

HOME IS WHERE



ARTSPACE
CINDERFORD

mind
SCAPE
www.wyevalleyaonb.org.uk



**ARTS COUNCIL
ENGLAND**

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Introduction



In March 2020, the COVID-19 pandemic forced Cinderford Artspace to close its doors to the public and, along with everyone else in the world; we braced ourselves for unknown challenges to come. We have spent the last 14 months in and out of varying degrees of lockdown and restrictions. During this time, Artspace has continued its work with the community by offering creative provision remotely, by sending art materials in the post and running workshops online.

At first, we were uncertain whether anyone would want to participate in activities online. Like many arts organisations, we contemplated whether the impact of the pandemic would mean permanent closure for us. But our virtual courses filled up rapidly – demand was not only on a par with the previous year, but

50% of attendees were new to the organisation. It quickly became very clear to us that continuing to offer people creative opportunities would be important over the coming months.

Lockdown instigated many of us to seek solace in activities like gardening, cookery, arts and crafts. The uncertainty and gravity of the situation left us looking for ways to express our feelings, to lift our moods, to reduce anxiety, or to simply beat the boredom of being stuck at home. The past year has, of course, been a huge challenge in so many ways, but one thing we have heard time and time again is that it's also given people a unique chance to explore and expand their creativity, either through picking up old hobbies or by trying something completely new.

This exhibition, Home is where the ART is: Creativity in lockdown, is funded by Arts Council England as part of their national Celebrating Age programme. Designed to boost well-being, reduce isolation and promote and celebrate all forms of creative expression during the COVID-19 pandemic. It exclusively features artwork by people aged over 50 living in and around the Forest of Dean, Gloucestershire.

The full exhibition - which you can find on the Artspace website www.artspacecinderford.org/lockdown is split into four themes, each of which is represented by a different season of the natural year.

- *Spring (Growth/regeneration)*
- *Summer (Togetherness/vitality)*
- *Autumn (Loss/change)*
- *Winter (Rest/reflection)*

We received hundreds of submissions, including entries from people who had not created their own art for years (or in some cases, ever!). We were astounded by the volume, breadth and range of creative expression in all the work that was submitted. It has been an absolute pleasure to compile the exhibition and a real privilege to learn about people's personal experiences of lockdown.

Now, at the time of writing - 24th May 2021, we are awaiting

announcements from the UK Government as to whether restrictions to social contact will be fully lifted next month. It feels like a fitting time to launch this fascinating collection of work.

The Artspace team would like to thank; Arts Council England for their funding and support, the talented artists who led this project - Emily Bagnall, Liz Bell, Nix Barnaville, Melanie Clarke, Warren Day, Sally Gibson, Lizzie Godden, Cherry Lyne, Kim Owston and Helen Parkinson. Camilla Adams for filming and interviewing artists and performances by Rachel Adams and Cherry Brain, Roger Drury, Sally Gibson and Chris Reese. Liz Bell for editorial and project support and for devising and managing the submission process. The exhibition and accompanying anthology was collated, designed and digitised by Dan Guy.

Finally and most importantly, we would like to express our deepest gratitude to everyone who submitted their work to this exhibition. By sharing their incredible work, they have created a unique and beautiful snap-shot of the importance of creativity during lockdown.

Hannah Elton-Wall, General Manager, Cinderford Artspace.

Spring

Growth and Regeneration

As the season of new beginnings, Spring represents growth and regeneration.



Spring is Rising - Bev Harvey (Textiles)

Alex Davies

Queensland Spring (Acrylic)

Many years ago, while travelling in Northern Queensland, I came across two colourful trees (a Jacaranda and a Flame Tree) planted on the road side of a small town and photographed them. While rediscovering my love of painting with Artspace during lockdown I came across

the photograph and decided to paint the trees in acrylic on board. This is the result, my 3rd proper painting in 30 years. Thank you Artspace for encouraging me to paint again after so long.



Alison Bluett

Spring Flowers (Mixed-Media)

This paper weight was painted on a large stone and I used oil paint and varnished it. I love painting and the lockdown gave me chance to do what I enjoy.



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Barbara Millman

Spring Garden (Mixed-Media)

This piece was created during a session from an Artspace Mixed-Media course. I moved earlier in the year from a house I loved and had been in 15 years.

I was not sure I had made the right move and felt very depressed, but these sessions lifted me out of it and I had something to look forward to doing.



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Bev Harvey

Spring is Rising (Textiles)

This is a first attempt at using fabrics and sewing techniques to make a creative piece. It gave me the chance to try embroidery stitches (blanket, French Knot, daisy chain, couching etc.) under the encouraging eye of Lizzie, the Artspace tutor - the workshops have

given me confidence to take up this creative craft and do more. The flowers in this piece are all blooming currently in my Spring garden at home, and they, along with the Spring sunshine, are a real boost to well-being.



Bob Garland (aka BLZ Bob)

The Bird's Morning Chorus ("Give Peace a Chance") (Digital Collage)

I turned 65 last January, shortly followed by redundancy. Brilliant! A pay off and I get to retire a year early. Thought I'd have a go at being an artist and the lock down has given me chance to build a portfolio.

My digital collages are made from vintage comic covers, newspaper headlines and advertising, symbolism and a bit of magic.



Celia Hinton

Greenfinch (Pastels)

I attended Adult Art Explore at Kite studios in West London for around ten years. We did print-making, drawing and painting and in 2019 I started making a series of bird collages. During 2020 we were locked down in my old family home outside Chepstow and I had very little art equipment with me.

Then my younger son gave me a beautiful set of Caran D'Ache pastel pencils for my birthday. At the same time a flock of goldfinches arrived in the garden and I decided to continue the series, drawing goldfinches, a bullfinch and this greenfinch - this time in pastel, a medium I had never used previously.



Dave Thorp

Even Clouds Die (Photography)

The never-ending, slow-turning, four-sailed windmill of the seasons brings both life and death, each event containing its own dramatic storyline - something we all have to face sooner or later.

I was intrigued that this particular story, enacted within the confines of a garden in Longhope, seems to have had the capacity to transform organic matter into brilliant yellow silk taffeta! A true transformation!



Elaine Bailey

Spring Leaf (Acrylic on Board)

It has been a wonderful opportunity for me to take part in Warren's art classes on Zoom. It has been an experience I will take forward with me, I have learnt things out the box relating to art, that has been very different and interesting. I would not have been able to take part if

it hadn't been for Artspace. I have found this course fun, relaxing, interesting, and unusual. Taking part has also helped me with my ability to mix and has lowered my anxiety. I am so happy to learn that Artspace will continue to do courses on Zoom, even when their doors re-open.



Fran Palmer

Long Tailed Tits on Cherry Blossom

(Acrylic on Reclaimed Terracotta Roof Tile)

This work was painted in anticipation of Spring. Recently we have had a lot of long-tailed tits in the garden so I paired

their colouring with my Japanese cherry. The cherry represents life, death and renewal.



Helen Jones

New Life (Mixed-Media)

This piece of work was made using acrylic inks, string, lace, sequins, tissue paper and outliner pens. It was a completely

abstract piece but when finished it gave me the impression that it was two embryos in the womb.



Jan Tyler

Panda (Digital Drawing)

This picture was created on computer using Microsoft paint for a birthday card. It makes me smile and I like how the

panda's paw is reaching out for a high five. The rainbow was added, being apt for the moment.



Jane Brown

Untitled (Textiles)



Jude Black

A Springtime Walk in the Dean
(Textiles)

I made this doll to celebrate the wild flowers and creatures that are in the forest. She has a ladybird on her dress, a

spider and a bee on her hat, and a wild boar, badger and fox at her feet. She loves to walk in the forest.



Kate Fedden

A Spring Awakening to a Green Age (Poetry)

The theme for this poem was suggested to a me by a friend of mine who was enrolled on Jane Spray's art course 'Spring Awakening'.

It was my elder daughter's birthday and I was reminded of the line from Dylan Thomas' poem, so expressive of the force and energy of spring and young growth.

*"The force that through the green fuse
drives the flower drives my green age" - Dylan Thomas*

Six decades and one year are gone
Since my firstborn child was born.
Powerless yet powerful:- without concern,
Nothing to do but sleep and feed and grow
Too weak to lift her head; so much to learn.

Snowdrops were there, standing in the snow
And crocuses through concrete pushed their way,
Lambs scrambled wobbly onto their feet.
-All creatures set about without delay
Responding to the season's urgent beat,
While human babies have to take their time:
Smile, chuckle, crawl, then walk, before they climb.

Lesley Gann

Servers of the Seeds of Spring (Sculpture)

From the dark of winter and the ancient place, comes the Seed Bearer and helpers, bringing hope and new life into the light.



Libby Hall

The Allotment in Spring (Print)

The allotment was and still is my place of security. The only place my children would let me go. Such a wonderful outdoor space and more fruit and veg than you can shake a stick at.



Maggie Pugh

Untitled (Sculpture)

The first lockdown provided time to consider some of the clutter in our home and what could be done to recycle it in a novel way. I thought about the activities I had enjoyed as a child. All things to do with horses featured highly: drawing, riding, grooming, the beauty of their

movement. I wanted to regenerate that feeling of joy and respect, using items that were no longer wanted. This horse head is constructed of chicken wire and old supermarket magazines applied as paper mache. I'm still wondering whether to paint it.



Mary Stuart-Smith

Roadmap to Spring

(Acrylic & Caulk on Canvas)

In spring 2020 nobody would believe we were going to experience a year of Lockdowns and roadmaps to release. This piece shows Spring (2021) as we enter our final set of restrictions. We can see soil, growth, spring colours and a progression to a sunny summer. With a little sparkle

as well. (look closely!)

This piece was made on canvas using acrylic paint and decorator's caulk for the textures.

This is only the second painting I have ever attempted.



Mildred Bluett

Spring - Sunshine and Showers

(Textiles)

This is depicting spring - sunshine and showers. I had not done any stitching before, but did this after taking part in an Artspace textile and stitching session.



Nicky Bale

Awakening (Acrylic)

I have no prior experience or training and at the age of 62 during lockdown I converted my garden shed into a 'She Shed' and treated myself to some paints and an easel. I can get 'lost' whilst painting and missed being out there in the winter, so have had an electric line

and lighting installed. I wouldn't have found this new hobby if it wasn't for lockdown as I wouldn't have found the time; now it's my priority.



Roger Drury

Age (Poetry)

This poem is inspired by a glade which I have discovered during my lockdown walks - it is as though I am surrounded by

the words I use and questions that arrive from being there and by a few image memories from childhood.

