THE HUNTING ART PRIZES

1981 - 2005

It has been a fascinating project tracking and tracing all the information on the First Prize winning artists and their paintings, which has resulted in us being able to show an image for each one of them.

The information that we have gathered was, to the best of our knowledge, correct at the time of going to press. Hunting PLC can accept no legal liability for any errors or omissions. If anyone has any further knowledge as to the sizes of work shown, whereabouts of paintings or any other aspect of this catalogue, we will be very pleased to know for our records.

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Exhibition Organisation | Parker Harris Partnership
Catalogue | Anna Blundell-Williams & William Packer
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First published on the occasion of the 25th Anniversary Exhibition of the Hunting Art Prizes

Royal College of Art, London
14 - 27 February, 2005

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25 Years of First Prize Winners

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Clive Hunting, Founder of the Hunting Art Prizes

Foreword by Richard Hunting

At Hunting we count ourselves lucky at having been able to support and encourage British artists over what is now a full quarter of a century. Art is not a hobby and artists have livings to earn. They have always needed patrons and while the best patronage of all has always been the purchased work and a cheque in the bank, a reputation cannot be made, and a work sold, unless it is seen. If we have helped artists in just this way, to get started or keep going, we hold that to be justification enough. As for the kind of art we have supported, our interest has been only in presenting the best of what is entered for the competition, abstract or figurative, in whatever eligible medium. All art is modern art in its time.

We recognise too that in times when the support of the state, through our public councils, collections and museums, seems to be ever more directed towards the highly specialised and avant-garde, the intervention of private companies such as ours is not only an opportunity but a duty and a privilege. And at Hunting we cherish our independence to go our own way, and do our own thing.

But an enterprise of this kind does not happen by itself. Indeed it requires the whole-hearted commitment of a great many people beyond the artists themselves – the judges, the organisers and administrators, the graphic designer, the handlers of the submitted work, and the hangers of the exhibition – all in their different ways essential to its success. All are to be thanked most deeply, but I must acknowledge in particular the contributions in recent years of Sir Richard Trant, Emma Parker, Penny Harris and Anna Blundell-Williams to the sustained and, as we all hope, continuing significance of the Hunting Art Prizes.

The competition was set up all those years ago on the initiative of my predecessor as Chairman of the Group, Clive Hunting, and though beginning in a modest way, grew to its present significance. I hope that this short account of the Prizes through all its 25 years may serve as a lasting record of a remarkable joint achievement, and most especially of the active support we have been able to give to working British artists.

Richard Hunting, Chairman, Hunting PLC.

Acknowledgements

The Chairman and Directors of Hunting PLC would like to thank the following people for their invaluable help and contribution over many years. Without their efforts the proud record of 25 years of the Hunting Art Prizes would not have been possible.

Over the years there have been 63 judges to whom we are deeply indebted but in particular we would like to single out:

Tom Coates, a judge on 16 occasions, who for many years has also taken on personal responsibility for hanging the final exhibition.

William Packer, like Tom Coates, a long serving judge who has provided invaluable support to Anna Blundell-Williams in compiling this catalogue. His eloquent prose is a fitting tribute to the winning works.

Angela Flowers who has sat on the jury for the last five years and chaired the judging panel on several occasions.

The administration of such a competition and exhibition is a complex business and an enormous undertaking and our special thanks must go to:

Emma Parker and Penny Harris who, since 1991 as the Parker Harris Partnership, have ensured the successful running of the administration, submissions, the judging and final organisation of the competition.

Siobhan Kneale and Nicky Aubury for running different aspects of the administration and handling.

David Oates, Derek Marks and Simon Livingstone, all artists themselves, who have coped with the massive task of presenting the works submitted to the judges and, together with Tom Coates, have hung the exhibition.

acknowledgements

Niall Buntain and Katherine Briers of Plain Design for taking the design of the show into the 21st century; for their assistance with this catalogue and for their never ending patience when things are changed just one more time.

John Deston of the Mall Galleries who, in the early years when the exhibition was held there, was unfailing in the assistance he gave.

Nicholas Johnstone of Campaign Marketing for his support over many years and for spending many hours helping with proofreading.

Sir Richard Trant, a member of the Hunting Art Prizes Committee since 1986, for his constant encouragement and enthusiastic support.

Anna Blundell-Williams who has co-ordinated the whole operation and worked energetically to raise the profile of the Hunting Art Prizes.

and

To all the artists who have entered the competition, without whom none of this would have happened.

The Hunting Art Prizes at 25

Though it seems to pass with a terrifying and ever increasing speed, 25 years is a long time, a full generation even, and a bit more. And in the art world, as in any other sphere of civilised activity, to survive so long is a triumph in itself, to say nothing of any actual development and growth, and eventual achievement of position and respect. To have become the valued fixture of the winter calendar of the British art world, that the Hunting Art Prizes, with its attendant exhibition, has been these many years, is quite remarkable. Its Silver Jubilee is indeed something to celebrate, long and loud.

For to make a mark of any sort with such things requires a commitment and a perseverance on the part of those responsible, and above all a belief in the rightness of the exercise, that are, to say the least, heroic. And to find such generous and, what is no less important, consistent support within the business community is, from an artist's perspective, a stroke of luck to be infinitely cherished. For artists, naturally enough, are always alive to the main chance, and happy to support whatever comes their way. But art competitions come and go and recent art history is dotted with their corpses. For the sponsor's hope is always to make a splash while seen to be doing good, winning favourable or at least controversial publicity and to get the name before the public. Often a special constituency is addressed for this very reason, with young artists, students or the more experimentally inclined, thought to be especially deserving. For a substantial prize to be offered up simply for the best painting of any sort submitted to it, irrespective of age or type, is unusual indeed.

As for the artists, they always need to be convinced that this one at least will last. Even when the prize itself might well be thought to be temptation enough, the artist will still ask himself: "Is it really for me; is it well set up; is it serious; are the judges likely to be sympathetic to what I do; above all, will my best work be safe?" And as likely as not, a great many of them, half persuaded, will wait upon the event, to see what it's like and who wins, and send in next time, or the one after that. It is not every chairman of the board, or managing director, who is prepared to be so patient.

As is so often the case with such things, the Hunting Art Prizes began by a chance coming together of interests, and was conceived in not quite the form by which we know it today. In the late 1970s, the then Chairman of the Group, Clive Hunting, was sitting for his official portrait to the painter, the late William Narraway, and happened to mention that the Group was thinking of moving into sponsorship of some sort. Narraway was a member of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters, which, along with six other old-established exhibiting societies, had come together in the early 1960s to

form the Federation of British Artists, with its base at the Mall Galleries. Feeling that the visual arts at that time were rather the poor relation of theatre and music, and deserved their fair share of the spoils when it came to such outside support, he suggested a competition centred upon the constituent societies of the FBA, which, along with the RP, then included the other Royal Societies and Institutes – of British Artists; Oil Painters; Painters in Watercolours; Marine Artists; the Miniature Painters, Sculptors and Engravers; and the non-royal New English Art Club – each of which would nominate a group of works that had been shown at its own annual exhibition. A total prize fund of £11,000 was put up by the Group, with a first prize of £5,000 apiece for oil painting and watercolour. The competition was first run in 1980, with 49 works selected for an exhibition at the Mall Galleries, shown over two days in the January of 1981.

This was all very well for a year or two, with the show growing in size a little, and lasting a little longer. And while it attracted the inevitable criticism of being off the avant-garde pace and too much of a closed shop, a glance through the early catalogues reveals not only a healthy variety of work, but also contributing artists of real distinction, quite irrespective of whether they were members of any of the eligible societies or not. No prize exhibition need apologise for having given in its very first year, top awards to painters of the acknowledged and lasting merit of Richard Eurich and Hans Schwarz. Nevertheless, though the actual quality of the work at large, and of the winning entries in particular, remained no less high, the perception grew that the limitation to the FBA was indeed too restrictive. Abstraction was unrepresented and, with the distinctive focuses of interest and specialisation among the various societies, there was an uneasy correlation between their particular entries for the competition. Accordingly, for 1986, the decision was taken to open the competition to all comers, at six entries apiece, restricted to works in two dimensions and no more than 6 x 4 feet in size, competing for a single first prize of £5,000 and a total purse of £15,000.

And so, more or less it has remained, though in 1993 the entries were brought down to three apiece, and by grandmother's footsteps, the prize and total purse have incrementally increased over the years to stand now at £12,000 and £30,000 respectively. But perhaps most gratifying of all has been to see how well the constituency of artists that the Hunting Art Prizes serves has stood up in all this time, at an average since 1986 of something over 2000 entries a year. Bearing in mind that the change in 1993 from six to three entries per artist, means that in real terms the active support for the competition has actually increased.

The corollary of this success, of course, is that the reduction, by individual consideration, of something over 2000 submitted works to a prize exhibition of less than 100, and at last awarding the particular prizes, and all to be done in two days and a half, remains as daunting a task as ever. We judges, on that first morning, eye with not inconsiderable consternation the deceptively ramshackle stacks of entries that fill the hall in which we sit, though they are in fact piled up with a scrupulous expertise. In ones and two and threes – for each artist's entries are taken together – they begin to pass before us, a rolling procession in the arms of the ever-patient handlers. But in this first instance any final judgement is reserved, the simple particular decision either to retain the work before us for a second look or to cast it into outer darkness. So, by degrees, the piles are reduced and reassembled, and the entry reduced towards the end of the second day, to some 400 or so contenders for the final exhibition. Then comes the second round, with perhaps a third to follow, as the arguments sharpen and the show of hands becomes more crucial. At last we arrive at a final tally for the exhibition of around 100 paintings, prints, watercolours and drawings – a rough average over the years since 1986 works out at 97 per show – and only then, on that third morning, in time we hope for the delicious lunch that has been our daily consolation, comes the actual adjudication of the prizes. Since all accepted works are eligible, paintings, drawings and prints alike, the first prize must be decided first, with each judge free to nominate any of them for an extended short list. By a uniquely subtle and now traditional system of transferable votes, this is reduced turn by turn until the overall winner and runner-up finally emerge. Then the minor prizes are decided in the same way – all pretty simple and straightforward really.

But it is never all plain sailing. Certainly there are always moments of doubt and desolation. For an open exhibition can only ever be as good as the work submitted to it, and every year, after a particularly unfruitful run of entries, with everything rejected out of hand, we begin to wonder whether anything good will ever turn up again. Then comes a session in which we might feel too much has been provisionally accepted, and, either way, the fear is always that we will end up with nothing much of a show. And of course we each have our personal favourites that, inexplicably out-voted, disappear amid silent, and not so silent, wailing and gnashing of teeth. Then there are those things that no less inexplicably are voted in by misguided colleagues. Only when, two months later, in the galleries of the Royal College of Art, we face the consequences of our actions in the show itself, hung as always with consummate elegance, discrimination and generosity of spirit by the great Tom Coates, are we free to bask in triumph and vindication.

