

ARTS' News

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Winter 2003

Business Arts / Conservatory Gallery 6 Hills Avenue Cambridge CB1 7XA 01223 211311 www.businessarts.co.uk
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PAMELA HUGHES: 1918-2002

- a retrospective selling exhibition
watercolours, wood engravings, woodcuts and etchings

30th October to 22nd November

Private View Wednesday 29th October
7 - 9 p.m.

Open Thursdays to Saturdays and Sunday 2nd
November 11 - 5 p.m.
or by appointment



Wells next the Sea, wood engraving by Pamela Hughes

CAMBRIDGE DRAWING SOCIETY

Annual Christmas Exhibition

27th November to 20th December

Private View:
Wednesday 26th November 6 - 9 p.m.

Open Thursdays to Saturdays and Sunday 7th
December 11 - 5 p.m.
or by appointment



Beach Huts, mixed media by Rosemary Myers

GRAND FRAME SALE

12th/13th January 11 - 5 p.m.

Large, small, medium, new, old, partly used
complete, partially complete
silver metal, wood, gold, painted
with mounts, without mounts,
mounts alone, moulding alone
Priced to go

HERE AND NOW ...

UNTAMED at the Conservatory Gallery until 25th
October

A delightful exhibition of brightly coloured pastels by **Jan Davies** and etchings and batiks by **Jill Walden**. Their choice of subjects and response to the title complement one another very well, with both choosing zebras and oryx and

red earth scenes from Australia (*Ayers Rock*). Wild (as in untamed) flowers abound, as does the grandeur of the *Grand Canyon* and the lapping waters of *Venice*. The strong lines, solidity and red/brown earth colours of **Stephen Murfitt's** pots completely anchor the exhibition.

OUT AND ABOUT ...

JACKIE GRIFFIN AT THE BROUGHTON HOUSE GALLERY by Robin Stemp



The Gate of Honour at Gonville and Caius College must be one of the most comic edifices in Europe. Artists, who should know better, have regularly connived in the farce, giving it the dimensions of the Eiffel Tower. **William Nicholson** covered it with snow and gravity, but the latest interpretation by **Jackie Griffin**, at Broughton House Gallery (until 27th September), shows it as the architectural oddity it is. Slithering crazily from its Ionic columns, like a tipsy dowager in an eccentric hat, it hovers, turrets a-gogo, not quite sure what will happen next. In a few lines, Griffin has caught the exact spirit of the thing – was it perhaps Dr Caius' intention, to leave a joke as a last legacy to his college? If it was, then he has at last found the ideal interpreter. Less is more and Griffin approaches her subject with a sure and energetic hand. Part of an artist's remit is to widen the boundaries of what is beautiful – or, if not beautiful, then at least interesting. Anyone can appreciate sun setting behind a mountain, but it takes a certain kind of talent to show beauty in the unexpected. With the exception of the *Chapel at Kings College*, none of Jackie Griffin's paintings are of subjects overly famous, but in each one, there is the essential element which sets the subject apart. In *Stourbridge Common*, that most sinister of spaces takes on an ethereal elegance, the menace distilled into a frozen ballet, the trees standing on tiptoe. Nothing else is added, and nothing more is needed, in this eerily atmospheric landscape. I dislike comparisons, but there is something of **Mary Potter** in Griffin's mastery of the negative space and something of **Paul Hogarth** in her quirkily exact architectural studies.

The view from the top floor of *Peter Jones* in Sloane Square, London, is extraordinary and Griffin gives it its full measure of drama. As a Londoner, she knows her city and as a regular visitor to Cambridge, she casts the same sure eye onto the fens. The fens, those linear slabs of sky and mud and air, are not easy to understand. What to an outsider driving through, is a dull distance, flowing out from a duller road, is, to those who know them, nothing less than a magic trick when air and sky and land take on the dimensions of an ocean. Even in the relatively domesticated *Study for Quy Mill*, there is still an element of the transient and a longing for the man-made landscape to return to its watery roots. Again, she does not overdo the detail, but gives us a wet, windblown view, with the mill caught in the centre. It is watercolour at its best, the rich colour slapped onto – what I suppose is wet paper – and left to dry.

Nothing is contrived or overworked and Griffin has the confidence to say what she wants to say and let it stand as it is, without addition. There are not many pieces in the show, but each one displays a skilful lightness of touch, a freshness and vitality in the work, making the viewer long to get out and look and think and look again.