It starts again
I follow closely

I'm trying to match the pencil to a word
Blank
It hovers as I wait for it to dive
Plain, white, empty, message
Blank

Thinking watching, frozen
those drones promise danger
It will never end here, never

I am standing on a line
steady- keep breaths regular
thinking ahead I'm hovering over each step
ice on the pond, slip in the mud
don't wait-
dissolve the words that make you hesitate

I do, and I might
fear me, day or night
hear me lapse
Add up- there is not a total
adds up year on year
what's up- be told every birthday
enjoy, stay calm, don't stop

Pile of books, full of words
remember stories
back and forth remember stories
My youth fades
in the novels people last longer
wider gates, steeper steps

on the cupboard frame
the measurements of childhood
lines drawn above my head
should I capture these marks
like pencil shavings
crayon drawings
how else do I grasp it in my hands

this, this, this disappears
up to my neck in silence
up to my neck in silence

it starts again
it starts again
I follow closely

Steph Smith

The Arrival of Spring (Poetry)

My dormant love of poetry was recently reignited during an Artspace distance learning course, when we were encouraged to make mindful observations of the arrival of Spring.

This is one of several poems that I wrote as a result of this process.

O Maister Winter, be off to bed,
A nightcap of Old Man's Beard on your head.
Your hair in dirty rivulets pours,
Your acorn teeth are crack'd in your jaws.
Your rooty feet are gnarly and worn,
Your twiggy fingers with lichens adorn'd.
You've a waistcoat of briars and berries for warts,
And icicles drip from your stoney heart.

O Mistress Spring, awake from your bed!
Throw off your sheet with dried leaves all spread.
Put on your crocus crown firm on your head.
Step into your gold dress of affodyle*.
You've primroses, ivy and quince to reveal,
Heartsease and celandines peep from the weald.
So drape your bare shoulders in violets wild,
Come walk among us and stay for a while.

You bring us the colours and scents of the Earth.
You promise the miracle of land's rebirth.

**affodyle
In Shakespeare's time there were several names for daffodils, such as 'daffydowndilly' and 'daffodilly'. It is thought, however, that the name came originally from a very old English word, 'affodyle', which means 'that which comes early'.*

Steve Gaskin

Scowles (Photography)

The Scowles in the Forest of Dean are landscape features which are the surface remains of iron ore extraction. Over time nature has regenerated and gradually reclaimed these man made hollows

turning them into fascinating shapes with twisted trees in an otherworldly woodland. These mesmerising shapes add mystery to the enchanting forest.



Suzanne Snowden

Friends (Textiles)

I am a lifelong textile enthusiast but a career has resulted in less and less time for hobbies. Lockdown changed that giving time to focus on hobbies. But nature carries on regardless of lockdown, giving hope. Lockdown started in spring and growth and regeneration has taken many formats, creativity, friendships,

hobbies and shared interests. This quilt uses fabrics collected over the years, it is grown around the centre panel, which has been machine stitched and quilted to emphasise the outline, by adding complementary colours and patterns to frame the image. Measurements are 138cm x 88cm.



Val Ormrod

Growing Pains (Poetry)

Words wait in your head like seeds,
until a random thought propagates,
an idea grows roots, reaching
deep into your brain for neurons to spark
and fizz, to fire imagination,
to germinate in inchoate form.

Tentative, its first shoots are frail
and tender, ready to shrink back
into the soil and turn to mulch
at the first hint of uncertainty
heralding the acid rain
of your inner critic's contempt.

Some roots will endure,
seek nourishment, be nurtured,
allow their buds to burgeon.
More words will sprout, be pruned and
shaped
until the insistent beat of a new poem
grows stronger, demands its own space
and rushes to blossom on the page.

Summer

Togetherness and Vitality

As the weather gets warmer, we all emerge and begin joining together in outdoor spaces once again. We have arrived at Summer - a season of togetherness and vitality.



Summer Flight - Sheila Croney (Collage)

Amanda Wynnytzkyj *Untitled* (Gouache)

The rolling waves along the shore crashing into the sand with varying ferocity reminds me of our lives. Turbulent and gentler times, ever changing. The holidays we all crave meeting loved ones for happy times,

care free, breathing deeply the sea air that dispels the fog and filling our lungs with a purity that can overwhelm yet revitalise. To sit at the water's edge and just feel. Just be.



Amanda Wynnytzkyj

Annie Tyhurst

Harpist in a Hat (Photography)

Many people have never heard the harp played live and, as a music therapist, I know about the comfort that music can bring. So during the first lockdown, I made a series of harp 'broadcasts' on a local Forest of Dean Covid Facebook group.

And the hat? Well, everyone has had to endure bad hair with hairdressers closed, so it seemed a good idea to use my extensive collection of hats!

Watch Annie's harp performance on our website www.artspacecinderford.org/lockdown



Becky Roberts

Earth Witch (Sculpture)

I created this bench during lockdown, in dedication to my mother Louise Lawrence. It's made entirely from what I had around the house and garden - the front legs were hand carved from a rotted out fence post, the raised ivy pattern was from an old fence feather board, and the

stain was made from wire wool cider vinegar and blackcurrants. The elf sat on the bench was carved during lockdown too, from an old log back pine I had in the garden.



Carole Goodhall

Communities Together

(Watercolour and Ink)

2020 to 2021 has been the most difficult time for everyone. The pandemic has brought fear, worry, loss and isolation, and at the same time; togetherness throughout the world.

My artwork is representing all people around the world, in their masks, coming together, to help each other.



Carolyn Gemson

Bringing in the Sheaves (Collage)

Made for my aunt who was a landgirl, showing what we share across the generations and celebrating her vitality at 90.



Carolyn Kilburn

Hang in There (Ink and Chalk Pastels)

I have really enjoyed developing my artwork over the last year or so through lockdown and with the support of my family and friends got the courage to set up an Instagram account to show this. Instagram has built my confidence in getting myself out there, which is something I thought I would never do as social anxiety is something I have to deal with on a daily basis.

Lockdown has enabled me to develop my art style and learn more about how to use social media. My piece, called 'Hang in there', is for anyone struggling in these difficult times to try and stay positive and keep going. Times will get better even though this is hard to see at the moment. I like to put a 'little lovely' in to someone's day and if it lifts them up and makes them smile, then that makes me happy.



Francis Marriott

At the Harbour (Watercolour)

A small harbour in summer can be a place full of life that brings people together to take boat trips, look at the view, or simply to sit a while and let

their senses soak up the smells, noises, movement, colours and vitality of the scene before them.



Gail Harrison

Neville (Pen)

This is a drawing of my nephews dog, done in water soluble pens. As I haven't been able to get nice birthday cards in lockdown I have been making my own cards. This is a young dog full of vitality.

We haven't been able to see my nephew, his wife and 1 year old daughter during lockdown and after he received the card it prompted him to get in touch, which has brought us closer.



Gaynor Thorp

Nasturtiums (Textiles)

A weaver experiencing a summer with nasturtiums in their full glory of intense colour, an artist painting the very same subject. We discussed the velvety depth of the orange that was impossible to capture, be it with coloured thread, watercolour or oils. I wove a length of fabric in

linen using differing shades of oranges and reds with both the blazing colours of nasturtiums and my artist friend, Mariette, in mind. I sewed the fabric up into a wraparound apron for her to paint in. I never did capture that elusive, magical, vibrant intensity of summer.



Jacqueline Martin

Kingfisher Dive (Oil on Pastelmat)

I wanted to try and challenge myself by using a different technique on both a medium and surface that I've never personally used together before, with subjects that I have a genuine passion for - Wildlife. This image gave me the courage to just dive straight in. Firstly I created a blended oil under painting

to help give it depth and movement. Once dried this allowed me to apply oil paints on top being the kingfisher and air bubbles. I used oil pencils for finer detail. (Polychromos). This experiment has taught me not to be afraid to try things that you may think are out of your depth.



Jane Rennard

"Stay Home, Stay Safe" (Creative Writing)

Dreading the enforced isolation.

LOVING the enforced isolation.

Angry words after an accidental, illegal hug.

Loving words after a deliberate, legal hug.

Kindness, creativity, astonishing selflessness.

Astonishing selfishness.

Guilt for the joy of having my daughter at home from university in London. Dissertation submitted. Degree gained. Graduation cancelled. Unemployment at 21. A young life on hold. Stoic yearning to return to the city for her. A gift from the universe for me.

Box sets. Booze. Bubbling belly laughs. Books. Boredom.

"You're on mute". Life's on mute.

Solace in the garden. A magenta dahlia punching me in the eye with a joyful fist.

A pop-up MoodSwing discovered in the woods at Soudley Ponds: "you haven't asked to be pushed since you were 5 years old!"

Night sweats, vivid dreams, insomnia hypochondria – is that a cough?

Cherishing our bubble: Our mums, vulnerable only by age. My daughter, vulnerable only by age.

Guilt again – we are unscathed.

Gratitude. My daily mantra: 'we are all safe and well'.

Jane Spray

Lockdown Lamb (Poetry)

A poem written last May, so it is on the cusp of Spring and Summer. Vitality is there, in the form of the lamb: a half grown lamb, and very strong. A thwarted

and longed-for togetherness is there too, wishing for my daughter to be with us - both daughters really - and to be able to give them a hug.



In the dark of the stumble-fold field, tussling
to remove its stuck-ness from the fence,

I hug the lamb, and feel its life force spring
as, sudden-free, its four-legged leap
takes me flying.

Waking to birdsong, clear as the air we breathe, I draw
the curtain, see a novel cloud trail

powering through this morning's ghost moon
in the otherwise unblemished blue.

People on the move, on the go, across the sky again.
I'll stay grounded, right here;

picking rhubarb, picking wild strawberries;
only going, when I have to, like a masked bandit, to the
shops.

My daughter, London-locked, wants a photo of lambs.
Wish she could be here instead. And I could give her a hug.

Jennie Davis

Full Bloom (Textiles)

Imaginary flower head in full bloom.
I made a stamp and printed onto
cotton fabric then embroidered during
lockdown.



Jolie Marchant

Perk up Pecs and Activate Abs!

(Poetry)

As the gyms closed for training during lockdown, over the past 18 months, trainer Gordon emailed us, his 'senior members', a programme of exercises to carry out at home.

I wrote this poem to inspire others who were battling with exercising from home.

I love my daily training,
a programme set up for home.
Keeps me perk and active
while spending time alone.

Starting slowly, warming up
my aching major joints,
I follow Gordon's plan
to earn my 'brownie points'.

Upper body arm rotations
elegantly in motion,
gets passing neighbours waving
as they witness the commotion.

I grab a wooden spoon,
get ready on the mat,
for the crazy Russian twists,
while wearing my Cossack hat.

As the Red Army Choir sings,
I swing from side to side.
Reaching for my hips
my joints come alive.

After seated dips and flutter kicks
I take myself in hand.
To concentrate on balance
I try the tandem stand.

For other balance workouts
in kitchen, lounge or hall.
Posing a flamingo?
Need support? Use the wall.

For intercostals and obliques
I'm kayaking on the floor.
To propel myself along,
use a paddle, not an oar.

Into lounge with arms aloft
I dry swim butterfly and crawl.
My breast stroke's causing carpet burns
as I edge towards the hall.

