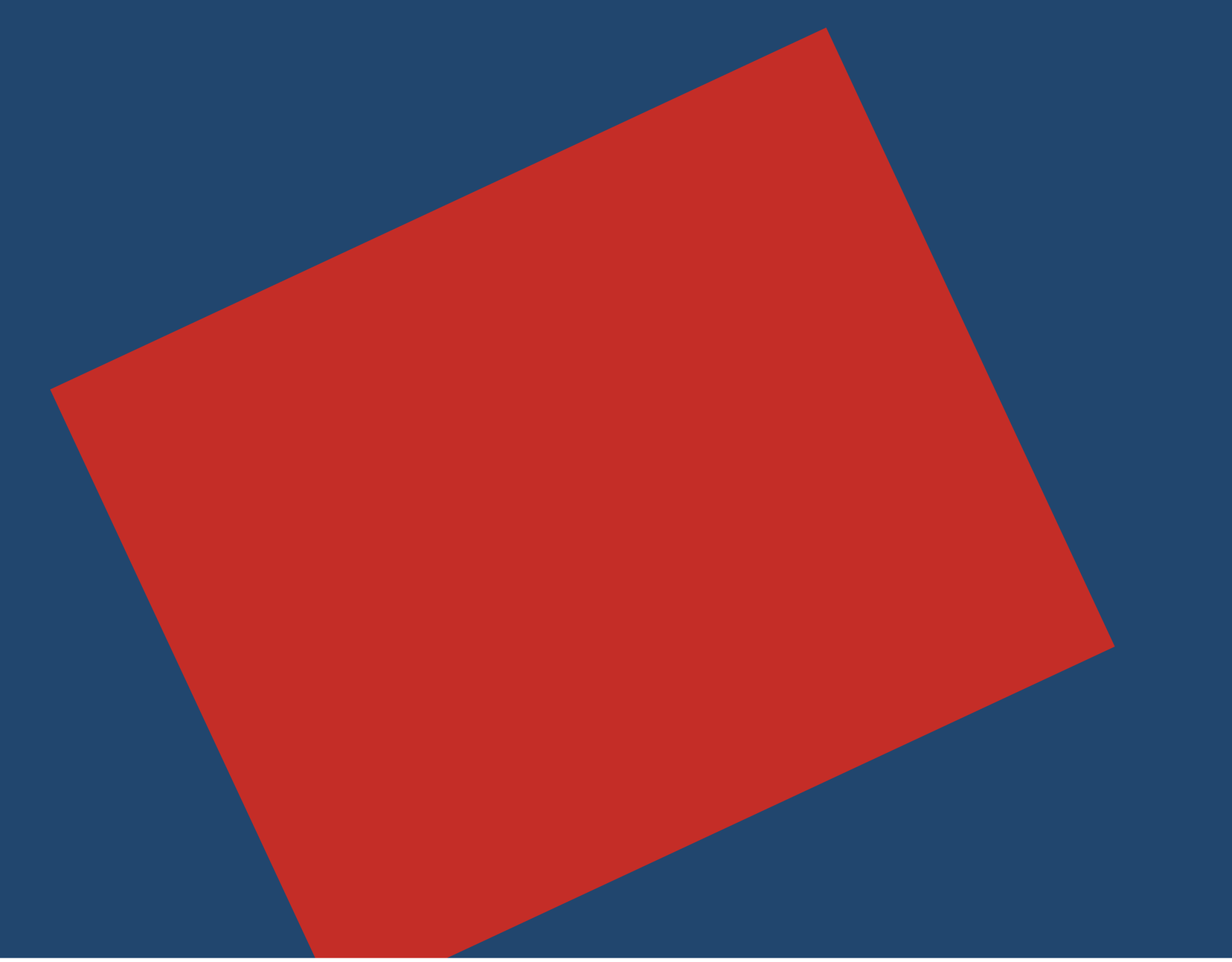


For Rebecca, Tristram and Benedict

FROM THE KITCHEN TABLE

Drew Gallery Projects 1984 – 90

Edited by
Sandra Drew and Georgie Scott

Wendy Howard
making *Corsets*, 1989

CONTENT

Sandra Drew at the Drew Gallery kitchen table, 1989

FOREWORD

Professor Terry Perk
Head of School of Fine Art & Photography
University for the Creative Arts

Adrian Hall
Slow Burn-(Eye Rise), 1985

I first met Sandra Drew in April, 2016. At the time I knew of her through her work with Stour Valley Arts, a ground-breaking project she had initiated in 1994 in King's Wood, near Ashford in Kent, in which she had developed a commissioning programme for permanent and temporary artistic interventions in the ancient woodland site. We met just over two years ago at the University for the Creative Arts (UCA) in Canterbury, where I work, and she asked whether we might be interested in receiving her archive of photographs, letters and documents pertaining to a series of projects she had instigated in the 1980s as part of the Canterbury Festival.

In talking to Sandra it quickly became apparent that the legacy of the projects that formed the core of her proposed archival donation (which can now be accessed online at www.vads.ac.uk/collections/DGP.html), *Sculpture on the Map* (1984), *Sculptors at Work* (1985), *Third Generation: Women Sculptors Today* (1986), *In Transit* (1989) and *Other Nature: From New York* (1990) had had a significant impact on the practices of a host of now highly regarded national and international artists. Many of them were in the early stages of their careers, and her invitation offered them a new freedom to test aspects of their existing practices in 'pop-up' forms, which although now ubiquitous, at that time offered unfamiliar and critical means for challenging the familiarity of our publicly shared spaces. Sandra's approach, and other projects like hers that were beginning to emerge in the 80s and 90s, posed important challenges to artists, curators and educators of the time, who were already questioning the value of traditionally distinct modes of art making, but who were now being asked to rethink the stranglehold of traditional forms and materials of sculpture in commissioned public art.

In our current, and fundamentally distinct, social and economic context these questions may now seem outdated or even resolved, but in reviewing the vibrancy, energy and straight-out brazenness of some of the work Sandra commissioned it seems to me that the question of how public art might continue to provide a critique of public space has become even more important. The majority of new opportunities for developing projects in the public realm are intimately tied to urban regeneration and broader socio-economic agendas, and as such we face a fundamental tension between art's critical potential and it's often instrumentalised position as a mechanism in the gentrification of our environment. The question of how to maintain the value of art's criticality in such a context is key. In this climate, within which funding directives are also challenging us all to continually create 'new audiences', the question of what new publics might be constituted through a critical experience of public space holds even more urgent ethical and political currency. In my role in Higher Education, further questions then present themselves: What differing commissioning models might reinforce or challenge the current economic context of public art and how might 'students' critically engage through a pedagogy that addresses alternative models?

Over the last two years I have been grateful for the opportunity to explore these questions directly with Sandra, whose spirit has infused the development of the archive, it's accompanying exhibitions, new commissions and publication. With the incredible support of Judith Carlton, whose recognition of the importance of Sandra's work has helped drive the scope and focus of the project, these new forms for experiencing Sandra's works will, we hope, re-engage and challenge audiences to question again the role the arts can play in critiquing our local public spaces.

Yoko Terauchi
Hot Line, 1986

INTRODUCTION

Judith Carlton
Director, Cafe Gallery Projects, London

Maryrose Sinn
Ladder, 1986

In 1986, Australian curator Sandra Drew launched one of the UK's most significant exhibitions to date – *Third Generation: Women Sculptors Today*. The show presented mixed media and installations by twenty-two female artists including Phyllida Barlow, Rose English, Tina Keane and Sharon Kivland.

The show was unusual on various levels – much of the work commissioned didn't resemble what was broadly accepted as sculpture at the time (video, objects, photography, installation, performance and text). Also, the exhibition didn't take place within the traditional confines of a gallery or museum, instead it sprawled across the medieval English town of Canterbury, inhabiting spaces one didn't expect to encounter art, such as empty shops, the market square, graveyards, theatres, and the iconic cathedral's crypt. The show encompassed the most public of public spaces, previously deemed only either functional or sacred. We didn't have 'pop ups' in 1986. Nor were we accustomed to the then guerilla, public activity of Artangel (founded in 1985) or indeed the plethoras of regional biennales we take for granted here in 2018. Hence we had not yet coined our tacit, art-touristic expectation that sculpture could or perhaps should be live, outdoor, or durational.

Until the 80s, monumental-scale sculpture Drew was commissioning rarely erupted from the doors of the UK institution, and if it did, it would most likely have been created by men and be presented within the relatively safe confines of a gated sculpture park or stately home, accessible to those in the know, who could afford membership to such special en plein-air encounters. The notion of a festival fringe had been well-established on Edinburgh's Royal Mile for budding theatre performers, but this bold new way of commissioning avant-garde visual art outdoors in Britain was redefining how we experienced art and perhaps most importantly *who* got to experience it; sculpture had "stepped off the plinth"[1] and onto the streets, boundaries were slipping.

Sandra's commissioning style was fearless, encouraging collaborative and time-based practice, as well as delving into the relatively unchartered world of large-scale public programming and 'new media'. A busy single parent, Drew ran all projects both in and outside of Drew Gallery Projects from the epicentre of her kitchen table, governed by a large handwritten chart and directory pinned to the back of the kitchen door. Working at grassroots level with extremely limited resources, Drew delivered incredibly ambitious and impactful projects with enormous legacy. Sandra has, until now, remained a significant yet overlooked figure in the history of British Contemporary Art.

Drew Gallery Projects' archive, now gifted to and digitised by UCA, provides an invaluable resource for subsequent generations of students, artists, curators, academics and 'do-ers', for many

[1] Sandra Drew in Conversation with Prof. Terry Perk, 6th October 2016. P34

Michelle Luke
Skin Deep, 1989

years to come. During the initial conversations regarding the archive's digitisation it soon became imperative to shine a light on Drew's continuing contemporary relevance within the curatorial and artistic-led activity which in 2018 is taken as given, and yet would not have happened if it weren't for people like Sandra who pushed, and pushed, until it happened.

The exhibitions in Canterbury, Folkestone and London during 2018-19 and accompanying publication celebrates Sandra Drew's visionary legacy to a whole new generation, a career that has remained modestly observed and yet passionately championed by those artists, students and communities who directly benefited from Drew's revolutionary curatorial spirit during the 80s and 90s.

This publication is a rich resource that illustrates and expands upon Drew and her host of collaborating artists' careers, often at formative stages, whilst also enacting as a contextual reader surrounding thematics of The Archive, Feminism, sculpture, public art and curating. Sandra has collected testimonies from the vast majority of her exhibited artists and has included them here, providing great insight into this 'new' way of working and what effect it had on their careers then and now.

An invigorating dialogue between Sandra and Professor Terry Perk, Head of School of Fine Art and Photography, University for the Creative Arts, contextualises both the public and private logistics of running DGP, the Canterbury Festival Fringe and how it came into being within a socio-historical narrative which encapsulates just how enterprising the Drew Gallery Projects spirit truly was.

Thalia Allington-Wood, art historian, curator and daughter of artists Julia Wood and Ed Allington, examines the feminist roots in Drew's curatorial methodology but also in that of the evolving sculptural practice of the 1980s. Thalia focuses primarily on 1985's *Sculptors at Work* and 1986's *Third Generation: Women Sculptors Today;* both exhibitions featured work by her mother and this essay is written with support from Julia's

sketchbook annotations jotted during that period: "*artworks made by these women evidence how the boundaries of sculpture were continually being 'stretched, pushed and extended' during this period, and the role female artists played in the breaking down of disciplinary walls*" [2]

Edward Chell, artist and Reader in Fine Art at UCA Canterbury opens up the creaking solander box and explores the contemporary obsession with all things 'archive'. Chell illuminates that one of the roles of the archive is to shine lights on overlooked practice and legacies and what something means to be 'ahead of its time' which is only ever observable in hindsight, via the archive, in the imagined future: "*Many of Drew Gallery Projects' commissions were ahead of their time, containing social critiques that echoed the relational aesthetics' of Nicolas Bourriaud and the socially engaged elements of later artistic practitioners.*"[3]

Sharon Kivland's *A Promenade* speaks of ghosts, sisterhood and sea-change; a rousing testimony from a regular collaborator, artist and friend: "*We would climb high into the most absurd places, oh the sky itself presented no obstacle.*" [4]

John Carson, artist and Professor of Art at Carnegie Mellon University, Pittsburgh takes us on a walk through the relatively recent history of radical public commissioning in the UK and the States from the late 60s to now. In his essay Carson draws on his experience as Artangel's Production Director and Co-Curator from 1986-91, an integral force in public realm and guerrilla tactics within wider movement in the 1980s and beyond which, like Drew Gallery Projects, reacted "*against the commercially driven art market, offering art as an experience or a challenge to convention, instead of a commodity.*" [5]

From the Kitchen Table has been made possible thanks to the indefatigable spirit of Prof. Terry Perk who at all stages of this project, since the very first suggestion of possible digitisation to the beautiful publication you now hold in your hand, has been the driving force to making all of this happen. Sincere thanks also must go to Georgie Scott who has worked tirelessly on pulling the many threads of this vast project together and keeping them so.

Thanks go to our friends and colleagues at UCA, Brewery Tap: UCA Project Space and my wonderful team at Cafe Gallery Projects, London for their excellent administration and execution of the forthcoming exhibitions across the south of England. Dean Pavitt has worked thoughtfully with Sandra's wealth of an archive and the stories therein to create a beautiful publication.

The belief and support of our generous project funders have enabled this rightfully ambitious project to blossom all the further, for which we are sincerely grateful to Arts Council England; Godfrey Worsdale and his colleagues at The Henry Moore Foundation; Kent Arts Investment Fund at Kent County Council, and all at UCA.

[2] Thalia Allington-Wood, Women Sculptors in the 1980s and the Drew Gallery Projects, 2018. P72

[3] Edward Chell , Reflections on an ('Archive') 2018. P68

[4] Sharon Kivland, A Promenade, 2018. P90

[5] John Carson, The Edge of Acceptability, 2018. P20

THE EDGE OF ACCEPTABILITY

John Carson

John Cobb
Somewhere in there – out there Somewhere, 1982/3

David Mach
Fire-Works, 1985

'Blame God' said the billboard on Kennington Road.

Every so often I would open the newspaper and read reports of strange occurrences, such as blasphemous billboards on the streets of Southwark;[1] sightings of ice sculptures on Hampstead Heath;[2] a projected swastika on the facade of the South African Embassy in Trafalgar Square.[3]

I discovered that the strange phenomena, which were being reported by the London press, were the work of a mysterious organisation called Artangel. But who or what was the enigmatic Artangel? A little later it was brought to my attention that Artangel was advertising for a Production Director. If I didn't get the job, at least I might solve the mystery. But I did get the job, and from 1986 to 1991, I worked as Production Director and Co-curator of Artangel, with its Founder and Director Roger Took. We worked from a small office on Oxford Street, with an Administrative Assistant Tiffany Black. The idea was to keep the organisation lean and overheads low. We would hire as many people as we needed with the requisite expertise for each project.

Artangel was set up as a funding and initiating organisation for the visual arts:

- Presenting art in public locations.
- Collaborating with artists and curators to win new audiences beyond the museum.
- Encouraging artists working in a context of social or political intervention.
- Supporting public works which are transient, temporary and not gallery based.

The impetus for starting Artangel was as a reaction against the rampant state of the art market in the eighties, as exemplified by the Saatchi phenomenon. Roger perceived a threat to the development of certain radical, conceptual, performative, feminist, socially engaged, politically concerned, contextually based, non-commodifiable work that had come to the fore in the seventies, and he felt that it was important to sustain such practices. I was of like mind, so working at Artangel was a thrilling prospect for me.

In 1985 and 1986, before my arrival at Artangel, Roger had done 7 projects, working with Hannah Collins, David Mach, Boyd Webb, Julia Wood (*The Artangel Roadshow*), Krzysztof Wodiczko, Les Levine, Stephen Willats, Mark Ingham, Kumiko Shimizu, and Andy Goldsworthy.

From 1986 to 1991, we did 24 projects, working with 40 different artists. We commissioned established international artists (such as Jenny

[1] A set of billboards in London by Les Levine, commenting the civil strife in Northern Ireland, referencing atrocities perpetrated in the name of God. (A collaboration between Artangel and the ICA).

[2] A residency on Hampstead Heath by Andy Goldsworthy (December 85 to January 86), resulting in ephemeral sculptures made from natural materials found on the Heath.

[3] Having been given permission to project onto Nelson's Monument in Trafalgar Square, Krzysztof Wodiczko turned the projection equipment (without permission) and projected a swastika on the portico of the adjacent South African Embassy, in protest against apartheid and the South African government's incarceration of Nelson Mandela on Robben Island. (A collaboration between Artangel, the ICA and Canada House).

Holzer, Barbara Kruger and Lawrence Weiner) with a track record of challenging public art projects, as well as British artists who we wished to work with (such as Tim Head, Tina Keane and Keith Piper), and we invited proposals from all and sundry. Consequently projects varied in scope from small-scale installations in empty premises, to national touring projects and nationwide billboard campaigns.

Project categories included temporary public sculpture, projected and filmic works, architectural interventions, posters and billboards, street works for passers-by, social sculpture, public participation, live performance, advertising strategies, media and broadcasting, publishing, and CD/DVD production. Every project was another adventure into unexplored territory.

The intention was that the works should appear guerrilla fashion, without being advertised or prescribed as art, but presented as thought provoking propositions in public locations for contemplation or consternation.

While initial projects were presented on a 'take it or leave it' basis, tactics shifted according to the intention and circumstances of each work. Sometimes work was invitational and sometimes deliberately confrontational. Both approaches, and anything in between, would demand different levels of engagement with the intended and perceived audience. It was not always possible to accurately gauge audience response, and we would be obliged to use media reportage as a somewhat questionable indicator of popular opinion. If the work was political in nature, we would generally invite some form of dialogue.

Launched with private funding, Artangel was later obliged to seek public funding and it was gratifying that funding bodies such as the Arts Council and the Greater London Arts Board became interested in what we were doing. However their support came with conditions, which curtailed the political scope and maverick nature of what we might do. All funding comes with conditions, whether public or corporate. Negotiating those conditions was, and still is, a challenge to artists and agencies wanting to push the limits of acceptability.

Artangel was part of a greater movement in the UK and the USA with artists, curators and activists reacting against the commercially driven art market, offering art as an experience or a challenge to convention, instead of as a commodity. Much of the public art, which emerged during the eighties, was without precedent, and so it took a high degree of tenacity to find funding and to get permissions for such unconventional initiatives. Fortunately there were some visionary funding officers within the Arts Council, certain regional arts boards, local authorities, organisations and individuals who were prepared to support innovative public arts practice. While funders and funding bodies seemed unwilling to risk giving money directly to artists for radical projects, they seemed reassured by carefully constituted commissioning organisations offering well structured management of projects. So in parallel to a generation of artists who wanted to connect with a broader public, there emerged a number of creative and persuasive entrepreneurial individuals, from artistic backgrounds, who realised what was necessary to manifest ambitious ideas in the public realm. In London, and elsewhere in the UK, there was a loose network of like minds, sparking off one another, collaborating on projects and cross-pollinating ideas.

A seminal influence on public art practices in the UK in the seventies was The Artists Placement Group, founded in 1966. The primary instigators were John Latham and Barbara Steveni. Between 1966 and 1979, placements for artists were organised within various corporations and government departments. The artists had an

'open brief', and no final product was necessarily required. It was felt that the artists presence and creative thinking could have some form of positive effect.

Another significant influence on public art initiatives in the UK in the late seventies and early eighties was the inspirational work of two New York based non-profit organisations, Creative Time and Public Art Fund.

Creative Time was founded in 1973, and Public Art Fund in 1977. From the start, the work of Creative Time tended to be issue-based and embraced the concept of temporary intervention, whereas with Public Art Fund the initial emphasis was on the placement of sculptural works for the enhancement of public space. Over time the work of both organisations covered a full range of aesthetic, political, performative and interventionist works, treating public spaces as 'places for creative and free expression". Both organisations are still successfully operating, with pertinent contemporary programmatic content. Creative Time also organises an annual summit, which brings together artists, activists and thought leaders working at the intersection of art and politics.

In the late seventies and early eighties achievements of these New York based organisations were being noticed at the other end of the Gulf Stream. Whether by serendipity or direct influence, there were various manifestations of interest in the UK, in redefining public art, in embracing the idea of art as a form of social engagement, and in kicking against conventional notions of artistic practice.

Such radical attitudes were championed by *Performance Magazine* which was founded by Rob La Frenais in 1979, *Performance Magazine* provided a platform for awareness and discussion of new approaches to the making and experience of art and represented an active community of artists, writers and publics that crossed disciplines. The magazine also gave voice to feminist practice, as well as addressing gay and lesbian politics. Initiatives in public art were being echoed in 'performance' festivals such as the annual *National Review of Live Art* and biennale *LIFT (London International Festival of Theatre),* which were imaginatively staging experimental works in a variety of public contexts. Arts Admin emerged in 1980, and gained momentum in the late eighties by producing, supporting and promoting bold interdisciplinary work which crossed art forms including theatre, visual arts, dance, live art and performance. On their roster were Station House Opera and the Bow Gamelan Ensemble, purveyors of performative outdoor spectacle on a grand scale.

In terms of issue based work Peter Dunn and Lorraine Leeson, with their Docklands Community Poster Project (1981-1991) were working with a number of waterfront communities concerned about regeneration of the London Docklands.

Platform and Common Ground were also issue-based organisations using public art strategies to make their political points. From 1983 Platform have been combining art, activism, education and research in one organisation to grapple with social and environmental issues. While Platform has engaged itself with ecological issues on a multi-national level, Common Ground, also formed in 1983, operates on a more regional basis and concerns itself with devising imaginative ways of engaging people with an appreciation of their local environment.

Public Art Development Trust was set up in 1983 as an agency devoted to developing public art projects across the UK. PADT seemed to take its lead from New York's Public Art Fund. Under its founder and first director Lesley Greene, it was mostly involved in the placement of sculptural work on designated sites. With the arrival of Sandra Percival as Executive Director (from 1991 to 2001), the approach broadened to include a greater range of projects.

While all this was going on in London, interesting developments were also taking place elsewhere in the UK.

In Newcastle-upon-Tyne in 1983, an organisation emerged named Projects UK, founded by Jon Bewley and Ken Gill. They commissioned, produced and promoted performances and site-specific works, primarily in the Newcastle area, and sometimes further afield.

In Canterbury in between 1984 and 1990, Sandra Drew staged an annual a series of Drew Gallery Projects, with ground breaking temporary art exhibitions and installations in various locations across the City of Canterbury. The artists worked in-situ for the 3-week duration of the Canterbury Festival in unusual and sometimes difficult situations. This process-led/site-responsive way of working allowed for interaction between the artists and the local audience.

Two further public art initiatives did much to excite the UK arts scene in the late eighties, and early nineties:

TSWA 3D in 1987 & *TSWA 4 CITIES* in 1990
The *EDGE* festivals in 1988, 1990 & 1992

TSWA 3D was an extraordinary initiative, which came to fruition in 1987, based on Television South West and South West Arts wanting to stimulate new kinds of work by visual artists. The result was a series of 12 ambitious public projects in 9 cities in England, Scotland and Northern Ireland. The project co-ordinator was James Lingwood. Projects were temporary and explored the history and meaning of the sites which they activated. In Lingwood's words "We wanted spaces which were already meaningful, already alive with the associations of history (cultural, industrial and political) and memory". Thus much public art in the seventies and eighties championed an "ideology of space which refused to perpetuate modernist assumptions about the neutrality of space" (Lingwood).

TSWA came back again in style in 1990 with *TSWA Four Cities Project* which involved collaborations with The Orchard Gallery in Derry, Third Eye Centre in Glasgow, Plymouth Arts Centre and Projects UK in Newcastle to present an international mix of 13 artists from UK and 13 from overseas.

Soon after stepping down as editor of *Performance Magazine*, Rob Le Frenais stepped up as the initiator of *EDGE*, a festival of performance and temporary installation works, which billed itself as Britain's first *Biennale Of Experimental Art*. There were 3 iterations in 1998, 1990 and 1992.

EDGE 88 featured 10 UK artists and 16 artists from 11 different countries. Projects were centred in London.

EDGE 90 was based in Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in collaboration with Projects UK. There were 3 artists and 1 ensemble from the UK and 16 artists from 11 different countries.

EDGE 92 took place in Madrid with 2 UK artists and 18 artists from 12 different countries. Some of the works were re-staged at a number of venues in East London.

All the manifestations of TSWA and EDGE brought a greater international perspective to public art practice in the UK, as well as having 50/50 gender representation, which was remarkable in the art world at that time.

With all these initiatives, there was a healthy degree of cross-pollination within the burgeoning public art scene. For instance, the initial *Artangel Roadshow* at Maureen Paley's Interim Art at Beck Road in 1985 included work by David Mach and Julia Wood, who had already shown with Drew Gallery Projects and Tina Keane and Kumiko Shimizu also showed with Drew Gallery Projects before Artangel. Tina Keane appeared in *EDGE 88* and Artangel went on to work with artists such as Jenny Holzer and Krzysztof Wodiczko, who had previously been presented by Creative Time and Public Art Fund in the USA.

For me, 'public art' is as much about intention as location. If an artist truly wants to engage with certain publics then that artist will seek to devise ways of making their work accessible and meaningful to those publics. The eighties saw an expansive range of such intention, with artists commenting on social and political issues of their time, at local, national and international level. Over time those radical practices in performance and public art found acceptance from established funding bodies and museums and what had been contentious and challenging experimental work on the cutting edge was embraced by major museums and biennales and entered the educational sector (Today many art schools in the UK and the USA offer a public art component under a range of titles such *New-Genre Public Art, Art and Social Practice* or *Contextual Practice*). A considerable number of academics, writers and critics have now established a substantial discourse around this area of practice.

I think that what happened in the eighties in terms of public art and performance work, opened up a tremendous range of possibilities for artists and allowed for much greater general artistic licence. In the eighties there was lot of 'can do' attitude, with artists, curators, agencies and organisations pushing for greater social impact, and railing against the political iniquities and constrictions of the time. There are now well established forms of art practice which physically operate outside of gallery and museum spaces and into all facets of public life. Organisations such as Creative Time, Public Art Fund and Artangel (since 1991 under the directorship of James Lingwood and Michael Morris) continue to successfully function today with impressive projects coming out of the history of sculptural, site specific, conceptual, performance and socially engaged practices.

Where is the cutting edge today? Different times, different circumstances, and new technologies call for different strategies. There are always new territories to explore and new public domains exist within the digital realm, the virtual world, open source networks and social media. Artists are able to operate independently on PCs or mobile phones, without organisational assistance, via on-line spaces in which they can perform, participate in, subvert or disrupt the specificity of those spaces.

In the eighties, the 'loose network of like minds', that I encountered was predominantly UK based. Now with the internet, networks are global. There is a temptation in looking back at the art of a particular period in time, to imagine or contrive some form of coherent or collective movement. I am not sure if there was a 'movement' as such, other than that adventurous and dedicated loose network, which contributed to the zeitgeist of the times.

This essay is a personal reflection on the public art sector in the eighties, and it would not be possible in this reminiscence, to mention all the people and organisational initiatives that informed that time: so apologies to those I have omitted.
John Carson, August 2018

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS: ARTS COUNCIL OF GREAT BRITAIN APPLEBY CASE LIMITED HENRY MOORE FOUNDATION MARKS & SPENCER PLC KENT COUNTY COUNCIL EDUCATION COMMITTEE

SCULPTORS AT WORK

ORGANISED BY DREW GALLERY FOR CANTERBURY FESTIVAL FRINGE

HAMISH BLACK

Title of work
Untitled
Venue
Canterbury Technical College
Dates and times in residence
22nd Sept - 12th Oct
(Weekdays only)
Particular workshop/community activity
Entrance forecourt, the College of Technology
Sponsors of materials
British Oxygen Company (gas and equipment)
Primary Welding (welding consumables)
Yeowart Steel (Steel)
Parker Steel (Steel)

"Written words have little close relationship to making sculpture and their use to interpret a working method or dissect the art is to fuel a literal view. Visual art demands a trust and immediate stimulation of the visual senses to enjoy fully the artist's expressions."

