

My favourite black jacket ruined at Parliament Square, I repaired to Up Market to see if I could find a replacement. Last week I met Anne here, and in addition to buying some shirts from her I saw some very clever men's jackets with screen printing on them. The artist is Gerry Buxton, a friend of Anne's who makes tee shirts and other menswear with the prints. He also screen prints clothing for other designers. In the case of the jackets, he does the screen printing for Reg, who re-tailors the jackets to his own design.



On way to Up Market I went one stop further than necessary so I could take a stroll through Whitechapel. Took some nice snaps along the way:



At the market, I found Gerry's pitch soon enough, and quickly met Gerry, himself. We had a nice chat and he found some good shirts for me, proper size and all. Unfortunately, Reg wasn't around. Must have taken off for Bank Holiday weekend. Drats!

Went and queued for a Paul Smith warehouse blow-out sale next to the market. Had to ask what the folks were queuing for, Brit's will queue for anything. It's a bit of a national joke, celebrated here in *The Waiting*, a Singled Out Experimental Winner at the 2009 Signature Photography Awards show:



*Tim Bowditch - The Waiting*

Nothing at Paul Smith for me, so back into the market and a nice visit with Anne, who suggests that I take up salsa dance. Salsa seems to be all the rage here, Anne is not the first enthusiast I have encountered. Must consider this.

Leaving the market I strolled back down to Fournier Street and over to Spitalfields Market to see if I could find a jacket there. Didn't find one, but did find this nice still life:



*Still life with typewriter and accordian*

I saw a gentleman in the crowd wearing a perfect jacket, but couldn't get close enough to ask him where he got it. After a thorough examination of the offerings at Spitalfields I grabbed a slice of pizza from a market vendor and stepped out of the market to the street. Ah, here is the gent with the perfect jacket. I clear my throat, excuse myself and ask him where he got it. He smiles a broad smile and in heavily accented English says, "Italy, very far from here." Double drats.

I thanked him and returned to the tube and home again. Must get ready for theatre, *Waiting For Godot* with Sir Ian McKellen and Patrick Stewart.

On the way back up Marchmont street to the flat I take this snap:



*Dress Dummy and Seamstress in Window on*

*Marchmont Street*

Ta!