Now I'm seated cycling,
push legs with agility,
keep motion slow, controlled,
to gain flexibility.

So I follow Gordon's guide
and motivate myself.
Listen to my body
and focus on my health.

Lack of sparkle, weary,
or occasionally glum?
Raise a laugh while raising your calf.
Relax, make it fun.

Joy Thomas

Tranquility (Acrylic)

I started painting landscapes during lockdown to keep myself occupied and creative. I have always loved crafting of any kind but found I could really lose myself in painting.

I had done acrylic pouring previously but this is the first time I have tried painting landscapes and I wanted to create something peaceful and reflective.



Kath Sammons

Summer (Mixed-Media)



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Lin Corcoran

Summer Days (Acrylic)

Capturing the vibrancy of a summer meadow.



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Mary Padley

Summer: Freedom! (Textiles)

I am looking forward to having freedom like the gulls and butterflies. To see the sea and sunshine after the 'dullness', 'isolation' and 'imprisonment' of

lockdown is one of my hopes for the future. I do feel that lockdown has given me a new appreciation of God's creation.



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Melanie Clarke

All The Way Through (Paper)

This piece - an etching on creased, folded, torn paper - refers to the point just before summer turns into autumn; the summer leaves at their dusty, heaviest, darkest

state. Catching sight through the trees of sunlight on a further plantation in the forest.



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Pete Stanway

Deconstructed Dandelion (Mixed-Media)



Roger Ryan

Summer (Mixed-Media)



Sally Lomax

Where's the Picnic? (Textiles)

This tree so large and so very green holds all the desire for Summer warmth. But the knitting of it in a warmer stitch, with a higher collar is acknowledging that

change will come. I don't use a pattern but watch what emerges to express what I feel. This jumper is not finished yet.



Sheila Croney

Summer Flight (Collage)

This collage-type piece was inspired by seeing the different kinds of geese around the ponds in the forest when walking the dog in the summer.

I have always loved the form of flying geese, herons and cranes and Japanese art work so tried to combine them.



Sue Haverly

There's Still Life! (Collage)

This piece was made as part of the Artspace 'Re imagining Still Life' workshop. Glorious, vibrant summer flowers lift the heart's spirit while the vase

part of a photograph of a fabulous evening dress - looks as if it's about to dance away across the fields and hills to freedom and fun. If only. Maybe this year!



Sue Manser

Sizzling Hot Summer (Acrylic)

I think that this acrylic picture I created during the recent 'Inspired by India' course depicts 'togetherness and vitality'

as these two friends dance in the hot summer sun as though no one else is watching - just for the sheer joy of it!



I saw your Facebook post
smiling as you turned ninety
alone
your planned party abandoned
with one daughter stranded in Thailand
all flights forbidden,
and your other daughter shielding a sick husband
your only visitor your grandson
carefully placing the casserole he'd cooked
on your doorstep
returning to his car for a cake baked specially
half-choked by chocolate
and candles, each one
marking a decade of a life
well lived.

You posted that photo too
showing him in your front garden waving
and blowing kisses.
(He knows he mustn't kill Grandma.)

On Facetime you held up my flowers
delivered promptly
but still bashfully hiding their bloom
behind the confines of tight buds.
They looked meagre, inadequate,
unprepared
for such a momentous day
as if their plans to blossom had been thwarted too
though you assured me
they will be beautiful in a few days.
I wanted them to be beautiful now
like you
smiling your radiant smile
never complaining
expressing your gratitude
just to be alive, still alive
and smiling,
still smiling.

Autumn

Loss and Change

As Summer fades, we enter a period of change and loss, with the arrival of Autumn.



Eden; Nature Reserve in Autumn - Ellie Thomas (Pastel Paint)

Ally Goff

Constrained (Sculpture)

I was in self isolation for the first 8 months of lockdown 2020. During this time I used creativity and making as a means of expression and understanding what we were all experiencing. This hand-manipulated tile has been part-glazed and Raku fired. The unpredictable results

illustrate the huge stresses and strains the clay has undergone during this process, contorting its shape and changing its colour. The handmade stretch marks tear at the material form, as if lost, confined and unable to escape.



Cathy Banks

Autumn Colours (Textiles)

I experimented with bondaweb and stitching for this piece. The inspiration comes from one of my favourite walks through beech woods in the Autumn.



Sniff, sniff.

The smell taunted him. It had filled his nostrils with its lush pungency all day long.

He lifted his head, heavy jowls wobbling. Sparse whiskers quivered at the memories.

Here it came again, carried on the crisp air drifting through the doorway. Tempting him.

He sniffed again, salivating.

Moving quietly so as not to disturb the others, he stole to the door and peered out, black eyes narrowed to better examine the shadows.

All was quiet. The hens in the henhouse slept, safely locked away from foxes; the dog dozed in the barn, curled in the straw; no lights reflected on the swept stones of the farmyard where the scarred and bleached cider mill stood: the source of his temptation, standing innocently quiet now.

Heedless of the autumnal chill, he stepped into the night. The gate opened at his push with barely a squeal. He slipped through and up the rutted lane, kicking up the dry leaves which the wind had swept into tidy piles. Down to the wider track he went, more quickly now. The cold moonlight lit his way; the cloying fragrance steered him as surely as a stick pointing the way.

The Brown Snout came into view, a black silhouette against the silver stars. He had it all to himself and he made the most of that. Supping at the offerings, more please, more. Gulping it down, the sweet stench dizzying his brain.

Ah! Near to satiation, he sat on his broad rump and wondered at the way the arching roof of the Brown Snout wavered like a heat haze.

But there was another visit to make.

Out again into the colder night, pink skin warm and glowing, onto the Kingston. Others were here; appeared to have been at it for a while, but they let him in, barely noticed his presence. And again, he relished the long cool slide of heavenly bitterness down his gorge.

His stomach was stretched to its considerable limits, his fat legs tremulous. The world around him spun as steadily as the handle of the cider press in the farmyard had done that afternoon.

The farmyard. He turned homewards, shuffling up the track, past the Brown Snout, up the lane. The gate had grown heavier since he left and he had to shove, hard, grunting with the effort.

The gate shrieked its resistance and clanged shut.

A light came on. He knew he should hurry but he couldn't. He knew he should be tucked up with the others. But he wasn't.

'Eh! Who's out there?'

A window screeched open.

'Good Lord! Look who it be!'

Freddie wavered. He needed his bed.

'It's our Freddie!'

Thudding footsteps.

'Freddie! What thee been up to?'

Freddie wobbled. Sleep beckoned him to welcome oblivion.

'Been stuffing thyself on ciders, have thee, Freddie?'

Raucous laughter.

A slap on his bum sent Freddie stumbling into the straw.

'Back to bed with thee! Bit of a sore head in the morning, hey? Thou silly old pig!'

Footnote: Brown Snout and Kingston Black are English cider apples - not pubs...

Early in 2020 my house was inundated by a flash flood. All of my downstairs contents were condemned as well as many personal belongings. Desperately upsetting as it was, there was really only one way to approach the disaster – by treating it as an opportunity to regenerate. But, shortly after the flood

the world was presented with Covid 19 and the associated impact on all of our lives and the tragedies experienced by so many people. So, in my poem 'Outcomes' I endeavour to reflect my own personal positive approach to whatever life cares to throw at me.

The glass is half empty, the glass is half full
Is there a difference or is it just bull?
It's all a disaster or it's a new start
Everything's wrong or only just part
A massive new problem or a lesson to be learnt
How big a disaster if the toast just got burnt?

I sit here in lockdown and count up the score
In grand isolation I can't leave the door
Dennis (the menace) flooded my home
Just before Covid-19 decided to come
My furniture's gone, my books are all trash
And my treasures are missing along with some cash

But now here we are and the news has been bad
So it's OK to worry, it's OK to be sad

But wait just a minute let's take a good look
I'm out in the sunshine reading a book
My shopping just came in a van to my door
And I've worked out a brand new plan for my floor
I'm finding new hobbies, I'm learning to knit
I'm building a battleship out of a kit

My house may be empty, but I am OK
My mind holds my treasures, the memories replay
And I don't need the objects to give me recall
I can always remember without them at all
It's a new start for me and I'm glad that it's so
It's too easy to sit and forget to how to grow

The news is still tragic but it's on the mend
And everyone's now being everyone's friend
Perhaps when it's over we'll see that we've found
That things do get better through hardship all round
It does seem ironic that the worse that it gets
We all seem to stand up and bring out our best

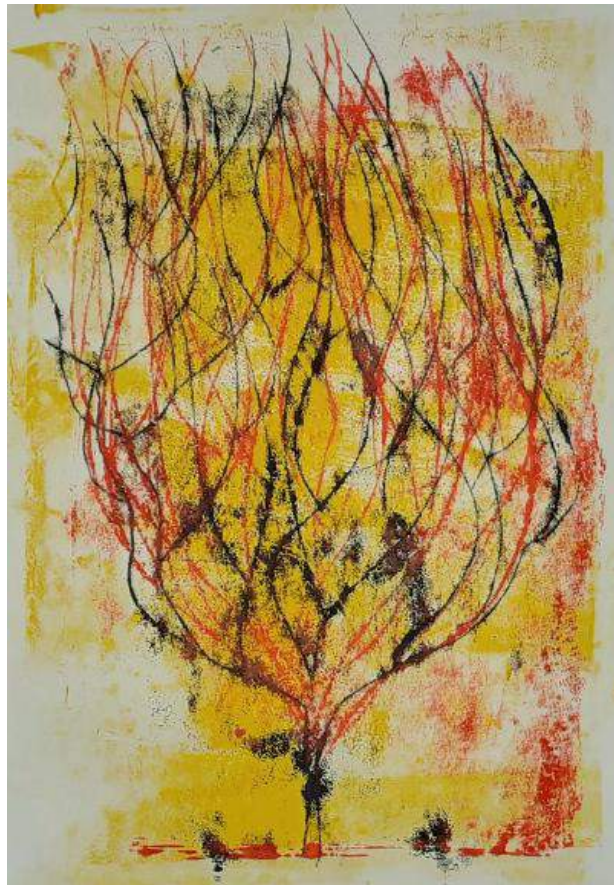
So now to the future, what more does it hold?
Our lives are all changing so we must be bold
Take hold of the chances that we have now got
To make the world better, like it or not
So now we are finally back from the brink
Half full or half empty, well, what do you think?

Clancy Ward

Fire Tree (Mono Print)

Part of a set of mono prints inspired by the 'Home is Where the Art is' printmaking course with [Artspace artist] Melanie Clarke, depicting the impressions, dreams and memories I have of my local area during the past year.

I feel so lucky to live in the Forest of Dean and to be surrounded by such beauty and I immerse myself in the forest as much as possible.