WE FRAME WE FRAME WE FRAME YOU

THE BULL at Birmingham Bullring

A twice life-size bronze Bull sculpture by **Laurence Broderick** has been commissioned by the Birmingham Alliance for the new Birmingham Bullring. At approximately 4.5 metres in length and about 6 tonnes, it is one of the largest bronze animal sculptures in the country. The Birmingham Alliance is a partnership of Hammerson plc, Land Securities plc and Henderson Global Investors Ltd who have built the £500 million shopping centre on the site of the old Bullring, in the heart of Birmingham. It is Europe's largest urban retail regeneration project this decade, being a 26 acre development with 132 shop units on three levels of covered streets.

The sculpture is a focal point and symbol of the area, which will be officially opened by the Queen in September. The bull has often been used alongside the lion as an animal worthy of devotion and respect featuring as a focal point and gateway emblem throughout history. The commission objective is for the sculpture to reflect the characteristics that are synonymous with the Bull: courage, strength, potency, dynamism, movement, determination, nobility, pride, trade, and the market place. A worthy symbol and icon of civic pride and spirit. The sculpture is sited next to the Rotunda at the junction of New Street and High Street.

The design is based on the Hereford Bull with its association and historical links to Birmingham. Nowadays the bull tends to appear as a static creature. One only sees it on the move when being teased or, now and again, enjoying the freedom of an open field. It was not Laurence's intention to create a frightening bull, but rather a powerful, symbolic sculpture that people of all ages would appreciate, gather around, meet at, touch, talk about and remember. After many sketches, the most suitable was selected for developing a clay model enabling the three-dimensional qualities to be visualised, on a small scale, to enhance the impression of movement. Once the first maquette encompassed all the necessary qualities, it was enlarged in plaster and the maquette shown below is now in bronze. The enlarging to twice life-size and the casting process was carried out by Pangolin Editions of Chalford, Gloucestershire. Bronze is ideally suited to interaction with the public, its sensuality encouraging people to touch. The surface is smooth and the patina a warm reddish brown..

Ed: The Bull maquette (80cm by 40cm, limited edition of 10) and Laurence Broderick's otter maquettes, for which he is famous, are also available through the Conservatory Gallery.

Bull Maquette, bronze by Laurence Broderick ARBS FRSA



THE BRONZE CASTING PROCESS by Laurence Broderick

The technique of lost wax bronze casting is one of Man's earliest technologies dating back at least 6,000 years and the basic method has changed very little since then. Modern craftsmen have some technical advantages with welding equipment and power tools, efficient gas or oil burners and flexible rubbers for moulding, but today's process is still heavily dependant upon many hours of skilled labour and remains a 'low tech, high skill' craft.

Sculpting the subject: the subject is modelled in clay and when leather-hard, but not dried out, it is painted with a lacquer.

Mould making - 'Banking up' the original: A rubber master mould enables hollow wax casts to be made in order to reproduce an edition. First a void has to be created around the head. The mould may have to be made in several sections, depending on the complexity of the original, to avoid undercuts.

Mould making - The first clay blanket and keying: The sculpture is covered with a clay blanket (5mm) the thickness of which will determine the thickness of the void, later the rubber mould. Air vents and pourers are moulded at the highest points, with key sausage-like edging and keyholes in the clay case.

Mould making - The first plaster jacket A thick reinforced plaster jacket is built up over each section of the mould, making sure the pouring and air vents are kept clear. When the plaster casing is set, a section is taken off, the clay blanket removed and the section put back in the original position.

Mould making - Pouring the first rubber: Liquid black polysulphide rubber is poured through the pourer, covering every feature modelled in clay, until it emerges from the air vents to set within 90 minutes. The procedure is repeated for each section.

Opening the mould A blunt chisel is pushed gently between the sections to prise them open. The plaster section is lifted off and the rubber mould gently peeled off and carefully removed. The rubber mould is laid back into the plaster jacket to hold the shape.

Painting wax into a rubber mould Molten wax is painted into the rubber mould, taking care not to trap any air pockets in the surface. This is gradually built up to an even thickness. After trimming any excess from the edges, the sections of the mould are assembled and, through a purpose-made aperture, cooling molten wax is poured in and then out of the mould, leaving a thin deposit of wax 3-6mm thick to unite the previously separate sections of wax. Once cool, the mould is opened and the flexible rubber peeled off the wax to reveal a perfect reproduction of the original sculpture. The thickness of the wax will determine the thickness of the bronze.

