with its director **Karl von Piloty** who favoured a bravura style of painting in the manner of the Dutch and Spanish masters of the 17th century: **Hals, Rembrandt and Velazquez**. By the time he returned to New York in 1878 his reputation had preceded him, and he began his first teaching position at the newly established Art Students League, remaining until 1896. His studio in the Tenth Street Studio Building, crammed with paintings, tapestries, objects of art and bric-a-brac, was famous and became a meeting place for artists, students and patrons, and a showcase for his work. In 1880 he was elected to a one-year term as president of the Society of American Artists. This had been founded in 1877 to represent 'advanced' art as opposed to the conservative National Academy of Design. In 1885 he was again elected president and served for the next decade. In the summer of 1885 Chase visited London and became friendly with fellow ex-patriot **Whistler**. Whistler persuaded him to stay longer in order for them to paint each other's portraits. They agreed that whichever artist was 'specially in the mood' was to paint while the other posed. Whistler was always 'in the mood' affording Chase little time to paint, but ironically Chase completed his portrait of Whistler whilst Whistler did not complete his. Merritt Chase's painting is considered to depict the two sides of Whistler - public fop and cynic, and tireless, worker striving to achieve interpretations. The painting was exhibited in Boston and New York before the rest of the country, where critics described it either as a caricature of both Whistler and his style of painting, or as a harsh truth. Whistler never forgave Chase and called the portrait a 'monstrous lampoon'. William Merritt Chase's most famous period was during the 1890s when he painted the *Shinneock Hills* - 3,800 acres of barren sand dunes near the town of Southampton on eastern Long Island where he spent his summers. He not only created a lasting visual record of this small part of Long island, but also produced some of the finest impressionist landscapes executed in America.

In 1902 Merritt Chase's pupils commissioned a portrait of him by **John Winger Sargent** as a gift to the Metropolitan Museum of Art.

... and for **JANET MACLEOD ARBS**

**J**anet MacLeod came late to sculpture from a background of teaching, painting and the successive restoration of three 17<sup>th</sup> century family homes, the latter being an invaluable experience in the integration of art and architecture and the development of a fundamental understanding of materials and their relationship to function and aesthetics.

Until the 1990s she was principally known for human figurative work and studies of Pointers which have been acquired by private collectors throughout the world. The human studies gradually became more abstracted in an attempt to distil the emotion of each piece. This concentration on shape and line led to a study of the natural world. The change to organic work has resulted in commissions from academic and corporate biotechnology organisations. Her most recent work is inspired by seeds and pods observed under a microscope.

She is a Member of the Art Workers Guild and the Royal Society of the British Sculptors and has exhibited at Aldeburgh, Stow on the Wold, Bloomsbury, Harrogate, Queen Street London, Normandy, Shipston on Stour, Norwich, Koblenz, Chelsea, Woodstock, Bond Street London, Boxford and Lavenham as well as Cambridge.



*Conspirators, bronze by Janet MacLeod ARBS*

'**N**' is for ...



**THOMAS NASHE**  
(1567-1601)

**N**ashe was one of the earlier examples of a university wit, satirist, playwright and pamphleteer nurtured by Cambridge, a species that still seems to rise out of this place in large numbers like mosquitoes from a swamp that are carried by the East wind to London and buzz away their lives upon the air waves or give their life-blood to a newspaper. Although this Spring verse sounds like the product of a writer at the end of his tether it does have a certain manic charm:

**SPRING**

**S**pring, the sweet spring, is the year's pleasant king;  
Then blooms each thing, then maids dance in a ring,  
Cold doth not sting, the pretty birds do sing:  
Cuckoo, jug-jug, pu-we, to-witta-woo!

... for **NOCTURNE** (a night-piece)

**T**his term was first used by **Whistler** (1834-1903) who frequently gave his paintings musical titles, such as *Symphony* or *Nocturne*. It was the controversial *Nocturne in Black and Gold* (now in Detroit) which was described by **Ruskin** in 1877 as 'flinging a pot of paint in the public's face'. Whistler was bankrupted by suing Ruskin in 1878: although he was awarded damages of a farthing (for all you young people out there, a farthing is ¼ of a penny) he had to pay the costs.

Quietly reflective in character, most frequently expressed in piano music, suggestive of blue/purple pastels of night-time, nocturnes were made popular by **Field**, **Chopin**, **Fauré**, **Debussy** and others. **Mendelsohn's** incidental orchestral music for *A Midsummer Night's Dream* contains atmospheric nocturnal music and the full range of night-time colours can be heard in Debussy's orchestral *Trois Nocturnes*. In jazz the impressionism of **Duke Ellington** is at its best in evocative 'night pieces' such as *Blue Time* and *Blue Light*.

The idea of painting landscapes as night scenes actually goes further back than Whistler, to **Aert van der Neer** (1603/4 - 77), a Dutch landscape painter famous for his moonlit scenes, usually showing the canals around Amsterdam. He also painted winter landscapes with skaters. In both types of paintings he used light effects and subtle modulations of colour. Paradoxically, although his work was much copied and imitated, he had difficulty earning a living as an artist and, in 1658, he opened a wineshop. When he became bankrupt in 1662 he returned to painting. His work is in the Rijksmuseum in Amsterdam; the Wallace Collection in London and the Metropolitan Museum in New York. Two of his sons, **Eglon** and **Jan** became painters and were successful, particularly Eglon who became court painter at Dusseldorf whilst Jan imitated his father.

