



# Senior Moments

*The Newsletter of the Bookham & District*

*University of the Third Age*

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District

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# Bookham and District u3a

Registered Charity No 1036386 u3a Membership No 254/239/93

## The Committee



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This August edition of Senior Moments comes to you in September because we have no meeting in August and as the evenings begin to draw in with Autumn approaching it is the start of a new season of Study Days at the Yehudi Menuhin school where every month on a Friday some very interesting subjects are studied in some detail usually by an expert in the subject. This month it's Keyboards, hopefully of the musical variety and although I can't play the piano I shall be going along to learn something new and interesting. Other subjects are studied throughout the winter months and if you have never been do give it a try. Full details about the meetings are on the last page of this magazine and I hope to see some of you there.

This August edition of our quarterly magazine Senior Moments comes to you with many varied articles on all manor of subjects submitted by our contributors and I trust you will find some if not all of interest.

Maurice Baker—Editor



Senior Moments Editor  
Maurice Baker 372147



## Chairman's Commentary

Welcome to the late summer edition of Senior Moments.

Doesn't time fly? I am almost at the end of what has turned out to be a 30-month tenure as your chairman. A few months ago, a member kindly congratulated me on steering our u3a out of the COVID pandemic and into safer waters. I thanked her but also said I didn't really feel that our u3a had safely landed in calmer waters. We have landed but there is more to do.

The World Health Organisation recently declared that the pandemic is over, but I suggest that its consequences are far from over. The symptoms of long COVID have affected the lives of some 1½ million people in the UK. There has been a much wider impact on society and its behaviour. Before the pandemic our u3a had about 80 interest groups and a regular attendance at the monthly meeting in the Old Barn Hall of typically 150 - 180. Today we have 60 interest groups and a regular attendance at the monthly meeting in the 80 - 120 range. Membership suffered during the pandemic but is now gradually recovering, although we are some 150 members below our 600 peak.

These are just numbers, but they do indicate some trends. Of course, we are all older than we were in 2020 and for some less well, but overall as a membership we are more inclined to stay in our individual 'silos' and reluctant to mix socially with others outside our immediate support group. We have seen the consequences in terms of less willingness to volunteer and reduced support for social events, rendering them financially unviable. Clearly there are members who have bucked the trend and returned to positive social interaction which is a core benefit of the u3a movement.

OK, those of you who have followed my missives these past 2½ years will know my views on the benefits of volunteering and I will avoid further 'groans' on the subject. Instead, please allow me to indulge in a little reminiscing, looking back at what has been achieved to move us away from the depths of the pandemic.

I have always said that under my chairmanship there would be evolution and not a revolution. The pandemic reinforced that approach whilst so much of our daily lives were restricted. After an 18-month absence we managed to return in September 2021 to in person meetings in

the Old Barn Hall. Zoom had served us well and for a time we continued in parallel with a series of Zoom based talks from other u3a members.

No doubt you will have your own favourite monthly meeting talks, but for me the standouts were Tom Way and his wildlife photography and Alan Jones getting me into some theatrical 'hypnotic' activity that had absolutely no scientific basis whilst he unravelled the mystery surrounding hypnosis. In contrast, my lowest point for monthly meeting talks was when the Chair of Waverley Dowsers, Geoff Mitchell, promoted his version of dowsing, unsuccessfully linking it to John Constable's painting of The Hay Wain. When the audience, who are usually most respectful, started muttering 20 minutes into the talk, I knew all was not well and perhaps best summed up (apparently) by my facial expressions ½ hour into the talk when I really wanted to stop the speaker but had to hold back to a tactful point that avoided blatant rudeness.

Day trips and theatre outings have returned to the Bookham u3a offering, rather less in number than occurred BC (Before Covid). We have been to Hampton Court Palace, West Horsley Place and further afield to Chichester, Oxford and

Winchester. We have been entertained at the Yvonne Arnaud Theatre in Guildford.

