

ARTS' News

Volume 2 No. 2

Summer 2001

Business Arts / Conservatory Gallery 6 Hills Avenue Cambridge CB1 7XA 01223 211311 www.businessarts.co.uk



Raku pot by Stephen Murfitt

FRAME SALE DAY
Friday 6th July 11 - 5 pm
New and used frames of all sizes
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HERE AND NOW ...

MY VIEW at the Conservatory Gallery:
review by Joy Richardson

The rain was slicing down again, from an interminably grey sky, as I scuttled inside for an indoor look at an outdoor world, familiar scenes vividly and refreshingly interpreted by six very different pairs of eyes.

Richard Baker's work was a reproof to the jaded observer of city streets. Here was *Rose Crescent after Rain*, alive with shoppers tripping over the silver wet pavements, *Mill Road* pulsating with colourful activity, *Sunday Evening* in St Mary's Street with bicycles and glowing shopfronts against a wild pink and blue sky. Ranging from *Jesus Lane* to *Newnham Millpond* and from pastels to gouache to oils, these works showed the artist's versatility and the breadth of his visual curiosity.

What are the colours of East Anglia? Certainly not grey in **Robin Maunsell's** view: his vibrant works in oil pastel were colourfully engaging. The industry of *Docks*, *King's Lynn*, the houses in *From Bridget's Window* and the

CIVILIZATION

JOHN BROWN FRBS
sculpture in garden and gallery and
drawings/reliefs

GARY HAIGH SMITH
paintings and mixed media on paper

STEPHEN MURFITT
pots for garden and gallery

28th June - 28th July 2001
Open Thursdays to Saturdays and Sunday
1st July 11 - 5 p.m.
or telephone 01223 211311 for appointment

Private View with wine in garden
on 27th June from 7 - 9 p.m.

Please bring your friends

expanse of *Norfolk Fields* sizzled with yellow, pink, red and blue.

The powerful geometry of Fenland appeared in **Marian Hartland-Rowe's** colour patchworks of *Fenland Fields* in winter and summer, and in *Landmark* where sparse furrow lines lead the eye to Ely cathedral on the skyline. **Anthony Day** lyrically painted the vastness of the Fens around the seasons, juxtaposing tired winter grasses against the wintry mauve and orange hues of earth and sky in the aptly titled *Back End*, while *Blue Sowthistle* and *Gelder Rose* celebrated the extravagance of summer. **Robin Ivy's** *Fen Dawn* was a study of light and colour where, as in *Snow in Wales*, the shape of the landscape was sculpted from atmospheric effects.

The delight of this exhibition was that many of the views are resonantly familiar, but the personal pronoun of the title signals work which is highly individual - in observation and in execution. **Jane Evans** used Chinese ink and colour, the legacy of her training in Chinese Brush Painting in the Philippines. In her work, marked with red seal stamps, local landmarks assumed an ethereal oriental quality. *Trinity College Bridge* rose out of the mist, flanked by black gnarled trees. In the scroll-like *Lincoln in*

the Snow and *Lincoln after the Snow*, the cathedral stood out above a vertical wash of icy landscape. Her epigrammatic paintings, including *'The rain it raineth every day'* speak a universal language with a few well-placed brushstrokes.

And so I leave. It's still raining outside, but the grey seems to have become more interesting. The view across the road appears somehow fresher, brighter, the shapes intriguing, the colours sharper ... It's the *My View* effect.



OUT AND ABOUT ... PAINTING THE BLUES AWAY by Robin Stemp

Art, created to hang on the wall is a personal statement, made in private. Art which *is* the wall, is a personal statement made in public, and from the first brush stroke is immediately appropriated by anyone passing by. The artist becomes entertainment, a sounding board and inevitably, this will - to a greater or lesser degree - affect the work. A mural becomes not just a painting on a wall, but an extension of the wall, a portal into another world.

The idea that the elderly are best cared for shut up in an institution, with nothing to do all day except sit in a circle in a nothing-coloured, overheated room and gaze at the television, is - at last - becoming discredited.

Arts therapy has made great strides recently and an increasing number of such institutions (or 'homes') are providing activities. There is no reason why, at the end of our lives, we cannot be introduced to a subject hitherto unexplored. That we might be deaf and nearly blind and disabled is not the point. The human spirit is an indestructable force and needs feeding as much - or more so - than the physical body.