One of the great complaints levelled, not without justification, against the British art establishment, is that it is centred almost to the point of exclusivity upon London. That at least is the view of those who feel themselves to be on the outside looking in. Any great metropolis will exert its pull, but it certainly remains true that more artists perhaps than not choose to live and work elsewhere. And it is very much to its credit that the Competition has not only recognised this truth, but acted positively upon it. It has always set up collection points around the country to make it easier for artists to submit their work, and then given secondary awards

for distinguished work within that particular submission. More than that, in every year between 1987 and 1999, an edited but still substantial version of the final exhibition was sent to a gallery somewhere in the country after its London showing, from Arbroath to Portsmouth, Swansea to Great Yarmouth, Bath to Birmingham. In 1991 a Hunting Exhibition even went to Paris. After an interval of a few years, the practice was revived last year by sending a selection of work from the London Exhibition to the new gallery at Trebah, a restored sub-tropical Victorian garden on the Helford River near Falmouth in Cornwall. That the exercise was thoroughly worthwhile may be measured not just by the gratifyingly large attendance, but by the extremely positive nature of the response. "What a treat to see such good work – please come again", and "Long may it continue – very valuable for local artists" are a couple of comments taken at random from the Visitors' Book.

So why are, as I believe them to be, the Hunting Art Prizes and Exhibition not just so good, but so useful and significant? The answer lies with the constituency of artists that over the years they have come to serve. For though they include a student or young artist prize, they are not for students in the way of the Beck's Futures or The New Contemporaries. Nor, like them, and the Turner Prize, are they for the avowedly avant-garde and experimental. Nor indeed are they aimed at any special group or practice – such as the Jerwood Painting Prize for the already well-established painter, or for the portrait painter like the BP Portrait Award at the National Portrait Gallery. Nor again are they intended for the amateur, the Sunday painter or art club member though any such is welcome to submit and take a fair chance on the merit of the work.

No: the Prizes rather are aimed at, albeit more intuitively than deliberately, those well-trained, thoroughly professional British artists of whatever kind who, though largely neglected by our public bodies, institutions and collections, continue to work in paint, ink or charcoal on canvas, board or paper, to produce and exhibit work of true quality and integrity. In short, these are the artists who get on with the job, some more successfully than others, some constrained to make ends meet by teaching or other jobs, but all determined to continue properly as artists.

Any open exhibition is inevitably the creature of its submission, for it cannot show what it doesn't get, nor improve upon what it does receive. We get too little abstract painting submitted, perhaps because of a belief that the Hunting is essentially a figurative competition, which is a self-fulfiling misreading of the thing. On the other hand, it does mean that any abstract painting that does come in is given an especially close and sympathetic scrutiny. Technical innovation too, especially in the field of print-making, must always be carefully pondered, with the photo-based digi-print only the latest such manifestation to stretch us to deep philosophical debate. All I can say is that we accept, we hope, the best of what is put before us, across as broadly representative a range as possible, and without favour or special pleading. The Hunting Prizes are for the painter, print-maker or draughtsman, serious in the particular endeavour, seen and judged on its own terms. And long may it continue to be so.

William Packer, Trafalgar Square, December 2004.

81

Richard Eurich OBE RA RSMA

Born 1903, died 1992: Studied at Bradford School of Art and the Slade School of Fine Art, London

Richard Eurich, winner of the inaugural Hunting Prize for Oil Painting, was perhaps an all too typical figure in British art, a painter of the utmost distinction who yet, for all the apparent honours he finally came by in his long career, remained comparatively obscure and uncelebrated. He was too modest in his person, perhaps, too uncontroversial in his work, too steady and predictable, indeed too British. It is only in the last decade or so that his true worth has been more properly appreciated in a number of exhibitions, most notably perhaps the study of his work for the Admiralty, to which he was appointed as an official war artist during the Second World War, held at the Imperial War Museum in 1991, the year before his death.

He was a painter of a very particular and English sort, scrupulously objective in his observation and undemonstrative both in his handling of the paint and his organisation of the image. Yet it was a deceptive reticence that masked an impressive technical command. He painted the portrait and the figure, and still life too, but if he had a principal subject, it was landscape, though hardly the landscape pure and simple. For his was a landscape so often animated by the incident and detail of everyday life – a fair or festival perhaps, or a market, or the arrival of a ship in harbour - all observed somewhat at a distance with a wryly affectionate detachment. His love, above all, was for ports and ships, and the coastal scene in general, most especially that of the South Coast and the Solent, close to which he had made his home, which interests naturally made his one of the most fruitful and appropriate of all the war artist commissions. And how appropriate it was, too, that it should have been a later more peaceful view of Weymouth Bay that won the prize.

Weymouth Bay 1980 | Oil | 18 x 30 ins (46 x 76 cms)

81

Hans Schwarz RWS RP NEAC RBA

Born 1922, died 2003: Studied at the Vienna School of Art and Birmingham School of Art

Hans Schwarz was Austrian, born in Vienna, and came to England in 1939, where he was to spend the rest of his life. And as such, of course, he was not least among that large and infinitely various group of intellectual and creative refugees from Nazi persecution, that has subsequently enriched British cultural life beyond all measure. But though he was only in his later teens when he arrived, his considerable promise as an artist had already declared itself, and, even had he cared to do so, he would have been no more able to slough the influence of the modernist Viennese School and the expressionism of the Secession, than he was his Viennese accent. If his palette darkened for a while, and his colours softened, in his first response to local influence in his early years in England, his native radicalism was always there beneath the surface, waiting its moment.

This essential character was to become increasingly evident in the work of his later years, and most especially in his work in watercolour, of which medium he was a master, displaying ever the most remarkable technical command, yet with no sacrifice of immediacy or freedom in the statement. The figure, the portrait or the landscape, all alike came in the end to be treated with same expressive bravura, in same bright, fresh, high-keyed palette, that drew the eye to it even in the most crowded gallery. If ever we had our own Kokoschka, native by adoption, it was he. Only, perhaps, the absurd hierarchical convention, that sets the watercolour below the oil, prevented him from being more widely accepted as a major figure in post-war British art. There could have been no more appropriate a winner of the very first Hunting Prize for Watercolour. Energetic to the last, the only pity is that he was not to compete for the 25th.

Wills Neck, Quantocks | Watercolour

82

Margaret Thomas RWA RBA NEAC

Born 1916: Studied at Sidcup School of Art, the Slade School of Fine Art, London and the Royal Academy Schools

Margaret Thomas is a painter of landscape and still life, which, as with all painters who studied in English art schools before the 1960s, means that she was thoroughly grounded in the objective study of the model in the life room, and the visible world about her. Hers is a practice founded in the European Beaux Arts tradition and post-Impressionist example, filtered through British eyes and experience. But it was never true, as the reformers of the 50s and 60s argued, that only a cold and clinical analysis, and suppression of all personal and intuitive expression, would necessarily follow upon such disciplines, and with every example of Miss Thomas' work, her distinctive and idiosyncratic qualities are ever and most clearly apparent. While we may well respond to the affecting Englishness of so much of her subject-matter, it is quite as much the free and radical nature of her actual handling of the paint and rendering of the image that excites our eye.

Yet hers is a deceptive radicalism, teasing us by its subtlety and quietism. For she is also something of an intimist, drawing her material always from what is close at hand – the drooping, straggly bunch of flowers on the chair in the corner of the room; the garden unkempt in winter; the familiar walk along the river bank; the view from the window; the local street. And the mood is quiet too, a mood of autumnal fog and mist, and the fading light of the late afternoon. It is an art of the familiar, and a familiarity shared not by close description but by hints and nudges in the flick of a brush and a smudge of paint. We may think with her, perhaps, of the paintings of Mary Potter, of William Gillies or Winifred Nicholson, or of Victor Pasmore beside the Thames at Hammersmith in the 1940s, but in no sense ever to her disadvantage.

She has exhibited widely in her now long career, in both England and in Scotland, for she lived in Edinburgh for many years before her move to East Anglia in the early 70s. The earliest winner of the Hunting Prize still with us, and eight times an exhibitor, she yet remains, perhaps, too well-kept a secret.

The Rembrandt Drawing | Oil | 42 x 36 ins (107 x 91 cm)

82

F Donald Blake RI RSMA

Born 1908, died 1997: Studied at Camberwell School of Art

Donald Blake, almost perhaps more than any other of the Hunting winners, represents an approach to painting and the making of art, that has largely disappeared from the modern scene. There grew up in the 1950s, and became politically expedient in the 1960s, the view that art was essentially about the self, about self-expression above all, and that anything that inhibited its freest flow was to be held as counter to its personal truth. The older idea, that the truth, artistic or otherwise, was disinterested, and transcended the limitations of a purely self-centred preoccupation, was largely discarded, and along with it, out went all the old disciplines of objective study and technical command – drawing from nature, from the observable world, and from the life model in particular.

Blake, by contrast, was concerned with an experience that could be shared in common with the viewer, and so experienced on the viewer's own terms as being true or not. The liberties he took with pictorial conventions were, he believed, his to take, but the response was the viewer's responsibility alone. He was concerned neither with a factual record nor, as he put it, with "Thumbing a rude gesture at the universe." Rather it was his belief that "The business of an artist is with visual matters; with visual relationships, with affinities and contrasts of textures, of curves and straight lines, of tones and, above all, of colours…" It sounds technical, but it is not, for it is within such considerations that the artist finds his freedom, and himself. "The curve of a boat bumping against a wall, the smoothness of a gate against the fussiness of a tree… the discord of a pink coat against red brick, these are all fit and proper matters for the artist to delight in, and are indeed his basic raw material." It is very well said.

Stormy Harbour | Watercolour | 17 x 27 ins (43 x 68 cm)

83

Ken Howard RA RWA PPNEAC RWS

Born 1932: Studied at Hornsey School of Art and the Royal College of Art, London

Ken Howard stands for a particular tradition in modern British painting that, while it may not appear nowadays, to conventional critical eyes at least, as being especially radical or avant-garde, remains, in such distinguished hands as his, as vigorous and remarkable as ever. Once the staple of any art school education, his is a practice founded upon close observation and deeply-felt response to the visible world, moderated through the essential technical disciplines of drawing and painting, of which he commands a deceptively easy and enviable mastery. His debt to Turner, Whistler and the Impressionist and post-Impressionist masters, to Degas and Sickert most especially, he freely acknowledges, yet he has always been quite his own man, his work and image of the world instantly recognisable as his very own.