MARK DUNHILL

Title of work
Fallen Leaf
Venue
Cathedral Precincts
Dates and times in residence
23rd Sept - 28th Sept, 30th Sept - 5th Oct, 7th Oct - 12th Oct(9am - 7pm approx)
Particular workshop/community activity
Stone Carving

"The sculpture I propose to make during the Canterbury Festival will be a large stone carving based on the form of a leaf. The form, shape and structure of leaves has fascinated me recently; by mid-September there will doubtless be millions of them falling from the trees. The image of a stone leaf fallen to the ground amongst them appeals to me. What I enjoy about sculpture is its capacity to expand and transform the way we see objects. A huge leaf has the potential to create associations that relate to other forms, the connections between the structure of a leaf and a boat or a spine and rib cage for example excite me and stimulate my imagination. Carving is a curiously intimate process, as I work my way round the block of stone my ideas and feelings can evolve and the object I make will take on an identity that I can only imagine at the moment."

ANDY FROST

Title of work
Portrait of Napoleon crossing the Alps into Italy
Venue
St. Peter's Primary School, St. Peter's Grove, Canterbury.
Dates and times in residence
Duration of festival
Particular workshop/community activity
Educational workshops for school children in particular.

"The work will be roughly life-size, and based on the French painter David's portrait of Napoleon on horseback, and made of painted wood and fibre-glass. It will fulfill a wish I've had for some time, to produce a piece which would link sculpture and portrait-painting. It will be frontal with a 'backstage' quality behind, and the figure will be built up in flat planes, rather than being fully rounded. Although borrowed from David's painting, this would be dissolved somewhat in my sculpture."

ADRIAN HALL

Title of work
"Slow Burns - (Eye Rise)"
Venue
Outside the Fine Art 'Sculpture Dept.' Canterbury College of Art
Dates and times in residence
25th Sept, 28th Sept, 29th Sept: work starts/completion
2nd Oct: Lecture 9th Oct: Slide/Sound works
Particular workshop/community activity
2nd Oct: Lecture. Discussion on past works in very different contexts
9th Oct: Slide/Sound works from Australian Residence. Artist available for discussion to public and college students by arrangement.

"Sculptural works in 'real situations' beg many questions, and in working towards such a work there are many aspects of more than one problem to be considered. The site itself is the start, its size, its relative scale, one's feelings in responding to it, the sense of its space. In addition to experience of the physical space, one's spacial understanding needs to be underscored with a sense of appropriateness in terms of the social and human context of the place. Here to be considered is the ambiance and milieu of the actual or potential audience or participants.

In attempting to deal with this site, I am conscious of its slight removal from the 'real world' outside the college gates, and all the possibilities of the attendant partisanship and prejudgement. So in some way this is a more difficult proposition than, say, attempting a work in a public situation of little a priori knowledge, but the core problem remains: that of 'touching', in a particular way, the other human beings within the terms of their own experiencing and being, through the provocative or seductive experience of the (casual) work and the uncovering of further insights into our mutual predicament. Here and now. In this sense then, my problems as progenitor are no different from those I enjoyed in Wellington, Tokyo, Sydney, Los Angeles, or Belfast.

The specific nature of the conjuration is yet in flux. Sponsors, the muse, the weather, the available, all militate towards a work evolving from a set of contingency plans, - the rich possibility is a surprise for the artist as well as the organisers. The ambition, though, is toward a work which might interfuse somewhat of the 'real world' into a privileged and very specific site. Of a scale which will survive utilitarian institutional architecture, which allows proper respect for the cedar tree, and to those who daily use that place, and hopefully provide a foundation for 're-seen' perceptual experiencing and even revelation. All art works are perceptual time bombs (instruments of transformation) in the wallpaper of our existance."

RON HASELDEN

Title of work
"Kent - the Garden of England"
Venue
Empty shop in centre of town.
Dates and times in residence
Duration of festival
Particular workshop/community activity
An ongoing photographic sculpture that can be viewed as it progresses by the passing public - through the shop window.

"As one coming from a city lifestyle, the countryside becomes a landscape observed mainly from train and car windows. To touch it, or walk in it becomes a rarity left to infrequent holidays or visits to friends and family. This unfamiliarity can produce fear and perhaps mistrust for a whole series of processes unknown and yet interdependent in our lifestyle for food and aesthetic consumption. The whole condition of life 'out there' relies on endless chain cycles, the elements of weather and generations of microscopic bugs and minutae and organisms to perform for us. It's a very complicated affair; 'nature' seems very resourceful, reasonable, expendable and corruptable."

JASON HARTCUP

Title of work
Submarine
Venue
ABC Cinema, St. Georges roundabout.
Dates and times in residence
23rd Sept - 29th Sept/4th Oct/7th Oct/11th Oct approx.
Particular workshop/community activity
Unemployed youth.

"The sculpture will incorporate the image of a submarine in the form of an outline of blue light, as well as the use of translucent and reflective plastics to provide an oceanic background. For the last year I have been working in Australia with this submarine image in conjunction with the use of lasers. During this period I completed a series of works using electric light in various forms. The 'Fringe' sculpture is related to these works."

ROB KESSELER

Title of work
Cross Reference
Venue
Barton Court Girls Grammar School (Side Lawn)
Dates and times in residence
23rd Sept - 27th Sept, 1st Oct - 3rd Oct, 8th Oct - 10th Oct
10.00am - 1.00pm, 2.00pm - 5.00pm (approx)
The following dates may be possible if school is open at weekends - 22nd Sept, 28th Sept, 5th Oct and 12th Oct.

"From childhood we gradually build up an awareness of the objects and images that surround us. Some images stick in the mind like leaves caught against a wire fence. Others are held briefly and then pass through. We are used to seeing things in a particular order; sequence, juxtaposition, everything in its right place, with a familiarity that creates a barrier to seeing. When this order is broken, objects displaced, their character changed, things are seen afresh as though with new eyes. For sometime I have been making drawings in which four objects/images are placed next to each other, so that by cross reference the spectator is encouraged to find relationships which reveal the image in a new light, acting as touchstones for their memory and imagination. For the festival I shall extend this idea by constructing a free standing screen which will support four objects/images created from a variety of materials. During the three weeks new objects will be made to replace those already on the screen so that the relationships gradually change and fresh associations are created."

SHARON KIVLAND

Title of work
"Special Offers"
Venue
Safeway supermarket
Dates and times in residence
Duration of festival
Particular workshop/community activity
Photographic "Performance" and installation in a supermarket, based on shopping.

"Familiarity does not breed contempt, anything one does every day is important and imposing and anywhere one lives is interesting and beautiful. And that is as it should be. A kind of list from necessity to luxury-like all serious shopping - a selection, a survey, a collection. A casual framing, shoplifting, from content to carrier. Presented domestically - as objects may be placed on a mantelpiece, as objects lining a larder, stacking a fridge. Located in such a fashion that does not interfere with the daily business of passers-by with their minds on other matters. That becomes as much a choice as other items stocked in the store. Cooking like everything else..is logic and fashion."
Quotes from "Paris. France" by Gertrude Stein.

DAVID MACH

Title of work
Fire-Works
Venue
Canterbury Shops, Snob, Trash, Richard's Records, Do-Da's
Dates and times in residence
Mon 23rd Sept from 6pm onwards
Particular workshop/community activity
Installation and burning of heads - street party!

"Much of the work I have completed over the last few years has been of a temporary nature. Working in a gallery or a museum or an outside space has meant dealing with different kinds of space each time, different kinds of material and different kinds of people. Most of all, it means a kind of 'live' performance. The more I work in that situation, the more I am fascinated by the direct contact with the audience, however that audience is made up. Making sculpture now means, for me anyway, exploring that contact, talking about those people and their environment. The heads I am making for Canterbury are kind of contemporary gargoyles. They are not temporary structures but quite permanent and the material used - matches - implies a performance that allows more than an 'art-link' with the spectator. The heads will be placed above various shops in Canterbury. They are not made specifically for each site, rather the shops we asked to participate in the exhibition were chosen because they are to do with contemporary Canterbury life."

YOKO TERAUCHI

Title of work
Hot-Line
Venue
Cathedral Precincts
Dates and times in residence
22nd Sept - 28th Sept.
Sponsors of materials
British Telecom

"My sculptures are about unity and are seen in terms of opposites: light and shadow, right and left, front and back, etc..., each element requiring the support of its opposite to exist. I use telephone cable as a material that has a character of 'inside and outside.' Originally the coloured wires are sealed in plastic tube. Shape is not the initial concern of the sculpture. I use only one length of cable. After it is divided into two parts (always connected at one end) neither outer plastic tube, nor inside wires are cut or added to, as this destroys the balance of the concept of unity."

JULIA WOOD

Title of work
Going on
Venue
Street and archway to back entrances into Burgate/Butchery Lane
Dates and times in residence
22nd Sept - 27th Sept/30th Sept - 2nd Oct/4th Oct - 9th Oct/11th Oct - 12th Oct. (11am - 7 pm approx)
Particular workshop/community activity
Working directly in the street visible to all who care to notice and at times able to talk to those watching and slide show of plasticine works.

"Colour is used initially to draw one's attention towards an area, a building or part of a building usually ignored by the passing crowd. More closely, head images are seen to be directly part of the building's surface, while figures are hanging on or only just attached."

SUBSIDISED BY THE Arts Council OF GREAT BRITAIN

‘YOU COULDN’T DO THIS IN LONDON!’

A Conversation between
Professor Terry Perk and Sandra Drew

Julia Wood *Going on*, 1985

Sculptors at Work brochure. 1985

Sandra Drew, Maryrose Sinn, Caroline Douglas outside Drew Gallery, 1986

TP Maybe you could start by talking a little bit about your background leading up to the time before Drew Gallery…

SD Well, I was born in Australia. I was at art school in Brisbane and also in a studio run by Roy and Betty Churcher who had both just returned from London having been at The Slade and Royal College. She was Australian and Roy was English. I worked in their studio for some time and really loved it. Then in 1963 I came to England, travelled all around Europe and worked for a couple of years, as Australians did then. I met my husband, William Drew, who was an Australian artist working in London at the time.

Eventually, we were back in Australia, married, had children and finally settled in Kyneton, a town, fifty miles outside Melbourne. We bought a Victorian shop in the town for a studio for William but then realised we had room for a gallery and antique shop as well. The antiques seemed to fade into the background and the gallery took over, it was a commercial gallery selling work, including my husband’s, for a domestic market. The gallery network in Australia through the 50s and 60s was completely independent, not government-funded. As a result of that, it was very professional and there were lots of flourishing galleries. My husband operated within that network and supported himself and the family through sales of work.

Then we decided to come back to England in 1978 for a last big move. Having three children by then, we had to stop traversing the world and make up our minds about where we were going to live. We’d lived in Kent before, we had artist friends in Kent from the 60s. We eventually bought a house in Canterbury, which could be a gallery and a family home, because I decided what I wanted to do was have a gallery. What I’d realised, which took me some time to understand, was that there wasn’t the equivalent of what I considered a proper gallery, like we had in Australia, here in the South East of England at all. There were very good Bond Street galleries but, regionally, there was really nothing. It was either Council run or there were framing shops. That idea of having a gallery where you had a collection of artists, you had one-person shows for them, you looked after the artists, you did publicity, you nurtured a clientele, you created a gallery life, I realised that this just didn’t exist. It was an amazing thing to me, because I’d thought of England as the home of all culture, that everything would be here. I realised that I could actually contribute something to Canterbury, which was quite exciting really!

So, we opened the gallery in 1981 and our first show was John Titchell, who was a friend and who had a whole network of artist friends and students. He taught at Maidstone College of Art and at Middlesex. Fred Cuming also showed, he had taught at Canterbury College of Art and also Rochester at one time. Most artists taught part time for a living. They were both RAs and exhibited their work in the RA annual summer show.

TP And initially, it was conventional in the sense there was a space…

SD Yes, it was a conventional gallery to show paintings. It was in a big Georgian house, the Gallery was on the ground floor with big windows, so it was a domestic setting for paintings mostly, small sculptures, ceramics, other things, but prints and paintings, wall-based works. It was a commercial gallery and we charged a commission and eventually an exhibition fee to help cover publicity etc.

TP So, one of the original intentions was to bring to a regional context, this professional gallery operation that you’d experienced in Australia.

SD Yes.

TP In terms of selecting that first set of art or artists you wanted to work with, did you have an idea of what kind of work you were interested in? Were you selecting artists that you were just interested in, or were these artists you knew? How were you making those decisions?

SD Well, there were artists I knew to begin with, artists I respected, but who were quite conventional artists. There were standards, but it was localised. I started showing, quite early on, a lot of young artists, and I think it was the second year we were open I did a selection from the degree shows for a summer show, and I did that every year from then on. It was always my favourite show of the year.

TP And that was selecting work from the local universities and art colleges?

SD Well, it started locally, but then extended to London. I’d go to London shows and sometimes people from here were, say, at Edinburgh or Falmouth, or wherever. I had to curate it in my head, choosing things that would work together and in the Gallery space. I went on showing some of these artists for years.

TP And how were you funding things in that early stage?

SD It was a commercial gallery, so I had to sell work. It had no outside funding at all, and I didn’t consider that you could even get funding for such a Gallery. I remember the Arts Council, which was South East Arts then, coming to visit the gallery in the early days but the thought that you could get money from them just never even occurred to me, so it was all just run on a commercial basis, which, I must say, was extremely difficult.

TP So you’re starting to expand the remit of the gallery by doing shows like the Best of Degree Show show. Then in the mid-80s you expanded even further and started to take things outside of the gallery. How did this come about?

SD There was a context within which it happened, because the Canterbury Festival came into being. It was announced in ’83 that there was going to be a Canterbury Festival, and we started talking about it. It was a very exciting possibility. Meanwhile, I had shown some sculptors and I got to know others. I remember going with a friend to Royal College and seeing people working in the studios there and this was, I guess, early ’83, and just thinking, ‘Oh my God, this is so exciting. How amazing, you can call this sculpture.’ It was

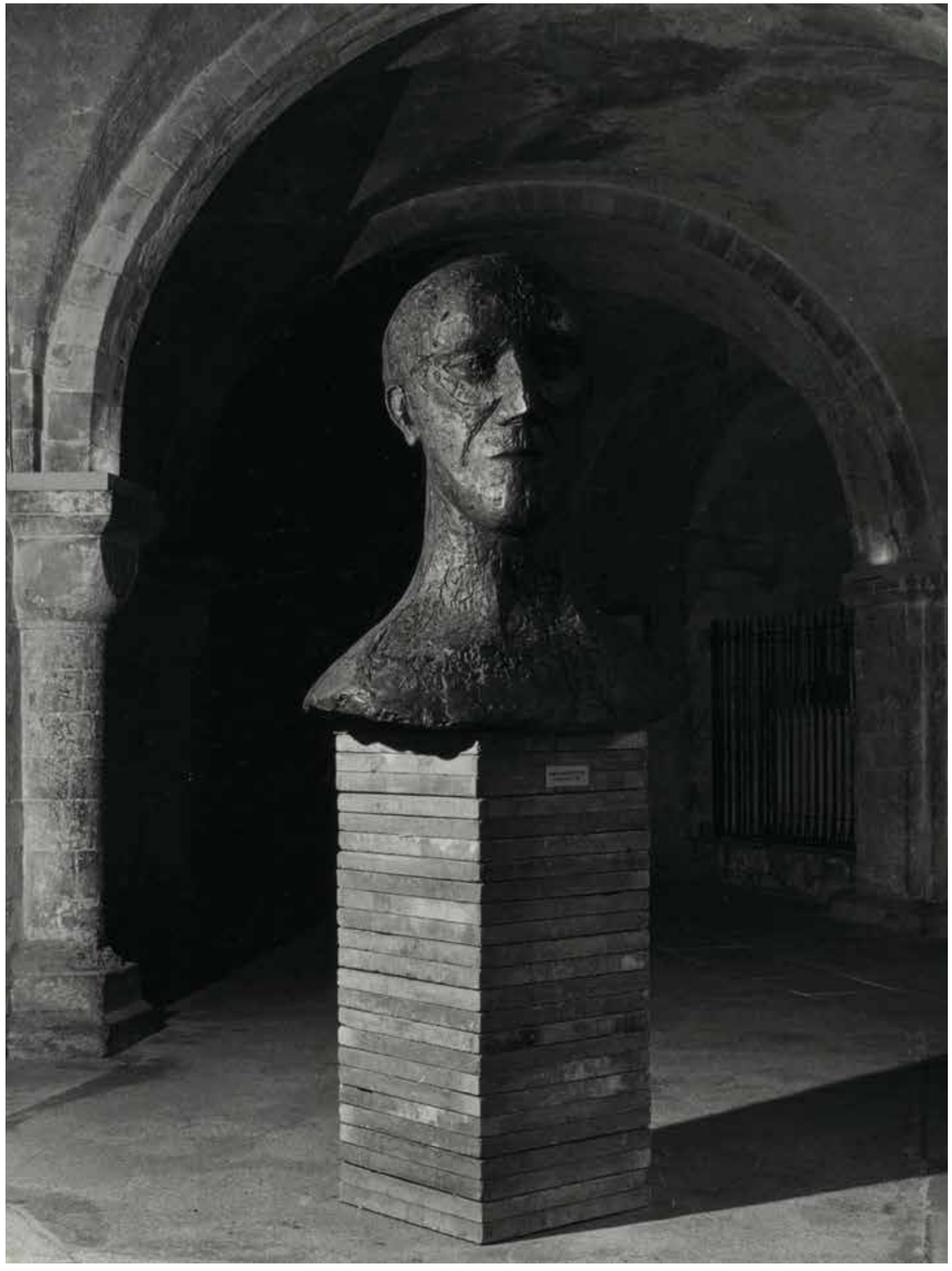
Kate Blacker pouring coloured pigment into a sort of architects' detail paper column and it was just magical. Then when I heard about the Canterbury Festival I started to think that we could do something really big outside the gallery – a big show. I went to the Director of the Festival and proposed this and he said 'Oh, no, we've given the Visual Arts the National Arts Collection Fund,' and I said, 'What, so that's it?' and he said, 'Oh yes, they're going to do this fantastic show with Van Dykes and Stubbs. I was flabbergasted that they were so uninterested in contemporary work. Later, I was talking to a friend who had a restaurant opposite the Gallery who had been proposing to the Festival that they do a Festival Club, and they'd gone, 'Oh, no, we don't need a Festival Club'. So, together with a couple of friends we just said, 'I think we need to have a Fringe, so we just do all these things that we think should be happening under a different banner'.

TP And was that concept of a Fringe, at the time, something that was relatively new? I know it's quite common now to talk about fringe events.

SD Yes, we all knew about the Edinburgh Fringe, it existed but nothing like it is now. I don't think I was aware of any other Fringe. Michael Waterfield, Jill Robin and I just wanted to do it, so it was called the Fringe. We invited people we knew who were experts in their fields: dance, drama, music ...The Fringe office was at Drew Gallery and Waterfield's was over the road. The energy level was very high. Later the Festival also had an office in the street. So, it was all in Best Lane with the new theatre just around the corner and The Royal Museum next door. A cultural hub: and it was buzzing. We all worked voluntarily. What we did with the Fringe through our well networked members expertise was amazing – the first year we had Michael Clark who came straight from the Edinburgh Fringe. Derek Jarman and John Smith came and screened their films: Tony Coe and Alan Hacker played, Jack Klaff, Jenny Eclair, The Desperate Men all performed, some in the Festival Club – it was very high quality ....., all sorts of people came.

TP So your contribution to the Fringe was a sculpture show?

SD Yes. There was no suitable inside space in Canterbury, so it had to be outside. I put a proposal together and an application to what was then South East Arts. I then found out you could only apply for up to £500 in the south east, bigger applications had to go to London. Also, South East Arts said, 'We've had another application from Canterbury College of Art for a sculpture show and we think you should join together' and I thought, 'Oh, no, I don't think I want to do that'. I knew a couple of people at the College like Stephen Farthing but I didn't know the others. Then I got to meet Tom Pemberton, who was Head of Sculpture, a big man from Leeds, and he was just lovely. He got excited about it; I got excited about it; He was really prepared to work with me. So, I did this new application to London, and they were delighted that somebody wanted to do something in the South East! We got the money. Tom didn't know any of the people I was interested in, but we pulled it all together and sited the work appropriately around the city. He got more ambitious and managed to get a Caro, and a big Elizabeth Frink so the show grew in size and ambition.



Elizabeth Frink
In Memorium 1
1981

TP At the time, was there a precedent for this kind of sculpture in the city centre? And were you aware of anywhere else that people were working in this way?

SD Not that I was aware of. There was, of course, a history of sculpture in grand gardens of country houses and commemorative sculpture in parks and town centres but not exhibitions of the temporary placement of work. The tutors at the Art College had started doing small annual St. Augustine's Garden shows in the last few years, and also in the Cathedral, showing staff and student work.

I didn't know about Munster at that time or a lot of the other things that were beginning to happen which I later became aware of – I still felt like I'd just landed, as it were, and was feeling my way through all this, it was all new to me. I was very much an outsider looking in. But then, what was happening, not in Kent but in London, was that whole new British sculpture thing – what I had witnessed emerging at Royal College, that is what so energised me!

TP So that was Bill Woodrow, Tony Cragg...

SD Well yes, Tony Cragg, Bill Woodrow, and other younger artists like Kate Blacker, David Mach. Then there was The Sculpture Show in 1983, that the Hayward Gallery did with the Serpentine Gallery and it was in the galleries but also all along the South Bank and in Kensington Gardens. There was David Mach's *Submarine* made of tyres; All along the river there was temporary work sited, Sarah Bradpiece's *Wash Station*, Laura Ford, and in Kensington Gardens there was John Cobb's wonderful wood piece and Andy Frost's bold humourous work and in the gallery as well, Yoko Terauchi, Kate Blacker – a new feminine sensibility. All this new exciting work, new materials, colour, humour. But being able to see this work sited outside the gallery was what really intrigued me.

TP So, how are you selecting the artists for your first sculpture show?

SD I wanted to work with David Mach, so I asked him and others who were in that show – John Cobb, Andy Frost, Hamish Fulton – Hamish I knew because he was local. He is in fact a walking artist not a sculptor and he made text billboards for me that were about a recent walk he had done. But I liked that slipping of boundaries, the physical billboards just echoing the actual ephemeral work. Some of the sculpture, say John Cobb's work, moved more easily into the other work that the Art College were doing, whereas David Mach and Hamish, people like that, were at the other end of the spectrum.

TP It seems like a key moment, the late 70s into the early 80s, in terms of thinking about what sculpture was and that shift, publicly at least, from the old guard of players who have been predominant in the 50s: Barbara Hepworth, Henry Moore... If there was a public sense of what sculpture was at that point.

SD It was that ephemeral nature of sculpture. It was that use of 'other materials' other than metal and wood, either tyres or coloured pigment, corrugated iron. Sarah Bradpiece's use of ready made objects, Laura Ford's ironic painted plaster pieces, and John Cobb, who was working with wood, made elegant, poetic work that was beautifully crafted but stepped off the plinth of formal sculpture. They just didn't have that phallic monumental feel to them. It was a moment when things were really shifting and changing and sculpture was being reassessed, looked at differently, and I think a lot more women were working within the medium. There was a sensibility there that had not been present before.

TP Could you talk a little bit about the commissioning process? You've identified these artists, you've seen the work or you're aware of them. How did you go about commissioning those works? And did you have the funding already?

SD I had to identify the artists, and then we sent off for the funding, you had to work it all out first. The artists, to my surprise, all said yes. Everybody, who was able, wanted to do it. We must have offered some sort of a fee, but it was tiny. I certainly didn't get paid, the budget was very small. It was just a very personal, one-to-one interaction and developing a relationship with each of those artists, you had an agreement on a piece of paper, but it was about them buying into what I was trying to do in Canterbury, which was different and odd and all those, who were available, agreed.

TP So why do you think they were saying yes?

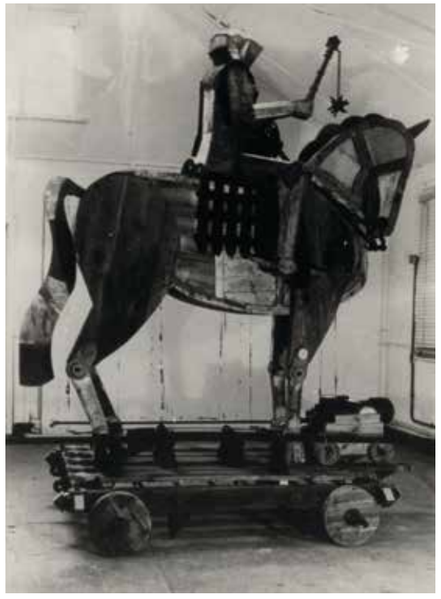
SD Well, I don't think a lot of people asked them to do things. Later artists told me they said yes because they liked working in that environment, the informality of it, and they liked the support they were given, that it was different. They bought into the improvisation of it but, I understood a lot of this retrospectively, about the relationship I was forming with artists, with people. What I realised in that first show was that the thing I liked best was working with David Mach, supporting work-in-progress. He proposed to build a column out of Sunday Supplement magazines. I found this big, empty shop with pillars and he worked with the site and built the column around a pillar. So, I had to find the shop, find thousands and thousands of Sunday Supplements, free, from whoever would give them to me. As well as finding a whole host of students and people who would work with him, and manage all of that for three weeks, which I did. I realised that this was the most exciting thing I'd ever done in my life. That was when I decided that what I wanted to do was work with artists in the process of making the work. This whole idea of working outside the gallery and having to find these spaces, they became like studio spaces within which the work could be made, whether it was the street or an empty shop, the cathedral or wherever.

TP With all the works in that first show, were you essentially commissioning new works or did some of them already exist and it was a matter of siting them?

SD In the first show in 1984, the only one that was made on site was David Mach's, and that was the transformative experience for me. Hamish Fulton's wall text work was made for the show but not his original walk. The others were about siting existing works, because we didn't have the money to make new works and I hadn't got to that point, really. We got permission for various places and then particular sites were chosen with the artists, but all that work was existing. The next show was *Sculptors at Work*, which came out of the David Mach experience.

TP So, that's a year later, as part of the Canterbury Fringe as well.

SD Yes, it was a year later, in 1985. What started to develop was that I'd do one of these big shows each year and I'd spend the whole year working towards it, deciding what I wanted to do, raising the money, finding the artists and setting it all up and it would happen in September/October, the Festival was three weeks. Then you'd start again, get ready for the next one.



Brian Catling
Hammerhead, 1984

Rob Kesseler
After the Fall, 1984

Andy Frost
El Cid chancing his Arm, 1982

David Mach
Column, 1984

TP After you'd done the first one, and you'd realised that, conceptually, you were interested in the commissioning of new works and that process of working with the artists to develop and realise something, did that change your view about the artists? How did that inform your choice of artists?

SD Well, I started looking at artists who made work that interacted in various different ways with environments and spaces. In *Sculptors at Work*, for instance, Adrian Hall worked on the grass courtyard around the Cypress tree at the Art College. He made this piece of work that you could really only read from the top of the Architecture building, he used chalky flint, so it was like a chalk drawing. It was a huge ground piece. He came down to Canterbury and looked around various spaces I suggested, chose the lawn at the Art College, and the proposal grew out of the space. He then made the work which had other contemporary references – the Thatcherite building explosion in London etc. There was a lot of trust involved in that way of working, it could have all gone haywire, but mostly it didn't, somehow. It was a new way of working for the artists too and they liked the experimental feel of it all.