This year I have been able to watch the progress of an extraordinary work of art by my daughter, **Isobel Stemp** at Home Close in Fulbourn village. Isobel is a young painter, trained as a theologian, with an MA in Museum Studies, now working in arts events with the elderly. Along with painting, collage, aerobics, music and reminiscence, she decided to start with a splash and to paint a mural in the main sitting room, a heart-sinkingly depressing area, with windows overlooking the car park. Starting with the existing coloured walls as drab as they come, she looked to the Renaissance and chose a deep, rich, dark pink and a warm yellow for the surrounding areas, then painted a mural of Cambridge, not as a factual record, but catching the spirit of the place. King's College chapel, Clare Bridge, All Saints' Garden, the river and the town centre, with the street leading the eye on into Sydney Street and the old Joshua Taylor. It is a stunning piece of work, a positive acclamation and a present, from her to the residents and staff. In it, she has given them a view of an eternally beautiful city, with the past and the present laid out in blocks of colour, showing a summer's day, the sun shining, the sky high and blue, washed clean by recent rain. In short, it is a big statement, against which the smaller, but equally important events can be placed.

She worked on it during the afternoons, when the residents had their rest and each day, as she progressed, she found their interest and involvement growing, so that it became,



not just a mural, but a collective asset, owned by residents and staff, visitors and anyone who came in and found her

Mural by Isobel Stemp

up her ladder, adding another pinnacle to King's College or deepening the shadows under Clare Bridge, adding items to Joshua Taylor's windows.

The mural has become a meeting point, a back drop to workshops and visiting musicians, communion services and staff meetings. Like all murals, it has a life of its own.

MUSINGS ...

THOSE MEN FROM DOWN-UNDER - a reminiscence and a response by Anthony Day



Further to Robin Stemp's vivid impressions of Australia from the air and her pursuit of authentic 20th century Australian art as described in the last issue of this Newsletter, I was privileged to make the acquaintance of those of its pioneers who came to England in the early 1960s, having apparently strained their public and private patronage at home.

They were introduced to me by a member of the Boyd family living in Cambridge and they were as invigorating to me as they were shattering to the frail centre of the British *avant garde* at the time, centred as it was on sugary wallpaper abstraction. Sadly our own art institutions didn't stir themselves unduly to support these Australian interlopers. The Tate Gallery syndics took in some of **Arthur Boyd's** paintings but, for their sins, didn't purchase any (can't you just see them!) and I'm not sure any of our public collections took note of them.

Those I got to know were **Arthur** and **David Boyd**, their brother-in-law **John Percival** and **Charles Blackman**. **Louis James** was another but he's long been domiciled in England. Before meeting them my only way into contemporary Australian art had been through the powerful landscapes of **Russell Drysdale**, shown regularly at the late lamented Leicester Galleries in London, and the first and by far the best batch of *Ned Kelly* paintings by **Sidney Nolan** presented at the Qantas Gallery, London. However, through books handed to me by the newcomers I was soon on to the father figure of **William Dobell** and a string of artists stirred into new life by those who had come to us here, all committed to the life and environment of their own land as distinct from anywhere else, absorbing surely the lesson of Aboriginal pantheism.

Arthur Boyd was a gentle, lovable man, held to a private vision, totally committed, always ready to assist other artists of whom happily I was one. He introduced me to his dealer here who, apparently, disliked his work but had

taken him on reputation. Surprisingly the dealer liked my work, promised an exhibition then left the gallery to a successor who mismanaged it out of existence within months. While visiting Arthur in Hampstead I met **John Percival** who had just arrived and was already reacting badly to the grey English weather. However, his Australian spirit transformed Hampstead Heath into a set of colourful paintings which were exhibited in London before he returned home not a little disillusioned and homesick.

Arthur found more support, took a cottage in Suffolk and divided his time between the two countries, but his theme was always his homeland. He mounted a large exhibition at the Cambridge Arts Council Galleries which gave me the chance to enthuse about his work in the press enough to embarrass him. His Cambridge kin had superb examples of his early work. Arthur died last year nearing eighty.

David Boyd, equally likeable, found a London dealer and exhibited in Cambridge too but, partly through my persuasion, at the then King Street Gallery - but I also urged him to plead poverty the moment the show ended since the dealer was a lax payer! And he did! David introduced a variation on the technique of sfumato involving the burning of images into a prepared surface, a technique, incidentally, used spontaneously - and, surely with the blessing of the landlord - by American servicemen during WW2 to record their presence by inscribing their names and numbers on the ceiling of the lounge in the Eagle pub in Bene't Street, Cambridge.

