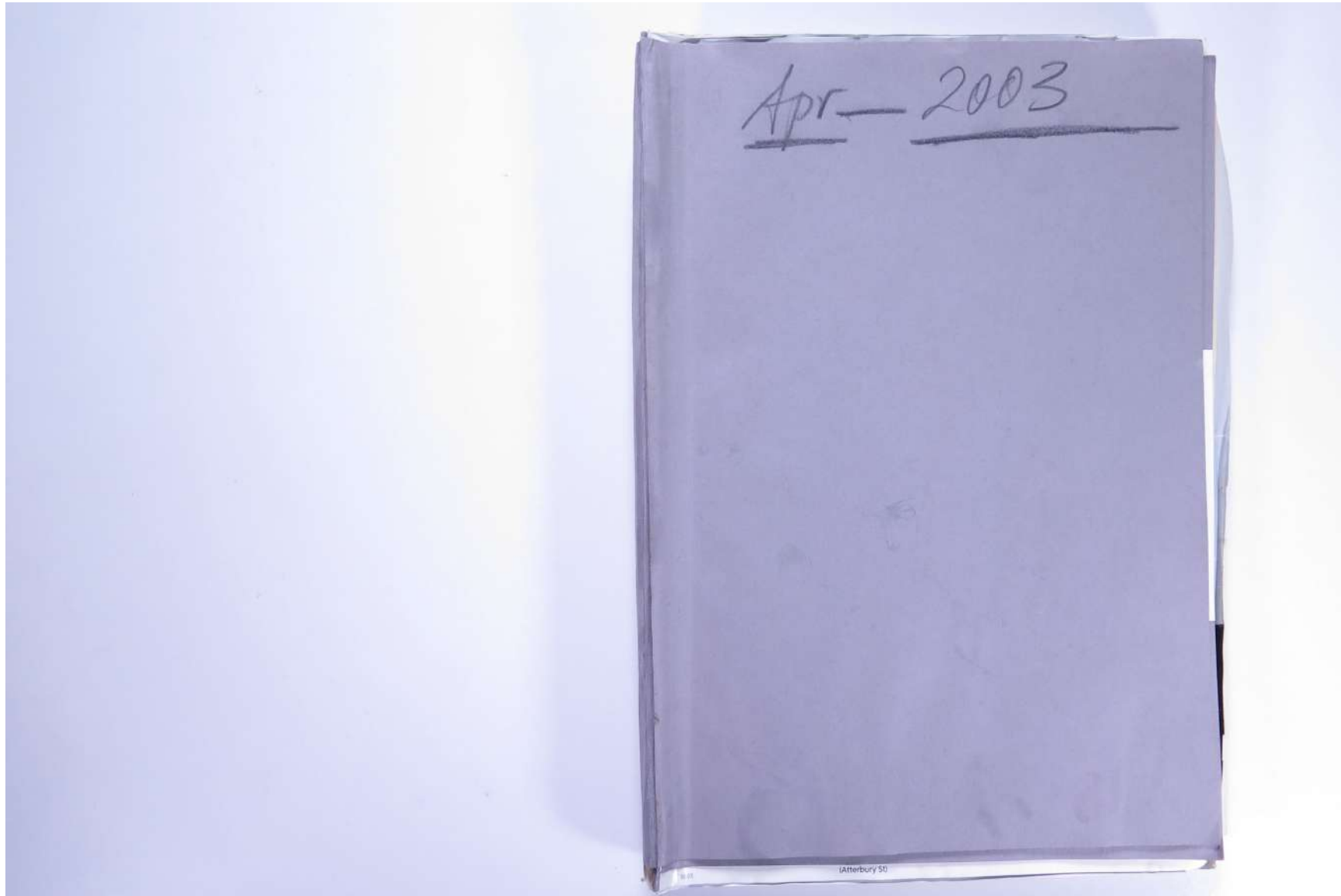


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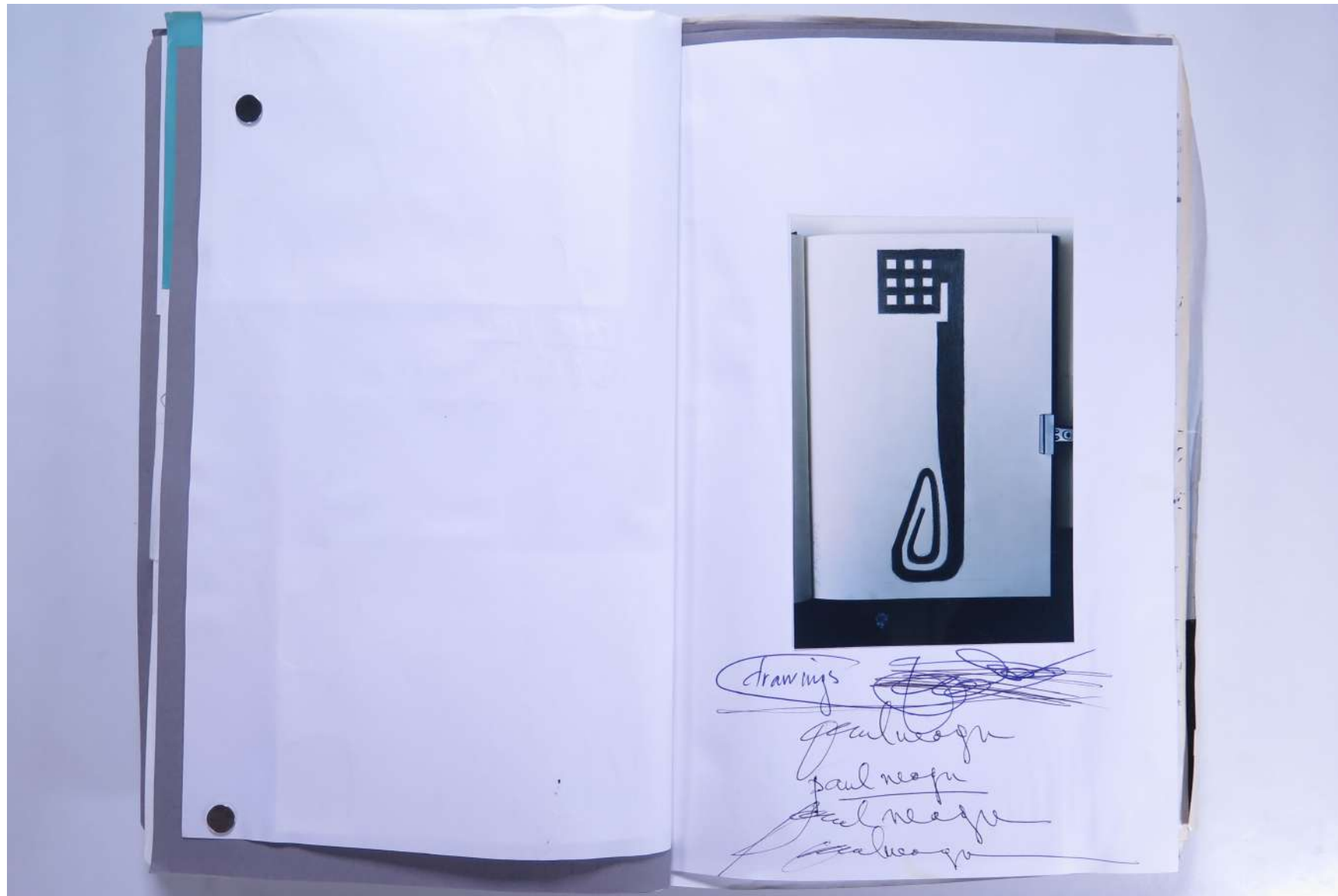
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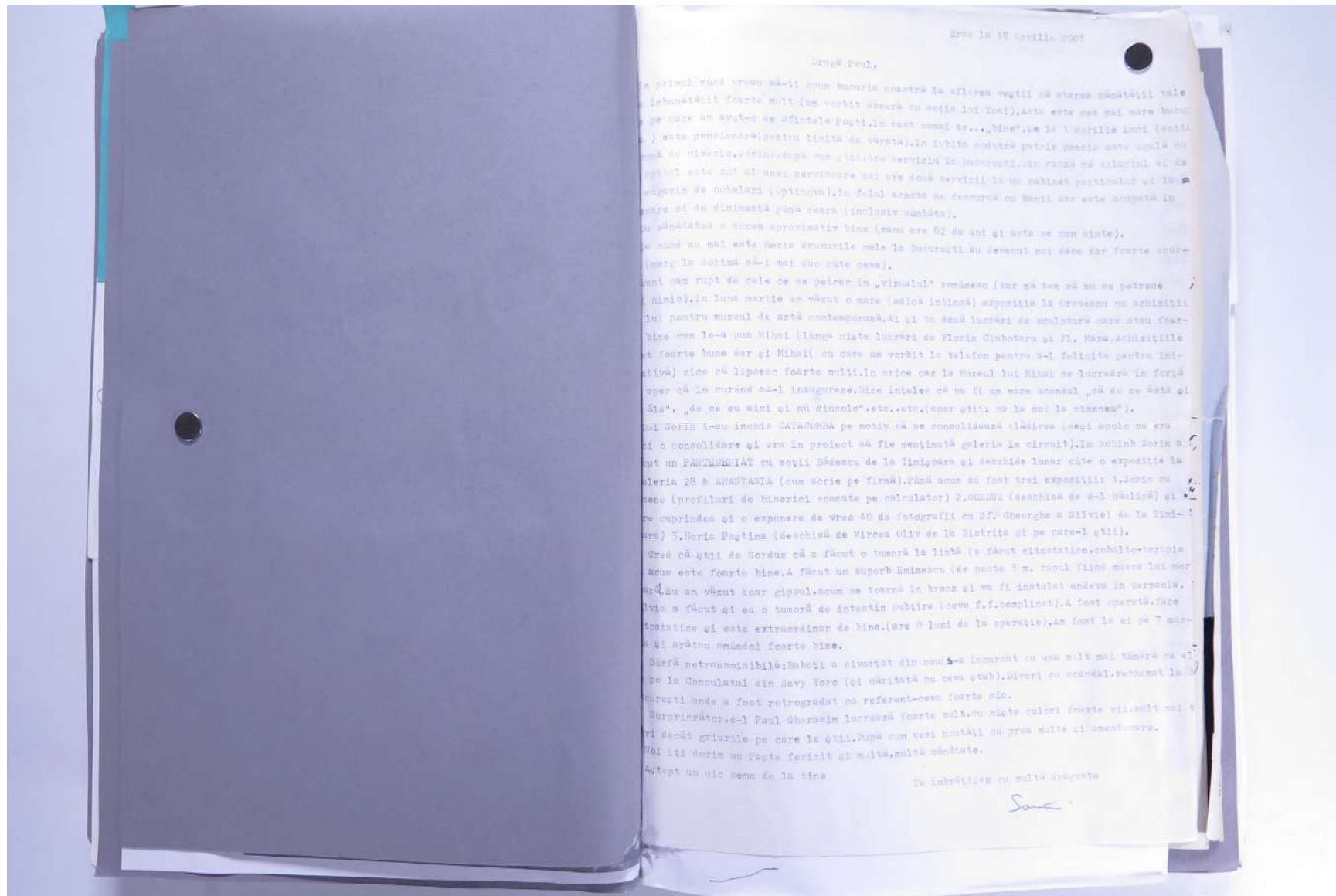
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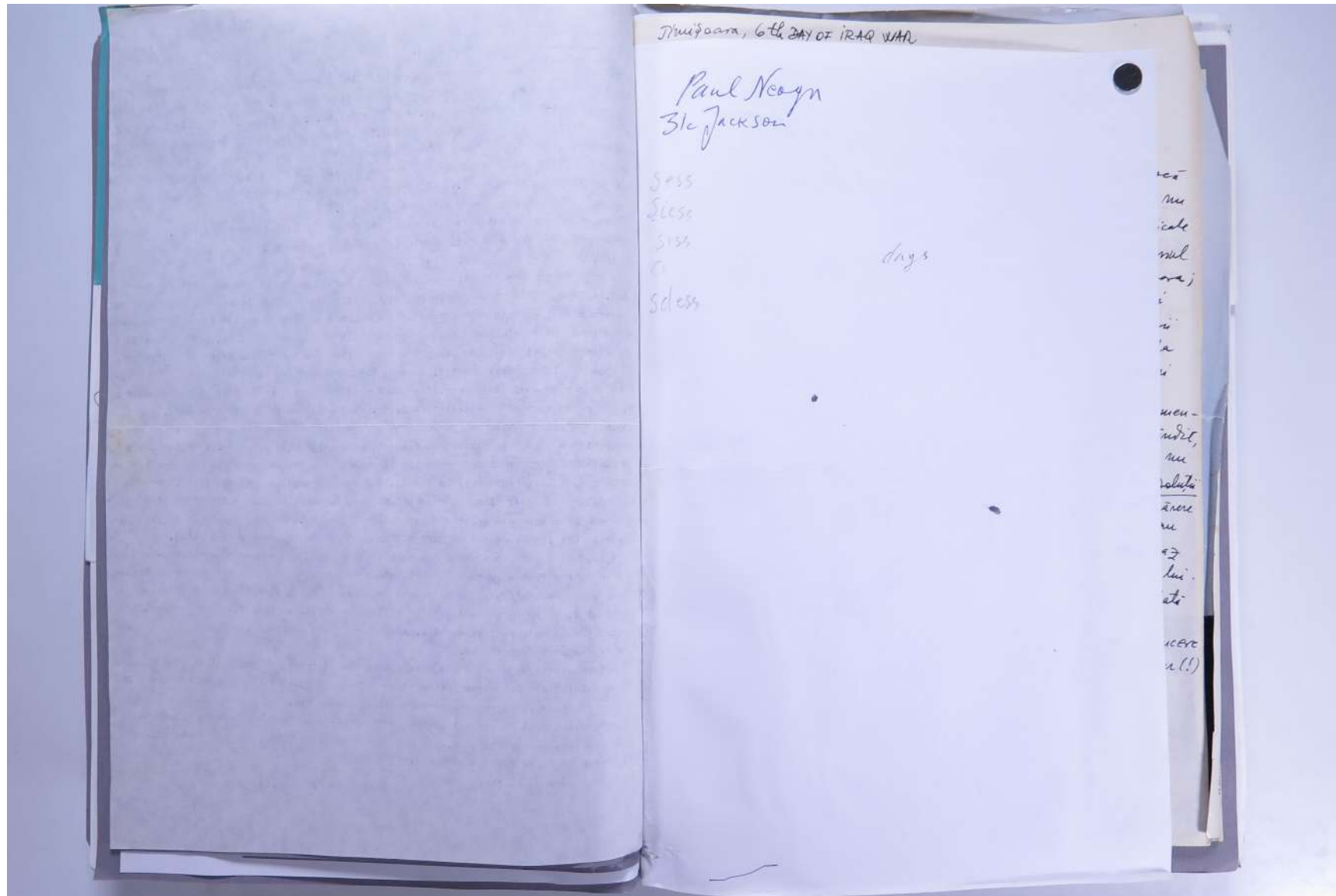
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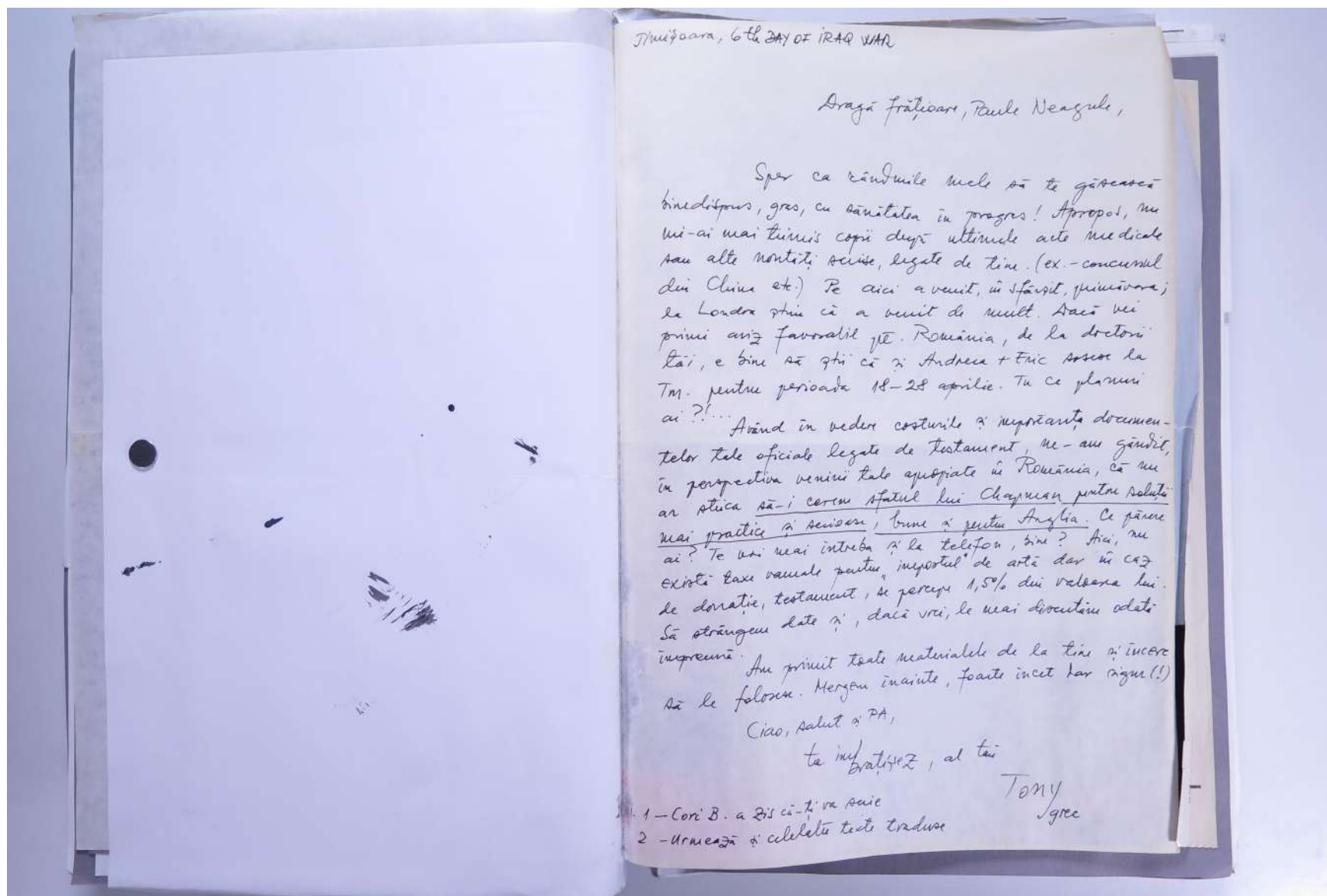
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PNE 136.013



Timisoara, 6th DAY OF IRAQ WAR

Draga fratiori, Paulu Neagu,

Sper ca rãndurile mele sã te gãsescã bine-dispus, gras, cu sãnitãtea în progres! Apropos, mi-ai mai trimis copii drept ultimã actã medicalã sau alte montãzi scise, legate de tine. (ex.-concursul din China et.) Pe aici a venit, în sfârșit, primãvara; la Londra știu cã a venit de mult. Acã vei primi aviz favorabil pã România, de la doctorii tãi, e bine sã știi cã: Andreia + Eric sãsesc la Tim. pentru perioadã 18-28 aprilie. Tu ce planuri ai?!

Având în vedere costurile și importanța documentelor tale oficiale legate de testament, mi-am gândit, în perspectivã venirii tale apãroiate în România, cã nu ar stica sã-i cerem sfatul lui Chapman pentru soluții mai practice și scize, bune și pentru Anglia. Ce părere ai? Te voi mai întreba și la telefon, bine? Aici, nu existã taxe vamale pentru „importul” de artã dar în caz de donãție, testament, se percepe 1,5% din valoarea lui. Sã strãngem date și, dacã vrei, le voi discuta în odatã împreună.

Au primit toate materialele de la tine și încerc sã le folosesc. Mergem înainte, foarte încet dar sigur(!)

Ciao, salut și PA,

te iubesc și te iubesc, al tãu

Tony  
Igre

- 1 - Cori B. a 2is cã-ți va scie
- 2 - Urmează și celelalte texte traduse

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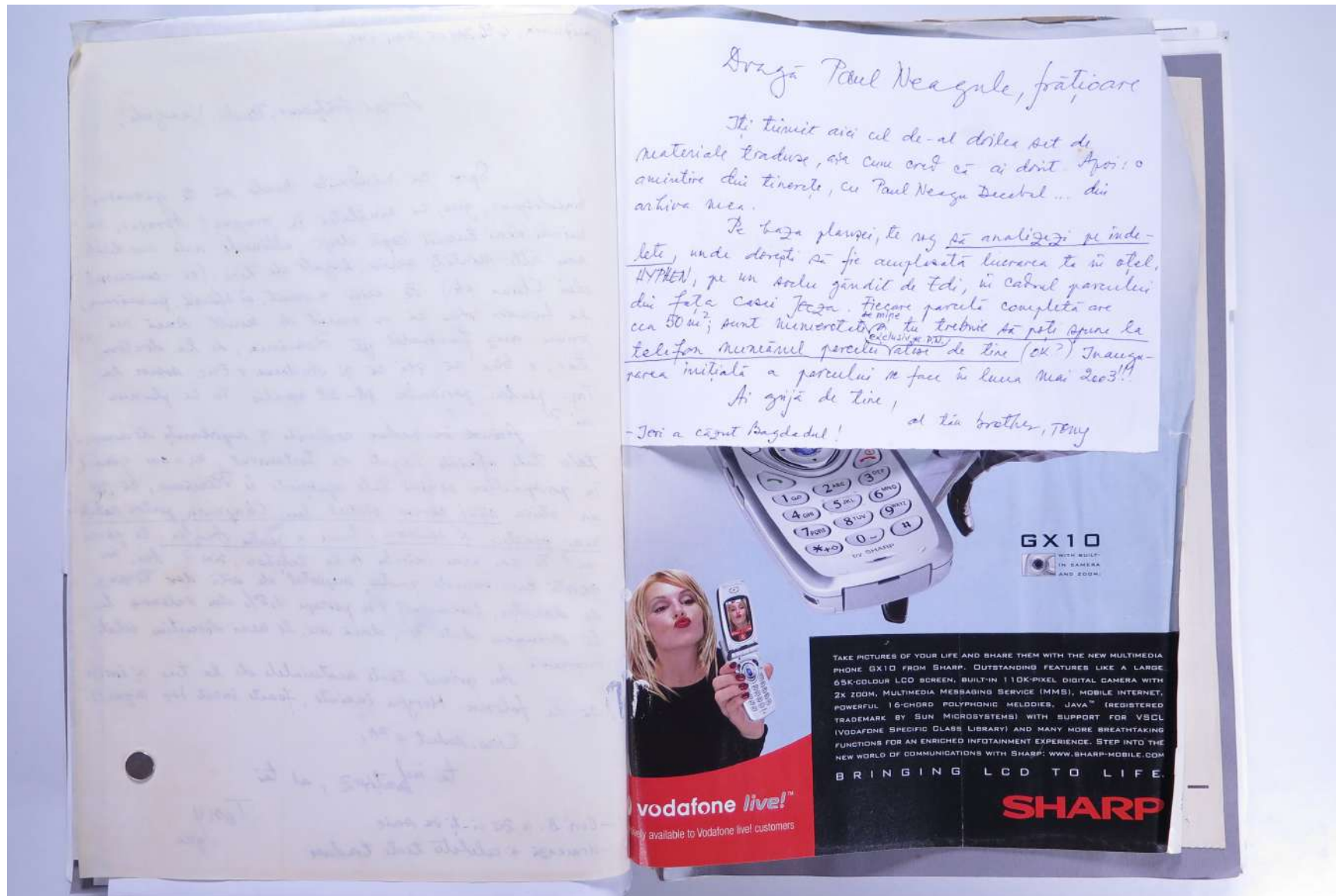
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RE



## AHEAD OF THE CURVE

Barbara Hepworth carved herself a place in history as the world's first major female sculptor. But her success came at a price. In the centenary of her birth, **Hilly Janes** uncovers the tragic private life of a true art pioneer. Photographs **Howard Sooley**

Uncommon Touch: (above) Hepworth in 1951, reviewing plans for the Festival of Britain. Right: a large sculpture in the gardens of her studio in Trevery, St Ives

As diplomats scurry in and out of the United Nations headquarters in New York trying to avert global conflict, they can hardly fail to notice the 2.7m-high sculpture outside. *Single Form (Memorial)*, was unveiled in 1964 by its creator Barbara Hepworth, who had supported the organisation since its birth. The UN is our conscience. If it succeeds it is our success. If it fails it is our failure,' she said with uncanny prescience.