Applying runners, risers and core pins to wax: Joints and seams where different sections of the mould join, need to be filled and the texture on them restored. The finished wax is then ready for the next process and can be moulded in a refractory mould. Wax rods (runners) are welded to the wax with a hot knife to allow metal to run into the sculpture. Smaller rods (risers) allow the air to escape as the metal runs in. Core pins, previously pushed through the wax at strategic points, ensure that the ceramic walls will not collapse when the wax is 'lost'.

Investing the Wax: The wax needs to be encased in a mould able to withstand the high temperature required to melt out the wax from inside. It also needs to reproduce in detail the surface of the original sculpture. The traditional material, still used, is a mixture of plaster and grog (crushed and fired clay). This liquid mixture is painted on to the surface of the wax.

Pouring the core into the wax: The plaster and grog mix sets rapidly and the hard mixture is formed into a block around the wax. The same mixture is poured inside the wax to form the core.

Removing the fired investment moulds from the kiln: The finished block mould is then placed upside down in a kiln and heated up to 700°C to melt the wax out of the mould and burn away any residual gases left by the melting wax. After cooling down to about 100°C the mould is removed from the kiln and strengthened with a coat of scrim soaked in plaster.

Pouring the bronze: When the mould is suitably strengthened it is filled with molten bronze, an alloy of copper and tin. This should fill all the space left by the melted wax and the sculpture, complete with its runners and risers, becomes bronze.

'Knocking out' the bronze: Once cold, the mould is broken open and the raw cast sculpture gradually revealed.

Jet washing the unfettled bronze: This is to remove all particles of the ceramic mould.

Rough fettling the bronze: The long and patient task of chasing or metal working the sculpture begins. Cracks that filled with bronze are chiselled off, the runners and risers removed, holes filled with welded metal and texture punched back where relevant.

Bronzing chasing: This stage often takes as long again as all the previous stages and calls for good concentration and sensitivity while filing and brazing. The whole sculpture has to be returned to the same state as the original.

Patinating: Oxidising agents are used to chemically colour the surface of the bronze, either to oxidise the copper in the bronze or to leave an oxide of another metal bound to the surface. The range of colours is extensive but varies in detail due to the nature of patination. Some of the more delicate patinations are only suitable for smaller indoor sculpture, and a range of colours that change little or are enhanced by natural environmental chemicals are applied to outdoor pieces. The method is to stipple the chemical onto the metal and then aim a hot flame at that area which bonds the colour.

Polishing and waxing: A protective coat of wax is applied to the surface and then buffed up.

MUSINGS ...

THE LAST OF THE NEO- ROMANTICS

by Anthony Day

With the neo-Romantic movement in decline in the late 1940s there came proof that it was still alive in the person of a young artist, **Alan Reynolds**, born in 1926 and brought up in Newmarket. His first three exhibitions at the Redfern Gallery in London drew huge publicity and sold out, the



second of them coming too soon after the first to allay the appeals of potential buyers for more. The gap between the second and third, however, brought him back to his full capability where his greater concession to representation endeared him to an even wider public.

Under the title *The Four Seasons* this exhibition included original works too large for private collectors, leaving the public galleries to collar them gladly. With his innate English sympathy for watercolour Reynolds found difficulties in finding fluency in oil paint, but these large works were done on the rough side of hardboard which slowed down his normally disparate manipulation yet left them looking painfully laboured. This, it proved, was as far as he was prepared to go into representation in works almost pre-Raphaelite in aspect.

There followed another hugely successful exhibition at the Leicester Galleries in London where the works were hauntingly austere and wintry with a reversion to severe stylisation, these with watercolours of a sublime fluency and panache. But since oil paint remains inseparable from major painting Reynolds fought on with it with lessening success. While still with the Leicester Galleries Reynolds began his contrived compression of landscape into abstract designs, small paintings where the attempts to convey loose handling were at odds with the constricted space.

