

ARTS' News

Volume 3 No. 4

Business Arts / Conservatory Gallery 6 Hills Avenue Cambridge CB1 7XA 01223 211311
Email: pamelabarrell@businessarts.co.uk

Winter 2002

www.businessarts.co.uk

HELENA GREENE MARK JUDSON JANE STROTHER

Paintings and ceramics
31st October to 23rd November

Private View Wednesday 30th October
7 - 9 p.m.

Further opening times: Thursdays to
Saturdays and Sunday 3rd November
11 - 5 p.m. or by appointment

CAMBRIDGE DRAWING SOCIETY

28th November to 21st December

Private View: Wednesday 27th November 6 -
9 p.m.

Further opening times: Thursdays to
Saturdays and Sunday 1st December
11 - 5 p.m. or by appointment

JEWELLERY and SCARF DAY

Friday 13th December

Jocelyn Glegg and **Gill Mallett**
will be in the gallery showing their hand-made
silk and velvet scarves and gem and silver
jewellery 11 - 5 p.m.

Copious cups of coffee/tea provided

HERE AND NOW...

As we go to press, 49 & Rising have just started their extraordinarily dynamic exhibition here: if you haven't already visited, do please come now. There are some particularly fine textiles by **Helen Ripley** and **Jean Page**. Helen has three different styles, each one employing many different skills and crafts, some bold such as *Sands of Time* in wide-sweeping blocks of yellows and browns and others, such as *Puffins in Spray*, delicately suggesting sand, sea-shore, pebbles, waves, splashes, tides and, of course,



Stoneware vases by Mark Judson

puffins. *Project Eden* conjures up swinging poles of bamboo and a veritable jungle of leaves and trees, with a delicate transparent floating panel suggesting rain or light.

In contrast, Jean Page's textiles are soft flowing organza and embroidery creations overlaid with poignant gilded texts. Careful study is needed to tease out the hidden meanings.

Mike Ashley's geologically inspired depictions of semi precious stones and Northumberland rock carvings are remarkably graphic and dramatic, the textured finish achieved with acrylic, sand and sandtex. I for one will definitely inspect stone markings more thoroughly from now on.

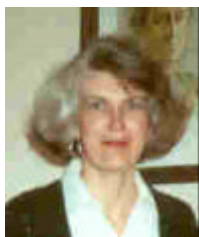
Pam Winbolt's canvases and prints are knock-out splashes of colour, with playful subtexts, whilst **Stuart A Green's** landscapes in bold droplets of orange and yellow oils, or dreamy pastels, are full of emotion.

Pat Derrick's *Base Born* and *Lady Killer* have quite frightening ideas hiding behind a skilful use of beautiful natural materials. **Jenni Meredith** startles with her two lightboxes, whilst **Jo Hincks** thrills with her one-off sculptural vessels and bowls based on the still-life paintings of **Juan Gris**, **Fernand Leger**, **Georgio Morandi**, **Wilhelmina Barnes-Graham** and **Ben Nicholson**.

It is quite astonishing that an apparently diverse group such as 49 & Rising should come together to provide such a dramatic and coherent whole.

OUT AND ABOUT ...

A MOVEABLE FEAST by Robin Stemp



Does a work of art lose its intrinsic value when it is removed from its original context, or does the isolation of a particular piece enhance its beauty? The answer, I suppose, like most answers, lies with the individual. Some pieces are lost away from home. Stripped of their intended purpose, they flounder as just another pretty thing. Some years ago, the Royal Academy held one of the most beautiful exhibitions I have ever seen, of Greek Orthodox icons. Taken from churches and museum collections, the show was a comprehensive survey of the icon from the early Christian period to - I think - the borders of the 20th century. Missing, was one of the most valuable - a small, very early piece from one of the Greek islands. The priest and congregation had refused to let it go. It was an essential part of their worship and they were not impressed by the idea of it travelling to London as part of a groundbreaking exhibition. I think there might have been a picture of it, but what has stayed in my mind, is the *idea* of that small, lovely object, not too valuable to travel, but too useful to the everyday life of ordinary people.

Does a religious work of art lose its meaning when it is transported to the show cases of a museum? Does the image of the Virgin and Child become merely another example of the mother and child genre, or can it hold its own and still be an object of veneration? It is not easy to display what might be loosely termed 'spiritual' works of art. And here, the question also arises of what makes a work of art 'spiritual'? I have no time for those who self consciously try to create a sense of spirituality through the arts - as any artist knows - a work is either imbued with that extra layer of something indefinable, or it isn't. Something gets into it and takes over - or it doesn't.