It is 100 years since Hepworth was born, but as her remark about the UN suggests, she was at the vanguard of some of the most important upheavals of the 20th century – not just in her politics but in her art and the way in which she conducted her life. Very few women born at the beginning of the past century achieved greatness, but thanks to her formidable talent and tenacity, she became the first major female sculptor anywhere in the world. That she did so despite a difficult and often tragic personal life makes it all the more remarkable.

A series of centenary exhibitions already under way will remind us that Hepworth was a key figure in introducing cutting-edge modern art to a British audience in the 1930s – often in the face of great hostility from critics and the public alike. But her influence reaches beyond galleries and sculpture parks. Hepworth's studio and living quarters in St Ives, now a museum, may be more or less as they were when she died, but their white, minimalist-vegetational interiors wouldn't look out of place in a contemporary style magazine.

In an era when books on de-cluttering become bestsellers, there is something about her pure, clean yet sensuous aesthetic that attracts us. It's the pull of weather-beaten standing stones, driftwood and pebbles, elements of a landscape that moved and inspired Hepworth deeply. Hers was a very British kind of romanticism, but with a modern twist. It's why Habitat sells matt white lamp bases pierced with holes – the mass-market descendants of the 'pois mirt modernism' that is her trademark.

Hepworth's background among the Yorkshire mill-owning classes was ordinary enough, but she probably always felt special. The words 'first' and 'only' appear in the story of her life from the word go. An all-round star pupil at Wakefield Girls' High School, she left early to take up scholarships at Leeds School of Art and, later, the Royal College. There, her friends and mentors included Henry Moore, a mature post-war student several years her senior, and Herbert Read, who later became an influential writer and critic.

One of Hepworth's talented fellow students at the Royal College of Art was a handsome young sculptor called John Skeaping. He hadn't taken much notice of her until they both won awards to study in Italy, but now he was struck by her good

looks. 'She had a most unusual head, a forehead projecting further out at the hair line than at its base; brown eyes with the upper lids scarcely visible, like those of Orientals; a silken fair skin and good nose and mouth,' he wrote later. They travelled around Italy together, studying the old masters and honing their skills as stone carvers with master craftsmen. And they fell in love. By the time they returned to England, they were married. Hepworth was only 22.

For the first time in her life, she was expected to give attention to more than just her art, and from this point on, it could be argued, this young woman who had met no obstacles to fulfilling her goals began to falter. Her arms (figurative marble carvings, such as *Doves* (1927)) attracted wealthy patrons, commissions and the opportunity to exhibit in London. But while Skeaping enjoyed the 'frivolities and gaieties of Bloomsbury', he accused his wife of wanting only to spend time with people who would further her career – and he would not be the first by any means. Despite the birth of a son, Paul, in 1930, the marriage fell apart. While the baby may have imposed one of her best-loved pieces, *Infant, Paul* and, later, his siblings, would never really compete with her passion for work.

The one person who could – or so it seemed – was the British painter Ben Nicholson. A snap taken on the beach in Norfolk shows Hepworth flanked by Moore and Nicholson, her arms raised as she fans her hair, cigarette dangling from her lips, insouciant in dark, wide-legged trousers and a vest. The urbane, stylish and witty Nicholson was married with a young family, but he was soon to step into Skeaping's shoes in the Mall Studios in Hampstead where Hepworth lived and worked.

Here, in Herbert Read's so-called 'gentle nest of artists', Hepworth, Nicholson and their mostly male contemporaries shared and shaped each other's lives and increasingly abstract work, promoting their ideas through avant-garde magazines and artists' groups. With Nicholson, she visited Paris, where they met Picasso, Braque, Brancusi, Arp and Mondrian. The clever girl from Wakefield was right at the centre of one of the most exciting periods in modern art.

It wasn't easy. The kind of abstract art that she and Nicholson worked towards was universally derided. The critic Anthony Blunt described one group exhibition as 'a bedful of dreamers' and singled out Hepworth for snoring. 'They were very bright, they were poor and earned very little money, they were poor and earned very little money, dependent on a handful of collectors,' says Sir Alan Bowness, former director of the Tate Gallery, and Hepworth's son-in-law. And life was about to get even tougher. On 2 October 1934 Hepworth, feeling tired, went to bed early. She was heavily pregnant and what no one had suspected was that

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← was carrying triplets - and they arrived during the night. 'We had only a basement flat, no washing in the garden and a kitchen that doubled up as a bathroom, £20 in the bank and no car. I myself know fear for the first time in my life, as I was very weak and wondered how on earth we were to support this family on [Ben's] white trifles and the carving I was doing,' she wrote later in her autobiography.

Sarah Bowness pours tea from a Bernard Leach pot in the sitting room of the home in London she shares with her husband Alan. The walls are hung with her father's refined, geometric abstracts and a Hepworth sculpture sits on an occasional table. She is glib, but takes little pleasure in the work. She and her sister Rachel Nicholson - their brother Simon died in 1990 - are wary of journalists and Sarah has never granted an interview before.

'Triplets were rare in the 20s. We were very small and needed special care, the girls weeding only about six,' she explains. 'My mother couldn't get enough help and the only way it could be dealt with was by our going into a matron-training college nearby, when we were three months old.'

Sarah, Rachel and Simon stayed there until they were three, seeing their parents at weekends and eventually returning to the Mill Studios where they were installed in their own quarters with a nurse and cook. Domestic labour was cheap in those days and the modest weekly cheque that Hepworth received from her father for many years helped pay their wages.

Hepworth may have known how to make her mark on a piece of marble, but she discovered that triplets can be far more impregnable. Her organisational skills were formidable, however, as Sarah acknowledges. 'I admire her courage. She took a lot of responsibility - for our education, to balance the books somehow or other, the housekeeping. It was very demanding.'

Her sister Rachel Nicholson agrees. She is a painter of still lifes and views of St Ives which, she hopes, reflect something of the peace and harmony that her mother's work achieved. A mother of three, she is particularly aware of the difficulties of combining a career as an artist with raising a family. 'Either you are very ruthless and everything else is put to one side,' she says, 'or it is a matter of all kinds of compromises.'

But though she was a great organiser, even Hepworth could not anticipate the difficulties that war would bring. As collectors spent less, her income dried up and she feared for the safety of her children - especially in a glass-roofed studio. When friends invited the family to take refuge in St Ives in the summer of 1939, she and Nicholson saw no alternative. Arriving at midnight in a £17 second-hand car - it was cheaper than the rail fares - her spirits were at zero. But the next morning she was already stirred by the timeless rocks and

contours of the Cornish landscape.

A Boerian evacuee's paradise, it was not, however. 'We moved twice in Cornwall; we were turned out of the first house we were in and had to find somewhere else,' says Sarah. 'It wasn't an adventure, it was a necessity.' In 1943, Sarah developed osteomyelitis, a serious bone disease which required long stays in hospital. It was four years before she was fully upright again.

The family were prone to chest infections during the damp Cornish winters, and, as the war effort increased, domestic help disappeared. At times, Hepworth was reduced to drawing at night and making a few plaster maquettes. But what she describes as 'such an unreasonable and not, would not, be thwarted. Sensuous, curvilinear carvings in wood, such as *Wave*, emerged; their internal spaces often coloured and criss-crossed with strings as faintly stretched as their creator must have sometimes felt herself.

The following year a way out presented itself in the form of scholarships for the children at Dartington Hall, a progressive school in Devon. Educationally, it was a good opportunity for the triplets - but they were rarely, if ever, visited or taken out by anyone except their half-brother Paul, who had chosen to live with his father. 'He was totally generous and unselfish,' Rachel recalls, and his visits to Cornwall were the highlight of the holidays.

'Like all children who go to boarding school, when we came home in the holidays we had no friends so it was really rather boring. My father would play the odd ball game and my mother would give up a day or two at Christmas,' Rachel says. She hated the competitive atmosphere in St Ives, a very small town where some very big egos inevitably clashed. There had been an artistic community there for years, but the more traditional elements of the new-fangled ideas of incomers, such as Hepworth and Nicholson, while warring local artists sometimes felt stifled by them.

'We suffered a lot as children, because people were very rude about what our parents did,' she recalls. 'Not only did we not have a penny but they disapproved of the work. People imagined there was lots of money and success, but we'd left home by then.'

Hepworth confided in a friend that once she had got the children safely through to adolescence, a new period would start for her. 'A period of freedom and activity when there will be such a lot to do.'

Twenty years later, Hepworth flew to New York to unveil *Single Form* at the United Nations. Her largest work to date, it was a tribute to her friend, the former UN secretary-general Dag Hammarskjöld, who had been killed in an air crash. It was certainly one of the high points of her career. She

Against the grain (clockwise, from left) the artist at work in Trewyn, in 1952; inside the Hepworth museum; triplets Simon, Rachel and Sarah in 1937; *Single Form*, the 21ft sculpture made for the UN, Two Forms (1933)



**'MY MOTHER COPED WITH HER PROBLEMS BY PUTTING US IN A NURSERY-TRAINING COLLEGE WHEN WE WERE BABIES'**

had indeed, found a lot to do. The two decades after the war produced an enormous amount of work and a great deal of success. Hepworth represented Britain at the Venice Biennale, had a retrospective at the Whitechapel Gallery and beat both Mondrian and Nicholson to a major international art prize. She was awarded a CBE and later made a dame - the first female sculptor to be thus honoured. She was also the first woman to become a trustee of the Tate, which gave her a retrospective in 1968.

With success came money. In 1960, she sold £20,000-worth of work through one New York Gallery alone. She was a gallery artist at price-conscious Scimpels in London - whose funding enabled her to work in bronze, the most durable of materials, which she cast in limited editions, thus increasing her output and earnings. ▶



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What better way to step into spring and give your home a new look than by winning this fantastic living room? The Observer is offering one lucky reader the chance to win this stylish room, courtesy of John Lewis's Fresh New Look promotion. The prize, worth £5,000, will include a luxurious leather three seater sofa and armchair, and a selection of fabulous accessories, including vases, lamps and cushions.

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### The Observer

### John Lewis

**Terms and conditions:** 1. Lines are open until Sunday 23 March 2003. 2. The prize is the Fresh New Look living room featured here plus a leather armchair. Subject to availability, alternatives will be offered to the value of £5,000. Please allow 12 weeks for delivery. 3. Winners will be drawn at random from all entries received by Sunday 23 March. 4. Calls cost 15p per minute and will last no longer than 3 minutes. 5. The winner will be notified by telephone on 21st March. 6. Not open to employees of Observer Newspapers Limited or John Lewis, their agencies, or anyone else connected with the promotion or administration of the promotion. 7. Only one entry allowed per person. 8. Prize is non-transferable and there will be no cash alternatives. 9. No responsibility taken for entries lost, delayed or incomplete. 10. Postal address: send your name, address and email on a postcard or sealed envelope by 23 March. 11. PO Box 666, Birmingham B1A 9SR, stating the media code 04AUJ002; how many times a week you read the Observer, how many times a month you follow Observer, and if you do not wish to receive further offers from companies screened by the Guardian. 11. Promoter: The Guardian, 119 Farringham Road, London EC3A 3ER.

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### The REAL Arthritis Cure

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Mrs M. G. "I don't know how to thank you enough for making me feel young again. Who would have believed a handful of capsules could do this for me. I swear it's a miracle" (full testimonial on page 81).

Mrs M. M. "I can now walk without having to use my stick. I am going to order my second bottle and I will keep you posted of my progress" (full testimonial on page 89).

In this fascinating book, Dr Sands explains how arthritis starts in the body and how it can affect you. He then explains how, he believes, CMO can help you beat arthritis including the amazing personal story of one leading doctor who tried the product himself!

