

Sergey Menon

Sally Mann

Light and Space

11th to 29th May 2021, Cadogan Contemporary, London.



*“ All my painting life
I have tried to combine
the fullest experience of
space, with particular
light and colour ”*

Sargy Mann

Introduction

by Christopher Burness

Cadogan Contemporary has just celebrated its 40th Anniversary. When I turned the lights on in 15 Pont Street, SW1 all those years ago, little did I know that in 2021 we would still be flourishing as a truly modern contemporary art gallery and that Cadogan - exhilaratingly - would become a family affair!

Without doubt that would never have happened without our wonderful relationship with Sargy Mann and his family which started in the mid 1980's. This was a form of partnership very lightly structured and defined. It was relaxed, respectful and full of humour. It gave Sargy full rein to evolve his work in a truly

free and unrestrained way and to take account of the changing circumstances of his sight. Every two years or so, we would present his new work to ever growing enthusiasm and success, culminating in his final exhibition in 2015, shortly after his death. With Sargy at its heart, Cadogan was able to develop its own distinctive aesthetic purpose which continues today.

The genesis of Sargy's work over all these years can be seen clearly in this carefully curated exhibition which reflects the stepping stones of his painting life. We are lucky to be able to use the words of Sargy himself as well as an insightful introduction by Martin Herbert.



Under the Sun : On Sargy Mann

by Martin Herbert

In 1972, Sargy Mann painted *Lemmons Bathroom Window*, one of a succession of canvases made in the bathroom of the eponymous Georgian house in Barnet to which he'd moved in 1968. Like so much of Mann's work, the painting is a study of light and space; of alertness to the specificity and multiplicity hidden by those monolithic words. There are, for starters, two distinct registers of light here, because the painting depicts a sunlit outdoor scene seen from inside, where the light is at once the same and different. A tiled bathroom, rich with reflective surfaces, is a magnifier of light, the painter's chief material: we see it, here, glimmering on the windowsill, gracing the casually placed parade of objects on it and anchoring them with pink-grey shadows, and losing power in the heavy-shadowed right-hand corner. And we see, through the window, a locale of houses and trees turned pastel and weightless in the sun, the sweet too-brightness of emerging from a cinema in mid-afternoon.

This is a lyrical scene, but it's also evidence of a humming, problem-solving,

modernist mind. Mann, we know, was interested in the trickiness of painting the bathroom – making a relatively large canvas in a constricted space, furthering possibilities implicit in Pierre Bonnard's own radiant bathroom paintings, slyly compressing intimist interior and landscape and still life. He was, perhaps, also making a little joke about the notion of the painting as window. The canvas esteems the perpetual beauty of light travelling through glass, and it also orients the viewer in place. It frames a location where we and the painter are not – the great outdoors – and in doing so reemphasises precisely where we are, where he was. This sounds simple, but it isn't really; it's materialist and also philosophical. Around the same time that Mann was painting this, American minimal sculptors were using strategies to reemphasise the viewer's own perception of their own bodies in relation to objects. The difference in Mann's case is that he uses it in the service of a communicable wonder at that everyday singularity, being alive amid available light. It's a form of honouring.

Mann got to this point of acuity, and would get to other, very different points, via the kind of art education that barely exists in England anymore and that feels, in retrospect, radical. He had been educated, at Camberwell School of Art, with a sense of the high vocational seriousness of painting and what he later called ‘a kind of realism which was an art of truth to visual experience. The world was beautiful and by drawing and painting in the right, selfless frame of mind you could learn to experience, to see more of that true beauty and, to the best of your ability record it in a shareable form.’ The sharing matters, of course, in the sense that learning to look at paintings is a way of learning to see, and appreciate, the democratic bequest of the world, something people habitually undervalue because everybody has it. Such looking is a way of learning to see how you see, and to recognise that visual perception is a complex, subjective, not necessarily transparent process.

