

ARTS' Word

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HERE AND NOW ...

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Evening Walk, watercolour by David Weston

OUT AND ABOUT ...

**HERE'S LOOKING AT YOU: LEE MILLER
AT THE NATIONAL PORTRAIT GALLERY,
(sponsored by Herbert Smith):
REVIEW by Robin Stemp**

Lee Miller. The name is simple, chic, elegant, glamorous. Her son, **Anthony Penrose**, opens his biography of her with 'Lee Miller, fashion model. Lee Miller, photographer. Lee Miller, war correspondent, Lee Miller, writer. Lee Miller, aficionado of classical music. Lee Miller, *haute cuisine* cook. Lee Miller, traveller.' What he didn't write and with good reason, was 'Lee Miller, celebrity.' The idea of promoting Lee Miller as a 'personality' was never considered, least of all by her. At the end of her life, she went on taking pictures, but these were quietly stored away. She could have been one – her life and looks were both sensational and is it only a matter of time before a bio-pic reduces her remarkable life to attention grabbing trivia? I hope not.

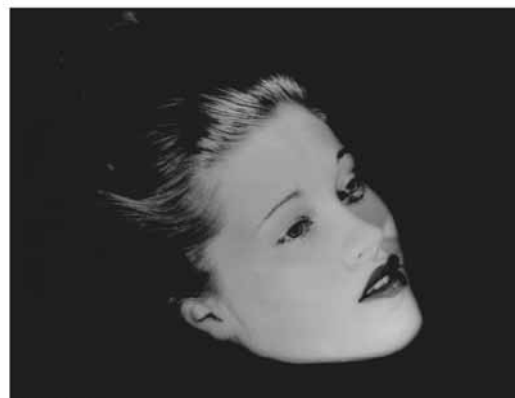
When Lee Miller died in 1977, her son discovered the mother he had never really known. In the attic of their farmhouse in Sussex he found thousands of negatives, photographic images and plates, bus tickets, theatre programmes, letters – all the ephemera of a life and enough to form an extensive archive. 147 of these, out of 40,000, now form an extraordinarily



intelligent and beautiful exhibition at the National Portrait Gallery.

Lee Miller was born in 1907 on a small farm in New York State. Photography had come to her naturally through her father, an amateur photographer who imposed on her the doubtful duty of posing nude for his endless studies of her, alone or with her school friends. Her childhood appears to have been an interlocking maze of sex and art, of tragedy and indulgence. Raped at seven with appalling consequences, she fell in love in her early teens, only to witness the instant death of the boy in a boating accident. Her life from then on became a cross hatching of opportunity, fortuitous accident, talent and hard work. She became a model for *Vogue* by

*Floating Head, photograph by Lee Miller
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Title: Floating Head, portrait of Mary Taylor
Location: New York City, New York, USA
Date: 1933
Photographer: Lee Miller
Negative Number: NC0256
Credit Line: © Lee Miller Archives, England 2004. All rights reserved.

lee miller
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Email: archives@leemiller.co.uk



Sunlight and Shadows, watercolour by David Weston

tripping on a curb stone and (literally) falling into the arms of *Condé Nast*, the magazine's publisher. In 1929, with the intention of studying to be a painter, she travelled to France and Italy, but finding that all the paintings she 'wanted to paint had been painted', she turned to photography at the suggestion of **Edward Steichen**, one of the best paid, photographers in the world, who, as a *Vogue* contributor, knew her well.

In Paris she met **Man Ray** who taught her 'everything.' Living with him in his studio, she was introduced to Surrealism and met the well known, and about to be well known, artists of the day. In her own right, she became a witty and observant artist and her pictures from the interwar years show her Surrealist eye, but it is more a natural Surrealism than a contrived assemblage of oddities. Her subjects move within their own sphere, inhabiting the frame with ease. Whereas **Beaton** or **Horst** (the subjects of earlier exhibitions at the NPG) dressed their models in what amounted to fancy dress, Lee Miller showed them as they were.