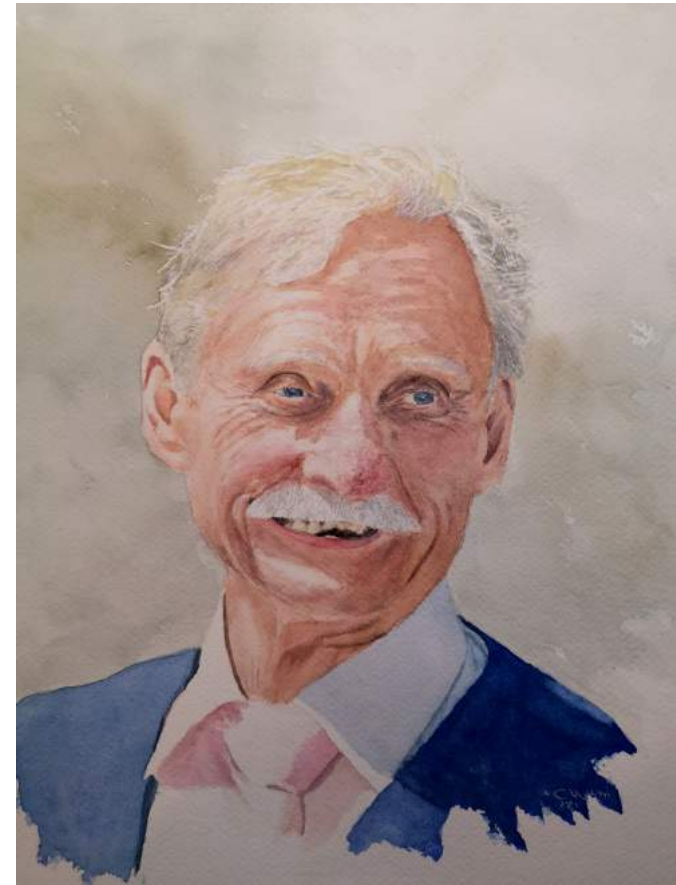


Colin Wynn

Michael (Watercolour)

Michael was my father in law who sadly passed away in September 2018 after a short illness. Within a short period of time from telling my wife that he had untreatable cancer, he was gone. I started watercolour painting during lockdown

2020 and decided to paint this portrait for my wife at the beginning of 2021 as i thought i could do him justice by then. It hangs in pride of place where she can see it every day so he's never really gone.



Darren Hoskins

Corrugated Cranky (Audio / Video)

I've been using "Crankies" recently (I've only found them by accident on Facebook a couple of months ago) as they seem to mix the excitingly new (recording them for social media) and the reassuringly old school (I think I've started doing them like some middle-aged men take up model railways). Lockdown hasn't really affected me as much as other people, as I would have been messing about at home on the farm in between farming work

anyway. There's a Facebook page which is dedicated to old buildings made up of rusting corrugated tins and I can see the fascination and this project was inspired by that, as they are so evocative of the people who used them, now long gone presumably. (As the crankies seem to remind me of Ivor The Engine, Nogin The Nog, The Herb Garden etc, from my childhood, long gone, but possibly coming back again...)



See this performance on our website www.artspacecinderford.org/lockdown

David Cross

Visiting (Photography)

This image was made on a trip to drop off food and general supplies to my aging Mother, trapped in her house in town alone, enduring the Covid Lockdown and Isolation. We all found I think what is vital in our lives during the pandemic and

this image represents all the friends and family that we were unable to visit and check up on properly. Not everyone has come out the other side intact, we should consider them in our daily activity post Covid-19.



Deborah Gregory

For My Sister, Maz (Poetry)

This poem is about loss.

**For my sister, Maz.
1944 - 2021.**

Moths have eaten into my childhood
making holes, laying eggs
in the fabric we shared.
And the beetle that holds up the moon
is exhausted.

A spider is called for
a labyrinth weaver
a memory aid.
In her web I will hang
our pinafore dresses,
our visits to Grandma,
Mum's hopeless cooking,
our LPs, transistors,
our corduroy collars
and the beach
with the ice creams
the bunting, the white sand
and the sea
forever
calling us back.

Ellie Thomas

Eden; Nature Reserve in Autumn

(Pastel Paint)

The local Nature Reserve is a space of
quiet tranquillity on the edge of town.
Stopping here one afternoon last Autumn
I was captivated by the 'wild beauty' of
this place.



Fiona Channon

Ascension (Acrylic Ink and Pastel)

This is about transformation, enlightenment and the support that is all around if you are open to it. Moving to a higher vibration that reflects love, compassion and harmony with all living things.



Jacqui Rokodravu

**Walk On Crispy Leaves Under
Blue Sky** (Mixed-Media)



Julie Lisseman

Daddy Bear (Textiles/Mixed-Media)

My father unfortunately had a fall in June and died in hospital from complications. I made the bear from his lap blanket and clothing; the hair is needle-felted and the eyes and glasses made from fimo - the

only thing I didn't make was the plastic joints. He is my memory bear and sits in the chair my father used to sit on when he came for a visit.



Kate Fedden

Gather ye Rosebuds (Poetry)

As this poem was written in October, and I am in my late eighties, it feels as if it represents the autumn of my life as well as the autumn of my garden.

The title is quoted from Robert Herrick's poem, 'To the Virgins, to Make Much of Time', in which we are encouraged to do what we can while we still can.

By Icy hail battered
Tattered leaves torn down
The clods of earth are sodden
Trodden by ghosts alone.
My plans are done and dusted,
My garden tools are rusted:
The garden's overgrown.

I sowed the seed and planted,
Haunted the garden fair
In the enchanted air.
Yet nothing is forever
Flowers fade and fall
And nature will prevail.
Now my powers are failing
Ailing and held in thrall.

Hail gives way to rainbows
And the dark clouds move on.
The days of wine and roses -
Take them as they come,
Days of joy and laughter,
Love in the afternoon.
What matters the hereafter?
All will be gone so soon.

Lesley Luker

The Oak Green Man (Air Dry Clay)

During the first lockdown I really felt at one with the forest it healed me living and walking in it everyday as I missed my family so much. I don't think I have ever

appreciated living here as much as I do now I feel so lucky it inspired me to make a Green Man. He's made from air dried clay.



Linda Harvey

Fading Days (Textiles)

As we rotate the sun and the days get colder, a last celebration of colour... goodnight for now.



Nettie Lee

Hole Hearted (Photography)

Seeing the beauty in decay. There's a heart shaped hole in this beautiful fly agaric mushroom as it starts to fade into decay in the melancholy of autumn days.



Pamela Jones

Casts (Mixed-Media)



Penelope Weedon Kerr **Boots** (Poetry)

This piece describes the sense of loss felt when one finds an article belonging to a loved one who is no longer there - in this case, a pair of well-used and loved walking boots.

The artwork which inspired the poem, by the artist Jolie Marchant, is included

alongside the words. It was used as a prompt in a workshop run by Dean Writer's Circle, who have continued to meet by Zoom during the Covid pandemic lockdown.

It was going so well
till I found your boots.
I'm amazed you left them
when you 'walked'.

I recall the hills, the views, the picnics
when our souls seemed to meld into one,
when the warmth of the sun touched your smile.
It's been a while since then.

I look at them again,
pick them up, handle the creases left by your feet.
How could something so ineffably sweet
turn so sour?

Was there a month, week, day, hour
when our friendship capsized,
when I changed in your eyes?

Did you leave them as a message
that you'd return?
Should I keep them, burn them,
frame them - or blame them
for making me weep?

No, I'll just close the cupboard
and leave them to sleep.

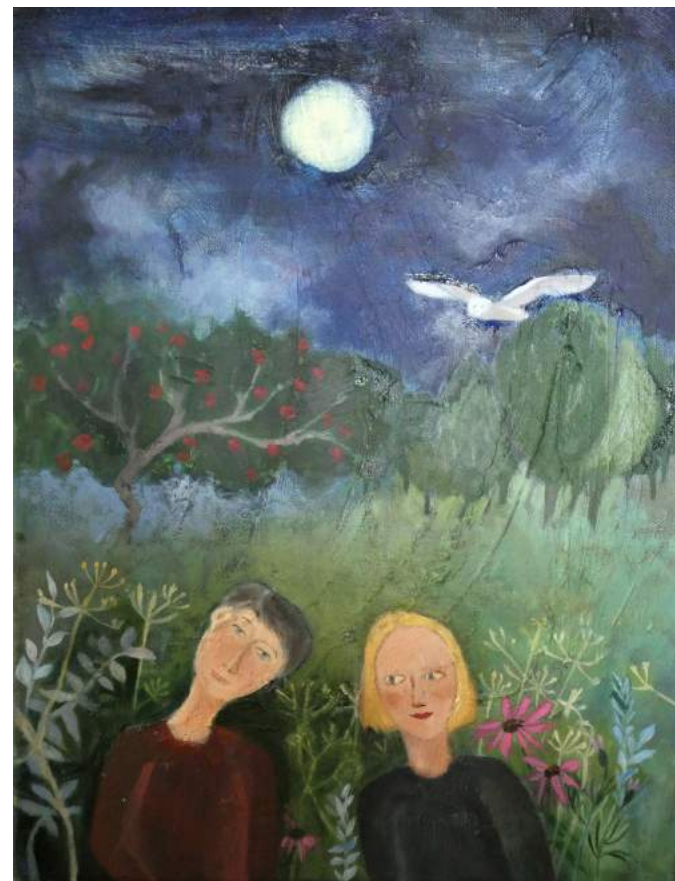


Penny de Ruyter

Listening for the Owl (Oil)

This painting was inspired by listening out for the sound of the owls in the late evening, during a visit to my sister. She lives in Cinderford and has a very productive apple tree,

as well as lots of flowers in her garden, and we always go for walks in the woods whenever I visit.



Pip Deave

Jura (Oil)

Lockdown gave me some extra time to paint this as a gift for my brother who turned 60 two years ago! It shows Jura and the Paps mountains. He loved this place.

He owned the house on the left, and the picture shows his boat too. They were sold a couple of years ago.



Popi Chadwick

Autumn (Textiles)

This is a glycerin preserved leaf attached to hessian with a running stitch and French knots. Measures 20cm square.



Sally Hayward

Autumn Poem (Poetry)

Now we are into the second week of October, autumn has begun.
Frosty night's and sun shines so low in the sky.
Clocks go back an hour within the next fortnight; an extra hour in bed.
Animals from hedgehogs and tortoises go into hibernation.
Put more logs on the fire, keep warm and snuggle up.
Remembering watching the clowns juggling in the Circus.
Looking forward to the springtime.

Sarah Hannis

For Dad (Textiles)

This piece is in memory of my Dad who lived his life in Fairford. We lost him in Autumn 2019 and this piece brings back memories of childhood summer days out on Minchinhampton Common with a Peter Powell kite. Dad and Gloucestershire seem to be woven into the whole piece. After signing up

to a textile course with Gloucestershire artist, Jayne Emerson, I was inspired to use the linings for log cabin style patchwork. The kite shape was accidental and the memories flowed into the creative process. Dad was always recycling things - I think he'd approve.