Consider *One Tree Hill*, from 1978, painted in plein air in a park near Mann’s then-home in Camberwell – a painting that the artist

tussled with and didn’t much like when he finished it, but came to think of as one of his best. In various ways this is a painting about awareness: Mann had seen, and been entranced by, a large oak tree with a low bough that led away from and back to the trunk, a natural compositional device, a journey for the eye. Many people take trees for granted, don’t even see them. *One Tree Hill* is a short course in seeing not only the tree but the unfolding tangle of the painting itself; the landscape emerging slowly from a tumult of olive and deep browns and filigreed white accents, spatial depth articulated by coloured light creating itself before your eyes, and the details – particularly the fence – are as much feverishly scratched in as painted, Mann having completed the work in a surprise burst of low sun at the end of a day’s painting, recognising a transient gift. As you navigate it, the scene comes to feel like reality squared, or rather reality as noticed by an expert in noticing.

Three years later Mann experienced his first retinal detachment, and over ensuing years his sight would progressively worsen. In 1988

he was registered blind – not the same, at this point, as not being able to see – and he would later come to seek out brighter, predominantly Mediterranean light to paint in. Prior to this, in 1990, Mann and his family moved to Bungay, Suffolk, where *Stepladder by the River* (1992) was created. One can perhaps dwell too much on what Mann was or wasn’t actually seeing as he painted; as he’s noted, sight occurs in the mind, subjectively, and he had, by his fifties, accumulated decades of attention to the physical world. But the paintings he made now were among the last he painted with the subject in front of him; he’d begun to work from short-term memory and Dictaphone recordings, voice notes. *Stepladder...*, in its compositional oddity, concerns itself with the assertiveness of shapes in space, and feels almost like a dare: the white ladder and some kind of bench or table plunked assertively in the midst of a waterside scene where the river reflects an intensely blue sky. Yet the whole is tied together, not only by the ladder’s tonality echoing elsewhere in the composition but by the constantly febrile

brushwork, through which everything glints as in the strong light of a summer’s day.

A painting like this is broadly in an Impressionist tradition, and we might pause to consider what it meant to pursue such an approach a century after it first manifested. Mann, on one level, was asserting that there was still gas in this particular tank, that the world is still composed of space and coloured light and that painting can continue to reflect a deep, and deepening, engagement with it. Contemporary art, at any point, is surprisingly conservative: only a few ‘positions’ are considered fashionable. Mann struck a harder path – demonstrating, in painting after painting, that a style supposedly superseded by the forward thrust of modernism and postmodernism retained validity and wiggle room; and also that optical pleasure, which many artists seem almost to scorn, needn’t preclude complexity and ambiguity. *The Yellow Cabin, Umbrian Morning*, painted in 1994, testifies to this. It’s an outwardly beautiful painting, with its foliage-wrapped house bathed in azure Italian sunlight; but also a stubborn one,

interrupted by a handful of barely identifiable, sentinel-like verticals, as if Mann knew there was something of that shape there but didn't know, or fully care, what. Parts of the painting's foreground are just speedy calligraphic dashes, testifying to something encoded in the work: this is a record of a moment under the sun, that won't come back, that you ought to revel in. And then maybe, later, set down an impression of.

In 2005, Mann lost his sight completely. The shimmering *Hotel Bar*, the first painting he made after leaving hospital – an evening scene in Cadaques, backed by the Spanish landscape – is inwardness turned outward. Mann, composing from memory on canvas, saw the colours in his mind's eye, his brain shaped by a lifetime of looking. The painting's equivocal contours, notably, feel true to what one might construe as Mann's seeing: reality as regions of coloured light, the scene as a glowing atmosphere. After this, Mann didn't – couldn't – paint from what he had seen, couldn't find a subject he wanted to paint from memory, and took up a novel approach. He would paint Frances, his wife, as

she sat in a chair in his studio. He learned the position she was in by feel and, he said later, his long-trained visual cortex translated for him, turning three dimensions into two from where he was. He marked her shape out in Blu-Tak on canvas, and infilled them in colours – notably, and progressively, not necessarily colours drawn from reality but freer, intensely songful colour harmonies, as see the tangerine, magenta and midnight blue of *Identical Twins* (2010).