In 1939, after a short-lived marriage to **Aziz Eloui Bey**, an Egyptian businessman, she moved to England to live with the writer, painter, collector, **Roland Penrose** and a year later, she joined *Vogue* as a freelance, photographing well known personalities modelling utilitarian clothing. In 1941 she embarked on the phase of her career, which in the way of wartime experiences, was both positive and ultimately destructive. In her autobiography, **Audrey Withers**, the then editor of *Vogue*, describes how she commissioned Lee Miller to cover the effect of the Blitz on London and to show women in wartime. The strict criteria for the current exhibition was to show portraits, not photojournalism, but the line between them is a thin one, as in *ATS Searchlight Battery*; *Wrens aboard a tender*; or *Textile factory worker, England*, all of 1943, where the photographer's empathy with her subjects is evident with an ability to make a simple shot of women engaged in (often) menial work take on the elegance of a fashion shoot. But – and this is important – without in any way detracting from the reality of what they were actually doing. From 1941–44 *Vogue*, under Audrey Withers, commissioned a series of articles on women at war illustrated by Lee Miller but, as Audrey Withers noted in her autobiography, in the 1991 exhibition *Seventy-Five Years of Vogue*, at the Royal College of Art, there was not one photograph from the war years showing anything other than fashion or personalities.

In 1942, Lee Miller was accredited to the US Army as a war correspondent and in 1944, she was assigned by *Vogue* to



Title: Man Ray and Roland Penrose
Location: Los Angeles, California, USA
Date: 1946
Photographer: Lee Miller
Negative Number: 12766Q-340
Credit Line: © Lee Miller Archives, England 2004. All rights reserved.

lee miller
Lee Miller Archives
Photographs by Lee Miller 1907-1977

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*Roland Penrose and Man Ray, photograph by Lee Miller
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travel to Normandy. From then on she followed the US forces through Europe, covering the siege of St Malo, the liberation of Paris (where she sought out and photographed her old friends, or those who had survived the occupation) and from there to the liberation of the concentration camps. They wandered like silent ghosts among the piles of bodies, the dead and dying, men in that pile, women over there, children flung any old how. From Buchenwald and Dachau she sent back her images to the *Vogue* office, wiring the editor; 'I IMPLORE YOU TO BELIEVE THIS IS TRUE.'

Most of her work from this period might not be classed strictly as portraiture, but the few images shown here illustrate Miller's genius for simplicity, her knack of allowing the small minor detail to stand in for the major and her compassion and intelligence. A small boy sits on a cart, his legs encased in knee-high socks, his face set in heartbreaking acceptance. He appears to be alone in a world devastated into unknowable fragments and left sitting on a cart on the border between Luxembourg and Germany. Miller wrote all her copy, sending it back to *Vogue*: 'Kids sat patiently, like bundles on the top of bundles.' Like her images, her reports were strongly descriptive, individual and to the point. Audrey Withers, faced with the paper shortage, recalled how she hated to cut good writing. She wrote well and she shot images of the war unlike anyone else. After the horror came the inevitable victory of the human spirit. A young soprano sings in the bombed out opera house in Vienna... 'her dress safety pinned to fit her hungry thinness.' An English officer with his 'keep-up English standards'; Colette as collected as a cat; an enigmatic **Elsa Schiaparelli** caught in mid sentence; **Fred Astaire** signing autographs at his first show after the liberation. The war had ended and even if there was nothing to live on, the peace had to be lived. With the US Army, she

witnessed the destruction of **Hitler's** mountain retreat at Berchtesgaden. She was writing her report when someone told her of the official German surrender. 'Shit!' she said. 'That's blown my first paragraph.' Did she, perhaps, realise that it had also blown her existence as a photographer? She continued to take photographs until the end of her life, but it appears that the old demons from her youth; the childhood rape and the death of her first lover, underlined by the horrors of the war, took over in the guise of depression and alcohol abuse. The pictures from this period belie her frail state. In her last years spent in Sussex with Roland Penrose and their son Anthony, she shot with humour: **Alfred H. Barr**, the founding Director of MOMA New York, is seen in dapper garb feeding the pigs, his well polished shoes standing clear of the swill he is about to pour into the trough. **Moura Budberg**, the legendary *femme fatale*, becomes an old Russian woman in a giant fur coat clutching at a minute bunch of primroses; **Wells Coates**, the Modernist Canadian architect with frying pan at the sink, seen through an open kitchen window or **Picasso** in an untypical shot with Anthony Penrose on his knee: in short, all the luminaries of the art world coming to stay in deepest Sussex and helping out on the farm. The work is beautiful, simple, the Surrealist element taken as read and part of every day life. Her subjects live within the small black and white format, and the viewer is drawn in, never excluded. They are almost hypnotic, these small black and white images and funny and lively and full of the kind of compassionate zest associated with great art.