Then he turned away from landscape altogether, a decision surely against his finest feelings? Shutting the door on nature, he discarded those poetic country walks shared with our mutual friend, the late **Olive Cook** of Saffron Walden, who was greatly pained by his seemingly unnatural and arbitrary decision. The rest is his confinement to studio aestheticism much influenced by **Paul Klee**, **Mondrian** and other European figures, as if he could hardly wait to join the misunderstood - the path back to the pure white blank canvas for ultimate purity. Out of this came two flop exhibitions at the Redfern after which, apparently, he burned the unwanted works.

Admittedly the early paintings give the impression of an abstract painter trying to get out, but Reynolds' later works shown at the Kettles Yard Gallery in September, look awfully familiar. This may be because they are the works that one normally finds at the gallery, but there have been so many artists in the last three decades who have aimed to compress their creativity into minimalism. Reynolds works as well as any of them, alone with his purity of conception, tuned in to hushed evocations of placidity, white on white, on the last lap to the pure white rectangle. And then what? Such are so unbelievably far away from the inward-looking, explosive evocations of the Kent hopfields painted as if in fear of the armageddon. It is as if the artist had cast himself as someone else, denying so much that was essential to him.

I never met the man yet recognised him in London galleries which he haunted while teaching in London, a habit that may well have set him on his path and changed him out of all recognition. And what would have happened if he had stayed on course with landscape? Probably the Royal Academy of that time would have courted him, attuning him to the need for six of the best recognisable from fifty feet for the summer exhibition, while it is a wonder the RA of today have not approached him for his present style that well matches their new pretensions. Alan Reynolds, however, reminds us forcibly that he will go his own way come what may.

WINTER SPORTS AT CAMBRIDGE - FEBRUARY 1964 by Mark Handley

Here, where icy wind from Urals blows, It seems but yesterday the Granta froze.

For weeks on end the river made
A highway hard as *King's Parade*,
And ancient dons risked fatal falls
By skating gowned to lecture halls.
We skated too, to Grantchester,
With pink-cheeked girls wrapped up
in fur;

Our spirits soared, our ankles ached,
Bright scarves with frozen breath were caked;
Broken willows made our race
At times more like a steeplechase.

A curious twanging in the ice
Made us wonder once or twice
Whether in Spring we'd all be found
At *Parson's Pleasure* long since drowned.

But later, huddled in the *Arts*,
Restoring warmth to distant parts,
Where we worshipped, poor verdant fools,
Fatale Jeanne and Jim and Jules,
We hardly had begun to glow
When loosened bolts beneath our row
Caused the seats to backwards fall,
Which consternated one and all;
A domino effect began,
The lights went up, and out we ran.

Shaken by this *denouement* grim,
We all took refuge in *The Whim*,
Where coffee and ring doughnuts serve
To stiffen sinew, glue up nerve.

Alas, from comforts flow unsound
Ideas! One said, 'To Castle mound,
So temptingly decked out in snow,
Let us at once, with tea-trays, go!
Thence we went and there ascended,
Nearly there our lives we ended,
Four our trays refused to keep
To the spiral path less steep,
But shot us o'er a 'cliff' instead;
(We thought that we were good as dead).

Our falls were heavy, *Gadarene*,
Our oaths were many and obscene,
But by some miracle, we found,
That all our limbs were still quite sound,
And somehow fate sent us from thence,
Not stiff, impaled upon a fence,
But laughing, even dancing jigs,
Down frozen streets to gas-ringed digs.



COLLECTIONS ...

Continuing our quirky and arbitrary alphabet of 'Collections':

'E'

Aube Breton Elléouët was forced to sell her grandfather's art and archive collection known as the André Breton collection, which fetched £30 million on 7th April 2003 in Paris. **André Bréton**, known as the 'Pope of Surrealism', was primarily a poet and theorist who defined the rules of Surrealism by writing the first Surrealist Manifesto in 1924. When he died in 1966 his small rented apartment in the Pigalle district became a shrine with 3,500 books and 500

folders of manuscripts. The books were not rare but were dedicated to him by such signatories as **Freud**, **Apollinaire** and **Trotsky**.

He particularly liked primitive art, and collected works by **Miró**, **Gorky** and **Picabia**, and hung them alongside hundreds of works by little-known *naïf* artists and mentally disturbed artists. Not all of his masterpieces were in the best condition, for example cracks on the paint surface of **Magritte's** *La Femme Cachée* were caused by his attempt to clean it with soap. Nevertheless it still sold for £700,000, far above the estimate of £300,000-£500,000. Breton bought many items from flea markets in Paris, Mexico and New York. He owned more than 150 South Pacific and American Indian objects (one was estimated at £400,000). He also collected simple and found objects such as sea urchin fossils and shapely pebbles, items which only gained meaning within the context of the collection.