So - the art of displaying these objects is as fraught with difficulty as their creation. There is one place where they have got the balance absolutely right and that is the Stained Glass Museum in Ely Cathedral. This museum is a stunner, a gorgeous, beautifully displayed example of how such things can and - I do not want to sound too doctrinaire about this - should be shown. The collection ranges from the early Medieval to the present, from the fragility of pre - Reformation design to the linear aesthetic of the post war period, via the robust mid 19th century - just teetering on the edge of vulgarity. The tiny fragments of the early pieces, like coloured light stiffened by time, are among the most exquisite artefacts we possess. It is heartbreaking to think back to what we have lost through the destructive attention of **Dowsing** and his legalised vandals, but, perhaps these small elements of what we once had are the more potent for being just that.

The museum is open all year, but please ring if travelling a distance. Normal opening times are Monday - Friday 10.30 - 4.30; Saturday 10.30 - 4.30 and Sunday 12 noon - 4.30. The admission charges are £3.50 for adults and £2.50 for children and Seniors. Family groups are £7.00. For larger groups and guided tours, please ring the museum

and for details of stained glass workshops and other events in their excellent educational programme. Tel/fax 01353 665025, www.stainedglassmuseum.org.

MUSINGS ...

THE HOGARTH OF OUR TIME: by Anthony Day



Collecting paintings, prints and drawings was a habit I acquired in the mid-1960s through the Magdalene Street Gallery and its dedication to Modern British art (as a reviewer I could get ahead of the Private Views!). Firstly I parted with £2.10s.0d for a wonderful mezzotint by the forgotten **Nevinson** followed by two wood engravings for £5.00 by the equally discarded **Eric Ravilious**. Then on to other works on paper of increasing market value until I forked out 16gns for a **Paul Hogarth** wash-drawing from his 1954 series done in China.

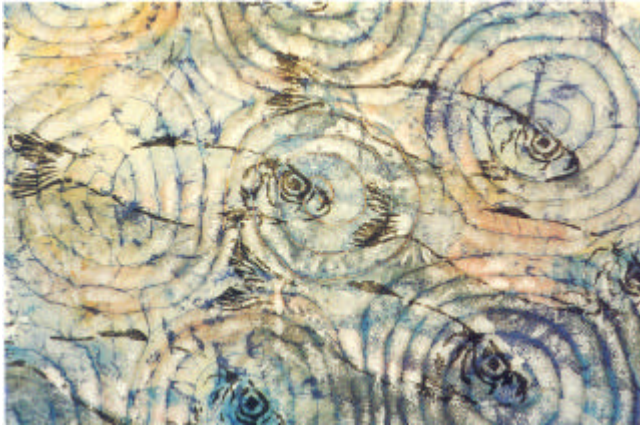
Ambition took me on to £50 for a **Graham Sutherland** etching and £100 (five instalments of £20 by kind permission of the dealer) for a **Frances Hodgkins** watercolour that I miss like a magic potion. The bulk of those pictures secured me my cottage but I retained the Hogarth and it is still here casting its spell of vivid draughtsmanship - and transferred chauvinism, canonising the worker.

That year of 1954 is vivid in my memory because, while committed to a tough year at Reading University, I snatched time to travel down to Cookham with the intention of calling on **Stanley Spencer**. A friend who had called on him earlier assured me of a quiet but genuine welcome (although the man talked of his brother Gilbert's work more than his own). Alas, as the local shopkeeper confirmed, Stanley was in China! It must have been his first trip abroad since his war service in Macedonia! He was part of a cultural mission that included **Hugh Casson** and Paul Hogarth and while Paul made the most of his visit by drawing incessantly, Stanley spent hours drawing only a bamboo leaf!

I have enjoyed my Hogarth work for some 35 years and while it might well fetch £3,000 in the saleroom and I could use the money, I offered it earlier this year to the Fitzwilliam Museum. **Duncan Robertson**, the Director, welcomes it and I await the syndic's verdict, but I just could not bear to sell it on, nor could I decide who might truly enjoy it after me.

Having done the deed and wanting my pat on the back I meant to ring Paul whom I had known since his days as a very influential teacher at the Cambridge School of Art. Then, sadly, I picked up the winter issue of the Royal Academy magazine and read his obituary.