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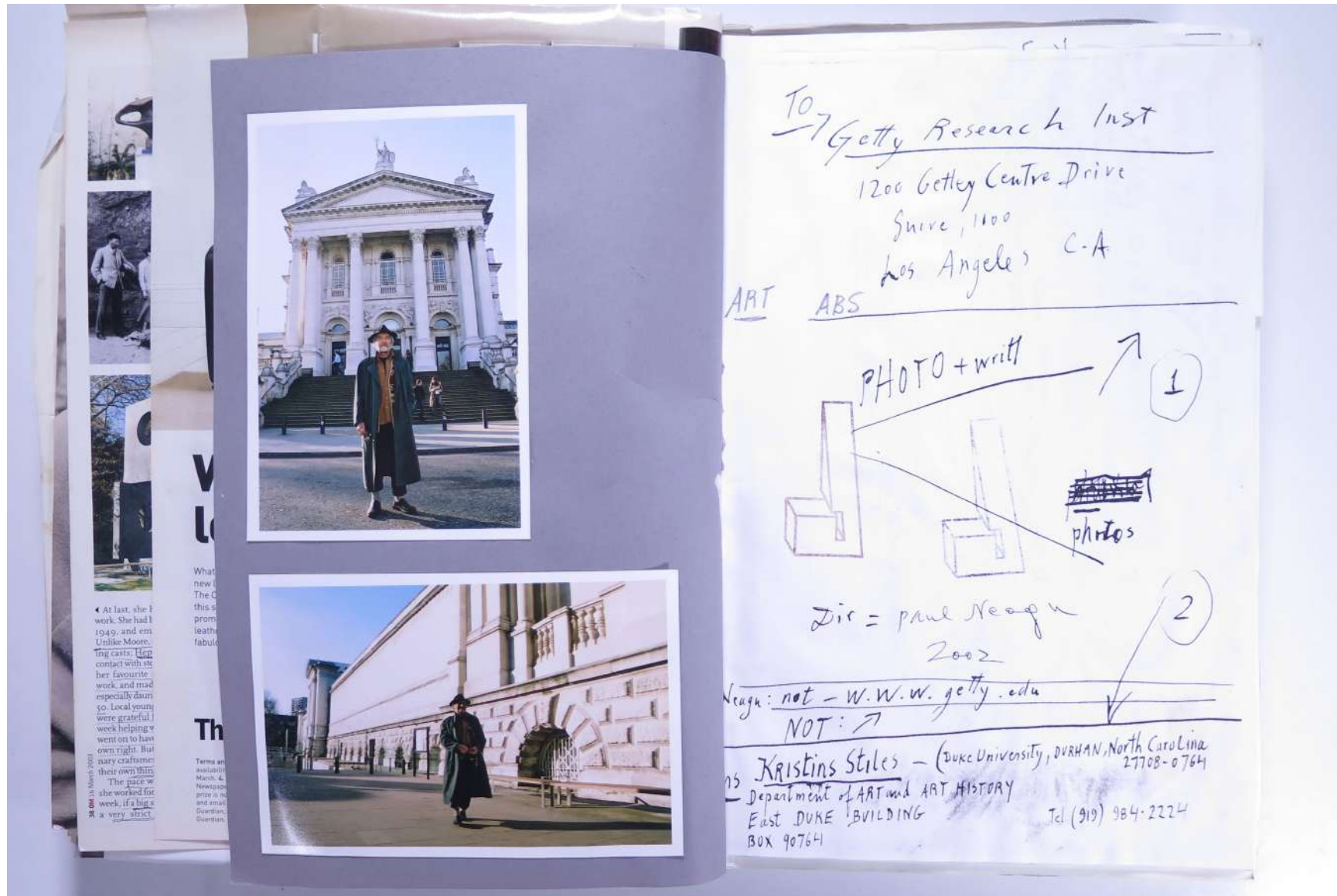
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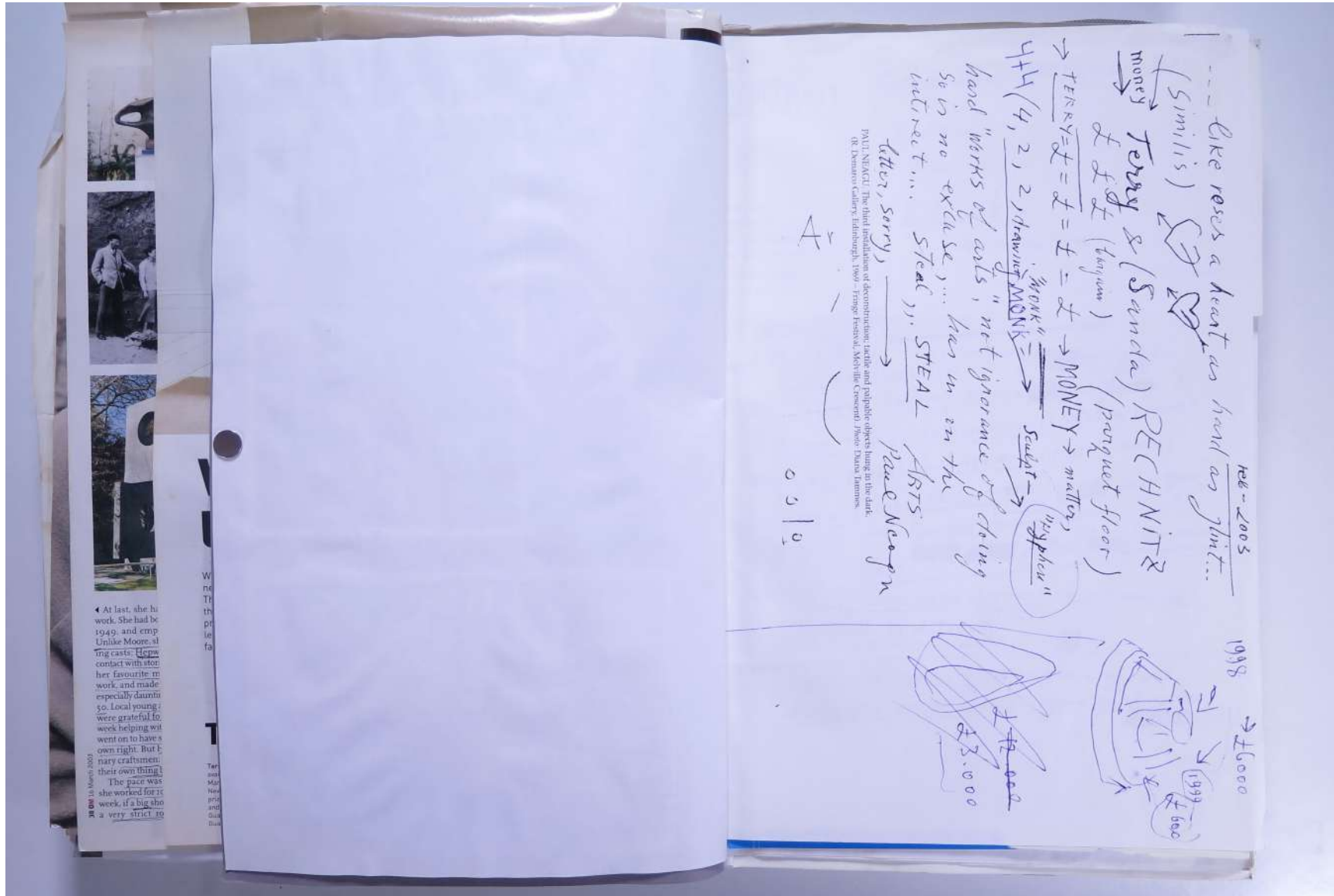
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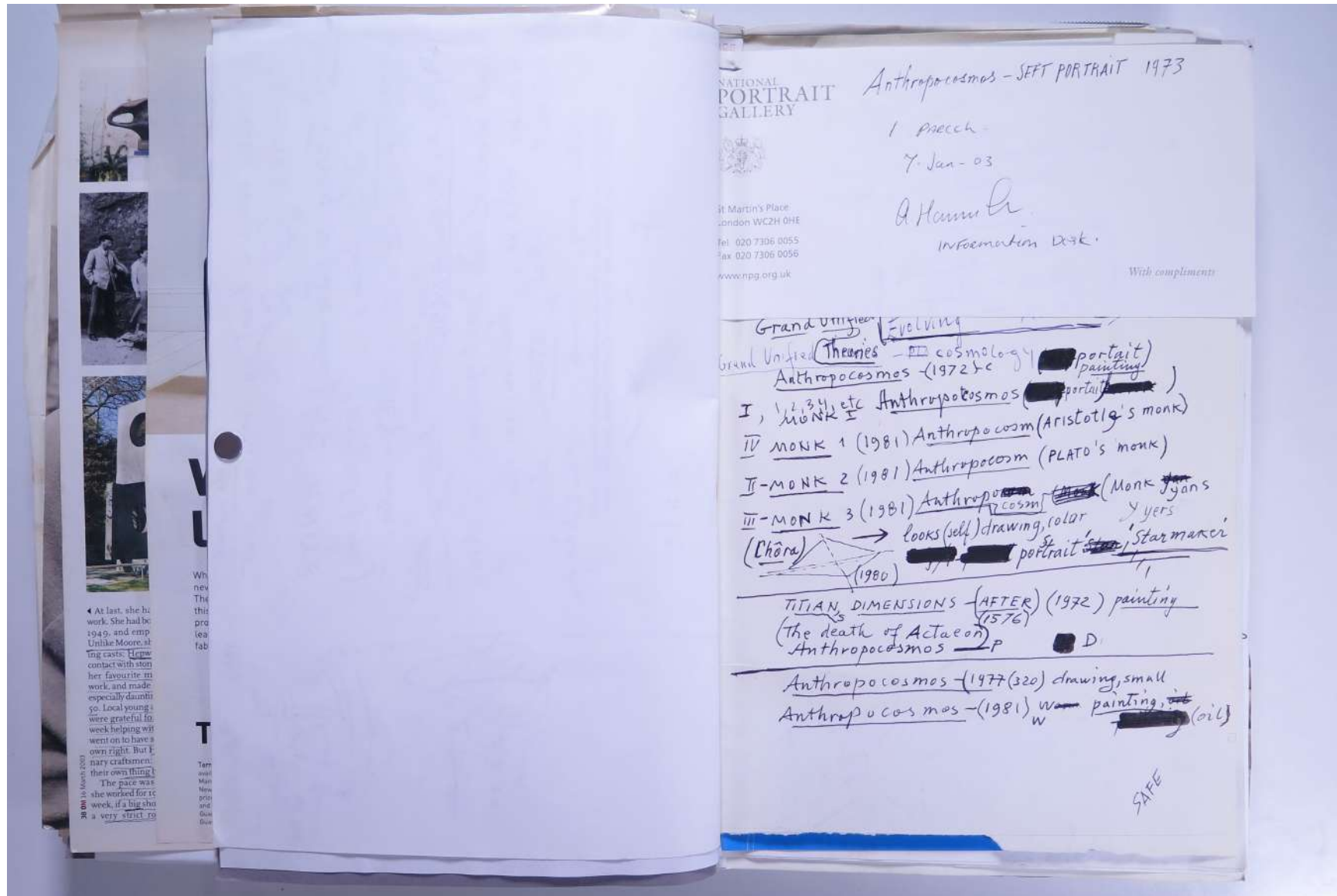
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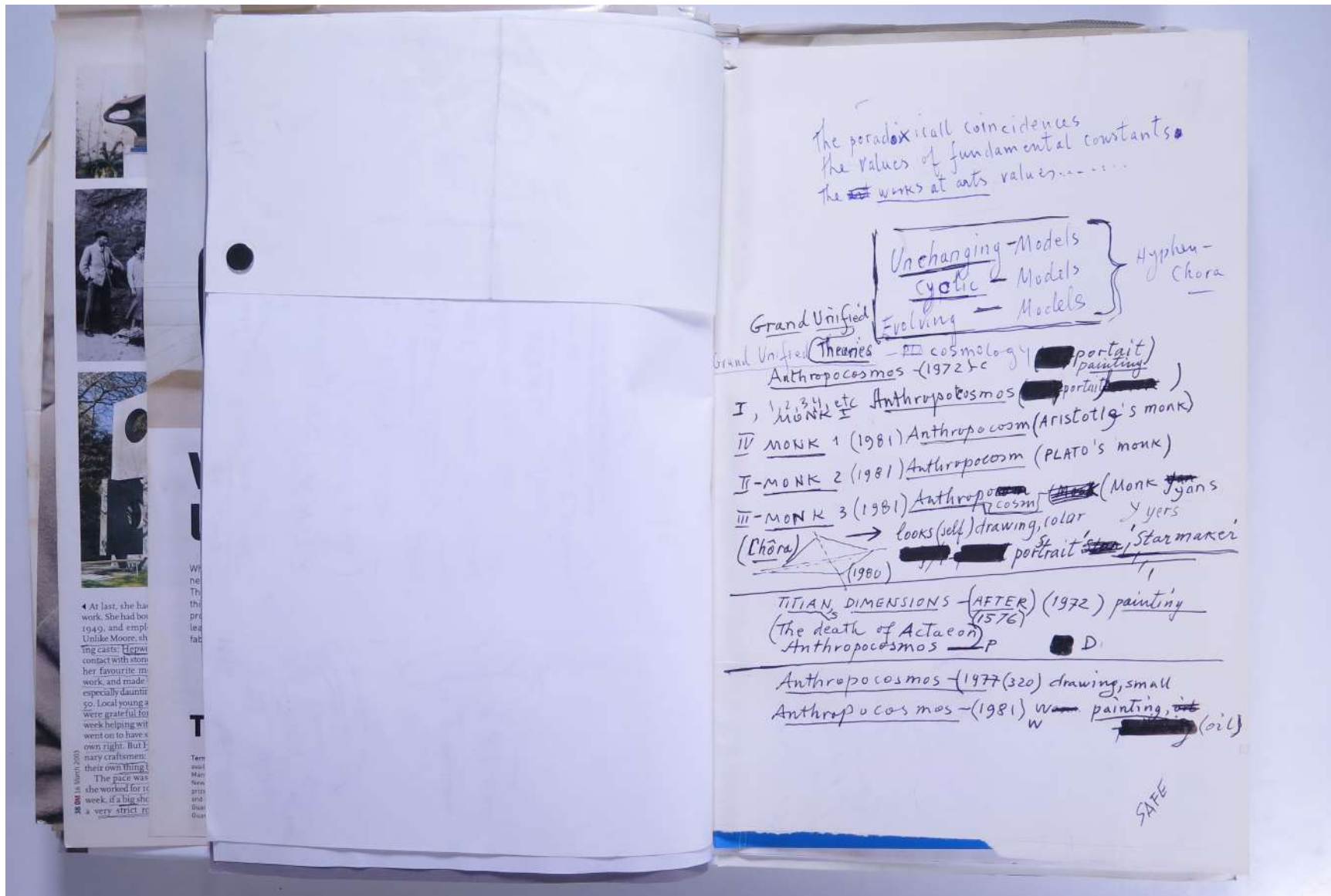
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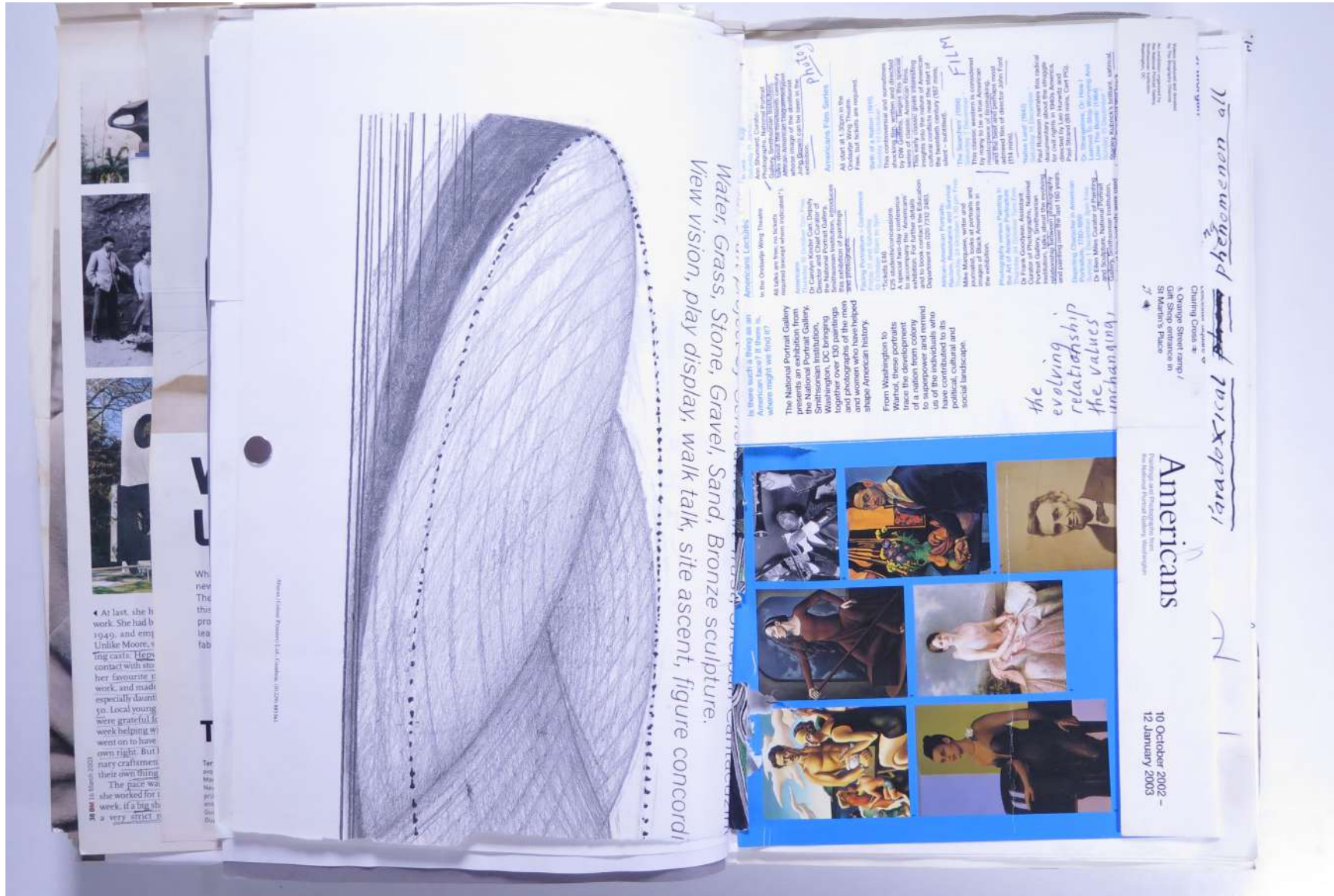
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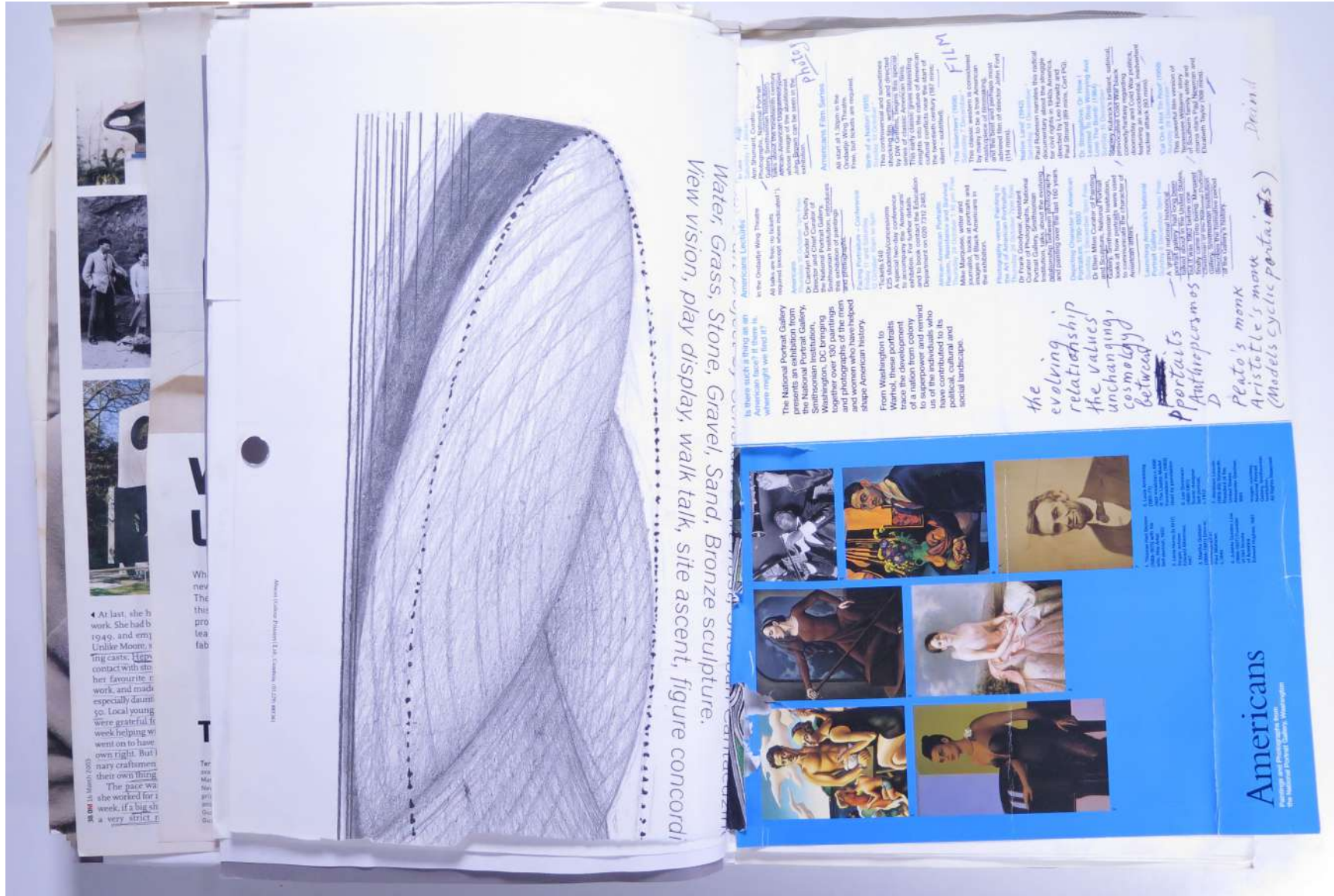
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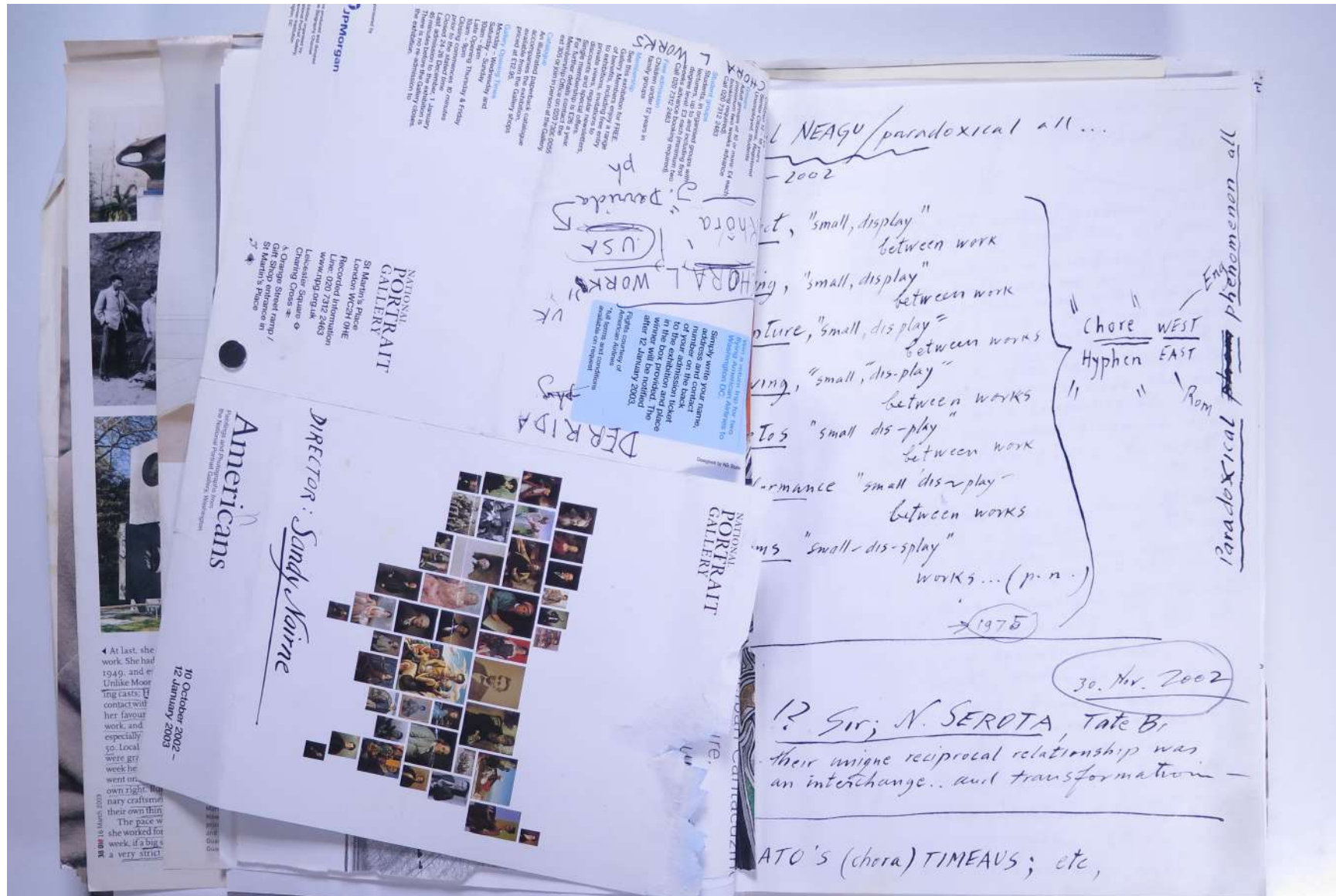
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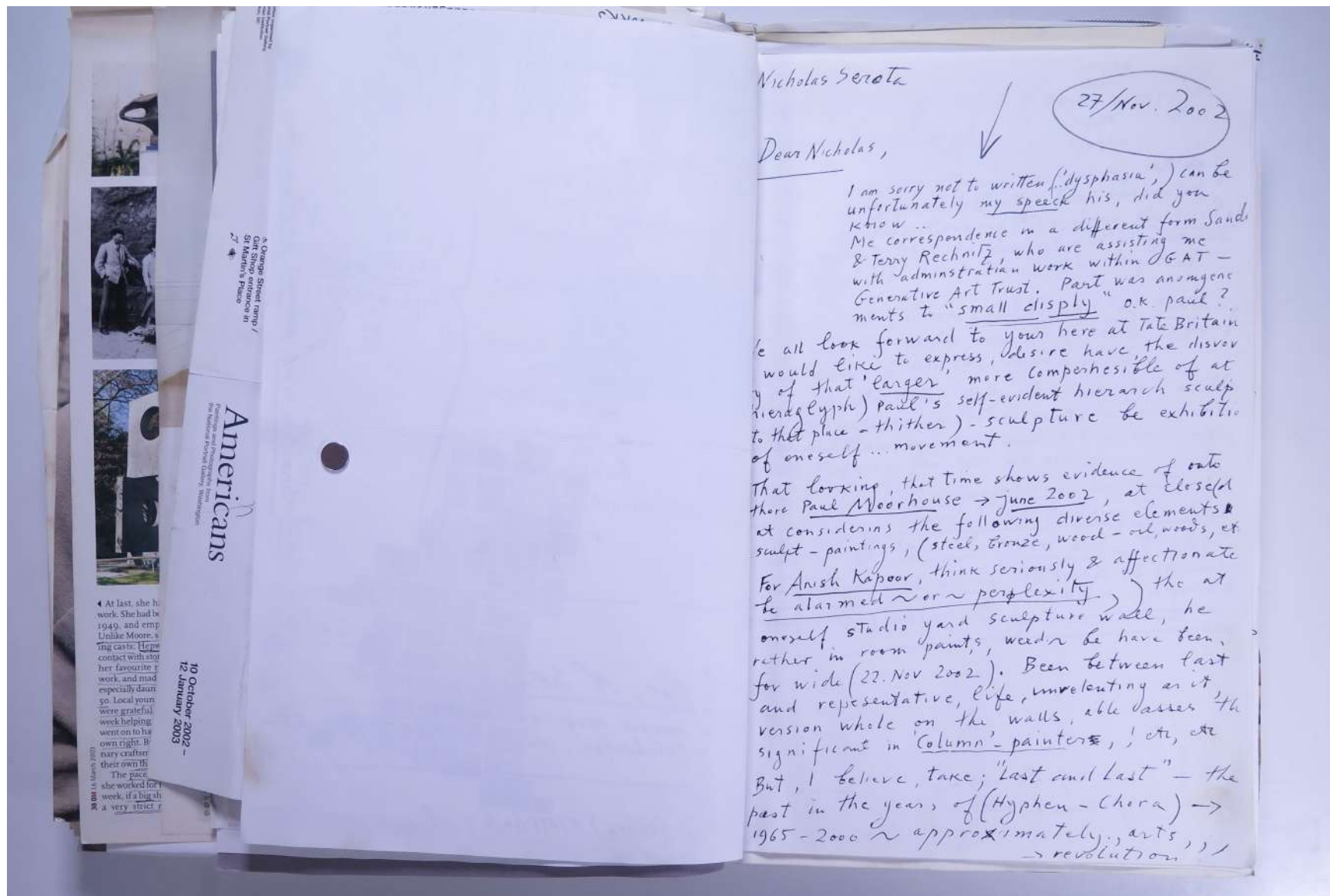
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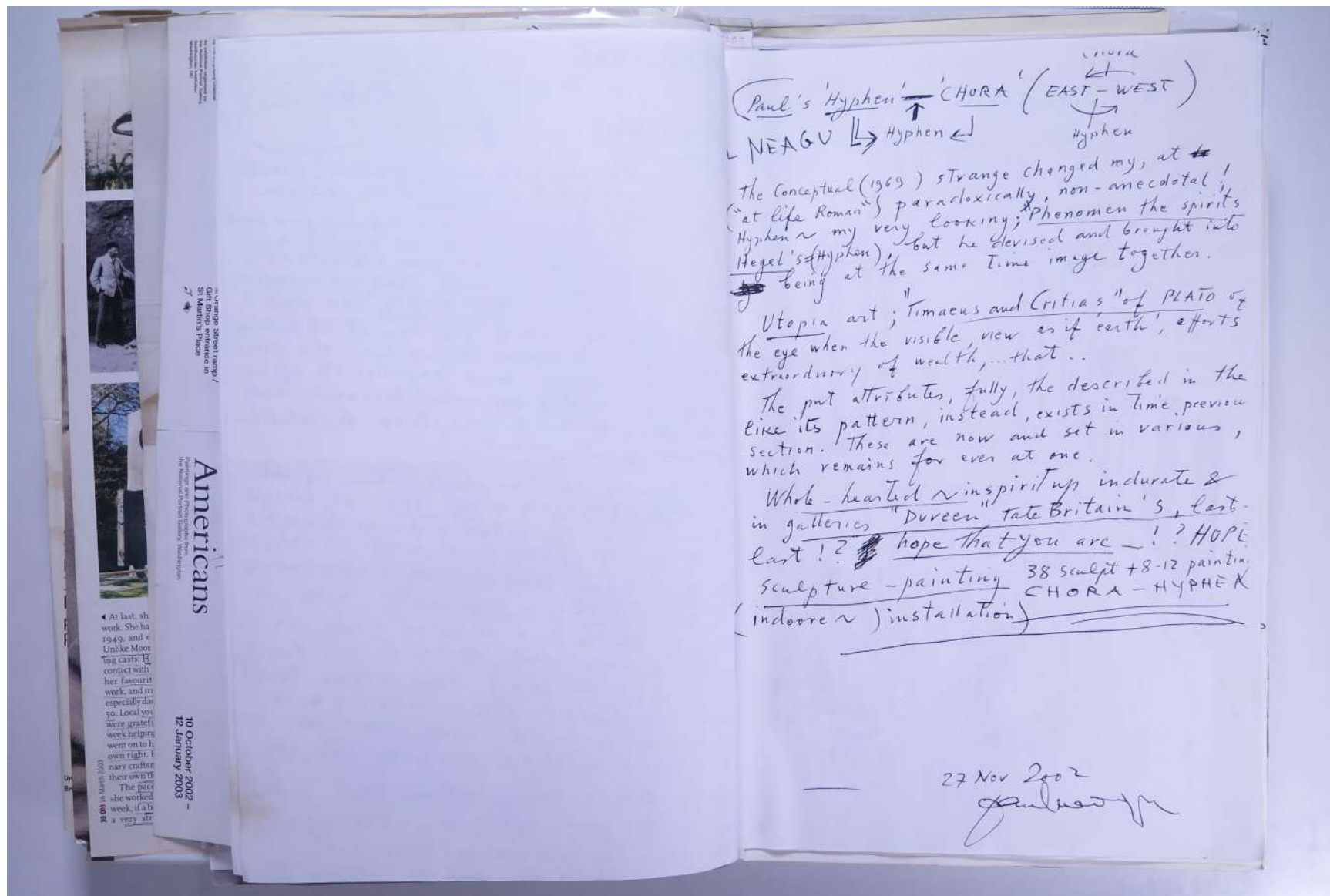