...and for **NEO....**

- Neo-classicism
- Neo-Dada
- Neo-Gothic
- Neo-Impressionism
- Neo-Plasticism
- Neo-Romanticism

As this is summer (!!!) and we have all been dashing from studios to gardens and back again, hopefully sipping our Pimms along the way, we have had no time to experiment with recipes, so instead offer some insight into gardening:

**GARDEN DESIGN - A POTTED HISTORY**  
by **Philippa Crofts**

**G**ardens made for pleasure have been created since ancient Egyptian times, and over the centuries have developed into the landscapes and suburban plots we see today. This process has been subject to a variety of

influences ranging from fashion to philosophy, with contributions from poets and artists, gardeners and Kings. In western Europe, the tradition of garden design has followed a dual path, at times being concerned with landscape as architecture and at others rejecting this rationale in favour of the 'natural'. Renaissance gardens borrowed from ancient Greece and Rome, and classical references continued until eighteenth century philosophical ideas of the 'Sublime' introduced the wild and romantic aspects of the 'picturesque' natural landscape, with '**Capability**' **Brown** famously sweeping away all traces of

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formality.

The Victorians, however, preferred innovation and decorated their gardens with a variety of ornate features and exotic plants, often re-introducing formality with topiary, clipped hedges and geometric flower beds. Towards the end of the nineteenth century the crude colour schemes and contrived stiffness of the typical Victorian garden began to seem less appealing. One of their harshest critics was **William Robinson**, who suggested replacing these 'ridiculous absurdities' with native and hardy plants, using them as they might be found in their natural habitats. He introduced woodland and wild flowers into the garden and inspired a new casual approach to garden design based on the cottage ideals, popularised through illustrations by artists such as **Helen Allingham**.

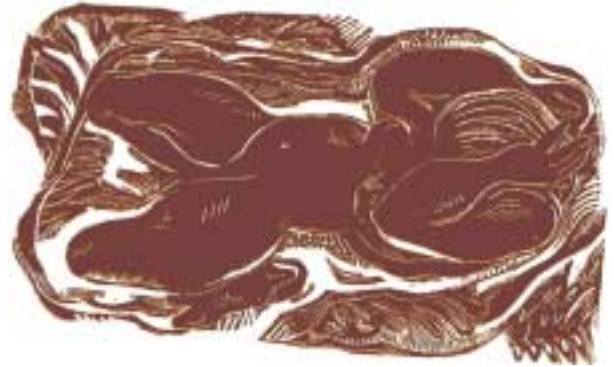
Robinson's ideas for more naturalistic planting were supported by **Gertrude Jekyll**. A middle-aged lady who had taken up gardening in preference to painting because of failing eyesight, she had commissioned a young architect named **Edwin Lutyens** to design her a new house. The resulting unlikely but very successful design partnership was to be of tremendous influence. For the first time in garden design the architectural and naturalist styles were of equal importance, merging happily with each other towards a unity between house and garden. Jekyll provided the planting plans for Lutyens' formal but innovative structural frameworks. Trained as a painter, she had been much influenced by the work of **Turner** and the Impressionists, and she considered the texture, outline and above all colour of her plant material.

Several of the most fascinating twentieth century gardens have resulted from these influences, most notably Hidcote Manor and Sissinghurst. Both are laid out as a jigsaw of separate compartments, each with an individual style but combining to make a unified whole. **Vita Sackville-West** was particularly interested in the attributes of plants, and created her famous white garden in response to Gertrude Jekyll's principles. She and other dedicated gardeners such as **Marjory Fish, Beth Chatto, Clive Lloyd** and **Penelope Hobhouse** have all written inspiringly about their passion

for plants and how best to use them in gardens. Recent TV programmes have focussed on 'decking' and 'pebling' but this year's Royal Horticultural Show emphasised the inspiration of plants.

Pamela Marshall Barrell

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*linocut by Jane Sainsbury*

**AUTUMN / WINTER PROGRAMME  
AT CONSERVATORY GALLERY**

*1st - 24th November - 'Movement': paintings, drawings  
and sculpture by Nicola Ottley  
Christopher Marvell and Sylvia  
Paul*

*29th Nov to 22nd Dec  
22nd December - Cambridge Drawing Society*

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COLLECTION work by nationally famous 20th  
century artists such as **Edward Bawden, Eric  
Ravilious, Michael Rothenstein, Kenneth Rowntree,**  
who lived in Great Bardfield or Saffron Walden.

From September 8th to October 28th there will also be:

**BAWDEN'S LONDON,**

an exhibition bringing together a large body of prints  
and drawings recording many of London's landmarks,  
some of which, like Covent Garden and the Coal  
Exchange, have disappeared or been greatly altered.  
In addition the exhibition shows some of his work for  
advertising, and some significant London Transport  
posters.

The gallery will then only be open for its **ANNUAL  
SALE & EXHIBITION** on Saturday November 10th  
(afternoon only) and November 11th (all day).

Last year's sale included **Mary Fedden RA, Anthony  
Green RA, Ian Hamilton Finlay, Joan Elliott Bates,  
Richard Bawden, Chloe and Bernard Cheese, Willie  
Rodger ARSA. Zoe Rubens, John Bolam, Olive  
Cook and Pamela Townshend** were among the 40  
invitees, and over half of the 400 works were sold in  
the one weekend!

MEMBERSHIP of the Society and participation in its  
activities: £5 per year.