New interest groups in the form of chess, travel experiences and morning hikes have got up and running. A list of interest group subjects was published in Senior



Moments back in August 2021. This identified subjects which were active in a u3a somewhere in the UK and showed that there are plenty more opportunities if members are interested.

Throughout my time as chairman, I have valued the substantial support of the other committee members and numerous helpers for which I say a 'great thank you'. I have started taking life a bit easier, as you can see during a recent London Walks 4 visit to the Queen Elizabeth Olympic Park!

Finally, I wish the incoming chairman every success as the journey for our u3a continues.

There isn't a next time for me in this column, so goodbye and take care.

*Chris Middleton*

## At long last

I first wrote about Berthe Morisot in *Senior Moments* in 2015 and tried to make the case for her recognition as a leading impressionist artist instead of just a token woman and I wanted to see an exclusive show of her work. The Musée d'Orsay in Paris put on an excellent exhibition in 2019 and now the delightful Dulwich Picture Gallery has a fine show establishing



*The delightful Dulwich Picture Gallery*

her as not just one of the group, but a leading Impressionist Artist in the mid 1800s.

My initial interest came from a book written by Lin Arison, an Israeli/American lady and keen art lover who not only found where Morisot lived but also met the family of her daughter, Julie Manet,

who lived into her late 80s and died as recently as 1966.

Berthe Morisot's interest in the treatment of light colours and particularly in the tinted, silvery and shimmering whites of which Watteau was the master, becomes



*A pastel picture*

clear:

Why was Morisot forgotten for so long when others artists who died young were remembered? The classic case is van Gogh who died in 1890 in relative obscurity as both a person as well as an artist. He had been sending his completed paintings to his brother Theo who was an art dealer in Paris, but Theo died one year after Vincent and it was Theo's wife who promoted and sold all the famous paintings that we now know so well. Berthe Morisot's own brother-in-law, Edouard Manet,

died in 1883, twelve years before Morisot and while Impressionism was still more of a word of abuse for style of painting and yet Manet's quite rightful fame has never Diminished. But why was Berthe



*The Berthe Morisot exhibition*

Morisot who was liked, respected and sometimes admired by her fellow artists almost completely forgotten as an artist until almost the 21st century. She remained remembered as a model for Manet and the others, and her striking looks and deportment appealed

particularly to Manet, who painted excellent portraits of her but also to Renoir who painted her as well.

She died young at 54 in 1895 after nursing her 17 year old daughter through influenza but caught the illness herself and died. She was, therefore, unable to promote her work



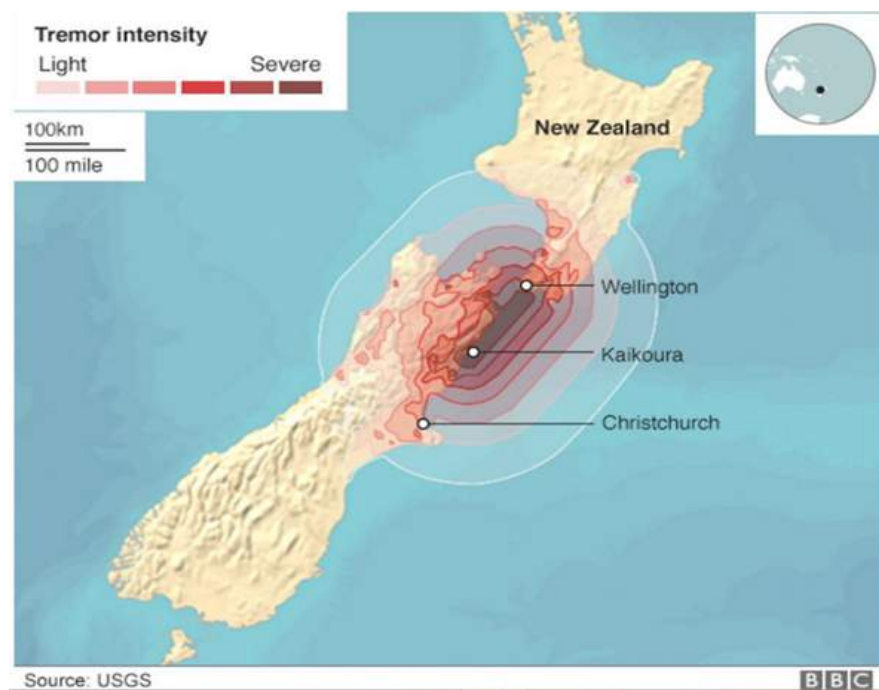
*Painted in the Isle of Wight on honeymoon, Eugene in foreground*