When I met **Charles Blackman** his art was somewhat taken up with the encroaching blindness of his wife. His work too was starkly figurative and carved out of the earth and rocks of his land, unmistakably of the new school linked by blood and inclination and if there is no significant sequel to such work in Australia today it is a great pity. It is time for comprehensive reevaluation here, for the Royal Academy with all their space to work on this as soon as possible. It would be a scoop, after all.

SPOKEN LANDSCAPES - an alphabetical anthology of landscape poetry selected, introduced and illustrated by Mark Handley, interwoven with our own art anthology

'K' is for ...

JOHN KEATS (1759-1821)

I am afraid I once wrote a rather misanthropic parody of the first stanza of Keats' *Ode to Christmas* which began:

'Season of *pistes* and frightful hollowness,

Close bosom-friend of the retailing trade etc. etc.'

This was sacrilege as I consider this poem to be the untouchable touchstone of seasonal poetry, as apt and inevitable as the soft autumnal whistling of the robin in this third and last stanza:

Where are the songs of Spring? Ay, where are they?

Think not of them, thou hast thy music too, -
While barred clouds bloom the soft-dying day,
And touch the stubble-plains with rosy hue;

Then in a wailful choir the small gnats mourn
Among the river shallows, borne aloft
Or sinking as the light wind lives or dies;
And full-grown lambs loud bleat from hilly bourn;
Hedge-cricket sing; and now with treble soft
The red-breast whistles from a garden-croft;
And gathering swallows twitter in the skies.

... for **GUSTAV KLIMT**
(1862-1918)K

Klimt, chronicler of the decadence and eroticism of *fin-de-siècle* Vienna, and Austria's principal *Jugendstil* (Art Nouveau) painter, was President of the 1898 Sezession (German and Austrian artists who spurned established exhibiting bodies in order to promote Impressionism). He shared a studio for decorative painting with his brother **Ernst** (1864-92) and **Franz Matsch** (1861-1942) from 1883 to 1892. One of their commissions was the decoration of a staircase in the Kunsthistorisches Museum in 1891. From 1900-3 Klimt was engaged on an allegorical mural triptych, *Philosophy, Medicine and Jurisprudence*, for the ceiling of Vienna University. These were very unpopular and aroused great hostility, with words such as 'nonsensical' and 'pornographic' being used. The paintings were destroyed by fire in 1945. Official commissions dried up after this but he continued to be popular with private patrons, as a portraitist and painter of mythological and allegorical themes.

He enjoyed painting feminine beauty, notable examples being the femme fatal *Judith I* (1901) in the Osterreichische Galerie, the full-length portrait of *Emilie Floge* (1902), his sister-in-law and mistress, in the Historisches Museum der Stadt, and *The Kiss* (1907-8). The actual figures in Klimt's paintings are treated more or less naturalistically but either the background or their clothing is richly embellished with decorative patterns often including butterfly or peacock wings to create a highly distinctive style of extraordinarily lush sensuality. He also worked in mosaic, and was influenced by Japanese art and by contemporary English painters such as **Burne-Jones** and **Alma Tadema**. He, in turn, was a great influence on **Schiele** and **Kokoschka**.

... and for **GAIL KLEVAN**

As her many fans know, Gail Klevan is famed for her chunky, funky, fun jewellery made mainly from acrylic. It is large, strikingly colourful, very bold, and yet light and easy to wear, and accessibly priced. A single item of her jewellery is all that is necessary to brighten up the dullest of outfits. Her designs have been featured in the national press, including *The Times*, *The Daily Telegraph*, *Daily Express*, *The Mail on Sunday*, *Elle*, *Vogue*, *Country Living*, *Harpers & Queen*, and have appeared on TV in the BBC crafts programme *Handmade* as well as in TV advertisements. Her last media appearance was a half-hour feature on Japan's Fuji TV. She has won many prizes and awards for her jewellery, and was the best-seller for the last four years at the Edinburgh Festival Dazzle Jewellery exhibition, and was also selected to supply jewellery for Roland Klein's Summer '97 collection at the British Fashion Week.

ART CLASSES IN GALLERY every Thursday morning - Led by Judith Din 01223 211311

WE LIKE TO FRAME YOUR PICTURES (not you)

'L' is for ...

D H LAWRENCE (1885-1930)



Lawrence's descriptive genius, at its best among flowers, cannot but help strike a few memorable sparks somewhere in his generally flat, unmusical verses, and I think this *haiku*-like poem concerning an evanescent feature of the landscape after which he named his best novel is remarkably effective, and for such an insistent master of sometimes unmannerly repetition, uncharacteristic:

THE RAINBOW

Even the rainbow has a body
made of the drizzling rain
and is an architecture of glistening atoms
built up, built up
yet you can't lay your hand on it,
nay, nor even your mind.

