

**Poets
and
Painters**

Isle of Purbeck Arts Club

Newsletter

Summer 2020

“Whereof one cannot speak, thereof one must be silent.” Ludwig Wittgenstein

This newsletter is different insofar as we are bringing together two of the branches of the Isle of Purbeck Art Club in a new way. We hope that the selection of artwork will please and inspire you as much as the poetry.

Poets use their own words all the time and I have tried here to allow the painters to do so as well. All art is a deeply personal statement about the world we encounter and how we relate to it. It represents a journey we embark on alone but in the company of others. And it stands at the juncture between the past and the future in a fleeting present. It will speak for itself or it will be silent.

Many thanks to the artists who have contributed here. Also thanks to Gina Marshall for her endless help, Sarah “Seaside” Early for her enthusiasm and formatting skills and thanks to Douglas for his knowledge and wisdom.



Marie Space

What is your name?

My name is Ann Fellows

When was this created?

My artwork was created in June this year, inspired by the need to stay at home in lockdown.

What materials did you use?

My art work was work on a theme of using and recycling cardboards from food packaging like porridge boxes and the like, the art work was pencil - drawn first to get the idea down quickly as the thoughts come to mind, pencil overlaid with black drawing pen, highlight and colour with ink pens.

What was your inspiration?

I was inspired by thinking of family and friends in lockdown in their own space, my sister, I know, loves books and meditation, healing and work as in well being. So I picture in my mind's eye my sister meditating surrounded by her books and items in her own space, the rainbow mat was a extra thought of the lockdown message of hope and support created mainly by children with their artwork. My work is typically inspired by nature, seasons, landscapes and flowers.

What are you working on now?

I am currently working on ideas for cards. Room signs for the interior space of the home and garden.



The Millpond

What is your name?

Katie Heslop

What materials did you use here?

This painting is on a small canvas 10 inches by 12 inches, and is painted with oils, using predominantly a palette knife.

When did you create this?

It was painted during lockdown from a series of photos taken in late winter.

What inspires you?

I prefer working in oils and some of my other work can be seen on my website katieheslop.co.uk. Many of my paintings are inspired by the colours and reflections I can see, I find painting water an endless source of inspiration whether the seascape, riverbank or in this case, the mill pond! During lockdown I have been able to experiment with more abstract ideas feeling no pressure to produce a piece of work that needed to please anyone other than myself. It has been very liberating.

What are you working on currently?

At present I am painting two Scottish views from photos taken when I was on holiday on the Isle of Skye. I am using a slightly different palette (colours) having been inspired by a course at St Ives on the palette of Winifred Nicholson. She mixed wonderful colours from a limited palette and I am really enjoying the mixing and the discovery of new tones and shades.



Old and New Piers

What is your name?

Linda Wallis

When did you do this piece of art?

April 2020

What materials did you use?

Watercolour

What inspired you to choose the subject matter you have chosen? Is it typical of the type of thing you do?

I was out on one of my daily walks during lockdown on the 9th April and loved the misty light over the hills. I do love painting the local scenery and have done a lot of painting this year due to the lockdown.

What are you currently working on?

I have just finished painting a picture of Studland beach. The Tuesday Morning art group went there a few weeks ago for one of the outdoor painting sessions and I loved the beach huts and trees behind at North Beach. On another of my lockdown walks I came back to Swanage via Ballard down and loved the Hawthorne blossom on the pathway with views of Swanage in a wonderful light to the sky's. The tides have been so low this year which have given me the opportunity to paint all the rocks in the foreground in front of the pier and to the Wellington Tower from the other direction.



Farewell Lady Sian-Mari de Mortimer

What is your name?

My name is Mary Clutterbuck.

When did you do this painting?

I painted this picture during lockdown for a friend who was leaving Dorset to return to live in Wales

What inspired you to do it?

Everything in this picture has something to do with her: the Welsh dragon, the hills with the sea in the distance, daffodils, a knight in shining armour, the medieval castle and she herself in the middle.

What materials did you use?

It was painted in watercolour, pen and ink.

Is it typical of what you do?