and the impressionists style as her contemporaries Degas, Monet Renoir and the others did so effectively. The only conclusion I believe that can be drawn from this is that she was not a man but a woman and in so many walks of life at the time women were considered by their gender to be inferior to men and this absurd proposition was to perpetuate through much of the 20th century. There are even still traces of it today where women get less pay for the same work and a lower pension because of the time they took "off work" to raise and rear a family. Berthe Morisot is now established as a leading Impressionist artist in her own right.

*Maurice Baker*

## Earthquake – a personal experience

This was our first long holiday since retirement, a four week trip to New Zealand's North and South islands. We made use of a wet day in Wellington to visit the New Zealand Parliament, both the modern executive offices known as the 'beehive', designed by Sir Basil Spence, and the historic Parliament building and Library. Part of the tour included a trip to the basement to view the earthquake dampers that had been installed by cutting through the foundations beneath the older structures. Our guide told us that there was no longer any risk to these buildings as the dampers were designed to withstand a 7.5 magnitude quake 'and that will only happen once in 600 years.' This was tempting fate. Less than a week later on 14 November 2016 Wellington was severely rocked by the 7.8 magnitude quake that hit South Island, with its epicentre at Hanmer Springs. Despite this, the parliament buildings survived.



The previous day we had driven along Highway 1 to Kaikoura, a small coastal town on the South Island just 70 km east of Hanmer Springs, famous as a whale watching venue, and for the delicious local crayfish and paua (a species of abalone) served in its restaurants. We booked whale watching for the following

morning, then settled into our motel with a picnic supper and a bottle of wine, followed by an early night.

New Zealand is well known for having several active volcanoes, as well as boiling mud pools and fumaroles. Its position on the boundary between the Indo-Australian and Pacific tectonic plates also makes it prone to earthquakes (remember the one that partially destroyed the city of Christchurch in 2011!) but we were definitely not expecting the huge earthquake that struck Kaikoura at midnight that night.

I woke in complete darkness to the sounds of crashing and banging all around me and the bed being violently shaken. In those early moments I had no idea if it was reality or a dream. Eventually I realised it must be an earthquake and instinctively wrapped the duvet over my head and grabbed hold of my husband. There was no chance of getting out of bed or under a table as the room was shaking so violently, and it all happened so quickly. We just lay on the mattress hugging each other and telling ourselves that earthquakes don't go on for ever, while listening to the sounds of crashing furniture and smashing crockery around us. The shaking did eventually stop, but not for a full 2 minutes, much longer than most earthquakes – just measure that on your watch and you'll be surprised how long it feels. The experience was truly shocking but we were still alive and unhurt. Instinct was to switch on the light – no electricity – then feel for my glasses on the bedside table – no bedside table! A scrabble around on the floor located my glasses (fortunately in a hard case and unbroken) and my phone (also thankfully unbroken), which then doubled as a torch. We could now see that tables and chairs had been overturned, the toaster, kettle and microwave thrown to the floor, and broken crockery lay scattered about. Finding shoes was the next issue, then we stumbled outside to join other stunned motel residents in the carpark. Everyone was very calm – no shouting, screaming or panic – but nobody knew what to do serious? A young Indian man said he had lived in New Zealand for 6 years and had never experienced anything like it before. As the motel was located just a few metres from the beach he recommended that we move to higher ground in case of a tsunami. That seemed like a sensible suggestion so we grabbed something to cover our night clothes, searched the debris on the floor until we found the car keys and door key, then joined dozens of other vehicles heading out of town up a hill, and parked by the roadside near the hospital. An aftershock struck almost immediately, causing our car to shake from side to side and the camper van in front of us to lurch violently – further shocks continued throughout the night and for several days afterwards, some of them producing jolts and shudders, others making the ground feel like jelly beneath our feet – a very weird and disconcerting sensation. Altogether there were more than 2000 aftershocks.