After a lifetime of translating what he'd seen, Mann was now translating what he touched, was unbound by it, and something taken away from him had become something given back. By the time of *Figures by a River* (2014/15), made in the last year of his life, he had moved on again: his paintings had become, it seemed, a fusion of memory, translated touch, and thoughts of paintings he loved. *Figures...* has a hieratic, deeply architectonic quality, its elongated figures occupying their own psychic space, the whole like a gnomonic code. Perhaps most of all, the painting has a sense of calm rightness about it; though maybe only in

resolution. It shows an artist playing, with grace, the hand that fate has dealt him; turning disadvantage into advantage.

As others have noted, all art is contemporary art in that it exists in and is therefore received in the present. A painting contains the time of its making and the time of its reception; there is no need to end an essay, say, by talking about the latest work in a chronology. All the moments these paintings of Mann's memorialise, if they do so, are past, and all are equally present in the viewer's receiving. So let's go back, as it were, to 1967, and *Regent's Park, Sunset (Massed Clouds)*.

In that year Mann was a postgraduate student (the only one) at Camberwell. In that year, he had an intense psychedelic experience in Regent's Park, but this painting – for all its iridescent palette – focuses on the everyday splendour of the sunset, bands of colour stacking and mingling beneath empurpled clouds, the heavy green of the park at the base. On one level, Mann here is engaging with tradition – with cloud painting as a genre

stretching back to Constable – but the painting capsules an evening in 1967 and a half-century later it preserves it. Mann was there, watching nature perform, watching it give a never-to-be-repeated light show. Sunsets are a literally everyday experience, to the point that we don't habitually go out and watch them, but when you do, they're a marvel, and you might ask why you don't make more effort. The world, seen from its best angle, is made up of things like that. Sargy Mann, working while he had the light, observed them and got them down, fusing them with his own wonder, his good fortune at seeing them.

Martin Herbert, 2021



“ In the forty seven years since I first went to art school my painting has changed quite a bit and quite often, as can be seen in this book. These changes, developments I hope, have largely come about as a result of changes in the state of my sight and so were not chosen but forced upon me, a better reason for change in my opinion. Now that I am totally blind there can be no more changes of that kind but I am getting old and that can bring about changes of other kinds. I can't, nor do I want to, predict what these might be, rather I welcome them though with anxiety, but this is, I think, as it should be. As long as one has the ability to organise materials and is able to discover new experiences, art can be made. I have always believed that artists are people who can act with precision in a state of extreme insecurity. It is not always easy or comfortable but it is what we like doing and I hope to keep going. ”

These were the final words of a book Sargy Mann wrote in 2008. The structure of the book was his journey from the first serious paintings he made as a student at Camberwell art school in the early 1960's to what seemed at the time almost certain to be his last significant body of work. What we now know is that shortly after writing these words he embarked on a new way of working, one that in some sense pulled together everything that he had learned in almost fifty years of total dedication to painting and trying to understand what it means to look at the

world, to understand your own experience and somehow communicate this to other people.

The paintings in this exhibition were chosen from bodies of work that Sargy wrote about in 2008 and the quotes are all from that text. The one exception is the final painting *Figures by a River* which was one of the last paintings he made and which represents the true final stage of the journey he tried to describe prematurely in 2008.

Regent's Park, Sunset (Massed Clouds)

1967

oil on board
33cm x 41cm (13" x 16")

“ Nothing teaches you to paint so fast as a sunset and I loved the joust.... With this kit [his Sketchbox] I could paint pretty nearly anywhere where I would otherwise have made a drawing in a sketch book and I even made paintings once or twice while waiting at a bus stop. It was particularly good for the times when something unexpectedly exciting happened. I remember once standing in the middle of the road painting a rainbow, in the Regent's Park's Inner Circle. ”

This view of Regent's Park is one of the 'Sketchbox Paintings' named after the small wooden devices Sargy constructed from an initial design by Dick Lee. His years of working in this way, responding to particular effects of light that might only last a few minutes, was a very significant factor in his ability to create a believable light and space in his later works.