I do not normally paint a historical scene like this, although I frequently use pen and ink and watercolour.

What are you working on now?

I am currently working on local scenes of everyday life in Swanage, with a limited colour palette. I try to bring a subtle sense of humour to my work.

High Summer

“Can you hear the buzz of the bees
and the twittering of birds in the trees?”
Enjoy the all-embracing sun,
Buzzing insects, butterflies, bees,
Only alighting where they please
“Why one flower and not another?”

“What do birds find pecking the grass
Guarding one patch, allow no other bird to pass.
Why, with all of the lawn to spare
What is so special about it, just there?”
Maybe some seeds of a plant which is rare
Or, some crumbs scattered by one who does care?

Now for a picnic in the country side
Or, perhaps a short trip to the seaside.
“Have you noticed, when the sun’s in the sky
Everyone is happier, passing by?”

© Margaret Bridle

Lockdown, Lock Up

Lockdown, lock up, let me out,
It's OK for politicians, I hear you shout,
But I'm OK, safe and sound,
self-isolating in my own country's ground.

We are well and feeling great!

I know it is those in big cities that are at fate.
There are some things from lack of social interaction that I miss
Music, poetry, dancing and public talks are all on my list.
We don't have many friends that we see
and a weird family that live close to another sea.

I'm missing the festivals and the mountains in Wales.
Yet LOCKDOWN LOCKED UP
brings Spring into wildlife tails.

BUT now the country is OPENING UP with LOCKDOWN closed
and the migrating from Hell of human youth, Heaven knows!
With the stupidity of BBQs and high thrill-seekers leaps
discarding their litter and destroying Nature's beauty that we seek.

Keep them LOCKED UP and out of harm's way.
And give Nature back another day.

© **Princess of the Woods**

this must be a poem

this must be a poem
look it rhymes at times
look there are no capital letters
look theres no punctuation
this must be a poem

look its got a gap just there
and its words are set out
 in chopped up lines
 to be said

with pauses
 singly
 separately
 strangely
unfathomably

look now theres a long word
and heres some repetition
 heres some repetition
this must be a poem
and heres alliteration
 carefully crafted
 some assonance smoothly soothing
 no structure no metre
what could be sweeter
 this must be a poem

now theres a random off-rhyme
 in this line
 and now some obscurity
 in a jumbled sentence
 that partly backward is
 to clarify confound
 to meaning undermine
the sake of it just for
 indulgently self
ah this must be a poem

but wait

this poems theme is fairly clear
to parody pretentious poetry
i hope its simple message you may hear
a playful poke at poetry & posh pomposity

a touch of of humour simply written
a concept easily understood
a few plain words that actually make sense
and mean something ——
no this can't be a poem

© Martin Hobdell

Summer Pudding

Scatched and bleeding we return home merry

With the makings of a summer pudding.

Two boxes bursting with sloe and blackberry

Ready for the pan and the juices running.

The brush will not scrub off our red stains

Or hot water the scratches and tearing

But the outcome was well worth the pain

To taste summer's sun on the tongue again.

© Jen Howard

Staying Alive

It is Spring and we are in the conservatory
Sitting at a table reading the newspaper
Enjoying minutes of locked-down quiet
Listening to silence with the silent cat
Mulling over her rejected meal.
The acer's fragile leaves are lime green with
All plants vibrant after much-needed rain.
Our lives flap and we have no desire for better
Times than this, not much to show for love
But how we are, or how this evening is,
Locked-down, silent apart from singing birds
Seemingly alone in our quiet retreat
Our senses tuned to foliage and dusk
Looking forward to eating our dinner.

© Jen Howard

Modern Love

It is summer, and we are in a house
That is not ours, sitting at a table
Enjoying minutes of a rented silence,
The upstairs people gone. The pigeons lull
To sleep the under-tens and invalids.
The tree shakes out its shadows to the grass,
The roses rove through the wilds of my neglect.
Our lives flap, and we have no hope of better
Happiness than this, not much to show for love
But how we are, or how this evening is,
Unpeopled, silent, and where we are alive
In a domestic love, seemingly alone
All other lives worn down to trees and sunlight,
Looking forward to a visit from the cat.