TP Were you still running the commercial gallery at this point, did it run all the way through?

SD Yes, Drew Gallery continued until 1997. It was the base. That was where the artists gathered in my office/kitchen, at times having to clear the packet of Cornflakes and bowls off the table left from the children's breakfast! The ability to be able to work from home was important as I had recently been widowed and needed to be on hand for the children. That integration of domestic and professional life suited me, was essential actually. The children all learned how to work in the Gallery and with the artists. We were a family business, child labour, but despite that they all went on to work in the arts. The artists took this domestic situation on board.

Some artists stayed with me, others stayed in homes of gallery clients or artists I knew, who'd put them up for two or three weeks or whatever. That also created the unusual situation of the artists being taken on by the community and supported – extending the network of relationships.

I remember artists saying this to me 'You couldn't do this in London', because Canterbury was so small, everything seemed to be within walking distance, but the networks were strong. If you wanted an acetylene torch – someone knew someone who had one and it only took a short while to get it. If you needed nails you could walk round to the hardware store. People would give us stuff, from tons of paper to a large crane for free. And we'd borrow things from the Art College and the Marlowe Theatre. All of that network functioned and created a context within which the work could get made. Because it's quite something, especially when I started working internationally, to bring people out of their contexts, out of their studios, into an environment that they then had got to come to terms with and make new work. Even though they were artists who were wanting to work in that way, it was still quite difficult.

Julia Wood was in two shows that I did, *Sculptors at Work* and then *Third Generation*, she worked in plasticine. She was using plasticine onto board and also straight onto the architecture of the space, buildings, tombstones, whatever. Adrian Hall's lumps of chalky flint, Yoko Terauchi working with telephone cables. Jason Hartcup made a blue submarine straight on the side of the cinema by a roundabout, and he used blue fluorescent tape and ultraviolet lights so it glowed at night. You saw it as you drove passed on the ring road. Then of course there was David Mach's *Fire-Works*, gargoyle type heads made of matchsticks for four contemporary shops in Tudor buildings. Mach then burnt the heads in a performance outside each shop down the length of the High Street, after which they were erected on the buildings. So there was this mix of really different sorts of materials and different contexts and that interaction with the space.

TP This idea of time is entering into the work in very interesting ways. There's the time of these artists being actually resident in Canterbury, so becoming quite ephemeral or performative in different ways, and so that idea of the sculptor as performer, or sculpture as performing in space seems really important in the sorts of work that you're commissioning.

SD Yes, for instance Sharon Kivland, I invited her to be in *Sculptors at Work* and she asked me if I could get her an assistant from the Art College. She said, 'I think I need someone who's a performer rather than a maker', so I asked them and they said, 'Oh yes, we have just the person you need, we'll send him to you straight away!' So Bruce Gilchrist came and worked with Sharon in Safeway's supermarket and they worked with the customers and products, a ritual like performance, but it had a structural element as well. They were asking people as they came in if they could photograph the inside of their shopping bags. Then they were photographing things like tea tipping out of a packet and they put these little polaroid photographs in frames – identical, cheap frames – and they were laid out like goods on a shelf, on moveable shelves, hundreds of photographs. They also slotted them, randomly, into the shelves of food. On the last day, they packed all of the framed photographs into Safeway's brown paper shopping bags, stacked them all up and Sharon and Bruce left the store with arms full of their shopping bags! So it was a performative piece, a slowly evolving ritual of talking, photographing, framing, stacking and interacting with a supermarket space over three weeks. At first the manager at Safeway's was very worried by it all. He'd agreed to it and then wondered what on earth he had let himself in for and started anxiously calling me. I then learned he was expecting his Regional Manager that day and was panicking about how to explain the art. After that things calmed down and they all just got on with it. People loved it, the interaction, curious and unpredictable things happened. That was the most performative piece of that show, and it was, I guess, the most durational performative piece I've done, so far.

TP So, it's becoming kind of social sculpture?

SD Yes, involving people and talking.

TP Something that we're very familiar with now. But at that time?

SD I think what they were doing was unusual, even to some of the other artists. It was obviously something that had happened from the 60s and before but it wasn't something that had become accepted practice. Although, the student Bruce Gilchrist, had started doing performances at the College and when he worked with Sharon Kivland she called it a collaboration. These other relationships were important too, not just mine with the participating artists but with students like Bruce with Sharon, who he worked with as a first-year student then continued to be in contact with her developing a network. The tutors were delighted as they had been at a bit of a loss to know what to do with him. He also worked with Zoe Redman during the Third Generation exhibition, assisting her set

David Mach
With *Fire-Works* before burning, 1985

David Mach
Fire-Works in situ, 1985

David Mach
Fire-Works after burning, 1985

→

David Mach
Fire-Works before burning 1985

up her performance piece. She was teaching at Hull at the time, he was interested in her film performance work and he went to Hull to hear her lectures. She said to me at the time, 'I told my students, I've got someone from Canterbury who's coming all the way here and you can't get yourselves from the studios into a lecture room'. I went on working with Bruce for years, we are still friends. There was an incredibly strong feeling of those connections being made and it making a difference to people. I remember Rob La Frenais, who was developing Edge, a festival of live art – this was a few years on – saying to me, 'Could you introduce me to this guy Bruce Gilchrist, who I know you've been working with.' Bruce went on to work with Rob for years. Networks were being built.

TP Connections being made.

SD Yes definitely, a whole web of connections.

TP You mentioned a couple of times the *Third Generation* show. We spoke a little bit about the show in '84 and how there's a focus in '85 on commissioning new work, and then in '86, the *Third Generation* show, you made another key decision.

SD Yes. It was very evident that a lot of this work was very male… things were beginning to change, there were women in all of the shows I did. But there were no women employed in the sculpture department at Canterbury at all, and the year that I did *Third Generation*, the entire second year of sculpture was female except for one guy, and they were asking 'Why can't we have some female tutors? We want another dialogue. We want something else', so I knew about this. Then, for me personally, I was becoming more and more aware of feminist issues. I was a woman on my own with three school-aged children, dealing with all that that entailed. I was becoming very interested in much more issue-based work, work that was addressing some of those things. I was talking to people. I'd met Maryrose Sinn who had just graduated from the MA at Chelsea, she was an Australian living in London, teaching in Brighton. There was a big conversation with her about how this whole ethos of the way women taught and the way students were responding and what could be done. Also, how women just didn't get invited into shows. There just wasn't that much going on for women artists, and more and more were graduating.

TP So you made the decision that you'd do a show about women's work? How was that received?

SD By the artists, 'Great. Let's do it'. They were all so generous and everybody I asked just really wanted to be part of it. It was still underfunded but we did more applications, received more Henry Moore funding, the Arts Council continued to be very supportive, visual arts as well as the film department. I was also looking at film because women were doing some very interesting film work, video installations. So, that whole concept of sculpture, video, performance emerged.

TP Of that show, is there a piece of work, or a relationship with one of the artists, or a couple of pieces of work that you thought were really successful?

SD There was some very interesting video work. Katharine Meynell did a beautiful piece *Hannah's Song*, about her baby daughter that was in the Eastbridge Crypt, it was a wonderful space and she commissioned a cello piece to accompany the video installation, so it was a very haunting piece, which I loved. Another more hands-on work, and one which required an enormous amount of negotiating, was the piece that Maryrose Sinn did. It was an incredible sixty-foot pink ladder. A hugely ambitious piece which was interesting from a sculptural point of view in that it was extremely well made, engineer verified, enormous, metal piece but it was also this delicate, elegant pink ladder that just went up and up into the sky. It was poised and counter balanced by a big found red wheel from some huge piece of old machinery. It was to be sited on the grassy slope by the road as you come into the University of Kent. The negotiations with the university were complex. At first, they just said, 'Yes, fine' I had sited sculpture there before. But then when they heard it was a sixty-foot ladder they were completely freaked out, the estates department just couldn't cope with it, it was all just too much. So permission was withdrawn. The *Ladder* was made, Maryrose had worked in the Art College studios all summer. We just had to get it up and in situ! We made a plan to go direct to the Vice Chancellor, having failed to get an appointment, we just walked into the VC's office at 9 o'clock on the morning that all the heavy equipment was arriving to lay the cement foundation. I knew the Vice Chancellor, not well, but he knew who I was, and we just walked in and I said, 'Excuse me, David, but can we just have a word? It's really important' – the secretary was still trying to get us out the door. We spread the drawings out on his desk and said, 'Look, this is what we want to do. It's all been checked by engineers, we will take it all away at the end, we'll secure it, no one can get to the first step because it's too high and the students aren't going to be falling off it.' He looked at the drawings, asked Maryrose a few technical questions which she seemed to answer to his satisfaction and then he said, 'Fine, go ahead and do it. I think we have to see this ladder on the hill!' so we raced off down to the waiting trucks, crane and team all ready to go and said 'Let's do it!' Then, there it was on the hill, rising high into the sky as you looked down onto the city and cathedral. That was extremely memorable because it looked absolutely amazing when it went up. People didn't want us to take it down, but we did, as agreed. It had the feeling of *House*, not exactly, but it had the huge visual impact, the complex negotiations to get it to happen and have it be there and then it was gone leaving an image memory…

TP So, you're talking about Rachel Whiteread's *House* in 1993?

SD Yes, it was later, but that negotiation and then people wanting it to stay, then it goes, it was all of that. I never go up to the University without remembering it because it's always there as a sort of ghost shape. What Maryrose really wanted was to plant pink tulips all around it, a field of them. We never got to do that.

For the women's show we had a big conference, which the University of Kent sponsored. We worked with Prof. Stephen Bann. It was the first conference I had ever done and it was extremely well attended. There was a whole range of speakers and an excellent chair, Tessa Adams, and a dialogue started to take place, multiple dialogues and then at the end all the artists came to the front and answered questions. Phyllida Barlow took the lead and spoke very eloquently.

Maryrose Sinn
installation of *Ladder*, 1986

Maryrose Sinn
Ladder, 1986

TP And she participated in *Third Generation*... And where was she in her career at that point?

SD She didn't show very much at all in those days, but she made work in her studio constantly, drawings, sculpture. She organised her life to ensure this was possible. She had five children who were all still at home, and she was teaching at Brighton. Phyllida, Maryrose Sinn, Alison Wilding, and Rose Finn-Kelcey were all teaching at Brighton together and were all good friends, and I got to know them all.

Rose Finn-Kelcey was invited to be in the show and she was going to do her *Bullfighter* piece but she hurt her knee just before the show and she couldn't do it. She didn't do performance at all after that. Phyllida's piece *Threat* was on a vacant lot by East Station, a large scale piece using under-felt and black plastic, quite dark, ominous looming shapes. The under-felt was like a monk's hair shirt, a cathedral reference perhaps. Alison Wilding's piece was sited in the cathedral, and that caused another drama. Our Education Co-ordinator went into the cathedral one morning and came back and said, 'They've bent the corners of Alison's sculpture back', It was *Locust*; a long, tall piece with copper wings at the top, very elegant, the wings quite small, and quite high – they'd been bent back. I went straight to the Dean and Chapter and the Bursar said, 'I've made enquires and I have to apologise profusely, but the Deacon who was in charge of the choir boys thought they were going to get scratched by it'. It was much taller than any choir boy. They paid a token compensation to Alison who was, understandably, very upset.

There were a lot of smaller incidents like that, which was why it was so important to have that daily contact with the work and the artists. I asked an artist, who I knew very well, Euphemia MacTavish, to do guided tours for *Sculptors at Work* and *Third Generation*. It was advertised that every day at 10am and 2pm, she would take a group of people round to all the sites in the city. It worked very well and had an added bonus, in that she was able to check that the artists were all okay. We did the tours for *In Transit* too. It was very useful having an artist/tour guide to take people around and to discuss the work. Euphemia also developed a relationship with all the participating artists, she acted as an extra support. What I really wanted to do was to create the best possible conditions for the work to be made, and to really support those artists doing it. I saw that as my job, whether that meant climbing over car wrecks in the middle of nowhere to get hoods and bonnets of the right colour, or tons of paper. It was about the work. What we were all trying to do was to make the best possible work.

TP Were there other works to which people reacted badly, or where there was a bad reception?

SD Well, yes, probably the biggest incident I'd ever had to deal with was with Laura Ford's piece, which was part of *Third Generation*. A tower made of small blocks of wood that she had cut up. The site was right in the centre of town, an open square with shops all around and we got permission for her to work there. She was there every day, got to know people around, passersby would stop and talk, people in the shops would bring her a cup of coffee.

Then just towards the end, the piece was nearing completion, I got a call early one morning from the police saying that it had been completely vandalised. I just couldn't believe it, it was large and very well made, but it was just battered to pieces. It was so shocking. People around were very upset about it, distressed that someone had done this to the piece, saying to me, 'Oh but she worked so hard. We'd see her every day and she'd be there working and working.' To see a young woman doing this hard, physical work seemed

Lulu Quinn
Canterbury Belles, 1986

Sarah Bradpiece
Cradle Table, 1986

Lulu Quinn
Canterbury Belles, 1986


ALFRED
recruitment
VISITOR
BAXI
coffee

to impress people. The Sculpture Department, at the Art College, really came to the rescue and they gave us space there. We moved everything out of the square that day, took it to the college, and Laura, with some help, rebuilt it. A friend Richard Clayson, who actually had a harpsichord business and a workshop, cut hundreds of small blocks with his equipment for her. All sorts of people got involved.

Laura finished it at the College and we brought it back to the city centre for the opening, or closing it was really, a big celebration when all the work being made on-site was finished. The Arts Council came down, funders and people were invited and there was a big party. There was a feeling we had dealt with it well and much satisfaction seeing it completed and in situ.

Then the next morning, another phone call, the police saying it'd been completely destroyed, again. That was really distressing. Laura, who had gone back to London, didn't want to come down at all. We just picked it all up and it went in the skip.

It was awful! I was in a dilemma, I really didn't know which way to play it, whether to make a big thing in the press about how horrible this was, why would people do this, with lots of photographs and things, or not acknowledge it. I remember I rang David Mach because I was very aware of his experience with the submarine of tyres that had been burnt on the Southbank. I asked him, 'What should I do?' and he said, 'Just get on with it, Sandra. Don't waste any energy on the destruction. Tell Laura from me to not let it stop her from making the next piece of work because that's what's important', and I thought that was important for me, too, to not allow that destruction to destroy anything that I wanted to do.

The sculpture was at a crossroads in the city centre. The piece, like a Tower of Babel, was actually about people getting on and speaking, different people coming together, which the vandals seem to have missed completely. I guess, in some way they saw it as confrontational, they clearly needed to get rid of it. I still think about that and so does Laura, we all learned from it.

TP Following the *Third Generation* show, there were four more shows in that context?

SD Yes, there were four more. There were twenty-two artists in the women's show, which was a huge leap, really, in how to manage and juggle it all, but out of that came a whole conversation about Australian work. I'd been back and seen work there, and my friend Maryrose Sinn had also been back. In fact, she had to go back to Australia to sort out her visa and then she got stuck there for two years. She was saying to me, 'Look, there's amazing work here and we never get to see it in England' and I had also had that conversation with people I knew. Australia Council just seemed to be picking a few selected artists that they sent everywhere, the favourites. There was a huge network of other artists that we never got to see. So, the idea of doing an international exchange, whereby we brought Australian artists to England and took English artists to Australia, to work in the same way as I had done in these previous shows, got born. I got funding from the Arts Council to do a research trip to Australia, to find a partner gallery and identify the artists. Then we had to put it together and get the funding to actually do it. I found a gallery, Artspace, in Sydney and the Director, Sally Couacaud, and I agreed to work together. We were in discussion with the Australia Council and knew that if we were going to get money from them we needed a gallery in London. Emma Dexter had just gone to Chisenhale and I asked if she would be interested and she agreed. So, I was working with her as the partner London gallery. All that took two years to get up and going.

Laura Ford at work in Canterbury city centre, 1986

TP So in the meantime were you still doing shows for the Canterbury Festival?

SD Oh yes, I did two open selection shows in '87 and '88 both just with one artist a piece, a different way of working.

In '87 I worked with Andy Hazell on the *Scrap Project*. He made a huge white church, *The Shrine of St Bendix of Zanussi*, in Dane John Gardens using multiple disused washing machines and fridges, white goods. Inside of which he made these sparkling shrines of cut-out tin and lights, Barbie dolls and found stuff – scrap! It was a magical place, you could walk into it and open the doors of all these household appliances and discover brilliantly coloured fantasy worlds. There was quite a bit of controversy stirred up by a new resident in the Dane John who had just been elected Lord Mayor. He was furious about it all and went on television complaining. But fortunately for us, other residents were fine about it, we explained it would all be gone in three weeks. The city council who had given permission stuck to their word. Then the hurricane happened. One of the complaints the Lord Mayor had was that it was unsafe. Quite the contrary, it withstood the gales and stood firm, while great lime trees crashed all around it. Only one small finial was blown off. That was a huge scale piece of work but it was only one artist to deal with.

The next year, I again worked with one artist. Post-hurricane we did the *Wind Wood Project*, with Neville Gabie, who worked at the University of Kent. The university had a whole load of fallen trees which Neville worked with. He made these incredible kilns out of wood which he fired, all different shapes. The project was supported by Darwin College at UKC and the remaining sculptures stood in situ just by the College for some years after.

TP Meanwhile the Australian project is all bubbling along.

SD Yes, I was in Australia and the research grant I got allowed me to go all around, I went to Sydney, Melbourne, Brisbane, Perth, Adelaide and talked to galleries, to artists and looked at lots of work.... I talked to galleries because we needed to tour it in Australia as well. We met with the Australia Council. Sally Couacaud had worked at the Australia Council with the Head of Visual Arts with whom we met. From the start I realised it was a problem that I was an independent curator from a private gallery, despite the fact I had an excellent funding and curatorial record, there was no one in Australia working like me at the time, and the Australia Council could not deal with that. They didn't fund it in the end, despite the partnership with Artspace and Sally and the fact that the Australia Council had a studio within Chisenhale for visiting Australian artists. There was a whole perfectly plausible network there but they still didn't fund it.

TP But you did manage to get the artists across?

SD What happened was, Sally just said 'Well, we can't do it', and I said, 'But I've got all this funding from the Arts Council in London, so I really want to do it'. We'd been turning ourselves inside out trying to get a list of artists that the Australia Council would go for then suddenly it was like 'Phew, okay, let's go back to our long list and let's have the artists that I want'. So I just started contacting them and saying, 'Look, I've got money to do this show in England, I can pay you a fee, but what I don't have is the air fares. If you can get yourself to England, we can do the show'. So, all of them that I asked agreed. Bonita Ely just said to me, 'I'll come and I'll use the fee to pay the fare'. Artists in West Australia and Victoria were able to apply as artists to their state for Arts Funding, and they got money to travel. People just agreed to come. Some people were en route to somewhere else that they had funding

for. Simone Mangos came from Germany, Ari Purhonen was in Canada so he just came via London on his return to Australia. That's how we did it.

TP And the format was the same. They came, and they joined part of the community here in Canterbury and they had a certain period of time to develop their work.

SD Yes, they came, they were accommodated. It was, of course, much more difficult having arrived from Australia to make the work, and there were eleven of them, but the networks were pretty strong by then, so we could manage it, and we did it. I remember Jonathan Watkins introducing me, 'This is Sandra Drew who did an Australia show without the Australia Council', because it had never happened before, no one had ever done it. So it felt very good doing it. The artists really appreciated it and just couldn't believe that they were getting a Canterbury show and a London show. Also, because the funding from the Arts Council was for touring shows, you always had to tour things. To tour the kind of stuff I was doing was a nightmare, always, but we worked out this way of moving artists around. Michelle Luke was a performance artist from Adelaide, she went to Dartington College of the Arts in Devon for a whole week and to Brighton for a performance.

L to R
Wendy Howard, Sandra Drew,
Bonita Ely, Maeve Woods,
Judith Ahern, Carol Rudyard, 1989

TP So, they toured by being in residence somewhere else?

SD Yes, they did these mini residencies. Wendy Howard had a show of her *Corsets* at the Gardener Centre at the University of Sussex, Brighton. Two performance artists from Perth, David Hall and Steve Wigg went to Projects UK, in Newcastle.

TP So, Drew Gallery is still running, Drew Gallery Projects is operating, but after that there are smaller scale projects, little things that are happening, but you stopped doing those larger, bigger shows at that point.

SD Well yes, although I did some other big shows in the 90s but they were different, not Drew Gallery Projects as such. The New York show, however, was in the same model. *Other Nature, from New York*, in 1990 was smaller but it was an international show and quite high profile, and done in the same way.....

TP Could you explain the New York show, how that emerged, what lead into that way of thinking?

SD It came out of *Third Generation*, the women's show. Jerilea Zempel, who I met through David Mach, was aware of that show. She was a New York artist who had been working in England. She was working with Isobel Vasseur on one of the big Garden Festivals, in the North of England. We talked during her visits, she was interested in the work I was doing. She then proposed an idea of working with a group of New York artists. It grew out of that focus on women. She was very interested in feminist politics, it was the early days of the Guerrilla Girls and other feminist activism, the battle to make female artists and the work they were doing visible. It seemed that this was an even bigger problem in New York than London. She also worked outside, so she was interested in non-gallery-based work. Then, finally, we were looking at a group of four women. It was going to be a show that had to be organised in a fairly short space of time. I'd just finished *In Transit* which was, of course, a huge, international touring show and it was a very demanding, very exhausting exercise. It continued well over the normal three week festival time as it was touring, a long timeframe of about three months. So the run up until the next year's festival was quite short.

This was an ideal show in that way, but it worked very much on the same basis that other shows had worked. Four artists came to England: Mira Schor, who was a painter, her installation was in a shop, Maureen Connor, sculptor, installation in an adjacent shop, both in Best Lane opposite the Gallery. Jerilea Zempel's piece was in St. Gregory's churchyard, and Jody Culkin had this wonderful floating piece in the river, so inside/outside pieces but all non-gallery. Nancy Princenthal, who was a friend of theirs and a wonderful writer, wrote an essay which we just published in a fold out leaflet. They all did talks at Kent Institute of Art and Design (previously Canterbury College of Art). There were also, I remember, dinner parties around the big table at Drew Gallery with academics from KIAD and other places – there was a lot of talk and engagement around that show, not the least because there was also a whole crazy press drama with Maureen Connor's piece.

Her work, *Ensemble for Three Female Voices* which was about the voice, the voices of women and how they are not heard. It was a very elegant, very minimal sculpture installation with three silver chrome microphone stands, on which were placed pale pink alabaster-like wax casts of a human larynx. The soundtrack of different female voices played. BBC Kent were doing an interview with the artists in which they were all extremely articulate. Then the interviewer asked Maureen how she made them and she said it was a

cast of an actual larynx, and he said, 'Where did you get it?' and she said, 'Oh, you can get them from the university. In fact, you can just ring them up and pay with your credit card and get it', and that was the end of it.

However, later that night the Festival Press Officer called and said that it was going viral over various radio stations, no social media then! It kept getting picked up in the news and it was picked up in the main BBC news late at night and then the next morning they warned me that there was going to be a real press siege. There were dozens of reporters, from press and TV, at the door of Drew Gallery wanting to see the body parts. That's what it had been profiled as, 'Body Parts in Art Gallery', and there was all this shock, horror over something none of them had seen. The Director of the Festival said, 'I'll deal with this', he was a television person, so he did the interviews and calmed it all down. The press got their moment of having something sensational in the Festival that they could ridicule and laugh about. For weeks after people kept coming into the Gallery, where I had a show of the New York painter John Wesley, looking for blood and body parts, much confusion, but they never asked directly and I didn't tell them.

But actually, what they'd missed, which was probably even more exciting for such sensationalist press, was Mira Schor's installation which was about the early mythology of the virgin birth. How the virgin was inseminated through her ear. So, there were these very delicate, beautiful paintings of the penis impregnating the ear all around the walls. They walked straight passed it, missing it completely. They weren't interested in art, just a sensational story.

It was quite a controversial show, very strongly feminist and extremely interesting.

TP And the outside pieces? Did they also cause controversy?

SD No, not in that way! For Jerilea's piece I had to borrow this huge gun, which I got from the Royal Engineers in Gillingham through a gallery contact. She wanted to thatch it. The whole gun looked all soft and cuddly. It stood in the churchyard at St. Gregory's, which was quite isolated although part of Christ Church University and surrounded by housing estates, so potentially quite vulnerable.

While she was making this piece, a group of young boys came by, she got them actually helping her. There were students working with her, it was extremely tedious work and it took days and days to thatch it successfully. The boys got interested, she talked to them. She told me that she'd actually appointed them the guardians of the piece and told them how they had to look after it and that they were in charge when she left. That it was their piece. Miraculously, it was not touched at all. Although a huge gun, it was actually very fragile. The thatching was very delicate. A snip of the string or the slightest interference would have just destroyed it. That was an interesting exercise in how to locate a piece in an environment. To give it to people to own, involve them in it. It completely cuts out that territorial 'you're intruding in our space' thing because they begin to own it. It was an important lesson.

TP Ever since that happened, did you think about the site of an artwork and the way that it's put together in a different way?

SD Yes, with Jerilea's *Peace Dividend* we were conscious of the possibility of vandalism. I'd talked to her about what had happened to Laura Ford's work and other incidents of interference. We considered how we were going to manage this. So the fact she was talking

ADSCENE 12/10/90 Literature Festival p9

'SICK' ART SHOCKER

AN EXHIBITION of art created by using human organs has sparked a bitter row in the first week of the Canterbury Festival.

Festival organisers have been attacked for encouraging the work of American artist Maureen Connor who uses vital organs as the basis for her work – branded as "sick" by one local art dealer.

Maureen Connor's avant garde piece Ensemble for Three Female Voices involves casts of human larynxes bought at 95 dollars each from a medical school in Carolina, USA.

Tape recordings of women crying and laughing completes the work which, says the artist, aims to show "how life revolves in cycles."

But Canterbury art gallery owner Phillip Maslen branded the display "sick and out of taste".

"It's not valid as an art form," he said.

"Miss Connor has imitated the artist who became a millionaire by making art out of real human embryos. She's just cashing in on the same macabre thing.

"I'm surprised the Drew Gallery offered to display Miss Connor's tasteless creation – this is Canterbury, not New York!"

Gallery visitor Mr. William Onslow agreed: "This is not art – it's a sick joke," he said.

But Miss Connor leaped to the defence of her art. She said: "The larynxes were only used to make the wax moulds in which the pieces were cast."

"I don't know what all the fuss is about. There is nothing illegal about how I obtained the organs. I bought them from a medical school. I am not a witch, or a grave rob ber.

"Some visitors have been taken aback, but their fears are natural. Their shock is a self-defence mechanism.

Report by Matthew Presland

New York artist Maureen Connor – defending her work in Canterbury.

Row over festival exhibit

"I hope they will think about what it represents, though, which is a deep identification with your own mortality."

She added that human larynxes were essential to the piece because they "represent the ephemeral nature of life."

A spokesman for the Canterbury Festival office told Adscene: "The Press has blown this out of all proportion. There is nothing salacious about the sculptor's work."

Press clipping
Adscene, 1990

to the young boys came out of consciously thinking that she had to embed the piece in the community and in its environment. Later, it was something I was always conscious of at Stour Valley Arts. These experiences shaped how I worked in the future with public spaces – how aware, how careful you needed to be, always staying conscious of the environment and those who inhabited it, integrating the work into the space. There was very little dialogue about that then. Putting work outside in this way raised new issues, required new awareness but it also made it very visible, people encountered it in a very immediate way, unhampered by the barriers, physical and cultural, that a gallery exhibition had.

TP The spectacle of some someone producing?