Sharon Shirley

Mellow Fruitfulness (Textiles)

Stitched using Autumn colours, with John Keats' poem, 'Ode to Autumn', running through my head.



Sue Goodlass

Autumn Glory (Print)





They spring forth
as seeds in the brain,
become buds, burgeon and blossom
into full-blown ideas,
swell to fruit.
I scoop out the summer-sweet flesh,
and the juices spurt
as from an over-ripe peach.
I race to capture them
while the fruit is fresh and new and lush.

In the fall,
they tumble faster.
I grieve for those that escape my grasp
to lie at my feet
where they wither and rot.
Soon it will be winter,
the years all spirited away.
No more fruits to ripen -
the tree of imagination
stripped bare.

I dread the Autumn.

Others talk about 'mellow fruitfulness'
but I am inundated with runner beans and courgettes
which my neighbours now refuse.

The loss of light in the evenings is horrible.
We all look forward to the lengthening days and more light;
the days are too short and jobs remain undone when the daylight
waned.

The penetrating cold insists that the heating is put on.

I can't wait for the mystical day of December 21st - the Solstice.
We can now wait for lengthening days and more light.
The dreary days of winter cold is tolerable with light.

The bright crispy days of winter beckon me
with the seductive promise of times to welcome.
I revel in the snowy days, frosted twigs
against a backdrop of spiders' webs.

Autumn is spellbinding in the Forest,
the vast palette of colours in the leaves is magnificent;
but for me I mourn the lack of positive feeling.

Nature is shutting down.
Will it ever recover and reveal its beauty?

In Autumn, I never know.



Winter

Rest and Reflection

We're now at the final season of our journey through the year, and through the exhibition - it's Winter, a time for rest and reflection.



Winter Morning - Maureen Lane (Pastels)

Ali Black

Iron Ore Stream in Winter

(Mixed-Media, Acrylic, Paper, Charcoal and Dye)

I stood in front of my my easel with a big white canvas in front of me and I closed my eyes and thought of all the walks I have taken over the winter lockdown. I thought about my surroundings, the things I have seen. The tree represents the loneliness of so many, the iron ore stream

is a colourful hope of the things to come and the undecided winter sky is in tune with the undecided dilemma we have all faced during the pandemic. My family say it reminds them of battlefields... maybe what we have all been through has been a battle.



Amanda Wynnytzkyj **Our New Normal** (Poetry)

This was written during a Creative Writing workshop at Artspace.

I remember being told not to come in to work for now,
I remember for now turned into forever,
I remember the images on T.V. of infection,
I remember loss,
I remember thinking 'Not here',
I remember being wrong,
I remember creating, in felt, acrylic, watercolour and clay,
I remember that it was good, it was bad it was ugly too,
I remember that normal had disappeared,
I remember my first lunch with my sister in the sun,
I remember the warmth on our faces and on others too,
I remember the new normal linking our lives,
I remember the positive feeling inside.

Andrew Niblett

Reflecting on History (Sculpture)

For many years, I have worked in a local pottery. Lockdown changed all of that - we were made redundant and this enabled me to spend more time on my own creative journey. I incorporate found

battlefield relics in my pieces, this one is a WW2 ambulance steering wheel, but couldn't think of how to use it - lockdown gave me the time. Summer rains, summer sun, winter ice it's battled through.



Ann Fairman

Let the Light In (Acrylic)

This abstract painting in acrylics on canvas was painted for fun to brighten a dreary February week during lockdown 2021.



Carol Knight

Winter's Fox (Acrylic and Mixed-Media)

Covid had cancelled Christmas and spirits were low. Love came at a distance, only. Standing at the window as winter darkness fell, I saw it. A flash of russet and a blink of white brush, the fox slunk past, skinny ribs low to the ground. The

Christmas lights softly illuminated the deserted bird table and the feast below was his alone. Cautious at first, but then bold, he took his fill. Hunger sated, he dissolved into the darkness - a night wraith and winter's fox.



As I edge inexorably towards the winter of my years,
threads of cataract mist roll up the valley,
seep into my eyes, thicken into a deafening fog.
Bitter frost aches joints,
freezing the bones' core of stark trees.
I sink into Winter's deep dark Yin:
hedgehog- hibernating,
staring into the spitting Solstice fire flame,
seeking the promise of another Spring.

I don't remember if a hard winter was forecast
but the pantry's full of Kilner jars
of spiced cinnamon scented apples from the wood,
bottled plump red raspberries,
tart blackcurrants to burst on the tongue
in crumbles and flaky pastry pies,
sour goosegogs and blackberry jams.

Steeped plum vodka and sloe gin for the grown-ups,
sweet blackberry vinegar to tenderise meat,
fat onions, their papery kite-tails trailing over the shelf edge,
spuds in stout paper sacks
and salted Scarlet Emperor runner beans,
wrapped apples to stuff with butter and juicy raisins.

Mint relish to tang roast lamb lunches,
chutneys and aromatic jellies for cheese.
Elderberry tincture against colds and flu,
hawthorn for poor circulation.
Summer's harvest, picked, pickled and potted.

Cherry Lyne

Sunrise over Edgehills (Acrylic flow)

Acrylic flow medium on canvas this feels the chill and bleak sun that doesn't warm a winter morning.



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Christine Waygood

Untitled (Textiles)



105

Deborah Gregory

Drop In On The Future (Poetry)

This poem was written when all we could do was reflect a brighter future.

I'll drop in on the future
when this is over,
sit with a friend in a warm kitchen
drinking coffee
eating cheese
talking of shoes and plants
and what the dog did on his walk
the other day.

I'll drop into the greengrocers
pick up oranges
weigh them in my hands
smell them
squeeze them.
I'll choose which bunch of asparagus
pleases me most.

I'll walk the coastal path
drop down to a beach
dangle my toes in a rock pool
select one cockle shell
eat chips while the sun sets.

I'll hug my friends, my sisters, my children,
with fresh ferocity.
I'll write a song of praise for carers
drop all pretensions
of ever being slim or young
again
fall into old age gratefully
understanding it at last.

** The title of this poem is a quote from the novel: 'Pereira Maintains' by Antonio Tabucchi.*

Diana Gash

Just a Touch of Warmth (Monoprint)

In Winter 2020, a quiet resignation prevailed. I weathered the first ever Christmas Day in 77 years spent alone.

Boxing Day I met my loved ones in a freezing and windswept garden and felt a welcome touch of warmth.



Before lockdown, I took part in a challenge to paint and hide a rock every day. I enjoyed it so much that I kept going after the challenge ended - I still hide at

least one per day! It gives both children and adults a jolt of pleasure finding one. I also love writing, so I wrote a story based around some of the rocks I made.



Silabet glided silently between the branches. She loved the cold and the silence of the season. Great fluffy flakes of snow drifted down to the ground. She marvelled as the snow always made the forest quieter as if it absorbed sound as it floated towards the soft soil. This was strange, though. She had noticed a change in the behaviour of the humans.

For a start, there were fewer of them about, and they did not stay long. Merely took their dogs walking then off into those noisy monsters and gone. What was happening? The Forest needed an inhabitants meeting. Surely someone would know what was going on? She flew on to Robert's roost. She knew to be careful when disturbing him. He was senior in terms of owl years but so unpredictable that the Inhabitant's Council had passed the leadership to her. She made sure in major decisions she consulted him first. That kept his slightly ruffled feathers smooth.

She said, "Robert have you any idea what's happening? Why is everywhere so quiet?"

He harrumphed. "I don't know or care. It's sure to be something to do with those dratted humans."

She nodded her head. "Yes, I thought so too. We should have an inhabitants meeting at moonrise tonight. That sort of time should mean everyone can get there. You'll come, won't you?"



She flew right to the other side of the forest where Jessica owl lived in a big old oak tree much like her own. Only hers had been in the family for generations. Large and comfortable inside with layers of soft feathers from ancestors to her own.



As the pallid full moon lit up the clearing around Silabet's roost, the animals started to come. All except the squirrels, who were warm and cosy in their dray. One squirrel, Fenella, stuck her head on the ledge of the hole in the tree and looked down at the assembled creatures.

Clearing her throat, Silabet said, "Have you noticed things have changed latterly? That roar from the black path is silent. There are no white paths through the sky, and very few humans are around. Do any of you know what is happening?"



Roxy Fox muttered, "Maybe they've all died and a good thing too. No more hunts."

Little white rabbit, a throwback to an ancestor who escaped a life in a hutch, said, "I don't think they have died, but something serious has happened. Whatever it is, we're all safe, so I don't care."



Just then, Ratty spoke, "I was visiting a dustbin at a house in the village and heard them talking. It appears there is a sickness amongst them, and they all have to stay in their houses. They are only allowed out for a short time, and they must not go too far away from their homes. I don't think there is anything we need to worry about."

The field mice all squeaked agreement. "Yes, we heard that too. But they still walk their horrid dogs who chase us so nothing new in our lives."

Ratty for once felt kind and said, "If you are out and see a dog, you can come and shelter with us."



Continued overleaf.

Felicity Edwards

The Silent Forest (Short Story)

Roxy said the same thing too. For once, the mice felt part of the bigger community.



Dame Badger spoke, “Do you remember when there was an illness which attacked and killed so many rabbits? I think this might be the same, but this time it’s attacking humans.”

Rabbit muttered, “Good thing too. I hope it kills all the humans off, and we get left in peace.”
Silabet said, “Bunny, I know your kind have had a bad time but let’s not get nasty.”



She looked about her. “So it’s something only attacking humans, so there’s no need for us to worry. Thank you all for coming. Good night to some and good hunting to others.”



Silently they all left to go their ways, and Silabet went off to hunt. She hunted far away, so she did not eat the mice friends who lived near her tree. Robert flew with her as they went past the human’s lights. They flew into the dark on the other side of the human village down towards the river.



Georgie Meadows

Thoughts (Ceramic)

During the winter I saw so many images of health workers exhausted and traumatised, here this man is taking time

out to rest and reflect on what he has just been through.



Georgina Watson

Four Seasons of Life (Print)

I had a Granddaughter born prematurely a week before the initial lockdown and I lost a very good friend before it has lifted.



112

Jane Rennard

Covid Christmas Bauble (Sculpture)

After a year of enforced rest, we reflected on the global pandemic s**t and made salt dough Covid Christmas baubles.

You can't polish a virus, but you CAN roll it in glitter.



113

Jean Florence

Tree Creeper (Poetry)

In winter all kinds of small birds roam together in feeding parties, presumably partly for protection from predators when the trees are bare. Fun to meet when you're out for a walk, but I've spent

many solitary hours just sitting watching the on-going party on the feeders in my garden. Lucky for birds they don't have Covid restrictions.

These winter days the tits and finches flock the feeders flitting from hedge to branch to perch and back while blackbirds feast on withered crabs so plenteous they forget to fight.