Garden Wall in Sun

1968

oil on board
41cm x 51cm (16" x 20")

“ On the 30th of August 1967 I moved into 108 Maida Vale with my great friend Colin Howard, known as Monkey. The house had been bought by Monkey’s sister, the novelist Elizabeth Jane Howard when she had married Kingsley Amis.... Although Auerbach and Uglow were still important influences to be consulted in my imagination if not in person (as they have continued to be to some extent to this day)... My main influences though, were my chosen masters and in particular early Matisse. Uglow didn’t paint space as I wanted to and Auerbach didn’t paint light and colour as I wanted to, but Matisse did both.... ”

Garden Wall in Sun is the garden at 108 Maida Vale. Elizabeth Jane Howard was a keen gardener and her garden was one of the Sargy’s most painted subjects during those years.

This painting was included in the exhibition ‘Sargy Mann, Let it be felt that the painter was there’ at the Attenborough Arts Centre in 2019/20.





Regent's Park

1970

oil on canvas
51cm x 61cm (20" x 24")

“ The realisation that I was above all a landscape painter had come to me gradually over the years since starting at art school.... London is not the ideal place for a landscape painter.... In my time at Tottenham Street I started to paint in Regent's Park and to paint out of my window which was the beginning of what could be called urban landscapes which occupied me a lot until I moved to Suffolk in 1990. ”

By the late 1960's, Sargy considered himself to be 'essentially though not exclusively, a landscape painter'. Regent's Park was for many years his favourite - and for a long time the closest - large open space available to him. As a teacher at Camberwell, he often took his students to paint there.





Lemmons Bathroom Window

1972

oil on canvas
66cm x 76cm (26" x 30")

“ The choice of a bathroom as a subject had undeniably a good deal to do with my interest in the paintings and drawings of Pierre Bonnard which had been fired to roaring point by the huge Bonnard exhibition at the Royal Academy in 1966 which I went to twenty four times. I had found that Bonnard’s interiors were frequently very wide angle views and that this went some way to explaining how strange the drawing looked. It seemed that the smaller the space the wider the angle of view was likely to be and that the famous bathroom paintings often represented extremely wide angle views. Also the wider the angle, which is to say, the more the subject wraps round you, the more reflected light it contains, especially if the walls are tiled. I wanted to try this out and as there were three bathrooms upstairs at Lemmons, Jane said I could use one as a temporary studio. ”

In 1968, Sargy moved with the Amis/Howard household to Lemmons, a large Georgian house just outside Barnet. An article in The Guardian once stated “It seems likely that for a brief period in 1972, Lemmons was the most brilliantly creative household in Britain”. The house and its grounds soon became the main focus of his paintings and these made up a significant part of his first solo exhibition at the Salisbury Festival of Arts in 1973.





Swings at Iken

1976

oil on board
30cm x 41cm (12" x 16")

“ When searching for a spatial experience the eye moves very fast, it is like flying. Your eye hits some grasses near your feet, skims the field, dipping and banking, climbs up the bushes, up and over the poplar and willows and off into the sky to circle and dive like Hopkins’s Windhover..... Lines can mirror these movements; a line can make that equivalent journey across the rectangle. But every point on that journey is giving off a different sensation of coloured light and requires a different colour at that place on the canvas. How can one do both?

... Dufy was, I realised, the most extreme case of the separation of line and colour which none the less combined to create an experience of superfast spatial exploration which was full of light and local colour, and the flat patterns which achieved this were dazzlingly beautiful and original. Dufy’s paintings had for me a kinship with Rembrandt’s drawing which had always been a big influence on me, (far more than his paintings) in which the pen lines and the wash and what these did to the unmarked white paper, were like two instruments playing their own, different parts in order to combine to make the uniquely beautiful music, a bit like a violin and a piano in a Beethoven sonata, say. This separation of the elements of painting, of line and colour, and, in a sense, tone, interested me as a possible solution to my problem. ”

What Sargy described as his ‘Dufy phase’ lasted only a few months in the long hot summer of 1976 but he always considered these paintings an important step in his career.