SD Yes, Wendy Howard in the *In Transit* exhibition, made these extremely delicate, corsets, which came from original V&A patterns that she enlarged. The materials she was using to make these frivolous Victorian items were old car bonnets and hoods found in a scrap yard, which she then cut up and shaped corsets, making ribbons and bows, frills and buttons to adorn them. She was doing this, cutting with her oxyacetylene welder, right outside various dress shops and BHS by the Marlowe Arcade. People would stop and chat to her. An old guy, who apparently came to visit almost every day to see her working, said to me 'I was a welder and she's an amazing welder and I can't believe how she's working with this material to make what she's making'. He wasn't interested in it as art at all but he was completely engrossed in what she was doing, her skill. Also to see a woman, a particularly tiny woman, working in this way with these materials, welding metal like that in the street in the middle of Canterbury was quite unusual.

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TP Did you find that, with the New York show, you were pleasantly surprised with people's reactions?

SD The controversy got in the way a bit, however, I think the press are always more interested in people who don't like something, and who are upset and angry. In my experience, over many years, I have found that people are much, much more open and ready to accept things than they are given credit for.

Many people came especially to see the show, there was a lot of dialogue and interest. The work outside... Jody Culkin's *Indifférent Folly* was a sculptural piece that floated in the river. People loved it, it wasn't in anybody's space, it wasn't upsetting anybody, it was odd to see it in the river – it made people smile! It actually moved a few times because, although the Stour river is small, the current runs quite fast and we had to keep borrowing extra weights from the theatre, curtain weights, to keep it anchored and stable in the river.

TP So, you used people from the theatre to help you, and you've spoken before about how there was a community feel to all of these projects. Could you talk a bit more about the artists' experience in Canterbury and how that might've been different from other things going on in the country or before in Canterbury?

SD Well, it wasn't current practice in Canterbury or in the rest of the country either. Artists were happy to work in that situation. Some found it more stressful that others and some

Maureen Connor
Ensemble for Three Female Voices 1990

Judith Ahern
King’s School Boy 1989

needed more support. What we needed was a network of support and people who we could call on. Because of the size and layout of Canterbury with the gallery right in the centre, it was a focal point and people knew it. I learnt early on that you could ask people to do things – share things, put people up, loan you the equipment, a gun, all sorts of things – because they wanted to be involved. It was Festival time and they were excited and actually liked being asked to do things because it gave them ownership of what was happening, introduced them to interesting people.

But you had to be mindful, we had a culture of thanking people, acknowledging people and making sure that things were returned if they were borrowed. I guess it was part of the model. You needed not only to look after the artists, but also the network and keep those relationships going. People who put artists up year after year would say, ‘Who have you got coming this year? People would put dinners on, I remember Hamish Fulton and his wife Nancy put on this great dinner party for the four New York artists because there had been some connection made and they offered to do this, really generous things like that.

Emma Dexter arranged for Judith Ahern to work with a photographer in London. He was a social photographer. Judith worked as his assistant but was able to take her own photographs. She attended two big events where the great and the good assembled, incredibly traditional, very old London, really. She showed four of these large photographs facing four she had taken of Sydney high society – the contrast was striking!

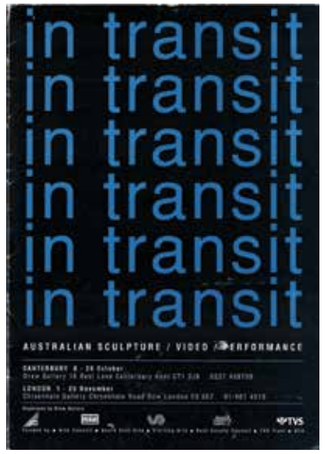
In Canterbury she photographed various different local characters – a railway porter at Canterbury West Station, a King’s School boy on the Green Court at the school and the Lord Mayor outside his Tower House. She then mounted these life size photographers putting them back in situ where she had taken them, to startling effect.

It was very difficult for those artists coming from Australia and from New York where you leave your studio and your environment and you’re landed in a place, completely out of context. . Some came with film and video that they were then going to install and use in different ways. I remember Bonita Ely got off the plane and she said to me, ‘I’ve got this mould of a bunny rabbit, it belongs to my daughter’ and we both looked at each other and thought, ‘This is going to be interesting!’ She and helpers cast dozens of these rabbits which were painted blue and formed part of an installation in an old deserted office. She used them again at Chisenhale. So solutions were found as to how to make work twelve thousand miles from home. Quite a challenge!

TP Who was your main audience during these projects, or who did you see as your main audience?

SD I guess the main audience was the Drew Gallery audience, which, of course, included lot of artists who were really interested in the work and some of the audience and clients I had in the gallery were also interested and got involved. Then there were people from the art college, the university, the cathedral, from all over Kent and all walks of life in Canterbury. That was the core but people also came from London, the artists’ network, students. We had a mailing list and we reached people that way and then, it was advertised in Festival brochures which reached a new audience. There were people who lived and worked in Canterbury who just encountered the work and didn’t even necessarily know it was art, didn’t know it was part of the Festival, had never heard of Drew Gallery, but enjoyed or ignored the work accordingly. The free guided tours we did gave people greater access to the work

Carol Rudyard
Wantai Maiden (maintain a dew), 1989



David Hall and Steve Wigg
What à Funny Way to Make a Living, 1989

In Transit brochure 1989

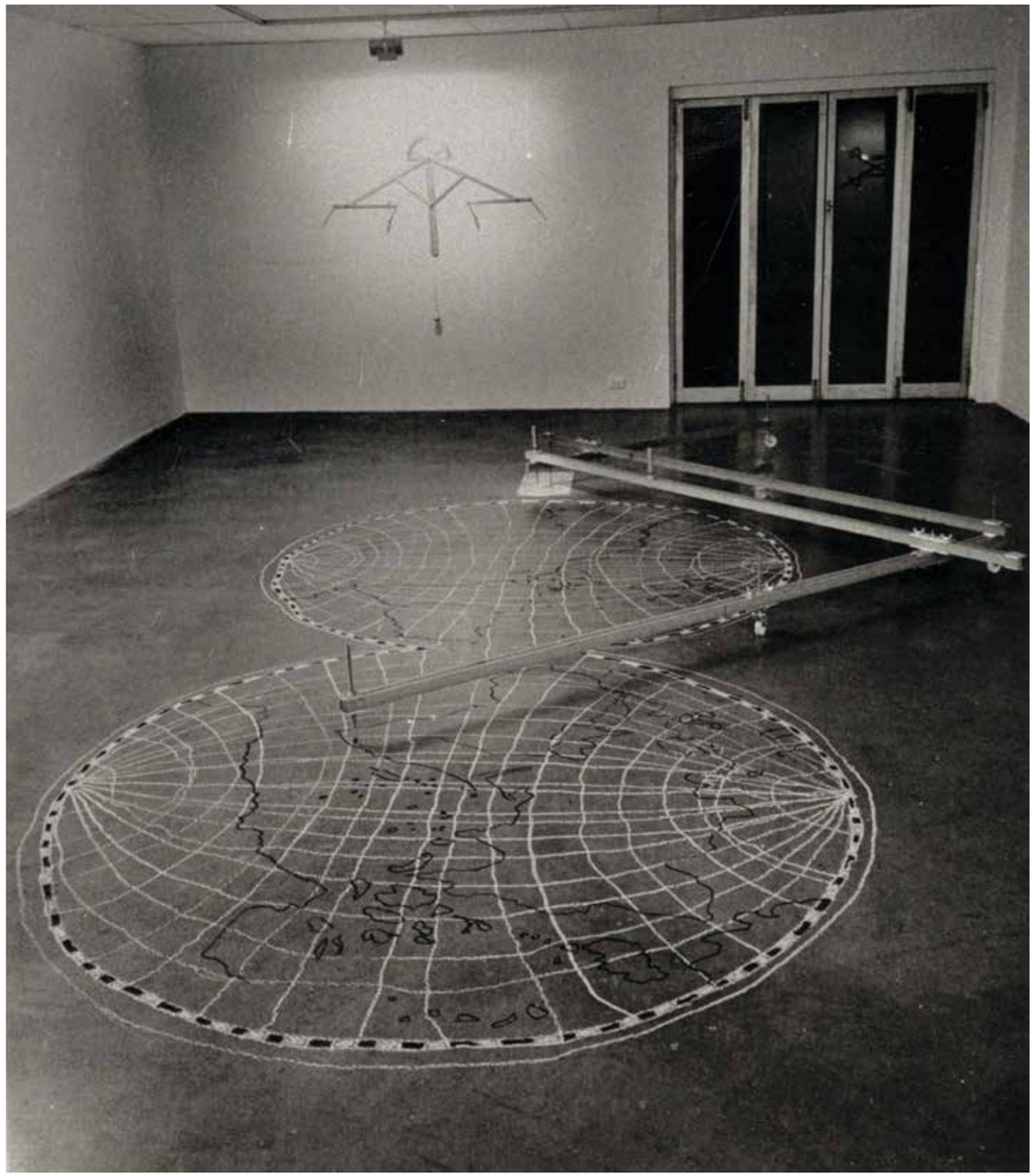
We also, for all of the shows, did talks that were mostly based at the College of Art, which were open to students and the public. That created a whole other level of dialogue. For *Third Generation* and *In Transit*, we also had big conferences. Both of them were at the University of Kent and they were very well attended.

TP What was the legacy of the Drew Gallery Projects, the way in which the Canterbury Festival approached the visual arts?

SD I do think it paved the way when you think of all those multiple commissions, because that's what they were. Most of it was new work, and lots of it. By the time I was doing *In Transit* the Director of the Festival said it should be part of the main Festival, the Fringe had wound down and eventually ceased. So I carried on doing exhibitions for the Festival. When I stopped doing those shows, that was the end of it. The Festival didn't follow on at all. I did Open Studios at Drew Gallery and the Festival took that on and still do it. But that is all. It's a great shame, really. I think that the Festival itself has never come to terms with a Visual Arts programme. However, what did grow out of it was Whitstable Biennale, which flourished and became the gem it is today. Christine Gist did the first one. Sue Jones has nurtured and developed it over the years shaping it into the fantastic event it is now. Commissioning and working in found spaces with artists, very much in the mode and spirit of Drew Gallery Projects, a direct link. Much later, Folkestone Triennial began doing things in a similar way.

TP So you carried this attitude to curating into the forest at Stour Valley Arts?

SD It was that working through the process, supporting artists, nurturing the work, and being ambitious with it all, too. I remember when I was invited to consider a proposal for the forest and just thinking, 'Oh my God, this is so different and so huge! As I got to know the space, I got braver and could see different possibilities, so it grew, which I guess is what happened with Drew Gallery and with the Projects in Canterbury, too. Following the ideas; opening up different ways of looking and seeing. I just kept experimenting!



Ari Purhonen
World 1989

REFLECTIONS ON AN ('ARCHIVE')

Edward Chell

David Mach
Fire-Works performance
1985

←
Peter Callas
Night's High Noon: Anti Terrain
Chisenhale Gallery 1989

Archives abound in today's world and exhibitions are full of them from the imagined archives of Emma Kay to Marcel Broodthaers' *Département des Aigles*; from Susan Hiller's socially investigative vitrines to Nicky Hirst's archives of National Geographic photographic doppelgänger pairings. The British Library archives its publications and Tate its past exhibitions, sometimes staging re-evaluations of past conflicts and social relations such as that between Constable and Turner. We have become especially fond of archives it seems. From stamp collections and other memorabilia, to museum bequests and television programmes presenting various and wide ranging historical analyses, the race is on to preserve. Indeed, much preservation is now tinged with the ecological emergency of the preservation of species. As culture, tastes and consumerism accelerate, our own past becomes stretched and increasingly disconnected. It is no accident that museums have been springing up both nationally and globally at an incremental rate.

Developments in technology have further enabled bringing the past closer and given us a magnified and more immediate ability to scrutinise, inviting us to ask, what do we do with this newly available information and what exactly is an archive? This is a question I would ask of the Drew Gallery Projects 'archive' (recently donated to UCA and digitised on VADS). It might seem not so much an archive but rather a set of relationships, stories and the residue of events and commissions over a six-year period between 1984 and 1990. But this is the point. Is an archive simply a set of objects and artefacts like letters, kept in climate controlled storage or can it be something else? The question needs to be asked because it seems that much of this archive has invisible elements that can only be reanimated through telling. This collection of stories and events is having its story re-told and re-animated through *From The Kitchen Table* and it is no surprise that many of the artists and helpers originally involved readily agreed to participate in this reimagining. Describing the job of the curator, Andreas Huyssen identifies what he calls *acceleration*[1] and the need to set in motion and animate collections, not least in the heads of new audiences and spectators. This is no bad thing and *From the Kitchen Table* is doing just this, revitalising a series of performances, installations and events from the time of Drew Gallery Projects in Canterbury that subsequently formed the career groundwork of many of those involved artists.

[1] Huyssen, A. *Twilight Memories*. Published by Routledge, New York & London 1995. P. 21

An invisible yet crucial aspect of Sandra Drew's 'archive' resides in her person, becoming animated through her descriptions and anecdotes about how the commissions and works came into being. The mid nineteen eighties were a very fluid time for Britain. We had the 'Big Bang', the neo-liberal deregulation of Britain's banks under Margaret Thatcher in 1986 and a year later, in a kind of Ruskinian pathetic fallacy, nature echoed this new turbulence in the Great Storm of 1987. I remember the night in London. My 1960's prefab whined and heaved under the intense wind stress as dustbins, large tree branches and roof tiles flew through the howling night towards a dimly emerging morning of piled up chaos. Sandra remembers the night well. She had recently commissioned a work by Andy Hazell, *The Shrine of St. Bendix of Zanussi*, a church-like edifice made of discarded white goods situated not far from her house and gallery in Dane John Gardens, Canterbury. While she had all the necessary planning permissions for temporarily siting the work, a particularly vocal resident, who had just been elected Lord Mayor, reacted angrily to what he regarded as a subversive structure of shanty-like squalor with the aesthetic of the local dump. He was incensed, said that the sculpture was a health and safety liability and tried, without success to have it removed. In prescient echoes of another local reaction to Rachel Whiteread's *House* situated in Bow, London E3 a few years later, others also called for its removal. Shortly after the sculpture's completion the Great Storm of October 15th, memorably dismissed the previous evening by Michael Fish on the BBC Weather Forecast, hit Southern England particularly hard. The devastation was cataclysmic. In Dane John Gardens many of the trees were felled, some large and quite old, and littered indiscriminately across the park. Yet, the sculpture stood impertinently intact only losing one of its finials, its illuminated interior shrines to catholicised domestic voodoo suggesting humane and empathetic warmth and perhaps a metaphor for prevailing artistic struggle.

Many of the Drew Gallery Projects' commissions were ahead of their time, containing social critiques that echoed the 'relational aesthetics' of Nicolas Bourriaud and the socially engaged elements of later artist practitioners. Again, Drew's accounts are illuminating and she described the archive itself as a set of interrelationships between the artists, funders and curators. Her descriptions of establishing these commissions on very limited budgets also provide a parallel and role model for commissioning today in an age of austerity. Artists like Sharon Kivland, Kate Meynell, Rose English and Phyllida Barlow all showed with Sandra Drew in *Third Generation: Women Sculptors Today*. As with the Andy Hazell piece, installing works in the public realm was not always straightforward. As part of this series, Laura Ford's *Untitled* large tower of intricately dovetailed wooden blocks situated in Longmarket, Canterbury was vandalised twice, the second time being completely destroyed. In conversation with Drew, Ford described feeling the work was never completed, as she was unable to spend any extended time with it and to develop the idea further.

Such experiences highlight the fugitive and sometimes fleeting lifespan of such commissions made in a time before events were routinely digitally recorded on mobile phones as they are now. Surprisingly little documentation survives from this time barely thirty years ago and major events such as the firing of David Mach's *Fire-Works*, a series of matchstick gargoyles and a forerunner to his signature sculptures made from multiples, are only captured in a few photographs and short snatches of film footage. Many old slides deteriorated and had to be thrown out. Mach made gargoyles for each of the shops – Snob, Trash, Do Dah's and Richards Records – all down the high street with its Tudor style facades. Drew's descriptions of this event are enthralling. The high street was closed to traffic and the heads were ignited – two outside each shop – in a pyrotechnic progression up its entire length. A crowd, fed by Pizza Hut, progressed down the street following the ritual burnings that foreshadowed works like his later Devil's head sculpture that opened the Edinburgh Art Festival of 2011.

Looking at the archive, it becomes apparent that Drew was pioneering a completely new way of working. At a time when things were done much more slowly, the Arts Council was written to and then, after a time, they would write back. The gallery was not staffed apart from Sandra herself, a single parent, with plans being drawn on the kitchen table and notes stuck in the drawer while kids reeled around the chair legs. The whole set up was non-bureaucratic and non-hierarchical with cornflakes being spilt over things. When typing, the typewriter went on the table, in the kitchen, the warm heartbeat of the house, perhaps a place that architect Frank Lloyd-Wright would have called a *tokonoma*.[2] A note found in one of the drawers read – *Call Tacita Dean on this number…. If she is not there ring Sara Wicks, she's a friend and will have her number… Do send something..do…..Tell Suzanna to clean out the fridge, I'll pay her when I come back*. These projects emerged out of an informal domestic world. Her son, contemporary artist Benedict Drew cut his teeth in this environment.

In spite of the sparse funding available at the time, Sandra was increasingly able to provide a well-organised support structure for those artists she worked with. People turned up to help. Sandra remembers, *'I would say, someone will walk in the door and we will have help. And people did. They'd come and they'd stay for the whole festival'*. Bruce Gilchrist, then a student at Canterbury, would come and work for Sandra every year. She would find someone to work on posters, technicians to work with electrical installation, and joiners to fabricate structures – Sandra would find people. The kids all learnt to do things – a family affair. The installation works that were emerging needed a level of support not usually provided by established galleries and public bodies. While artist Jason Hartcup, was negotiating with other public commissioning bodies, the Canterbury Festival piece was the only one of a conceptually larger series of submarine-based pieces to be made. Talking about the installation made for *Sculptors at Work* in 1985 Hartcup said of Sandra Drew *'I arrived from Austraila and you had the site for me, and you got the materials, and ordered the scaffolding and gave me someone to work with me, so why wouldn't I do it? It just happened.'* This typified Sandra's practical working ethos – providing a support structure.

With so much energy needed to drive these various projects, it left little time and resources to document them. And yet theses projects happened and supremely original outcomes emerged. One of the artists included in a later public commission, *In Transit*, was photographer Judith Ahern. She photographed a range of people and installed life sized prints on the site where they were taken. In a strange twist, one of the participants, a railway porter from Canterbury West Station, was photographed on his last day of work before retirement, only to re-emerge a week later as an image in the same spot as if being re-employed and then to be photographed once again as the photographic installation was documented (image included in the archive).

This transformational process sums up the nature of the Drew 'archive' in that it is simultaneously ghost, elemental spirit, lived moment and fugitive collection of materials with all the preciousness and precariousness this suggests. The Drew projects are a chorus of voices and echoes; rare moments of domestic curatorial enablement, encouraging those participating artists to make work beyond their norms of practice, seeking out strange new worlds to boldly go where artists had not gone before.

[2] *Tokonoma* is a ritualised niche in Japanese domestic architecture that housed objects for both spiritual and artistic appreciation. Frank Lloyd-Wright associated this within his own domestic architecture as the hearth or fire within the living room that as such constituted a kind of symbolic centre and 'heartbeat' of the house.

WOMEN SCULPTORS IN THE 1980S AND THE DREW GALLERY PROJECTS

Thalia Allington-Wood

Wendy Howard at work in Canterbury city centre 1989

In 1986, *Third Generation: Women Sculptors Today* opened in Canterbury. Its format was the same as *Sculptors at Work* held the previous year: artists were given a site for three weeks and made work in situ, the process of creating sculpture as much a part of the exhibition as the finished artwork. *Third Generation*, however, was double the size of *Sculptors at Work*, with twenty-two artists taking part. Even more striking: each artist was a woman.[1]

The title *Third Generation* claimed an art historical lineage for women sculptors, acknowledging the previous generation of female artists active during 1960s and 70s. It also engaged with second wave feminism and the all-women shows that developed out of this movement.[2] Dedicating a show to female artists, particularly sculptors, was a response to the comparative lack of opportunities and representation available to women. This was the decade that birthed the Guerrilla Girls, self-styled as the 'conscience of the art world', whose damning posters highlighted the discrepancy between male and female visibility across museums and galleries.

The numbers don't lie. In the United States, MoMA's 1984 exhibition *An International Survey of Recent Painting and Sculpture* included 13 women out of 169 artists.[3] In Britain, women made up just 22% of the sculptors included in *The Sculpture Show* at the Hayward and Serpentine Galleries in 1983.[4] When mapping the 37 artists collected for the first time by the Tate, Arts Council and British Council between 1975 and 1990, Nick Baker has noted that only nine were women.[5]

In 1986, the year of *Third Generation*, H.W. Janson's *History of Art*, a key art history textbook of the era, amended its complete omission of female artists by adding 19 to its total index of 2,300.[6] While in Canterbury, the sculpture department of UCA had an entirely female student body yet all the tutors were male. Women were moving into the art world (and the discipline of sculpture) in ever-greater numbers, but the institutions were slow to catch up.

[1] Phyllida Barlow, Tara Babel, Sarah Bradpiece, Catherine Elwes, Rose English, Laura Ford, Rose Garrard, Lorraine Gleave, Judith Goddard, Tina Keane, Sharon Kivland, Katharine Meynell, Joanna Mowbray, Jayne Parker, Lulu Quinn, Zoe Redman, Kumiko Shimizu, Maryrose Sinn, Yoko Terauchi, Marion Urch, Alison Wilding and Julia Wood.

[2] E.g. *Womenhouse* (1971); *Where We At: Black Women Artists* (1971); A.I.R gallery (1972); *Los Angeles Women's Building of Los Angeles* (1973); *Women Artists 1550-1950* (1976).

[3] *An International Survey of Recent Painting and Sculpture*, Museum of Modern Art, New York, 17 May–19 August 1984, curated by Kynaston McShine, exh. cat., New York: Museum of Modern Art, 1984.

[4] *The Sculpture Show*, Hayward and Serpentine galleries, London, 13 August–9 October 1983, curated by Paul de Monchaux, Fenella Crichton and Kate Blacker, exh. cat., London: Arts Council, 1983.

[5] Nick Baker, 'Expanding the Field: How the "New Sculpture" put British Art on the Map in the 1980s', *British Art Studies*, no.3, Summer 2016, online text, p.1 of 9.

[6] H.W. Janson, *History of Art*, 3rd edition, London and New York: Thames and Hudson, 1986.

Third Generation provided female sculptors with an opportunity to make and exhibit large public works in a prominent city. The results made some people nervous. In a review, the artist Tara Babel wrote that she believed all-women shows were problematic and needed justifying, 'as I believe in an asexual attitude towards working as an artist'; Babel stated that she did not feel personally disadvantaged in comparison to men, but did oppose 'militant women's women'.[7] Other artists of *Third Generation* hit back. Babel's text was, they said, 'a paranoid uninformed idea of feminism', defensive, unhelpful, full of 'unresolved prejudices'.[8]

This exchange, published in *Performance Magazine*, shows how an exhibition devoted to women's art could still be controversial in 1986 and expresses the unsteady ground on which feminism stood at the time. In the 1970s consensus collapsed within the feminist movement as people of different races, class and sexuality waged battles of difference against the 'universality' of women's experience heralded in the 1960s.[9] Feminist thought of the 80s responded by moving conceptually and theoretical towards plurality – feminism became 'feminisms'.[10] Donna Haraway wrote in 1985: 'It has become difficult to name one's feminism by a single adjective [...] Consciousness of exclusion through naming is acute'.[11] In line with this mode of thought, the curation of *Third Generation* made no claim for an essentializing notion of 'women artists' or 'women's sculpture'. The work was by women, but that did not mean their sex was a primary factor in their practice, nor that they shared a similar sense of being a woman or a feminist. If anything, the diverse work made during the show was a public assertion that art by women is varied, not cast from one mould.

Female sculptors were notably prominent across the Drew Gallery's yearly exhibitions for the Festival Fringe. In addition to *Third Generation* in 1986, Yoko Terauchi, Sharon Kivland and Julia Wood all made work in 1985 for *Sculptors at Work*. In 1989 women dominated *In Transit*, a show focused on contemporary work from Australia, with Wendy Howard, Judith Ahern, Bonita Ely, Maeve (Woods), Carol Rudyard and Simone Mangos taking part. In 1990, the show *Other Nature* was comprised entirely of four women from New York: Jody Culkin, Mira Schor, Maureen Connor and Jerilia Zempel.

The artworks made by these women evidence how the boundaries of sculpture were continually being 'stretched, pushed and extended' during this period, and the role female artists played in the breaking down of disciplinary walls.[12] The late 1970s is broadly considered a watershed moment within art historical scholarship, when the dismantling of medium categories became 'accepted wisdom'.[13] But the innovations seen in this decade continued into, and throughout, the 1980s. It is striking that half of the works in *Third Generation* consisted of performance, video installation and film, though to distinguish by such categories misses the point. Rose Garrard stated in 1981: 'In Britain the role of live work is often read inaccurately as polarised in opposition to the art object'.[14] Not in Canterbury. Sculpture was presented as an expanded field: art that simply 'in some way concerns itself

[7] Tara Babel, Review: 'Third Generation: Women and Sculpture was a recent show in Canterbury. Tara Babel appraises the post feminist condition', *Performance Magazine*, no.44/45, 1986, pp.32–34, (p.32).

[8] Kate Meynall, Marion Urch and Zoe Redman, Letter: 'The Post Feminist Condition?', *Performance Magazine*, no.46, 1986, pp.36–37.

[9] See, for example, Audre Lorde, *Sister Outsider: Essays and Speeches*, Crossing Press Feminist Series, Trumansburg: Crossing Press, 1984.

[10] The term 'feminisms' is from Linda Hutcheon, *A Poetics of Postmodernism: History, Theory, Fiction*, London and New York: Routledge, 1988, p.141.

[11] Donna Haraway, 'A Cyborg Manifesto: Science, Technology, and Socialist-Feminism in the Late Twentieth Century' [1985], in *Simians, Cyborgs, and Women: The Reinvention of Nature*, New York: Routledge, 1991, pp.149–184, (p.155)

[12] Sandra Drew, 25 May 1986, *Third Generation* Exhibition Leaflet.

[13] Alex Potts, 'Introduction', in *Modern Sculpture Reader*, ed. by Jon Wood, David Hulks, Alex Potts, Leeds: Henry Moore Institute, 2007, pp.xiii–xxx, (p.xiv).

[14] Rose Garrard, 'Lyon Performance Festival', *Performance Magazine*, no.13, 1981, pp.30–31, (p.30).

with real space'.[15] Be it multiple overlapping faces drawn in wood, attached and hung from a shopping precinct, as in the work of Julia Wood, or photographs of supermarket products discarded and split open, framed and stacked on the shelves of a shop by Sharon Kivland in 1985, formal barriers were broken and manoeuvred. The public witnessed categorical slippage.

Moreover, the nature of these shows meant that all the 'sculptures' were a form of performance. Making sculpture is a physical labour and these artworks were time-based, temporary and created in front of an audience. There was also feminism in specifically making the *making* of sculpture by women visible. Sawing, drilling, smearing, draping, cutting, lifting, moulding, carving, welding, scaling ladders and buildings; women on the streets wielding tools, making unapologetic artworks. Maryrose Sinn, in a symposium held in conjunction with *Third Generation*, spoke of the significance that in Canterbury women were not the subject of art but its active creators.[16] In notes taken at the event, Julia Wood considered the different experiences of men and women in the art world: 'collections, galleries assert [a] male position. Females don't find a bedrock of presence in art [...] The chain [for men] – the continual links throughout history. We [women] are absent from the mainstream'.[17]

As part of their experimentation with medium categories, the artists frequently used unconventional materials to make their sculptures. They pushed traditional substances into new arenas, co-opted found objects and disregarded hierarchies of matter. Phyllida Barlow chose rough, coarse under carpet and black bin liners to create *Threat* in 1986, with its ominous pair of hairy ridges and large fin protruding from the earth. Kumiko Shimizu collected hubcaps and discarded bicycle wheels, covering them with multi-coloured patterns before climbing up scaffolding to decorate the façade of a soon to be demolished building.

