

ARTS' News

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Business Arts / Conservatory Gallery

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NORTHERN ATMOSPHERICS

Paintings by **Mac Gregory, Geoff Marsters**
and **Ruth Parker**

Sculpture by **Laurence Broderick ARBS**

Mac Gregory's semi-abstract oil paintings often follow pathways over hills and dales, whilst Geoff Marsters' pastels and watercolours draw inspiration from the Cumbrian hillsides. Ruth Parker lives on the edge of the Yorkshire moors and complements her moody moorlands with exotic flowers. Laurence Broderick's bronze otters from his beloved Isle of Skye need no introduction.

YOU ARE WARMLY INVITED

Private View Wednesday 26th March 7 - 9 p.m.

Exhibition continues until 26th April
Open Thursdays to Saturdays and Sunday 6th April from
11 - 5 p.m.



Leaping Salmon III, Cornish soapstone by Laurence Broderick

HERE AND NOW...

WINTER EVENTS AT THE GALLERY

Two successful exhibitions were held during the autumn and winter: **Helena Greene, Mark Judson** and **Jane Strother** showed wonderful paintings and ceramics which complemented and responded to one another. It was very hard to choose favourites as every exhibit was a joy to behold, but if really pressed I feel Jane's *Red Chair* (oil) and *Vessels* (mixed media); Helena's *Lavender Field on Road to Roussillon* (mixed media) and Mark's *Blue Bowl* were very special indeed. A constant hazard of working in the gallery is wishing one could buy so many beautiful things to the point where one would be buried under the weight of them, but if it had been possible I would have liked to own everything displayed in that show. It was obvious clients felt just as covetous.

The Cambridge Drawing Society's second Christmas exhibition in the gallery was also a great success. Many visitors enquired about the title 'Drawing Society', and I explained that it was founded in 1882 when perhaps the title was more applicable; nowadays there are 150 elected members working not so much in drawings *per se*, but in all media. In this exhibition there were actually 143 pictures in oil, gouache, mixed media, watercolour, collage, with only one actual 'drawing'. It was extremely well attended and as popular as ever, much appreciated by visitors. Again, a few gems stick in the memory, such as *The Sea* and *Grey Day by the River* (gouaches by **Pamela Townshend**); or *Gas Works* (watercolour by **Michael**

Stoker); *Geese in the Meadow* (pen and watercolour by **Fran Goodwood**); *Wind in the Fen* (pastel by **Betty Rush**); *Towards Granville* (oil by **Sylvia Hopkinson**); *Door at Camon, South France* (watercolour by **Carol Stephen**) and *Marine Landscape, mixed media* by **Nicholas de Pfeiffer**. All completely different in style, emotion and content, but all equally skilled.

OUT AND ABOUT ... WAR, AND THE CONCEPT OF WAR by Robin Stemp

Once, an embarrassingly long time ago, I won a prize for a series of articles on war artists. I was fascinated by the subject, not just because of the extraordinarily high level of draughtsmanship and feeling, but the whole concept of art and war. What quality does art have to have which enables it to convey not just the horror, the chaos, the violence, but the pathos, the courage and, above all, the inevitable triumph of the human spirit? I hoped never to have to write about this, but if – or rather as today's news headlines suggest, 'when' we attack Iraq – and we are involved with a war, how will we as artists react to a war unlike any other? As one lady who had lived through the Blitz observed in WW2, it was obvious who the enemy was and where they were. She could focus on the enemy as something concrete. In any conflict which may or may not happen now, the enemy is – where? Here? There? Anywhere. Whether you and I agree





By Loch Trool, pastel by Geoff Marsters

about the wisdom of going to war is not the point (though I am dead against it); the point of this article is to look at what kind of art we can produce which will give future generations an idea of how it was. **Barnett Newman** conveyed with sickening horror the realities of the liberation of concentration camp victims. **Paul Nash** gave us the dreamy half world of fear and waiting, the waste and the silence of the aftermath of battle. **Henry Tonks**, the ferocious Slade Professor, found his genius not in scenes of girls in hat shops, but in the grim realities of faces smashed by war and mended by medical science. English artists gave us the daft humour of Army life, the weariness and the company of fellows too tired for words, but whose sense of the ironic was still intact.