The model stands in the airy, cluttered studio, ‘contre jour’, a dark silhouette against the sunlight streaming through the window, more perhaps a characterful, animating presence in the room than an individual closely described. Yet the sense of the individual character is never lacking, any more than is the particularity of the furniture, or the jars and bottles on the tables, for all that they are so lightly, swiftly indicated. And then again there is the Venice he loves and has come to know so intimately and well. Whistler once said that with Venice each artist must discover for himself his own Secret Venice, and while Howard in his turn has painted the canals, the squares and palaces of universal familiarity, for him his Secret Venice is surely the view out across the Bacino to San Giorgio and the Giudecca, with the sun going down and the mist coming up, caught in watercolour, quickly and privately in his sketchbook.

So too, out of doors, the speed and sureness of the statement is remarkable, that alike can catch Venice in all her ever-changing seasonal and daily moods, and the summer bustle of a Cornish beach. Stepping off the vaporetto beside the Accademia one bright morning some years ago, I caught sight of a familiar figure on the fondamenta beside the Grand Canal, going at his easel like a fencer with a rapier, and dancing back. “Caught you at it, Ken”, I said. “Don’t fall in.”

Self Portrait at South Bolton Gardens | Oil on canvas | 72 x 36 ins (183 x 91 cm)

1983 First Prize - Oil

83

John Gardiner Crawford RI RBA RSW

Born 1941: Studied at Gray's School of Art, Aberdeen

John Gardiner Crawford works almost entirely either in watercolour or in acrylic paint, which is another water-based medium. And in whichever it happens to be, he displays a quite astonishing technical command, so closely focused as to appear, at first glance, all but photographic, yet in the close and varied detail that only the eye's own scrutiny can elicit, anything but. It is a quality to be found in the work of the young pre-Raphaelites, with Millais, Dyce and Ruskin at their most high-principled. Yet in this high-wrought Realism, he is also close to the modern American painter, Andrew Wyeth, and it is no surprise to learn that the two have had several shows together in Canadian galleries, along with Wyeth's son, James, and with Alex Colville, the realist.

Crawford and Wyeth have much in common, too, in both subject-matter and formal approach, with the same low viewpoint and high horizon, the same wooden huts and run-down farmyards, and all overhung with the same informing sense of the windswept north, and the northern landscape, cold, bleak and bare. But, again, none of this is in the least surprising, for Crawford is the son of a fisherman, born in Fraserburgh, a port on the north-east coast of Scotland, and it is his particular, instinctive engagement with the sea, and with all the boats and tackle, the nets, the pots and decoys, that are the impedimenta of the fisherman's life of the sea, that especially distinguishes him and sets him apart.

still life is clearly important to him, with the model boat on the shelf, the duck decoys in the shed, or the shell on the window-sill. Yet it almost seems as though his work is all still life, quite as much out-of-doors as in, to be found in the wooden hut by the hedge, the rusting barns in the snow, or the wheelbarrow abandoned in the field. And he will sit down before it, and so close as to make the image almost fill the page. In just this way it is, above all, the boat, drawn up on the beach that is the subject and image that he has made peculiarly his own. It was with one such that he won the prize.

Below the Cliffs | Watercolour | 21 x 29 ins (44 x 53 cm) | The Fleming-Wyfold Art Foundation

84

Robert Buhler RA

Born 1916, died 1989: Studied at the Kunstgewerbe Schule, Zurich, St Martin's School of Art, London and the Royal College of Art, London

Robert Buhler was one of a small but highly influential group of artists that, as a staff member of the Painting School at the Royal College of Art from the 1940s into the 1970s, presided over a remarkable flowering of talent in British painting, both figurative and abstract. But while they could legitimately point with some pride to the subsequent spectacular careers of such of their students as David Hockney, Frank Auerbach, Richard Smith, Allen Jones, Peter Blake or Ronald Kitaj, such success never rubbed off on them to anything like the same extent. Among them Carel Weight, Roger de Grey, Colin Hayes – who was to win the Second Prize in 1994 – and Rodrigo Moynihan, may have found some refuge in the Royal Academy, which they also set about bringing back into the mainstream of British Art, yet it was only towards the end of their careers that their own work began to be appreciated again fairly, on its own terms, for what it was.

For, seen as old-fashioned, figurative and academic in the avant-garde turmoil of the 1960s, by the 1980s their work had come to stand for a technical probity, a personal integrity and, above all, a refreshing directness and lack of affectation, that was markedly lacking in that of so much of the work of younger artists. And Buhler's painting now stood out precisely in this respect. With sitters such as John Betjeman and W H Auden, and his fellow artists, Ruskin Spear and Francis Bacon, he had been steadily building up over the years a quietly distinguished reputation as a portrait painter, in an age when the painted portrait was still somewhat disregarded. But it was perhaps his landscape painting that would prove to be the more remarkable, and be the work on which any lasting reputation would be based. Simplified to their essential structures, verging at times almost on abstraction, the surface treated with a deceptively simple uniformity of touch that belied its velvet subtlety, and with a palette close in tone, muted and harmonious, these paintings of his last years are as singular, and as beautiful, as any of their time.

Vineyards, Neuchatel | Oil

84

Jane Carpanini RWA RBA RWS

Born 1949: Studied at Brighton College of Art

Jane Carpanini has made her career as a watercolour painter principally of landscape and architectural subjects. She has found her material in the valleys, mining towns and historic ports of South Wales, where she lives, viewing with a cool and dispassionate eye, as it were at an affectionate and understanding distance, those bleak, damp, impressive streets. It is one of the great paradoxes of art, that the passion should remain the more powerful with distance. Yet, with no question of compromising her integrity as an artist, she has also found no less compelling a subject in the cloistered world of the Oxford or Cambridge College. Yet the street of terraced houses, with each front door opening to the street, has much albeit nowadays unexpectedly in common, perhaps, with the court or quad lined with staircase doorways. Whether leading to huddled family homes, city tenements or student rooms, the practical principles remain oddly the same.

Her work remains consistent in its essential subject matter, undemonstrative in its presentation, with whatever pictorial drama pointed more by formal choice – in tweaking the perspective perhaps, or strengthening the tone – than by self-expressive indulgence or exaggeration. What she sees is what she sees, and if the sun shines or the rain falls, so be it. As King George VI is reported to have said, on seeing the romantically dramatic and atmospheric watercolours of Windsor Castle that his wife, the Queen, had commissioned from a distinguished English painter early in the War, and now hang in Clarence House, "You don't seem to have had much luck with the weather, Mr Piper."

Backyards, Treorchy | Watercolour | 24 x 35 ins (61 x 89 cm)

85

Daphne Todd OBE PPRP NEAC

Born 1947: Studied at the Slade School of Fine Art, London

In the 20 years since she won the Hunting Prize for Oil Painting, Daphne Todd has gone on to win a considerable reputation as a portrait painter, besides serving a distinguished term as President of the Royal Society of Portrait Painters. Yet to be a portrait painter, though quite possibly a useful way to make a living, is not necessarily a business exclusive of all other pictorial interests, and indeed it was not a portrait that won Miss Todd the prize – unless a painting of a clutch of empty chairs may taken as a portrait of some chairs. And she has always been just that – a painter who paints portraits among many other things. Certainly her two most recent exhibitions, at Messum's in Cork Street, have celebrated the breadth of her interests, with but a portrait or two among the still lifes, the life paintings and the landscapes.

Yet while the variety of her interests is readily demonstrated, the work no less clearly holds together as all of a piece, both in the character of its execution and in the intimate domesticity of its general subject matter, born of the same hand and informed by the same imaginative sensibility. The tonality is usually quite high in pitch, yet such lightness is moderated by the no less characteristic general coolness of the colour. There is an odd sharpness to the drawing, especially in the detail, at the corner of a box, perhaps, or the turn of a profile or contour of the figure, rather in the way of the heightened sensitivity that comes with the onset of a fever. As for the images, the still life is a clutter of twigs and broken pots from the garden shed; the flowers are a pot from the greenhouse or a clump in the hedge with the fields beyond. The view is out of the window, down the garden, through the trees, over the fields and far away. The models are family and friends, flaked out after a party, playing cards, just sitting. It is painting, in short, of whoever or whatever happens to be there, registered by a quietly edgy eye, sharply drawn and crisply painted.

Four Spanish Chairs | Oil on panel | 48 x 48 ins (122 x 122 cm) | Private collection, UK

1985 First Prize - Oil

85

Charles Bone PPRI

Born 1926: Studied at Farnham College of Art and the Royal College of Art, London

As ‘Pont’, the great Punch cartoonist of the 1930s and early 40s pointed out with wicked glee in his published collection, ‘The English Character’, the English have long prided themselves as being especially gifted in the art of painting in watercolours. He shows an elderly lady, prim in sensible skirt and hat, sitting at her easel bang in the middle of the village street somewhere on the Continent, quite oblivious of passing trams, rabid dogs and gawping foreigners. It is an image familiar still, emblematic of a pragmatic people active in a practical and, above all, eminently portable medium.

It is hardly surprising, then, that watercolour painting in England should flourish still, and in what is now a long career, Charles Bone has particularly distinguished himself as a specialist. His is a deceptive technique, at once lively and discreet, with a feathery stroke and touch of the brush that is quite his own. The tradition in which he works, born of the 18th century and matured in the 19th, embraces not just the wider landscape and architectural interests of a Turner or a Girtin, but also the social documentary of a Rowlandson or a Cruikshank. And Bone has always moved easily between either camp, now relishing the human scrum that is the crowd at the last night of the Proms, now sitting quietly beneath the ancient walls of Stokesay Castle, or high in the hillside above St Ives, noting what he sees with the lightest of hands.

I remember him as a teacher too, at Wimbledon School of Art in the early 1960s, though I was never taught by him directly. Rather he came in as a part-time lecturer in the Ceramics Department, helping the students who specialised in the craft, who included at the time several of the prettier girls in the School, in the laying on of decorative slips and glazes, another delicate watery skill.

Puttenham Common | Watercolour | 21 x 32 ins (53 x 81 cm) | Private collection, Jersey

86

Anthony Green RA NEAC

Born 1939: Studied at the Slade School of Fine Art, London

Anthony Green stands foursquare in that noble line of the Eccentric and Picaresque in English Art, shoulder to shoulder with such as Hogarth, Fuseli, Rowlandson, Dadd, Stanley Spencer and Carel Weight. But, as with any of them, to say as much is not to say that he is not to be taken seriously as an artist. Quite the contrary: for, like all those others, beyond all the superficial fun, mayhem and assorted grotesquerie, there lies an art of integrity and conviction, based on real and honest experience of the human comedy and an enduring curiosity about life in all its aspects.