As they brought different media into unusual interplays, traditionally conservative spaces – built by men and seeped in history – were inhabited by their creations. Yoko Terauchi's *Hot Line* juxtaposed the bright coloured wires and plastic casing of telephone cable with the trim lawn and medieval stones of Canterbury Cathedral. Pulled apart and shaped (but not cut) into strange organic forms, Terauchi took a synthetic material often hidden beneath the ground and brought it to the surface. In one photo Terauchi can be seen coiling a large snake of this plastic tubing into a circle, as its multiple threads wind behind her, creating ripples across the grass. Alison Wilding's *Locust* (1983), one of the few works made prior to the exhibition, is made of copper sheet wrapped around, contrasted with, and almost totally obscuring, a wooden post. This abstracted animal – known for swarming, invading and devouring crops – stood assertively in one of the Cathedral's chapels.

[15] Fenella Crichton, August 1986, *Third Generation* Exhibition Leaflet. The term 'expanded field' is from Rosalind Krauss's 1978 article, in which she discussed how the term sculpture had become 'infinitely malleable', 'forced to cover such heterogeneity'. Rosalind Krauss, 'Sculpture in the Expanded Field' [1978], in *Modern Sculpture Reader*, (see note 13), pp.333–342, (pp.334 and 335).

[16] Noted by Julia Wood. Sketchbook from 1986: Julia Wood Archive.

[17] Ibid.

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28TH SEPTEMBER - 19TH OCTOBER 1986

THIRD GENERATION

WOMEN SCULPTORS TODAY

ORGANISED BY DREW GALLERY FOR CANTERBURY FESTIVAL FRINGE

Arts Council Funded

FORUM

Women and Sculpture
Chaired by Tessa Adams
University of Kent at Canterbury
Keynes College Lecture Theatre
Saturday 11th October
10 am to 4.30 pm
Admission £1.00
Students 50p
Lunch and creche available
All enquiries: Drew Gallery 0227 458759

GUIDED TOURS

10.30 am and 1.30 pm
Monday Tuesday Friday Saturday
For the duration of the festival

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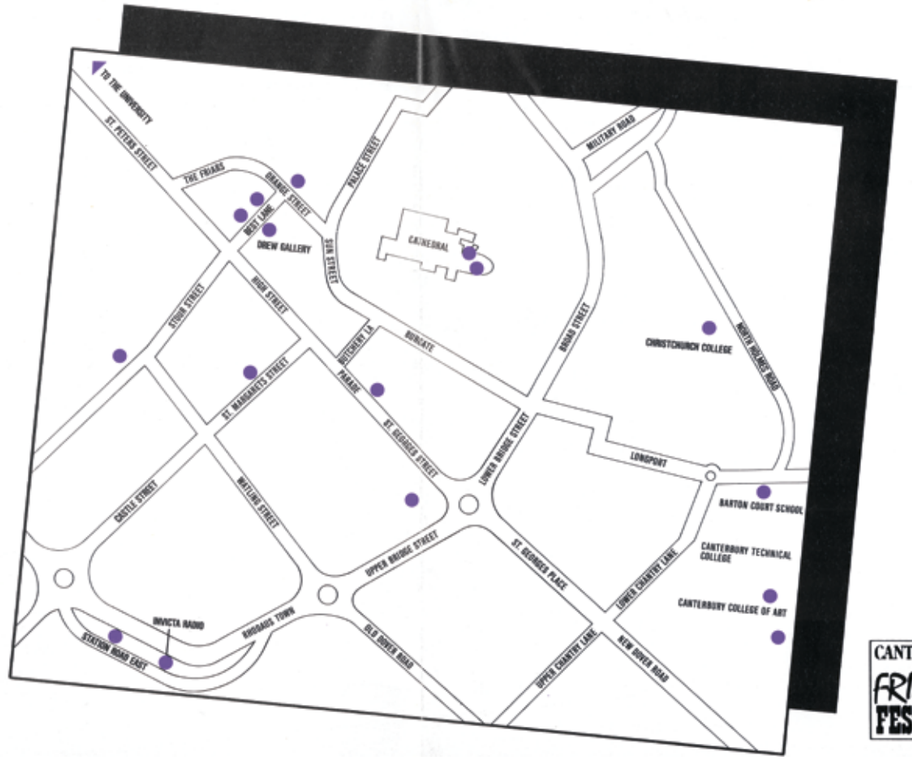
College of Art
New Dover Road Canterbury
B1 Lecture Theatre

KATHARINE MEYNELL
Tuesday 30th September. 5.30 pm
JOANNA MOWBRAY
Tuesday 7th October. 5.30 pm
LAURA FORD
Tuesday 14th October. 5.30 pm

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Appleby Case Ltd, Ashendens Estate Agents, Barretts of Canterbury, Barton Court Girls' Grammar School, Brown and Tawse Ltd (Steel), Canterbury College of Art, Canterbury City Council, Dean and Chapter Canterbury Cathedral, D.E.R. Ltd, Martell Press, Ricemans of Canterbury, South East Arts.



CANTERBURY FRINGE FESTIVAL

THIRD GENERATION

The Third Generation of Women sculptors have stretched, pushed and extended the boundaries of sculpture so much that only by showing a range of work such as this can you begin to see what sculpture 1986 is about.

By working directly from their personal experience and concerns, from a reality they know and understand — they have created their own space, alternative space, new space. The individuality of their work resists categorization and by the constant movement — crossing and recrossing of boundaries they refuse to be packaged — content to work parallel to the established mainstream.

There are threads that loosely link the work such as the sense of particularity of placement found in Alison Wilding's work, which is perhaps the most formal, and also in Rose English's biting satirical performance.

But above all it is the confidence — evident in all their work — which is the unifying ingredient. For with this confidence they have created a context of great freedom in which to work. A context fought for by a previous generation of which Rose Garrard, Tina Keane and Phyllidda Barlow were part of and which they, together with the younger women, have moved into producing an explosion of creativity with very little fuss!

Sandra Drew
25 May 1986
Exhibition Organizer

It is now approximately half a decade since the art world was buzzing with the news that apparently modernism was over. It seemed clear that we were in the process of witnessing the closing of a particularly eventful chapter in the story of art, which had been characterised by a series of movements each of which, almost by definition, rendered the previous episode obsolete. The avant-garde had overnight become an historical phenomenon of the past. Already this attitude seems naive, confronted as we have been with the rise of a new generation who seem to be remarkably similar to earlier modernists, emergence of a new orthodoxy and this orthodoxy is particularly evident in European painting. Sculpture however seems largely to have escaped this process and I would argue that this is particularly true of sculpture by women. Furthermore it is clear that this exhibition can be offered as evidence for this opinion.

Given the present situation as it is reflected in this show, it comes as something of a surprise to remember how recently sculpture in this country was dominated by a single creed, which took its impetus from the abstract work of Anthony Caro. The ideas of his disciples constituted what was probably the most narrow approach to the problems of making art which we have ever witnessed in this country. It perhaps comes as less of a surprise to reflect that the heavy-metal brigade were virtually exclusively male.

In this country an ideology of art can become self-perpetuating in that a nucleus of followers will ultimately take up posts in art schools and turn out new followers. It is, I think, partly to the credit of the art historians that it became clear that such an exclusively formal approach was no longer sufficient. Their increasing emphasis on the social conditions which govern both the production and consumption of art encouraged the student generation of the seventies to become aware that art never had, and indeed never could, exist satisfactorily purely on its own terms. In addition there was an increasing awareness of feminist principles as we began to find out about the ways in which not only has the role of women artists changed but also how the processes of history have affected our perception of their practice.

Furthermore a new view of sculpture has emerged that no longer requires that it be exclusively concerned with the making of three dimensional objects. As early as 1983 nobody was very worried by the inclusion of the sound tapes of Audio Arts and the photographic pieces of Boyd Webb in 'The Sculpture Show' at the Hayward: both were rightly seen as very positive contributions. What has become implied by the term is that the work in some way concerns itself with real space as opposed to the illusionary space of the canvas, and this of course is equally the province of the video and the performance artist. Nevertheless the fact remains that there have been very few shows which have not been organised according to categories of media, ie either sculpture, or video, or performance. It seems to me that it is one of the most positive aspects of this show that it includes all three.

Another achievement of the new art history is that it has made people more aware of the extent to which our understanding of the evolution of art is shaped by the people who organise exhibitions. The creation of the 'salon de refusés' in mid nineteenth century France is generally regarded as a milestone in the development of the modern artistic consciousness but, although it is generally assumed that artists today have only to please themselves, in fact short shrift is given to those whose work is deemed neither saleable by the private galleries, nor worthy of attention by those who work for the public sector.

Exhibitions are organised by a variety of reasons. They may be intended to demonstrate a theoretical notion or the validity of a selector's personal taste, or they may be set up as surveys of general areas — which most people would probably agree are generally the most boring. It seems to me that this show does not fit exactly into any of these catgegories. I have not discussed with Sandra Drew the criteria for her choice but it is obviously characterised by its diversity in every sense. It is certainly unlikely that any visitor will find all of the work interesting but then it is equally unlikely that anybody will not find work that is new to them and worthy of attention. There does not seem to be any axe to grind and this in itself makes this show an unusual and welcome event. What is in fact exceptional about it is the way in which work of quite different scope and ideology will all be seen together.

The sole unifying factor is that all the work is by women. Unlike most women's shows of the past, however, this is neither solely a political show in the sense that all the work deals with a specifically feminist content, nor simply a show of artists who happen to be women. In fact it is both these things, as it includes artists from both sides of the fence, so to speak. In this respect it can be compared to the infamous Hayward Annual of 1978. But whereas in that show the small minority of feminist artists tended to get swallowed up visually by the more spectacular work, or singled out unfairly by the critics, at least in part bcause of the unfamiliarity of their approach, now surely it is not too optimistic to hope that things are different. For one thing the artists in this show who are making work about their lives as women are largely identifiable as those who are using video or performance — which means that they will form a more coherent group. More important however is the fact that it is taking place in the mid eighties, when feminist ideas have become much more widely disseminated, even within the notoriously conservative area of the art world.

There have certainly been changes both in the work and attitudes of women artists. One of the most vexed problems confronting feminists in the seventies was that of context. Women who were making work which was specifically designed to challenge traditional assumptions about the role of art and its audience were sharply divided as to whether their work could ever be effectively subversive if shown within a mainstream context. It also seemed that a great many women, even those who were theoretically committed to the principle of solidarity, were often fraught with anxiety about the prospect of taking part in an all-women show. I remember thinking that it would be some time either before audiences generally were sufficiently sympathetic to the motivation behind the work to be able to approach it in the right spirit, or that the artists had enough confidence not to worry about ways in which the inclusion of other work might affect the perception of their own. Well, time has now elapsed and, without pretending that it is all plain sailing now, it is clear at least that there has been that increase in confidence on the part of the artists. Not only is it reflected in the individuality and diversity of their work but also in the fact that, without exception, all the artists to whom I talked were delighted to be taking part.

Most of the sculpture is being made especially for the exhibition, much of it on site, so it is not possible to discuss it fully at the time of writing. Suffice it to say that it will include work which refers not only to the buildings of Canterbury but also to the past history and present life of the town. But hopefully it will not be only the people of Canterbury who will get the chance of responding to this show. This is an event which should attract everybody who is alive to the remarkable stimulus of work by women artists in this country today.

Fenella Crichton
August 1986

JAYNE PARKER

Title of work
'Almost Out' and 'Bridge'
Video
Venue
East Kent Library Video Circuit

ZOE REDMAN

Title of work
'For you mrs Kelly'
Multi-media performance
Venue
College of Art
Performance
13th Oct 8.00 pm
Also:
Title of work
'She, Her, I'
Video installation
Venue
Empty Shop, City Centre
Sponsors of materials
D.E.R. Ltd.

ALISON WILDING

Title of work
'Locust'
Wood, wax, copper, lead
Venue
St. Andrew's Chapel, Canterbury Cathedral

JULIA WOOD

Title of work
'Divisions of one'
Plasticine and stone
Venue
St. Margaret's Churchyard
Artist on site
28th Sept - 3rd Oct/7th Oct - 11th Oct/15th Oct - 17th Oct (Subject to change)

MARYROSE SINN

Title of work
'Ladder'
Steel, paint
Venue
University of Kent, OPP. Keynes College
Sponsors of materials
Brown & Tawse Ltd
Body & Paint Suppliers, Rhodaus Town, Canterbury
Canterbury College of Art
Canterbury College of Technology

TINA KEANE

Title of work
'Media Snake'
Video Installation
Venue
Empty Shop, City Centre

KUMIKO SHIMIZU

Title of work
'My beautiful house in Canterbury'
Mixed media — environmental installation
Venue
3 Best Lane
Artist on site
6th and 15th Oct

YOKO TERAUCHI

Title of work
'Hot Line'
Telephone cable
Venue
Barton Court Girls' Grammar School (side lawn)
29th Sept - 4th Oct
Cathedral Crypt 5th Oct - 18th Oct
Artist on site
29th Sept - 4th Oct
Sponsors of materials
British Telecom

PHYLLIDA BARLOW

Title of work
'Threat'
Mixed media installation
Venue
Vacant land, Station Road East

LAURA FORD

Title of work
Untitled
Ceramic, wood
Venue
Longmarket, City Centre
Artist on site
28th Sept - 19th Oct (except Wed & Thurs)
Talk/slide show
14th Oct 5.30 pm College of Art

LULU QUINN

Title of work
'Canterbury Belles'
Mixed Media
Venue
Ricemans of Canterbury, Whitefriars Store

LORRAINE GLEAVE

Title of work
Group of 5 Pieces
Lead
Venue
Poor Priests' Hospital
Artist on site
At Drew Gallery 28th Sept - 5th Oct

SARAH BRADPIECE

Title of work
'Cradle Table'
Wood, paint, film
Venue
Empty Shop, City Centre

JOANNA MOWBRAY

Title of work
'Movements in Space'
Metal, paper, cotton fabric, fishing line
Venue
School of Architecture, Canterbury College of Art
Artist on site
6th - 11th Oct
Talk/slide show
7th Oct 5.30 pm
B1, College of Art

KATHARINE MEYNELL

Title of work
'Hannah's Song'
Video installation
Venue
Empty Shop, City Centre
Sponsors of materials
Barretts of Canterbury
Talk/slide show
30th Sept 5.30 pm
B1, College of Art

SHARON KIVLAND

Title of work
'The Space Between'
Photographic, environmental installation
Venue
Ashendens Estate Agents: window sills in Best Lane & King Street
Sponsors of materials
Pressprint Publicity

CATHERINE ELWES

Title of work
'First House'
Video installation
Venue
Christchurch College — television studio
Sponsors of materials
Christchurch College

TARA BABEL

Title of work
'Head Furniture'
Performance/Installation
Venue
College of Art — student union space
Artist on site
6th, 7th & 8th Oct

ROSE ENGLISH

Title of work
'Thee, Thy, Thou, Thine'
Performance
Venue
Gulbenkian Theatre, University of Kent
Performance
18th Oct 7.30 pm

ROSE GARRARD

Title of work
Untitled
Sound and installation
Venue
4 Best Lane

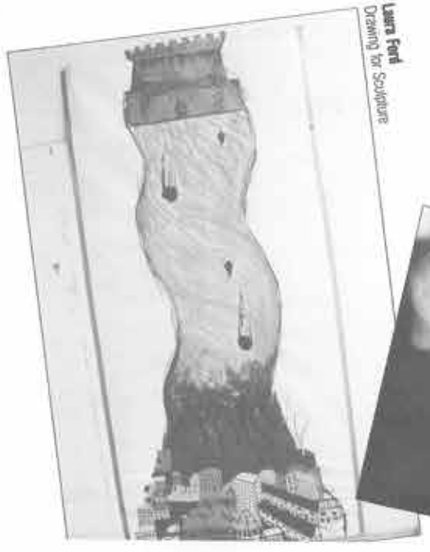
MARION URCH

Title of work
'Out of the Ashes'
Video installation
Venue
Empty Shop, City Centre
Sponsors of materials
Barretts of Canterbury

JUDITH GODDARD

Title of work
Untitled
Video
Venue
East Kent Library Video Circuit

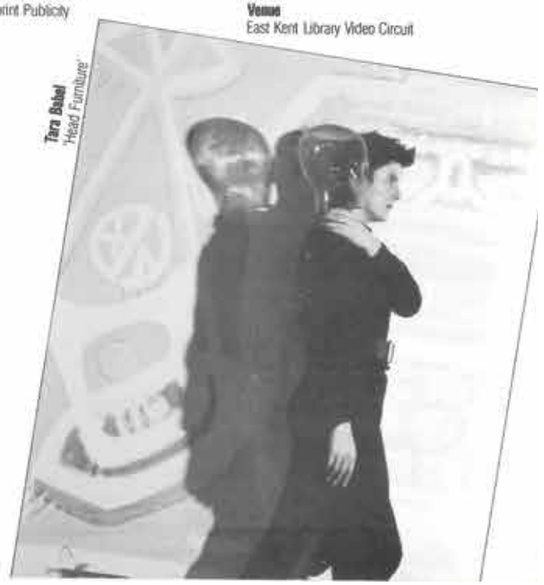
Sarah Bradpiece
'Cradle-Table'



Laura Ford
Drawing for Sculpture

Kate Meynell
'Hannah's Song'

Alison Wilding
'Locust'



Tara Babel
'Head Furniture'

Such material experimentation was part of a wider shift towards process and materials in sculpture, which had been advancing since the 1950s. But the Drew Gallery exhibitions remind us of the central role female artists played in these innovations. As Wood asked in a notebook: 'Did a lot of women's 'sculpture' grow out of performance and painting? A lot of techniques in sculpture not being open to women. The unfamiliarity of a saw...' [18] The limitations experienced by women due to their sex and gender provoked departures and revolutions in making. The artworks created in Canterbury all built upon a way paved by a previous generation of women. Sculptors such as Louise Bourgeois, Ruth Asawa, Claire Falkenstein, Lee Bontecou, Louise Nevelson, Lynda Benglis, Magdalena Abakanowicz, Eva Hesse...

'I remember I wanted to get to non art, non connotive, / non anthropomorphic, non geometric, non, nothing, / everything, *but of another kind, vision, sort. / from a total other reference point*', wrote Hesse in 1969.[19]

Wax, plastic, telephone cable, carpet, cloth – these were malleable materials unburdened by the weight of the past.

As well as breaking down traditional forms, mediums and materials, many of the sculptures engaged with the kinaesthetic conditions of spectatorship. Julia Wood's *Divisions of one* consisted of three petrol blue squares made out of plasticine, pushed and smeared onto the tombstones, a tree and a wall of St Margaret's churchyard. Thumbprints imprinting the blue putty, Wood coated traditionally male dominated forms of making (the carving of stone) with a non-traditional material associated with the primarily female sphere of child care and play. (Later she would cover the bodies of classical marble statues in Cartwright Hall in the same material). Compositionally, *Divisions of One* presented an abstract anamorphic image: depending on where the visitor stood the geometric forms broke down into fragments, became whole or merged into a solid rectangle.

Rose English's performance piece for *Third Generation* and Judith Ahern's photographic installation for *In Transit* similarly played with sightlines and the viewer's movement, aligning images with the real world. In English's *Thee, Thy, Thou, Thine* a painted trompe-l'œil staircase was overlaid with a physical set piece between acts. Depending on where you sat in the audience these two staircases either merged or remained in double. Ahern installed large photographic portraits of Canterbury's inhabitants in situ, meaning that from one particular angle the two-dimensional image lined up exactly with its three-dimensional surroundings.

Some of the works also, inevitably, addressed gendered issues. Catherine Elwes's video installation *First House* spoke to motherhood ties, with a video of her young son contained by a wooden Wendy House. Rose Garrard's *Casting Room One* (1986) confronted the history and stereotyping of women. Inhabiting a vacant newsagents, she cast page three of *The Sun* newspaper in plaster while simultaneously modelling portraits of women artists. The page three images were thus rendered as absence (a cast), while the models of female artists were made literally and figuratively into a positive image. It is a work that can be seen in relation to earlier feminist projects that sought to redress the male canon of art history, such as the polemical exhibition '*Women Artists 1550–1950*' from 1976 or Judy Chicago's *The Dinner Party* (1974–1979).

[18] Ibid.

[19] Eva Hesse, 'Contingent' [1969], in *Modern Sculpture Reader*, (see note 13), pp.282–284, (pp.283–284), [emphasis my own].

←
Third Generation: Women Sculptors Today brochure, 1986

For *In Transit* Wendy Howard took pre-existing patterns to create colossal garments from discarded car panels, transforming the gendered work of dress making into the welding of large metal sheets on a street in Canterbury. The result: *Four Corsets* were colossal clothes made for mythic Amazonian women that also expressed the pain and violence such garments inflict upon (primarily) female bodies, their restriction of breath and movement made unavoidably tangible via the sharp, rigid material.

In *Other Nature* Mira Schor's multi-canvas painting *Pardon Me Ms* rendered a five-foot long penis, responding to the theories of Freud and Lacan, while Jerilea Zempel's phallic *Peace Dividend* was composed of a military canon thatched with found pine needles in St Gregory's Churchyard. The end of the weapon playfully sprouted branches of fresh green leaves, as the aggressive object became humorous and abject, its hard metal contrasted with its new natural covering, its industrial manufacture juxtaposed with slow work by hand. Zempel called this process 'rustification', in which the meaning of an object was made anew.[20]

The nature of the Canterbury exhibitions means that many of these sculptures no longer exist. As with so many works from the period, they were ephemeral, time-based and not designed to last: monumental maybe, but not monuments. Instead they live on in memories or archives, such as that of the Drew Gallery, or by resonating in later works.

[20] Zempel quoted in Jonas Kover, 'Artists and their Work', *Living*, Observer-Dispatch, 18 March 1988, p.1C.

[21] See Maura Reilly, 'Taking the Measure of Sexism: Facts, Figures, and Fixes', *Art News*, 26 May 2015.

For *Third Generation* Laura Ford built a circular tower out of ceramic and wood in the very centre of town. Metamorphic, it twisted and curved, subtly foregrounding the fairy-tale like fantasy that dominates her sculptural imagination. Likewise, Bonita Ely's toxic blue rabbits from 1989 would lead to continual investigations with animal forms, genetic modification and ecological concerns. Recently, in *Plastikus Progressus* (2017), Ely created oceanic creatures adapted to eat plastic waste.

In 1990 Maureen Connor created what turned out to be the most controversial work made for the Drew Gallery exhibitions: *Ensemble for three female voices*. In a room, three pink wax larynxes stuck out their tongues on individual microphone stands, as the laughing and crying of a baby, a forty and an eighty year-old woman could be heard on loop. Frequently marginalised, multi-generational female voices made audible and projected into space – much like the sculptures by women created across Canterbury, visible and taking up room. Connor cast the larynxes, tactile and large enough to fill the palm of your hand, from real body parts bought from a medical school in Carolina (but originally from India) for $95 each. Local journalists caught wind of this fact and a scandal broke that ignored or forgot the history of art and the bloody fingernails of Renaissance artists busy with human dissections. It didn't stop the exhibition though, nor did it stop Connor later making another work of the same form, this time casting the larynxes in hot pink lipstick.

The strong presence of women sculptors in these exhibitions expresses a commitment by the Drew Gallery to increase women's visibility in an art world that was, and still is, dominated by men.[21] The artworks themselves lay claim to the undeniable impact women had on the developments and shifting boundaries of sculpture during this period, reshaping the terrain of what sculpture is and can be.

Mira Schor
Pardon Me Ms 1990

A PROMENADE

Sharon Kivland

Julia Wood
Divisions of One, 1986

Sarah Bradpiece
Cradle Table, 1986

Yoko Terauchi
Hot Line, 1986

I walked by the river, trying to write my essay in my head. It seemed quite clear, though 1986 is a life-time ago. On my return home, what I had so neatly formulated in the warm morning air dissolved in the face of domestic tasks, unexpected flight bookings, the flat tyre of my car, a sudden thunderstorm. Often I am trying to recall the past while engaging with the present, trying to be present in the past. Space and time tend to collapse (those old enemies). I speak with ghosts (I have said this). I am a keeper of history (I have said this). In the kitchen, no, not my kitchen, the one in 1986, that life-time ago, there was a hand-drawn chart on the door. I could try to sketch it now, from memory. In neatly ruled boxes there were the names of artists, all women, those who would be the third generation in an exhibition that suggested a sea-change, not only in relation to a history of sculpture that was largely the realm of men and hard materials, but to the challenge made to that, the confrontation/s of feminism/s, generation to generation. Names, yes, and then addresses (for we all must live somewhere, even if now it has not been possible to trace all), and then, where we would be staying in the city, with whom, for how long. It was on the side of care, that is what I remember.

I do not remember all the women. I did not meet all twenty-two. I did not know them all, but now I know some whom I did not know then, and have lost touch with those with whom I had a friendship or sense of sisterhood. We may drift and cluster; we may no longer speak. We may be here and there, in other countries. I remember conversations in the kitchen, with tea and then wine, and in passing, that speaking was important, that words resonated, transformed into material things. I do not remember all the works. I have not entirely forgotten them, either, even those that did not happen for one reason or another (time, space, money, the usual obstacles to the happy realisation of works of art). I wondered, this morning walking by the river, where everyone was and if I could bring together women, words, and works – if I might make works speak again, mute objects converse; that would be a marvellous task, to call on them, one by one, your turn now, little object, object that is not an object, a new thinking speaking thing as one seeks them out, passes by. This is, I think, what art works do, if we decide to hear them, if we take care of them. It will be a promenade, a leisurely walk in public space, a meandering text that follows works of art, even as they have been forgotten, the places where one hoped to find them, the women that made them. Yet it has a direction, following a guide from the past, with a rather faulty internal compass, as though I may revisit the past (I have said this).

In a circulating library of films there is a conversation between daughter and mother, naked bodies in pieces, speaking parts. The daughter says she wants to care for her mother, the father is asleep inside her. Now, we know these exchanges, have become accustomed to them, expecting the confrontation, the self-analysis, the interrogation of the dyad. Then, it was brutal and tender. Now we know where we are – back to the same place, but no longer the same. *En route*. Circulating.

NAME	ADDRESS	PHONE NO	VENUE	EQUIPMENT	REGISTRATION DATES	WORKSHOPS	ACCOMODATION
NARA BABEL	CLERKENWELL WORKSHOPS CLERKENWELL LONDON EC1						
PHYLLIDA BARLOW							
SARAH BRADPEICE							
ROSE ENGLISH	TANKERTON ST LONDON						
LAURA FORD		01-602 7054 home 01-729 6807 studio					
ROSE GARRARD	LONDON E1 9 RH						
LORRAINE GLEAVE	LONDON SW 14						
JUDITH GODDARD	LONDON SW9	582 2035					
TINA KEANE	LONDON W11 2EF						
ROSE FINN KELSEY	W14						
SHARON KIVLAND	LONDON SE 13						
KATHARINE MEYNELL	LONDON						
RAMONE MCCRAY	LOCKWOOD HUDDERSFIELD WEST YORKSHIRE						
WAYNE PARKER	FLAT 3 LONDON N1						
LILLY QUINN	LONDON E8 4QD						
ZOE REDMAN							✓
KIMIKO SHIMIZU						BARY ROAD	
CHARLIE ELWES							
[illegible]	BRIXTON LONDON						✓
[illegible]							✓
MARION WIRTH	LONDON N5 2NR						
ALISON WILDING	E1 9QD		St Andrews				
[illegible]	LONDON E3 4EW						

Sometimes there was violence and anger, a performance and an arrangement like a trial that later would become a film, transforming into a fiction that was close to truth, a maternal journey. By a river or by the sea, I think, for we were often by water in these images – the images were to repeat, to reflect, but we were uncertain, vague. Water, yes, and vulnerability, the sense of a body in flux. We knew this narrative, but though many among us were telling it, not all believed it, approaching it with scepticism or the sense of another harder way to speak, taking up new technologies against what had been embraced as natural.