How will 21st century art cope with the concept of this war? Perhaps concept is what I mean. The Gulf War was conducted on television like a docu-soap, a game show, where real targets and real deaths were pretty colours on a screen. How will artists handle the concept of the whole idea of a war against terror, when that terror is not defined as anything we can pinpoint with exactitude. America's enemies are not necessarily ours and how will we as artists show how it is now, living on the edge of what appears to be a conceptual war against a conceptual enemy, who might be - or might not be - anywhere. Art always mirrors society and perhaps the conceptual artists have got it right. Life at the turn of the century is best seen through video installations - the non-real echoing in grainy film, the feeling that we are sleepwalking into something unknown and unconfirmed. How will figurative painters depict the mood of uncertainty which pervades everything - we can control everything from birth to death, but in reality, we can control nothing. How do you show in visual terms, a concept of a fragile peace holding its breath? I hope we never have to create the modern day equivalent of **Henry Moore's** shelter drawings, but if oil is rationed and electricity is something we have to use sparingly, then we who have fallen in love with our computers will have to return to the pencil and drawing block - who knows?

MUSINGS ...

HOME GROUND: by Anthony Day

Knowing my trade but mistaking my purpose, many people under the



impression that I paint what I do for being starved of anything better, arrive back from exotic holidays recommending the terrain of their brief sojourn as ideal for my progress as a painter. This has to be taken as well-meant information given out of sheer friendliness, to be accepted without dispute.

The brevity of their stay endeared them to the landscape and indeed I would have enjoyed it for that time without feeling the slightest inclination to paint it. The splendour of landscape home and abroad is enough in itself. My time in the tropics and Italy, albeit when I could hardly claim the status of artist, did nothing to stir me into creative endeavour. My muse, hopefully, was waiting at home.

So much of what I had seen was a spectacle in passing, so impressive in itself that it needed no translation. Before I painted my home fields I worked in them and handled their produce and that on reflection was a good way to start. Their challenge is their familiarity, transformed from day to day by season and weather, no two days alike (no pun intended), by work activity, a big outdoor room that locks me in benignly to examine it over and over again, never mind the rest of the world that belongs to others. To make more of less is ever the aim.

Even dear **Arthur Boyd**, respecting my fondness for recession and open space recommended his homeland as a subject, but he was simply offering his own muse to further my cause. I have a friend of long-standing in Canada who once seemed as inseparable from the Cambridgeshire landscape as I. We stood in fields together watching the slow miracle of change, the shifting light, taking the air like solace to the skin. To further his career he moved to Canada and while he is overwhelmingly impressed by the landscape there it never, unless I am badly mistaken, enters his art at all.

So much for self-vindication. In December at the Old Fire Engine House in Ely I was accompanied by a kindred spirit. Some three years earlier I had seen his work in the company of Ann the proprietor and it was evident this fellow had also come through a few fen blows and had stood in leaky wellies oblivious to discomfort while sketching the world of his childhood. But this was clearly not the work of a self-taught, spare-time enthusiast but that of one of practised craftsmanship responding to a world he knew inside out.

So for the Private View of our exhibitions he did not leave his mucky wellies at the rear door and pad red-faced and shy into the crowd but stood with the sophisticated best to enjoy a warm and friendly reception. This **Richard Neal** had indeed studied at the Cambridge School of Art and had later joined the staff there, where he was known as **Fred**. He lives to laugh in his pictures while never parting from authenticity in depicting fen settlements with robust farmers about their business, frequently in the company of cows, pigs, chickens and smug cats and a litter of discarded implements overtaken by weeds. They are funny and true and the only complaint I feel like making after many enjoyable visits is against the framing. My framer at the private view, never seeking trade, nearly had a fit. The artist might say he is matching the roughness of his subjects, but I think re-framing might well be the priority among his buyers.