And where the riverside village of Cookham provided the setting to Spencer's sacred visions, and Carel Weight took the streets, parks and gardens of Wandsworth as the stage for his gentle fantasies, for Green, the most gleefully uxorious of artists, the marital home has always been as much the centre of his imaginary as of his corporeal world, and his life with Mary, his wife, in both fact and romantic fantasy his essential subject. In a sense, indeed, he has no shame in what of their physical married life together he is prepared to share with us. Yet so direct is his depiction, and so honest, loving and unashamed, that all prurience on our part simply falls away, to leave at the heart of it a seriously celebratory body of work.

And in its physical aspect, his work is no less extraordinary, for, quite apart from his technical gifts as a painter and draughtsman, with a particular relish for the minutiae of everyday life, he takes the most remarkable liberties with the formal conventions of perspective and composition. His is indeed a topsy-turvy, coming-and-going world in which no line quite matches another, no edge is entirely straight, no horizon sure to be horizontal, no painting square. Near is far and far is near. And yet, whatever the polygonal extravagancies of the supporting board or canvas, or whatever the antics he and his wife get up to within it, all comes together in the end to make perfect pictorial sense.

The Life Drawing, circa 1961-1962 | Oil on board | 48 x 48 ins (122 x 122 cm) | Private collection, Japan

1986 Joint First Prize

86

Anthony Whishaw RA RWA

Born 1930: Studied at Chelsea School of Art and the Royal College of Art, London

No fully abstract painter has yet won the Hunting Prize, though several have been runner-up, and Anthony Whishaw is not quite an abstract painter, nor even at all. But of all the winners, until Nicholas Archer and then Lisa Wright came through in 2002 and 2003, he was certainly the most abstracted. Perhaps he still is. For he is abstract in that first Modernist sense, not as one who makes no apparent reference whatsoever to the real world, but rather as one who accepts the visual reference to reality, only to simplify it, or exaggerate, distort and play with, seeking out its essence to his own pictorial purpose.

And of course in this sense it can be argued that painting of any kind has always and necessarily been abstracted to a degree, bent to the exigencies of reducing the three-dimensional reality to the constraints of the two-dimensional depiction, and the stuff of paint. There never was painting that was not a confection of choice, reduction and simplification, for the matter of the world is too rich and dense ever to be entirely comprehended. So it is that the reality that Whishaw has always taken for his reference is that variously of the landscape, the interior and the still life, and he has done so taking as his example the work of the early Modernists, and the Cubists in particular, with their fractured, multi-facetted forms and simultaneity of perception. But in no way does he do so in any spirit of backward-looking pastiche, for all artists are of their own time even as they plunder the past to serve their own ends. He is interested in the stuff of the paint, in the richness of the painted surface, and in the painting itself as a physical entity. Yet, for all that, he is no less intrigued by the pictorial qualities association and suggestion, and with things seen, half seen, half thought, at the edge of our vision. We enter with him into that illusory, imaginary space beyond the picture plane, where the bottle sits upon the table, or the twigs flick at us. And the moths dance before us, as we scramble through the hedge.

Still Life with Landscape | Acrylic and collage on paper | 30 x 66 ins (76 x 168 cm)

1986 Joint First Prize

87

William Pullen

Born 1961: Studied at Edinburgh University and Edinburgh College of Art

In 1987, at 26 years of age and only lately out of art school, William Pullen was among the younger winners of the Hunting Prize, yet already, with his painting of gravestones in a sunny country churchyard, it is clear that he had already established what was to remain to this day his essential subject matter, his approach to it and his treatment of it. Here was representational, indeed descriptive painting of a particular visual circumstance, yet it was one that was highly disciplined and selective in the image itself, and coolly restrained in its actual handling. Indeed, in its reductive simplicity and in the architectural preoccupations of its structure and composition, its strength lay quite as much in its formal and abstract qualities as in the gentle summer mood and scene that it was ostensibly about. And while he has continued to work with such closely structured pictorial material, to produce room and street and cityscapes of an ever-increasing subtlety and refinement, it comes as no surprise to find that within the past year or two he has also embraced at last, as a parallel and complementary engagement, complete abstraction.

It is, moreover, abstraction of a markedly minimalist kind, based upon a simple rectangular division of the picture's surface plane, as often as not by a vertical straight down the middle and an horizontal along the top. Nothing indeed could be more abstract, nor more architectural, in character, yet nothing is ever quite so simple. There is a sense in which all abstract painting is a kind of landscape, for the laying of even a single mark upon a ground, and then another and another, inevitably brings with it the imaginative sense of pictorial space, and light, and form, and the merest hint of an horizon makes the suggestion of landscape inescapable. Pullen acknowledges as much, openly in the minimal sea and landscape paintings he was making in the later 1990s, now tacitly in the horizontal emphasis of his compositions, and in the colours and tones of nature that set the mood – blues and greens, greys and yellows. Even at his most abstract, he is a landscape painter still.

Amia | Egg tempera | 9.7 x 9.2 ins (25 x 23 cm)

88

Edward Chell

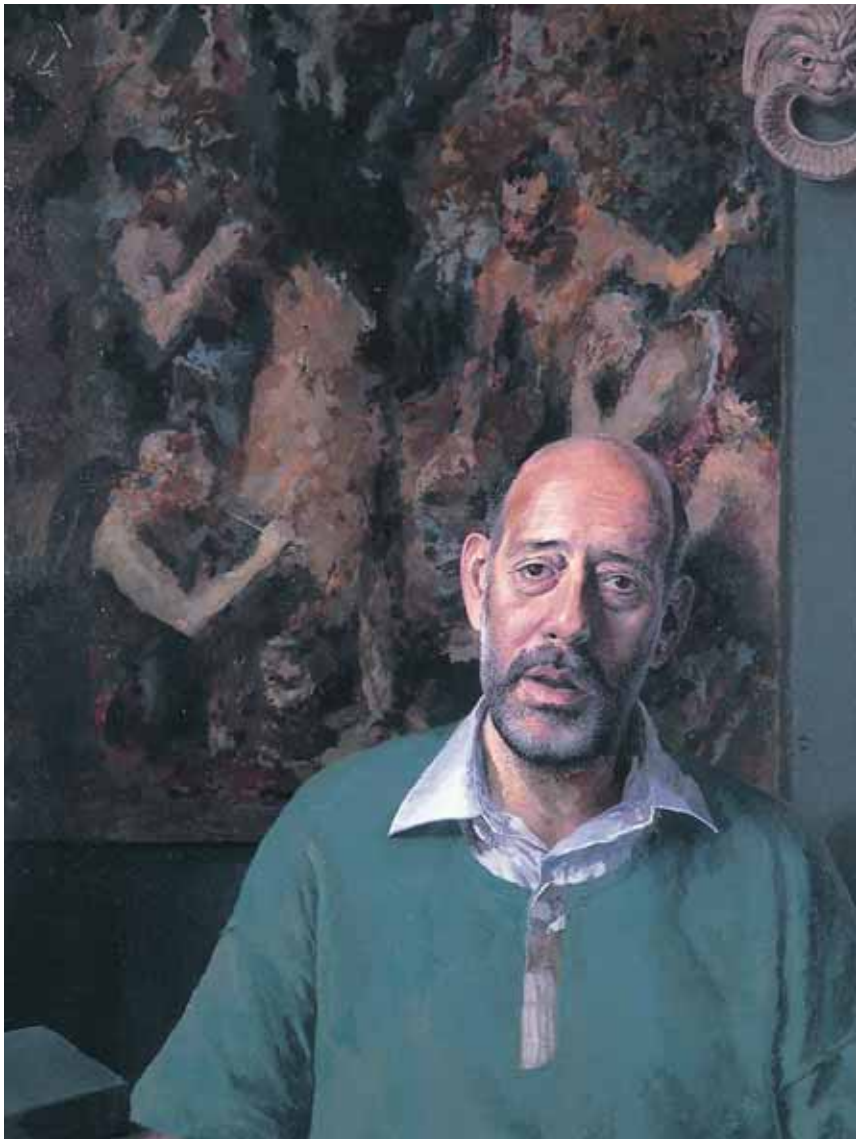
Born 1958: Studied at Newcastle University and the Royal College of Art, London.

Edward Chell won the Hunting Prize with a painting of an industrial interior, at the Jarrow Steel Works, made while still a student at the Royal College of Art. With its low viewpoint, forced perspective, cool, limited palette, loose and active handling on the surface and strong tonal contrast, it made for a most dramatic image. It was also one that would seem far removed from his later work, with its infinitely subtle surfaces, its emotional detachment, and its imagery refined to the point of minimalist abstraction. Many artists, it is true, remain close to where they began, growing slowly in their work, keeping within a narrow compass, the connection clear from first to last. Yet the converse, perhaps surprisingly, does not hold for those artists, like Chell, who by contrast would seem to change so much, or travel so far. For the truth, born out by long observation, is that over any extended career, whatever the superficial shifts and changes in particular interests, forms and practice, the work of the serious artist will hang together in the end, all of a piece. For it is all the product of the same, informed by the same essential sensibility – a little older and wiser perhaps, but still the same.

So, for all that, the winning painting of the steel works is a pictorial account of a particular place, closely observed and deeply felt. To look at it again is also to find in it, in the marks of the brush on the surface and in the paint itself, quite as much interest and excitement in its actual formal structure and in its physical making. Here already Chell is moving intuitively towards those interests in systems of notation and transcription that are the substance of so much of his later work, multi-layered and ambiguous in the reading. We find him now transfixed by that age-old alchemy and mystery of painting, whereby the mark and the stuff of paint is transformed not just into something else, but something somewhere else, in that space and world of the visual imagination beyond the picture plane.

Across the Mill, Jarrow Steel Works | Oil on paper mounted on canvas | 50 x 64 ins (127 x 162 cm) | Private collection, UK

1988 Joint First Prize



88

Tom Phillips RA

Born 1937: Studied at St Catherine's College, Oxford, informally at the Ruskin School, Oxford and Camberwell School of Art.

Tom Phillips came to painting comparatively late, following an orthodox academic grammar school education that had ended with him up at Oxford reading English. Extra-curricular classes at the Ruskin School of Drawing at Oxford, in which respect he trod a path followed by Evelyn Waugh in the 1920s, deflected him somewhat, and on coming down with his degree, he went on to Camberwell to study as a painter. But there has always remained evident in his make-up as an artist an element of the scholar, the theoretician and the philosopher, that suggests his time at Oxford was hardly a digression.

He has always been in his work not so much contradictory as contrary, doing now this, now that, and as happy to set out false or teasing trails quite as much as in laying any actually to follow. Always a figurative artist but within the loosest meaning of the act, he is as happy with a text as image as with a figure. Collage and the garbled text are staples of his practice, and the literary allusion, reference or cryptic aside are irresistible, which leaves him always close and sympathetic to the art of the idea and the concept. But for all that, he will always come back to the work itself, as vested in the resolved and visible object. If there is to be an idea hanging in the air, there must also be something hanging on the wall, or set out on the page.