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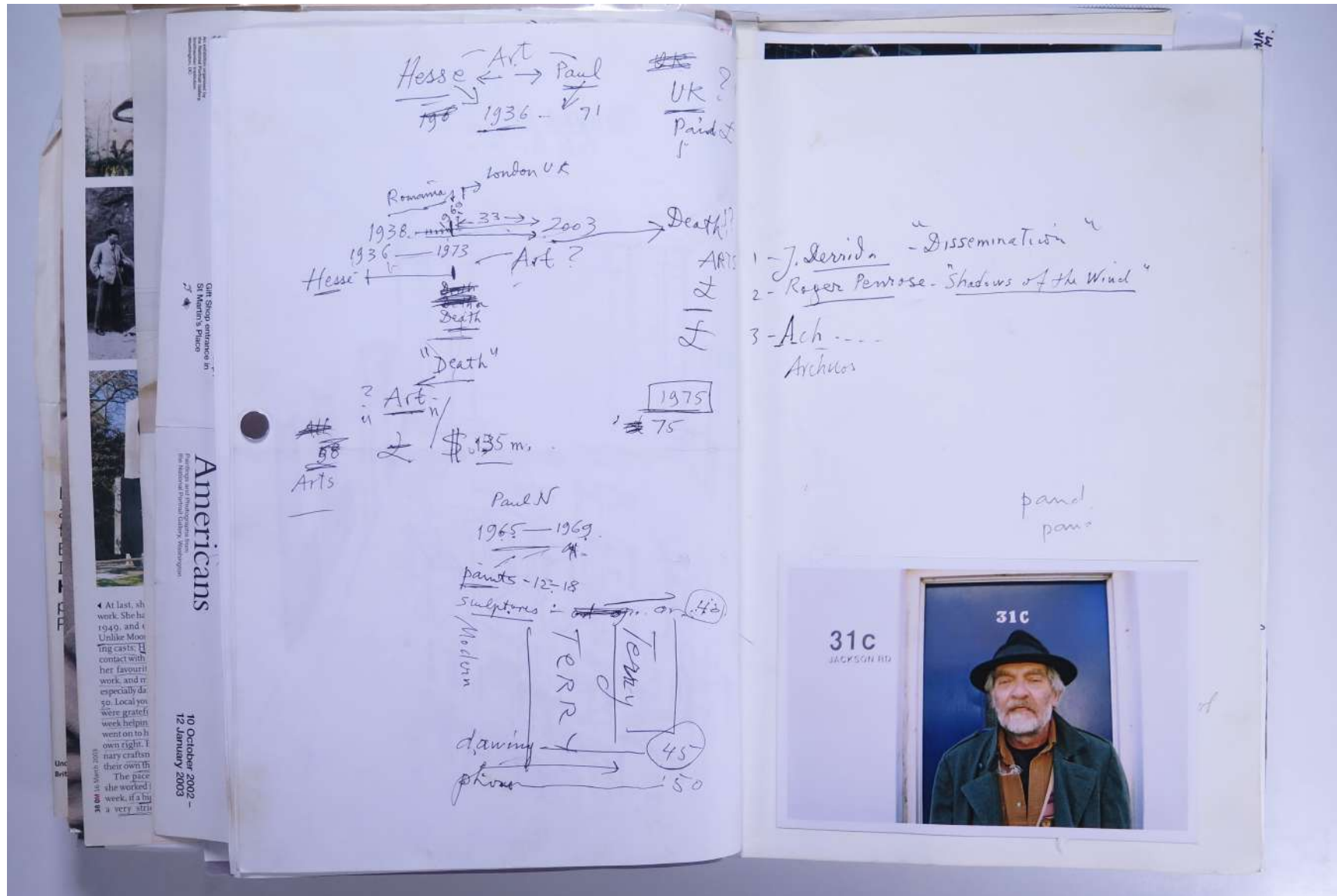
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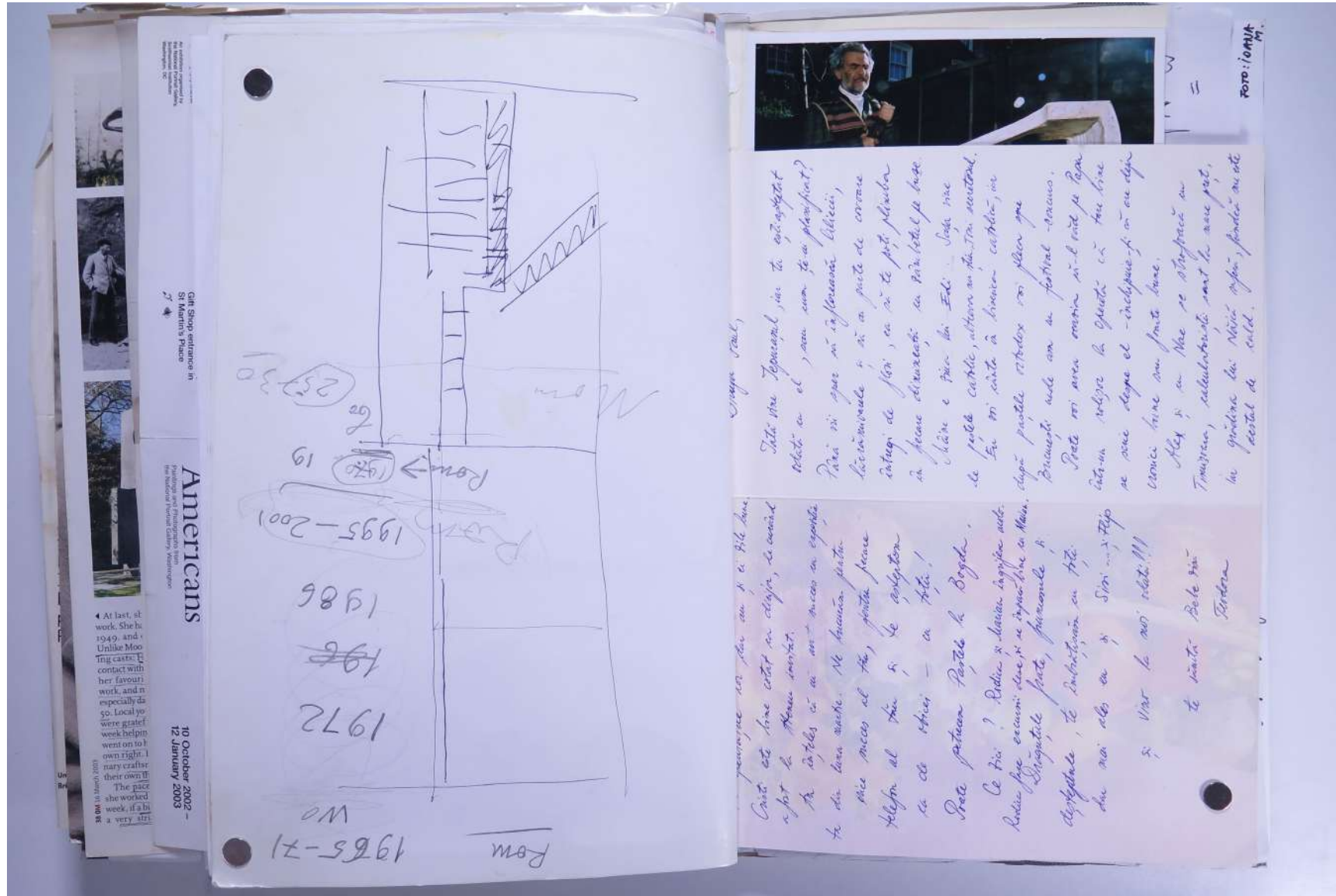
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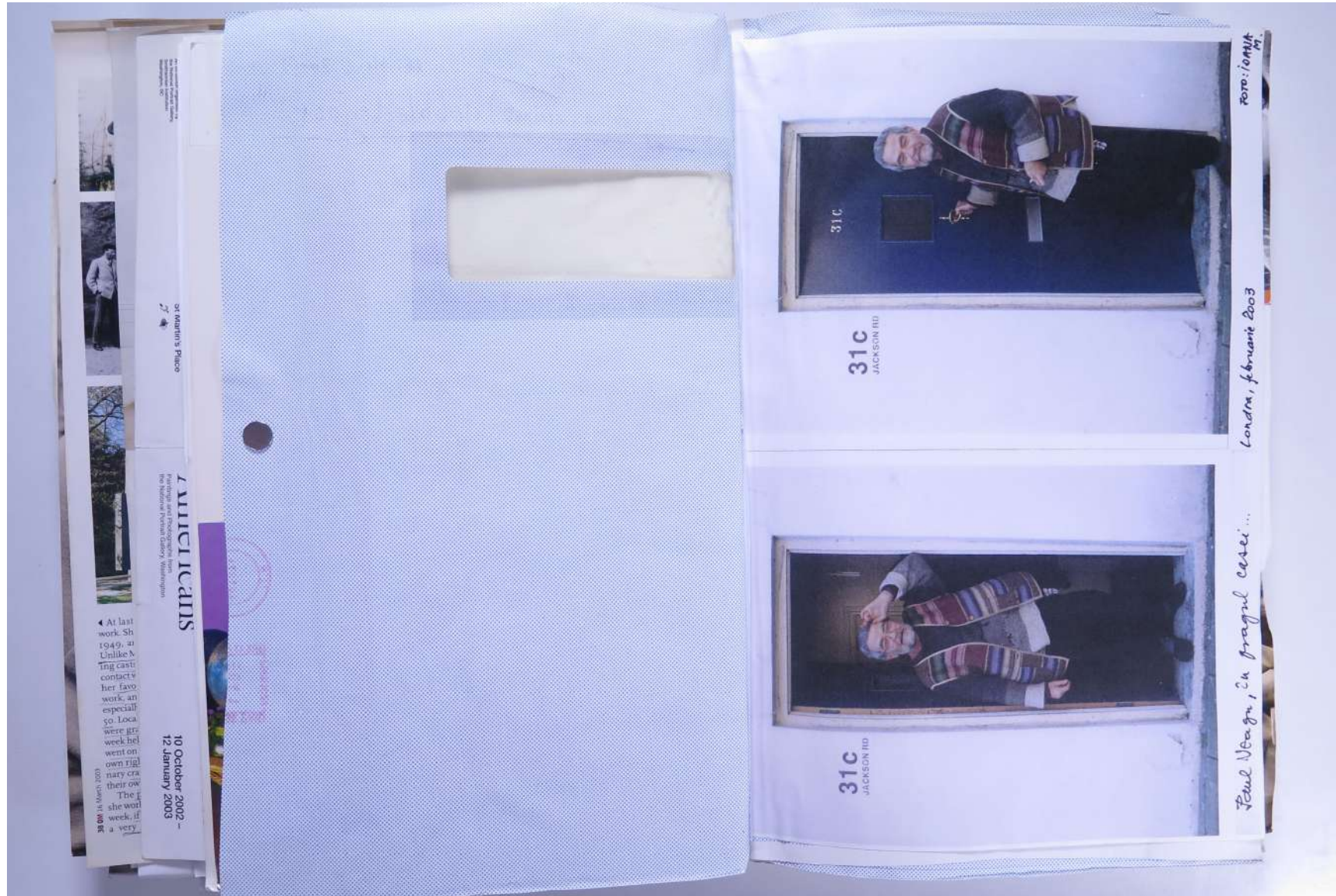
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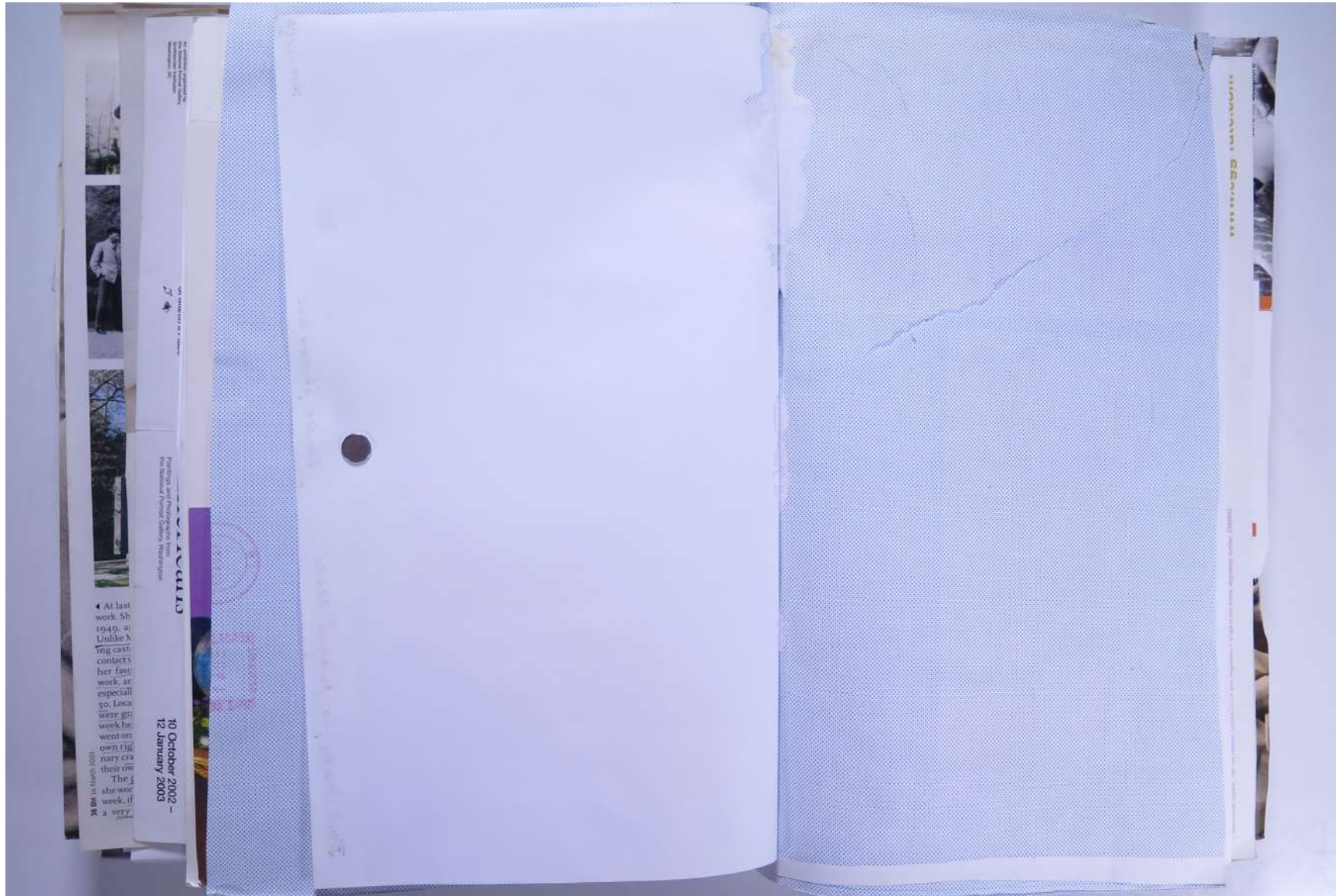
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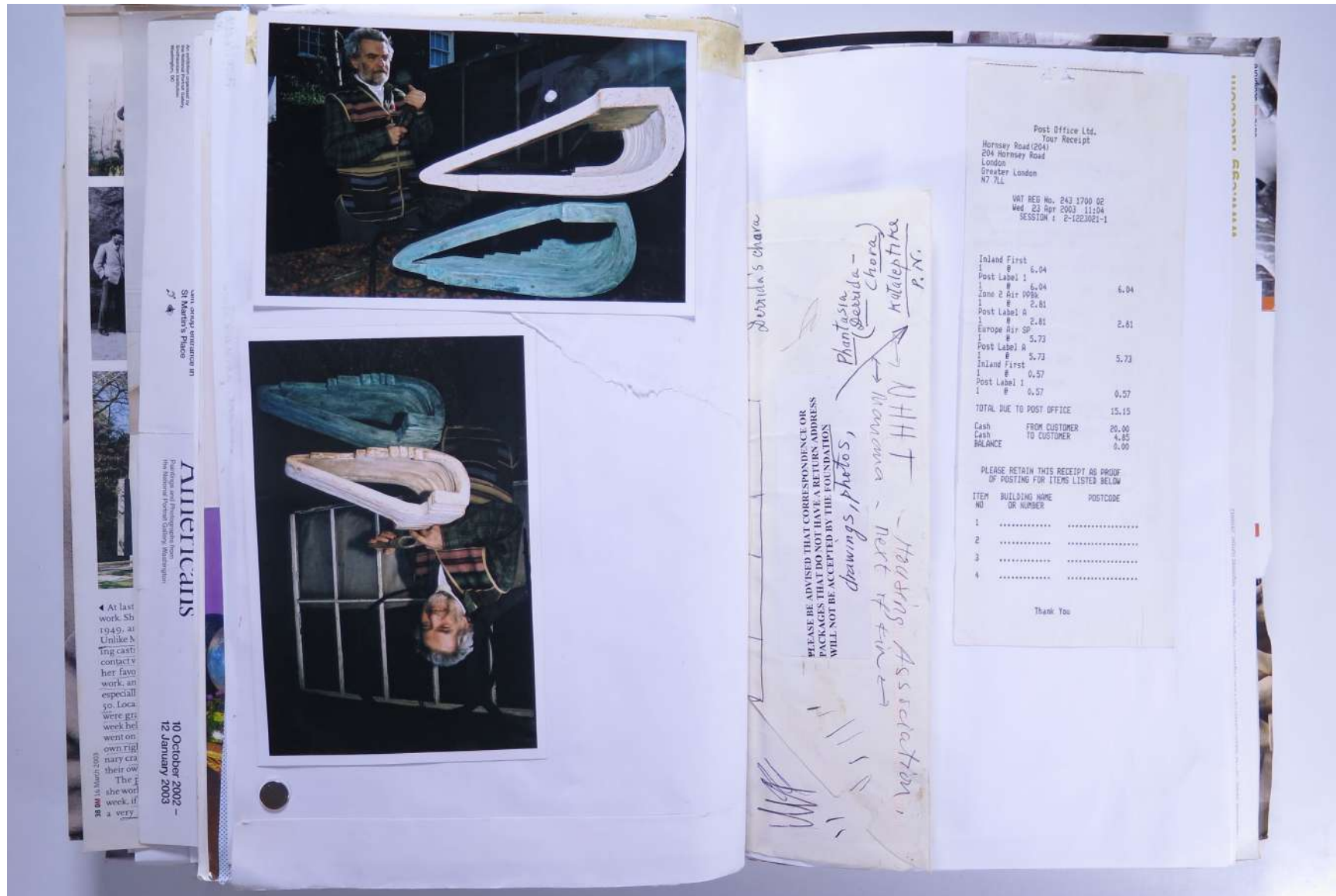
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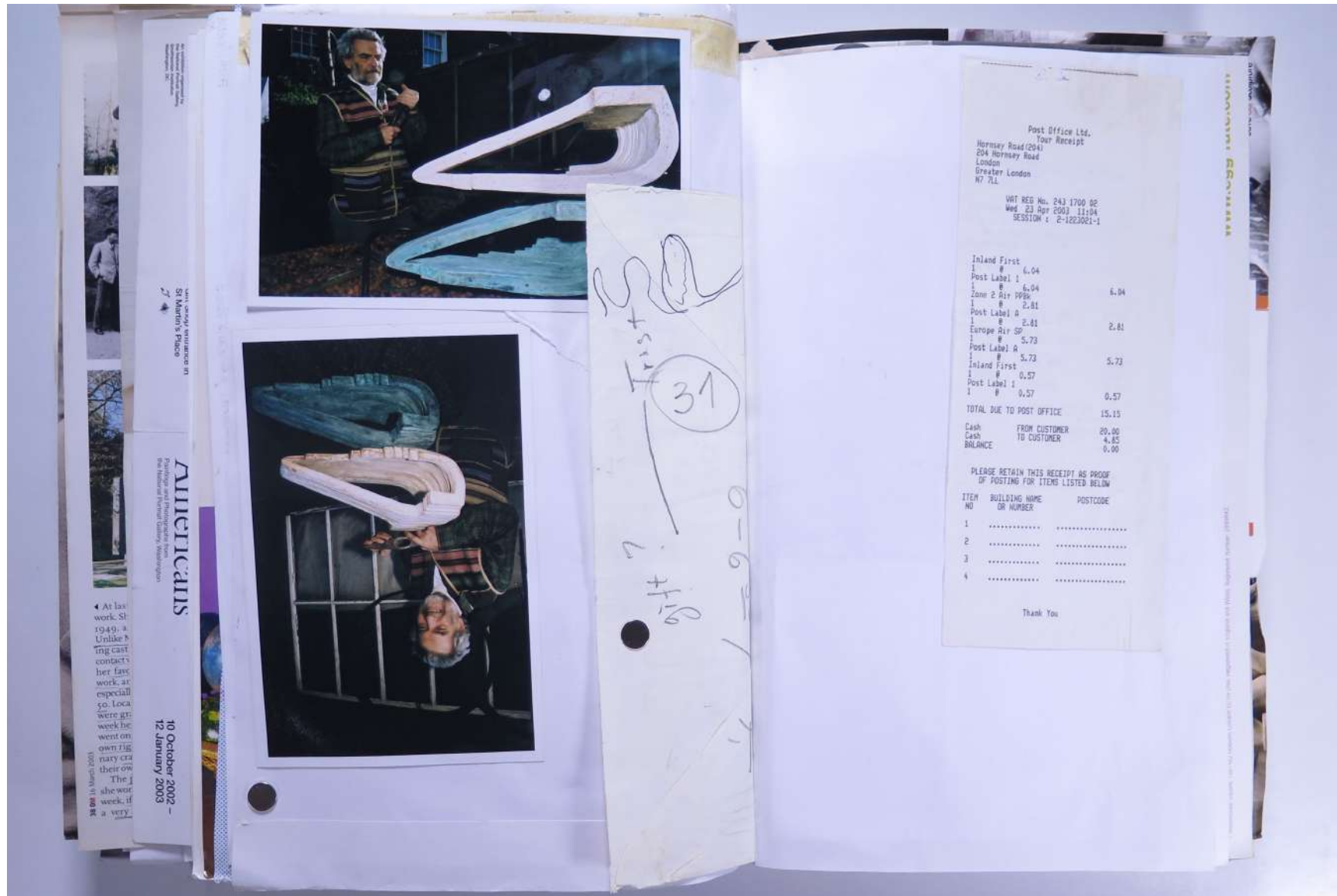
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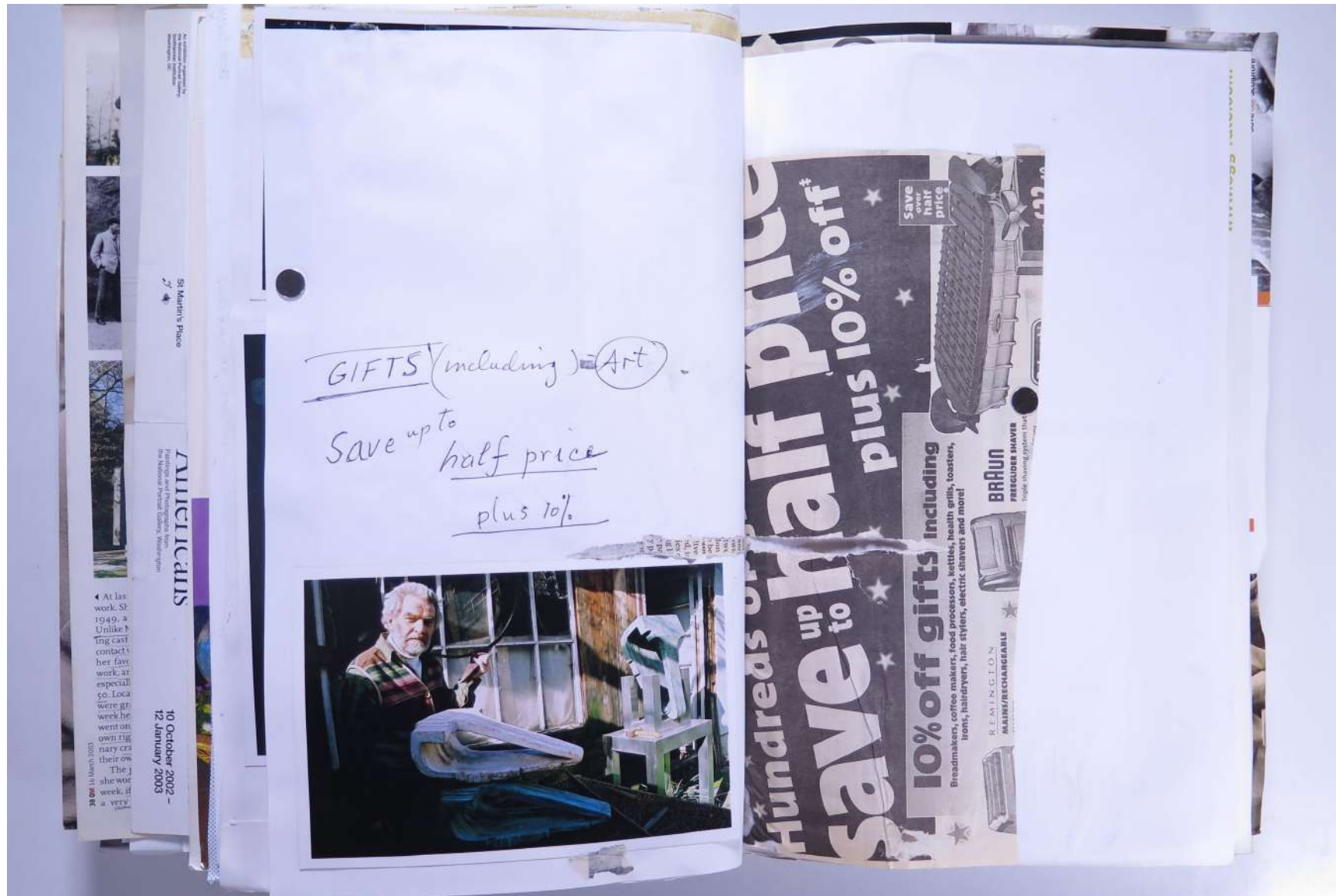
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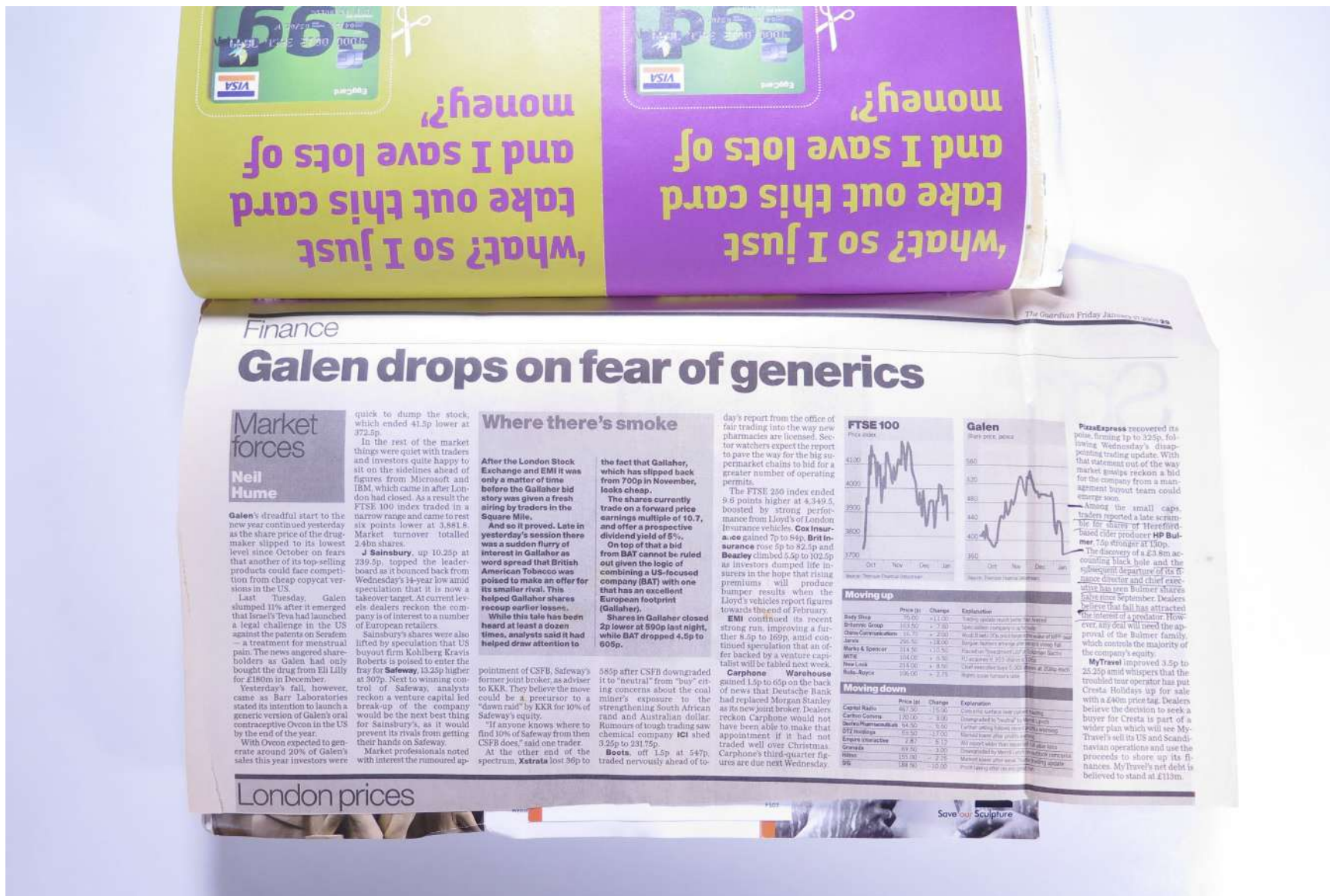