During that long dark night the car radio proved invaluable, as we found a local radio station broadcasting a minute-by-minute report of the quake and the tsunami warnings for the whole east coast of NZ being issued by the civil defence and police. First light revealed broken shop windows, concrete telegraph poles leaning at crazy angles with dangling broken wires, and cracks in the roads and pavements. Only a few buildings looked badly damaged, a miracle considering that the earthquake which destroyed much of Christchurch in 2011 and killed 185 people was 'only' 6.3 magnitude.

In the dawn light we made a hasty trip back to the motel to collect clothes, food and valuables before heading back to high ground. Our motel was deserted, and we were lucky enough to witness a magnificent sunrise over the bay – a perfect post-apocalyptic dawn. Strangely, the beach seemed much wider and rockier than before. Was this the warning of an impending tsunami? Only later did we find out that the sea bed had risen over 1.5 metres during the earthquake exposing rocks usually covered by the tide, and stranding the whale watching boats in the harbour. A major tsunami never materialised, and neither did our whale watching.

Initially, we had no idea of the severity of the damage, just a realisation that power, water and communications were all severed – no phones, no TV, no internet. The hospital was the only place with wi-fi, and that was soon overloaded by people desperately trying to contact friends and relatives. Our daughters later complained about how slow we were to let them know what was happening! Then we met a couple in a camper van who had tried to drive south towards Christchurch and had to turn back after 50 km because the road was blocked by landslides. Reports on the radio during the day confirmed that Kaikoura was cut off from the rest of New Zealand. To the north, highway 1 was blocked by debris that had also destroyed the railway. To the south, a whole mountainside had come away, taking the road with it. Repairs were estimated at months, not days. On that lovely sunny morning we realised how lucky we were to be stranded in such a beautiful place, surrounded by stunning mountain scenery and turquoise seas.



Then the first helicopters began to arrive, mostly carrying the press and TV cameras, though some had essential supplies for the hospital. The following day we even had a visit from the prime minister John Key. Fortunately there seemed to be very few casualties needing medical attention, and only two deaths were reported. During daylight hours the air was soon filled by the din of engines and rotor blades. Local people and civil defence personnel sprang into action, setting up porta-loos on the grass and creating a temporary feeding station, handing out cups of water and hot dogs to the hundreds of trapped tourists and residents too afraid to return to their home, which in any case, had

no power or water. For many of them, it was a second night spent in their cars and camper vans (the lucky ones), though as the tsunami warning had been lifted, we returned to our motel room again – the only ones brave enough to do so – even the owners were too frightened to stay there. That night I was woken three times by aftershocks, as the building had sustained some structural damage, and now rattled and creaked each time a shock struck. It's amazing how you get used to these things, and stop worrying about events that are 'only' magnitude 5-6! The local sea food business were severely impacted by the lack of electricity to un their cold stores and abalone became the dish of the day in the emergenc food kitchens.

