

FOREWORD

I can't remember the last time I sent a letter to myself. Generally, the act of auto-mailing is committed only a) if you are entirely friendless, but pathetically want to pretend otherwise; b) in quite complicated legal circumstances, when a sealed, registered self-sent envelope can be used as proof of dating; or c) by mistake, when drunk.

Sending oneself letters in the cause of larky art is quite a new idea, therefore, and Harriet Russell is to be thoroughly congratulated for coming up with it. Having lived for years at the quite challenging address "Shulbrede Priory, Linchmere, Haslemere, Surrey, GU27 3NQ", she noticed that correspondence often successfully reached the house despite any old misspelled, inadequate, wild-stab nonsense scrawled on the envelope, and was impressed by what this revealed about the sturdy broad-mindedness of staff at the Royal Mail, not to mention their excellent sense of humour and saintly forbearance. She realised that if you were to write "Shawl Bird Puree, Finch More, Hazy More, Curry, GU27 3NQ" on an envelope, and illustrate each word with a little coloured drawing, it would not only certainly reach the house, but might provide considerable entertainment along the way, as well.

So that's what she did. She embarked on this witty project, "Envelopes", in which each envelope represents a new, delightfully clever idea to hide or disguise the address, and is also a little triumph of humanity—because, after all, in nearly every case, the letter arrived! Therefore, a human person must have worked out Harriet's code, or enjoyed the conceit, or (at the very least) held the envelope at arm's length, recognising the handiwork of that annoying woman in that flat in Montague Street. I like the envelope that shows Harriet's Glasgow address in mirror-writing, with the stamp in the top-left corner, instead of the top-right. "Please postmark here" Harriet has written, back to front, next to the stamp. And the Royal Mail has obliged. Maybe it was the work of a machine. You can't overlook that possibility. But it is somehow profoundly comforting to believe that someone peered at Harriet's appeal, worked it out, and thought, "All right, why not?"

Having recently received a letter that was alarmingly addressed to "Lynne Truss, Her House, Brighton", I do worry that the Royal Mail may have too much of a sense of humour, actually. But that's another story. I do love this book. Each page is a little gift of ingenuity. In

a country where mail is known as “post” I am bound to label Harriet as “post-modern”—but only in an ironic kind of way. I hope you enjoy this book. I made happy, yippy noises as I turned each page, mostly in appreciation of the light and lively spirit of the artist; but partly also at the ever-present notion of the downtrodden Scottish postal workers whose days were brightened by this clever stuff.

—Lynne Truss

Across

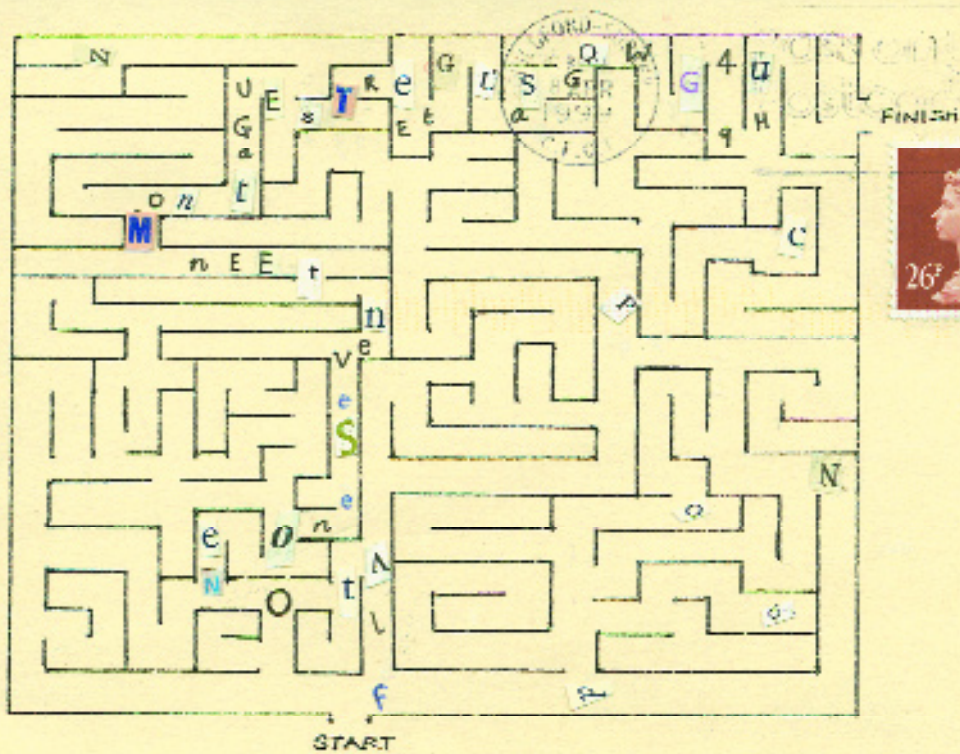
- 2. 10+7
- 3. Scotland's largest city
- 5. Flat on the first floor, left.
- 6. Anagram: HUG49

Down

- 1. Romeo's surname
- 2. Public road in a town or village with houses on one or both sides.
- 4. Land with lots of trees on.