Breton often had to sell items in order to pay the water and electricity bills, with his widow Elisa continuing to deplete the collection. His desk and personal correspondence, and a whole wall of objects and paintings by **Miró**, **Duchamp**, **Kandinsky** and **Picasso** were given to museums and universities in Paris, either under his will or in death duties. Austin University in Texas made regular offers to buy the collection but was rejected by Elisa who wanted it to stay in France. Three years ago Christie's owner, **François Pinault**, offered to purchase the collection for his proposed museum on a Seine island, but again Elisa refused. Eventually her daughter Aube and granddaughter Oona, overwhelmed by problems of upkeep, decided to sell.

Breton's widow and daughter tried for many years to persuade the French government to create a Breton Foundation to keep the collection intact, but without success. The auction began with stink bombs and demonstrations in order to influence the government, and was supported by the philosopher **Jacques Derrida**, to no avail. The government only exercised its right to buy individual items for museums such as *Femme* by **Jean Arp** for the Pompidou Centre for £1.9 million. **Madonna** and **Bill Gates** were rumoured to have been among successful bidders.

F

The Forbes Collection of Victorian Pictures and Works of Art was recently sold through Christies of King Street in London. The Collection consisted of 361 lots offered in three sale sessions on 19th and 20th February of this year.

It was the largest and most significant collection of its kind to come to the market since the **Sir John Aird** Collection in 1942, and estimates for the lots ranged from £1,000 to £1.2 million. However, dealers were nervous about the timing of the sale, due to world economic events. However, when **Robert Huskisson's** *Titania Asleep* sold for £116,650 instead of the estimated £70,000-£100,00 they relaxed.

One of the initial premises of the Collection was that every painting was to have been exhibited at the Royal Academy during the reign of Queen Victoria (1837-1901), the principal venue for all British artists exhibiting during the 19th century. It was particularly strong in Scottish pictures with the romantic *The Queen of Swords* by **John Quiller Orchardson**, being inspired by **Scott's** novel *The Pirate*. *Trust Me* by **John Everett Millais** had been used as the cover illustration for the Oxford World's Classic's edition of *Orley Farm* by **Anthony Trollope**.



The Collection had been displayed in Old Battersea House, the Forbes family home. The Drawing Room held works by pre-Raphaelites including **Millais**, **Holman-Hunt** and **Hughes**, and a rare painting by **Edward Rainford**, whose *Hotspur and the Courtier* is his only known work to be signed. *Twelfth Night* by **Walter Howell Deverall** featured a portrait of himself and **Rossetti** with their muse **Elizabeth Siddall**.

The Library held **Sir Edward Coley Burne-Jones's** *St George and the Dragon: The Princess tied to a Tree*, one of a series of seven, with a mixed-media Orientalist work by **John Frederick Lewis** and a night scene by **John Atkinson Grimshaw**.

The Garden Room, in the centre of the house, featured **Leighton** and **Tuke**, with an American collector paying a record £666,650 for *Leaving Home* by **La Thangue**. *Scene in Chillingham Park* by **Landseer**, was bought by one of Britain's biggest housebuilders for £1.2 million. *Pandemonium* by **John Martin** sold for £1.6 million, and **Tissot's** *Goodbye On The Mersey* for £831,651. The four unusual panels on either side of the window were originally part of a set of 45 panels commissioned by **Lawrence Alma-Tadema** for his own house in St John's Wood. The Formbes' panels were by **Valentine Cameron Prinsep**, **John MacWhirter**, **Colin Hunter**, and *A Harvest Festival* by **Anna Alma-Tadema**. The latter was estimated at £80-£120,000 but sold for £149,650. *Sedge Cutting in Wicken Fen, Cambridgeshire - Early Morning* by Glaswegian artist **Robert Walker Macbeth** was sold for £65,725. The Master Bedroom contained narrative paintings of everyday Victorian life such as **John Watson Nicol's** *Cause and Effect* (left of fireplace) showing a schoolboy suffering from bingeing on apples. Marriage painting was a popular subject often containing ambiguities, with **William Powell Frith's** *For Better, For Worse* (above fireplace) showing newly-weds departing on honeymoon with the groom searching for a former admirer on the balcony whilst beggars in the foreground highlight social inequalities. Frith's *Hope and Fear* (right of fireplace) shows an anxious girl and mother waiting to hear whether her father has agreed to her beloved's marriage proposal. **Edmund Blair Leighton's** *Till Death Us Do Part* (left of door) shows a chastened bride accompanying her elderly husband down the aisle in a marriage of convenience whilst a young man looks yearningly at her from the pews.