One Tree Hill

1978

oil on board
91cm x 122cm (36" x 48")

“ At the end of one miserable day’s painting, the low sun came through thrillingly and, as I was totally fed up, I crammed in the sun, knowing that it would probably be gone in minutes or even seconds. I remember scraping off wet paint and the critical sighting of the small amount of white left on my palette, then, finally, scratching in the fence as it climbed up the hill between the oaks and the church. I think that Frances came up onto the hill to meet me and help me carry my stuff back and that when she said that the painting was good, I was furious. I was disgusted with my painting and got quite angry. This is not an uncommon experience, the reason being, that a particularly good painting is likely to be, should be, particularly unrecognisable being something not seen or experienced before, so that the artist may see what it is not, and only later see what it is. Later I did realise that it was one of the best paintings I had ever made. ”



One Tree Hill won the GLC Prize at 'The Spirit of London' exhibition in 1983. Sargy sold the painting in the 1980's and purchased it back from a collector many years later.



SARAH

Frances Reading at Lyndhurst Grove

1987

oil on canvas
145cm x 178cm (57" x 70")

“ When figures, usually my family, became important in my paintings, I liked their psychological significance to be held in place and contrasted with the perceptual excitement of light and space elsewhere and this became more the case as I got blinder. I needed bright light and deep space with strong contrasts in order to have a compelling visual experience whereas people, my family, were close but largely invisible, so being in the shadow with my family near to but looking past and beyond them to brilliant light which I could see was a perfect metaphor for my life. ”



Frances Reading at Lyndhurst Grove was one of a series of large figure compositions Sargy made in the late 1980's. These paintings are notable both because of the significance of the human forms, which was a new development for him and also because they were the first paintings he made away from the subject based on short term memory.



Stepladder by the River

1992

oil on canvas

122cm x 152cm (48" x 60")

“ From the river bank, at the end of the studio, grows a very large Suffolk willow with two huge stems and next to it two weeping willows, and I quickly identified this corner of our property as the place I would most like to paint. I have always loved rivers and it had been a dream of mine, which I never expected to realise, to live on one.... When you look at a finished painting or, in my case, think about one, you tend to take its finished state for granted and see or remember earlier states as heading towards the final state but listening to these tapes reminds me that I had no idea where I was going other than that I wanted to discover the fullest, most exciting and rewarding experience of being there and the best way of recording and communicating this - the best, the most expressive coloured design or painting. ”

Sargy moved to Bungay, Suffolk in 1990 and in the following years made series of paintings which can be seen as a record of his process of discovering his new environment. By this time he was working almost exclusively from short term memory. He used a dictaphone, which he called his 'audio sketchbook' to describe his experiences and these recordings in some sense replaced drawing in a sketchbook, which he had done obsessively until the late 1980's.

This painting was included in the exhibition 'Sargy Mann, Let it be felt that the painter was there' at the Attenborough Arts Centre, in 2019/20.





The Yellow Cabin, Umbrian Morning

1994

oil on canvas
76cm x 102cm (30" x 40")

“ When I got back to Suffolk, although it was beautifully sunny, I couldn't settle to any subjects. My head was still full of the intense, high, Italian sun which produced so much reflected light and in which the the sky seemed so thrillingly dark, and by comparison the English summer sun seemed feeble and the shadows seemed depressingly dark and black. After a couple of days of not doing anything I wondered whether I could paint a much larger oil of one of the Italian subjects that I had made a gouache of. ”

The Italian paintings from 1994 were the first of a new way of working which would be central to Sargy's practice until 2005. The subjects for the paintings were mainly discovered on trips abroad, where Sargy would paint a gouache, make dictaphone recordings and then back in his studio in Suffolk he painted oils from these subjects.

Sargy loved painting in Italy and made several trips there in the 1980's, 90's and early 2000's.





Sun and Heat, Kerala

2000

oil on canvas
76cm x 102cm (30" x 40")

“ it was the light above all that was the thrill of being in India for me... The light was extraordinary but to begin with it was very hard to find subjects, that is to say scenes that I could understand well enough for them to take a hold of me.

Experiencing the uniqueness of the moment is not a survival skill, more the opposite, but is I believe a sort of spin-off capability of a brain which has evolved to do other things. Developing that capability is the practice of art or, of some art. ”

Sargy travelled to India with his sister Penny in February 1999. The paintings he made from that trip are all about trying to capture an experience of coloured light different to anything he had seen before.