We had been due to leave Kaikoura for Christchurch three days later, and initially the rescue services posted notices that an internal route to Christchurch might be open quite quickly. Helicopter evacuation of families with small children and people with medical conditions began, though only limited numbers could go that way. A NZ naval ship was also being sent to evacuate tourists, to relieve pressure on food and water supplies and allow relief efforts to focus on local residents. After two days of hanging about for further information we had to decide whether to abandon our hire car in a pre-arranged car park and be evacuated, or wait for the road to open. After some debate, we opted for evacuation – a lucky decision as in the event, as the road didn't open for civilian vehicles for nearly a fortnight, and the driver of the first lorry to make the journey was wide quoted as saying on arrival 'I'm buggered, I need a beer'. After a short bus ride we found ourselves at a small harbour, to be strapped into life jackets and taken out by Zodiac to HMNZS Canterbury, which was anchored some distance offshore. [My look of horror when faced with climbing 10 feet up a dangling rope ladder to the deck was enough to get the Zodiac winched aboard so I could step off in relative safety via a gang plank.] The ship's crew did their best to accommodate 500 'refugees', mostly on the metal floor of the cargo deck where we sat for hours until the ship was full. Eventually the crew provided us all with an excellent evening meal and we set off on the 6 hour journey to the port of Lyttleton. We were very grateful to the local volunteers and the NZ government for the speed and efficiency of their organisation in a crisis.

days, but for the residents of Kaikoura, the implications were much longer-term. The abalone industry has been severely impacted by the change in sea level, as many of the shellfish were now exposed above the tide line and quickly died. The lives of whales and seals, which were the main tourist attractions, were disrupted, and the town was virtually cut off for several months until the main roads and railway were re-built. Two million man hours were required to repair the route along Highway 1. It reopened on 15 December 2017. The repairs included fixing almost 200 kilometres of damaged road and a similar length of railway line. The repairs cost NZ\$1.1 billion.

Kaikoura deserves to remain on the tourist route for its beautiful location alone. The economy has substantially recovered, supported by the NZ government, and tourist revenue is increasing. Wildlife is surprisingly resilient and Kaikura is once again a place to view sea mammals and a wide variety of bird life. We hope some of you will be able to visit and help the recovery process to continue.



Jenny Wilson

## Recruitment of Committee Members and Volunteers

I hope that you are enjoying your membership of the u3a but wonder if you appreciate the work that goes on "behind the scenes" to ensure all of our interest groups are able to operate and also to facilitate our monthly meetings at the Old Barn Hall.

This work is undertaken by your Committee who are elected at the AGM each October. I joined the Committee in 2022 having been elected as the Vice Chairman. Presuming you will elect me as your Chairman this year, when Chris Middleton steps down, there will again be a vacancy for a Vice Chairman – one of a number of roles we are seeking to fill – see the form.

We are, therefore, looking for members who feel that they would like to contribute to the smooth running of the u3a. Whilst this might sound daunting the commitment is quite light: we hold a Committee meeting on the last Thursday morning of each month (not December) at the Old Barn Hall lasting about 90 minutes, and ask that all Committee members read the brief papers circulated in advance of such meetings.

I appreciate that many members have "done their bit" in the past – and we are grateful to them – but know that there are perhaps newer members who are not sure how they can get more involved. The answer is simple – enter your details on the form opposite, indicating which role(s) you might be interested in learning more about, then either tear it out or make a photocopy and send it to me at 2 The Cedars, Great Bookham, KT23 4GL. Alternatively just send an email to [vicechairman@bookhamu3a.org.uk](mailto:vicechairman@bookhamu3a.org.uk) with the information and I will be in touch.

If you are not sure what participating in a Committee might feel like we would like to invite you to come along to our meeting on Thursday 28 September at 9:30 to watch us in action. There will be absolutely no obligation but we think this might be a way of easing new Committee members in.



Phil Brown Vice Chairman

I would like to know more about volunteering with

Bookham & District u3a

Name: \_\_\_\_\_

Contact details: \_\_\_\_\_

Telephone number: \_\_\_\_\_

Email address: \_\_\_\_\_

Membership number (if known): \_\_\_\_\_

Please tick any roles you want to learn more about:

Committee roles:

☐ Vice Chairman

☐ Publicity Officer

☐ Social Secretary

☐ Minutes Secretary

Other roles supporting Committee members:

☐ Assistant Treasurer

☐ Assistant Webmaster

☐ Assistant Membership Secretary

☐ Group administrator – please note any particular interests



## The Elusive Mary Green – A Traveller?

My talk to the Social History Group in June featured my maternal great grandmother Mary Green. She was born in 1874 in Portsmouth as written down on the 1891, 1901, 1911 and 1921 census. I had no birth or baptism certificates, and I was unable to find her on the 1881 census. On her marriage to Herbert Ernest Russell at Chertsey Registry Office in 1895 there were no family members



present. Herbert was a Journeyman Butcher which I believe was a Slaughterman visiting the local farms.