He also paints where the heart is and that's rewarding.

CAN WE FRAME YOU ?



Left: *Road over Moor*, oil by Mac Gregory



Right: *Cabinet*, hand decorated by Marina Yedigiaroff

EDWARD MUNCH's *The Scream (The Cry)* 1893: review by Mike Roe

Edward Munch was born in 1863 in Loten, Norway. His mother died from TB when he was five. His father, a physician who treated the poor in Oslo, was a religious depressive who tormented Munch and his brother and sisters. He studied art under **Krohg**, a Norwegian naturalist painter. He spent time in Paris in 1885 and 1889 and later became part of the young bohemian group in Oslo that reacted against the art and literary establishment's conventionality. His circle of friends included **Ibsen** for whom he designed theatre sets. Munch was cast in the role of anarchist by his critics – a painter full of Nordic anxiety and introspection. He influenced and was influenced by the German expressionists.

The death of his father and his elder sister, together with a disastrous love affair, affected the stability of his mind and influenced his art. He suffered from stress, alcoholism, melancholy and depression, and was a patient in a mental asylum for a time. He died a recluse near Oslo in 1944.

The painting began with waxed crayon and tempera on cardboard and the final version is painted in pastel and measures 36" x 29". It has a preliminary sketch on the reverse and early sketches of the subject show that initially it was wider. It took three years to complete and was developed from *Despair* painted the previous year. It repeats the composition and colour of the earlier work. It was first exhibited in Berlin in December 1893 and subsequently Munch produced five versions including a woodcut.

Its strong linear design and colour combine to produce a powerful structure supporting the foreground figure. The painting is divided diagonally into swirling bands of colour in the sky and landscape that contrasting with the straight lines of perspective dominating the other half of the picture plane. These two halves are linked by the foreground figure. It was one of the last in a series of paintings called *Frieze of Life*.

According to his diaries the idea for the painting was conceived following an evening stroll in an area near Oslo popular with suicides, and near the asylum where his sister underwent treatment. It is reported that screams and cries of the incarcerated could be heard from the walkway close by. Munch wrote that he was seized by the atmosphere of the scene and the violent red sunset sky that was not uncommon in southern Norway at that time of year. He writes '*I felt a great infinite scream pass through nature*'.

The foreground figure is the key element in the painting and is formed using the curved lines in the landscape rather than the straight verticals used for the two distant figures. The deformed and tortured landscape is thus a dominant influence on the main figure. Its face which, according to Munch's diaries, he saw on a sculpture in a visiting exhibition of Peruvian art, is skull-shaped and has a mask-like quality that is repeated in later paintings by Much.

The impact of the whole painting lies in the reaction of the viewer to this facial image. We relate to its symbolism and recognise in it our own subconscious fears and memories of despair and fear. The importance of the face in the whole composition is appreciated when one considers the vastly reduced impact the painting would have if the figure was reversed – looking away into the landscape – as the foreground figure does in *Despair*.

The painting begs the question: is the main figure itself screaming (from anxiety brought about by the effect of the intense sunset and depressing landscape on an unhinged mind), or is the figure reacting to an internal or external scream and trying to block out the sound by covering up its ears?

The painting was not well received by the art establishment who disliked both its subject and the fact that it was roughly executed and bore paint drips and scratches. The public was less critical, although it bears a partially erased line of graffiti in the sky which reads '*this painting must have been done by a madman*'. The general critical reaction only added to Munch's growing reputation. The picture, which reflects the era of pessimism of its time, lost popularity during the first half of the 20th century – probably reflecting the horrors of the two world wars. **Hitler's** Nazis branded the painting degenerate. In the latter half of the 20th century it became popular again and **Warhol** used the image commercially. Its strong design has assisted its rise in popularity and its image has been exploited and reproduced onto objects from ties to T-shirts, a victim of its own success.

A few years ago the painting was stolen from the National Gallery in Oslo, with the theft being recorded on security camera. Fortunately it was recovered, and the perpetrators arrested in a daring scheme by an art recovery group posing as representatives from the *Getty Foundation* prepared to buy the painting for £46M.