The Hotel Bar, Cadaques

2005

oil on canvas
94cm x 102cm (37" x 40")

“ The next morning at about eight, I woke with a strong pain in my left eye. When I asked Frances to have a look at it and she said, ‘Oh God, it’s bleeding.’ I was pretty certain straight away that this was what I had been dreading for so long... it was, indeed, the start of total blindness.

... But my mind was full of the dozen or so Cadaques subjects that I had come home intending to paint. Well, I thought, I have got a ready stretched canvas and all my paint and brushes which I had imagined giving away, so why not have a go? ... Almost at once I knew that the one I would attempt was the hotel bar. I imagined, re-lived, the setting sun coming towards me through the open doorway on the right with it reflecting blindingly off the sea in the bay, the dark blue sea, black hill and blue sky through the window ahead, and Peter right round to the left sitting with me at the little round table. After a bit I thought, ‘well here goes’, and loaded a brush with ultramarine. What followed was one of the strangest sensations of my life; I ‘saw’ the canvas turn blue as I put the paint down. Next I put down my Schminke magenta and ‘saw’ it turn rose. The colour sensation didn’t last, it was only there while I was putting the paint down but it went on happening with different colours. ”

The Hotel Bar, Cadaques was the first painting Sargy made after the total loss of his sight. He went on to paint all the Cadaques subjects and these paintings were exhibited at Cadogan Contemporary in 2005.

The painting was included in the exhibition ‘Sargy Mann, Let it be felt that the painter was there’ at the Attenborough Arts Centre in 2019/20.





Identical Twins

2007

oil on canvas

122cm x 96.5cm (48" x 38")

“ I realised that I would never have allowed myself this intuitive freedom with colour when I could see. For years I had painted with pretty saturated colour which was not derived in a direct way from my subject, but it was always in response to the light as I perceived it; I have always liked strong colour and had arrived at a ‘language’ of painting which required saturated colour to generate the most convincing light, but it was always, to me, as true to my direct perceptual experience as I could make it. The paradox was that now that I had no perceptual experience of light or colour, I was free to use colour completely intuitively in order to express what ever experience I did have. ”

Identical Twins is one of the last of a series of paintings that marked Sargy's transition from 'seen' subjects to paintings where his experience was a combination of touch, memory and imagination. In 2008 in the exhibition 'Frances' at Cadogan Contemporary, Sargy showed a series of paintings of his wife posing in an armchair in his studio. He had developed a way of discovering the subject primarily through touch, kneeling at a fixed distance and feeling the position of his wife in the chair. It was an extension of this process that led to all of his paintings in the last years of his life.





Figures by a River

2014-2015

oil on canvas
198cm x 183cm (78" x 72")

“ The big battles are always the same: to keep the decorative flatness without losing the space and form, and to keep the colour intensity without losing the light.

Years ago I remember writing in a sketch book ... that Fauvism was to colour what cubism was to drawing A consistent tonal scale as the main source of light is rather like consistent perspective as a main source of space and form, and they have similar drawbacks: they work too well as illusion. Because in both conventions, and particularly so when they are combined, the system works as well for the part as for the whole, and also because both are as close as possible to everyday perceptual experience, a recognition of and belief in the part can be arrived at without an appreciation of the whole and so, through recognition, the experience is reduced to our own measure.

With Cubism or Fauvism, and the best figurative (and possibly abstract) art to follow them, and Cezanne before, belief in the part is only possible through digestion of the whole. You have to have the artist's world or nothing. Well not nothing. You have what you start off with and can always return to: The decoration, the beautiful flat pattern which is the initial seduction and only means of communicating the alien, heightened, experience. ”

Sargy wrote these words in a sketchbook in 1976. *Figures by a River* was one of the last paintings he made and was one of a group of works that are his final act in almost fifty years fighting the battles he describes above.

It was included in the exhibition 'Euan Uglow/Sargy Mann' at The Collection in 2016 and 'Sargy Mann: Let it be felt that the painter was there' at the Attenborough Arts Centre in 2019/20.





