

DALGETY BAY ART CLUB

Wednesday Art Group

Lockdown Challenge May 2020

idea by Joan Patterson



Contributions by

JOAN PATTERSON
GABI PICHE-PATERSON
DOROTHY TURVEY
ANDREA COCHRAN
SIAN HARRIS
PEGGY THOMAS
MARGARET CUMMINS
LIZ BIBBY
JAN CALLENDER
BARBARA WADE
JILL BROWN

Joan Patterson

Painting inspired by "The Road not taken" by Robert Frost



Two roads diverged in a yellow wood,
And sorry I could not travel both
And be one traveler, long I stood
And looked down one as far as I could
To where it bent in the undergrowth;

Then took the other, as just as fair,
And having perhaps the better claim,
Because it was grassy and wanted
wear; Though as for that the passing
there
Had worn them really about the same,

And both that morning equally lay
In leaves no step had trodden
black. Oh, I kept the first for another
day!
Yet knowing how way leads on to way,
I doubted if I should ever come back.

I shall be telling this with a sigh Some-
where ages and ages hence: Two
roads diverged in a wood, and I— I
took the one less traveled by,
And that has made all the difference.

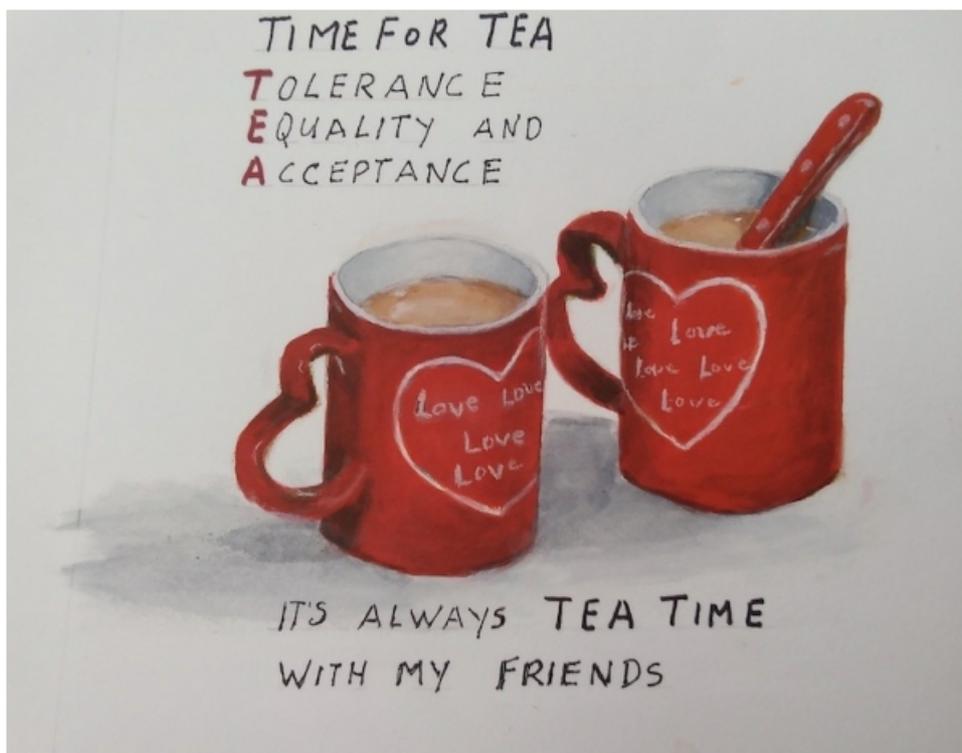
Gabi Piche - Paterson

Painting - "Rainbow Shanks practising Social Distancing"
Inspired by the saying "After the Storm there is a Rainbow"



Dorothy Turvey

Inspired by the saying "Time for Tea"



Andrea Cochran

Painting inspired by the Nursey Rhyme “Hey, diddle, diddle” and starring Andrea’s dog “Hazel”



Hey, diddle, diddle,
The cat and the fiddle,
The cow jumped over the
moon; The little dog laughed
To see such sport,
And the dish ran away with the spoon.

Sian Harris

Painting inspired by "Overhead on a Saltmarsh" by Harold Munro



Nymph, nymph, what are your beads?
Green glass, goblin. Why do you stare at them?
Give them me.
No.
Give them me. Give them me.
No.
Then I will howl all night in the reeds,
Lie in the mud and howl for them.
Goblin, why do you love them so?
They are better than stars or water,
Better than voices of winds that sing,
Better than any man's fair daughter,
Your green glass beads on a silver ring.
Hush, I stole them out of the moon.
Give me your beads, I want them.
No.
I will howl in the deep lagoon
For your green glass beads, I love them so.
Give them me. Give them.
No.

Peggy Thomas

Painting inspired by "The Tyger" by William Blake



Tyger Tyger, burning bright,
In the forests of the night;
What immortal hand or eye,
Could frame thy fearful symmetry?