We returned to wood and wax and copper and lead, things we recognised as sculpture, but which we wanted to make *differently* (some of us had been reading Jacques Derrida then, though others would argue this was not necessary, and that others were more important, and some argued against reading philosophy at all for it had been too long a domain in which we had no place); materials in binary relation, a wooden shaft, unfurling (or perhaps better to say splitting, for it seemed more savage) metal wings, two parts of a thing or more. There was lightness and weight; it flew and did not fly, balanced and poised, but awkward nonetheless, neither one thing nor another, like many objects we began to see then which were more than they appeared at first.

Other materials that did not have an immediate affinity were nudged together, pressed, moulded, and shoved into a form or forms on gravestones in a gesture of *trompe d'oeil*. It was shocking, funny, haunting, an alien form that had no place in this churchyard. It too was violent (we all were then, even when laughing, even when we were gentle). It had its own smell, which it brought to the churchyard odour. In such great quantity, that Plasticine was a child's plaything – so very blue –was almost forgotten, but we knew the value of play as we had read Donald Winnicott.

There was great ambition. We imagined we could not be stopped. No, we imagined that we should not be stopped, though we were (and this continues). We would climb high into the most absurd places, oh, the sky itself presented no obstacle. It was most tempting, a sixty-foot ladder, which barely seemed possible, rising up in the grounds of the university, rising to nowhere like a mocking symbol. It was always a sunny day in the photographs. Nothing was shown of the night-time encounters with stars.

Another empty shop was no longer empty. It had been understood what emptiness meant. It was occupied by many television monitors. They were unruly, tipped on their sides, their backs, twenty or so, yet woven together as clips of soap operas oscillated between them, intercut by underwater dancers swimming synchronically. Serious and playful at the same time, the little game with the representation and language of desire and dissatisfaction, was serpentine: that is, a snake and snake-like, like so many of us in those days, and some liked to refer to Lilith, the first wife of Adam, a night creature.

There was a beautiful house; entitled as such, claimed by a possessive pronoun, though not all would find its new form beautiful. It was a time of such taking-over, though that now seems commonplace or expected. Places might be ours. The façade was embellished with painted hubcaps, old household objects, entirely unlike the solemn blue plaques that declare the notable person who had lived there; this was crazy possession, a decorative occupation of external surfaces that forced its way into the interior through the window panes. Destroy, we said.

On the lawn of a girls' grammar school and in the crypt of the cathedral there was telephone cable employed, but after so many years of absence the form of any object is changed, in the point-to-point link that goes straight to its destination once the receiver is off the hook, as though we are ever off the hook. Connections were cut and frayed. There was unequal distribution between components. Often it seemed there was only one way to go or nowhere to go.

Chart from Drew Gallery
kitchen door. 1986

But vacant land could be occupied, activated by presences that were amorphous and unsettling even as they settled in what some have called mindful matter; yes, thinking stuff. We had explained our bodies and our tools to ourselves and sought to escape from their oppositions.

A tower rose from the ground in fine allegorical proportion in the centre of the city. For three weeks, its construction was observed. It was not straight, but danced and wiggled, un-tower-like, improper, a bit sweet (like a plaything) and a bit menacing (if it were to fall). We did not know what was inside it, but we had read Christine de Pizan's *Livre de la cité des dames* and were happy to speculate on the contribution to the city (*the City*) made by women.

Later we encountered mannequins in a vitrine as women in the city. We had been talking about Donna Haraway's essay published two years before and so we knew that we could reject those rigid boundaries between machine and human; that even as models, there were other models; that the distinction between what is artificial and what is natural was ambiguous (I have said this).

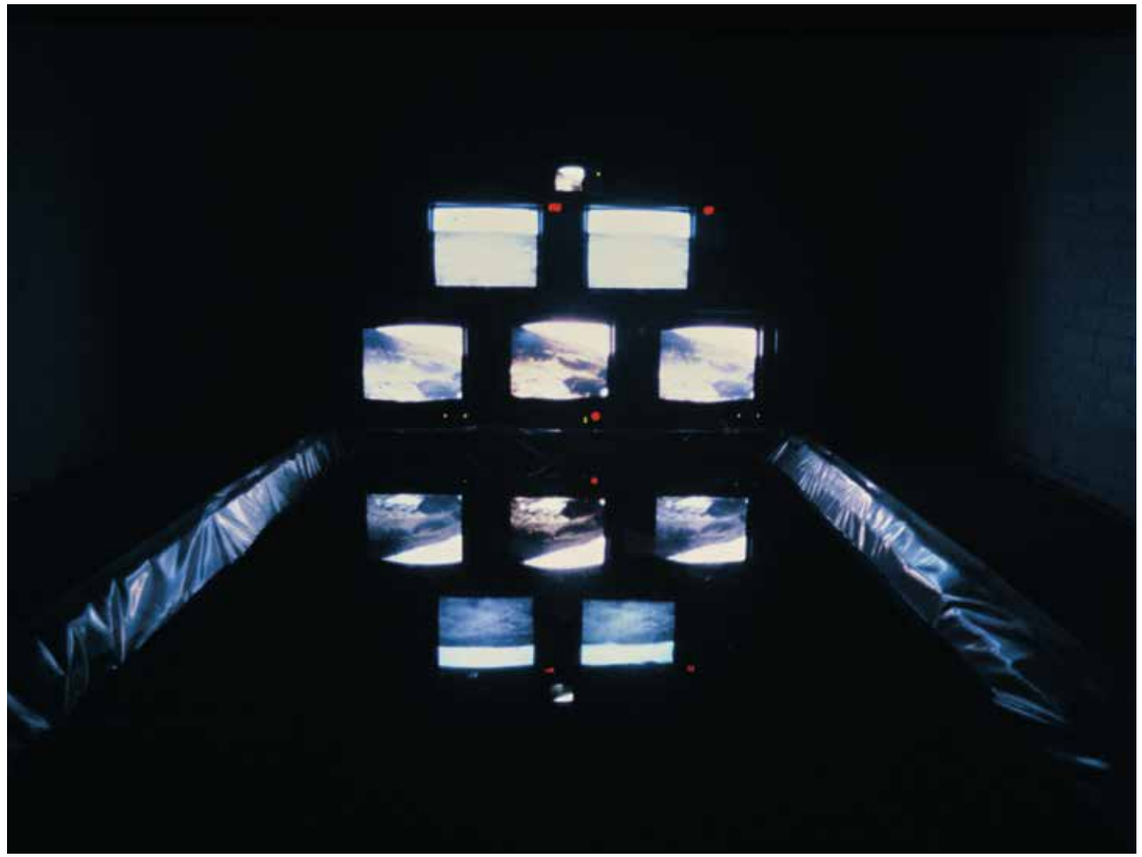
Materials reappeared in different forms, often malleable and soft lead, the lowest of base metals, carrying the energy of its own transformation according to arcane knowledge, which also accorded it androgyneity and tied it to gravity and form. It could be folded and worked even by the force of the hand, then nestled among other objects from the past but not of them.

There was care there and care here. Cradle became table became cradle, until it was uncertain where one might start and end. The relation between work and domestic or privatised spaces was not always defined. Sometimes the table was all we had, and only when it was not in use for other purposes. Some of us tried to make a virtue of this, as a natural attribute, even when the dyad was troubled, while others among us understood the pervasive manipulations of the labour of love.

The paradoxes of our beliefs haunted our subjectivities. Stories were made of this, as were songs (singing had to be recognised, and if the rhythm was random, the notes were consistent): more mothers, more daughters, mother/daughter together and apart as roles slipped and changed, pre-lingual, pre-œdipal, in and out of history and theory, in and out of loss and separation. The song unfolded into the street from a strange setting.

These ideas resonated in another register: a child's playhouse and a little boy who tapped on its windows with a metal spoon, while his mother played the piano. Gathered to her, he was swept away only to return to his tapping, tapping the impenetrable screen of the monitor. There was no way in and no way out. *Fort* and *Da*, as Freud told us about the pleasure principle and the death drive. We understood the internal economies between mother and son, as much as we understood those between daughter and mother. We saw them in the care of the artist under certain conditions. We knew there were divisions, even between ourselves. Some among us read Jacques Lacan to escape an *impasse*, while others resisted any turn to image or signification of lack.

There was light and space and change occurred in the arrangement of lines and object and material. Location here was important, essential to the production of works. Forms encouraged contemplation. Dimensions were transferred. Time could be added to dimension. In any case, some kind of pattern or vision of how to move or see was sought. Laterality was preferred largely, though there was some dispute. We did not forget the *grandes horizontales* of the nineteenth century.



Zoe Redman
She Her I, 1986

Performances occurred or did not. We considered theoretical stages and imagined theatres, even when some rejected the theatrical form or chose to deconstruct it. Techniques were explored, then exaggerated or discarded. Different models of representation co-existed (I have said this), and that they might do so in a dialectical manner was not unusual, even when they failed or went unnoticed. It was true that a guide was a useful presence on the long march in search of works of art, though we continued to argue in favour of contiguous, fragmented, plural, and poetic forms that allowed us to be the authors of meaning. We had read Roland Barthes or rumour had reached us of a death we did not mourn, though some of us hankered for or were relieved by the provision of intentions and biographies.

Abandoned spaces could be restored to order or turned into quite passable viewing spaces for public engagement. The role of artist and model was questioned, seen from inside out, publically exposed. Models were put to work in experimental practice with careful ordering. Language and quotation was not discarded but also put to work.

Often the darkness and shabbiness was good enough. Fire and magic were evoked, as was the casting of spells. Glamour was restored to those from whom it had been taken. There were rebel bodies, there were bodies on which trauma had been burnt. This has not changed, though they may be figured differently (I have said this).

Video works were no longer unusual or confined to screening spaces. Some of these are lost to us. We knew they were rich, even sensual, for we were to see what followed them. Our archives are incomplete and we must meet to remember together. We know very little about some works. Presence was important, then to recollect. Transmission was important, then to learn how to describe with precision.

I returned to the kitchen, but it was not the same one. I knew many of the objects, the blue and white china, the enchanting little statues, but they were in another room. A move cannot always accommodate a repetition of arrangements. The hand-drawn chart was there, not on the back of the door in the kitchen, but on a chest in the sitting-room, folded, creased, faded, torn in places. We unfolded it together. I could not read some parts. We made out names, and spoke of the last time we had seen them, where they were now, this third generation. The chart still spoke of care. Old friend, we are all of a certain age now. Some may think we are old women, which takes us by surprise. It is not how we see ourselves. It would be good, perhaps, if we should find a time and place to meet once more, with tea, with wine. I will return home, and later, will walk by the river again.

ARTISTS' VOICES

HAMISH FULTON

In August 1983, I fell and broke my leg while on a family holiday in Southern Italy. The small, nearby hospital had no anaesthetic, only aspirin. The leg was protected in plaster and we flew back to England. At Canterbury hospital, a surgeon said,' beautiful plaster work, but if left in this state, you'd never be able to walk properly, ever again.'

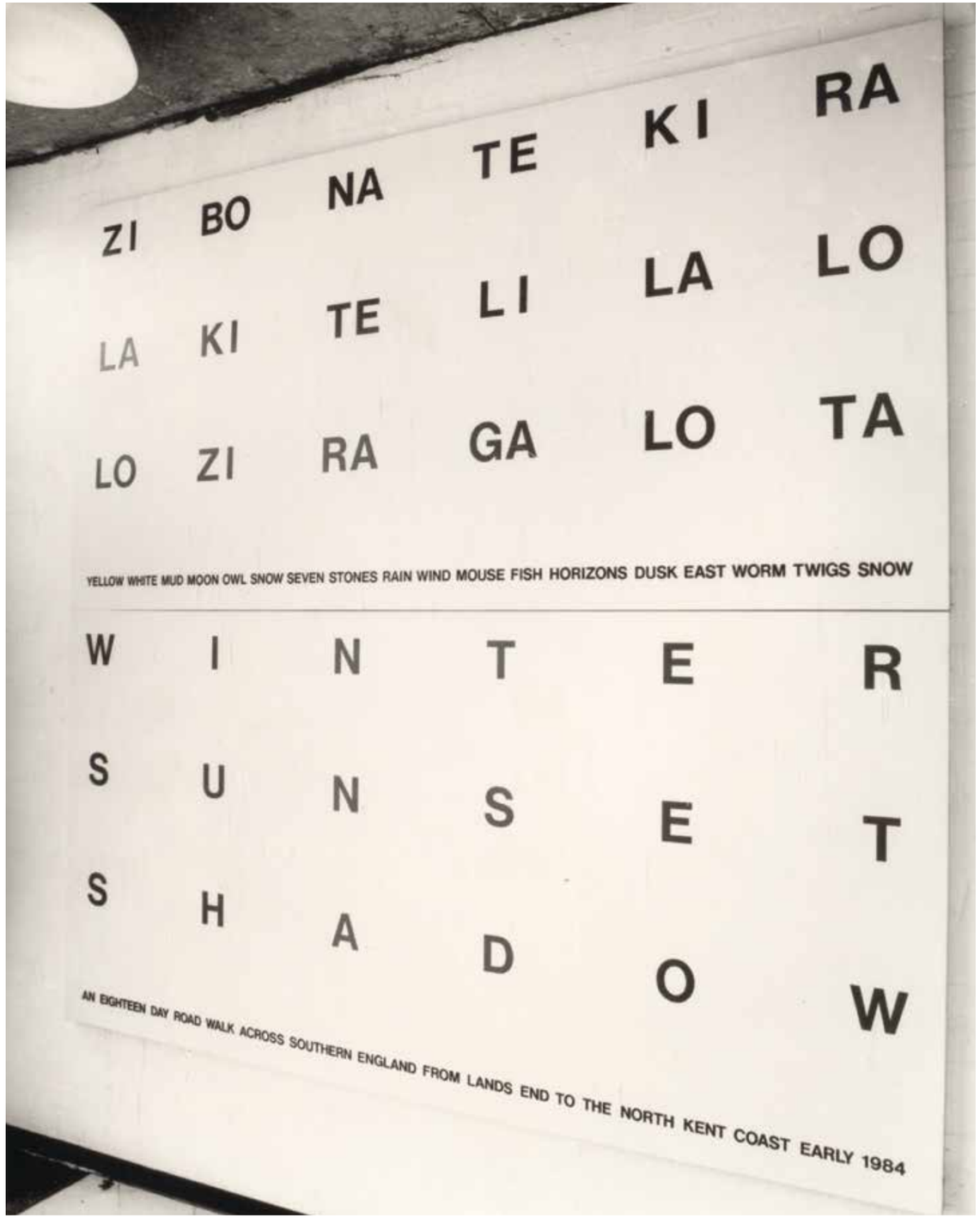
The break was repaired and for my first recovery walk in early 1984, I set out from Lands End in Cornwall, to walk homeward to the North Kent Coast. My idea was to start this walk, where another had ended.

Years earlier, I had made one walk of just over a thousand miles, from the Northeast coast of Scotland to Lands End. I arrived at that coast on 16 October 1973. As a consequence of that life changing experience, age 27, I made the final commitment:
TO MAKE ART ONLY FROM THE EXPERIENCE OF INDIVIDUAL WALKS.

A little over ten years later, I completed an 18 day walk from Lands End to Seasalter on the North Kent Coast. The resulting 'walk text' is as follows: 'An eighteen day road walk across Southern England from Lands End to the North Kent Coast early 1984.' This walk was not made expressly for an exhibition. However, some time later, I was commissioned to make an artwork to be shown in the University of Kent at Canterbury. I chose to make a text work about my 18 day walk. Based on my design, the graphic artist Tristram Kent from Broadstairs, painted my 'walk text' onto a sheet of plywood.

As a 'walking artist', I designed an artwork that had no connection to wordless Traditional British Landscape Painting or, wordless international Land Art.

At that time many years ago, I did see my artwork hanging in the University Library, but was unaware of the project title, Sculpture On the Map.



Hamish Fulton
Winter sunset shadow
1984

Sharon Kivland
The Space Between, 1986

JOHN COBB

The Sculpture:
The piece, *Somewhere in there – Out there Somewhere,* could be described also as being like a half twisted pair of spectacles, the one half facing downward and partially enclosed, full of corners and linear impediments, the other half facing outwards and rolling out into the surrounding territory, evidently empty.

Something within grasp which has flown. It happens all the time.

Location:
The seventies and especially the eighties were times when all sorts of sculpture was taken into all sorts of outdoor situations.

At the same time there was always a possibility of damage to objects left in unprotected positions. It was always at the back of your mind. My sculpture, being wooden structures, would be some of the first to come up when the wrecking started, I'd assumed. Strangely it was not so, although I wouldn't like to try it now.

Partly to get away from the chatterbox areas of exhibitions, I always liked to head for the hills, in locating outdoor pieces, so that was where *Somewhere in there .... Out there Somewhere* was anchored. It's a risk that the isolation makes it more vulnerable to attack. But would the "questing team of material testers" travel the entire round trip of the exhibition "testing the materials?" Probably not. Besides, you get more time with a sculpture when it is on its own.

So Canterbury happened and I liked the spot that Sandra found. Out of the way. Only the photograph made it look like a built-up area. Around the actual piece it didn't feel like that. Canterbury was miles away down the hill into the distance.

Postscript:
It's only partly because of the possibility of damage to sculpture that I gave up making outdoor sculpture out of wood. They take as much resurfacing/maintenance as would a small boat. I have subsequently in the eighties and nineties made some even larger indoor pieces out of wood. They are still going and seaworthiness doesn't come into it.

I still make all my own stuff but not for outdoor locations anymore.

John Cobb
Somewhere in there – Out there somewhere, 1982/3

ROB KESSELER

Canterbury tales:
The invitation to take part in *Sculpture on the Map* came at an important time in my career when I had been making a conscious effort to shed some of the perceived baggage of an applied arts education to work more as an artist. Encouraged by the successful completion of an artist in schools residency organised by the Whitechapel Gallery, it was probably one of my first opportunities to develop larger scale work based on my drawings sited within an outdoor environment. It felt an immense privilege to be able to place a sculpture on the hallowed lawns of the Cathedral and to see it hold it's own against such a majestic architectural backdrop.

As good as that experience was, taking part in *Sculptors at Work* the following year offered a new dimension. Shifting the production of artwork from the privacy of the studio to the spotlight of a public space added an altogether different dimension. Choosing a location to work required anticipatory nouse if one was to benefit from the positive opportunities for encountering ones audience whilst avoiding becoming a public spectacle and apologist for contemporary art. Working in the grounds of a secondary school for me offered a perfect balance between periods of quiet reflective practice interspersed between talking to bubbling groups of kids and their parents during morning drop off, lunchtime and again at end of the school day.

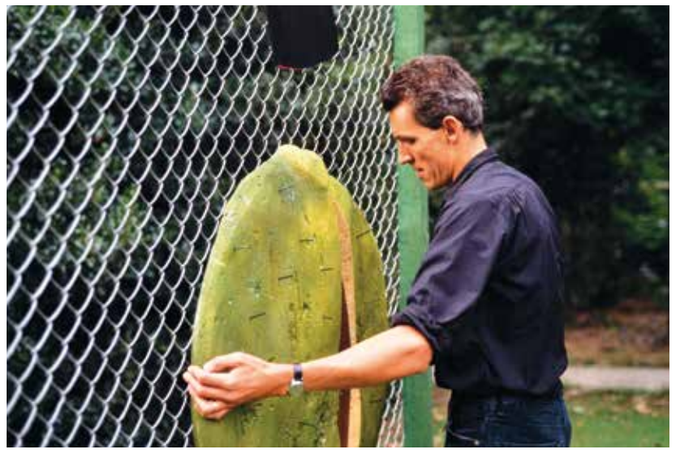
Out of this experience the opportunity to work in non gallery spaces with the possibility to engage with an audience is something that has often been a characteristic of my practice ever since.

Best memories:
Acting as fireman for David Mach's match stick heads as they were ignited in the High Street.

Witnessing the dedication of the late Julia Wood warm up blocks of plasticine so they became malleable enough to apply them to the outside wall of a shopping precinct.

Chuckling at Mark Dunhill having to explain one more time what kind of stone he was carving.

The engagement and generosity of local people and getting to know a great bunch of young artists.



Rob Kesseler
Cross Reference, 1985

RICHARD ROME

In 1975 I was appointed as senior lecturer in sculpture at Canterbury College of Art.

This was a time when conceptualism, at least non making of three dimensional sculpture, was the dominant trend in student work.

It was my aim to establish an ethos which fostered the ambitious making of sculpture, as the predominant concern.

Also, I intended to make my own sculpture in the largely underused foundry and metal work studio.

By 1977 I had made six large steel sculptures.

These I exhibited on the [then open] campus at the University of Kent in May and June 1977.

In the years following this exhibition and a concurrent resurgence of student sculpture regularly exhibited on the College campus, some of which was large enough and strong enough to be exhibited in a more public situation, we started an annual exhibition of sculpture by staff and students in St Augustine's Abbey Gardens. There was also an exhibition of sculpture by staff and visiting artists in the cloister and garth of Canterbury Cathedral in 1979 and 1982.

I believe it was from these roots and times, that the idea of sculpture and Canterbury took root beyond the College of Art's sculpture departments exhibiting activities.

So in 1984 when the Drew Gallery organised the major City wide exhibition of that year; it was, for me, a sign that my ambition in 1975 had, in a much wider sense than originally imagined, born fruit.

DAVID MACH

I remember Sandra Drew and me sitting around that kitchen table discussing a potential performance. Something that might happen in the streets and fit with the pop up nature of the whole event and so matches appeared in Canterbury for *Sculptors at Work*. Not the first time I'd used them but near enough.

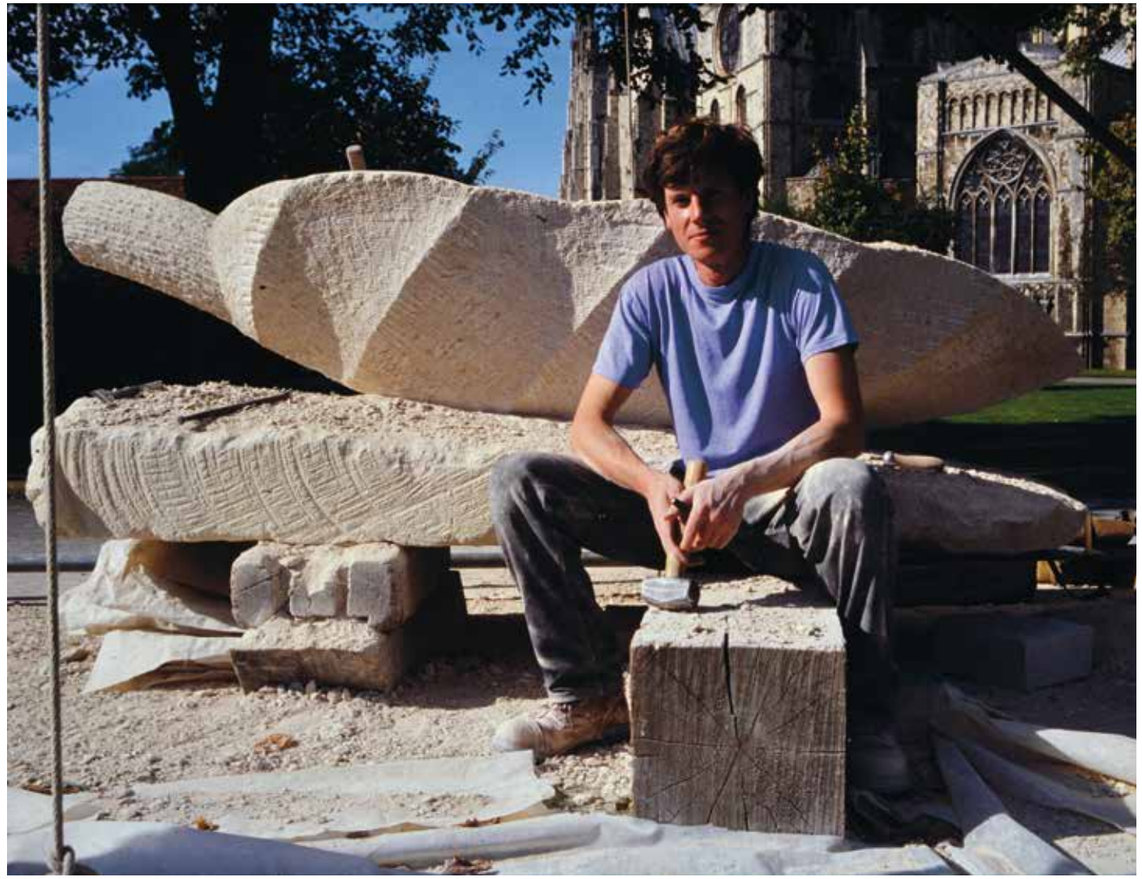
I wanted to make sculpture with common objects that had very little or even no currency in an art world that used bronze and fibre glass, poured concrete and carved stone. Those materials have a cache. Matches have none.

I like that and the link created between me and the audience for these pieces. We occupy the same ground. For a moment we live on the same planet. Matches can be burned and provide a great violent performance. Burning the heads on the streets of Canterbury, live, in front of an audience was about that.

No barriers between me and the people watching, no snobberies, no pre-conceived ideas or maybe there were still plenty of those, but the burning of the heads breaking all that down.

The start in colour, itself a great liberator for me in terms of pattern and design. The burning providing drama, a fiery, violent, even spooky performance and then the third state. The finished sculpture, the burned form, still smoking, still art. Not bad for such an ordinary nothing material and *Sculptors at Work* ahead of its time… if Sandra was doing it now she'd be photographing, filming, tweeting, facebooking and god knows what else on her mobile phone.

David Mach
Fire-Works, 1985



Mark Dunhill
with *Fallen Leaf*, 1985

MARK DUNHILL

After an extended trip to India and Southeast Asia in 1981 my sculpture practice took a new direction and for the first time I started to carve in stone. *Snake's Rattle* was one of several early Portland stone carvings that combined a fascination in 500 BC Northwest Coast American Indian stone sculpture, and my 3-year-old son's plastic toys. Exhibiting this work in the crypt at Canterbury Cathedral was a great privilege. The space offered perfect light conditions and the carving's domestic, organic and ritual quality both echoed and contrasted with the architecture and artefacts around it.

Carving a much larger scale work in Bath stone within the Cathedral precinct over a three week period during the Festival in 1985 was a different challenge altogether. Locating the 4-ton block into the Cathedral precinct required careful negotiation with the clerk of works. After some persuasion he allowed us to deliver and unload the block on a skip lorry. The exaggerated, inflated giant leaf form I carved was intended to be in scale with the massive stone extravagance of the Cathedral, and reflecting the nearby tombs, suggest a reclining figure.

Working on site in full view of the public inevitably turned the making process into an event, requiring me to engage with passers by – something I had not fully anticipated. The most frequent reaction from men was to enquire about the tools I was using and where the stone came from, whereas women responded more readily to the form, shape and surface, and the physical labour of the carving process.