WALL OF 17 MONTAGUE STREET

FLAT
1/1

SUNS
AND
MOONS
AND
SPACEY
THINGS
ON.

WINDOW
DEJOE'S
ROOM
HE
HAS
CURTAINS
WITH

WINDOW
OF THE
BATHROOM
WE LIKE
THE
BATHROOM
it's bright
BLUE

WINDOW
OF HANCOCK
ROOM
HARRIET
HAS
BEIGE

CURTAINS
EVEN
THOUGH
SHE
THINKS
BEIGE

AS RATHER
A BORING
COLOUR
IT
WASN'T
HER CHOICE
Anyways.

FRONT
DOOR,
BLACK,
WITH
white
edged
PANELS

17



Stamp
where window
should be

WINDOW
WINDOW
WIN
DOW

WIN
DOW
WIN
DOW

WIN
DOW
WINDOW
WIN
DOW

G4 9HU

6. APR 98
HJ-
40



F

L A



T 4 . 1 7 5

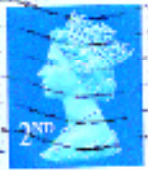
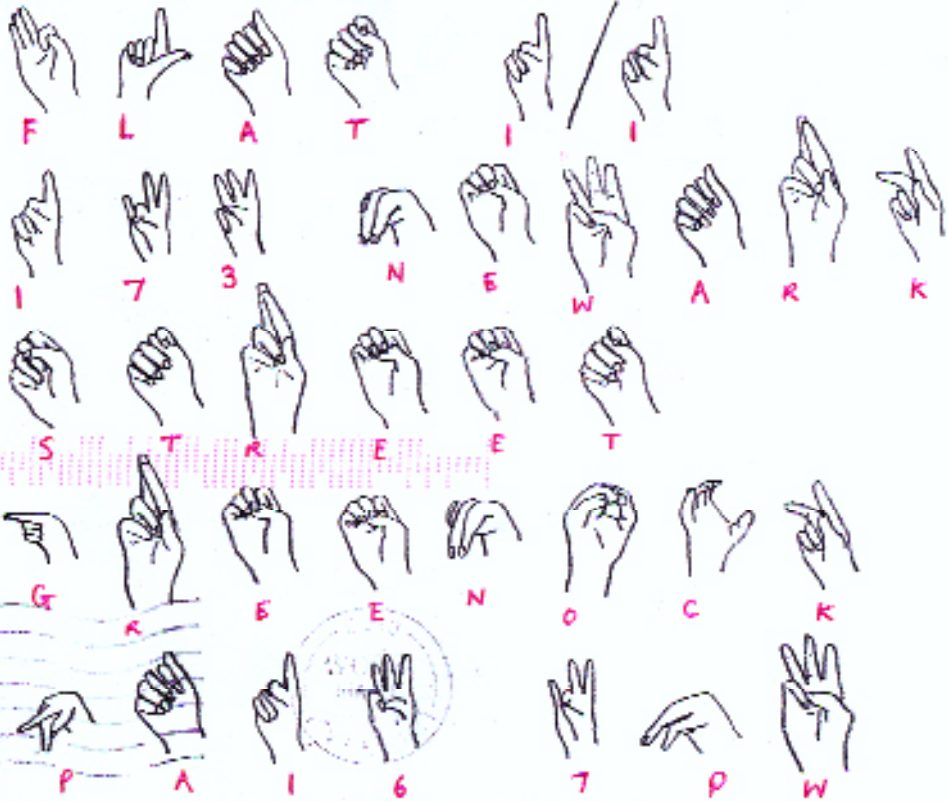
S U S S E X

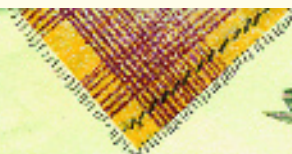
G A R D E N S

L O N D O N

W 2 2 R H

eye chart.





Shawl

Bird

Puree



Finch

more



Hazy

more



Curry

GU27 3NQ