There must be few who, when seeing the picture for the first time, do not immediately react to its expression of bottomless despair and anguish. Its strong uncompromising structural lines, the threatening blood-red sky and the terror-struck hopelessness written in the staring transfixed eyes of the foreground figure burns into the memory. Such a forceful image could only have been conceived and executed by an artist who has experienced all the despair and psychosis that Munch suffered throughout his life. It



Daisies, gouache by Ruth Parker

cries, it shouts, it screams - with a paradoxical silence.

Ed: Have any readers a favourite artwork they would like to describe? If so, let us know on 01223 211311 or email pamela.barrell@businessarts.co.uk.

SPOKEN LANDSCAPES - The final instalment of our alphabetic anthology of landscape poetry selected, introduced and illustrated by Mark Handley, and interwoven with an art anthology

'Y' is for ...

WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS
(1865 - 1939)

Beginning as a weaver in words of sumptuous tapestries in the manner of **Morris** and **Burne-Jones**, Yeats gradually developed the plainer speech of his later poem, a few brilliant and unforgettable images on a simpler, less tangled background. He once said that **Bernard Shaw** appeared to him in a dream in the form of a sewing machine, clicking and shining and smiling perpetually. Yeats remained a hand-loom weaver, never sitting down with the modern machinists, and made some of the most beautiful verbal fragments to have survived the 20th century.



COOLE PARK AND BALLYLEE (1931)

Under my window-ledge the waters race,
Otters below and moor-hens on the top,
Run for a mile undimmed in Heaven's face
Then darkening through 'dark' Raftery's 'cellar' drop,
Run underground, rise in a rocky place
In Coole demesne, and there to finish up
Spread to a lake and drop into a hole.

What's water but the generated soul?

Upon the border of that lake's a wood
Now all dry sticks under a wintry sun,
And in a copse of beeches there I stood,
For Nature's pulled her tragic buskin on
And all the rant's a mirror of my mood:
At sudden thunder of the mounting swan
I turned about and looked where branches break
The glittering reaches of the flooded lake.

Another emblem there! That stormy white
But seems a concentration of the sky;
And, like the soul, it sails into the sight
And in the morning's gone, no man knows why;

And is so lovely that it sets to right
What knowledge or its lack had set awry,
So arrogantly pure, a child might think
It can be murdered with a spot of ink.



... for **JACK B YEATS (1871 - 1957)**

Jack Yeats was the son of a painter and brother of the poet **W B Yeats** above. He began his career in Ireland as a watercolour painter and illustrator for the family press (later known as the *Cuala Press*). He exhibited at the *Armory Show* in 1913, so-called because it was held in a regimental armoury in New York in an attempt to introduce 'modern', i.e. Post-Impressionist, art to the United States. Yeats began to paint in oil about 1915, usually landscapes in a romantic Abstract Impressionist style. They were admired by his friend **Kokoschka**. There are examples in Belfast, Cork, Dublin and Tate Britain in London.

...and for **MARINA YEDIGAROFF**

Marina Yedigiaroff was born in Washington DC in 1952 and was brought up by a writer with an exceptional visual sense. She can not remember a time when she did not notice what things look like and how they feel. She is a Colourist. Marina travelled and lived in various countries during her childhood: Germany, Africa, France, Belgium and the USA. Her father was a White Russian who lived in New York.

Marina began to paint full-time in Brighton in 1979, some years after a dismal experience at Art College, and she has been painting ever since, exhibiting in Canada, London, Bath, Scotland and of course Cambridge where she lives. She is a veteran of the Cambridge Open Studios and a regular exhibitor at the Old Fire engine House at Ely as well as the Conservatory Gallery. Marina has also exhibited at the Battersea, Glasgow and Dublin Art Fairs. Marina Yedigiaroff lives in a house that is known for its huge ever-growing mural, and for the fact that she paints on furniture and fabrics as well as her large oil paintings and

delicate gouache and inks. She uses gold leaf and has a technique developed by herself and evolved(ing) over many years. She paints plants, animals, birds and figures and is an 'intense decorative Artist'. She is also a published poet and is inspired as much by words as sights. Marina is also a member of the Cambridge Drawing Society.