So: Lee Miller, the movie? Lee Miller, the musical? I hope not, I really do. I look through the Press Pack from the show and see that a musical has been written and will be performed at Chichester. I tell myself that I haven't seen it and it might be brilliant and, in the long run, the work is good enough to stand on its own. Won't it? Of course it will, but even so, I echo Lee Miller's words; 'Oh, shit!'

Lee Miller: Portraits at the National Portrait Gallery, London tel:0207312 2463/020 7306 0055 (www.npg.org.uk) Until 30 May 2005. Admission £7, concessions £4.75 Open daily 10am - 6pm, late opening Thursdays and Fridays until 9pm.

*Recommended reading: The exhibition catalogue, **Lee Miller: Portraits** by **Richard Calvocoressi** (exhibition curator) and **David Hare**, 176pp 120 b/w illustrations price £10. **Lee Miller: Portraits from a Life**, by **Richard Calvocoressi** 176pp 157 illustrations £27.50 h/b (shortly in p/b at £18.95) **The Lives of Lee Miller** by **Anthony Penrose** (1985) pub **Thames and Hudson** ISBN0-500-54108-6. **Lifespan** by **Audrey Withers** published by **Peter Owen** 1994. *The Lee Miller archive* (www.leemiller.co.uk).*

MUSINGS ...

ALFRED WALLIS (1855 - 1942) by Mark Handley

Picasso aspired, so he said, to draw like a child. His precocious prodigious facility as a draughtsman was not a 'handicap' shared by the Cornish 'Primitive' **Alfred Wallis** who, at the age of 70 began to produce drawings that, at first glance, look like the work of his nine year old self when he was first sent away to sea on a Penzance schooner.

Yet these harbour scenes on irregular scraps of cardboard painted in dull tints of 'yacht paint' with their white seas and buff tint of cardboard showing through had a splendid purgative effect on English painting, particularly through **Ben Nicholson** and **Christopher Wood** who used to purchase Alfred's works for a shilling each in St Ives.



Alfred, born while his father was away at the Siege of Sebastopol, led a typically harsh Cornish fisherman's life followed by a scrap-dealing career in St Ives and a curious marriage to a much older woman. After her death he began his reveries in paint, and became an intractable recluse obsessed with the Bible, mocked and stoned by the youths of St Ives, but called upon and patronised (in the helpful sense) by the

brave members of the St Ives artistic colony.

Jim Ede was an early collector of his work, which is well represented at Kettle's Yard. When I first saw these not quite childlike images I probably did not realise that Alfred was really the twin spirit presiding over Kettle's Yard with **Gaudier-Brjeska** the sculptor in whom I was then chiefly interested. Alfred's paintings had the look of having been picked up from the beach along with the bleached and salted timbers, rusty iron, bits of rope, cork and glass floats, pebbles and shells that are to be found among the sculptures and pictures assembled there. They had a ship-in-a-bottle look about them. The artist did not seem tempted to inhabit his seas with monsters or mermaids or his skies with angels, devils or biblical apocalypses, but stuck austere to the visible facts as he recollected them. This weather-beaten modesty, exactitude and lack of pretension is exactly the lesson in art that Jim Ede spent the latter part of his life quietly trying to let his visitors absorb.

Of course it is impossible to learn how to draw like a child. It is equally certain that Alfred drew to the best of his ability those things he knew best without apparently noticing or caring that the colony of professional artists in St Ives tended to draw differently. The true un-self-conscious 'Primitive' is probably an endangered species, such is the contaminating fog of pre-digested electronic visual 'Information' to which *homo sapiens* is now subjected from birth. Yet these rare, shy, awkward creatures can have a highly beneficial effect on more worldly, ambitious, self-conscious artists, as can be observed in **Christopher Wood's** remarkable last paintings from Brittany, some of which reside at Kettle's Yard too.

WHATEVER HAPPENED TO.....?

by Anthony Day

While legions of artists find wall space in London throughout each year, the majority in mixed society exhibitions, they seldom attract dealers, the Royal Academy being no exception, where members reign and the rest, while fetching buyers, are



ignored by the trade.