Mary had previously been a Domestic Servant living in the household of Ernest Collins a Fancy

Draper in Guildford Road, Chertsey in the 1891 census but she is listed as Mary Anne Greene. She died in 1930 so I couldn't find her date of birth on the 1939 Pre-War Register.

Edith Ethel Russell my grandmother was born at Pound Pond, Chertsey in 1898 and her brother Henry Thomas Russell at Flemish Fields, Chertsey in 1901. They are both listed on the 1901 census but on the 1911 census only Herbert is living with their parents. Edith is now living with her grandmother, aunt and two uncles in Worlds End, Cobham where she attends the Church of England School.

It wasn't until we met up with our cousin Linda that one sentence could prove to be so exciting. I told Linda that I had done my DNA and we started talking about the elusive Mary Green.

Then Linda suddenly said: "NANNA ONCE TOLD ME THAT SHE WANTED TO LIVE IN A CARAVAN AND THAT THERE ARE TRAVELLERS IN THE FAMILY!"

Wow! Is this why I cannot find my great grandmother? Maybe Edith and Herbert were both born in a caravan? Travellers would stay near bridges, rivers

and estates enabling them to find work on farms.

I knew nothing about the history of the Gypsy, Romany and Travelling Community and this started me off on a fascinating journey of discovery.

Gypsies, described originally as 'Egyptians' in medieval France, are recorded as being in Eastern Europe by the 1400s and in England by the early 1500s. They were banished from Germany in 1500, from France in 1504 by Louis XII (returning to the country was punishable by death) and in 1525 they were expelled from the Low Countries.

Reasons given for their expulsion included being traitors to Christendom, practitioners of witchcraft and carriers of the plague! With nowhere to go and with England across the Channel, migration to England was an obvious solution. It is not known how many Gypsies travelled to England but regardless, this led Henry VIII's Ministers to pass the Egyptians Act in 1530 with the aim of removing all such people from the kingdom. The Act condemned the 'Egyptians' accusing them of 'using great subtlety and crafty means to deceive people - palmistry, defrauding people of money and felonies'.

A series of letters and instructions in the archives of the More-Molyneux family of Loseley Park, indicate gypsies were considered a threat during the reign of Elizabeth I. The family wrote to the Justices of the Peace and Surrey's Sheriff in 1569 requesting them to take action against them.

References in these documents link 'Egyptians with rogues, masterless men, tinkers and proctors'. They were also pursued because they 'are an abomination in the sight of God and feared because they were a danger to the common weal'.

Depictions of Gypsies in this period are incredibly rare. The earliest found is a 1742 engraving of Margaret Finch, Queen of the Gypsies at Norwood. When Margaret died in 1740 after a 'course of travelling the kingdom', two mourning coaches and 'a great concourse of people' attended her funeral. Her body was so contracted that she had to be buried in a deep square box.

Green is a common gypsy surname in Surrey along with Cooper, Matthews, Ayres, Smith, Shepherd, Beaney and Penfold. Many were listed in census returns living in tents and vans working as agricultural labourers, hawkers, knife grinders, beehive makers, horse dealers and peg makers.

Before the 'wagon time' as the Gypsies call it – families would shelter in 'benders'. These tents were formed by constructing a framework of flexible wooden branches which were then covered with old blankets, canvas or tarpaulins and fastened in place with blackthorn pins.