'If it has a surface I can paint on it' is found to be true by people who visit her home, which is also her studio. She has recently decorated a narrow boat on the Cam, and a building near Barton in Cambridgeshire for the Arbury Trust Woodland Burial Scheme.

Ed: Marina's pictures and cabinet can always be viewed in the Conservatory Gallery.

'Z' is for ...

ZHIVAGO (Boris Pasternak) (1890-1960)

Dr Zhivago is, of course, a fictitious Russian character brought to life on the screen in **David Lean's** film of **Boris Pasternak's** great novel, oddly enough, by an Egyptian actor. But the name is also Pasternak's poetical *nom de plume*. This beautiful poem seems almost a prelude to the crystalline icy tinklings of the film's unforgettable music and the scenes of Zhivago's winter exile. The English translation of the novel appeared in 1958 on this side of the old *Iron Curtain* and was a sensational success, but the long suffering doctor's notable lack of enthusiasm for the Revolution meant that it was not published in his own country until 1987, 27 years after the author's death. Here is evidence of his prowess as a poet:

INDIAN SUMMER

The leaf of the black currant is coarse as canvas.

In the house there is laughter and the sound of ringing glass.

They are slicing, pickling, peppering,
Putting cloves into jars.

The teasing forest
scatters all this noise
Down the steep slope
Where the sun has
scorched the hazel
Like a camp-fire.

Here the path leads
down into the hollow
And you feel sorry for
the fallen trees
And for autumn, the old
rag-and-bone merchant,
Who sweeps everything
into the gully:

Sorry that the world is
simpler
Than some clever
people think,
Sorry for the drooping thicket,
Sorry that each thing has its end:

Sorry that there is no point in staring



When everything before you is burned up,
And autumn's white soot
Drifts through the windows like a cobweb.

A path has broken through the garden fence
And loses itself in the birch-wood.
There is laughter and hubbub in the house
And the same laughter and hubbub far away.

...for JOHANN ZOFFANY (1725-1810)

A painter of portraits, conversation pieces and theatrical scenes, Zoffany was born in Germany, studied in Italy, and worked mainly in England. He arrived about 1761 and was a Founder-Member of the RA (1768). In 1772, at the expense of **George III**, he went to Florence and spent some years there. One result of this was *The Tribuna of the Uffizi Gallery, Florence* (1772-80, Royal Collection). A spell in India followed in 1783-9, painting portraits. He often painted theatrical scenes, usually representing an actual moment in a play, many of them including portraits of **Garrick**. His first success was in 1762 with *Garrick in 'The Farmer's Return'*, and in this he was probably following **Hogarth**, whose *Garrick as Richard III* was painted in 1746. There are works by him in Aberdeen, Birmingham, Burnley, Edinburgh (National Gallery), Glasgow, Liverpool, London (National Gallery, National Portrait Gallery, Tate Britain), Manchester, Newcastle, Ottawa, Springfield Mass. In Windsor Castle there is a painting by him of *The Life School at the Royal Academy* with portraits of leading artists including **Reynolds** using his ear trumpet (1771).

... and for **ZAFFRE, ZAFFER** (the impure oxide obtained by partially roasting cobalt ore mixed with two or three times its weight of fine sand); ... **ZAMBOMBA** (simple Spanish musical instrument made by stretching a piece of parchment over a wide-mouthed jar and inserting a stick in it, the sound being produced by rubbing the stick with the fingers); ... **ZAMPOGNA** (Italian bagpipe); ... **ZAPATEADO** (a lively Spanish dance for a solo performer, with much clicking and stamping of the heels); ... **ZINCOGRAPIC** (an engraving process in which zinc is covered with wax and etched); and finally, ... **ZYTHUM** (a kind of beer made by the ancient Egyptians, much commended by **Diodoros**).