He has been at times particularly engaged in the processes of art, and of painting in particular, and in how, in such things as the residual mixes of colour left on the palette at the end of the studio day, they may generate images of themselves. He makes lists, diagrams, puts things together, works with systems of structure and perspective. And sometimes, as in his portrait of Michael Kustow that won the prize, some or even all of these interests, the literary allusions, the formal references, the pictorial structure and conventions, come together in one piece. But do they do so intuitively, or by design. Usually, I would say, it's a bit of both.

Michael Kustow | Oil on canvas | 47.5 x 37.5 ins (121 x 95 cm)

1988 Joint First Prize

89

Martin Churchill

Born 1954: Studied at Edinburgh College of Art

It has always been true that the artist can find an interest, and with it a subject, in anything. For all the calls for a dutiful art that elevates the spirit and ennobles the mind by fine and rare example, artists have always found themselves staring at the ground beneath their feet. Yet, while the glories of the kitchen pot and pan, or the wayside flower, or the tree in the hedge, have long and often been pointed out to us by the very greatest artists, the town or cityscape has not so readily been celebrated unless dressed up as grand or picturesque. Is it simply that, what is so familiar, is never obvious until pointed out?

The modern tenement or office block beset with scaffolding and shrouded in canvas is just such a commonplace of our everyday city life, no more than a temporary obstruction and irritation should we need to pass beneath along the pavement, but otherwise taken for granted. Yet once remarked upon, how strange it is, and how wonderful in its incongruity, and often how beautiful. The grid of the scaffold, upon which the workmen climb and scurry now and again, imposes its own architectural tracery upon the scene. And the protective, masking sheets, arbitrarily strung up – green and brown, buff and blue, red and yellow and all indifferently faded and grubby – simplify the building into abstracted essence, even as they animate and enliven it, swelling and flapping in the breeze. And for me, at least, it is Martin Churchill, with his winning painting and others before and since, who has made me see all this clearly and anew, as though for the first time.

Building with Dust Sheets | Oil on canvas | 52 x 72 ins (132 x 183 cm)

1989 First Prize

90

Gus Cummins RA

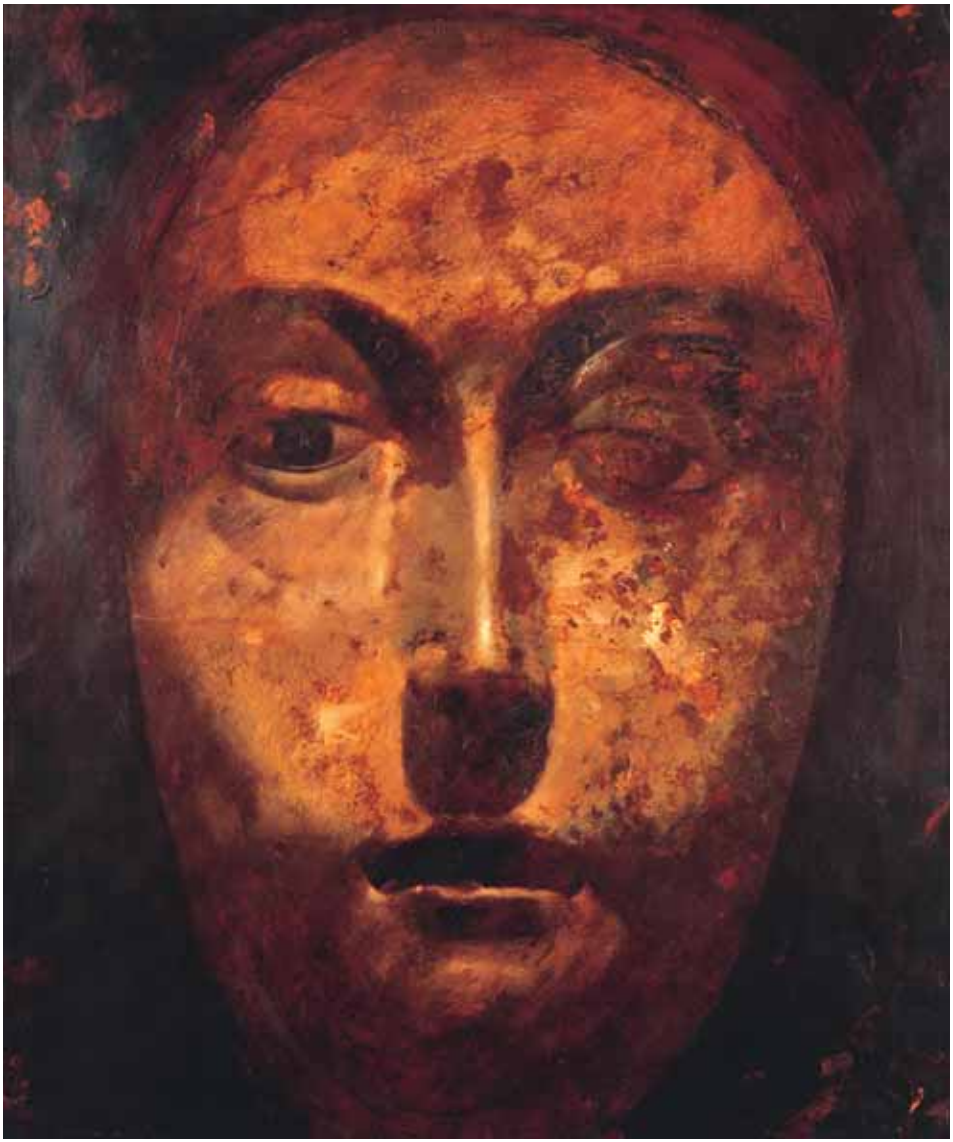
Born 1943: Studied at Sutton School of Art, Wimbledon School of Art and the Royal College of Art, London

Gus Cummins has not only been a regular supporter of the Hunting competition, having been selected for the exhibition nine times, but is unique in having won the first prize twice. For these many years, his formal preoccupation in his work, amounting almost to an obsession, has been with resolving the eternal pictorial problem of rendering three-dimensional space on the flat surface of the canvas. He takes as his material for such investigations the complexities of architecture, interiors especially, and of the physical relation of incidental objects and furniture, which would seem to many of us to supply problems enough. But not for Cummins, who then goes on to invest his images with an unspoken, implicit narrative and a palpable sense of disquiet. What is this strange, dark place, and what are these strange things, these blocks and poles that hover so calmly and improbably in space? And whose is the parrot? And who shines that strong light that casts these strong, threatening, ambiguous shadows? All is done with a scrupulous, sharply focused attention and punctilious technique, which together serve only to heighten the edgy mood. More than the consummate realist he so clearly is, Cummins is also indeed a surrealist of sorts – a surrealist of the uncertain, of something else.

Gus and I were in the same year in the Painting Department at Wimbledon School of Art. His seriousness and commitment to his work was evident even then, though he was also always keen enough to join in the 'Killer' darts school we sometimes ran in the studio, at a shilling a hand, on the quieter afternoons – the pool well worth winning in those far off days. But, if eliminated from the round and returned to his easel, he would then immediately complain of all the noise and the distraction. Since the dart board was hung on the back of his partition, he had a point.

Pretty Little Zygodatyle | Oil | 36 x 48 ins (91 x 122 cm)

1990 First Prize



91

Barry Burman

Born 1943, died 2001: Studied at Coventry College of Art and the Royal College of Art, London

Barry Burman, remains one of the more enigmatic of the Hunting's winners. He was certainly not widely known, even after that success, his work shown from time to time in local galleries in the Midlands, where he lived and taught, but seldom seen in London. Yet it is clear that he had long enjoyed a serious and loyal personal following, to say nothing of the committed respect of his immediate peers and colleagues. He was a Symbolist in his work, though not in any sense of following in a particular tradition, let alone of actual pastiche. And while, in looking at his work, one may well think at first of the later paintings of George Frederick Watts, for example, it is soon apparent that there is to it a darker quality, beyond Watts' yearning mysticism and elegiac despair. It is a Symbolism very much of and for our own times, freighted not just with the intervening knowledge of other art and thought – Expressionism; Surrealism; Freud, Jung – but with the whole dreadful history of the 20th century.

His was a deep and highly personal statement, clearly born of the depression from which he suffered, yet it belied an essential nature that was, as his obituary in The Independent said, "as far as one could get from the monsters he portrayed, he was the most gentle, the most non-judgemental, the most modest man, affectionate to his friends, caring of them, (and) supportive…"

The painting by which he won the prize is all but monochrome, in a deep, rich red-brown, the image nothing but an impassive mask of a face, that might be of beaten metal or carved in stone, staring out at us from a sepulchral gloom. It is a deceptive calm, for the heads, figures and that which followed, coming out of his reading of the 'Pilgrim's Progress' and Conrad's 'Heart of Darkness', take on more equivocal expressions, at once threatening and agonised. And even as Bunyan's radical humanity is registered in the narrative, the imagery itself seems to look elsewhere, to Ensor's clowns and the nightmare goblins of Hieronymous Bosch, with Jack the Ripper waiting in the shadows.

Manac.es | Oil on canvas | 39 x 34 ins (99 x 86 cm)

92

Dick Lee

Born 1923, died 2001: Studied at Camberwell School of Art

Dick Lee's success in 1992 represents in many ways just what the Hunting Prize is about. For here was a painter of distinction and mature achievement who yet, at the age of 69, was still quite unknown beyond the immediate circle of his peers and the narrow world of the Slade and The Camberwell School of Art. It was not just that the kind of work he did stood outside current critical fashion: rather it was invisible, looked at if at all, but not seen. Yet once registered as what it was, its quality was inescapable. To summarise what I wrote at the time, to see his assured handling of paint and surface, the stroke simple and abstract in itself yet wonderfully evocative in its context and purpose, "is to know that here is painting as relevant to the moment as any Baselitz or de Kooning." It is a view I still hold. That the Hunting was effectively the first wider recognition Lee ever won in his long career speaks precisely of the nature of the gap the Competition filled, and of the under-sung constituency among professional artists that it still serves.

But Lee was no abstract artist, but a landscape painter, brought up in the objective tradition of the Euston Road School of the late 1930s and the Slade and Camberwell of the 40s, with such artists as William Coldstream and Claude Rogers less his teachers than his equals. He found his subjects either in Norfolk where he lived, or in rural France, where he also had a house, and where his winning painting, of a neighbour's stack of wood, was made. Constrained, like so many English artists, to earn a living other than by his art, he returned to Camberwell, where he taught until retirement, and where he developed a remarkable parallel reputation in his duties as publicist for the School's lectures, exhibitions, trips, parties and the like. His 'posters' took the form of ad hoc relief constructions or collages made of cuttings, scraps and rubbish of all kinds, but always with a point, often satirical, relevant to the event, with the wit quite as much in the form as in the content. I treasure one of these myself – a relief caricature of the artist, musician, writer and pillar of Private Eye, Barry Fantoni.