Paul was born was in Kendal on 4th October 1917, making him 84 when he died. He had borrowed back my picture (sold originally at the Leicester Galleries, London) twice, once for a retrospective exhibition at the Royal College of Art and once for a 60th birthday exhibition at the Fitzwilliam Museum, on the eve of his departure from Cambridge where he had lived with his then wife, **Pat Douthwaite**, who also died very recently. I also loaned the work to Anglia University in Norwich for an exhibition devoted entirely to his China pictures.



Wat'ry Noon, textile/mixed media by Jean Page

During his last week in Cambridge he opened his studio to sell off a stock of his pictures cheaply - and I know the Fitzwilliam took advantage. Paul was made an RA which pleased him. He was an artist in the tradition of the wayside illustrators covering national events, masters of swift draughtsmanship featured in such as *London Illustrated*. He travelled the world and his story is well told in **Richard Ingram's** biography of 1997 (in which my Hogarth work is reproduced). In his later years his topographical watercolours and prints became vividly colourful and were in great demand. He offered us two fine examples to sell on behalf of the Ely Cathedral Restoration Fund in the 1980s, a gesture that fitted the generosity of the man whose tough exterior was accompanied by a warm sense of humour and considerable charm.

CHARLES MERYON: by Mark Handley

The etchings that Charles Meryon (1821 - 1868), ex naval officer, made of views of Paris between 1851 and 1854 have haunted me since first I saw them many years ago. Of these he wrote to **Baudelaire**, 'I hope these drawings will fix your imagination on the things of the past'. Yes, his inclusion in so many of these views of birds in flight (*La Galerie Notre-*



Charles Meryon, drawing by Mark Handley

Dame for instance) or billows of smoke (*Tourelle de la Rue de la Tixeranderie*), endows them with a vivid life and immediacy, while the contrast of brilliant sunlight striking stonework, with the black depths of apertures therein, gives them a dramatic intensity that quite transfigures the laborious and pedantic draughtsmanship and pays with interest any debt to the newly invented science of photography. Tiny figures emerging at dizzy heights or going about their work or merely idling are dwarfed by the Parisian masonry around them which seems to have acquired the scale of **Piranesi's** Rome. Some particularly melodramatic scenes such as *La Morgue*, but for their architectural precision, could be from **George Cruikshank's** needle.

Alas, the intensity of these visions, as in the case of **Van Gogh**, cost Meryon his sanity, his freedom and his life. The stone vampire (*Le Stryge*) mobbed by sinister birds which broods over Paris from the heights of Notre-Dame seems a fitting monument to his incomparable etcher who watched helplessly while **Baron Haussmann** and **Louis Napoleon** drove their cannon-shot boulevards through the medieval heart of Paris.

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



'W' is for ...

WILLIAM WORDSWORTH (1770 - 1850)

These lines are a complete verbal expression of the then seemingly new and revolutionary Rousseauesque 'Romantic' feeling for and empathy with Nature. The superb 'spacious' watercolours being produced in the last quarter of the 18th century by the likes of **J R Cozens**, **Francis Towne** and the young **Thomas Girtin** and **Turner** provide ample evidence of a fresh and less utilitarian attitude to landscape. The note of melancholy and regret for the loss of the intensity of his first youthful impressions and a passion for wild landscape and nature in general is one he most famously expressed in his *Ode. Intimations of Immortality*. The following lines were composed a few miles above Tintern Abbey, on revisiting the banks of the Wye during a tour, 13th July, 1798:



The sounding
cataract
Haunted me like a passion: the tall rock,
The mountain, and the deep and gloomy wood,
Their colours and their forms, were then to me
An appetite; a feeling and a love,
That had no need of a remoter charm,
Unborrowed from the eye. - That time is past,
And all its aching joys are now no more,
And all its dizzy raptures. not for this
Faint I, nor mourn nor murmur; other gifts
Have followed; for such loss I would believe,
Abundant recompense. For I have learned
To look on nature, not as in the hour
Of thoughtless youth; but hearing often-times
The still, sad music of humanity,
Nor harsh nor grating, though of ample power
To chasten and subdue. And I have felt
A presence that disturbs me with the joy
Of elevated thoughts; a sense sublime
Of something far more deeply interfused,

Whose dwelling is the light of setting suns,
 And the round ocean and the living air,
 And the blue sky, and in the mind of man:
 A motion and a spirit, that impels
 All thinking things, all objects of all thought,
 And rolls through all things.