Today my eye is caught by movement on the mulberry tree coming and going as she spirals the trunk her curved beak probing with each pecking step, a little mouse like bird with mottled back and bright white breast. One of a kind she shares a page in my book with the nuthatch as, oblivious of each other, they share the tree.

A natural loner, having no kindred with whom to flock, she seeks protection from the busy crowd as, self-contained and purposeful, she grooms the tree and lifts my heart - as kindred spirits do.

Jolie Marchant

Requiem to a Lost Twin (Poetry)

I wrote this poem during the early months of 'lockdown'. While spending time alone my thoughts trailed to the past. As a child I felt 'someone was missing' then later at 21yrs of age, I learnt I had been one of a twin. We were born

in 1947 and my twin sister died at birth of cerebral palsy. The poem begins where it takes us through stages of being separate, then awareness of each other, touching and communication...

You nudge against my liquid bones as foetuses we stir.
Amniotic fluids echo
where oxygen and nutrients flow.
Together we wait and sleep.

Within our pear-shaped cavern
harmonious we float,
immersed in hums of heartbeats,
soothed by symphonic sensations.
Together we wake and glide.

Mutating fingers reach out.
Familiarity sensed,
exploring this swirling space
where limbs stretch and curl.
Together we seek and share.

Our mouths open, heads turn,
enthralled we bubble.
Gentle kicks ease our way
as we tag and tail in shadows.
Together we whirl, tempo pulsates.

Transcending devotion,
within this ebb and flow.
Entranced, we listen
as muffled murmurs, music
and song invade our enclave.

Roused now and restless
we traverse the womb.
Bouncing in unison
impatient, in suspense.
We leave soon.

Panic pulsates, around me.
Danger! A quickening rush.
You quiver and struggle
shackled by the tangle
of your tethered cord.

Chaos ensues.
Thrust from me, you're set free.
Rushed, rallied and raised,
along your burdened trail,
I track your pain.

I enter a world
of cotton-wrapped commotion.
Your presence clings, a shadow,
a smudge of breath
against my dimpled skin.

Through a veil of grief
I burst into life, find my own breath.
I'm cuddled, a bundle cherished,
tickled pink, but not to death.
Solace for a lamented loss.

Into a celestial place,
sister dear, you're fading,
like a half remembered dream.
A lost soul,
sheltered in my distant memory.

Kate Farminer

Small Comfort (Textiles)

Over the year I began to miss my beautiful grand-daughters enormously - I'd finished all the obvious tasks at home, tried painting and knitting, walking and chalking - I needed the task-less-usual to fill the space. Sewing machine and modelling clay! A series of Sindy outfits, posted in tiny Grandma-made-it parcels.

Nurse's scrubs for lockdown, bedding for a fresh Sindy-Spring clean; picnic sets and fishing nets for our virtual Summer, micro hand-knits for Autumn days - and Tigger for sending Winter-snuggles, as Grandma cuddles down in a Tigger onesie herself. Small Comfort.



Kate Fedden

Lockdown in Stroud Cemetery

(Poetry)

I am submitting this poem under the theme 'Winter' as it feels like the ending of something, coming to terms with what has gone before, but also suggests a start of something new, a hope of new life to come. The title and first four lines came to

me last November during the third period of lockdown when I was taking my daily walk up a steep hill to the old Victorian cemetery in Stroud, now a wildlife sanctuary.

The country's in chaos;
The towns are in turmoil -
I toil slowly up the hill
To the graveyard quiet and still.

Merchants' memorials in granite or marble
Stand here abandoned, some leaning, some fallen -
A pillar, an anchor, an angel in stone.
Stones for the gentry, the clergy, the millers,
Of sandstone or gritstone, of slate or of Hornton,
Of Purbeck or Portland, with borders and gravel.
For weavers and fullers, who've left their vats and looms,
Crosses mark more modest tombs.

The workhouse stands across the road.
Paupers are here: no cross, no stone
Nor mark nor mound disturbs their ground.
Nothing to show where they are gone -
Bodies put into the earth,
In death and life of little worth.

Railings are rusty; the chapel's for sale.
Saplings are sprouting; the grass seldom mown,
Orchid and oxeye, mullein and mallow,
Butterflies flourish, the wasp and the bee,
Adders in brambles, basking by day
Slow worms find shelter; glowworms in July
Lizards and ladybirds; hunters and prey.

Now the lichens and the rodents,
Rare plants and insects are at home:-
Their lives are sheltered and preserved
Secured by monuments of stone
The living here protect the dead;
The dead protect the living here.
Does this atone?

Lizzie Godden

Mending Dad's Blanket (Textiles)

My late Dad had a favourite woollen blanket. This Winter I dyed a piece of it and embellished it with stitch, inspired by the many colours of the moody Winter sky, remembering my Dad as I stitched,

reflecting on his love of the outdoors, of the seasons, of walking with him in Winter. I dyed the blanket and threads with plant dyes.



Lorna Stubbs

Winter (Textiles)

Gnarled trunk and bark of the old Oak contrasts with the paper-thin silver white of the nearby birch trees. How lucky we

are with our neighbours, the trees of the Forest.



Maureen Lane

Winter Morning (Pastels)

This piece depicts the scene that can be found in winter in the Forest of Dean, where I live.



Mildred Bluett

Winter (Poetry)

After taking part in an Artspace Creative Writing zoom session, I felt that I would have a go at writing a poem, something that I have never done before. I really enjoyed writing it which surprised me

as when the Zoom session started I felt totally out of my comfort zone. It is amazing what we can do if we just put our mind to it.

Wind, wind, wind,
Rain, rain, rain,
Cold, cold, cold,
Sometimes snow, snow, snow.

Phone rings, rings, rings.
Friends chat, chat, chat.
Now warmth in friendship enveloped in caring love.

Isolation brings unexpected emotions,
Sharing happiness, sadness, cares and worries.

Can we see through this mire of emotion?
Can we cope with this isolation enforced upon us?

But brighter days will come,
The sap will rise,
The trees will blossom,
The Lark will sing,
Spring will come.

Hang on and smile, there is a lot to look forward to.

Morag Potter

Winter Sunset (Textiles)

I love the winter skies with glorious sunsets and stark tree silhouettes. Inspired by an online art group challenge, I machine stitched this tree in a continuous line, apart from when I ran out of bobbin thread! This was originally

the reverse side, but I prefer its subtlety to the bright colours on the other side. This is the first piece of proper free machine sewing I have done for quite some while due to various health issues, so it was a joy to stitch.



Nigel Gisby

Frozen in Time (Acrylic on Canvas)

The frozen snowflake slows us down helping us to rest in our homes reflecting on the year that has just passed. Taking stock of how lucky we are to still be here as many have not made it through the

year. Nature is still there giving us time to reflect on times gone and times to come. Building strength for the spring and summer to come.



During one of [Artspace artist] Liz Bell's very enjoyable sessions, she suggested we write about two objects: one which we had used a great deal more and the other which we had used a great deal less during the Pandemic Lockdown.

I opted for my reading specs and my favourite shoes.



I'd ceased to be an avid reader long before I bought reading specs, so I ordered the plainest on offer. They proved mediocre, both cosmetically and visually.

"Shouldn't these change my life?" I asked the optician at my fitting. 'Words are still swimming in pairs across the page!'"

"Ah, that tells me you need a prism" he said, taking back my spartan black frames. "They'll be ready in a week."

The transformation was, aptly, spectacular. Being so cheap, they sat lightly on my often broken nose and words coalesced into black, static print. I tried a book, one I had loved as a child – Sherlock Holmes. My visual appetite returned. During an all-night session, I enjoyed once again the rush of language through my brain and wished I'd kept more books. But with my iPad newly in focus, virtual literature now floods my life, a breached dam of escaping joy.

I dusted my favourite shoes this week, revealing the 'is it peacock or is it jade' suede, the bands of faux crocodile skin, the almond-rounded toe and the 'over sixty, but still going for it' high heels.



My beloved gave me these when my feet first started to hurt. The perfect compromise – Hotter Shoes but schprauntzy. They used to go walkies weekly, inspiring me to wear nylons and nifty skirts. But now we don't exist below the waist. And what a waste! Such footwear refuses to be teamed with baggy tracksuit bottoms and has inched backwards into the shadows of my wardrobe.

It'll take private practice to master my Hotter heels again, but what a glorious day when they come out next, topped by a dress and tights, jingly jewellery, actual styled hair and make-up, for a trip to Cardiff, a pub supper and some glorious music in St David's Hall!

Penny Ballinger

Face Masks (Textiles)

I began making masks from scrap fabric early in the pandemic, when there were shortages even for healthcare workers who were risking their lives each day. At the time, the government still seemed to be divided on mask wearing. Yet Laura Spinney's account of the 1918 pandemic, 'The Pale Rider', indicated

that wearing face masks may have cut the death toll in USA cities by as much as 50%. Perhaps if we had reflected on the evidence from the past, official advice might have been the wearing of masks sooner, rather than shaking everyone's hands!



Rex Turley

Taking Flight in Lockdown

(Wood Carving)

My art piece is a carving of a Buzzard, the reason I chose winter is because during lockdown I have had time to rest. I find that carving in wood helps me to relax and before I know it, I've been in my shed for a number of hours. The Buzzard is

carved in pine with hand tools - gouges and knives. It's taken 14 months to complete and painted in acrylics, with pyrography detail on the feathers; the talons are wire-framed, covered with milliput epoxy putty.



Roger Ryan

Stronger (Poetry)

This poem was created for the 'Home is where the ART is' project in collaboration with Artspace writer Liz Bell. It is formed entirely by Roger's own words and

phrases, which were captured during a 1:1 session to explore his memories and thoughts about his life experiences, then edited into a poem by Liz.

One by one, my doctors are all dying.

It's ironic really -
I've lost count of the times
they've said I won't make it.
Like the Devil's helpers, they come

with their white coats and clipboards
shake their heads and say
there's no way he's going to live til morning.
But I'm still here, proving 'em all wrong.

In my family, we run in the rain
and when bombs fall, we go dancing.

They tell me I'll never get out of bed, but I know
that's not the way it's going to be.
I'll go outside and see the sky again.

They'll be really cross with me, if they ever realise I got out.

Rosie Clarke

Resurgence (Sculpture)

I made this piece by hand on my dining table, having spent the spring, summer and autumn learning to throw pots on my wheel. As winter approached I wanted to stay by the fire in the house, and slowly built this, adding a few inches each day so I could achieve the narrow base without it collapsing. I was inspired

by a seed pod I'd found in the early autumn and like to think that within the structure the beginnings of a new lives are stored, awaiting the spring. It was very therapeutic to build, I could let my mind wander as I smoothed and pressed the textured clay.



Sally Gee

Depths (Acrylic and Pen on Recycled Card)

I appreciate the stillness of winter, trees surrounding me in our beautiful forest. I am awe struck by their skeletal beauty and stillness, their strength. Ready

ing myself for spring - not unlike ourselves as seasons and difficult times pass.