Sharon Kivland and Bruce Gilchrist
at work on *Special Offers*, 1985

BRUCE GILCHRIST

Some recollections:
1. As a Fine Art student in 1985 and invited to assist one of the participating artists, I remember *Sculptors at Work* creating an impression of the city as a canvas or stage, a choreographed field of operations with a transient audience of shoppers, tourists, residents, and pilgrims passing through it.
2. Some would have witnessed David Mach's performance with the Gargoyle on Canterbury High Street, an irreverent looking head fashioned from a dense assemblage of orange and red matchsticks, and once ignited, a momentary shooting star. As a finale the following day, the grotesque, carbonised remainder was embellished with bling– gold shades and a flaming, golden bouffant–and attached to the frontage of 'Doo-Dahs' in St Peter's Street, a newly opened hair and beauty salon offering hair extensions, colouring and special cuts.
3. A visitor to Safeways Supermarket on the New Dover Road might have come across strange behaviour involving supermarket produce, some of it having been labelled 'distressed' by the management. In a methodical way, the artist Sharon Kivland and her assistant (myself) disgorged food stuffs from packaging onto the supermarket floor, teased the mess into expressive compositions, captured the scenes as polaroids and 'memorialised' them in decorative frames for display. Some of these framed images were secreted amongst the regular produce on the shelves, a potential cognitive short-circuit for the somnambulant supermarket browser.

YOKO TERAUCHI

Two Workings in Public
I am so lucky to have been able to participate in both exhibitions *Sculptors at Work* (1985) and *Third Generation* (1986).

My venue for *Sculptors at Work* was the courtyard of Canterbury Cathedral. Barton Court Girls Grammar School (side lawn) for *Third Generation*. The nature of each venue is different, so too the audiences.

I used telephone cable on both occasions. Unlike carving wood or stone, my main action of "making sculpture" is pulling inside wire from the outer case or dragging cables on the ground.

At the Grammar School, girls and teachers came to see me and asked questions about my work everyday. When the work was completed, they were very pleased to find out that the bench on the school lawn had become a part of my sculpture.

At the Cathedral, many visitors and pilgrims to the cathedral walked through the courtyard, some stopped to see me working but not asking questions much.

One day two old ladies (tourists) noticed me, they told me that I should keep off the lawn, immediately. I pointed out the sign board of the *Sculptors at Work* and told them that I have permission. As I carried on working they walked away shaking heads talking to each other "She is a foreigner", "She can not understand English!"

Yoko Terauchi
at work on *Hot Line*, 1986

HAMISH BLACK

Reflections on the making of *SHOUT*.
The weather was fortunately very good and my working site was on the front paved 'break outside' space for students adjacent to the entrance of Canterbury Technical College, it had trees and provided cover for my VW panel van that was parked close by and served as tool store, shelter and sleeping quarters. I had on site gas cutting equipment, arc welder and grinding and cutting machines which required 24hr security. Coincidently it allowed me to spread my working day, fine mornings allowed early starts plus the academic timetable facilitated undisturbed work periods and I could avoid welding and cutting when people were present.

Making a large steel piece outside was new for me, also nearby trees, even small ones compete in size, so going high had the advantage of working directly against the sky. Using a gas cutter, edges like torn and cut paper result and enable a playful opening out of the lightly pressed steel plate, arc welding fixes this improbable balance of large heavy steel plates held against the light.

Hamish Black
SHOUT, 1985

ADRIAN HALL

Thirty-three years allows a deal of rummaging through memory through a confusion of continental drift. Wonderful to be jogged by pleasant memories from a largely cruel time. The space afforded by *Sculptors at Work* allowed me to breathe outside the Metropolis, and to focus on my sensations in returning to the U.K. after a long time elsewhere. Thank you John Cobb, inspirational sculptor, for your confidence in referring me to Sandra. It allowed me perspective on the hyper-gentrification of the East End of London, wherein I had a primitive studio; where bucket water froze solid next to my camp bed, the City at that time was hysterical with stockbroker greed. Areas like Islington were in the full flush of new growth, and new money, and new residents. Docklands were early glimmers in developers beady eyes. Everywhere there was arial activity as gantries and giant cranes danced above the people. I prepared a choreographed work at that time for twenty synchronised cranes, which never, unsurprisingly, got off the ground. The Poll-Tax had been introduced but the people declined to play or pay: another bright and silvery lining. I revisited the Cerne Giant in Dorset, on the way to my heritage roots in Cornwall. In ignorance, I had come across it on a motorcycle adventure, in the early sixties, and was as astonished by it being there as anyone could be. I thought of the vision, at a time of minimal technology, and joy and scale and profound overreach in an attempt to comprehend the mystery of being. This stayed with me when in Sydney I later reconstructed it as a 2D into 3D drawing, in the tiny window of Avago Gallery, Paddington. Then when I rode my CX500 down to discuss *Sculptors at Work*, I discovered for the first time chalk covered flints of the area, and found the chalk exposed cutting of the giant, in cognisant resonance with all the new-to-me, mysteries and histories of Canterbury itself. I am pleased that the modest, and dignified art school of that time has survived somehow political cautery, and that this plebeian homage, might resonate again with wonderment of time-past – through the present-tense, even.

JASON HARTCUP

The Submarine on the Roundabout
I had only recently returned from living at Bronte Beach in Sydney where the occasional submarine passed by and provided a sinister contrast to the natural beauty of the Pacific Ocean.

It was there that my fascination began and the illuminated submarine outlines in electric light were developed. Initially, the light source was fluorescent, a planned installation of a 100 metre long profile of a Polaris submarine suspended on a steel wire structure in an empty dry dock in Brisbane, Then with what was cutting-edge technology – a blue laser submarine outline projected on to a fine net screen above Bondi Beach.

Finding myself back in England, 15 miles away from where I grew up with a location and friendly support was very nurturing. I installed an image of a submarine outline using ultra-violet fluorescent tubes to illuminate blue "laser-lite" piping. This was displayed on a paneled facade beside a busy roundabout. It was a night piece that conveyed some of the submersive characteristics of the deadly war machines.

The working atmosphere back at the gallery and around the garden table was very casual – memories of talking to David Mach whose tyre submarine on Southbank had ended in disaster.

Altogether, Sandra brought something to Canterbury that hadn't been done before and participating in an environment of inspiring art production is always special.

Jason Hartcup
at work on *Submarine* 1985

→

Jason Hartcup
Submarine 1985

Adrian Hall
Slow Burn-(Eye Rise) 1985

Julia Wood
at work on *Going On*, 1985

Julia Wood
Going On, 1985

Julia Wood
Divisions of One, 1986

JULIA WOOD

***Going On*: 'Sculptors at Work', 1985 and *Divisions of One*: 'Third Generation: Women Sculptors Today', 1986**

1985. People walk along the busy high street. The sign of The Shakespeare Inn sways slightly. Eyes, outlines and noses overlap in blue and red across the brick walls of a building. It is a drawing liberated from the page, cutting through and defining space. Julia would later write: 'drawing in space is a way of discovering dimensions, using the body as a tool. It is a means of exploring and expressing the characteristics of differing place, stretching all the senses of perception'. Neither male nor female, the heads present many selves within one self.

1986. A brighter blue. It covers a tree trunk, wall and tombstones. Title: *Divisions of One*. From one angle, three perfect squares, from another, a rectangle. A picture plane completing itself and breaking down as the viewer moves. Like the faces, it also speaks to the multiple. When planning the work in her sketchbook Julia wrote: 'the ultimate is not to experience the complete undivided self but to have awareness of the facets that move, shift as the time. Perfection is acceptance of complexity not singularity. One line but rarely seen straight'.

These two works deal with space, embodiment and materiality in ways that defined Julia's art practice, playing with perspective, colour, sensation and site specificity. Both are made from her material of choice: plasticine. Cheap, familiar (though not in the context of fine art), a substance that 'does not contain prosperity', with colours that 'shift, recede, age'. A nod to, and rejection of, traditional clay. It is warmed in the hand, smeared and pushed with the thumb.

Julia died in 2003. Her installations – always ephemeral – emphasised the act of being present, engaging actively with the difficulty of place and the here and now. Photographs in the Drew archives show her making these works, happy and confident, fingers covered in colour, laughing up a ladder, installing large hanging faces. They capture her art practice and approach to the nowness of life.
Thalia Allington-Wood

CATHERINE ELWES

***First House* (1986), video sculpture.** When I made this work, my son Bruno was still a toddler and I was consumed by the entanglements of the maternal bond. I was also trying to balance my commitment to feminist art politics as a curator and writer with both my own practice as an artist and my responsibility for the new life I had brought into the world. These elements would be held in tension for the next decade, at least. The 'House' was an attempt to fuse the different strands of my life into a single expressive object, one that was both solid and ephemeral and that addressed the formal issues video artists were grappling with at the time.

The house was about the size of a Wendy house and was made of wood with two large windows, one on each side. There was no door to the structure. Two monitors were inset into the windows, the screen acting as both a window pane and a surface on which the televisual illusion exercised its fleeting enchantments. The conflation of the two realities, material and simulated, was cemented by the image of my son running to the screen and tapping on it with a metal spoon. On being scolded he runs away only to repeat the performance with the glee of a child doing something forbidden, and getting away with it. On the other screen a simple tune is being picked out on the piano.

In 1986 when *First House* was made, video projection was not yet available and installations either

celebrated the material presence of the apparatus, the box, the cables and the switches, to give the lie to the image, or concealed the technology to maximise video's ability to fool the eye. Unlike film, video offered unprecedented duration so that performative works such as *First House* could recreate actions unfolding for up to an hour. Motherhood and the extended temporality of video found common ground in the 1980s and *First House* staged an allegory of the mother-child diad in what Tara Babel called 'the centrifugal force of a domestic environment'.[1] It played out an everyday game of presence and absence that evoked both the symbiotic relationship of early childhood and the slow and painful process of separation yet to come.

Catherine Elwes
First House, 1986

[1] Tara Babel (1986), 'Third Generation + Women and Sculpture in Canterbury', *Performance Magazine*, no. 44/45, pp. 32-34. Available online: http://www.performance-magazine.co.uk/wp-content/uploads/2017/03/Performance-Magazine-44-45-Nov-Feb-1986.pdf. Accessed 15 February 2018.

TINA KEANE

Media Snake – a sculpture with video fills the space – moving video within the casing of the monitors. Snake-like, the monitors become the structure and the building bricks for the images in motion: snake and media

Tina Keane
Media Snake, 1986

ALISON WILDING

Canterbury Cathedral 1986:
My Sculpture *Locust* was installed in a beautiful side chapel of Canterbury Cathedral. It was where the vergers changed into their surplices. Sometime after the exhibition opened I was told that my work had suffered some damage, which I regarded as vandalism: one of the vergers had bent back the tips of *Locust's* 'wings' because he deemed them to be a hazard. I think I wrote a letter of protest to the Cathedral and received a £100 cheque to 'buy my silence'. The sculpture is now in Tate's collection.

Alison Wilding
Locust, 1986

ROSE GARRARD

Daily throughout September 1986 I bought *The Sun* newspaper and cast page three into plaster. Each day I also worked from self-portraits by women artists, modelling their faces and setting the empty moulds into the newspaper panels beside the 'topless' models. Through this private ritualised task I hoped to explore and question the restrictions affecting the apparent choice between woman as stereotyped model and woman as creative role model. Quotations expressed the inner experience of women artists whose practice has taken them beyond the limitations of the feminine gender stereotype. *Casting Room One* was installed in a vacant newspaper shop in Canterbury as part of *Third Generation: Women Sculptors Today*, and I was present for six days of ritualised live work, casting up positive heads of women artists from the distorted clay pulled from the original moulds. During this public process the implications of the work, the roles of artist and model, the visual evidence of women artists becoming their own active models, the limitations and distortions experienced by women when trying to become culturally visible, and many of the present and future possibilities for change, were discussed with visitors. Through these ritualised tasks I was able to join with the public in questioning the systems and processes of distortion, which perpetuate the image of the stereotyped model while consigning creative role models for women to historical oblivion. Seeing both 'models' from inside out, a sense of the shared anonymity of women emerged and the price of the struggle to become 'visible' became the focus of the enquiry.

Rose Garrard
Untitled,1986

ROSE ENGLISH

***Thee Thy Thou Thine*, 1986**
Performance, approximately 90 minutes performed by Rose English and Richard Wilding.

In 1986 Sandra Drew invited me to present my performance *Thee Thy Thou Thine* as part of *Third Generation: Women Sculptors Today* at the Gulbenkian Theatre in Canterbury. *Thee Thy Thou Thine* was the first performance I presented in a proscenium theatre and it marked the beginning of a series of proscenium stage performances I went on to make over the following decade.

Thee Thy Thou Thine was a meditation on the origins of form and an investigation of the conventions of scenic representation within the conceit of a two-person revival of the musical Oklahoma! This included an attempt at the notorious 'dream ballet' scene originally choreographed by Agnes de Mille and featuring a staircase leading nowhere.

For Thee Thy Thou Thine the staircase was painted on a scenic gauze in the first half of the show and appeared as an identical piece of built scenery in the second. The dissolve between the two dimensional and the three dimensional staircase was effected with a lighting cue and for one person in the audience the sight lines from their seat rendered the two superimposed images perfectly aligned. Everyone else in the audience witnessed a double image.

I very much enjoyed being part of the open, inclusive and ambitious embrace of *Women Sculptors Today*. In that context *Thee Thy Thou Thine* was able to resonate equally as theatre, performance and visual art.

MARION URCH

***Third Generation Women Sculptors Today*, 1986**

Thinking back this was an extraordinary, groundbreaking event, though I didn't realise it at the time. Art by women completely took over Canterbury, in studios, galleries, shops, warehouse spaces. As a relatively young artist, it was very affirming to find myself in the company of the previous generation of women artists, women, like Rose Garrard and Rose English who I greatly admired. (I think Rose Finn Kelcey was there too, making Three Roses.) I believe the work was strengthened by the context, the viewing of one complemented by another around the corner. It became a dialogue. There was also the bonus of being part of a show where I wanted to see and savour all the other work on display. Zoe Redman's *Mrs Kelly* video performance lingers in my memory. There was a sense of pilgrimage and the excitement of the unknown, in setting out with a map to find works tucked away all over the city. I remember bumping into people in unexpected places and a sense of a magical mystery tour. For my part, it was slightly chaotic, because of the challenges of setting up a multi screen installation in a space that wasn't purpose built, but we managed it. It was a memorable occasion and I was proud to be part of it.

Marion Urch
Out of the Ashes, 1986

Rose English
Thee Thy Thou Thine, 1986

MARYROSE SINN

I don't know what possessed me in proposing to make a sixty foot ladder into the sky for the *Third Generation, Women Sculptors Today* show (1986). I do remember though, that when I got the go ahead, I was physically sick at the thought of actually having to make it. I had previously made a small one in steel, painted soft pink on one side. Obviously I must have thought it needed to be outside...and BIG!

One step at a time over that summer, (with a lot of help and support) we built it. Finally a huge crane lifted the pieces into place on the university campus.

"How do you stop students climbing it?" the Vice Chancellor had anxiously asked. I greased the first five rungs. It soared, it was pink and it made me think anything was possible. Reaching into the sky, tethered to the ground it said everything I wanted to say. It needed no title; it was just 'the ladder'. For me it remains a symbol of dreams, aspirations, and possibilities. It defined my belief in sculpture, in women, and in the future.

I thought maybe the university might want to keep it. They didn't. It ended up in a barn. However, I am still excited about having made it, and thankful for the opportunity.

PHYLLIDA BARLOW

a recollection...1986

where ?
where to locate a work?

there was the cathedral – a proud
and monumental location;
but not right –

others had already decided, and
chosen their sites:

houses, peoples' homes, adopted
to become intimate vitrines,
displaying personal possessions
in the front windows –
a brilliant homage to those lives
within;
there were corner spaces, out on
the streets –
stubborn objects accosting
unsuspecting passers by;
and a plasticine wall –
such innovation;

but where...?

out of the station, over a bridge
which straddled a wasteland –
rough and unused;
ideal;

then the installing –
the rain poured down;

the stakes were hammered in;
fire damaged carpet felt was
draped and nailed to the stakes –
heavy, sodden folds, an entourage
stalking the morass of black
polythene,
spread out in layers;
bitumen-blackened paper, piled
up to become a stooped, cave-like
object,
and a savage fin plunged into the
layers of black polythene...

this was more like street theatre,
a performance...
but a performance trapped in time...
sculpture as performance,
to be glimpsed,
to be walked past, on the bridge
from the station–

what was it meant to be?
how do artist know what the subject
of their work is?
The actions of making – layering,
draping, dipping, squeezing,
ramming, stacking, piling, filling,
emptying, folding, squashing,
entering...
can these actions be the subject?

Yes.

Kent Radio watched this installation
process from their studio
overlooking the site –
'it's rubbish – come on everyone,
let's burn it', chortled the DJ...

then worse, at the opening...
pilfered traffic cones perched
jauntily on all the works adorned
the installation,
reducing it to a comic turn...

and then the humiliation of
removing them, 20, one by one,
in the full gaze of the amused
public, passing by on the bridge
from the station;

but none of that matters;

at the conference, questions and
assertions –
as women, what is our lineage?
how do women form their particular
historical chain?

i didn't want to be part of a chain...

surely that was the orthodox
approach to history –
but how could a different, and as
yet unknown, history be revealed?
it must be through the power of
individual lives –
those invisibilities, those
misunderstood emotions,
those thwarted desires and
ambitions;
and the glorious achievements:
from the deeply private and intimate
to the heroic and the defiant;

and what will become of entrenched
attitudes?
how can those social norms be
opened out?
how can the much hindered female
expression become visible?
can humanity shed it's craving for
authority?

and, of course, there are other
memories:

Sandra's generosity, her fortitude
and conviction –
– her kitchen table –
– an unknowing stage for
revelations and speculations,
with that focus on who are we? what
do we want? what's stopping us?

and around that table, the strong
characters,
their heartfelt determinations...
contentious, uneasy, competitive...

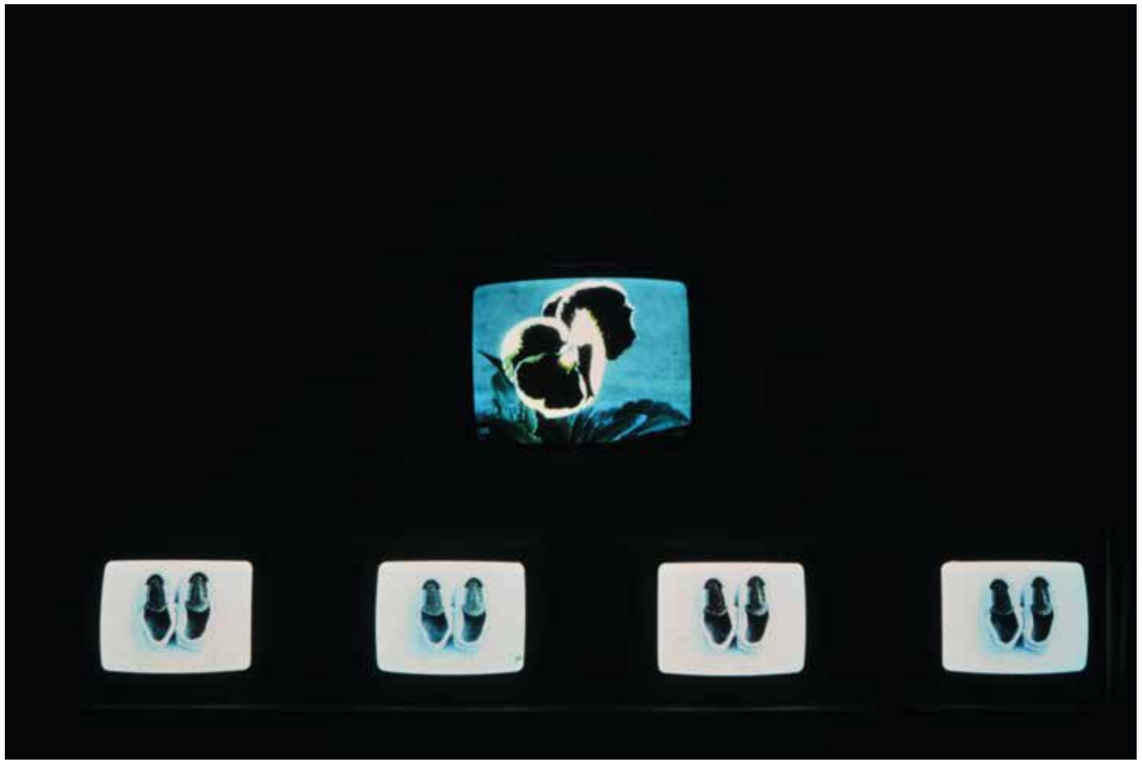
why was I so unsure?
their urgency for change –
yes, of course,
necessary, essential –

has it happened?
the questions persist,
and the answers continue to
be silenced –

but at that time, in 1986 –
that exhibition, and what and
who it represented,
signaled an energy to challenge
authority,
to become a voice which had to
be heard –
and yes, that voice has not
been silenced...

Maryrose Sinn
installation of *Ladder*, 1986

→
Phyllida Barlow
Threat 1986



Katharine Meynell *Hannah's Song*, 1986

KATHARINE MEYNELL

I was one of a group of video artists associated with LVA (now LUX) invited to be part of *3rd Generation: Women Sculptors Today*. We were an open-ended network, had spent time at Greenham Common and got involved with a range of art projects together. I remember feeling like we were somehow 'on the map' with this show. And this still holds as retrospectives of moving image work in this country seem rather to forget women, video and installation.

And then meeting Sandra and her impressive ability to juggle a family and an exhibition with so many different artists, with technical considerations, across so many sites, and all the comings and goings from her house on Best Lane. Sandra and her love of her Roses (Finn Kelcey, Sinn, Garrard). I am still in awe of all that Sandra achieved.

My work was placed in a crypt and took on a slightly iconoclastic air and I was reviewed as the wrong sort of feminist – exciting and hopeful – for me *3rd Generation: Women Sculptors Today* is the zeitgeist of that time.

JOANNA MOWBRAY

Certainly, it's hard to believe that *3rd Generation: Women Sculptors Today,* took place nearly 32 years ago. During the period of the 1980's, it was a very productive time for the development of contemporary sculpture, made by both women and men. Many more women sculptors surfaced and became recognised, and began to establish their careers. As a practising sculptor and university lecturer, I was also aware that there were many more women sculpture students in the 80's discovering new ways of making work, using a wide range of concepts, materials, sites/places that reflected their female strengths as artists. When I was offered the opportunity to become involved in *3rd Generation: Women Sculptors Today,* at first I was a little hesitant about an 'all women' exhibition as I felt committed to the idea that art should be valued equally, regardless of gender. In retrospect maybe this was a little naïve at the time but my concern was that women's art could be appreciated and recognised on the same level. However, I was also pleased to be included in this project, to use it as a platform to promote women's sculpture and the boundaries that it was breaking. The exhibitions were very diverse and inclusive, exploring many different approaches without any one political or feminist theme. The work represented freedom of creativity and exploration, which art should indeed reflect.

One of my memories was of struggling to install very delicate pieces of work that I achieved but also decided, never again, the sculpture would have to become easier to install in future. Eventually this led me into constructing stronger, more robust work, which still explored similar ephemeral qualities of space and light.

However, my main memory of *3rd Generation: Women Sculptors Today* was of Sandra's kitchen and her kitchen table, surrounded by women artists, talking, drinking cups of tea, and their comings and goings as the project exhibitions were installed across various sites in Canterbury. The table was covered with paperwork while Sandra busily organised the project and welcomed us into her hub of a home as she did so. It was a hive of enjoyable creative activity. So the title for the new project *From the Kitchen Table* seems very appropriate.

Lastly to add; that even now in 2018, with age & experience, I find it's becoming increasingly more of a struggle for many older women artists to be recognised, for exhibitions/commissions to show their work and it's great that this retrospective project is happening again. I hope that it forms a platform to promote women artists of an older generation to reveal their talents and experience, that the creative dialogue has no age barrier in later years, just as it did when we were young.

Joanna Mowbray
Movements in Space 1, 2, 3, 1986

SHARON KIVLAND

Third Generation: Women Sculptors Today.
I remember: talking around the kitchen table.
I remember: laughter.
I remember: knocking on doors, trying to get into people's houses.
I remember: talking to people in a persuasive manner.
I remember: the importance of objects.
I remember: the feeling that I had been here before.
I remember: conversations around other tables.
I remember: speaking unconvincingly at a conference.
I remember: listening to others speaking with greater conviction.
I remember: attention to detail.
I remember: materials, which may have included steel, wood, ceramic, bodies, words.
I remember: what I missed.
I remember: what I imagined.
I remember: what I heard.
I remember: what I think I saw.
I remember: the sense of possibilities.
I remember: more laughter.
I remember: perfect forms.
I remember: inscriptions.
I remember: what I learnt.
I remember: what I did not know then.
I remember: arguing.
I remember: politeness, no, rather, a kind of generous deferral to others.
I remember: artists who were present but no longer with us.
I remember: how easy it is to forget, over and over.
I remember: because in speaking, it is possible to create memory, and so a history is produced, which we may also name as herstories.

KUMIKO SHIMIZU

Third Generation: Women Sculptors Today.
This is a second project after Kray Brother's house in the East End of London with the theme of found objects and derelict buildings. The 80s was 'The Good Old Days' of British artists, the 2nd term of PM Thatcher, infringing British Social Democracy and advocating her belief of Hobbesian individual freedom for land and property. Value of the old derogated and the new conferred by Thatcher that was a very beginning of a new political trend that was visible in the streets, avenues of skips full of abandoned objects and many derelict buildings started disappearing one by one. These were socio-political symbol of the 80s that became my art materials.

Tony Cragg, Hayward Gallery in the 80s, rotten vegetables in a glass box which mould kept creating forms was connotation of time, space and aesthetic. His towers with rusted iron wheels, simple but visual richness is from what nature gave to the material. In a similar manner, I put colours and forms on aged found objects and derelict building to give them life. Anish Kapoor's works in the Royal Academy in 2009, a huge wax work going through arches of rooms, his unusual socio-political connotation in his work construed complex entity as an established artist, *comply or not comply – this is the question.* Erich Fromm (1900–1980), humanist philosopher wrote 'Escape from Freedom':

Freedom from/to is the kind of freedom typified by the existentialism of Sartre, and has often been fought for historically, but according to Fromm, *on its own it can be a destructive force unless accompanied by a creative element, 'freedom to' the use of freedom to employ spontaneously the total integrated personality in creative acts.* By association with Fromm, clarifies many of today's most perplexing problems.

Kumiko Shimizu
My beautiful house in Canterbury, 1986

DAVID HASTE

I was Head of the Fine Art School of what was Canterbury College of Art and then the Kent institute of Art & Design throughout the nineteen eighties and nineties; a period in which a wonderful partnership developed between Sandra Drew and the school community of students, teachers and technicians. Many exhibited individually or in groups at the Drew Gallery where Sandra would often enhance the creative mix with structured ideas around thematic shows, particularly so for The Canterbury Festival and Fringe as well as other key points in her event-full calendar.

Sandra sponsored student participation at a professional level, having students assisting and working alongside invited artists, making art sited across a wide variety of venues, within the city and beyond.

The school was able to reciprocate this invaluable collaboration when visiting artists, such as Maryrose Sinn and Laura Ford, used the sculpture studios and technical support to build and restore work for local exhibitions. Likewise providing display for constructed pieces, hosting some of Sandra's initiated events at the college as public presentations, publications, invited conferences, artist talks and seminars. The expansive range of Drew Gallery Projects engaged diverse audiences both in the gallery, at other associated institutions and across many locations. As the school broadened its art practices, including public art and established post-graduate programmes, so too students became increasingly engaged in various professional contexts, as Bruce Gilchrist did through several performance and installation events. However diverse the practices, the focus of the Drew art and enterprise mission didn't waver and throughout these successful decades was always nourished by warmth, humanity and personalised engagement as felt through the regular meetings, suppers, discussion and lively debates around the long Drew Gallery table.