... for **ANDREW WYETH (1917 -)**

The youngest of five children, Andrew Wyeth was mainly taught by his father, **Newell Convers Wyeth** (1882-1944), himself a well-known muralist and illustrator of children's books. The family had originally moved to Chadds Ford in Pennsylvania in order that Andrew's father could study with **Howard Pyle** and eventually they settled there. By the time Andrew was 20 he had held his first one-man show in Manhattan. His work consists almost entirely of people and places of the two areas he knows best - the Brandywine Valley around Chadds Ford and around Cushing, in Maine, where he has a summer home. He usually paints in watercolour or tempera in a precise and detailed way. Probably best described as a romantic realist with symbolic overtones, sharing **Edward Hopper's** preoccupation with loneliness; but whereas Hopper's characters show desolation and desperation, Wyeth's show longing or nostalgia.

His first major success was *Christina's World*, 1948, (MOMA, New York), composed of a young lady half-lying in the foreground of a vast scrubby corn field, either struggling towards or looking longingly towards a bleak isolated and dilapidated clapboard farmhouse on the horizon. Apart from the stark realism and detail of the objects, there is nothing else to look at in the picture: the cornfield is practically barren and the whole of the work is bare, uncomplicated, and void of nonessential. The critic **Lincoln Kerstein** wrote, 'These pictures are essential rather than anecdotal. They attempt to define qualities and conditions...'

... and for **DAVID WESTON**

David Weston's main concerns are to portray the immensity of the landscape, its atmosphere, light, colour and texture. Attention is given to the treatment of its 'edges'. He works between direct response and imagination to produce landscapes and seascapes. As well as paintings of a manageable size, he does occasionally paint enormous ones. However, he is perhaps most recognised as a Miniaturist. He is a member of The Royal Society of Miniature Painters Sculptors & Gravers; The Hilliard Society; The British Society of Miniaturists; The Miniature Art Society of Florida; The Miniature Painters, Sculptors, and Gravers Society of Washington D.C; The Canadian Miniature Society; The World Federation of Miniaturists; The British Watercolour Society and The United Society of Artists. He has also exhibited with The Royal Institute; The New English Art Club; The Royal Society of British Artists; The Royal Society of Marine Artists; and The National Society. Formerly a member of the Royal Watercolour Society's Art Club he became a founder member of the British Watercolour Society. He has exhibited in Paris, Geneva, Stockholm, Malmo and Lundt in Northern Ireland (with the Ulster Society of Miniaturists) and in U.S.A (with the Miniature Society of Florida and The Miniature Painters, Sculptors & Gravers Society of Washington D.C) As a mature student he



Venetian Magic, watercolour by David Weston

obtained a First Class BA Honours Degree in Fine Art at Hertfordshire University.

'**X**' is for ...

Xanadu

Having used up the letter 'C' on **Crabbe**, I am glad to have found a way to include **Samuel Taylor Coleridge** (1772-1834), a most sympathetic character. The feverish dream landscape of *Kubla Khan* owes something to laudanum, the painkiller of the time which he swallowed in large quantities. The poem's manifold conscious and subconscious sources have been investigated in great depth in *The Road to Xanadu* by **John Livingston Lowes**, and more recently in the brilliant and searching biography of the poet by **Richard Holmes**. The brevity and disjointedness of the poem is blamed on a 'person from Porlock' who called and interrupted the poet while he was trying to write down his vision. The name of this gentleman who stumbled upon a kind of immortality never seems to be mentioned.

KUBLA KHAN

In Xanadu did KUBLA KHAN

A stately pleasure-dome decree:
 Where ALPH, the sacred river, ran
 Through caverns measureless to man
 Down to a sunless sea.

So twice five miles of fertile ground
 With walls and towers were girdled round:
 And there were gardens bright with sinuous rills,
 Where blossomed many an incense-bearing tree;
 And here were forests ancient as the hills,
 Enfolding sunny spots of greenery.



But oh! that deep romantic chasm which slanted
 Down the green hill athwart a cedarn cover!
 A savage place! as holy and enchanted
 As e'er beneath a waning moon was haunted
 By woman wailing for her demon-lover!
 And from this chasm, with ceaseless turmoil seething,

As if this earth in fast thick pants were breathing,
 A mighty fountain momentarily was forced:
 Amid whose swift half-intermitted Burst
 Huge fragments vaulted like rebounding hail,
 Or chaffy grain beneath the thresher's flail:
 And 'mid these dancing rocks at once and ever
 It flung up momentarily the sacred river.
 Five miles meandering with a mazy motion
 Through wood and dale the sacred river ran,
 Then reached the caverns measureless to man,
 And sank in tumult to a lifeless ocean:
 And 'mid this tumult Kubla heard from far
 Ancestral voices prophesying war!