The Wood Pile | Oil on canvas | 45 x 56 ins (114 x 142 cm) | Private Collection, New York

93

Shani Rhys James

Born 1953: Studied at Loughborough College of Art and St Martin's School of Art, London

Shani Rhys James is in every sense a phenomenal artist. Physically tiny, she is yet the most active and energetic of painters, her prolific output matched only by its pictorial ambition, for she never hesitates to work on the largest scale, nor to take on the most powerful or ambiguous narrative of subjects, worked in the most robustly Expressionist manner. Her essential subject is herself, for even as, in almost all her work on a smaller scale, she paints her own portrait close up and with a disarming directness, so on the grander scale, when the work takes on a more narrative and autobiographical aspect, the principal figure she introduces will be again invariably and unequivocally herself. Even with the still lifes, that also amount now to a significant element in her work, there in the studio, alongside or beyond the table dense with the paraphernalia of her trade – the clutter of brushes and bottles, tins and rags and half-squeezed tubes of paint, will be the artist, peering back at herself in the mirror, and so at us. It was with just such a painting that she won the prize in 1993, standing full-length in the studio, her face as crimson as her smock, and her smock as red as the door behind her. The surface, as ever, is dense with paint, laid on, scraped on, thick. And the colour, as always, is elemental – red, white, black. Her work is nothing if not elemental.

It is remarkable enough to get such Expressionist power and authority in an artist still only in mid-career, but more remarkable still, if somewhat dispiriting, to find that artist still comparatively unrecognised beyond the borders of Wales, where she lives. Her winning of the important Jerwood Prize for Painting in 2003 was held by many to be a surprise result and she an outsider. Neither she nor it were anything of the sort. It is a matter of quiet self-congratulation that the Hunting had got to her a full 10 years before.

Red Self Portrait | Oil on gesso on board | 72 x 48 ins (183 x 122 cm) | National Museum & Gallery of Wales, Cardiff

94

Michael Corkrey

Born 1962: Studied at Leeds Polytechnic and the Royal Academy Schools, London

Michael Corkrey won the Hunting Art Prizes for a painting from life remarkable for its realism and highly dramatic in its presentation of the image – the model, a naked girl seen rather from above, all but kneels on the floor, so low is the chair she sits on. A striped mattress stacked against the wall behind her, caught in the strong warm light of what might be the fire casting deep shadows behind her. If his work has changed markedly since then, in its subject matter and his approach to it, he is not alone in that among the Hunting winners. What does rather mark him out is that the change should have come about as suddenly, and would seem as arbitrarily as it did, with a personal disillusionment with working directly from the figure from life. The cause of his disillusionment is unclear, but from what follows it seems, perhaps, that Corkrey had begun to feel the need for something beyond what the direct observation of the visible world could give him, for all that it affords any artist metaphysics enough. Rather he felt himself drawn now to the mystical and the narrative, if only in implication. He found himself looking to romantics such as Friedrich and Turner, and to modern painters such as Gerhard Richter.

The immediate change, that was to take him, like Richter, away from the directly observed image altogether, and into the field of secondary reference, was triggered by an image and idea already processed through the medium of film, and chanced upon on television. The news story was of a lone canoeist rescued in mid-ocean, and, as intrigued as he was immediately impressed, Corkrey has made the sense of the loneliness of such a situation, and the immensity of the seas, his subject ever since. Working initially from battered snapshots and photocopies, he builds up images of rolling seas and looming clouds on to a monumental scale and to apparently Photo-Realist effect, this latter illusion belied by his working of the painted surface itself – by turns rich, dense, abused and cherished into a strange beauty.

Fiona | Oil on canvas | 48 x 54 ins (122 x 137 cm)

1994 First Prize

95

Mary Griffiths

Born 1956: Studied at Dyfed College of Art and Croydon College of Art

Mary Griffiths is above all else a painter of the human figure and the human face. To call her a portrait painter would be perhaps to give a false impression and over-simplify the matter, though there is nothing wrong with painting portraits. But rather, as with so many figure painters at a certain level – and in this respect Jennifer McRae is another closely comparable example – while the apparent likeness may be a major consideration and even a professional imperative, it is rather the particularity of a presence, and its psychological interest and personal authority, that draw the artist to the subject.

Whether working with a compositional group or with a single model, she is inclined to move in close, the further to intensify her own and thus the viewer's confrontation with the image, often cropping close in to the model's head as in a close-up photograph. Does she ever use the photograph as determining reference, as useful adjunct, or merely as aide-memoire? There are qualities of fleeting movement or expression to the work, especially in the larger compositions, enough at least to suggest there is sometimes a camera to hand – and why ever not? Yet there are qualities of drawing in the paintings, to say nothing of the drawings themselves – qualities of immediacy and response to what the eye has seen directly, to be found in the modelling of a form, or in the subtleties of tone and colour within a shadow or across a limb – to suggest quite otherwise, most especially so in the smaller, more closely focused heads.

Her handling of paint and surface is at once robust and discreet, manifesting an intriguing and effective counterpoint between the more loosely-stated generalities of structure and background, and the salient details of face and limb, gesture and expression. And she is a painter brave enough to take on the considerable formal problems of multiple figure composition, often on a large scale, that have tested the greatest masters of the past, yet she does so with a disarming modesty, matched by a teasing narrative ambiguity that leaves us the viewers to make what we can of any actual meaning for ourselves. Which is as it should be.

Untitled | Oil on canvas | 44 x 64 ins (112 x 162 cm)

1995 First Prize

96

Colin Smith

Born 1953: Studied at Falmouth School of Art and the Royal College of Art, London

Colin Smith is a painter who defies classification, though a classification of itself is hardly a virtue, for few prove watertight in the end. Full of holes, if only we had cared to look at them more closely, it is only the temporary convenience they afford that is so tempting. And so Smith is an inconvenient artist too. His work is obviously figurative, representational, yet with the image set in a shallow space, close to the surface plane, and the handling loose and free to a degree, it is as much about abstraction and expressionism as ever it is about description and response. It looks to art history, to the loosely stated, Spanish inspired still lifes of Manet in the days before Impressionism, yet in taking as its apparent subject a shirt or coat hanging on a peg, the questions it begins to ask – of human presence suggested by its absence; questions of identity and its loss – come close to sharing the preoccupations of latterday conceptualism.

But convenience is not the point, and classification never the role the Hunting has set itself, other than in the sense of distinguishing the wheat from the chaff in what was submitted to it. Smith's painting won the prize not for what school or tendency it may have been thought to represent or react against, but only for what it was itself. Here was an artist hooked, like his shirts, on the peg of a visual idea, intrigued by what paint could be made to do, to this result. Here are a shirt, a coat, a pair of trousers, hanging together in the wardrobe, each invested with its secret history. And is the character they thus display theirs or their wearer's, who in choosing them has made them his own? It is a question that baffles, even as it solicits, all conjecture. And still we are drawn in by the rich, wet, active paint. Smith, as quoted in a recent catalogue, "firmly believes that artists must find a modern form in which to work and is wary of the dangers of becoming anachronistic." But an authentic form is much more important. He has no need to worry so much.

Wardrobe 8 | Oil on canvas | 72 x 42 ins (183 x 107 cm) | Stolen from a gallery in Sweden

1996 First Prize

97

Martin Fuller

Born 1943: Studied at Mid-Warwickshire College of Art, Leamington Spa, and Hornsey College of Art

Martin Fuller's most recent London exhibition, of work on paper, held in the summer of 2003 at Jonathan Clark Fine Art, saw him paired with that distinguished mid-20th century narrative surrealist, Edward Burra. It was an association that perhaps invited invidious comparison, for Burra, now safely dead, is secure and expensive in his reputation, while Fuller, though a regular exhibitor over the years, is not as widely known as perhaps he should be. But Clark, as discriminating a dealer as there is, specialising in Modern British art, could see the connection well enough, and in the event Fuller more than held his own.

For Fuller too, like Burra, has not only produced quite as substantial a proportion of his entire oeuvre on paper, but also bears close and sympathetic comparison to him in relation to his subject matter. In short, both have always been drawn to the more louche and seedy aspects of modern life, and if for Burra this meant the narrow red-lit streets of old Marseilles, with their bars and tarts, for Fuller it has been the dives and pubs of Soho, and the spotlit, magically ambiguous world of Opera and Cabaret.

An expressionist in his manner, he has always been a figurative and a narrative painter, concerned with episode and incident, much of it autobiographical, yet never explicitly so, and often wilfully ambiguous and loose in the actual statement of the image, at times almost to the point of abstraction. The men and women in the half-world of his imagination move through fragmented, shallow, impossible spaces as in a dream, yet ever credible for all that, as in a dream. Down the stairs they come, lean against the bar, take a drink, eye each other up, and down. Girls dance across the stage, diaphanous, transparent in the light, or, as in a circus, swing high or low on the trapeze. It was by just such a painting, of a girl naked on a swing, shining pale in the black night like Diana the Huntress beneath the moon, that he won the prize.

Moving Figure | Oil on canvas | 72 x 72 ins (183 x 183 cm)

1997 First Prize

98

Jennifer McRae NEAC

Born 1959: Studied at Gray's School of Art, Aberdeen

Jennifer McRae is remarkable among the Hunting's winners, in having won previously the Second Prize and latterly a Regional Prize (for Scotland) in the six competitions in which she has taken part. She trained in Scotland, where the disciplines of close observation, objective drawing and in particular the study of the figure, once the staple of any art school education, survived long after they all but disappeared from English art schools. And it shows. Her work as a painter, and also as an etcher, with which practice she is nowadays increasingly engrossed, remains centred on the model, and her reputation as a portrait painter grows with every commission she receives. Her portrait of the playwright and novelist, Michael Frayn, is only the latest of her works to enter the National Portrait Gallery's collection.

Yet, as I know from direct personal experience – for, at her request, I also sat to her over several months of 2003 with the Frayn picture coincidentally in progress – her approach to her commissions and to whatever else she is doing on her own account remains fundamentally the same. Clearly particular commissions set their own constraints and circumstances, but whether in her own studio or the temporary studio of her subject's house or office, she simply sets the model up and gets on with it, there and then, drawing and painting what she sees. And if it is not the great or good, or a co-opted friend as model, it will be herself. Her self-portraits indeed are not the least remarkable of her works.