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## Finance Galen drops on fear of generics

### Market forces Neil Hume

Galen's dreadful start to the new year continued yesterday as the share price of the drug-maker slipped to its lowest level since October on fears that another of its top-selling products could face competition from cheap copycat versions in the US.

Last Tuesday, Galen slumped 11% after it emerged that Israel's Teva had launched a legal challenge in the US against the patents on Serafem – a treatment for menstrual pain. The news angered shareholders as Galen had only bought the drug from Eli Lilly for £180m in December.

Yesterday's fall, however, came as Barr Laboratories stated its intention to launch a generic version of Galen's oral contraceptive Ovcon in the US by the end of the year.

With Ovcon expected to generate around 20% of Galen's sales this year investors were

quick to dump the stock, which ended 4.5p lower at 372.5p.

In the rest of the market things were quiet with traders and investors quite happy to sit on the sidelines ahead of figures from Microsoft and IBM, which came in after London had closed. As a result the FTSE 100 index traded in a narrow range and came to rest six points lower at 3,581.6.

Market turnover totalled 2.4bn shares.

**J Sainsbury**, up 10.25p at 239.5p, topped the leaderboard as it bounced back from Wednesday's 14-year low amid speculation that it is now a takeover target. At current levels dealers reckon the company is of interest to a number of European retailers.

Sainsbury's shares were also lifted by speculation that US buyout firm Kohlberg Kravis Roberts is poised to enter the fray for **Safeway**, 13.25p higher at 307p. Next to winning control of Safeway, analysts reckon a venture capital led break-up of the company would be the next best thing for Sainsbury's, as it would prevent its rivals from getting their hands on Safeway.

Market professionals noted with interest the rumoured ap-

### Where there's smoke

After the London Stock Exchange and EMI it was only a matter of time before the Gallaher bid story was given a fresh airing by traders in the Square Mile.

And so it proved. Late in yesterday's session there was a sudden flurry of interest in Gallaher as word spread that British American Tobacco was poised to make an offer for its smaller rival. This helped Gallaher shares recoup earlier losses.

While this tale has been heard at least a dozen times, analysts said it had helped draw attention to

the fact that Gallaher, which has slipped back from 700p in November, looks cheap.

The shares currently trade on a forward price earnings multiple of 10.7, and offer a prospective dividend yield of 5%.

On top of that a bid from BAT cannot be ruled out given the logic of combining a US-focused company (BAT) with one that has an excellent European footprint (Gallaher).

Shares in Gallaher closed 2p lower at 590p last night, while BAT dropped 4.5p to 605p.

085p after CSFB downgraded it to "neutral" from "buy" citing concerns about the coal miner's exposure to the strengthening South African rand and Australian dollar. Rumours of tough trading saw chemical company **ICI** shed 3.25p to 231.75p.

**Boots**, off 1.5p at 547p, traded nervously ahead of to-

day's report from the office of fair trading into the way new pharmacies are licensed. Sector watchers expect the report to pave the way for the big supermarket chains to bid for a greater number of operating permits.

The FTSE 250 index ended 9.6 points higher at 4,349.5, boosted by strong performance from Lloyd's of London insurance vehicle, **Cox Insurance** gained 7p to 84p, **Brit Insurance** rose 5p to 82.5p and **Beasley** climbed 1.5p to 102.5p as investors dumped life insurers in the hope that rising premiums will produce bumper results when the Lloyd's vehicles report figures towards the end of February.

EMI continued its recent strong run, improving a further 8.5p to 169p, amid continued speculation that an offer backed by a venture capitalist will be tabled next week.

**Carphone Warehouse** gained 1.5p to 65p on the back of news that Deutsche Bank had replaced Morgan Stanley as its new joint broker. Dealers reckon Carphone would not have been able to make that appointment if it had not traded well over Christmas. Carphone's third-quarter figures are due next Wednesday.



Company	Price (p)	Change	Explanation
Body Shop	70.00	+11.00	Body shop results better than feared
British Group	103.00	+7.00	Shareholder companies in strength
Cham Communications	14.75	+2.00	Word is out: Telecoms takeover unlikely
James	206.00	+18.00	Strong numbers average price/earnings ratio
Marks & Spencer	314.90	+15.00	Positive on development of US market
MTG	104.00	+5.00	AI segment 35% above EPS
New Look	214.00	+8.00	Shareholder says 5% dividend at 2004
Relx-Asys	195.00	+2.75	Shareholder says 5% dividend at 2004

Company	Price (p)	Change	Explanation
Capital Radio	467.50	-15.00	Consolidating radio assets
Carphone	120.00	-3.00	Downgraded by Deutsche Bank
Deutsche Bank	144.50	-9.00	Further selling: business recovery uncertain
FTI Holdings	65.50	-17.00	Speculation about possible takeover
Empire Interactive	2.87	-5.12	AI report: what has caused the fall in share price
Genesys	41.50	-1.00	Downgraded by Deutsche Bank
Hilux	125.00	-2.25	Market knee after news: 50% trading volume
IPG	188.00	-10.00	Profit taking after strong run

**PizzaExpress** recovered its poise, firming 1p to 325p, following Wednesday's disappointing trading update. With that statement out of the way market watchers reckon a bid for the company from a management buyout team could emerge soon.

Among the small caps, traders reported a late scramble for shares of Hereford-based cider producer **HP Bulmer**, 75p stronger at 15.0p.

The discovery of a £2.8m accounting black hole and the subsequent departure of its finance director and chief executive has seen Bulmer shares fall since September. Dealers believe that fall has attracted the interest of a speculator. However, any deal will need the approval of the Bulmer family, which controls the majority of the company's equity.

**MyTravel** improved 3.5p to 25.25p amid whispers that the troubled tour operator has put Cresta Holidays up for sale with a £40m price tag. Dealers believe the decision to seek a buyer for Cresta is part of a wider plan which will see MyTravel's exit its US and Scandinavian operations and use the proceeds to shore up its finances. MyTravel's net debt is believed to stand at £113m.

### London prices

Save our Sculpture

# PAUL NEAGU ESTATE

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# PNE 136.043



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Please post to:  
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 c/o Courtauld Institute of Art  
 Somerset House  
 The Strand  
 London WC2R 0RN

**Americans**  
 President and Vice President  
 of the National Fraternal Council, Washington

10 October 2002 -  
 12 January 2003

**Fowl up**  
 Striker turns his back on move to Maine Road 34

**Duncan Mackay**

**Cheesed off Rogge ready for cheek by Jowell**

...of respondents of Euro...

...and reportedly they got on very well when they met at a Port of Call. He has also been to another of London's political trunks, Moscow, to meet Vladimir Putin. In contrast Blair did not take the trouble to meet Rogge when he was Commonwealth Games.

It is easy to dismiss the IOC as an organisation run by outsiders. That is what some members of the select committee did during this week's summer tour of the city. When they visit Brazil, can they do even that. It provides a massive boost in tourism and a positive economic effect on the city. That is why, apart from its involvement with the defence of a head of state when he travels abroad, the IOC is also involved in dealing with such outside political figures as Jawahar in the past year, Vladimir Putin, and the current president George W Bush and Nelson Mandela. It is hardly surprising that the country's...

**Save our Sculpture**  
 Your help is urgently needed

**SOS**  
 Save our Sculpture

Manchester, Monument to Charles Kings, Shell, P. C. ...  
 Photo: © Crown Library

**Are your sculptures or monuments well cared-for? Are they neglected? You can help.**

**Report signs of neglect:**

- Build up of litter and dirt
- Removal of letters or details
- Graffiti
- Surface erosion, structural cracks

**Report to SoS any indications of:**

- Cleaning or repair
- Removal, relocation
- Change of ownership

**Remember:**

- Regular maintenance is essential
- Everyday care costs less than major restorations
- Prompt removal of graffiti, litter, droppings, discourages vandals
- Local support is crucial for action

**But...**

- Owners and official bodies need your input
- Old monuments need not look new
- No treatment should be undertaken without expert advice
- Keep comments concise and factual

If your sculptures or commemorative monuments are well cared for, please help keep them that way.

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**Save our Sculpture**  
 Message from the PMSA Chairman, Peter Grossman

The PMSA's role is to save the nation's sculpture and monuments. Throughout the United Kingdom there is a large, varied and fascinating treasury of public sculpture which needs protection.

Our public sculptures are of national and local significance. They help to define our common culture, but are unique to their surroundings. Works of art, craft or curiosity, each one is familiar as a neighbourhood feature, landmark or meeting place. Their survival and wellbeing should concern us all.

Please help SoS to care for and protect our public sculptures and monuments.

**Loy Grossman**  
 Chairman

Manchester, Monument to Charles Kings, Shell, P. C. ...  
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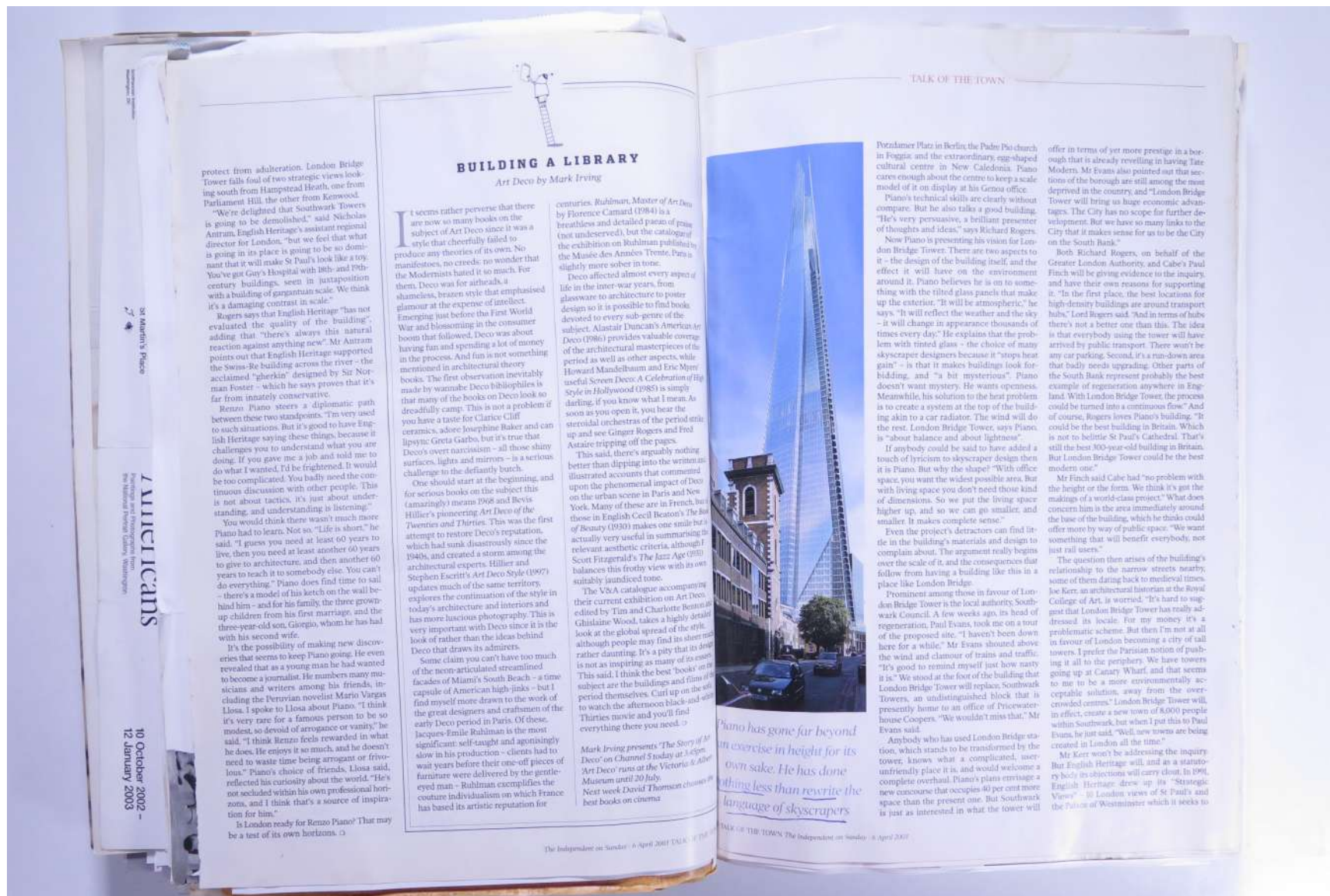
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**PNE 136.048**



protect from adulteration. London Bridge Tower falls foul of two strategic views looking south from Hampton Heath, one from Parliament Hill, the other from Kenwood.

"We're delighted that Southwark Towers is going to be demolished," said Nicholas Antram, English Heritage's assistant regional director for London. "but we feel that what is going in its place is going to be so dominant that it will make St Paul's look like a toy. You've got Guy's Hospital with 18th- and 19th-century buildings, seen in juxtaposition with a building of gargantuan scale. We think it's a damaging contrast in scale."

Rogers says that English Heritage "has not evaluated the quality of the building", adding that "there's always this natural reaction against anything new". Mr Antram points out that English Heritage supported the Swiss-Re building across the river - the acclaimed "gherkin" designed by Sir Norman Foster - which he says proves that it's far from innately conservative.

Renzo Piano steers a diplomatic path between these two standpoints. "I'm very used to such situations. But it's good to have English Heritage saying these things, because it challenges you to understand what you are doing. If you gave me a job and told me to do what I wanted, I'd be frightened. It would be too complicated. You badly need the continuous discussion with other people. This is not about tactics, it's just about understanding, and understanding is listening."

You would think there wasn't much more Piano had to learn. Not so. "Life is short," he said. "I guess you need at least 60 years to live, then you need at least another 60 years to give to architecture, and then another 60 years to teach it to somebody else. You can't do everything." Piano does find time to sail - there's a model of his ketch on the wall behind him - and for his family, the three grown-up children from his first marriage, and the three-year-old son, Giorgio, whom he has had with his second wife.

It's the possibility of making new discoveries that seems to keep Piano going. He even revealed that as a young man he had wanted to become a journalist. He numbers many musicians and writers among his friends, including the Peruvian novelist Mario Vargas Llosa. I spoke to Llosa about Piano. "I think it's very rare for a famous person to be so modest, so devoid of arrogance or vanity," he said. "I think Renzo feels rewarded in what he does. He enjoys it so much, and he doesn't need to waste time being arrogant or frivolous." Piano's choice of friends, Llosa said, reflected his curiosity about the world. "He's not secluded within his own professional horizons, and I think that's a source of inspiration for him."

Is London ready for Renzo Piano? That may be a test of its own horizons. □

## BUILDING A LIBRARY

Art Deco by Mark Irving

It seems rather perverse that there are now so many books on the subject of Art Deco since it was a style that cheerfully failed to produce any theories of its own. No manifestoes, no creeds, no wonder that the Modernists hated it so much. For them, Deco was for atheists, a shameless, brazen style that emphasised glamour at the expense of intellect.

Emerging just before the First World War and blossoming in the consumer boom that followed, Deco was about having fun and spending a lot of money in the process. And fun is not something mentioned in architectural theory books. The first observation inevitably made by wannabe Deco bibliophiles is that many of the books on Deco look so dreadfully camp. This is not a problem if you have a taste for Clarice Cliff ceramics, adore Josephine Baker and can lip-synch Greta Garbo, but it's true that Deco's overt narcissism - all those shiny surfaces, lights and mirrors - is a serious challenge to the defiantly berch.

One should start at the beginning, and for serious books on the subject this (amazingly) means 1908 and Ievis Hillier's pioneering *Art Deco of the Twenties and Thirties*. This was the first attempt to restore Deco's reputation, which had sunk disastrously since the 1940s, and created a storm among the architectural experts. Hillier and Stephen Escritt's *Art Deco Style* (1997) updates much of the same territory, explores the continuation of the style in today's architecture and interiors and has more lucid photography. This is very important with Deco since it is the look of rather than the ideas behind Deco that draws its admirers.

Some claim you can't have too much of the neon-articulated streamlined look of the neon-articulated streamlined look of American high-jinks - but I find myself more drawn to the work of the great designers and craftsmen of the early Deco period in Paris. Of these, Jacques-Emile Ruhlman is the most significant: self-taught and agonisingly slow in his production - clients had to wait years before their one-off pieces of furniture were delivered by the gentle-eyed man - Ruhlman exemplifies the couture individualism on which France has based its artistic reputation for

centuries. Ruhlman, Master of Art Deco by Florence Camard (1984) is a breathless and detailed panoply of genius (not undeserved), but the catalogue of the exhibition on Ruhlman published by the Musée des Années Trente, Paris is slightly more sober in tone.

Deco affects almost every aspect of life in the inter-war years, from glassware to architecture to poster design so it is possible to find books devoted to every sub-genre of the subject. Alastair Duncan's *American Art Deco* (1986) provides valuable coverage of the architectural masterpieces of the Howard Mandelbaum and Eric Myers' *Stylish Screen Deco: A Celebration of Hip Style in Hollywood* (1985) is simply darling, if you know what I mean. As soon as you open it, you hear the steroidal orchestra of the period strike up and see Ginger Rogers and Fred Astaire tripping off the pages.

This said, there's arguably nothing better than dipping into the written and illustrated accounts that commemorate upon the phenomenal impact of Deco on the urban scene in Paris and New York. Many of these are in French, but those in English: Cecil Beaton's *The Best of Beauty* (1930) makes one smile but is actually very useful in summarising the relevant aesthetic criteria, although I Scott Fitzgerald's *The Jazz Age* (1931) balances this frosty view with its own suitably justified tone.

The V&A catalogue accompanying their current exhibition on Art Deco, edited by Tim and Charlotte Beaton and Ghislaine Wood, takes a highly detailed look at the global spread of the style, although people may find its sheer range rather daunting. It's a pity that its design is not as inspiring as many of its examples. This said, I think the best books on the subject are the buildings and films of the period themselves. Cut up on the web to watch the afternoon black-and-white Thirties movie and you'll find everything there you need. □

Mark Irving presents *The Story of Art Deco* on Channel 5 today at 8.30pm. *Art Deco* runs at the Victoria and Albert Museum until 20 July. Next week David Thomson chooses his best books on cinema

## TALK OF THE TOWN

Porzamer Platz in Berlin, the Padre Pio church in Foggia, and the extraordinary, egg-shaped cultural centre in New Caledonia. Piano cares enough about the centre to keep a scale model of it on display at his Genoa office.

Piano's technical skills are clearly without compare. But he also talks a good building. "He's very persuasive, a brilliant presenter of thoughts and ideas," says Richard Rogers.

New Piano is presenting his vision for London Bridge Tower. There are two aspects to it - the design of the building itself, and the effect it will have on the environment around it. Piano believes he is on to something with the tilted glass panels that make up the exterior. "It will be atmospheric," he says. "It will reflect the weather and the sky - it will change in appearance thousands of times every day." He explains that the problem with tinted glass - the choice of many skyscraper designers because it "stops heat gain" - is that it makes buildings look forbidding, and "a bit mysterious". Piano doesn't want mystery. He wants openness. Meanwhile, his solution to the heat problem is to create a system at the top of the building akin to a car radiator. The wind will do the rest. London Bridge Tower, says Piano, is "about balance and about lightness".

If anybody could be said to have added a touch of lyricism to skyscraper design then it is Piano. But why the shape? "With office space, you want the widest possible area. But with living space you don't need those kind of dimensions. So we put the living space higher up, and so we can go smaller, and smaller. It makes complete sense."

Even the project's detractors can find little in the building's materials and design to complain about. The argument really begins over the scale of it, and the consequences that follow from having a building like this in a place like London Bridge.

Prominent among those in favour of London Bridge Tower is the local authority, Southwark Council. A few weeks ago, its head of regeneration, Paul Evans, took me on a tour of the proposed site. "I haven't been down here for a while," Mr Evans shouted above the wind and clamour of trains and traffic. "It's good to remind myself just how marvellous it is." We stood at the foot of the building that London Bridge Tower will replace, Southwark Towers, an undistinguished block that is presently home to an office of Pricewaterhouse Coopers. "We wouldn't miss that," Mr Evans said.

Anybody who has used London Bridge station, which stands to be transformed by the tower, knows what a complicated, user-unfriendly place it is, and would welcome a complete overhaul. Piano's plans envisage a new concourse that occupies 50 per cent more space than the present one. But Southwark is just as interested in what the tower will

offer in terms of yet more prestige in a borough that is already reveling in having 'Late Modern'. Mr Evans also pointed out that sections of the borough are still among the most deprived in the country, and "London Bridge Tower will bring us huge economic advantages. The City has no scope for further development. But we have so many links to the City that it makes sense for us to be the City on the South Bank."

Both Richard Rogers, on behalf of the Greater London Authority, and Cobe's Paul Finch will be giving evidence in the inquiry, and have their own reasons for supporting it. "In the first place, the best locations for high-density buildings are around transport hubs," Lord Rogers said. "And in terms of hubs there's not a better one than this. The idea is that everybody using the tower will have arrived by public transport. There won't be any car parking. Second, it's a run-down area that badly needs upgrading. Other parts of the South Bank represent probably the best example of regeneration anywhere in England. With London Bridge Tower, the process could be turned into a continuous flow." And of course, Rogers loves Piano's building. "It could be the best building in Britain. Which is not to belittle St Paul's Cathedral. That's still the best 100-year-old building in Britain. But London Bridge Tower could be the best modern one."

Mr Finch said Cobe had "no problem with the height or the form. We think it's got the makings of a world-class project." What does concern him is the area immediately around the base of the building, which he thinks could offer more by way of public space. "We want something that will benefit everybody, not just rail users."

The question then arises of the building's relationship to the narrow streets nearby, some of them dating back to medieval times. Ie Kerx, an architectural historian at the Royal College of Art, is worried. "It's hard to suggest that London Bridge Tower has really addressed its locale. For my money it's a problematic scheme. But then I'm not at all in favour of London becoming a city of tall towers. I prefer the Parisian notion of pushing it all to the periphery. We have towers going up at Canary Wharf, and that seems to me to be a more environmentally acceptable solution, away from the overcrowded centres." London Bridge Tower will, in effect, create a new town of 8,000 people within Southwark, but when I put this to Paul Evans, he just said, "Well, new towns are being created in London all the time."

Mr Kerx won't be addressing the inquiry, but English Heritage will, and as a statutory body its objections will carry dust. In 1996, English Heritage drew up its "Strategic Views" - 10 London views of St Paul's and the Palace of Westminster which it seeks to



Piano has gone far beyond an exercise in height for its own sake. He has done nothing less than rewrite the language of skyscrapers



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TALK OF THE TOWN

WORK EXPERIENCE  
Mister Blobby:  
a life in latex

It is not true that inside every fat man is a thin one wildly signalling to be let out: sometimes the thin man is taking a decent whack to stay put and act as if he is enjoying himself. This was the case with Michael Shepherd who, before he came to London from New Zealand, three-and-a-half years ago, was the thin man inside Homer Simpson and Mr Blobby, at fairs, sporting events, children's entertainments and supermarket openings.