... for **L S LOWRY RA**
(1887-1976)

A visit to the enthralling Lowry Museum on Salford Quays is not only a marvellous experience in itself, but an opportunity to reappraise the paintings of L S Lowry. Laurence Stephen Lowry was the only child of parents who had wanted a daughter. His mother was particularly disappointed with his size and clumsiness, and inevitably Lowry began to see himself through her eyes: as a misfit, a grotesque substitute. She saw only ugliness in his paintings and tried to persuade him to desist for her sake. It has always been assumed he belonged to the same social class as his painting subjects, but in fact his mother came from a prosperous, educated and cultured family. It was not until he was 21 that the family fell on harder times and moved from the affluent suburbs into industrial Pendlebury. The adult Lowry was a solitary figure who lived alone with his housekeeper, and who echoed the crowded yet isolated figures scurrying around his industrial landscapes. He was a complex character who hid from the public the fact that he had worked for 42 years (part-time) as a rent collector in the poorest areas of Manchester, following in his father's footsteps. He even managed to hide it in 1950 from a biographer, **Maurice Collis** whilst they travelled together around the very streets where he worked. The family-based property company eventually allowed him an increasingly generous amount of time to pursue his art. Lowry only attended art school at his aunt's suggestion, failing to achieve a full-time place and attending only part-time whilst drifting in and out of various occupations before becoming a rent collector in 1910. He supplemented his art training with private lessons from local artist

Reginald Barber, Vice President of the Manchester Academy and silver medallist at the Paris Salon. In 1905 he embarked on a long course of evening classes ranging from preparatory antique and freehand drawing classes to life classes led by **Adolphe Valette**, a painter of Manchester urban scenes in the manner of **Whistler** and **Monet**. In 1907, again privately, he studied with American portraitist **'Billy' Fitz** until the latter's death in 1915. Lowry was also influenced by the theatre, in particular the play *Hindle Wakes* by **Stanley Houghton** and **George Formby** Senior's exaggerated routines and gestures. In 1932 the **van Gogh** exhibition in Manchester City Art Gallery inspired Lowry to paint *The Man with Red Eyes*, thus introducing a sinister element into his work. It was the industrial landscapes which gave Lowry fame, such as *Coming from the Mill* (1930), *Market Place, Northern Town* (1939) or *A Lancashire Town* (1946), but the Lowry Museum shows that both his early and later works included many seascapes such as *Yachts* (1920) pastel on paper, or *Yachts off the Lancashire Coast* (1951) oil, or *Stormy Seascape* (1968), oil. His industrial scenes often included displaced figures in an undefined setting, with figures waiting expectantly such as in *Street Scene* (1960) oil, and *Two Girls* (c.1960) pencil on paper, parallel to **Beckett's** tramps in *Waiting for Godot*. *Grotesque Figure* (1962) pencil under felt-tip pen, lives up to its name and defies anatomical definition yet is a direct descendant from the earlier conventional *Costume Study* (1920) pencil.

'I am a simple man, and I use simple materials: ivory black, vermilion, prussian blue, yellow ochre, flake white and no medium. that's all I've ever used in my paintings. I like oils .. I like a medium you can work into over a period of time'. Although he used very few colours and materials, he did use a knife to cut into the painted surface, effectively separating individuals from their backgrounds and adding a luminescence.

'I painted landscapes nobody wanted, and then for 30 years I painted mill scenes - and nobody wanted them either. And when I finished with the mill scenes, and went on to something else, all they could talk about was mill scenes. I'm sick of it! I don't give a tuppenny damn what they do in London, in the art world. It doesn't matter to me'.

... and for **HEIDI LICHTERMAN**

Heidi Lichterman was born in Wisconsin USA in 1941 but now lives in Cambridgeshire. After teaching art from 1969 in both England and America, she began full-time silk weaving in 1977. Since then she has participated widely in educational workshops, again in both countries, in weaving, dyeing, loom-designing and spinning. She has been Copy Editor of *Mother of All News*, the journal of the Spinning Study Group of Long Island, New York, and published several works here and abroad. She studied



Landscape Architecture at Harvard before going on to run nature programmes, including for television.

Her gentle and yet colourful silk wallhangings are largely abstract and reflect this interest in nature. She uses ikat (wrapping and tying the yarn before dyeing it) and dip-dyeing techniques for her weaving in silk.