© Douglas Dunn

I'd rather be Naked

my response to a toxic textile industry

I'd rather be naked

Than clothed with guilt

Poisoned children

Polluted Earth

Only to look good

Can't understand want for a fashion

That's hanging others up to dry

Might as well wear a T-shirt that says

Live and let Die

I can't just strut around town

Knowing wildlife and people will no longer be around

How can I look good when I only feel shallow

Bright threads of poison

my clothes casting a shadow

I'd rather be naked

Made to walk these streets

Then be clothed with guilt

River's full with the dye they bleed

© Eliza Naldrett

Sketches

The protective blanket shields
then slides to the floor in staggered moves.

Fan heaters blast their fearsome air
where the damp dries momentarily.

Cushions plump and soft lines rest.
Staring eyes scan the shadows
tracing them with Charcoal.

Stagnant coffee in floral cups
settles like delicate stretch marks
that only she can see.

The Polite Ghost

Last night I heard a tapping
gently on my door.
It was a soft sort of rapping, never heard
before.

I wondered should I answer,
is someone close behind,
but then I snuggled down again for fear of what
I'd find!

River

Arms outstretched in willow tree sleeves.
She sits regal on an oil slick cloth.
Hair trickles over skeletal shoulders
in a winding river of copper and peat.

Fast flowing waters with eyes fixed ahead on a memory.
She mutters her love to the whispering rushes.
A single thorn clings to a dove that she cradles to her chest.
Eyes become coffin lids holding her down.

© **Claire Leyman**

Holidays!

My Norwegian friend
Will pass her summer on Whale Island
on the Arctic Circle.
Blessed by Nature,
and the Midnight Sun.

But I cannot travel to a British Island.
Not Orkney or Shetland.
Not Lundy or Skomer,
Neither Rhum, nor Eigg.

Not even my local Isle of Wight.

These beautiful places do not want us.
Because they fear that we will bring disease.
And they are right.

For we are governed by fools,
And our people are dying.

That fatal journey

The boundary between Life and Death
Is a mystery.
Invisible — yet ever present.

We may try to ignore it,
But it remains there, watching us.

We might be intensely curious
About what happens on the far side,

Yet the cost of knowledge remains
Too high for me.

I do not — yet — wish to
Navigate those perilous waters.

And yet my two brave cats,
Without charts to guide them,
Simply trusting in their own instincts,

Must soon make their last journey
Into what lies on the other side.

And suddenly I wish I could follow them!

© Sarah Early

Nancie Hart

Nan passed away peacefully at Wordsworth house on 27th. June aged 103 years. Nan was made an honorary Life member of the Arts Club and painted with Studio Workshop for many years after moving to Swanage following retirement from her job at the Bank of England. The photograph was taken at her flat in front of some of her work when she was 99 years old and still painting. Nan was especially gifted in using pastels as demonstrated in these two paintings. I visited Nan just before lockdown and she was her usual bright and chirpy self and loved talking to visitors, which sadly she couldn't during her last few months, when visitors were banned. Her smile and happy personality will be missed by her family and friends.



Nan Hart at home with some of her paintings.

Douglas Addison



Visual Arts Outings

Following on from the Spring News Letter, there were no further outings to galleries , operas or the B.S.O. concerts because of lockdown. Please let me know of any venues members wish to go to in the Autumn assuming they are open by then.

Douglas Addison

Bursary Applications

Bursary applications are available at the New Wave Gallery, 43a, High Street, Swanage. The Pat Tunnell for singing awards must be returned by August 31 st . together with a video recording of two songs. The Emmie and Rex Neate applications must be returned by Monday 7 th . September.

Douglas Addison

Poetry group contact: Sarah Early sdm.early@gmail.com.

Currently we are sharing our poems by Email, but we hope to meet again when we can make safe arrangements. New members are always welcome.

Painters can contact us at isleofpurbeckartsclub@gmail.com

We expect Studio Workshop to start again in the Catholic Hall on Tuesday 6th. October where there is plenty of space for social distancing.