LAURA FORD

My experience of working on this show was very instructional and useful as a young female artist.

I was working on a very large sculpture on site in the centre of Canterbury so I really got a taste of the public response.

I experienced much kindness, curiosity and goodwill but also a large amount of suspicion and hostility and before the work was completed an act of vandalism that meant the work in my mind was never completed.

It sounds very negative, but I value that experience and note that attitudes to public art have since changed and are far more positive, in part, due to these kind of groundbreaking exhibitions.

Laura Ford
Untitled, 1986

JAYNE PARKER

I recall being very pleased to be included in this exhibition, particularly with artists Phillyda Barlow and Alison Wilding. However, I never saw the whole exhibition – perhaps because my video work was shown at a separate screening at the University. I remember feeling both part of the exhibition yet outside it – a familiar consequence of showing time-based work as an event, as opposed to within the main exhibition in a material sense.

The two works, *Almost Out* and *En Route* (previously named *The Bridge*), were made a few years after leaving Canterbury College of Art, where I had studied as an undergraduate student. Until recently, they were my only video works, everything else being made on 16mm film. The tapes were made closely with Pierre Attala who had taught me at Canterbury. He was a great influence on my work and taught me how to make films. His approach was one of 'how to' rather than 'why', which was very liberating at the time. I remain grateful for this introduction to the medium of film, which has been central to all my work. The screenings in connection with Drew Gallery were among the first times these works were shown.

It is only in more recent years that I can look back and see my place among the women who showed in this exhibition, many of whom I count as colleagues and friends.

SARAH BRADPIECE

Opening the door of the studio
from the kitchen table.
A friend phones one evening.
She's an artist.
She's in her sixties.
A third-generation sculptor.
She's just prepared dinner for
her family.
It's Italy.
Women are always preparing and
serving food.
The men are in their studios. Busy!
Busy! Focused. DOING stuff!
I laugh at her.
"Yes! Getting through the door and
into the studio is a mammoth task!"
Our hard drive is relentlessly wired
for service.

I will do anything to avoid opening
the door of the studio.
"Coffee?" ....."Yep!"
"Phone call?"....."Definitely!"
"A bit of weeding in the garden? .....
The weather is perfect after all."
So the door to the studio is resolutely
closed. An ancient, faded lime-
washed green DOOR with a grubby
grey patina and a wonderful handle
made from the remnants of an old
tyre and a bit of wire. Absolutely
exquisite.
But opening it?
Why is it so difficult to stop a lifetime
of service and OPEN THE DOOR and
begin making something?
There are a thousand doubts hidden
in the folds of my third-generation
women sculptors' skirts!
Will all these doubts fit through the
door? Each doubt a beautiful gilded
kernel of creativity.

But the tsunami of possibility lurks
invisibly in the deep recess of the
studio. I'm afraid of tsunamis.
Pushing the door open against its
massive weight is incredibly hard.
It takes colossal amounts of energy
to open it. Colossal commitment
to releasing an idea into the
magnificent certainty of reality.
So, clasping my doubts about me,
I press my body into the task of
opening it.....
But I have just remembered
something!
I have been asked to write a 250
word synopsis of my work as a third-
generation woman sculptor.
Better get on with that first,
..... sit down at the kitchen table,
and have another coffee.

Jayne Parker
Stills from *Almost Out*,
1986

ANDY HAZELL

The Shrine of St.Bendix of Zanussi was our first public art commission. We had a generator, a pick-up truck and a vague idea, but above all we had the backing of Sandra who smoothed out any bumps in the road and calmed grumpy councillors. We were very poor and slept for a while in a derelict house. As the temple was built out of redundant 'white goods' folk would donate fridges and objects to be glued to the 'altar'.

One night I was awoken by the flapping of a pub sign in the wind, the power had failed and all was dark. I walked through the storm, climbing over felled trees to Dane John Gardens, where I found that big trees had fallen on all sides, but it was untouched.

Channel 4 came to film it for an Arts programme, the next day we sold the pile of fridges and washing machines to a scrap man, who unceremoniously carted it all away.

Andy Hazell and Lucy Casson at work in Dane John Gardens, 1987

Andy Hazell
The Shrine of St Bendix of Zanussi, 1987

WIND/WOOD PROJECT

The Wind/Wood Project is a collection of sculptural events using hurricane fallen trees involving artists and the community.

NEVILLE GABIE

The artist in residence, Neville Gabie, will be found working 'on site' in the environs of Darwin College, University of Kent, for two months before and during the festival. He will be available to the public for meetings and discussions. Watch for special performance event at the opening and closing of the festival !!

"Unlike the straight forward commissioning of a piece of sculpture, an artist in residence gives the opportunity for the public to observe the working process. It also allows the artist time to develop a dialogue, both with the people and the place, before making a final statement. Though I am working towards a finished sculpture this process of making is an intrinsic part of the whole experience.

The basis of this project is to utilize some of the wood which fell during the storm of October 1987, so the theme which I hope to develop will relate to that event. I will begin by working on a number of ideas which I hope will bring together my working process, aspects of the storm and my feeling for the site itself.

For the first three weeks I will make two or three small pieces to develop towards the final work. I will be using wood in combination with clay and aluminium. Molten aluminium will be poured into shapes carved in wood and clay objects will be fired within wooden kilns. Taking from these ideas, the next five weeks will be spent making and siting the final sculpture"

- Neville Gabie

Slide Talk I - B1
Canterbury College of Art
New Dover Road
Thurs. Oct. 6th 5.30pm

Slide Talk II - Darwin College, U.K.C.
Wed. Oct. 12th 5pm

FREE. ALL WELCOME

'MONUMENT TO A HURRICANE'

Anyone who wants to join in can !
If you had a tree fall in your garden or nearby and its still there - make something from it - anything from a bird box to garden furniture, or carve it.

Come on one of the Saturdays in September to Adult studies and pick the brains of our panel for solving the construction faults, and then have it photographed and included in our exhibition to be shown in the Canterbury Library and Canterbury City Council Offices.
10th, 17th, 24th Sept 10.30 to 4.30 Adult Studies Centre

'LETTER TO THE STORM'

Mix 100 children from four different schools, teachers, mothers and anyone else who would like to come, add some helium filled balloons and you should have some idea of this event. This all-day productive party includes workshops to make objects arising from feelings about the hurricane. They will use natural scrap to create magical images !

Tues. 18th Oct Toddlers Cove, Westgate Gardens, Canterbury.

'TREE HOUSE'

A collaboration of two artists, Georgia Wright and Andrew Malone, and a group of unemployed people to build a "Tree House" from hurricane fallen trees in the grounds of the Parkside Primary School. Duration of the festival.

OPEN FORUM

"Art in Public" Panel of Speakers Chaired by Dave Reason
Friday 21st October - 2pm Darwin College, University of Kent

ALL WELCOME !

The Wind/Wood Project is sponsored by South East Arts, University of Kent, Kent Institute of Art and Design and organised by Drew Gallery, 16 Best Lane, Canterbury, Kent 0227-458759

SOUTH-EAST ARTS

Wind Wood Project
brochure, 1988

NEVILLE GABIE

Wind Wood was the first art commission I was selected for on completing my MA in sculpture at the Royal College of Art. It began just weeks after my degree show and for me it really was a coming of age opportunity. The concept of being a resident artist was new, as was the experience of working with a professional curator, Sandra Drew. I had also never previously visited Canterbury, or the university campus. The opportunity for the commission came about less than a year after the great storm of 1987, so what there was in large quantities were fallen trees and wood, something I was more than familiar with working.

Sandra gave me the confidence to experiment with the processes I was working on, without over-worrying or obsessing about the finished product. Where I was unsure, she instilled a calmness and confidence. There was also no studio. I was working in public on the campus of a University, and although I had worked in public many times before, this was the first time I ever did so without the label of 'student.'

That first step for an artist is such a crucial one and I could not have been guided into the role of a professional artist in better circumstances. I seem to remember the work I made being ok, but for me this project will always remain particularly special for everything else it gave.

Neville Gabie
Wind Wood Project 1 & 2,
1988

Judith Ahern
Station Porter, 1989

JUDITH AHERN

In 1989 I was invited to be part of an exhibition of Australian sculpture, video and performance held in Canterbury and London. The work I exhibited was in two parts: *Unidentified Hostesses*, an installation of large colour prints of women who worked in a Japanese piano bar in Manhattan. Installed in an ancient crypt in Canterbury, the work and the women depicted took on a new dignity, suggestiveness and power.

I made specifically in Canterbury some site specific work: a King's School boy at college, the porter at the train station and the Lord Mayor of Canterbury. This was a unique opportunity as an artist to meet individuals who inhabited the town, make portraits of them and to then resituate these photos as large life size portraits in situ, exhibiting them to passersby and later in documented form, for others.

At the time I was experimenting with the idea of the straight photographic tradition, creating installations that challenged and celebrated the accepted use of the photographic document. In hindsight this is ever more powerful to me as the notion of the truth of the photographic document was to be forever colluded and replaced in the next decade by the fluid and untruthful digital image.

As curator and advisor Sandra Drew brought a diverse group of artists together in what would prove to be a unique time and space for sharing ideas, travel, friendship, and for me an opportunity to grow as an artist. The *In Transit* exhibition, for me as an artist, was a truly memorable experience and is remembered with gratitude.

Maeve Woods
with her installation
Flashing Flesh and Bones 1, 1989

SHELBY FITZPATRICK

No one could have anticipated the exciting and creative ways Sandra Drew would change the cultural landscape of Canterbury. Her house/gallery on Best Lane became the vortex of ideas and activities for ingenious projects and exhibitions, her gallery featuring established and promising artists, even young teenagers creating graphic novels on the outside wall of the building!

My involvement was mainly with projects Sandra generated as part of the Canterbury Fringe Festival. These included a great many workshops run by artists, teachers, performers and supportive friends. Shops and residents gave materials and services, advice or space and donated to the events. My contribution was to run workshops on a diversity of subjects such as Malaysian Fighting Kites (for older children) taught by a university student from Malaysia, or Comedia dell'arte masks and theatre (for teenagers who created their costumes and masks and performed on the Canterbury High Street). Patrick Corry Wright and I had various photography workshops – one at the Women's Refuge where makeup, costumes and cameras-plus-processing were donated by local stores. At another photography workshop pin-hole cameras were made to use around the city, the results developed in a portable dark room built by Patrick with materials we extracted from a local skip. Another year owners offered their cars to be painted and I had the pleasure of decorating an elderly blue *deux chevaux* with white doves!

During one Fringe our family had the privilege of hosting Maeve Woods, an Australian artist/filmmaker who came to create a work for Drew Gallery Projects' *In Transit* which was shown in the old car showrooms in New Dover Road. We treasured knowing Maeve and being a small part of her world.

MAEVE WOODS

***In Transit* remembered:**
Some of the Australian artists brought items that were ready for installation or performance. I took a Super 8 film and showed that in a charming old Canterbury theatre that had in the 19th century, presented musical entertainments. My film had a generous reception. However, my feeling was, that improvisation was the way to go for *In Transit* .

I do like to work in unfamiliar situations with available materials. These things were features of the *In Transit* project.

Most of the Australian artists spent a day drifting around Canterbury town, looking at the cathedral and checking potential spaces. None of the spaces on offer were conventional, professionally lit, standard 'gallery' venues. I settled on a huge abandoned room on a busy street where years ago the sleekest and best of German cars had been displayed. The shining 'duco' models were no longer spread out on a polished floor. There remained trenches and mounds of dark earth following an archaeological dig. I saw that a tall back wall would be perfect to receive projected images of Canterbury Cathedral's cryptic events.

It was with deep intensity that I explored the old Canterbury Cathedral. I used a reflex camera and slide film. I gazed, and discovered so much from the past carved in stone. In blues and rich hues, the windows showed images from long ago. I filmed everything as a fragment or a detail, and the scene began to look like a kind of glowing rock pool. Transferred to the slide projector, the elements could be presented as something from both this day and centuries past. From the rubble and the now abandoned trenches shone forth so many pictures out of history and into our present.


in transit
in transit
in transit

WENDY HOWARD

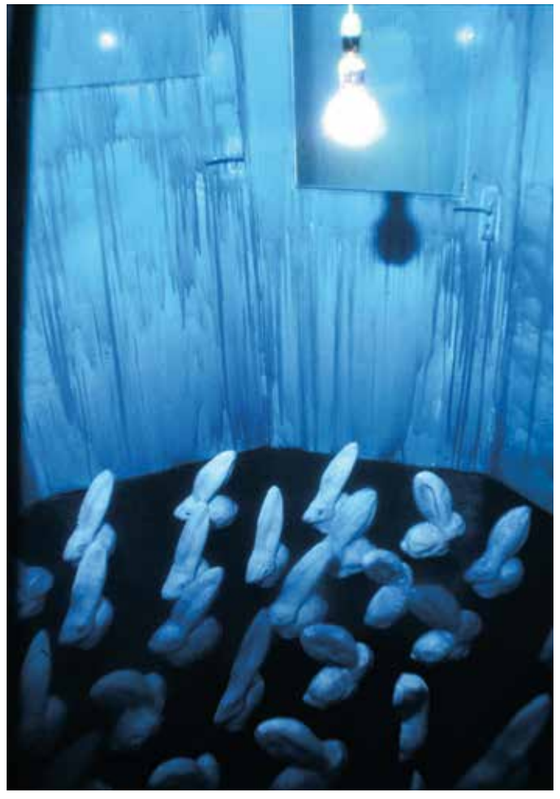
I crossed the world with some paper patterns, and some lovely car panels were found for me in the Kent countryside. I welded for two weeks in the main street of Canterbury at the entrance to a mall and no-one stopped me. Indeed the security guard befriended me and let me use his storeroom to keep my gas bottles. A grandmother left her granddaughter with me to watch, wearing a spare pair of goggles, as I welded. Some very generous Canterbury people supported me and allowed me to invade their family home. I saw my corsets come to life in London and Brighton. This was perhaps the most daring undertaking of my art career, so I swam 20 laps every day in the pool to relax. Yes, *In Transit* turned my hair into a white pavlova. The experience stands out as separate and unique.

Wendy Howard
at work on *Corsets*, 1989

JODY CULKIN

In 1990 I participated in *Other Nature*, an exhibition organised by the Drew Gallery. My piece, *Indifferent Folly*, consisted of 3 sculptures that floated in the river, a velvet stool, a ladder and a roofed structure. The location was quite beautiful and added context to the work, which I had built specifically for that site. I had always wanted to build a floating piece to be installed outdoors. I think someone lent me some boots for the installation, but frankly I don't remember much about the process; I remember traipsing through customs with my hand-made crate more clearly. I was enormously relieved that the work was floating on the River Stour, outside the medieval city walls, far away from my home on the NYC's Lower East Side– and there were anglers casting their lines just a few yards away.

Jody Culkin
Indifferent Folly, 1990



Bonita Ely
We Live to Be Surprised,
1989

BONITA ELY

Reflections on *In Transit*
On reflection, *In Transit* was an extraordinarily creative opportunity that has reverberated in my art practice right up to now. Apart from performances and earthworks, previous works were all exhibited in 'white box' galleries. This was my first opportunity to install a site specific installation.

A small, blue, 'fishbowl' office provided the trigger for my installation.

I had been researching emerging fears that genetically engineered plants and animals could result in negative health and environmental effects. Transformed into a laboratory-like rabbit hutch, walls & windows dripping acid blue, I placed in the 'fishbowl' blue rabbits, casts of a polystyrene, point of sale, Darrel Lea Easter bunny. Appearing at first to be whole, a shift of perspective revealed the rabbits were sliced in half, head to toe. Bathed in blue preternatural light, they huddled together in a wire cage, observable only through portholes in the chemically drenched windows.

This laboratory was contextualised by the adjoining white washed 'fishbowl', this installation alluding to experiments on humans. Empty chairs surrounded a pregnant woman's silhouette – a black hole sliced into the carpet, visible only through portholes as before. Outside, a bunker of newspaper bundles stacked high, a paleolithic-like image enscribed on its interior wall, added enigma to the clandestine.

This installation led to the creation of *Snabbits* – genetically engineered rabbit/snails to replace all the Earth's creatures – a solution to World Wide Hunger: edible, legless, easy to catch, adaptable, fertile.

And in 2017 for documenta14, futuristic, plastic-eating creatures solving Trans-World Water Pollution.

MIRA SCHOR

For years I have kept and used in teaching a set of four pairs of slides of iconic works by women artists such as Ida Applebroog and Cindy Sherman, Ana Mendieta and Barbara Kruger, that demonstrate the similarities between works that were determined in the 1980s to be on the side of essentialism and those on the side of social construction of gender. First as slides now scanned to Powerpoint, the presentation has always been labeled *Other Nature*, but I long ago forgot the origin of this didactic group in a presentation I prepared for my participation in the 1990 exhibition in Canterbury. To transport my multicanvas painting, *Pardon Me Ms*., I had a wooden crate constructed in the shape of a suitcase, complete with a handle. At Gatwick, customs agents had me unscrew this suspicious package but fortunately they were satisfied to see it did indeed contain paintings, they were not interested in actually looking at them. Then it turned out that the issues of essentialism regarding my painting with its representation of a nearly 5 foot long red phallus screwing a bleeding ear via a flag of the United States with a penis in the place of the stars, faded in the face of the media tempest in a tea pot caused by people getting wind of the fact that Maureen Connor's brilliant piece, *Ensemble for Three Female Voices*, had been created from a mould of human larynxes and tongues purchased by mail order from India. "Shock Horror" (actually, Maureen reminds me it was "Sick art shocker"!)

This episode brought together all the strands of my lifelong Anglophilia –between visits to Sissinghurst, Canterbury Cathedral, and the Whittard's Tea shop on the High street from which I continued to order Mango Indica tea for years after, I also got to live through a bit of Beyond the Fringe and Monty Python skits, and Barbara Pym novels. In some of the social situations during our visit I felt that Maureen Connor, Jerilea Zempel, Jody Culkin, and I were acting out the roles of independent and outspoken American heroines from nineteenth century fiction and 1970s feminism. But at the same time, there we were, somewhat improbably, showing works in Canterbury, England that we were struggling to get attention for in New York.

Mira Schor
Pardon Me Ms, 1990

JERILEA ZEMPEL

I was obsessed with the conflict between nature and culture when Sandra asked me to recommend artists for a show. I was also annoyed at the time by the realisation that women artists didn't get equal opportunities in the art world. So I proposed an all-female show, *Other Nature*, to address all sides of these issues. In fall, 1990, four of us arrived in Canterbury to make it happen.

My contribution was to thatch a cannon. Miraculously, Sandra got a local garrison to deliver one to a deconsecrated cemetery. The Commander was a gracious lender, but once we met, he exhibited polite displeasure over what I had done to it.

While researching thatching I noted the then Prime Minister probably married into a family of eponymous craftspeople. To avoid purchafing materialf I bound found pine needles, not the traditional straw or reed. After five days it was finished.

Locals stopped to talk while I worked on site. One remarked the project was very interesting, but wasn't art. When asked for advice about what I might add to raise it to that level, he shrugged.

Over cocktails a local art professor, dressed in leather and some chains, observed "you Americans are so fixated on freedom. Constraint, that's a far more compelling concept."

Halloween came and went. The souls abandoned in the de-sanctified graveyard must have put a spell on my efforts. In November the cannon went back to the army and Margaret Thatcher was out of office. So what if what I made wasn't art? Its context just might have given it some special powers.

Jerilea Zempel
Peace Dividend, 1990

ELLEN WOOLF

From the Kitchen Table.
As Sandra's assistant, in the late 80's, early 90's, I spent many hours, literally, working on that kitchen table – often contending for space with her lazy, but adorable cat. I fondly remember much time spent conversing with Sandra on countless subjects, at that table.

At the time, this table was the centre of Sandra's life. It was the heart of her domestic world, with frequent appearances from her children, and visits from devoted friends. It was the focus of the gallery's working space, shared with a host of exceptional and diverse artists, who were not only local, but from many parts of the globe. The table was constantly surrounded with art lovers, patrons, sponsors and of course, artists. The table-top was strewn with layouts, plans, forms, brochures, invitations, the cat and sometimes lunch. She created and ensued her concepts for exhibitions, which evolved into robust projects such as *In Transit* and *Other Nature*. I admired how she was able to meld together and intertwine all the strings of her life to construct a life style that suited her passion for art.

Sandra's ventures spread out from that confined kitchen table to locations throughout Canterbury and beyond to become thought-provoking, installations, performances and sculptures. Sandra adored and nurtured her projects as if they were part of her extended family. She enthused artists to create work that may not have transpired without her inspiration and vision. Sandra contributed greatly to contemporary art culture from that kitchen table.

Judith Ahern
Lord Mayor, 1989

EUPHEMIA MACTAVISH

Windows...PRIVATE...intimate sills...
some Ladies sitting....memento
....treasure....Spy....peeking.....
Beautiful Nosing Affront
SHARON KIVLAND WINDOWS OF
HOUSES IN BEST LANE

Gone cafe .....stale scones.... cold
teas ...sickly sweet....no light...
Mould... scuttering beetle foot....
clawing nightlife... every night...
'garden of England'.....fluttering
dead paper copied wings
RON HASELDEN BURGATE CAFE
CATHEDRAL GATE

Plasticine kneading pushed in
with One thumb.....pushing ...
pummelling.....stroking..... whole
waves.....and eyes.....on to scratchy
red brick
JULIA WOOD ON THE ROOF OF
IGNORED BUILDING BURGATE

The Conker.... Lying on the grass....
coco brown ...of old mens polish.....
bursting .... to shoot....spikey.... to
catch.....hook ....Big milk ....book
wiped loved....silhouette open
mouthed head....consequence
ROB KESSELER BARTON COURT
GIRLS SCHOOL SIDE LAWN

Castellated ....blocks.....end grain....
tower....spiralled settlement...
tumbled one night....squaddies....
reformed next day....tumbled
again...; squaddies....reformed
....squaddies banned
LAURA FORD LONGMARKET

Gargoyles....heads on spikes....
sunspecs...mouths in matches....
Struck Event.... FLARE...burnt
sulphur show...hardened ash
DAVID MACH VARIOUS SHOPS IN
CANTERBURY HIGH STREET

Ropes of Cables of Twisted
....Wires.....bending...crouched....
industry silent...dead voices ....
YOKO TERAUCHI *HOT LINE*
CATHEDRAL GARDEN

Walking and Talking of...Greed...
Money....and God...in black plastic
bags.....in Canterbury
PHYLLIDA BARLOW EAST STATION
VACANT LOT

Haunting long strains...bow...
vibrating....through the feet
and heart
KATE MEYNELL *HANNAH'S SONG*
THE UNDERCROFT

The Pink...getting the pink...leaning
the pink....up....so high...impossible
MARYROSE SINN *LADDER*
UNIVERSITY HILL

Bent Ends.... intimate....loss ...
flight...floating ...up....dashed....
pointed sabotage in the cathedral....
ALISON WILDING *LOCUST* ST
ANDREWS CHAPEL CANTERBURY
CATHEDRAL

I was a gofer, facilitator, finder, communicator, photographer, 'useful' person with an eye and the lofty title of Educational Coordinator, particularly in '84 '85 '86. These are just some fleeting memories each one was hours and days of complicated experiences with a collection of courageous visionary artists.

David Mach
Fire-Works in situ 1 & 2
1985

Sharon Kivland
Special Offers, 1985

Acknowledgements
I would like to join Judith in thanking Terry Perk, Georgie Scott, Dean Pavitt, those at UCA and CGP London and all our partners and funders. A huge thank you to Judith for her unwavering enthusiasm, critical eye and belief in this project from the beginning. I would also like to thank all of the artists with whom I have worked over the years, and for their warmth and generosity in responding to this project, none of which would have been possible without you. To the writers, John Carson, Edward Chell, Thalia Allington-Wood and Sharon Kivland thank you for your thoughtful words. Thanks also to Linda Theophilus for her initial encouragement, Emma Brooker for writing all those funding applications, Sue Jones for organising the In Conversation for Whitstable Biennale and Caroline Douglas for her participation in that event. My thanks to Katie McGowan, Sidney Cooper Gallery for hosting another In Conversation, Catriona Clayson for the *Snabbits*, Daniel Tollady for the workshop, Georgie Scott for editing this publication with me, as well as everything else, Neasa MacErlean for her fine proofing and most especially to my three children, Rebecca, Tristram and Benedict who lived through it all and continue to be there pushing and cheering me on. Thank you all!

Sandra Drew

Terry Perk is the Head of School for Fine Art and Photography at the University for the Creative Arts, where he is also Professor of Fine Art Educations. He has taught and led on curriculum development across secondary, further and higher education for over 20 years.
He studied Fine Art at Leeds University and Bennington College in the USA, before gaining a PhD in the History and Theory of Art from the University of Kent at Canterbury. He has a range of experience developing and curating commissioned work for the public realm. His most recent sculptural work explores the landscapes of Kent and the South East of England, where he currently lives.

Judith Carlton is Director at CGP London, an artist-led non-profit contemporary art gallery, Arts Council England National Portfolio Organisation and registered charity situated across two contrasting venues in the heart of Southwark Park. Previously Judith was Assistant Director at Matt's Gallery, London and Gallery Manager at Cubitt Gallery & Studios, London. She has also held positions at the Serpentine Galleries, London and The Hatton Gallery, Newcastle. Judith is a Trustee of The Workplace Foundation, Gateshead and is a Visiting Lecturer at art colleges across the UK.

John Carson is an artist, consultant, curator and educator, John Carson has been involved in various 'public art' initiatives, most notably as Production Director of Artangel from 1986 to 1991. He was Course Director of the BA Fine Art program at Central Saint Martins from 1999 to 2006. From 2006 to 2016 he was Head of the School of Art at Carnegie Mellon University in Pittsburgh Pennsylvania, where he is currently a member of the teaching faculty.

Sandra Drew is a curator and arts consultant and was the owner/Director of Drew Gallery 1981-97 and Drew Gallery Projects 1984-97. She was also the founder Director of Stour Valley Arts 1994-2012. Sandra Drew lives in Canterbury and Conques, France.

Edward Chell is an artist based in London and Reader in Fine Art at UCA Canterbury. He studied Fine Art at the University of Newcastle upon Tyne and Painting at the Royal College of Art, London. His work explores ideas around taste, consumption and display and their relationship to environment with a particular interest in the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries and the interplay between discovery, natural sciences and the decorative arts.

Thalia Allington-Wood is an Art Historian based at University College London. Her research is supported by the AHRC, along with UCL, the London Arts and Humanities Partnership and the Society of Architectural Historians. She has held fellowships at UCLA and Harvard's Dumbarton Oaks, and has experience in museum education, research and publishing at the Design Museum, V&A, Tate ETC. and RA Magazine. Thalia currently teaches at UCL and Sotheby's Institute of Art.

Sharon Kivland is an artist and writer. She has recently been called a poet, to her surprise. She is also an editor and publisher, the latter under the imprint MA BIBLIOTHÈQUE. Her work considers what is put at stake by art, politics, and psychoanalysis. Sharon Kivland lives in London and in a small village in the west of France.

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From The Kitchen Table:
Drew Gallery Projects 1984 – 90

Exhibition Dates:
Herbert Read Gallery, UCA, Canterbury
5 October – 9 November 2018

Bonita Ely, *Plastikus Progressus*
Brewery Tap: UCA Project Space
Folkestone
15 November – 9 December 2018

Cafe Gallery Projects, London
(The Gallery & Dilston Grove)
12 May – 30 June 2019

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A publicly funded organisation, CGP London was founded in the 1983 by the Bermondsey Artists' Group, and now encompasses the modernist exhibition space Cafe Gallery and Dilston Grove, a poured-concrete church converted into an exhibition space, both located in Southwark Park, Bermondsey.

Sharon Kivland with Bruce Gilchrist
Special Offers, 1985

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