Most gypsies were Christians and used the Church of England for



baptism, marriage and burials. There could be a financial benefit or gifts in kind such as clothes if parents were reluctant to have their child baptised.

In one extraordinary case one Gypsy couple had their daughters baptised in over 160 different occasions between 1831 and 1841.



As so many Gypsy occupations were buying and selling, a family's travels were generally plotted to take advantage of fairs and markets. To these can be added major race meetings such as the Derby at



Epsom which started in 1779 and the National at Aintree in 1838.

Lady Sybil Grant was a well-known Friend of the Gypsies at Epsom. She was a writer, artist and successful breeder of horses and dogs. She also had a love of caravanning and was a strong supporter of the gypsies. She was concerned about their welfare and helped to defend their tradition of camping on Epsom Downs during Derby week.

To help change public attitudes that Gypsies left sites in an untidy and unsanitary condition, Lady Sybil and her husband created the Carolus Awards in 1933. These awards of between 10s and £1 were presented to the three Gypsy families who left their camping ground in the best condition.

In 1937 a new set of byelaws championed by local landowners, were passed prohibiting caravans on the Downs. Lady Sybil's response was to provide a field of her own to enable the Gypsies to camp during Derby week.

Lady Sybil Grant's kindness was not forgotten, and in June 1938 over 700 artificial flowers were made by the Gypsies to decorate her grandstand box 'whom they regard as a special friend.'

Travelling life did not always allow for schooling but Surrey Education Committee opened up the first school for gypsies at Hurtwood near



Shere in 1926. In just 4 months the school had been a resounding success with 70 children and 59 adults attending morning, afternoon and evening classes, with no truants.

A couple of years ago I did my DNA and was always puzzled by the 2% Sardinia. Then I recently read that most parts of the Italian peninsula were becoming accustomed to Gypsies by the mid-fifteenth century. They were reported at Ferrara and Reggio in the 1440s, in Modena and Milan in the 1470s.

More gypsies settled in the southern kingdom of Naples, and the rapidly growing city of Naples soon had its 'Zingari' district. The islands of Corsica, Sicily and Sardinia all had small Gypsy populations by 1480!

Anita Laycock



## Golf Croquet Tournament 2023

Entrants probably kept an eye on the weather forecast for our tournament, held on 20th June. Rain was forecast after a few weeks of hot dry weather but fortunately it finished by the time we made a prompt 11am



start. David Snow opened proceedings by thanking Martin for his long service to the croquet group and gave him a booklet, including photos, which covered his croquet years with the u3a. Thanks go to Maurice for his editing and producing input.

David then went on to explain the layout of the day and thanked Martin for coming to assist. There were sixteen entries and David organised us into rotating pairs, each playing four games. We were given



printed scorecards with all our day's play set out.

We were pleased to see Martin sitting at his familiar table collecting and collating scores. After two hours of play we had our lunch break, joined by Val Shelton who stayed to watch some matches.

Play continued during the afternoon in a perfect temperature and eventually the worthy winner was declared to be Richard Green who was congratulated and accepted the trophy from David. Frank came joint first but took second place after a count back - again! Peter Jackson came third.

Once again we thank Polesden Lacey for our lovely venue and to

all the hard working volunteers there. (Deck chair lady you were a star when one of our players forgot to bring a chair!) We're very lucky that David Snow has stepped into Martin's shoes with all the behind the scenes work it entails and thanks to him we enjoyed an excellent Tournament day.



Val Cross



August 2023

## Hockney at Lightroom

This is an extraordinarily interesting exhibition to see at the new venue in London open all day until 1 October 2023

A David Hockney exhibition will mark the launch of Lightroom, a four-storey-high space in London that uses wraparound projection and audio to immerse visitors.

AV technology provider Creative Technology and audio company Holoplot worked to deliver technical elements on the project.