As a keen collector of modern British works for many years I subscribed to the saleroom catalogues, not to buy through them but to check on valuations, twice sending works for sale and getting well rewarded. But I bought for love of what I could afford, taking artists that were out of fashion, ungraciously and blindly disregarded. That they would come back into favour was inevitable, but my judgement was artistic and not mercenary. The ones I sold enabled me to buy others.

I still take the Bonham's catalogues and occasionally come across names once highly favoured, out of sight for decades. For instance, when I came across the name **Kit Barker** in the latest catalogue I had clean forgotten him some 30 years after his West End prominence.

But my curiosity about artists who were in favour in my time but have since gone into hiding has been aroused by the retrieval of the catalogue for the *Daily Express Young Artists' Exhibition* in London in 1955 containing 251 exhibits. There was a precedent in 1927 when nearly a third of the chosen achieved renown afterwards, so I studied the new catalogue for subsequent success and was unimpressed.

Among the new faces were **Frank Auerbach, Peter Blake, Sandra Blow, Alan Davie, David Tindle, Keith Grant, Richard Hamilton, Patrick Heron, Albert Irvin and William Turnbull**, none of whom received a share of the £3,100 prize money. Small shares of it went to **Donald Hamilton Fraser, Henry Inlander, Kenneth Rowell, John Bratby, Dennis Williams and Edward Middleditch** while **Lucien Freud** was adjudged secondary to **Bryan Kneale** and one **Geoffrey Watson Banks** by the judges: **Graham Sutherland**, the dubious **Anthony Blunt** and **Sir Herbert Read**.

Quite against the trends of the day, Kneale's winner was a calendar-like study of a pony drooping sadly in the snow, worthy indeed of a prize - from the RSPCA! He wisely turned to sculpture and the welcoming embrace of the RA. But whatever happened to that other champion of the day, Mr Banks, who has never surfaced since, who evidently never found support from dealers for that first choice of an urban scene with a pretentious title, a one-touch design where caution for what he had in place prevented any greater profundity. Well, I know the feeling!

Did he scorn those dealers, did he give up painting at 25, did he vanish abroad in disgust? His prize of £750 would not have spread far even half a century ago.

From this catalogue where the age limit was 35 I could name scores who never made it in the capital, including two other prizewinners: **Eric Finlay** and **George P.O. Wilson**. Perhaps many did as I did, perforce - slip back into my region for more reliable support and less cynical disregard, hidden from them as they have been from me. However, I did show work that attracted buyers and some publicity in London long after my last one-man show there in 1970.

I have to select from the catalogue one **Ints Bulitis**, a name so unbelievable that I tried to decipher it with anagrams - unsuccessfully. Of course, he may well have gone back to his native land where such names are common, but his has never come before me since.

Withdrawing into our region as I did in due course, three more from the catalogue: **Anthony Atkinson, John Addyman and John Bolam**, did well thereafter and this could apply to so many others missing from the capital since. John and I shared a dealer there in the 1960s where, if you failed to sell frequently, you were edged out. For the dealers to survive, it has to be so. They push for more paintings like the ones they have sold, which is not the encouragement required.

Dare I suppose that, for our enforced hiding away, someone might have at some time asked of us: 'Whatever happened to ...?'

THE ART OF PHOTOGRAPHY...

PHOTOGRAPHING FRUIT by Peter Bendall

Fruit is a virtually inexhaustible subject for any photographer who is interested in it. Apart from the sheer variety of species, there are almost infinite gradations of colour and shape. If you add to this the various states which most kinds of fruit pass through, from their tiny beginnings at the heart of blossoms through to their maturity and eventual decay, as well as the settings, both natural and artificial, in which they occur, you might well spend your entire life doing nothing but photograph them. And when you have finished with their exteriors, you can cut them up, photograph their internal parts and then eat them.

There are various ways in which fruit can be photographed. One of these is to walk among the trees or bushes on which they grow, getting as close as possible with a wide-angle lens or, if necessary zooming in on clusters that grow high up. If the surface of the fruit is shiny, as might be the case with apples, care must be taken to avoid glare. Colourful fruits such as plums benefit from a background of blue sky. Some fruits, such as persimmons, remain on the tree after the leaves have fallen, and the contrast of their tomato-red colour with the black of the boughs is quite striking. Purple grapes on vines, citrus fruit among bright green foliage, banana bunches under vast leaves, are all worthy subjects. Fruit that has just been picked, in buckets, colanders or baskets, or lying spread out on cloths is also highly photogenic. In autumn it is worth strolling about in orchards to see if there are any picturesque windfalls. Fruit which has been left to rot might be photographed at various intervals to indicate the progress of decay.