...for XYLOPHONE

A xylophone is a percussion instrument of tuned wooden bars. The bats, or 'keys', are usually made of rosewood and lie in two rows like piano keys, with tubular metal or plastic resonators suspended vertically beneath them. It is usually played by pianists. These are tapped with beaters having round ends of wood or hard rubber, or plastic. The bars are about 1½" wide and 1" thick are supported on cords or pads towards the two ends, where there are vibration nodes. They are normally struck in the middle, where there is vibration antinode. Each resonator is tuned to the bar above it, for sympathetic vibration of the air inside as a 'stopped pipe'. For this, each resonator is closed either at or towards its lower end. Externally, however, the tubes can be of any length required for visual effect, e.g. for their bottom ends to form an arch.

The basic technique is to strike with the two beaters alternatively; 'double' beats and 'cross over' beats are frequently used for fluent rendering and showmanship.

There are two kinds of xylophone. One is the trough xylophone, such as is used in schools, with bars laid over an open-topped box or trough having a sloping floor to make the bass end deeper, thus acting as a combined resonator for the whole compass. The bars are quickly removable and different sizes (alto, bass etc) are available. This type of xylophone is based on the pre-9th century AD instrument used in Burma and Indonesia, called a gambang, which influenced **Carl Orff** when planning educational music, subsequently put into practice by **Maendler** in the 1930s. There is an 18th century drawing of a street busker 'playing the sticks', apparently a sort of 'trough' pattern of xylophone.

The West produced a different type of xylophone, which became a popular instrument from the 15th century, with the bars placed in a row, not from right to left but with the longest bar crosswise to the player's body and the smallest furthest away. The bars, threaded on cords, were originally laid upon long tied bundles of straw about three-quarters of an inch thick which could be folded up for transportation.

In the 19th century folk instruments such as the zither were used by touring soloists which became improved over time by adding from one to three further rows of bars beside the original one, the ends overlapping to save over-all breadth. With four rows, the main scale zigzags through the two middle rows and the outer rows provide the sharps in duplicate, making these available to either hand. On such an instrument one player, **M J Gusikow** (1806-37) greatly impressed **Mendelssohn**. It became the standard concert xylophone in Europe until the introduction of the present

form from the USA, and many Russian orchestras retain it still.

The first celebrated orchestral xylophone part, in **Saint-Saëns's** *Danse Macabre*, was for this type. The score quotes the poem by **Cazalis**: 'the winter wind blows, the night is cold ... the white skeletons race and leap under their great shrouds'.

... and for XYLOGRAPHIC

A style of wood engraving where a sharply pointed graving tool is used to plough very fine furrows, each of which will print as a fine white line on a predominantly black ground. This method has enjoyed a revival since about 1920. The block, usually boxwood which has a smooth grainless surface, is cut across the grain. *Xylographic* is defined in the Chambers 20th century dictionary as 'pertaining to, or printed from, wooden type', and *Xylopyrography* as 'poker-painting on wood'. *Poker-work* is defined as 'work done by burning a design into wood with a heated point'.



Detail from *French Fields II*, mixed media by Helena Greene

COLOUR IN PASTEL CLASSES

It is not too late to join the Thursday morning class, 11-1p.m., £8 per session, led by Jan Davies, Committee Member of the Cambridge Drawing Society
 Tel. 01223 211311

ART ON A PLATE ...

by Katharine Macpherson DA

This recipe gives a seasonally fruity twist to the classic dessert of *crème brûlée*. Almost any fruit will do, but at this time of year, apples have got to be the first choice - particularly if you're lucky enough to have a laden tree ready and waiting at the bottom of the garden.

I like to use a sweet eating variety such as *Cox's Orange Pippin* or *Royal Gala*. Other favourites are *Discovery* and *Egremont Russet*,



though for more of a contrast with the sugary topping, you might prefer a tart cooker such as a Bramley. Or how about a *Granny Smith*? The fact is, it doesn't matter. 'Apple, they're all great.!

