



MOORE'S "THREE STANDING FIGURES"  
"Is it one of ours?"

that the man at the next table was a New Zealander who had come to England on the same boat as myself; on the third day (the fourth of the full series) I almost ran down the great bulk of Robert Gibbins in Kensington High Street, where he was ignoring cyclists in his anxiety to catch a taxi. He gave me his address—in the next street to mine.

\* \* \*

[T] is said that there are 12,000,000 people in London and 43,000,090 in England. Perhaps chance meetings in London can be accounted for by some law of convergences, and certainly in my three days' straight run I had kept my eyes about me more than anyone normally would. But what law accounts for this? Some months ago, looking for cheap accommodation outside London, I answered an advertisement in the *New Statesman and Nation*. After some correspondence I visited the place to see if it would answer my purpose. It was then occupied by a young anthropologist, who said he had been born in Christchurch, New Zealand, but had left it as a child. He had mentioned my name to his mother, and her reply had been "Oh, I know who *that* is; I danced with his father once."

The anthropologist, heaven be praised, is now in Borneo, and perhaps the spell is ended. After all this, perhaps it is scarcely worth mentioning what started my writing of it—namely that I met Mr. Horsley on the street twice on the day of his Concerto performance—on his way to the final rehearsal, and on his way back. That, after all, was a simple case of propinquity; but I have made it my excuse for putting these facts down in a manner which I hope might impress young New Zealanders who may be thinking of coming to London to get away from familiar faces.

\* \* \*

SUMMER is beginning to leave us now, and I have left it until this late date to say something of the Battersea

NEW ZEALAND LISTENER, OCTOBER 1

Park Sculpture Exhibition, which many Londoners will remember as the best thing about the summer of 1948. By the time this is printed in New Zealand the exhibition will have closed but the idea will surely be heard of again, because the public response to it has been so great that it was even described to me by a Press officer of the London County Council (which arranged the exhibition) as "embarrassing."

There were 43 sculptures in the collection, including two Rodins, three Maillols, two Epstein's, two Henry Moore's, and some Frank Dobson's. Others by less widely known artists included some very risible rubbish and a few pieces of sweetly-pretty nonsense, together with some things of great

beauty in a modest way—three pieces by women come to mind as I say it.

They were placed with much cunning in a leafy, hillocky dell beside a lake in the park. You paid a shilling to go in, and inside the enclosure was a mobile canteen serving tea and sandwiches, and a marquee where some young sculpture students worked a little self-consciously on clay or stone. You could go there for a day and lie about under the trees, shifting from time to time so that a new sculpture or a new aspect of your favourite one would take you by surprise when you looked up from your book. This, I found, was the secret of it—to catch an unintended glimpse of, for instance, Henry Moore's Three Standing Figures, and to be caught off guard by some fresh impression of it.

People who have now enjoyed the feeling of discovery that this exhibition gave them will never feel the same again

(continued on next page)



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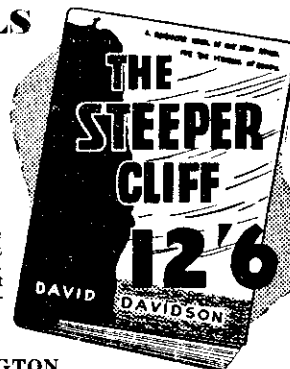
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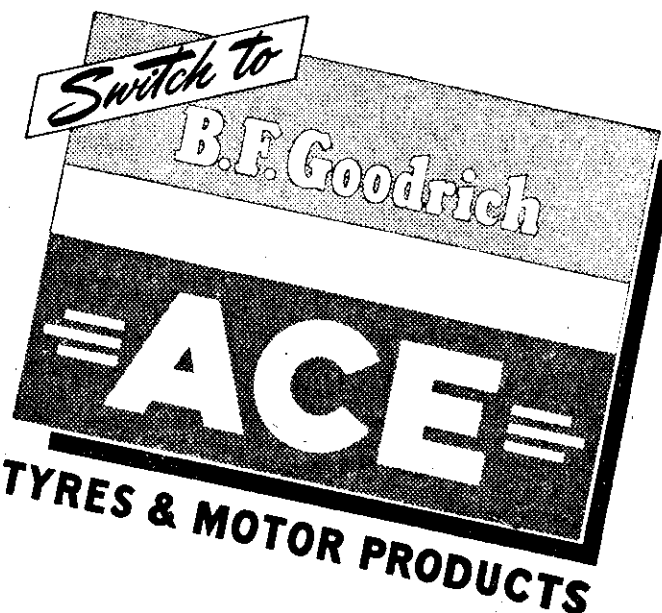
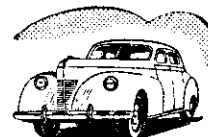
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