Fruit in markets is worth looking at, as it is here that it occurs in its greatest concentration. Crates of strawberries (which in any case can't really be photographed convincingly in their natural state), piles of melons, as well as cherries, grapes, mangoes, paw-paws, peaches, passion-fruit, heyhoes,



Oranges, photograph by Peter Bendall

redcurrants and blackberries are here seen to their best advantage. Interesting compositions can be obtained with the addition of weighing scales, customers' handbags or any other familiar item. The only problem might be the attitude of the stallholders; but this can be overcome with a few judicious purchases.

To obtain more artificial or abstract effects, individual fruits might be set against various backgrounds, such as black crepe paper, white cotton sheets, or any other medium with a plain colour, and photographed with flash or in soft focus. They might be trodden into the floor or smashed against walls to give a dramatic effect. They could be mounted on spikes, balanced on people's heads, hung from the ceiling or cut into abstract shapes. They could also be painted different colours: black bananas or green oranges against a plain background can be effective. These days people don't bottle fruit as they used to, which is a shame, as there are few things as evocative as jars of bottled plums on top of a kitchen cupboard.

This short account by no means exhausts the possibilities of fruit as a photographic subject; anyone who explores this theme is bound to discover many other interesting aspects.

BOOK SHELF ...

REVIEWS by Robin Stemp:

Off the Beaten Track: Three Centuries of Women Travellers by Dea Birkett, Foreword by Jan Morris published by The National Portrait Gallery, London 144pp 120 images in full colour and b/w £18.99 ISBN 1 85514 526

To talk about 'Women Travellers' in the 21st century, ought perhaps, to be an anachronism. That it isn't says much about travellers, women and society's ideas about women who travel. Why do women travel? For the same reasons as men? Not necessarily. The first known book about travel by a woman was by **Egeria**, an Abbess, who, in 381AD made a pilgrimage to Palestine and Egypt, but better known is **Margery Kempe's** *Book of Margery Kempe*, when, in 1413, the housewife from Kings Lynn also set out for the Holy Land. Known (or misunderstood?) to her contemporaries as a neurotic religious with an aversion to sex and a passion for God, she made her way across Europe to Jerusalem with the single-minded resolution known to all travellers on a mission. Do women travel in a different way from men? *The Times Literary Supplement* in 1907 suggested that 'Women perhaps make the best travellers... They are unquestionably more observant of details and quicker to receive impressions. Their sympathies are more alert.' This is probably true, and when being a woman meant enduring hours of doing almost nothing, they made good use of their enforced *longeur* by sharpening their observational skills, so, when off the leash and able to exercise their mental muscles, produced some of the most perceptive travel writing available.

The book is based on an exhibition at the National Portrait Gallery of women travellers 1660 – 1960 and, as such, it is as much about how they looked as what they saw and wrote – and their reasons for leaving the (sometimes) safe and secure for what were then the terrifyingly unknown expanses of a world barely identified. The quality of their work – their descriptive writing and painting and latterly, their use of the camera, underlines the sheer waste of their talents at home. On the move and out of sight of normal conventions, they were free to discover a deep inner journey. The sights they saw were strange and exotic, but the strangest of all was the sight of themselves as they were when cut adrift from all they



Rotting Quinces, photograph by Peter Bendall

had known. **Gertrude Bell**, writing to her mother from Syria, noted a 'delightful day' when, as a working archaeologist, she was involved and useful. As **Dea Birkett** describes her; 'In archaeology, Gertrude Bell had discovered a discipline that gave her a reason for being outdoors, in the desert, far from administrative centres. "It made use of her gift for languages, and fulfilled her natural bent to record everything in the minutest detail. It also gave her an expertise."

Is it an anachronism to talk about 'women travellers'? I don't think it is. Women travel in a way different from men, and for different reasons. In a society as free as any society can reasonably be, we still have to escape from the strictures of expectation – our own and that of others. The only difference is that now – where do we go? Are there, now, so many square miles of uncharted land to discover? We could, I suppose, go deep into the South American jungle (unless the logging companies have got there first) to get the reaction recorded by **Aphra Behn** in 17th century Surinam. 'They had no sooner spied us, but they set up a loud cry that frightened us at first. We thought it had been for those that should kill us, but it seems it was of wonder and amazement.'