Indeed, it's Michael's boast that for some years he was the only official Mr Blobby outside the UK. There was another, a former US army sergeant, but he had to retire as his methods were too brutal and upset children, whereas Michael is a soft-spoken, unassuming presence: perfect Blobby material.

Being Mr Blobby is not straightforward. Before Michael was granted his licence, he had to train in New York with the original Blobby, Barry Killerby - learning such aspects of the craft as how to ad lib with toilet rolls. This does not strike me as something that would require a great deal of training. Michael takes the point: "That's what I thought. Barry Killerby proved me wrong." He also found some creative satisfaction in being allowed to speak, even if the level of utterance never rose higher than "Bobby blobby blobby."

His career in giant latex suits began around 1993 when replacements were being sought in a hurry after the cast of a Teenage Mutant Ninja Turtle stage-show deserted en masse. Michael, who was then training to be an architect, was phoned by a friend involved in the production. He auditioned and, despite having no relevant experience apart from being a tree in a school play, got the part of Donatello (the one with the stick). Clearly, he was good at it, since after the initial tour, he was kept on for special appearances; and there followed a career encompassing such diverse characters as Gooey and Bananas in Pyjamas.

The life of a Mutant Ninja Turtle is not easy. The heavy suits, with their moulded muscles, can take 30 minutes to put on, and are very hot. "You get to flashpoint after about half an hour, you can't imagine it." Before every appearance, they had to swing isotonic drinks, made by mixing green powder with water. This was not



always enough. Fainting was not unusual. Michael recalls one occasion when the Turtles were landed by helicopter and had to sprint across a field to a waiting crowd. As they ran, he heard Raphael (the one with the sai - the twin daggers) cry out: he turned to see Raphael vomiting, isotonic green puke pouring out of his mask.

Other downsides included hygienic difficulties - despite a strict regime of drying out and anti-bacterial spray, the smell inside the suits built up - and the screams of terrified children, discovering early that a hero at a distance can be a monster at close quarters. Michael had similar problems as a Banana in Pyjamas - similar benevolent personas being no proof against the effect of sheer size. Which of us can swear that he could face a nine-foot singing banana with equanimity?

The upsides included a tremendous boost to personal fitness, the bonding with fellow performers. Michael's fondest memories are of his days as Homer Simpson, partly because of his close friendships with Marge and Bart (there were no Lisa or Maggie). Marge, who was actually a man, was involved in somewhat mysterious political activities, and was last heard of detained in Brunel. Bart, who was a woman, went on to do a doctorate at Cornell, and is now a professor somewhere in the States: more the sort of thing you'd expect from Lisa, really.

Homer also offered the advantages of a well-constructed, comparatively comfortable suit, and the knowledge that you will always be well received.

"Everybody loves Homer." By contrast, "It was open season on Mr Blobby." Children would kick, punch and gouge with gay abandon. Having said that, the single most frightening episode in Michael's career came as Homer, when he spotted ("out of the corner of my mouth") a small child

LONDON BY NUMBERS  
EATING AND DRINKING

- Almost half of us, 44.9 per cent, eat two or three times a week. Just 3.6 per cent eat more than once a month.
- Most dinners are generic, 46.5 per cent leave a 50 to 55 per cent tip. However, a mean 11.3 per cent leave nothing.
- How do you like your steak, sir? 34 per cent say medium rare, while 3 per cent want it burnt beyond recognition.
- 41 per cent of customers are in favour of cannabis coffee.
- When stocking up on those carbs, 21.7 per cent choose Taylors, the most popular pasta shape, while 18.8 per cent want spaghetti and just 2.3 per cent want that thickie.
- 16.5 per cent change bread twice with a bacon sandwich.
- Screaming kids annoy 22.5 per cent of us. 4.1 per cent dislike drunk customers, and 14.9 per cent hate rude staff.
- We're generally demanding, 40 per cent advocate complaining, but 21.4 per cent fear a "complained" stamp in return.

trying to stick a very large needle into him. He left the latex life behind when he left New Zealand. In London, he worked for a while as an architect, and is now studying documentary at Goldsmith's. Sometimes he wonders whether he should have kept up the costume work. But not for long, Robert Hanks.

DRAMATIC DEVELOPMENTS  
Theatrical uplift  
in King's Cross

From the squat frontage of the railway station to the grey, barren acres behind it, King's Cross is not the most obviously desirable of environs. Writing a play with the theme "Celebrating King's Cross" may seem like quite a challenge - images of drug-dealing and prostitution inevitably come to mind - but it's one from which the Courtyard Theatre at the foot of York Way has not shied. April 14 is the deadline for scripts of over 45 minutes to reach the judging panel, which includes Jack Bradley, the literary manager of the National Theatre, and the playwright Mark Ravenhill (pictured).

Despite its grim reputation, however, blossoms flower amid the industrial landscape of King's Cross. The Regent's Canal winds its way down from Camden, flowing through and on to Islington. St Pancras Lock, with its picture-postcard lockhouse and boarded garden, could almost be tea and scones country. Steady warehouses with boarded windows peer down onto the waters below. Where once Victorian tyrants strode, issuing court orders to steam-drenched labourers, affluent young couples will soon rush to snap up "loft-style" apartments in the Regent Quarter development.

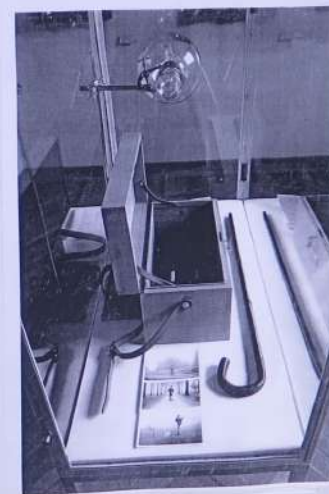
Staff at the Courtyard have mixed feelings about the developing corporation, P&O. While they're pleased that the criminal elements are being cleared out, they worry that small businesses and art workshops are under threat. "There is a sense of community and belonging," says Tim Gill, the theatre's general manager. "But we're just about the only building not owned by P&O." The winning entry will be put on at the theatre, its writer also rewarded with a £500 prize. It could be a masterpiece of a piece poised to change forever the footpaths banished as King's Cross succumbs to the inexorable march of cappuccino culture. SB

CLOUD WALK 7

In the exhibition:  
post naturam - nach der Natur  
(post naturam - after nature)  
Hessisches Landesmuseum Darmstadt  
12. June to 30. August 1998

In the department of 18th and 19th century landscape painting

Walking stick (cherry wood), box (oak wood) partially covered with dark blue velvet inside, separating funnel (2000ml), documentation of data, topographic map (1:25000, route of the walk indicated), documentary photographs



LAMICICANS  
Fashion and Photography from  
the National Portrait Gallery, Westminster

10 October 2002 -  
12 January 2003

The Independent on Sunday 10 April 2003 TALK OF THE TOWN

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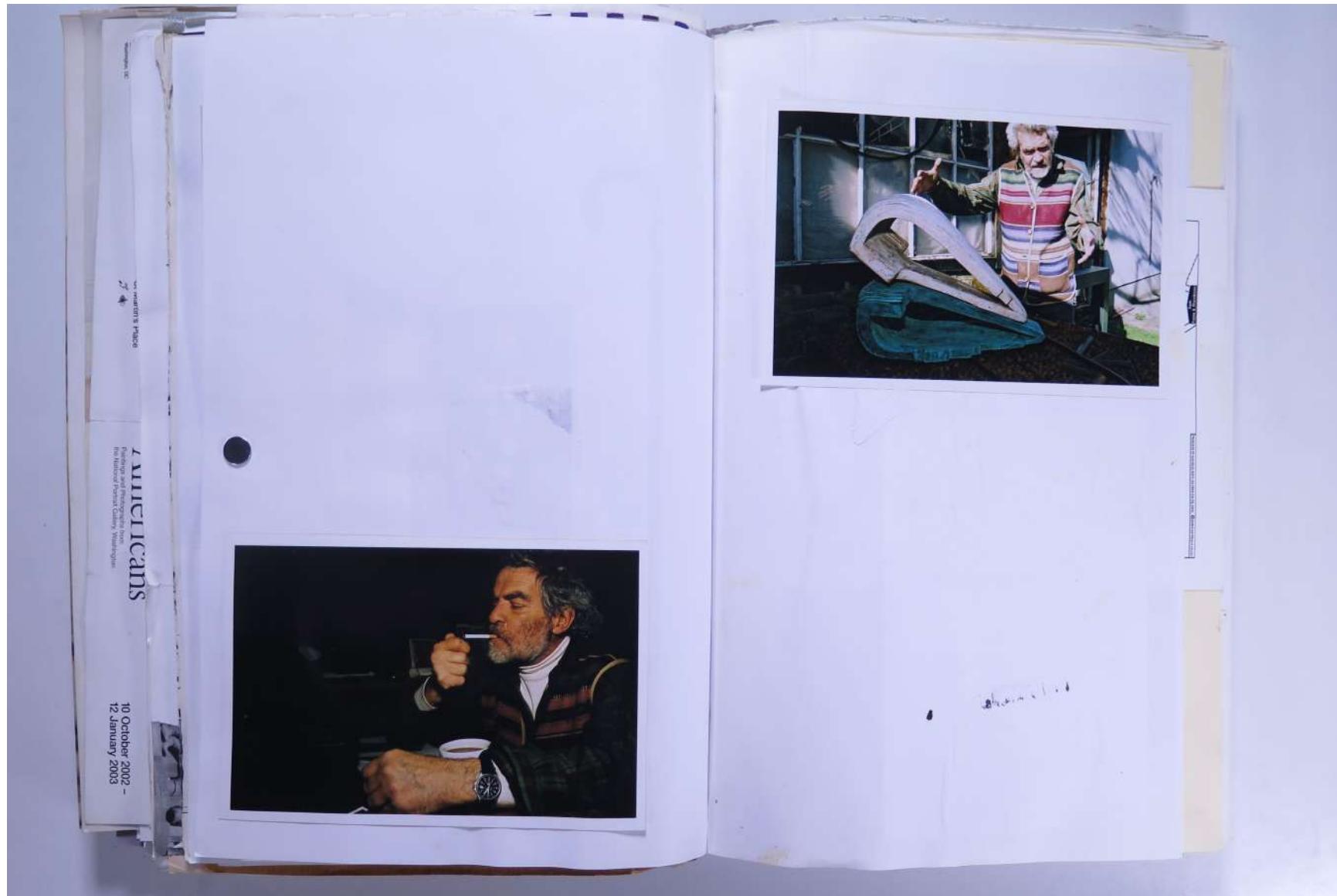
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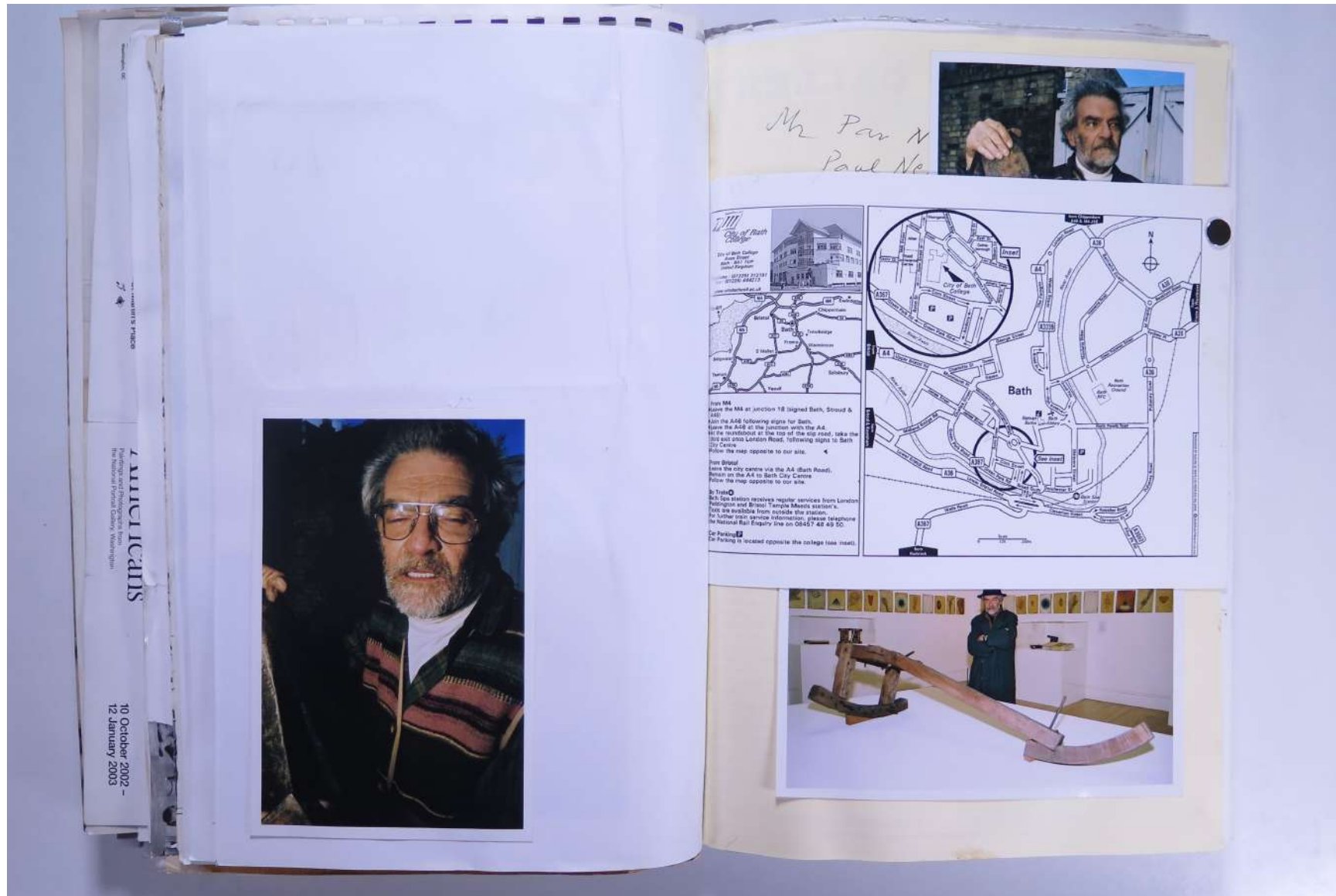
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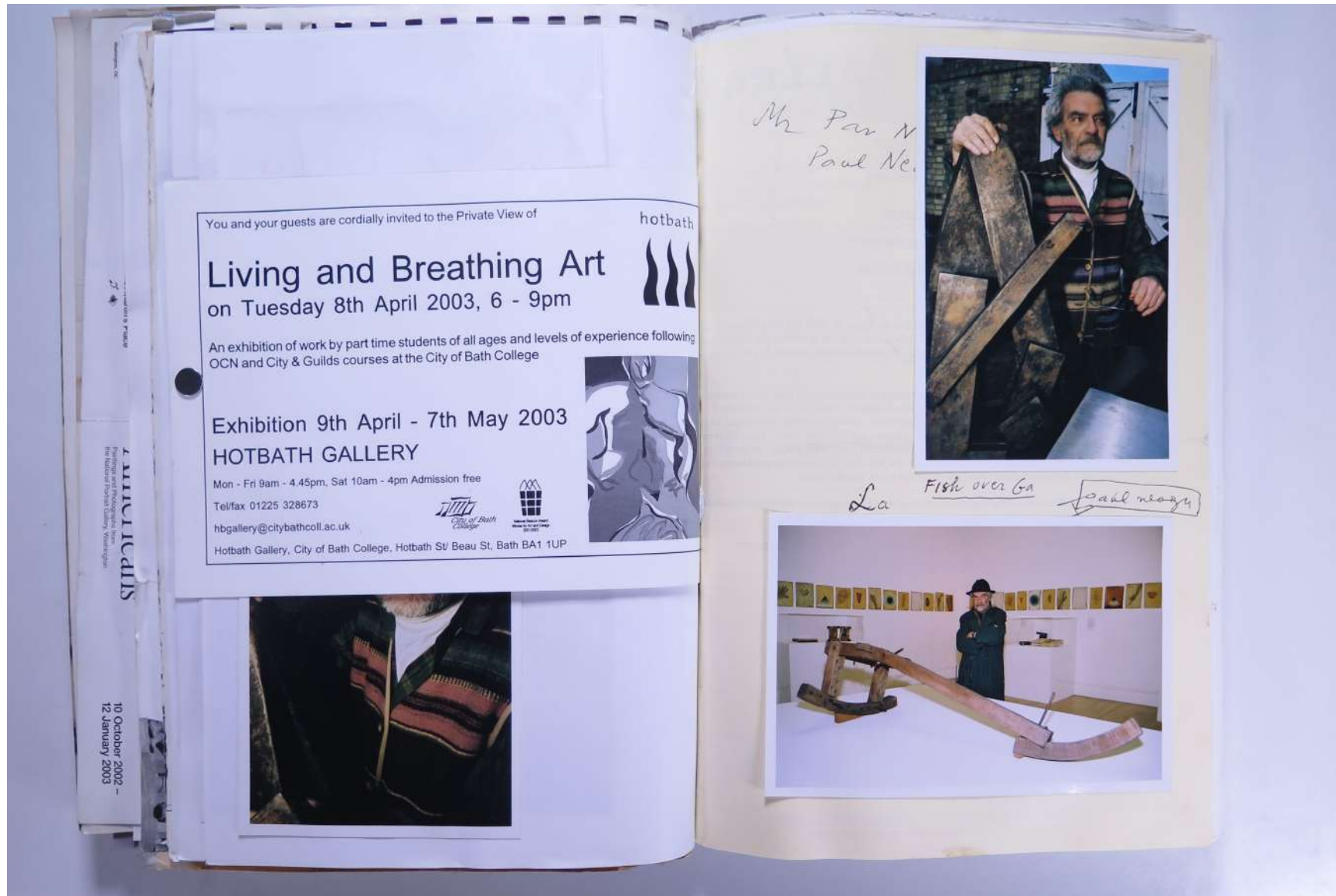


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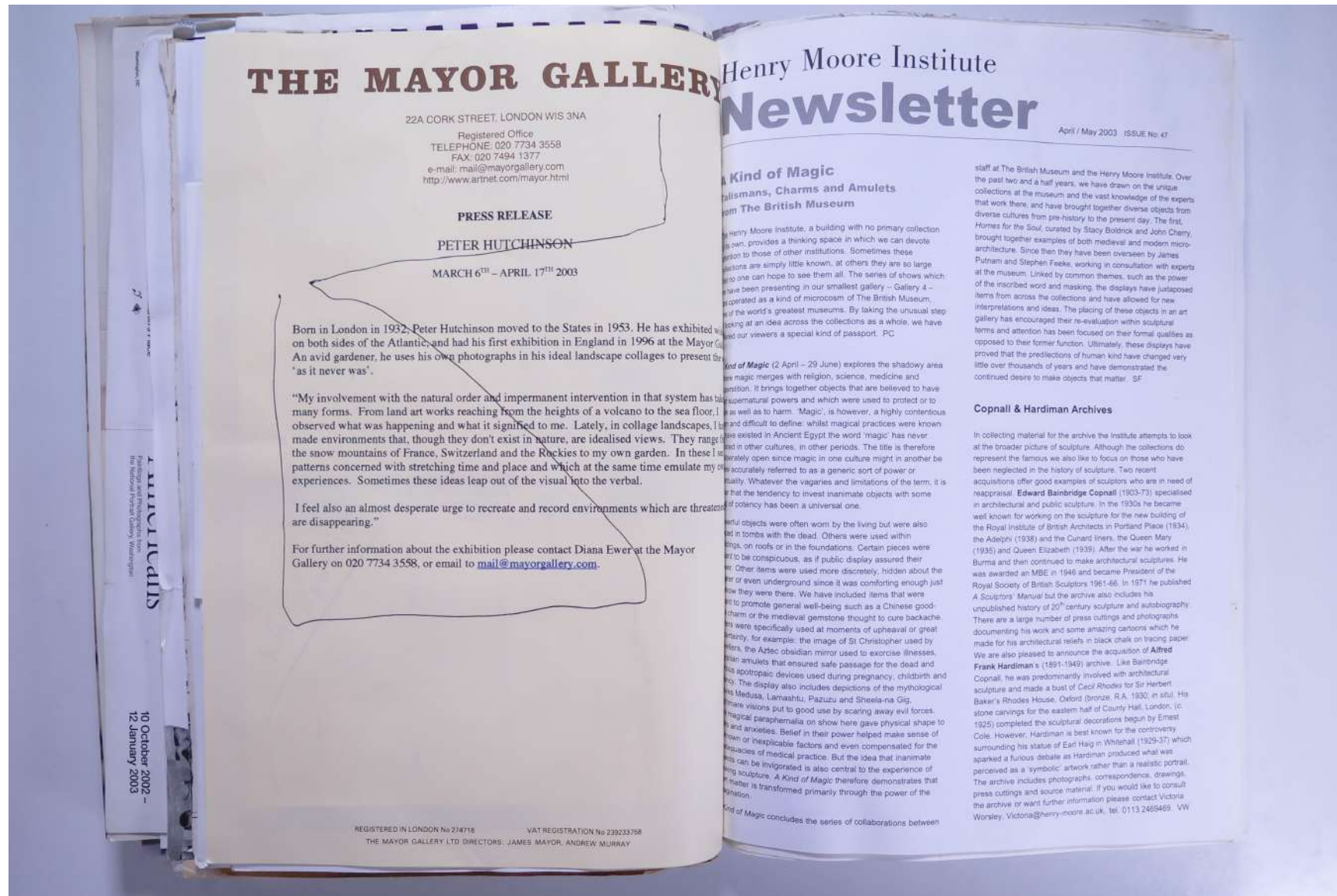
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### PRESS RELEASE

PETER HUTCHINSON

MARCH 6<sup>TH</sup> – APRIL 17<sup>TH</sup> 2003

Born in London in 1932, Peter Hutchinson moved to the States in 1953. He has exhibited on both sides of the Atlantic, and had his first exhibition in England in 1996 at the Mayor Gallery. An avid gardener, he uses his own photographs in his ideal landscape collages to present the 'as it never was'.

"My involvement with the natural order and impermanent intervention in that system has taken many forms. From land art works reaching from the heights of a volcano to the sea floor, I observed what was happening and what it signified to me. Lately, in collage landscapes, I have made environments that, though they don't exist in nature, are idealised views. They range from the snow mountains of France, Switzerland and the Rockies to my own garden. In these landscapes, patterns concerned with stretching time and place and which at the same time emulate my own experiences. Sometimes these ideas leap out of the visual into the verbal.

I feel also an almost desperate urge to recreate and record environments which are threatened and are disappearing."

For further information about the exhibition please contact Diana Ewer at the Mayor Gallery on 020 7734 3558, or email to [mail@mayorgallery.com](mailto:mail@mayorgallery.com).

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## Henry Moore Institute Newsletter

April / May 2003 ISSUE No. 47

### A Kind of Magic Talismans, Charms and Amulets from The British Museum

The Henry Moore Institute, a building with no primary collection of its own, provides a thinking space in which we can devote attention to those of other institutions. Sometimes these institutions are simply little known, at others they are so large that no one can hope to see them all. The series of shows which we have been presenting in our smallest gallery – Gallery 4 – has operated as a kind of microcosm of The British Museum, one of the world's greatest museums. By taking the unusual step of looking at an idea across the collections as a whole, we have asked our viewers a special kind of passport. PC

*A Kind of Magic* (2 April – 29 June) explores the shadowy area where magic merges with religion, science, medicine and superstition. It brings together objects that are believed to have supernatural powers and which were used to protect or to harm, as well as to harm. 'Magic', is however, a highly contentious and difficult to define, whilst magical practices were known to exist in Ancient Egypt the word 'magic' has never been used in other cultures, in other periods. The title is therefore merely open since magic in one culture might in another be accurately referred to as a generic sort of power or ability. Whatever the vagaries and limitations of the term, it is the tendency to invest inanimate objects with some kind of potency has been a universal one.

Useful objects were often worn by the living but were also used in tombs with the dead. Others were used within buildings, on roofs or in the foundations. Certain pieces were not to be conspicuous, as if public display assured their power. Other items were used more discreetly, hidden about the house or even underground since it was comforting enough just to know they were there. We have included items that were used to promote general well-being such as a Chinese good-luck charm or the medieval gemstone thought to cure backache. Some were specifically used at moments of upheaval or great difficulty, for example, the image of St Christopher used by sailors, the Aztec obsidian mirror used to exorcise illnesses, or amulets that ensured safe passage for the dead and living apotropaic devices used during pregnancy, childbirth and infancy. The display also includes depictions of the mythological hero Medusa, Lamashtu, Pazuzu and Sheela-na-Gig. Magical paraphernalia put to good use by scaring away evil forces. Magical paraphernalia on show here gave physical shape to fear and anxieties. Belief in their power helped make sense of unknown or inexplicable factors and even compensated for the weaknesses of medical practice. But the idea that inanimate objects can be invigorated is also central to the experience of living sculpture. *A Kind of Magic* therefore demonstrates that the matter is transformed primarily through the power of the imagination.