APPLE BRULEE

Serves 4

500g apples, peeled, cored and sliced

2 tablespoons water

1 tablespoon orange juice

caster sugar

150ml double cream

pinch of cinnamon

* Cook the apples in the water until soft, then add the orange juice and cinnamon and carry on cooking until you have a thick puree. Stirring with a wooden spoon will help things along.

* Add a tablespoonful of sugar if this is destined for sweet-toothed diners, divide between four ovenproof ramekins and allow to cool.

* Whip the double cream until thick and spread over the top of the fruit.

* Cover the cream with a layer of sugar about 1cm thick and place under a preheated grill. Keep an eye on it and remove when the top is completely caramelised and bubbling.

* Serve warm or, if you prefer a hard topping - leave to cool and refrigerate for later.

Wine correspondence Paul Bowes of Bacchanalia and Jug & Firkin (01223 576292) recommends Noble Taminga - Trentham Estate (£6-7 per half bottle). From the Murrumbidgee River Valley in New South Wales, Australia. Very late harvesting combined with botrytis infection of the grapes, produces a beautifully luscious sweet wine with honey, apricot, citrus and spicy fruit flavours. Best served chilled. Ages well!

FURTHER DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

27 Mar - 26 Apr 2003 Northern Aspects - **Geoff Marsters, Laurence Broderick, Mac Gregory, Ruth Parker**, paintings and sculpture

Summer 2003 Paintings from Africa by **Beverley Gibbs** and sculpture by **Esther Joseph**

Autumn 2003 **Jill Walden**, batiks and etchings



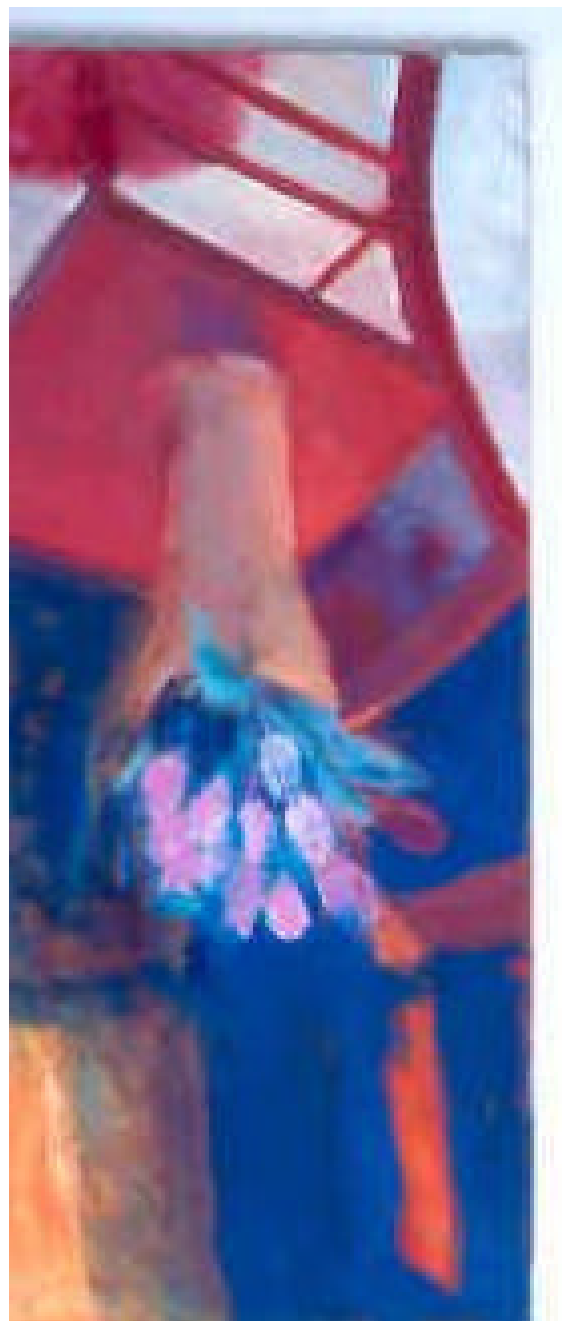
empetus
.co.uk

Websites and hosting
Search engine optimization
Content management solutions
Opt-in email marketing

Empetus Limited
01638 731761
www.empetus.co.uk

This publication is the property of Business Arts, and the views expressed in it are those of the contributors named and not necessarily those of the Editor. Copyright November 2002.

Pamela Marshall Barrell



Red Chair, oil by Jane Strother



Detail from Rousillion I, mixed media by Helena Greene