Steph Smith

Self Portrait (Pencil and Watercolour)

This picture is drawn from a rare selfie, taken whilst on a snowy walk on the Green at Newnham, where I had gone to take photos of the stunning views towards the Forest across the fields, and, behind me, down to the river going towards Awre. I don't know what made me take a selfie. It's something I hardly ever do.

When it came to the sketching later I was not particularly hopeful of a good result, being far from an accomplished artist. So I was pleased when it turned out quite well. I slapped on a bit of ochre watercolour for my woolly hat and scarf. I like the sunglasses. It gives me a bit of mystery. And you can't see how old I am!

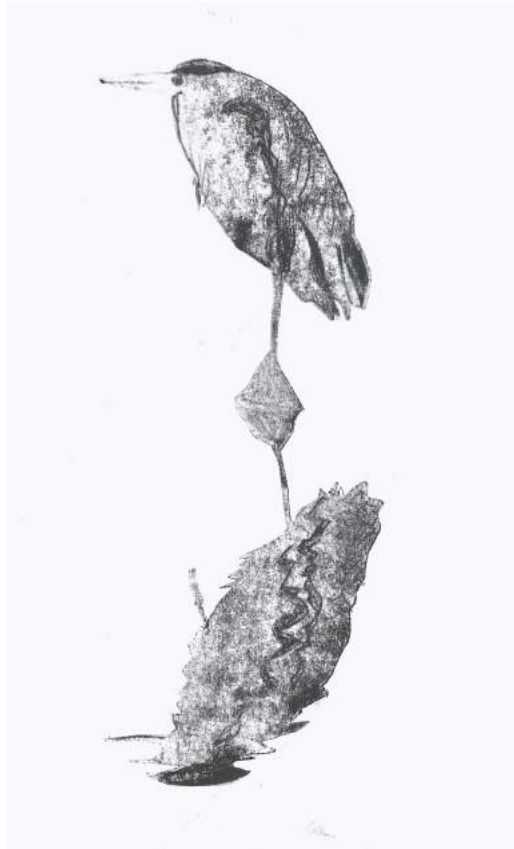


Sue Bamford

Grey Heron (Monoprint on Paper)

This piece is a monoprint I did in December 2020. It's based on a photograph I took some years ago in North County Dublin. The chosen theme

of winter is a literal interpretation of rest and reflection - the heron is motionless, and appears clearly reflected in the still water.



Sue Evans

In the Deep Midwinter (Acrylic)

The circles and curves in this picture remind us of the circle of life. What goes around comes around. Yet even on a stark, frozen night, there is beauty all around.

Quietly, in peace, the freezing earth cossets a kernel of new life. The world is not dead, but resting. There is hope of new life.

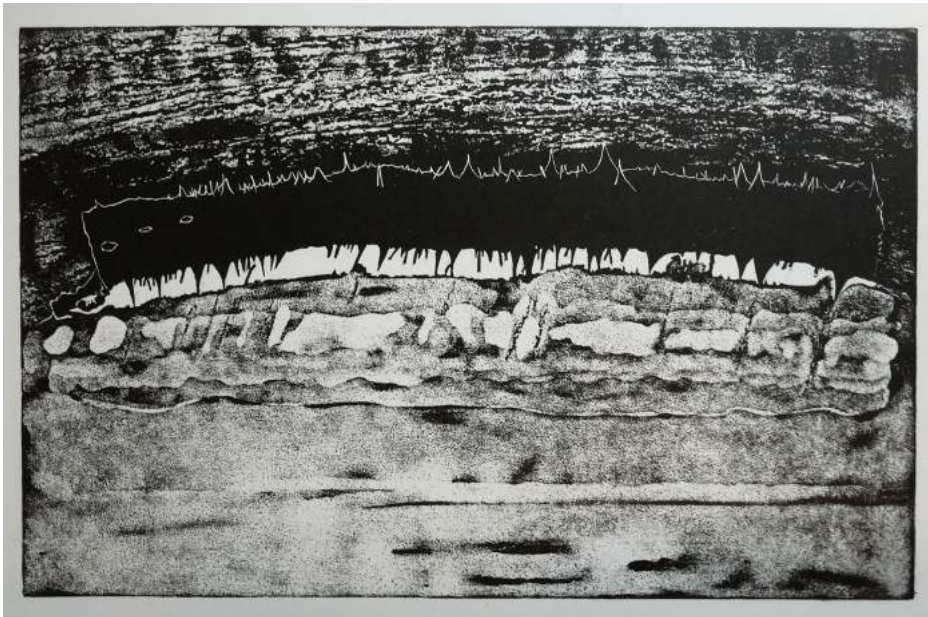


Tabitha Fedden

Rose Prunings IV (Linocut Print)

The subject matter of Rose Prunings IV is a bit of stalk from a prickly Maigold rose. I have made several prints using my collection of old rose prunings over the last year. This one is a linocut with caustic etch, traditionally printed with

black ink. I think it relates to the theme of winter as the light shines low through the thorns, creating long, wintery shadows which produces an austere and slightly menacing image redolent of this season.



Tracey Dixon

Woodland Baubles (Acrylic)

A chilly morning before Christmas I walked to the woods behind Castlemain Depot in Parkend where each year someone hangs baubles on young fir trees growing beneath their parents. Its quite magical.

Melanie Clarke's workshops on mono-printing inspired me to try using elastic bands, string, feathers, sticks, corks and netting to create this picture.



Val Ormrod

Breathing Free (Poetry)

When this is all over
I'll come to find you
hold you and hug you
once more.

I'll wheel you out from your musty room
wrap you in a fleecy jacket
wind a scarf around your neck
pull a woolly hat down over your ears
and take you for a drive in my car
even have the roof down.

We can have the heater turned up high
but you'll be free
to breathe the country air.

We'll drive through the forest
with sunlight slanting through the trees
and leaves will spiral down
like confetti
on your shoulders.

We'll stop for fish and chips
and I'll pass you the warm parcels to hold
with their intoxicating aroma of vinegar.
We'll eat them from paper
in our bare hands
and lick the salt off our fingers.

Then we'll drive on
and your hair will lift in the breeze
and you'll laugh again
and the sound of your laughter will be
the best music I've heard all year.

Vanessa Stratford

Thinking, Not Thinking (Fine Line Pen)

The concentration needed to create my
work helped to block out everything
around me. I do not handle isolation well
and being separated from my children

and friends for such a long period of time
caused me great stress and anxiety. My
drawing took that away.



Warren Day

Winter Bracken on May Hill

(Acrylic, Mixed-Media)

May Hill is a well known local landmark and famous for its views across the forest and further beyond. Whilst walking up to the top one winters day, I was inspired by the warm colours of the bracken against the cold colour palette of the landscape

and the temporary atmospheric lighting as the sun began to rise. Being such a high vantage point seems appropriate to look and reflect upon things and take a moment in the stillness.



Apple Orchard Care

Apple Orchard is a care home in the Forest of Dean and home to 10 residents who, before the lockdown, were regular learners at the Artspace studios in Cinderford. They would often spend the morning having fun and working hard on the Mixed-Media course.

We have an excellent rapport with the learners and staff who always look forward to the classes and give 100% effort and enthusiasm.

During lockdown Artspace tutor, Warren Day was able to continue his work with Apple Orchard through Zoom sessions - these submissions demonstrate their varied talents and the vitality that is embedded in their work.

Jimmy



140

John



141

Lindsay



142

Mikey



143

Nigel



144

Roy



145

Stephen



146

Sue



147



Euroclydon Care

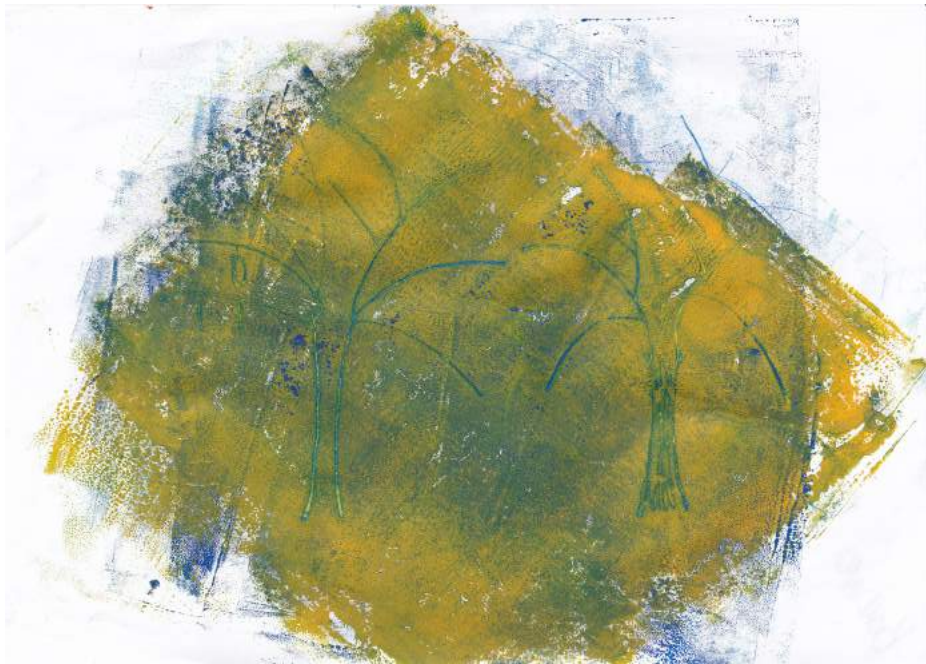
Artspace has had a long relationship with Euroclydon care home delivering various workshops for the residents living in this beautiful building, high up looking out over the Welsh mountains.

For this project, with a theme of nature, there was plenty of inspiration taken from the views from inside under the constrictions of the lockdown. The contact and engagement with activities outside the routines of the home has proven to be beneficial for mental health and physical dexterity that is evident in the work that has been submitted for this exhibition.