The sale totalled almost £17 million and found buyers for three quarters of the collection. Although nowhere near the £25 million predicted in Christie's hype, it was an astonishing success in difficult times.

The Forbes family were originally from Aberdeenshire and founded the business magazine *Forbes* in the US and



amassed a huge fortune. **Malcolm S Forbes Senior** was one of the most flamboyant figures of the post-war era: he owned his own Boeing 727 jet, threw spectacular parties, and collected Impressionist paintings and antiques. When he bought one of **Monet's** *Waterlily* series in the '60s his son **Christopher** told him he himself could amass an entire collection of Victorian art for the same price as one of his father's Impressionist picture. Malcolm told his son to go ahead. Over the next 30 years Christopher put together the Forbes Victorian Collection. Recent economic conditions in the publishing industry caused the family to pressure Christopher to sell. The family had already sold art and antiques worth more than £25 million over the past 18 months, including American paintings, **Fabergé** eggs and historical documents.

Victorian art had been one of the weakest sectors over the past year as some of the big collectors responsible for pushing up prices in the '90s drew in their horns, but much of the success of this sale can be attributed to the power of the Forbes international name; people who would not normally buy such art wanted to own something from the Collection. Many lots were bought by Continental buyers who are not normally interested in 19th century British art. Christie's played on this strength by marketing the sale as the 'Forbes Collection' rather than as Victorian Art, which paid off, with 90% of lots going to private collectors, enabling Christopher Forbes to win his wager with his late father.

ART ON A PLATE ...

by Katharine Macpherson DA

High in protein and low in fat, venison is a meat that deserves to be more popular. It makes an interesting - and, arguably, healthier - alternative to beef, and can also cost less. (The two good-sized venison steaks I bought for this recipe were £5.49 from Waitrose.)

The steaks are best served pink, as they can become dry and solid if overdone. So they are very quick to cook, which means that this recipe can be rustled up in little more time

than it's taken to write it down. (If the thought of prunes and figs in one recipe has you on the run, substitute slices of peeled and cored apple).

FIGGY VENISON

Serves 2

2 venison steaks
2 fresh figs, quartered
6 soft prunes, stoned and chopped
200ml beef stock
200ml red wine
1oz butter
1 teaspoon vegetable oil
1 teaspoon balsamic vinegar
20 juniper berries, crushed
2 tablespoons redcurrant jelly



- * Melt half the butter with the oil in a heavy-based pan. When very hot, fry the venison steaks for one minute each side, to get them browned but not cooked through. Remove the steaks and keep warm.
- * Add the wine to the pan and bring to the boil. Add the stock, redcurrant jelly, prunes, juniper berries and balsamic vinegar and return to the boil. Simmer, stirring, for a few more minutes, until the redcurrant jelly has melted and the prunes have disintegrated into the sauce.
- * At the same time, melt the rest of the butter in another pan and fry the quartered figs on all sides for a minute or two, until golden and slightly softened.
- * Add the venison to the sauce, season to taste and simmer gently for a further minute to warm the steaks through.
- * Serve with the figs scattered over, and vegetables of your choice. Mash made with sweet potatoes goes particularly well.

THE FRY ART GALLERY

6 September - 26 October:

The Olive Cook Bequest and drawings for sale by Edwin Smith

8 - 9 November: *Annual Sale by invited artists*

Castle Street, Saffron Walden, Essex CB10 1BD
Telephone 01799 513779 www.fryartgallery.org

I agree with Matisse that artists should have their tongues cut out for the rot they talk about their work'... **Maggie Hambling** speaking prior to her recent exhibition at *Snape Maltings*.

ART CLASSES: £8/Thursday mornings, payable when you come 11-1 p.m.

Pamela Marshall Barrell

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