She enjoys the challenge of making a piece appropriate to a site such as a recent commission, *Transitions*, completed for the new dining hall in Queen's College, and is undaunted by size (even 30ft high!). Her work is in major corporate collections around the world including Tokyo, Singapore, Jakarta, Hong Kong, from New York to Los Angeles, and in many locations in England. She is a Fellow of the Society of Designer-Craftsmen and a member of the Cambridge Society of Painters and Sculptors.

JAPAN - some reflections by Mark Handley

My first view of Japan really was of the snow-mantled cone of Mount Fuji protruding from the clouds, a remarkable thirty-seventh view of the sacred volcano to add to **Hokusai's** thirty-six. The woodblock prints of **Hokusai** and **Hiroshige** (landscapes with people) and of **Utamaro** (beautiful women) and **Gilbert and Sullivan's** *Mikado* had provided the mental images that the real thing was going to have to live up to.



But after that first magical sighting of Fuji you have to come to earth at a modern airport with all its attendant embarrassments including the one of finding that your suitcase has not been put on the plane and will not arrive until next day.

The dismay that visitors must feel as they try to find their way out of Heathrow and become trapped on an endless motorway or lost in a brick and concrete jungle with no sign of the green and pleasant land of their imagining must be equal to that of the newcomer to Japan who lands at Narita. You envy **Kipling** his arrival by sea at Nagasaki in 1889 described in *From Sea to Sea* (chapter 11). Yet amidst the concrete and cables and glittering glass the old Japan of wood and paper peeps through in odd corners and here and there the even older substratum of Buddhism breaks darkly through the shiny new surface in the shape of some grim stone obelisk or grotesque carving.

Gradually dismay recedes as you discover more and more sacred groves of mighty cedars hiding gatehouses, temples and colonnades made of wood as wonderful as their ancient Greek counterparts in stone. Such places are visited far more purposefully than our own sacred sites on certain days of the year and provide a tranquil sanctuary from the busy world outside the gates all the year round and a cool oasis in the heat of summer.

Today I cannot help imagining the vertical lines of rain on Hiroshige's famous print *Sudden Shower at Ohashi* criss-crossed by the thicker lines of power cables and pylons, such is the ubiquity of the overhead electrical web. Yet paraffin heaters with kettles gently steaming upon them to moisten the dry winter air are common in houses, electricity being a costly resource.

I do not think Nature is regarded as something benign in Japan. Little fenced enclosures are to be found in the

grounds of certain shrines surrounding buried stones, the tops of which are just visible. These are said to be plugs preventing the escape of subterranean forces which are personified as a giant catfish. There is no romantic glorification of Nature's destructive power since all too often it inflicts massive disasters such as the earthquake at Kobe in 1995 in which five thousand people lost their lives, and frequent little earth tremors throughout the country are a constant reminder of the restless subterranean catfish.

The conformity and brisk precision so successfully imposed on and seemingly cheerfully accepted by the schoolchildren is also to be seen in the pruning and shaping of trees with their characteristic blobs or clouds of foliage at the ends of elegantly sinuous boughs and gracefully bowing trunks, and in winter palms in parks and gardens are as carefully protected from the cold as children by means of neat straw overcoats.

Contemplating the walls beyond the wide moats surrounding the Imperial Palace in Tokyo, in these great ramparts of polygonal stone blocks, not as finely jointed as Inca work except at the quoins which rise in an elegant curve similar to that of samurai swords or the prows of Japanese wooden boats, is visible the stern militaristic substructure that once underlay the delicate refinement of Japanese art and manners. Outside the moat and a wide road loom the mighty, polished granite and glass edifices of modern business and government.

Creatures of the sea must reproduce at a prodigious rate to satisfy the Japanese appetite for such things as tuna, octopus, squid, crab and scallops. The flesh of land creatures does not seem to be half so popular; one never sees a whole roast chicken and all meat is sliced thinly or cut up into small pieces and plays but a small part in a meal of twenty or so dishes. Our single plates piled high with 'grub' and lubricated with gravy must look rather gross and contemptible to the Japanese eye which regards the look of food as a matter of great importance.