Her technique is as punctilious as it is idiosyncratic, light in tone, high and clear in colour, with an open, active surface worked broadly but with a myriad of tiny strokes. She works, at least she did with me, from an initial careful drawing on the canvas into the no less careful painting and brought to a finish with the lightest touch, she peering and measuring, darting and weaving, almost dancing as she peers again, before her easel. It is a spectacle, aided by tea, incidental conversation and background music, that insensibly eases her victim, I mean her model, into wide-eyed immobility.

What If? A Portrait | Oil on board | 66 x 54 ins (168 x 137 cm)

99

Gus Cummins RA

Born 1943: Studied at Sutton School of Art, Wimbledon School of Art and the Royal College of Art, London.

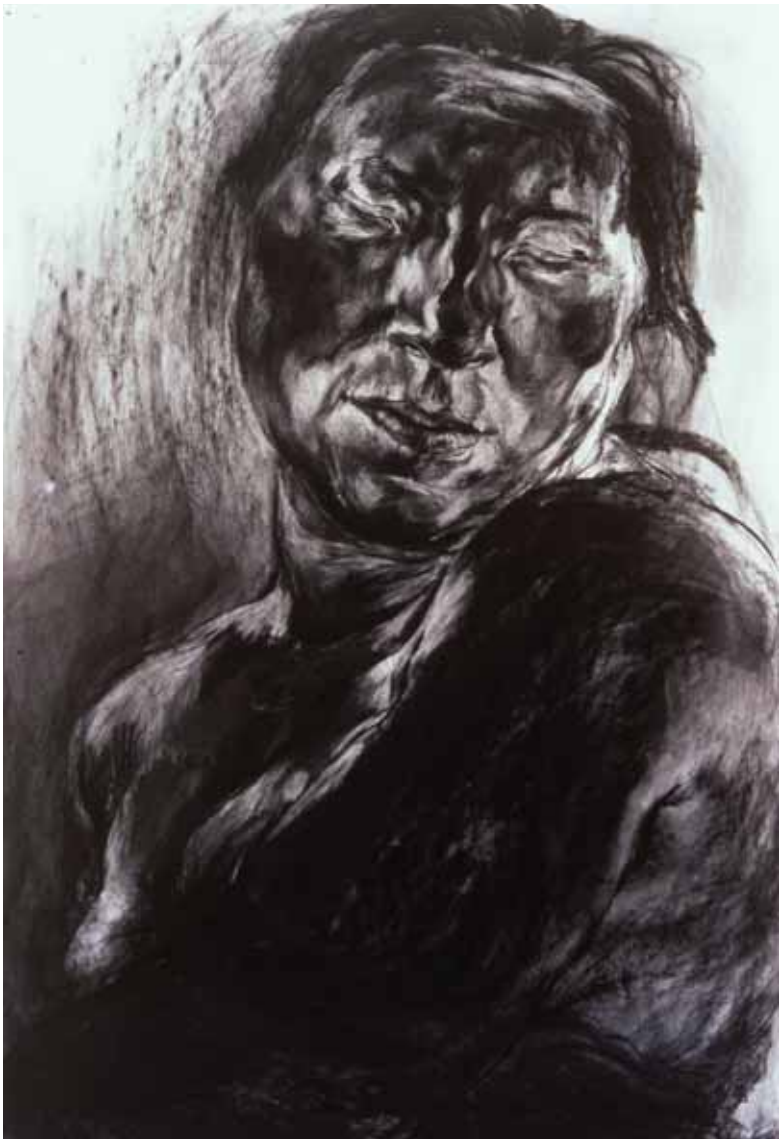
In this, Gus Cummins' second winning painting, the light comes slanting in from the lower left-hand side, certain in its clear and immediate direction and strong in its contrast. It makes me think of nothing more than a recurring dream I have had since my childhood, of emerging, after climbing a high, narrow and winding stair, into an upper room, enclosed and musty, piled full with ancient books and papers, with the light streaming in through the slatted windows and the dust hanging heavy in the sunbeams. The Freudian significance of such an image I leave others to ponder, but it is the pictorial weight of it that registers with me now, in the febrile crispness of its resolution and definition in each particular part, and in the aura of uncertainty, pitched to the point of anxiety, that hangs over it like a cloud. How long have these strange things been here, gathering light and dust, these springs and cones and mallets that teeter on the edge of balance, or fly so improbably, yet so convincingly, through the air, gravity free? What are they? What can they mean?

For, whatever the inherent improbability he offers in such circumstantial detail, Cummins plays upon us the strange and paradoxical trick of persuading us to suspend our disbelief, even as our doubt remains. As with geometry, perspective has its conventions, and within those conventions that imaginative, entirely illusory pictorial space works. The objects that Cummins gives us sit within that space, and in relation to each other, in such a way as to seem entirely real. Yet we know they are not. They cannot quite be as he suggests they are. And it is all most unsettling.

But that is Cummins' way. Even when apparently settled upon actual architecture as a pictorial subject – as in unravelling the complexities of a cupola or the airy structure of a roof – he will tease us still with a loose end here and an abutment unsupported there. If not quite yet the artist of the flying buttress, he is most certainly the artist of the flying beam.

Attendant Facts | Oil | 47 x 68 ins (119 x 173 cm)

1999 First Prize



00

Anita Taylor

Born 1961: Studied at Mid-Cheshire College of Art, Gloucestershire College of Art, Cheltenham and the Royal College of Art, London

There has always been a number of subsidiary prizes to the competition – the 2nd Prize of course; one for a Young Artist; one for the outstanding print or drawing; and, this year, a celebratory 25th Anniversary Award, and several others. But these are no prologue to the main event, working up to it as it were, but rather its afterword, for every single entry is eligible initially for the First Prize itself, which therefore must be adjudicated before any others. It is in this respect that Anita Taylor remains unique among its winners, for she won it with a drawing, and in spectacular style.

Furthermore, while not unique in her generation of artists, she is rare enough, in that her work both as a painter and a draughtsman is founded upon direct and insistent observation of the female figure, as often as not naked, and as often as not her own. Hers are an educated scrutiny and an exemplary technique that in earlier times, born of long hours in the life room, would have been less unusual, but even then no less remarkable for that. For the sheer vigour in the handling, of the drawings especially, and the raw honesty of the statement, would be enough, but to sustain such qualities on the huge scale on which she habitually works is truly astonishing. In recent years, too, her representation of the figure has become more direct and confrontational, moving away from the more mannered and narrative approach of her earlier years. But perhaps that phase too is now ending, and she moving on and, in the eternal round, back into more formal and again narrative considerations, dwelling on mediaeval romances, and the great decorative tapestry cycles. “Drawing is for me”, she says, “a fundamental discipline… both a tool (with which) to encounter and examine the world, and… a departure point…”; which says it all.

Containing Things | Charcoal on paper | 68.8 x 44 ins (175 x 112 cm)

01

Nicholas Charles Williams

Born 1961: Studied at Richmond College.

Nicholas Charles Williams is a Realist painter, and, were we to go in for the all too ready and convenient jargon of modern criticism, indeed a Hyper-Realist, given the febrile sharpness and accuracy of his vision. Some might even go further in supposing him to be a Photo-Realist, yet while the camera will always be a legitimate tool, any true scrutiny of Williams' work reveals simply too much in the way of actual circumstantial information, closely observed, to be gleaned from any camera. Useful as the camera is, it is a tool nevertheless given quite as much to deception and concealment. With Williams the work of the painter is emphatically a matter of hand and eye.

He is a rare artist in his generation, a figurative painter working in somewhat romantic isolation in his Cornish studio, and steeped not just in the imagery and techniques of the Renaissance and the Baroque, but daring the attempt to match them in pictorial scope and ambition. And in taking on their great allegorical and spiritual themes, in spirit at least if not always to the actual letter, he is particularly close to the masters of the early Baroque and the followers of Caravaggio, and especially to Georges de la Tour and perhaps Valentin. He is no less close to them in his technical interests, and if he has engaged in the continuing debate surrounding the use of optical aids by the old masters, in particular in relation to David Hockney's recent investigations into the likelihood of the matter, it has been rather to demonstrate directly in his own work that the close verisimilitude, that is such a defining and increasingly spectacular characteristic of the later Renaissance and the Baroque, can be quite as well achieved by close, binocular observation and manual, albeit infinitely skilful application. But it was never a question of all or nothing. As both of them would surely agree, there is no substitute for looking with one's own two eyes. It is a principle that Williams assiduously and most impressively keeps to in everything he does.

Searching III | Oil on canvas | 72 x 72 ins (183 x 183 cm)

2001 First Prize

02

Nicholas Archer RP

Born 1963: Studied at Leeds Polytechnic and the Royal Academy Schools, London

Nicholas Archer is a painter now in his early 40s who returned to his studies 10 years after first leaving art school, and it is only since leaving the Royal Academy Schools five years ago that he has established a wider reputation. His now burgeoning career, consolidated by an impressively active programme of both group and solo exhibitions, not only justifies the wisdom of that decision, but also suggests that he will be about for a long time yet.

The importance to him of that return to study is made the clearer, perhaps, by the direction his work has subsequently taken. For at the RA Schools, he was given the opportunity to work closely from the life model, whether with the portrait or the figure entirely at his own discretion and disposition, even as his other studio work was developing upon quite other lines. The crucial point is that these two approaches came to complement each other, and while his work from life clearly gained much of its particular quality from the high colour pitch and surface gloss of his studio paintings, these last were underpinned in their figurative aspect by all that he had learned from the model. For it is a long-established truth of painting, that while the photographic secondary reference is a perfectly legitimate source of imagery for the figurative painter, it is only by observation and experience from life, that the artist comes to know intuitively what the camera leaves out.

And Archer now works almost exclusively from the secondary reference – from snapshots, newspaper cuttings, stills from old films and newsreels – which he turns to his own pictorial purpose, often on the largest scale, with a remarkable technical bravura and assurance. His is an approach as if taken from Degas and Sickert moderated by Gerhard Richter. It is painting steeped in nostalgia, folk memory, forgotten dreams. Half seen, half remembered, his images seem to exist at the edge of vision, caught in the corner of the eye, even as the child on the roundabout swings out of sight or, in the old newsreel, the Coronation Coach glides by.

Flying Dumbo | Oil on canvas | 60 x 72 ins (152 x 183 cm)

2002 First Prize

03

Lisa Wright

Born 1965: Studied at Maidstone College of Art and the Royal Academy Schools, London

Throughout the life of the Hunting Prizes, the cry has gone up at regular intervals that painting, so long a moribund irrelevance in the face of the conceptual and the avant-garde, is dead at last. Of course, through the Prizes' commitment to the drawn and painted image, we have known all along that, quite to the contrary, painting is alive and well and living in studios all over the country. But is, perhaps, in the hands of a group of younger painters now moving into the early maturity of their careers, and among whom Lisa Wright stands out as a leading figure, that painting seems to be flourishing as well as anywhere.