5-79

“Light is our God, young man, one day you will come to understand this.”

Pierre Bonnard



Sargy Mann

A Chronology

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|----------|---|
| 1937 | Martin Mann is born in Hythe, Kent. Nicknamed 'Sargy' at school and uses this name throughout his life. |
| 1943- 53 | Attends Dartington School, known for its 'progressive coeducational' programme. |
| 1953- 58 | Apprentice at Morris Motors factory, Oxford. |
| 1960- 64 | Studies at Camberwell School of Art and Crafts and is taught by Dick Lee, Frank Auerbach and Euan Uglow, all of whom will have a strong influence on his development as an artist. |
| 1967 | Becomes the first Postgraduate student ever at Camberwell School of Art and Crafts. Meets Elizabeth Jane Howard and her husband Kingsley Amis through her brother Colin. Moves into their family home at 108 Maida Vale. |
| 1968 | Moves with the Amises to Lemmons, a large Georgian house close to Barnet. Continues to live with the family until his marriage in 1976. The Amises and their circle of friends, including Dame Iris Murdoch, Sir John Betjeman, Cecil Beaton, Cecil Day-Lewis and his son Daniel Day-Lewis, all became collectors of his work.

'From Life, English Art and the Model Today' at the Camden Arts Centre, London. |
| 1969-88 | Teaches at Camberwell School of Art and Crafts. |
| 1973 | First solo exhibition at the Salisbury Festival of Arts, organised by Elizabeth Jane Howard who is artistic director that year. |

1973	First cataract operations. Once the 'yellow brown' caratacts are removed, his eyes take several weeks to readjust and for that time he sees the world in a 'dazzling blue light'. 'The London Group at the Whitechapel' at Whitechapel Gallery, London.	1999-08	Visiting Lecturer at the Prince's Drawing School.
1976	Marries Frances Carey and moves to South London. 'Together Again' at the South London Gallery, London.	2001	Exhibition of Indian paintings at Cadogan Contemporary, London, following his trip to Bolgatty Island in Kerala.
1979	Retinal detachments, leaving partial vision in only one eye.	2002	Corneal graft, bringing temporary but significant improvement to vision.
1980	Moves with family to Lyndhurst Grove, in SE15.	2005	Total loss of vision on return from trip to Cadaques, Spain.
1983	Included in the Upper Gallery exhibition at the Royal Academy.	2006	'Cadaques' at Cadogan Contemporary, London, is the first exhibition of paintings created after total loss of sight.
1985	'The Spirit of London' at the Southbank Centre, GLC Prize Winner with <i>One Tree Hill</i> .	2008	'Frances' at Cadogan Contemporary, London. These are the first paintings made with a completely new way of discovering his subject. Publication of 'Sargy Mann: Probably the best blind painter in Peckham', SP Books.
1987	First solo exhibition at Cadogan Contemporary. It is the first of eighteen exhibitions with the gallery over the following twenty eight years. Included for the first time in the Royal Academy Summer Exhibition, London.	2010	New Paintings' at Cadogan Contemporary, London. This is the first time what became known as the 'Late Paintings' or 'Little sitting room paintings' are shown.
1988	Officially registered blind. 'Past and Present' Arts Council touring exhibition which he also co curated.	2015	Sargy dies at home in Bungay, Suffolk, on 5th April. 'Final Paintings' at Cadogan Contemporary, London.
1990	The family moves from Lyndhurst Grove to Bungay, Suffolk.	2016	Euan Uglow/Sargy Mann, at The Collection, Lincoln.
1991	'Sargy Mann/Graham Giles' at The Wolsey Art Gallery, Ipswich.	2019	'Sargy Mann: Late Paintings' curated by Chantal Joffe at Royal Drawing School, London.
1994	'Earlier Paintings 1967-1984' at Cadogan Contemporary, London. Features work painted before relationship with the gallery. Conceives and co-curates 'Bonnard at le Bosquet' at the Hayward Gallery, London.	2019-20	'Sargy Mann: Let it be felt that the painter was there' at the Attenborough Arts Centre, Leicester.
		2021	'Light and Space' at Cadogan Contemporary, London.

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