The book is beautiful, intelligent and, in common with all good books of this kind, it makes the reader want to know more. It is, in short, an excellent introduction to a fascinating subject – and not just about women.

LET US FRAME YOU

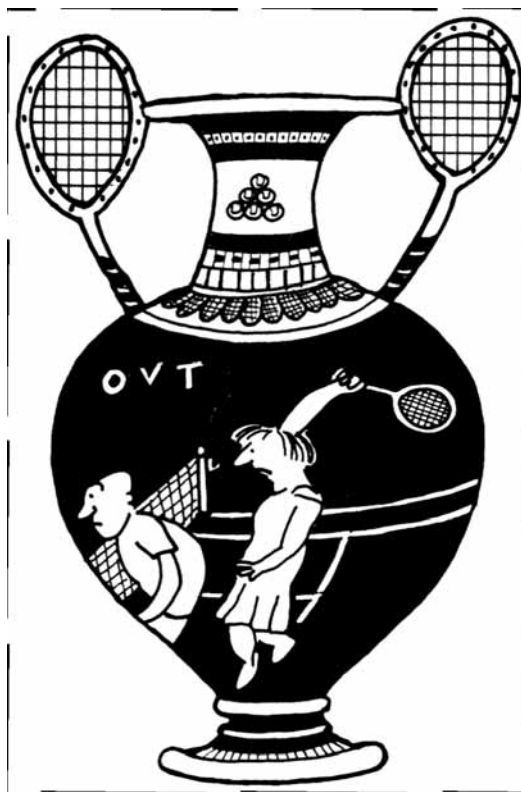
Art and the 60's; This Was Tomorrow edited by Chris Stevens and Katharine Stout published by Tate Publishing 160pp, colour and b/w price, £19.99, ISBN 1-85437-522-9

The 1960's. The words have an emotive power. In 1960 I was 16 and, having been sacked from school the year before, I was bored, restless, on the loose and looking for something exciting, interesting, involving – whatever 'difficult' teenagers look for. And I found it in the '60's, when, in common with countless other young people, life suddenly unrolled like a great golden carpet under our feet and we were plunged in step with the times – our times. We didn't see the dark side until later. For us it was a time of a new world order, of new music, new clothes, new art - and a new us.

Even flicking through *Art in the Sixties*, the reader has a palpable sense of the heady adventure of the new decade, the ideas, the silliness, the pretensions and the fun. Art was chaotic, trying hard to be 'real' and to 'say something' which sometimes it did but more often, it just said 'look at me.' Self-aware, the artists cavorted and spun through countless digested and half digested philosophies, with some of the best practitioners, now forgotten. **Pauline Boty** was a potent mix of being beautiful and talented and dying young. Her *The Only Blonde in the World* is that overworked idiom – an icon. A blonde – obviously **Marilyn Monroe** – trots past, confident, smiling, happy. That she too died young is in the future. At the time it was enough that she was alive and vibrantly sexual – the only blonde in the world for countless obsessive fans. Art was smashing, crashing, brutal and above all, anti-Establishment – whatever that 'Establishment' encompassed.

Art and the 60's takes a multi – disciplinary look at the times and the result is social as much as art historical. **Christine Keeler**, nude astride a chair, shares a section with **Jean Shrimpton** and the Aldermarston Marchers. They are all there – the **Beatles** and *Beyond the Fringe*, **David Bailey** and **Jill Kennington**, captured by **John Cowan** as she appears to defy gravity, flying across the face of London, **Peter Blake** and **Joe Tilson**, **Alan Ginsberg** and the *Destruction in Art Symposium*, when self-aware havoc, couched in the language of the truly humourless, made headlines and art was seen by the tabloid reading public as a fringe activity indulged in by Left leaning loonies. There was the shabby horror of Vietnam, the encroaching drug scene, the ongoing destruction of street communities, when whole areas were re-housed in tower blocks and 1,000 other mean and shady acts of casual cruelty and neglect and the art reflected it all – BUT, for many of us, the sixties were not about the anarchy, the protest marches, the Bomb, but the overriding knowledge that if you wanted to do something – anything - however daft, the stage was all yours. In July, *The Times* printed a picture of the surviving protagonists who made the decade; among them **Allen Jones**, **Colin Self**, **Bernard Cohen**, **Frank Bowling**, **Peter Blake**, **Gillian Ayres** and, seated on the floor, cross legged, in striped tee shirt and braces, **Mary Quant**, the quintessential sixties girl – but no **Hockney**. Hockney, who above all of them, prised art out of the gallery and into the streets.