At one level she might appear at first to be simply another young woman finding her subject as an artist in the daily domestic round and in her particular delight in bringing up her children. And indeed, in her images of children at the swimming-pool, striking poses, sitting at the edge, jumping in, or thinking about jumping in, and in the end swimming happily away, she offers up a picture entirely charming in its naturalness and humanity, modest, unself-conscious and straightforward. Yet in fact what she is doing at another, more formal and technical level is quite remarkable for its radical spirit and sense of painterly adventure.

For the entire painted surface – and many of her canvases are not exactly small – is a kind of pool itself, in which she immerses herself entirely, to sink or swim. The paint is rich and thick, and handled with a remarkable assurance, the colour cool, the tone light, the composition in its essence an abstract matter of blocks and simple vertical or horizontal divisions of the canvas. Abstract as they are, they are already most beautiful things. And only then, with an almost calligraphic authority and oriental simplicity, does she impose upon this pictorial structure these loosely-stated, confident intimations of the wonders of childhood and the joys of play.

Diving | Oil on canvas | 55.9 x 53.1 ins (142 x 135 cm)

2003 First Prize

04

Henry Kondracki

Born 1953: Studied at the Byam Shaw School of Art, London and the Slade School of Fine Art, London

Henry Kondracki is a painter who is seriously deceptive in his work. It is not, of course, that he sets out to be so. There is nothing of the arch or self-consciously contradictory in his paintings, nothing fey or sentimental. Yet his wry observations of the human predicament, and the gentle, often wistful narratives they infer, do somewhat mask, at least on first or superficial encounter, the technical subtlety and formal sophistication that he brings to bear on everything he does. For it is the story the viewer reads first, and ponders over, and quietly relishes. Will the nervous old gentleman, caught at the lights at dusk in the pouring rain, make it across the road? One knows the feeling. And who quite is Little Eddie, that solitary figure in his winning painting, who stands high on the craggy brink of Arthur's Seat to stare down, like Stout Cortez, though we imagine with less wild a surmise, upon his native, misty Edinburgh, 'Auld Reekie' herself? He is in fact his son.

Such narratives stand in a tradition as long as Art itself, but with Kondracki it is particularly to domestic genre that we look, and most especially to the northern schools, from Breughel and Teniers to David Wilkie, taking a view of the world at an amused, dispassionate distance, but ever sympathetic in the incidental detail. In his actual handling, however, he is a world away, having nothing of the close description and high finish of the old masters. Rather he stands close in the respect to more modern times, as a delicate and idiosyncratic Impressionist looking back to early Monet, Sisley perhaps, and to Pissarro in particular, but seeing them necessarily through the long filter of 20th century experience. All artists look to other artists, and to art ancient and modern too, for whatever is appropriate to their needs or purposes. But in doing so, they cannot help but remain themselves, nor can their work be anything but their own. Impressionist or not, Kondracki is entirely a painter in and of his own time.

Little Eddie Looking North | Oil on linen | 55 x 60 ins (140 x 152 cm)

2004 First Prize

05

Adam Holmes-Davies

Born 1973: Studied at the Surrey Institute of Art & Design, Farnham

The list of winners of the Hunting Prize carries its fair share of well established and indeed distinguished artists, and most have had at least to some degree a record of public exhibitions and critical notice. But the competition is open to all comers, and from time to time an artist less well-known comes through the field to surprise and delight us. It is not just the possibility of such an outcome, but its occasional proof, that is perhaps what the Prize is all about. That this its 25th celebration should supply just such a moment is perhaps the happiest justification it could wish for.

That is not to say that any allowances or special pleadings were made on Adam Holmes-Davies' account. This latest competition in its final rounds was strong, and his snow bound landscape came through on its particular and remarkable merits, more than holding its own among its peers. Least of all is it to suggest that he is any the less a professional for having shown hitherto only in minor galleries and a few group shows.

He works from secondary photographic references – newspaper cuttings, film stills, old photographs and postcards – rather than directly from the subject, but never in a literal or closely descriptive fashion. The image rather is but the initiating key to its own development, not as any purely formal exercise, but as a free and intuitive visual meditation and speculation upon what it could be and where it might lead. Open and broadly stated on the surface, low in tone and darkly monochromatic, his snow-filled landscapes especially are fraught with ambiguity, a quiet melancholy and all pervading sense of loss. All but featureless but for a few black and broken trees, and empty even of habitation let alone any actual sign of human life, they tease out the deeper questions. What time was this? Where is this place, this white desert at the edge of the forest? Where indeed is everyone but us? And why are we here?

The Sound of Silence | Oil on canvas | 59.8 x 72 ins (152 x 183 cm)

2005 First Prize

appendices

Appendices

Appendix I - Principal Prize Winners

1981	Richard Eurich OBE RA RSMA	First Prize - Oil
1981	Hans Schwarz RSW RP NEAC RBA	First Prize - Watercolour
1982	Margaret Thomas RWA RBA NEAC	First Prize - Oil
1982	F Donald Blake RI RSMA	First Prize - Watercolour
1983	Ken Howard RA RWA PPNEAC RWS	First Prize - Oil
1983	John Gardiner Crawford RI RBA RSW	First Prize - Watercolour
1984	Robert Buhler RA	First Prize - Oil
1984	Jane Carpanini RWA RBA RWS	First Prize - Watercolour
1985	Daphne Todd OBE PPRP NEAC	First Prize - Oil
1985	Charles Bone PPRI	First Prize - Watercolour
1986	Anthony Green RA NEAC	Joint First Prize
1986	Anthony Whishaw RA RWA	Joint First Prize
1986	Zoë Candlin	Young Artists' Prize
1986	Robert MacLaurin	Young Artists' Prize
1986	Lorna Overend	Young Artists' Prize
1986	Katherine Shepherd	Young Artists' Prize
1987	William Pullen	First Prize
1987	Zoë Candlin	Young Artists' Prize
1987	Phillippa Mills	Young Artists' Prize
1988	Edward Chell	Joint First Prize
1988	Tom Phillips RA	Joint First Prize
1989	Martin Churchill	First Prize
1989	Gary Dick	Second Prize
1989	Sophie Knight RWS	Student Prize
1990	Gus Cummins RA	First Prize
1990	Alec Chanda	Second Prize
1990	Jelena Lukic	Student Prize
1991	Barry Burman	First Prize
1991	Ashley Paul Hanson	Second Prize
1991	David Granville Martin	Young Artist of the Year
1992	Dick Lee	First Prize
1992	Jennifer McRae NEAC	Second Prize

winners

1992	Ishbel Myerscough	Young Artist of the Year
1993	Shani Rhys James	First Prize
1993	David Remfry	Second Prize
1993	Mandy Lindsay	Young Artist of the Year
1994	Michael Corkrey	First Prize
1994	Colin Hayes RA PPRBA	Second Prize
1994	Grace O'Connor	Young Artist of the Year
1995	Mary Griffiths	First Prize
1995	Warren Baldwin	Second Prize
1995	Jago Max Williams	Young Artist of the Year
1996	Colin Smith	First Prize
1996	David Whitaker	Second Prize
1996	Justin Mortimer	Young Artist of the Year
1997	Martin Fuller	First Prize
1997	Jeannette Barnes	Second Prize
1997	Christopher Farrell	Young Artist of the Year
1998	Jennifer McRae NEAC	First Prize
1998	Ian Humphreys	Second Prize
1998	Jago Max Williams	Young Artist of the Year
1998	Karn Holly NEAC	Print & Drawing Award
1999	Gus Cummins RA	First Prize
1999	Brian Sayers	Second Prize
1999	Comhghall Casey	Young Artist of the Year
1999	Anita Taylor	Print & Drawing Award
2000	Anita Taylor	First Prize
2000	Janet Patterson	Second Prize
2000	Tom Palin	Young Artist of the Year
2000	Jane Roberts	Print & Drawing Award
2001	Nicholas Charles Williams	First Prize
2001	Matthew Burrows	Second Prize
2001	Saul Robertson	Young Artist of the Year
2001	Lucinda Holmes	Print & Drawing Award

Appendix I - Principal Prize Winners

2002	Nicholas Archer RP	First Prize
2002	Susan Pye	Second Prize
2002	Tomoya Matsuzaki	Young Artist of the Year
2002	Peter Freeth RA	Print & Drawing Award
2003	Lisa Wright	First Prize
2003	Virginia Verran	Second Prize
2003	D A Wightman	Young Artist of the Year
2003	Stephen Turner	Print & Drawing Award
2004	Henry Kondracki	First Prize
2004	Alasdair Lindsay	Second Prize
2004	Marco Amura	Young Artist of the Year
2004	Peter Freeth RA	Print & Drawing Award
2005	Adam Holmes-Davies	First Prize
2005	Judy Buxton	Second Prize
2005	Tung-pang Lam	Young Artist of the Year
2005	Peter Brown NEAC	Print & Drawing Award

Appendix II - The Judges

Edward Bawden RA
Jon Benington
Andrew Billen
Norman Blamey RA
Sandra Blow RA
Anna-Mei Chadwick
Prunella Clough
Tom Coates PNEAC RP PPRBA RWS RWA
Raymond Cowern RA RWF
Charles Darwent
Sir Roger de Grey PPRA
Ian Dejardin
Gary Dick
Meredith Etherington-Smith
Richard Eurich OBE RA RSMA
William Feaver
James Fitton RA
Angela Flowers
Donald Hamilton Fraser RA
Peter Garrard PPRBA RP NEAC RWA
Laura Gascoigne
Frederick Gore RA
Francis Graham-Dixon
Norman Hepple RA RP
Ken Howard RA RWA PPNEAC RWS
Graham Hughes
Isobel Hunting
Richard Haigh Hunting
Sandra Jackaman
Professor Anthony Jones
David Lee
Alison Lloyd
Sarah Long
Peter Lyon
Professor Kenneth McConkey
Jennifer McRae NEAC
David Messum
Charlotte Mullins
Ken Oliver
William Packer
Angela Palmer
Professor Deanna Petherbridge
David Poole PPRP
Katie Pratt
Sir Norman Reid
Shani Rhys James
Leonard Rosoman OBE RA
Thomas Ryan
Brian Sewell
Nicola Shane
Michael Shepherd
Christopher Simmonds
Ian Simpson
Reg Singh
Anita Taylor
Daphne Todd OBE PPRP NEAC
Sir Richard Trant
Nicholas Usherwood
Mike von Joel
Oliver Warman RBA ROI
Jago Max Williams
Nicholas Charles Williams
Leslie Worth PPRWS RBA NEAC

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