The legendary Japanese bath takes many forms, from the volcanically heated outdoor rock pool to the domestic stainless steel or plastic cube in which one crouches up to the neck and contemplates the universe after making sure one is perfectly clean and free of soap by means of a shower or bowls of water. As the whole bathroom floor is watertight with a drain this process is not as difficult as it sounds. The communal baths in traditional hotels are a bit of a trial for the bashful but they are dignified affairs and once one is sitting in the extremely hot water with one's fellow bathers each with a folded dry towel balanced on his head contentment is unalloyed. If the bathroom shutters were to be suddenly slid open to reveal a distant view of Fuji framed by carefully sculpted pines and in the foreground a girl in a kimono approaching with a tray of cups and a large bottle of rice wine one would at last have found one's way into the coveted Japan of the woodblock prints.

ART ON A PLATE ...

by Katharine Macpherson DA

Aubergines are, without doubt, my favourite vegetable - so dramatic uncooked and so delicious cooked. Believed to have originated in India, by the 15th century they were being grown in Italy and, two hundred years later, in the

south of France. Now, of course, they pop up in your corner shop but still bring an instant touch of the Mediterranean to your table.

Rich in potassium and calcium, they blend beautifully with many other ingredients, adding a smooth sensuous quality to otherwise simple dishes, such as moussaka. In fact, one of my pet hates is finding that potato has been considered

mixed media by Gary Haigh Smith



mixed media by Gary Haigh Smith

an adequate substitute in this.

It was the aubergine's starring role in a particularly flavour-packed ratatouille served at *Le Talbooth* in Dedham recently that inspired me to try some other recipes - and here is one that was greeted with unanimous approval by my fussy family!

AUBERGINE AND MOZZARELLA PARCELS



Serves 4 as a starter
1 large aubergine of around 400g
250g of mozzarella cheese
fresh basil leaves
extra virgin olive oil
a little Parmesan, grated
dressed salad leaves to serve

- * Slice the aubergine lengthwise, thinly, discarding the two outermost strips of skin. Sprinkle the slices with salt, layer in a dish, cover and leave for 30 minutes, then rinse under the tap and pat dry. (To save time you can omit the salting process. Its purpose is to remove any slight bitterness as well as reduce the amount of oil absorbed during cooking, but the difference is not dramatic.)
- * Heat a tablespoon of oil in a frying pan or - my preference for the attractive stripes it sears onto the food - a griddle pan. Fry the aubergine slices in batches, adding a little more oil each time, until nicely browned and softened. This takes less than two minutes per side. Spread on kitchen paper to drain.
- * Slice the mozzarella fairly thickly. Place one piece, cutting to fit if necessary, across each slice of aubergine. Top with a fresh basil leaf or some other flavoursome addition such as a small strip of sundried tomato, slice of stoned olive or spoonful of tapenade.
- * Roll the aubergine round the filling and place in a single layer in a lightly oiled ovenproof dish. Drizzle with a little extra olive oil, dot any remaining

mozzarella over the top and sprinkle lightly with freshly grated Parmesan.

- * Place in an oven at 180° C for around 20 minutes or until the cheese has melted and the top is just golden.
- * Serve warm with salad.

To compliment the above, our wine expert Paul Bowes of Bacchanalia - 01223 576292 - recommends Mandrarossa Nero d'Avola red wine, or Australian Chardonnay Willandra Soft press white, both at £5.99 per bottle. The red is from Southern Italy with beautifully creamy strawberry fruit flavour and the white is fruity and wooded.

THE FRY PUBLIC ART GALLERY Castle Street, Saffron Walden, Essex 01799 513779

Our 2001 season starts Easter Sunday and continues until October 28, opening on weekend and Bank Holiday afternoons, 2.30 - 5.30

The Gallery exhibits in its PERMANENT COLLECTION work by nationally famous 20th century artists such as **Edward Bawden, Eric Ravilious, Michael Rothenstein, Kenneth Rowntree**, who lived in Great Bardfield or Saffron Walden.

From Easter until the end of July there will also be a retrospective exhibition of work by **JOHN NORRIS WOOD**

Professor of Natural History Illustration at the Royal College of Art.

John Wood, whose childhood was spent at Gt Bardfield, expresses his love and fascination for the natural world in his watercolours and prints - which will be for sale.

Also available: Works on Paper by **JOHN ALDRIDGE, RA** (1905 - 1983)

Since his death interest and knowledge of Aldridge has predictably waned, but the gallery now has available for sale 150 drawings taken from his studio when he died, most of which reflect his interest in the topography of East Anglia, but also cover plants, animals and agricultural machinery. They are available for inspection, or can be purchased by post on approval. Please send SAE for the catalogue.

MEMBERSHIP of the Society and participation in its activities: £5 per year.



*Caring III,
bronze resin by John Brown FRBS*

Pamela Marshall Barrell

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