For those who want to know what it was like, read this book for a breathless ride through a decade, which, beginning in hope at the end of the fifties, ended in the disillusionment of the seventies. For those who were born too late, or who were away at the time on another planet– please accept my condolences.



THINGS YOU MIGHT HAVE OVERLOOKED AT THE FITZWILLIAM... TRACKED DOWN BY MARK HANDLEY

In fact, although dug up in the vicinity of Wimbledon, this urn was imported from *Thurberia*, as can be deduced from the characteristic *Thurberian* figures. Until it was discovered no-one was aware that mixed doubles had been going strong since at least 300 B.C., and indeed this beautiful yet 'still unravished bride of quietness' is the only surviving evidence of it. It was purchased with assistance from the *Groucho Club*.

POETRY CORNER...

DANCING THE SLEET by Marina Yedigaroff

It slips up your sleeve when you are prowling for warmth
It slaps that place on your face that already hurts
It is a stinger
Between rain and ice
Someone you know well reminds you of this
A Ural wind rams him into your mind
Because you are careless
And not wearing armour today
Here in this greenish place
With your little half grown sheepdog in the mud
And broken trees
And someone's promises unkept and unkempt too
The excuse being his arrival at a certain age
And goes doolally now
The get-away-with-anything age
But you are only two weeks older
And tall and much too thin here in the mud
With unsuitable shoes
Painted poignant toenails
Nicotine
Gallant grin

framing framing framing

Pain bewilderment

Astonished

And laughing.

She fell in love with a boy once

Because of his name

A name from tapestries

A name from heraldry

Welsh borders

Raids

She was susceptible to that then

A name from successful sieges and his siege opened wide all

gates

She fell from her battlement into the very moat

And after discovering

That names can disguise bottomless darkness

She climbed up and out into a transparent sunshine

And ran away.

THE PRINTMAKER by Mark Handley

In spare room, with weapons keen and trusted,

And midnight oil, he plies his lonely trade,

Cuts the yielding lino, brow encrusted

With flying flakes from frenzied gougings made,

Now rolls on the sticky ink, half-flustered

By thoughts of too flooded or too threadbare shade,

Now nimbly treads the paper on the plate,

Then peels it back, to view the pristine state.

Whilst oft the image sharp and clear may cheer

The artist, and his patient friends surprise,

The former, while he's sober, is aware

That some unfathomable *something* lies

Betwixt the mind's eye and the ocular,

That parts performance from the first surmise,

Which like a mocking Jack-o'-lantern led

To this uncertain source of daily bread.

COLLECTIONS ...

Continuing our quirky and eclectic alphabet...

'O'

...is for Oliver Cromwell's House

Based in St Mary's Street, Ely, the house became Oliver Cromwell's family home for about ten years from 1636 after he inherited the lease from his uncle, **Sir Thomas Steward**. The house was known as 'The Rectory and Parsonage of the

Holy Trinity and St Mary's called the Sextry in Ely'. The house has been used in many different ways over the years, including as an inn called *The Cromwell Arms*; a home for the local medical officer, then also as the vicarage for St Mary's Church. Now it is a fascinating and interactive museum with period rooms, exhibitions and displays. It is open daily in the winter from 11 to 4 pm and in summer from 10 to 5.30 pm.

There is also a Cromwell Museum in Huntingdon which exhibits many portraits, personal objects, books and documents, to illustrate the man, his family and his significance. It is also free with varying summer and winter opening times.

Left: Oliver Cromwell

Right: Oliver Cromwell's
House



'P'

...is for Peterborough: Museum, Digital Art Gallery ...

Peterborough Museum covers the history and community of Peterborough, including archaeology, social history and geology, with unique collections of Jurassic marine reptiles and French Napoleonic prisoner-of-war craft work. It also now houses the new Digital Art Gallery which offers changing (and touring) exhibitions and courses in many forms of digital arts, such as Filmmaking and Screenwriting. They are closed on Mondays, and admission is free.