Here endeth our quirky Alphabet Anthology!

POSTBAG...

The following is a reprint of a heartfelt plea from one of our readers:

'Dear Madam,

You have been sending me the Arts' News for some years now. I am very grateful for this as I enjoy it very much - living out in the sticks as I do it is a valuable source of information about the arts and exhibitions as well as interesting articles, and even a recipe!

However my name and address have undergone some changes over time and I wonder if I may just put it straight, as you have married me off to George Smith and moved me to No. 10. This is a tad confusing as George Smith is a girl and married to Tom, and No. 10 is a council house down the road. Would you kindly inform whoever does these things to address me as I hope this will not cause

offence and that you will continue to send me the Arts' News.'

(Full name and correct address supplied).

...and another (typical) one giving rise to a heartfelt plea from us:

'Please can you delete our name and address from your mailing list since we moved to Moscow and news from your gallery is not going to be very helpful in Russia. Thank you.'

(No name and no address supplied!).

Ed: this is the cue for a gentle reminder to all of you to help us to be efficient by keeping us informed of address changes or deletions. These can be by mail, telephone or email but, most importantly, PLEASE TELL US WHO YOU ARE. Also please let us know if you would now prefer to receive your Newsletter via email. If you would quite like to receive by email but are hesitant thinking you will miss out on collecting the invitation cards, we can reassure you - YOU CAN ALWAYS COLLECT AN INVITATION FROM THE GALLERY - WE ALWAYS KEEP A QUANTITY OF SPARES.

PASTEL CLASSES IN GALLERY

11-1 p.m.

Thursdays

Dip in and out
and only pay £8
each time you
come

led by **Jan Davies**

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ART ON A PLATE ...

by **Katharine Macpherson DA**

The Jerusalem artichoke is one of the wallflowers of the vegetable world, all too often doomed to be left on the shelf. Yet it has a delicious and subtle flavour and can be eaten both raw and cooked. Oddly, it is not related to the equally tasty but fiddly globe artichoke, which belongs to the thistle family. In fact, the Jerusalem artichoke is part of the sunflower family, with 'Jerusalem' believed to be a corruption of *girasole*, the Italian word for sunflower.

It makes a velvety-textured soup that is just as good served simply with some crusty farmhouse bread - or dressed up with thin pan-seared slices of scallop for an elegant dinner party starter.

CREAM OF ARTICHOKE SOUP

Serves 4

500g Jerusalem artichokes, peeled and thinly sliced

1 medium onion, peeled
and finely chopped

40g butter

300ml milk

600ml chicken stock

salt and freshly ground
white pepper

for the optional garnish:

20g butter



2 King scallops, without roe, cut horizontally into four slices

* Gently cook the chopped onion in butter in a pan until soft but not coloured.

* Add the sliced artichokes and milk and cook on a low heat for about 10 minutes, stirring occasionally to prevent sticking.

* Add the stock, season, cover the pan and simmer for 20 minutes.

* Puree in the pan with a hand-held blender and serve as it is - or keep it warm while you make the garnish.

* Melt a little butter in a heavy-based frying pan and fry the scallop slices briefly on each side - just long enough to colour gently.

* Add two slices to each bowl of soup and serve.



Bindweed, gouache by Ruth Parker

Wine correspondent Paul Bowes of Bacchanalia and Jug & Firkin (01223 576292) recommends a 'wine with a difference'. Gewurztraminer 2000 Lieu-Dit Herrenweg is a wine with full flavour and character and fruity appetising floral bouquet, from Alsace. More than a bit special at less than £10 per bottle.

FURTHER DATES FOR YOUR DIARY

27th March - Talk by Geoff Marsters in aid of the Sick Children's Trust

Summer 2003: Paintings from Africa by ex-Zimbabwean farmer **Beverley Gibbs**, with sculpture by **Esther Joseph**

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

Winter 2003: **Pamela Hughes** - a retrospective

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Pamela Marshall Barrell