*A Kind of Magic* concludes the series of collaborations between

staff at The British Museum and the Henry Moore Institute. Over the past two and a half years, we have drawn on the unique collections at the museum and the vast knowledge of the experts that work there, and have brought together diverse objects from diverse cultures from pre-history to the present day. The first, *Homes for the Soul*, curated by Stacy Boldrick and John Cherry, brought together examples of both medieval and modern micro-architecture. Since then they have been overseen by James Putnam and Stephen Frieke, working in consultation with experts at the museum. Linked by common themes, such as the power of the inscribed word and masking, the displays have juxtaposed items from across the collections and have allowed for new interpretations and ideas. The placing of these objects in an art gallery has encouraged their re-evaluation with sculptural terms and attention has been focused on their formal qualities as opposed to their former function. Ultimately, these displays have proved that the predilections of human kind have changed very little over thousands of years and have demonstrated the continued desire to make objects that matter. SF

### Copnall & Hardiman Archives

In collecting material for the archive the Institute attempts to look at the broader picture of sculpture. Although the collections do represent the famous we also like to focus on those who have been neglected in the history of sculpture. Two recent acquisitions offer good examples of sculptors who are in need of reappraisal. **Edward Bainbridge Copnall** (1903-73) specialised in architectural and public sculpture. In the 1930s he became well known for working on the sculpture for the new building of the Royal Institute of British Architects in Portland Place (1934), the *Adephi* (1938) and the Cunard liners, the *Queen Mary* (1935) and *Queen Elizabeth* (1939). After the war he worked in Burma and then continued to make architectural sculptures. He was awarded an MBE in 1946 and became President of the Royal Society of British Sculptors 1961-66. In 1971 he published *A Sculptors' Manual* but the archive also includes his unpublished history of 20<sup>th</sup> century sculpture and autobiography. There are a large number of press cuttings and photographs documenting his work and some amusing cartoons which he made for his architectural reliefs in black chalk on tracing paper. We are also pleased to announce the acquisition of **Alfred Frank Hardiman's** (1891-1949) archive. Like Bainbridge Copnall, he was predominantly involved with architectural sculpture and made a bust of Cecil Rhodes for Sir Herbert Baker's Rhodes House, Oxford (bronze, R.A. 1930, in situ). His stone carvings for the eastern hall of County Hall, London, (c. 1925) completed the sculptural decorations begun by Ernest Cole. However, Hardiman is best known for the controversy surrounding his statue of Earl Haig in Whitehall (1929-37) which sparked a furious debate as Hardiman produced what was perceived as a 'symbolic' artwork rather than a realistic portrait. The archive includes photographs, correspondence, drawings, press cuttings and source material. If you would like to consult the archive or want further information please contact Victoria Worsley, [Victoria@henry-moore.ac.uk](mailto:Victoria@henry-moore.ac.uk), Tel. 0113 2469469. VW

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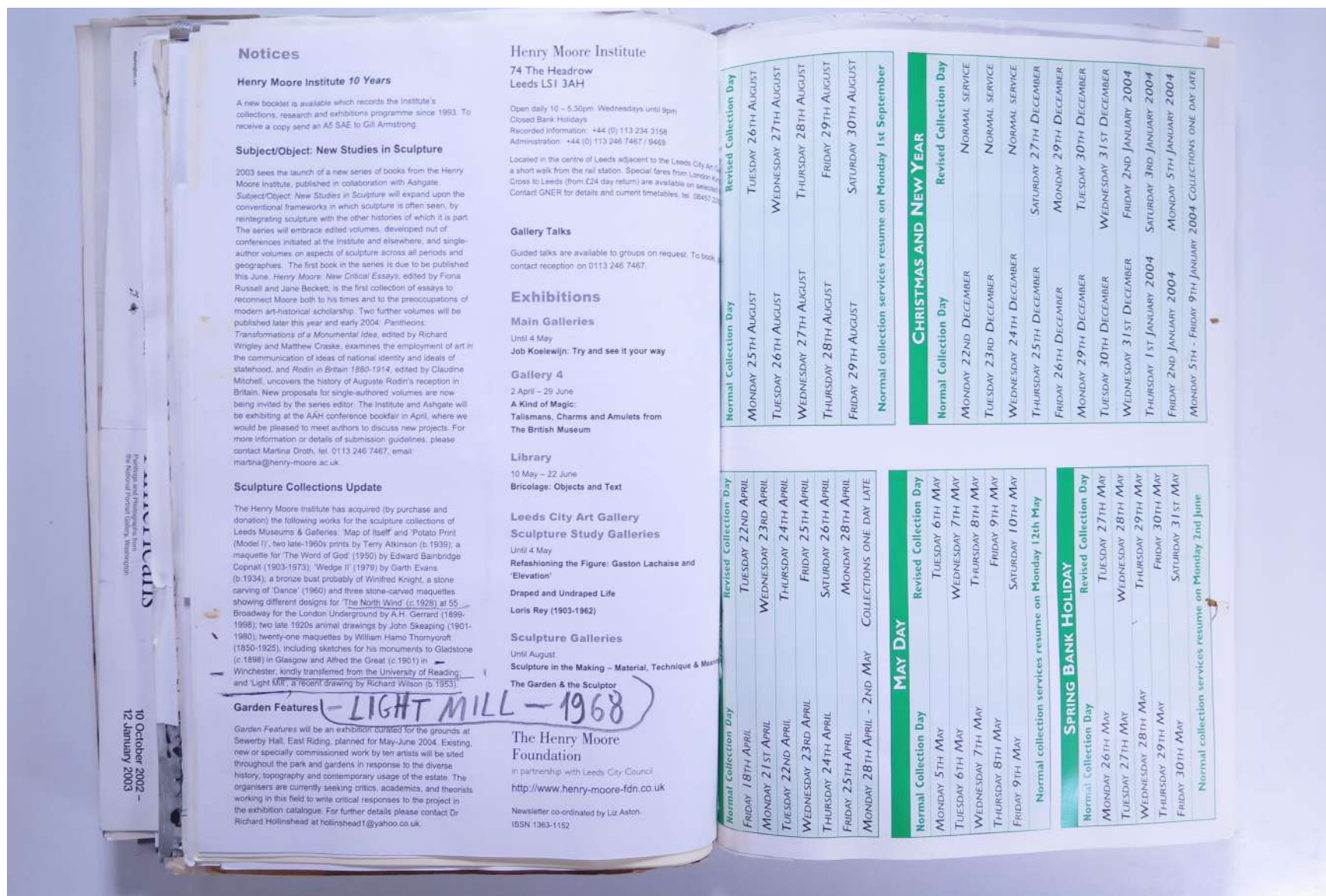


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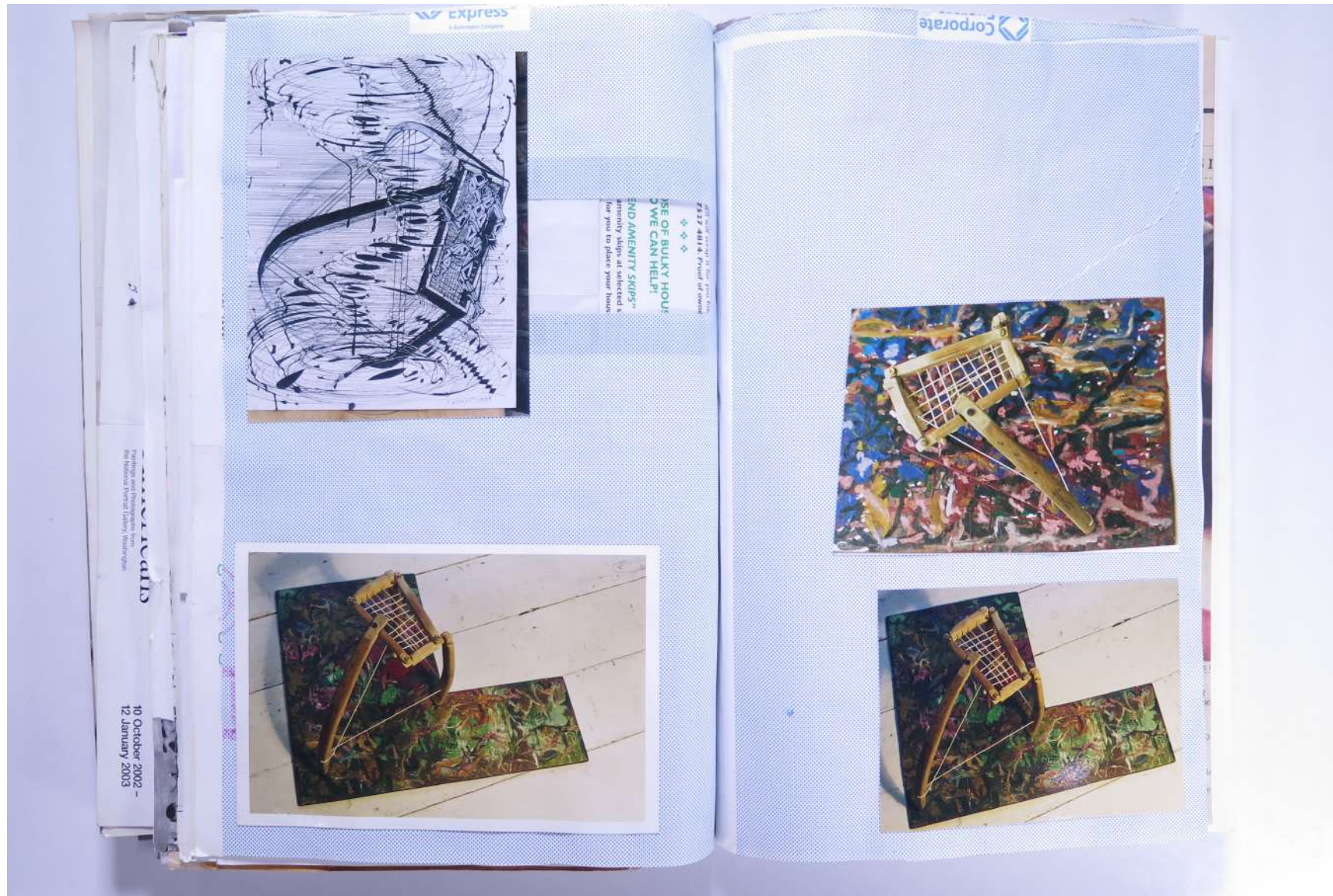
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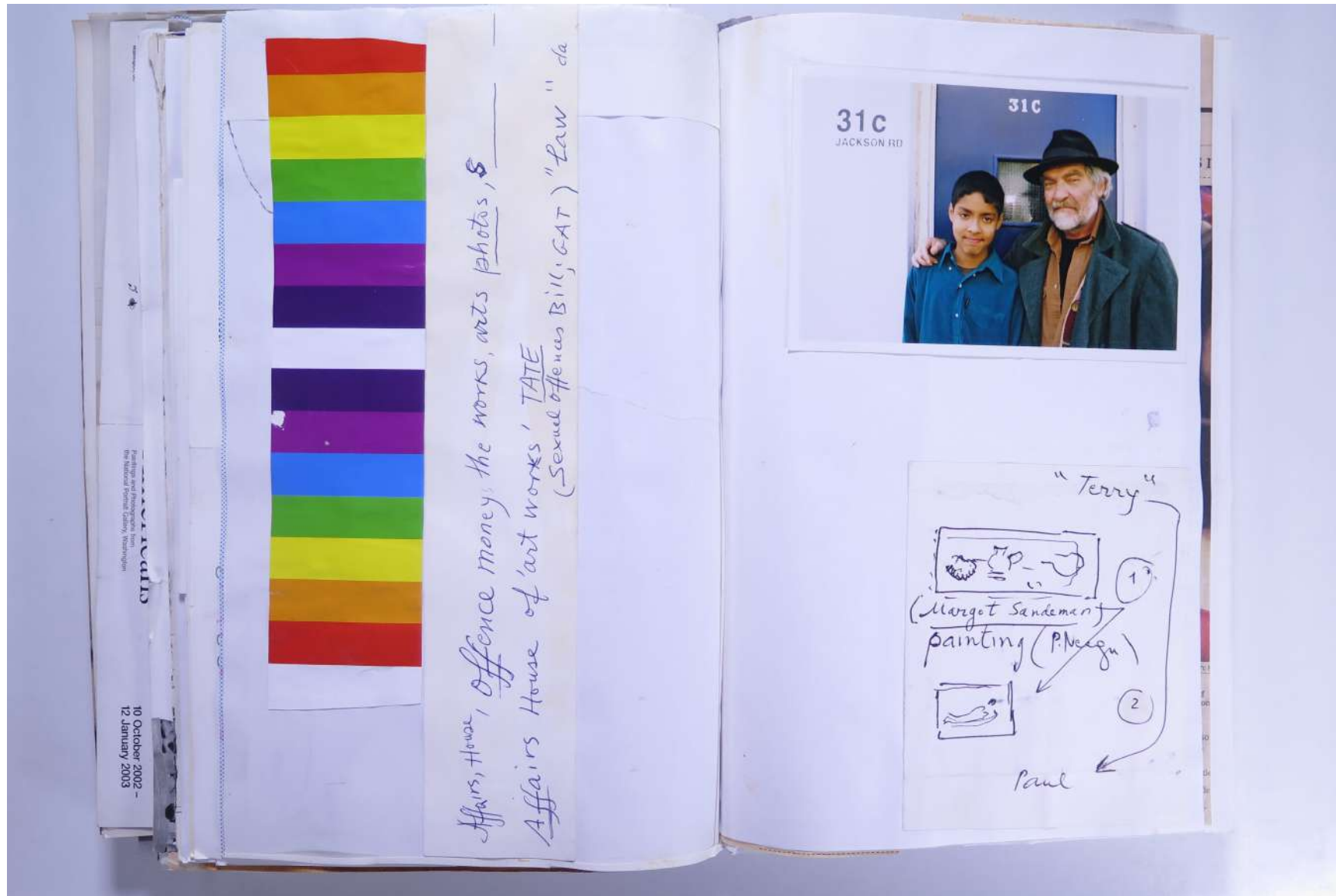
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## Obituaries

Tormented by the vast wealth of his American family, he emerged from many difficulties as an eccentric, and hugely generous, English gent

### Sir Paul Getty

In the six-line entry he provided for Who's Who, Sir Paul Getty, who has died aged 70 of a chest infection, gave his profession as philanthropist. He was probably Britain's biggest charitable donor, channelling a reputed £100m to causes ranging from striking miners to London's National Gallery, which received £50m from him.

Though he was born an American, Getty became a British citizen in December 1967, after living here for more than 30 years and gradually transforming himself into a quintessential Englishman. There was a knighthood; a stately home set in 3,000 acres of the Chilterns, where Test touring sides played cricket at his invitation every summer; and the friendship of prime ministers Thatcher and Major, and many in the arts and sports establishments.

But this period of public giving came late in a life tormented by the immense wealth which had flowed to him as a member of his family's oil dynasty. He was the third of five sons of the legendary oil billionaire J Paul Getty, and derived most of his fortune from family trusts set up by his grandmother. His income from these was a reputed £700,000 a week when interest rates peaked in the 1980s. By contrast, he benefited by only \$500m from his father's will.

Getty Jr was brought up a Roman Catholic, and taught by Jesuits before attending the University of San Francisco and doing a brief stint in the US army. But his future in the family business ended in 1970, after an 18-year stint with Getty Oil, Italy, by which time he had started to become a hippy playboy, and embarked on a downward spiral of alcohol, drugs and depression that left him almost two decades and alienated him from his father. The decline began after

Getty divorced his first wife Gail in 1966, and married Talitha Pol, who, within five years, had turned from an envied beauty of the continental jet set — Saint-Laurent and Noreyev were among her bosom pals — to a hopeless addict, who died of a heroin overdose in Italy in 1971.

Fearing arrest, Getty fled to London, and the self-imposed obscurity of a large house in Chayne Walk, Chelsea. Overcome with remorse at the death of his wife, he deteriorated physically, and, in an attempt to end his own various addictions, he entered the London Clinic in 1984 for a long period of treatment.

It cost him an average of £500 a day for 500 days, but there are limits to what even a billionaire can spend in a top medical establishment, and Getty's bank balances sprouted more nothings — to a total of £300,000,000 — during his treatment. However, he gradually recovered his religious faith and his financial sense, and decided to draw up a strategy for giving away large chunks of his fortune.

Getty turned out to be as generous as his father had been stingy. Some friends maintained that the public gifts represented guilt about his obscene wealth, but whatever the motivation, the British Film Institute was rewarded to get a £20m cheque from Getty, a passionate fan of old movies, to restore its deteriorating archive of every film ever made in the UK.

While still in the London clinic, Getty decided to donate £50m towards the rehabilitation of the National Gallery, then being starved of public funds. A grateful Mrs Thatcher, alerted by her then arts minister Lord Gowrie to a gift that would save the government embarrassment, went to Getty's bedside, and allegedly speeded his recovery with the magical cliché: "My dear Mr Getty, we mustn't let things get us down, must we?"



'Mr Getty.' Mrs Thatcher told him, 'we mustn't let things get us down, must we?' Photograph: Jane Down

it's let things get us down, must we? We'll have you out of here as soon as possible."

In fact, Getty chose to remain a patient for several months more. His fears about the tarnished standing of the family name slowed his re-emergence, his father's manes, while living in Sutton Place, Surrey, had made the gossip columnist, as had news of his own blighted years. He was worried, too, lest reports of his generosity be interpreted as opportunistic.

However, happier days lay ahead. In 1986, Getty moved to Wornesley Park, in Buckinghamshire, and though vulnerable for a time, gradually restored it — and himself. He emerged as an eccentric gent of the shores.

The restoration of 16th-century Wornesley was completed in 1991, by which time an old hippy friend, Mick Jagger, had introduced Getty to the sedentary joys of watching cricket. Visits by touring sides became a spectacular summer treat, he even built a replica of the Oval cricket ground on the estate.

Getty continued to give generously, and got married for a third time, in 1994, to Victoria, his companion of 20 years and the person he credited with saving him from destruction.

Though the family firm was sold to Tenaco several years ago, the money still rolled in. There were other tragedies, such as the kidnapping of his son Paul in 1973 — the boy's ear was cut off and sent to the family with a ransom demand — but Getty was probably less haunted than he had ever been. Essentially, he was living the life of a very grand seigneur. The presidency of Surrey cricket club was an extra trifle on his silver glide.

He is survived by his third wife, the two sons and two daughters of his first marriage, and a son from his second marriage. John Cunningham

Matthew Engel writes: The most extraordinary feature of Paul Getty's life was that he found solace from his early torments in simple Englishness. His love of cricket, for instance, was based not on the kind of detail that absorbs most enthusiasts — he was not a great one for discussing the line law — but on what it represented. His love of old books was much the same.

After his unhappy childhood, tumultuous youth and reclusive middle years, what he came to appreciate was stability and tradition — everything represented by the country-house cricket which he revved so spectacularly at Wornesley.

The cricketers he appreciated must were those he only saw play on the grassy old film clips he also loved, from the Denis Compton, Gubby Allen and Bob Wyatt, all of them older than himself but who became firm friends. They had a disconcerting habit of dying regularly which added a further tragic quality to the gatherings each new springtime at Wornesley, and in his box at Lord's.

These continued setbacks, where Harold Pinter, John Major and Mick Jagger might all pull shudders. Paul presided with a benevolence that went way beyond mere generosity with money. One felt that his own gloriously happy third marriage, and the friendships he built up in his last 15 years — especially through cricket — gave him a sense of his own self-worth that transcended the most obvious fact about him: his wealth.

He would have been a kindly man, even in normal circumstances. But he never knew normality, which is perhaps why he craved it so much.

John Paul Getty, philanthropist, born September 7 1932, died April 17 2003

Billionaire magnate who made a friend of Prince Charles and an enemy of an elderly lady in Mayfair

Prolific but modest figure on

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32 The Guardian Friday April 18 2003

## Reviews

Steve Martland takes to the streets ● Penny Arcade's nightmare comes true ● The saucy ladies of theatre

### Classical Death and Resurrection

St Paul's Cathedral  
Title Modern, London  
★★★★

The Turbine Hall of Tate Modern has been described as a secular cathedral, and this incarnation of the Dale and Egg Live series twisted it with a sacred one. Before a weekend that will be celebrated more as the annual festival of chocolate than as Easter, the idea of exploring spiritual and non-religious rituals of death and rebirth seemed either timely or redundant. But what was unintentionally demonstrated most strongly was how words become absorbed into ritual and in a way lose their currency.

St Paul's was the venue for the first half, in which John Eliot Gardiner conducted the Monteverdi Choir and English Baroque Soloists in three Bach cantatas, with Christ lag in Todesbanden at the centre. It was an undeniably atmospheric setting, despite the presence of scaffolding for the current restoration moves away from the dome. The swirling acoustic, however, was no advantage. Rad's echo effects began before the real echoes had died away and, despite the punchy articulation of some of the singing, there was a limit to how much impact these works could make.

Still, Gardiner and his musicians made the best of it. The recurring allusion in the verses of Christ lag in Todesbanden came across well – jazzy syncopated, then almost lamenting, then winding down like a record. But elsewhere words were indistinct, and no translation was provided in the programme. For an event aimed at a broad audience, it was baffling that the organisers were content to leave us with so little idea of the meaning of what we were listening to.

From there we were led in procession over the Millennium Bridge to the other cathedral. The Turbine Hall was in darkness, with the choir and the marimba Meyer Colin Curtis played

tray model being inside the doll's stern couldn't focus us on the idea of rebirth; the sense of violation from the taking apart of the doll was too strong.  
Erica Jeal

### Theatre New York Values

Queen Elizabeth Hall, London  
★★★★

Legends do it their way. I have seen legends torter across stages, forget their lines, prove themselves incapable of holding a tune. I have seen legends fall down and get up again and fall again. Legend incorporates the word end, but legends never stop. They just go on and on and on, long after anyone can remember what the legend was legendary for. In the end we start applauding them not for what they do, but because they are still there, their survival affirming our survival. We take comfort from legends just as we do from the Archers.

So it is with Penny Arcade, the New York performance artist who hung around with Andy Warhol and who produced a solo show whose title alone, *Bitch! Dyke! Hag! Hag! Where!* would be enough to confer cult status. Sometimes I think that we expect too much from the theatre, but I do think that we are entitled to expect something, and Penny Arcade believes very little at all. If this was an open mike session she would be booted off stage. Because she is a legend, she gets away from it.

If you had not yet come down from the 1960s, or had failed to catch a single woman performer on the comedy circuit over the past 20 years, you might find her interesting. But her material is so much cutting-edge that anything that you can hear on Radio 4 at 6.30pm, and her emphasis on "no, no, no," the name dropping, the little girl persona and her emotional neediness with the audience are not to watch. To be fair, whoever came up with the idea of picking her in the controversial Q&A needs a brain transplant. You see that in an intimate cab-style



A show waiting to be written... Penny Arcade. Photograph by Jerry Weston

### Theatre Playhouse Creatures

West Yorkshire Playhouse, Leeds  
★★★★

Neil Gwynn is often portrayed as a sunny orange witch, the fiery, red-headed Herefordshire lass who captivated Charles II and gave birth to the future Duke of St Albans. April de Angelis's sensitive characterisation

carried away with the idea that the emergence of actresses on the Restoration stage struck a decisive blow for feminism. The leading actress, Elizabeth Barry, received 50 shillings per performance, while her co-star, Thomas Betterton pocketed 25. Actresses could achieve little without the attention of theatrical managers who exploited their social availability as a marketing tool.

gested Mrs Betterton, whose least-won experience counts for nothing in the face of encroaching age. Only Sandra Viner's marvelously descript, fine-bitten Doll Common emerges as a perennial survivor, her devotion to the theatrical life as unchanged as her undergarments.  
Alfred Hickling  
Daily Mail 3, Row office  
(011) 211 7700

Opera  
★★★★

destroys it. Bradamante, who pitches up with the philosophical Melissa in tow, is an attempt to rescue her fiancé Ruggiero from Alcina's staves, may have right on her side, but her actions bring irreparable loss as well as freedom in their wake.