... and Sculpture Trail

The Sculpture Park is on either side of the one kilometre long Rowing Lake, 20 minutes' walk from the city centre, and features major artists of the last 25 years, including **Anthony Gormley** and **Anthony Caro**. It is open all year round and is entirely free.

ART ON A PLATE ...

by Katharine Macpherson DA

The nicest thing about these spicy prawns - apart from the fact that they taste delicious, and take hardly any time to prepare - is that they're incredibly versatile. You can add them to a salad as I've shown here, pop them into a stir fry, strew them over olive oil-dressed linguini, stick them on skewers and serve with a bowl of good mayonnaise to dip into, sit them on toasted rounds of baguette spread with red pesto - and that's just for starters...



CHILLI PRAWNS

Serves 4 as a starter or 2 as a main course

12 raw tiger or king prawns, shelled

1 garlic clove, peeled and crushed

1 small red chilli, deseeded and finely chopped

1 tablespoon olive oil
 1 tablespoon lemon juice
 Japanese rice vinegar or white wine vinegar
 fresh coriander
 pinch of caster sugar
 salad leaves and cherry tomatoes to serve

- * Heat the oil in a frying pan, add the prawns and stirfry for about a minute. Add the garlic and chilli and continue cooking for around two more minutes, or until the prawns have turned pink. (Please take care not to touch your eyes after handling the chilli seeds.)
- * Add the lemon juice, a splash of rice or white wine vinegar and pinch of sugar, and allow to sizzle for perhaps half a minute more.
- * Tip onto a salad of mixed leaves with quartered cherry tomatoes and sprinkle some fresh coriander leaves over the top, either whole or chopped.



French Market, pastel by Pamela Marshall Barrell

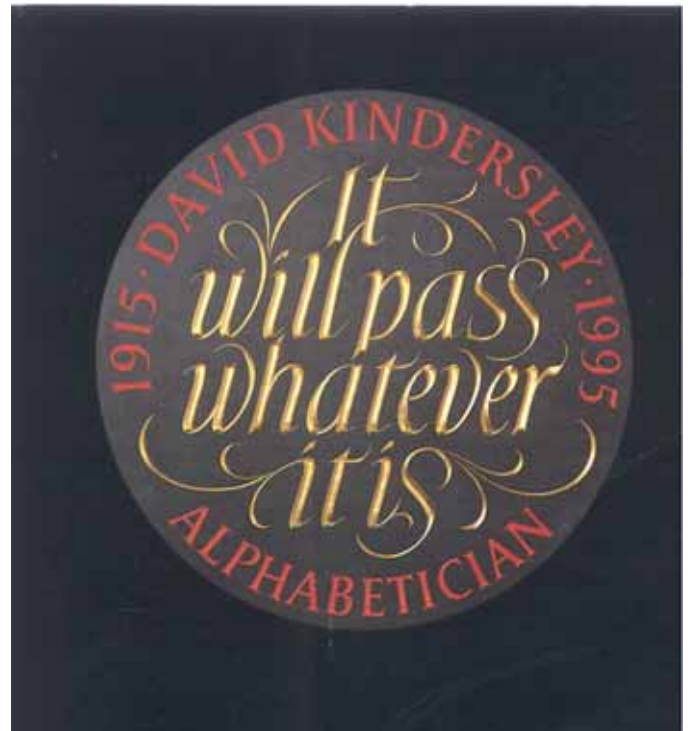
LAST WORD...

"To any artist worthy of the name, all in nature is beautiful, because his eyes, fearlessly accepting all exterior truth, read there, as in an open book, all the inner truth."

August Rodin (1840-1917)

and...

"... great art is not a matter of a few virtuosi of the first rank. It is the result of the labours of thousands of faithful craftsmen



*Welsh slate, gilded and painted, at Addenbrooke's Hospital, Cambridge
 Cover of the book 'Kindersley at Addenbrooke's Hospital'*

who know that they are doomed to remain for ever outside the gates of the Paradise of Perfection, but who nevertheless will give the very best there is in them because the work they do means more to them than anything else in this world.

They are the real tillers of the soil. "

HENDRIK WILLEM VAN LOON, from *The Arts of Mankind*.



Venice, watercolour by David Weston

WE
 CAN
 FRAME
 YOU -
 WHY
 NOT
 LET
 US
 FRAME YOU?

Pamela Marshall Barrell

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