The attraction is in the King's Cross area of the city in the redeveloped coal yard. It will open with the show David Hockney: 'Bigger & Closer (Not Smaller & Further Away)'

David Hockney is such an independent forward thinker as

well as a long established artist. He not only promotes his own art but explains other artists work and what they were trying to achieve and this makes him an art critic above almost all others. He also explains with frequent demonstrations, many of the basic elements of art including

perspective and the technical fundamentals of portraiture. In some ways this exhibition is a retrospective review of Hockney's career in art and shows a number of early works and projects.

The exhibition itself is quite unlike any other exhibition in that it consists of continuously projected images on all four walls and the floor from projectors in the roof of this large space.

It lasts around an hour and you can come and go as you please with no formal seating but plenty of benches and folding seats available. Hockney provides the commentary.

The whole experience is quite new and indeed stunning to see



*In the Lightroom during the performance*



*A group of same subject photos he calls joiners*

and experience. A number of his pictures he has bought to new life by animating some figures and objects. One of his iPad images of rain is so realistic together with the sound effects that you feel you should be opening an umbrella!

He gives a real insight into the use of the iPad as a notebook he now frequently uses, not only because there are no brushes, paints, pens or pencils to prepare and clear up afterwards but this new piece of technology allows him to sketch and paint anywhere at anytime, including during the night when the moon



*Hockney the photographer*

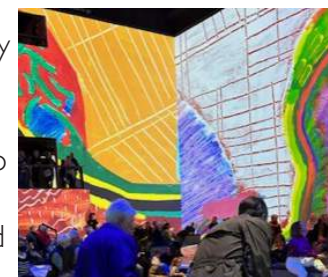
different light source but not sufficient to use a sketchbook and pencil.

When he recently put on an exhibition of his work in Normandy, his latest place of residence, one critic foolishly stated all the pictures were just reproductions, which indeed they were, and he said you couldn't see how the paint or wash laid on the substrate which in my opinion was about as stupid as saying a line sketch has no depth of colour that you see in painting.

Hockney has always taken a very

keen interest in the technical side of picture making, most notably with his iPad and earlier with the use of cameras to produce his "joiners" and then the 9 video camera setup on the front of a vehicle being driven through an East Yorkshire forest in all four seasons of the year.

In some ways Hockney's involvement with art is reminiscent of Turner who was also deeply



with the technicalities to such an extent that he wanted to know and see how paper was made and with engravings, the only method of reproduction at the time, he worked with engravers to modify and improve hatched shading in order to get better reproduction.

Hockney has used photography so well but he is also very critical of the limitations on one lens viewing of all we see whereas our two eyed binocular vision enables us to see so much more so long as we look intensely at whatever we see, particularly if we are photographing and more importantly sketching or painting what we see before us.

*Maurice Baker*



# Bookham u3a future events

The table below shows upcoming meetings open to all members. For more information on these meetings please refer to the Bookham u3a website. You will need to be logged in to see the additional information.

05 Sept **The Beauty of Autumn** 14:30 1 hr

03 Oct **The Tidal Thames, its folklore & traditions** 14:30

04 Oct **Theatre Visit - Life of Pi** 3 hours New Victoria Theatre Woking

07 Nov **London through the eyes of Hogarth** 07 Nov 2023 14:30

## Study Days at Yehudi Menuhin School

Always on a Friday 10am to 4pm

Bring your own lunch

£12 u3a members

Fri Sep 15th [An Utterly Incomplete History](#) of Keyboards & Keyboard Music  
Presented by Steven Devine

Fri Oct 20th [Quarks, the Universe, and Everything](#)  
The aim is to introduce some of the basic constituents of the Universe. No scientific background knowledge is expected. It will include a few songs to sing along to, the occasional joke, and guest appearances by a well-known Bear of Little Brain. Presented by Professor Philip Harris, University of Sussex

Fri Nov 17th [Rembrandt - From Fame to Poverty](#) & Final Acclaim  
Presented by Colin Wiggins

Places will be available in the hall or for on-line viewing and booking will open in May

Bookable on line [surrey3astudyday@btinternet.com](mailto:surrey3astudyday@btinternet.com)