David McVicar's gorgeous, if overdone English National Opera production turns the work into a study of the relationship between desire, reason and opera itself. He equates Alcina's secrecy

stolidly by Richard Hickox, is well sung, though not greatly so. Alcina is played by Lisa Milne: flame-haired and fantastic, is vocally beautiful and technically staggering, though there is a chastity in the tone that sometimes is less than ideal. Beaume Meek's Ruggiero is elegant if underpowered, while Mark Richardson backs a bit as Melissa. Laura Claycomb, as Alcina's sister Morgana, has fun aping Marlene Dietrich's

### Jazz Carmen Lundy

Ronnie Scott's, London  
★★★★

As a vocal and a physical presence, the 48 year-old Miami-born singer Carmen Lundy is practically flawless. She always seems to be in repose even at fast tempos, her voice has an operatic range from a violin-like fragility through to a growl. She has a questioning intelligence, and her relationship with audiences couples generosity with a graceful reserve. Yet a hidden flaw there can be. Lundy is determined not to be simply a Broadway songbook jazz artist, but the new material that has increasingly dominated her show in recent years is mixed.

At Ronnie Scott's, Lundy had her skilful brother, Curtis, with her on bass, and such a good pairing of pianist and drummer in Orrin Evans and Victor Lewis that it would have been good to hear a lot more from them than their opening instrumental and brief solos. The best of Lundy's non-standard work is caught by the evocative *You're Not In Love*, a contemporary classic she has been singing for years, which she delivered simply without shoving anything of the impact of its portrayal of an affair burning out.

There was also a vulnerability about the drifting ballad *Quiet Times*, with the bass and drums dropping out in the middle and leaving only a sparring rumination from Evans. Lundy did the melody spectacularly down from the middle register to a reverberant, bass-pitched "goodbye" at the close, a typically seamless mingling of meaning and awesome vocal technique.

Then Lundy – who has lately developed a not altogether convincing choreography of sketching in the air body language – embarked on a long exposition of drummer Victor Lewis's *Big Girl*, which is quickly established was not intended to have any *Vix* magazine implications. Lewis is a wonderful drummer, but his song paralleling a daughter's



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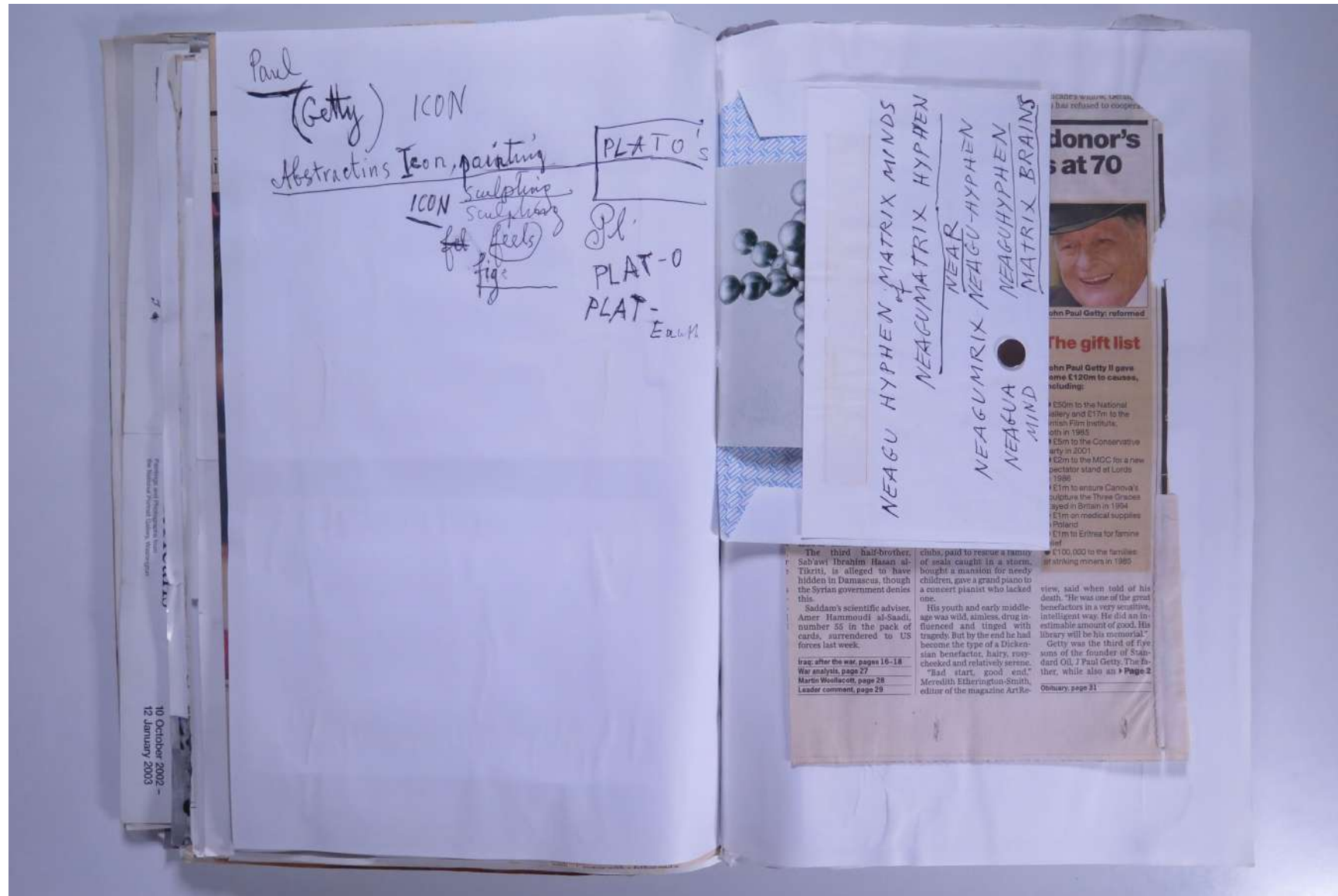
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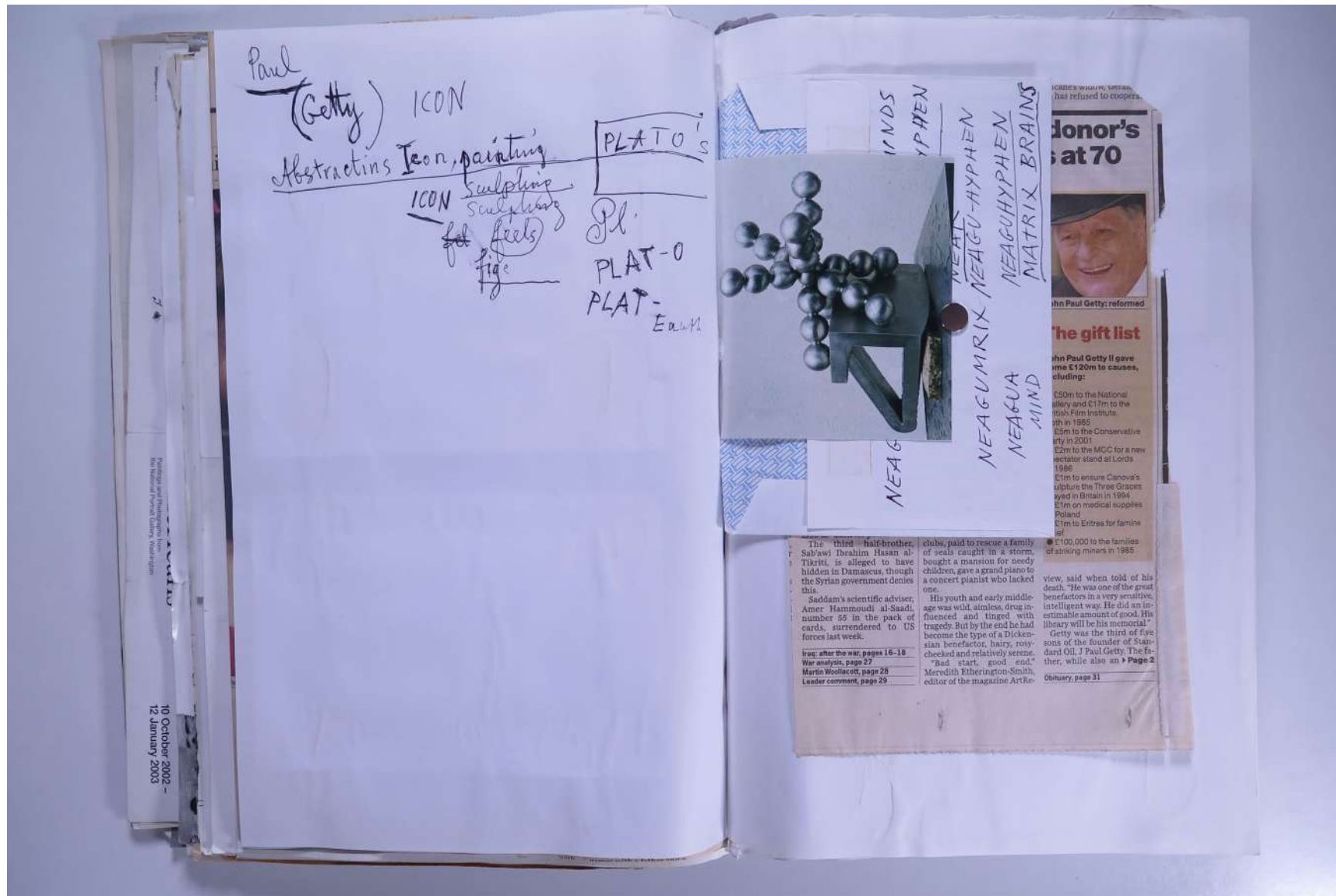
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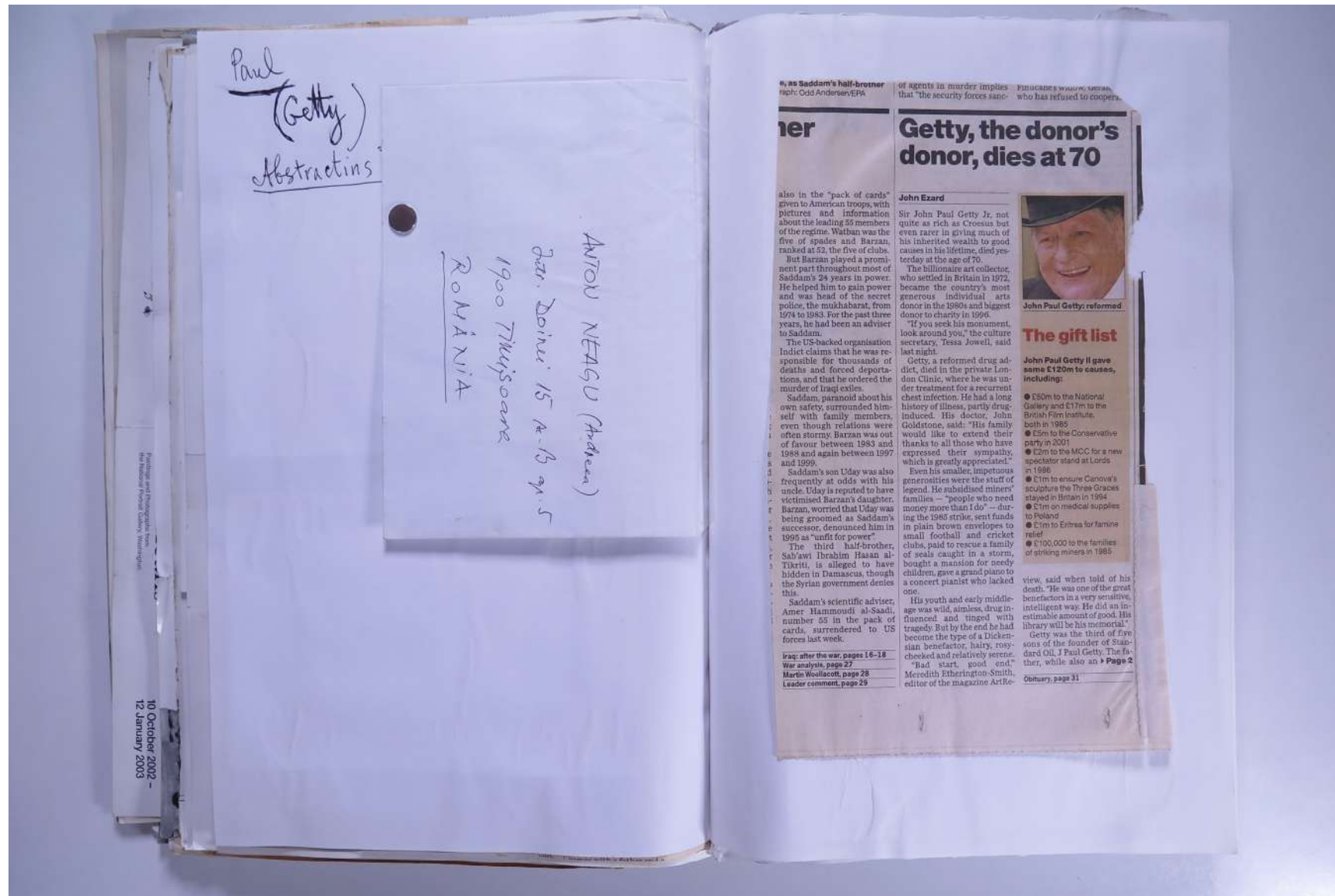
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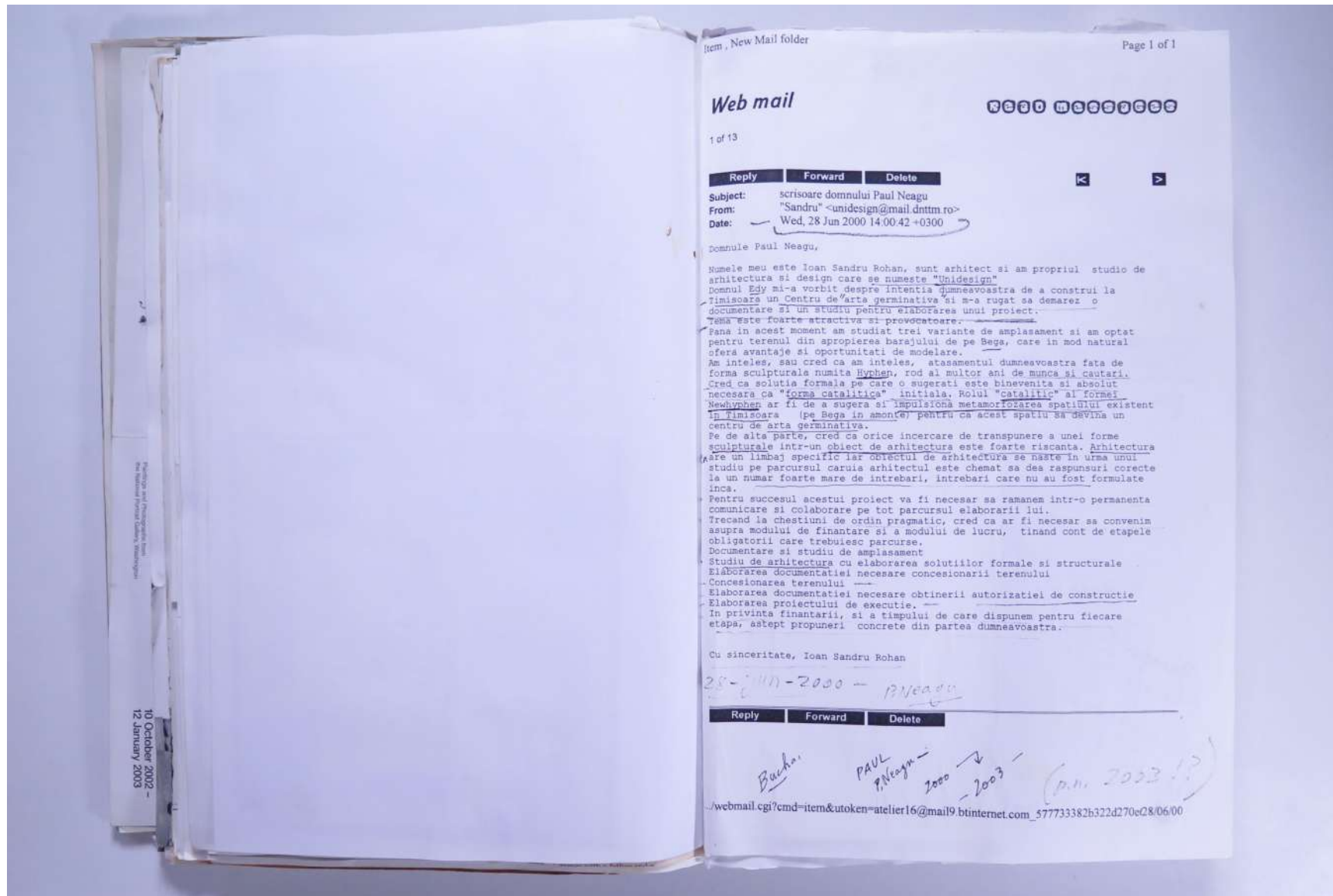
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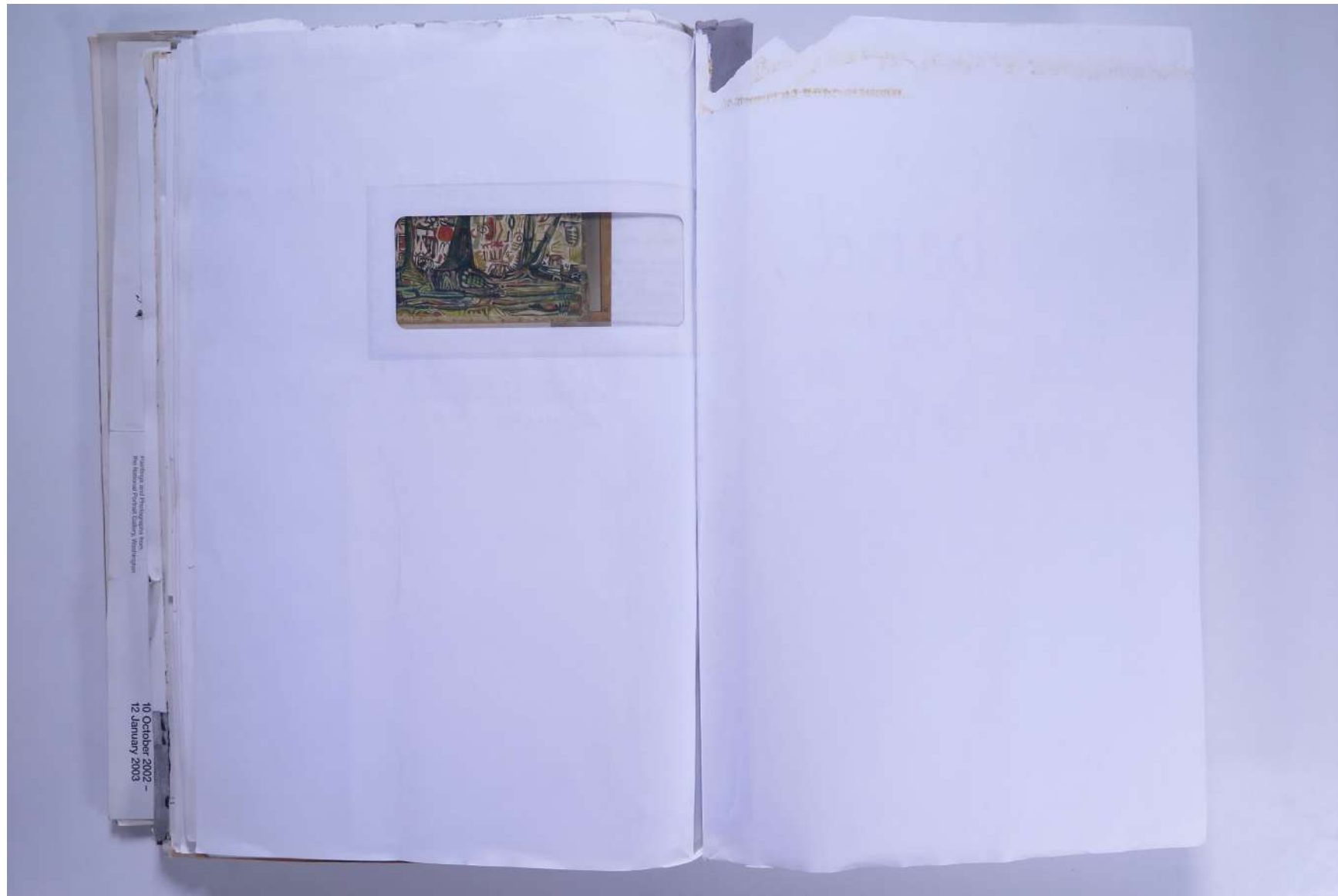
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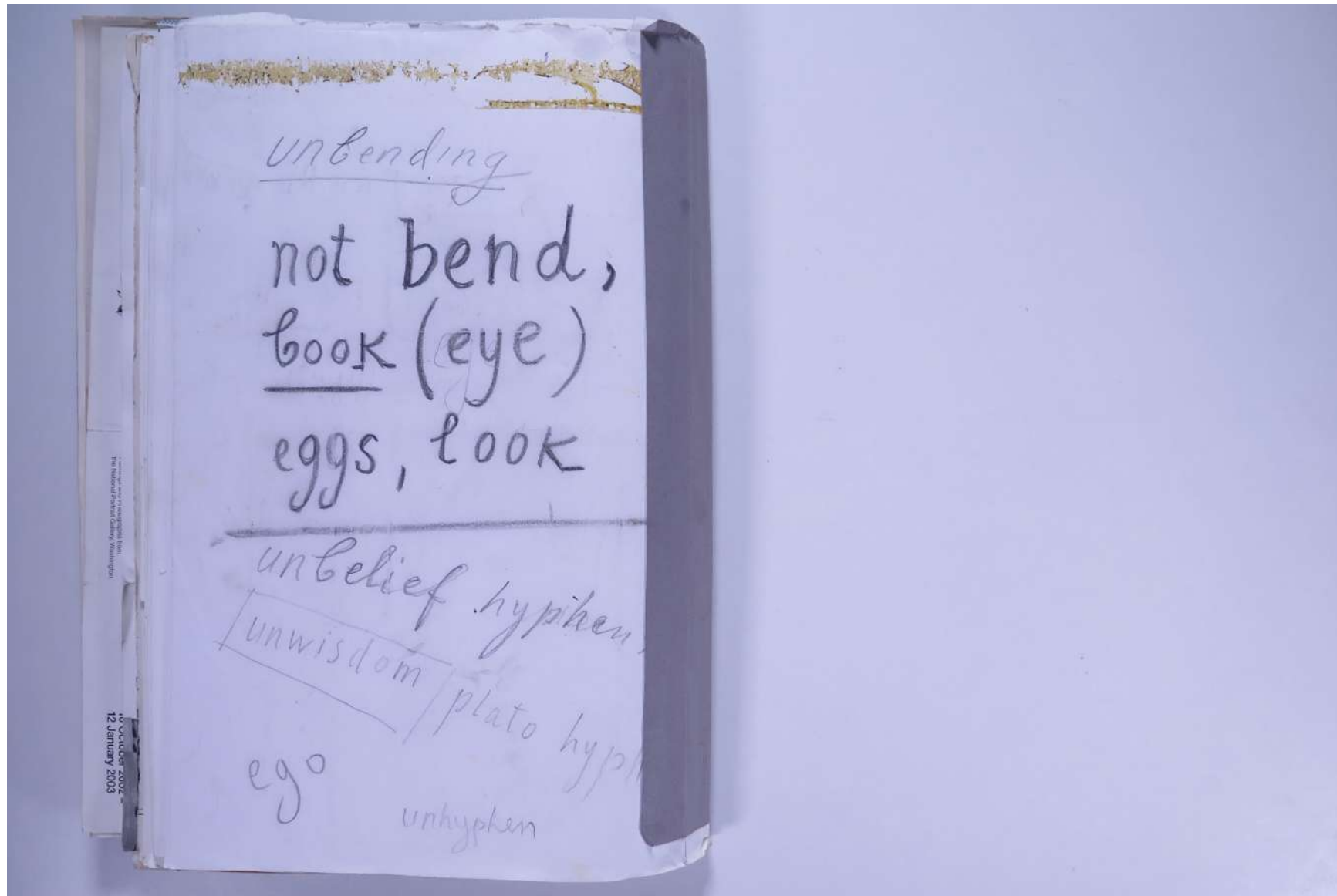
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