Melanie Clarke, Artspace Tutor



Barbara W



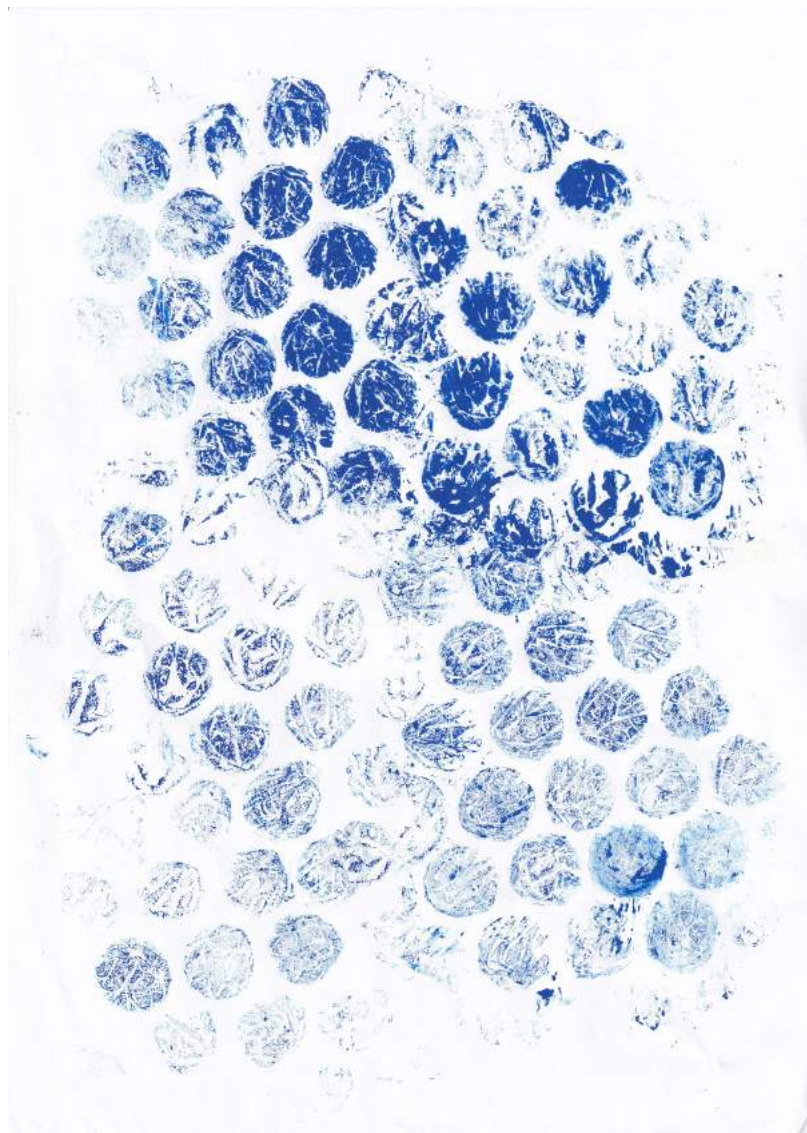
150

Ivan



151

Joli



152

Joyce



153

June



154

Roger



155





Sally



160

Ted



161

Forest Court Care

For this exhibition, Artspace tutor Lizzie Godden ran an online workshop with Forest Court, a local care home that caters for adults living with varying degrees of dementia.

The spring theme was chosen as it is at the fore front of their minds at the moment.

Some people really took their time deciding where to place things, which colour to use, where to place the stamp and that can be seen in regular patterns. Others knew straight away what they wanted (to have fun with the printing.)

The partially sighted and severe dementia felt all the equipment, stamps and material. Feeling where to put things, making gestures and pointing for what should be used and where to place their stamp.

We are very proud of what they have created.



Made by Ron (86), Di (82), Jon (71), Liz (75), Denise (79), Vivian (91), Jack (92), Reen (78), Marion (74), Trina (82), Thelma (79), Jean (86) & Paul (86)

mindSCAPE

mindSCAPE is a regular social and activity group run for people living with dementia and their carers, with the aim of connecting them with the outdoors and nature. We have tried to continue to support them through this difficult year in many imaginative ways, including through regular creative activity sessions on Zoom.

These flowers were made at a workshop run by Bela, attended by 12 mindSCAPE members.



Alison



Doris



Peter and Doris



Roger

This poem was created using the words, ideas and memories of mindSCAPE members who attended a workshop led by local writer Liz Bell.

We Still Have the Forest

a MindSCAPE collaboration

We put our arms around the trees; listen as
life rushes up to the top, watch sunlight
sparkling through green freshness.

Each one has its own design:
the shape of the trunk,
the texture of bark.
And you,

hands full of
rocks and leaves;
pockets full of grit and dirt.

You see fractals in the forest,
stained glass windows in the trees;
you see a pretty stone and pick it up,

put it in your bag. You make me look at things
differently - the way a colour would be on a hedge;
a special beech tree split into a sculpture of a holy trinity.

And then, lightning strikes, and it all changes.
At the funeral, birdsong fills the church.

But although we lose trees,
we still have the forest.

Like an etching
- what's left is
what matters
in the end.

Dogs For Good

Dog Days Colour By Numbers was a session at Crossroads Friendship Group where people living with dementia had a remote session of doggie contact and instead of their usual Bingo the trained dog Georgie from the Dogs For Good Trust drew numbered balls so the users could colour their pictures.

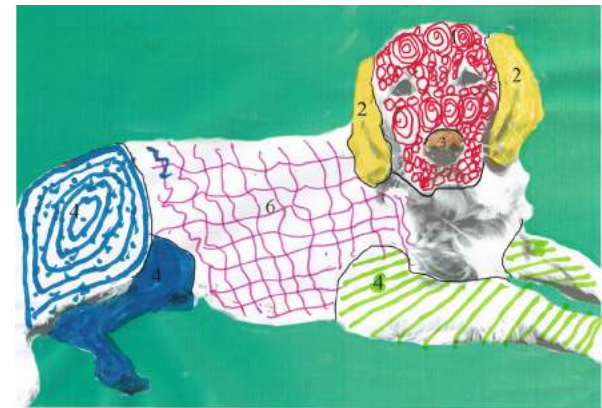
This is their colourful and cheery result on what was a dull and dreary March day.

Thanks to Zoom, Georgie the golden retriever, Julia her handler, from the Dogs For Good Trust and all those at Crossroads Active Living we have been able to bring some doggie sunshine into a grey lockdown winter.

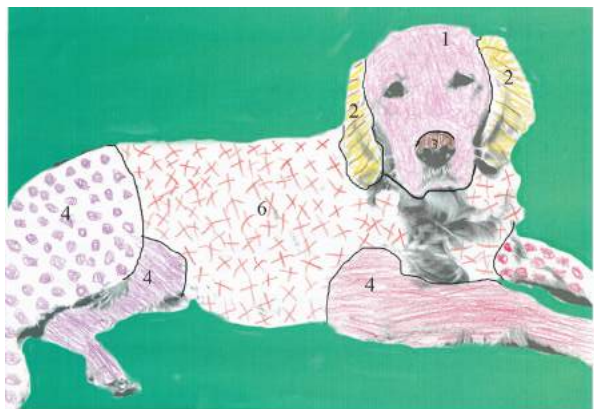
Alison L



Brenda



Cathy



Harold



Doris



Jill



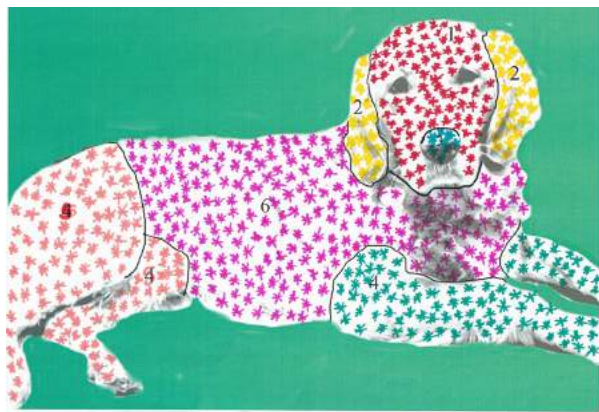
Julie



Kevin



Kay



170

Lyn F



171

Peter F



Rose



Peter



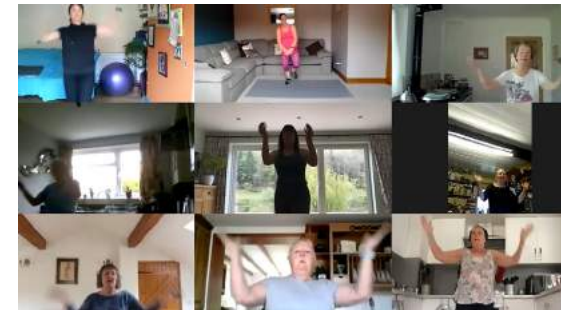
Aerial Performance

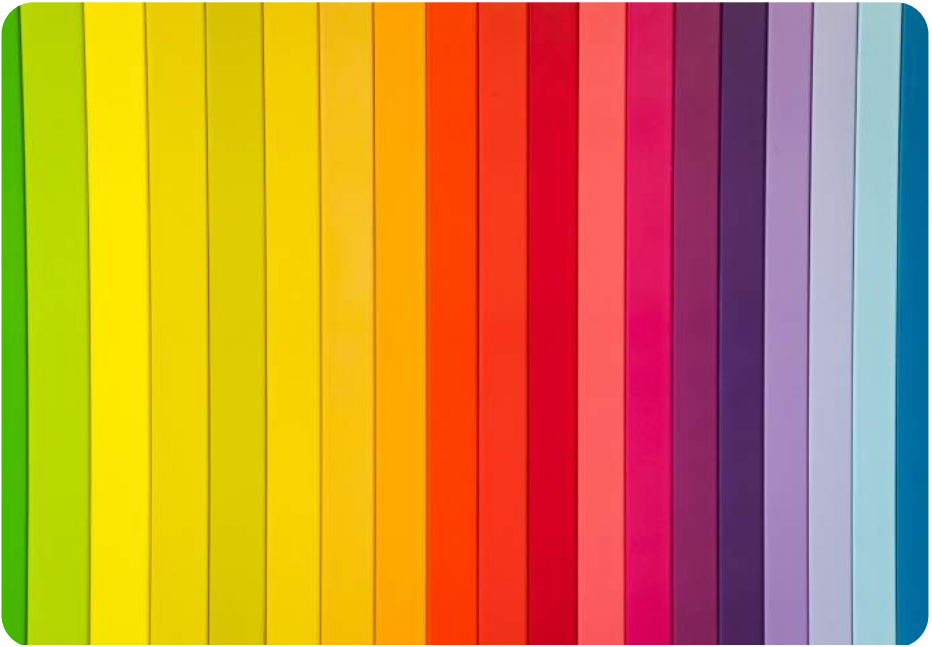
As part of the 'Home is where the ART is' project, Artspace in collaboration with Engage Circus ran free aerial hammock workshops resulting in a collaborative, choreographed performance. Watch the performance on our website www.artspacecinderford.org/lockdown



Creative Movement Workshops

As part of the 'Home is where the ART is' project, Artspace in collaboration with Engage Circus and Kim's Zumba, ran free dance, circus and Zumba workshops resulting in 2 collaborative, choreographed performances. Watch the performances on our website www.artspacecinderford.org/lockdown





Project Feedback

"The natural world has given me a reason to get up every day and feel positive. I hadn't picked up a paintbrush in five decades - I love the escapism and peace it has given me recently."

"I was in self isolation for the first 8 months of lockdown 2020. During this time I used creativity and making as a means of expression and understanding what we were all experiencing."

"I have really enjoyed developing my artwork over the last year or so... lockdown has enabled me to develop my art style and learn more about how to use social media."