In what distant deeps or skies,
Burnt the fire of thine eyes?
On what wings dare he aspire?
What the hand, dare seize the fire?

And what shoulder, & what art,
Could twist the sinews of thy heart?
And when thy heart began to beat,
What dread hand & what dread feet?

What the hammer? what the chain,
In what furnace was thy brain?
What the anvil? what dread grasp,
Dare its deadly terrors clasp!

When the stars threw down their spears
And water'd heaven with their tears:
Did he smile his work to see?
Did he who made the Lamb make thee?

Tyger Tyger burning bright,
In the forests of the night:
What immortal hand or eye,
Dare frame thy fearful symmetry?

William Blake
1757-1827

Margaret Cummins

Painting inspired by "Spring Dusk" by Ted Hughes



....a frail frost
Amethyst sky.

An iron earth sink-
ing, Frozen in its
wounds.

A snipe
Knowing it has to move fast
Hurtles upwards and down-
wards

Drumming in the high dark - witchdoc-
tor Climbing and diving

Drawing the
new Needle of
moon Down

Gently into its eggs.

*From my favourite poetry book
called Remains of Elmet.*



Liz Bibby

Painting inspired by "Mending Wall" by Robert Frost



To quote one of our group (Jan C.)

“ This poem is very relevant to us now. It’s as if we have an invisible wall between all of us”.

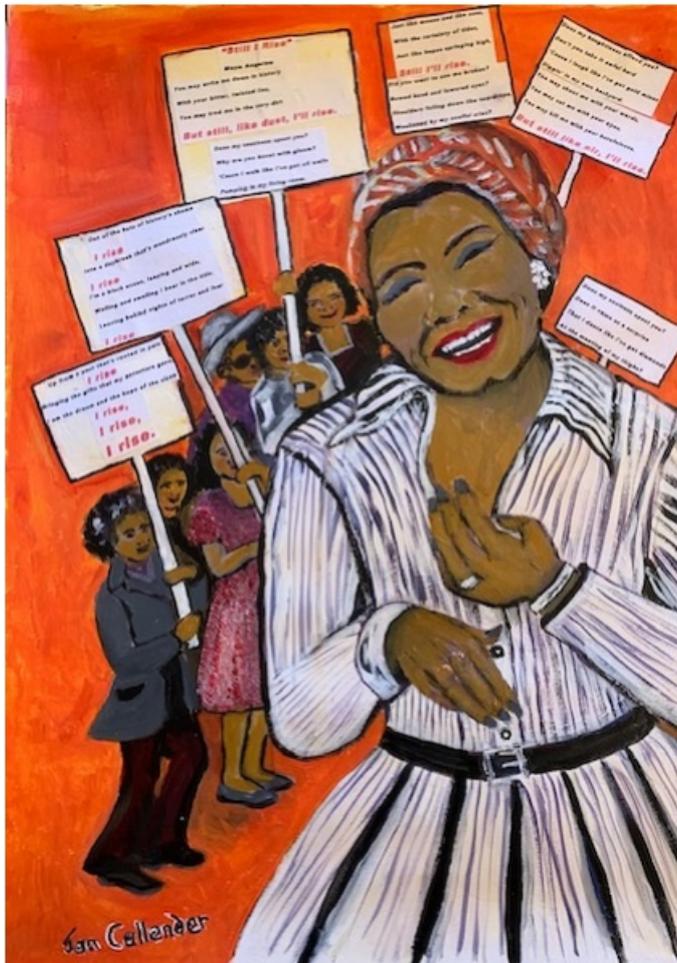
Ref: Study guide on Shwoop Website

Many people love walls, both the physical type and the walls we put up in our minds to protect ourselves, but their downside is that they often keep people from communicating with each other.

"Mending Wall" makes us take a look at how we use our walls and boundaries, and why we use them the way we do. This poem sends a wake-up call to the universe. Think of it like a spring-cleaning project in which Frost, with broom and dust pan in hand, hopes to reevaluate the habits that humans can't seem to shake. Boundaries aren't necessarily a bad thing, this poem seems to tell us, as long as we occasionally question the purpose of our walls, or maybe just as long as we *question*.

Jan Callender

Painting inspired by "Still I Rise" by Maya Angelou



You may write me down in history
With your bitter, twisted lies,
You may tread me in the very dirt
But still, like dust, I'll rise.

Does my sassiness upset you? Why
are you beset with gloom? 'Cause I
walk like I've got oil wells Pumping in
my living room.

Just like moons and like suns,
With the certainty of tides,
Just like hopes springing high,
Still I'll rise.

Did you want to see me broken? Bowed
head and lowered eyes? Shoulders fall-
ing down like teardrops. Weakened by
my soulful cries.

Does my haughtiness offend you?
Don't you take it awful hard
'Cause I laugh like I've got gold mines
Diggin' in my own back yard.

You may shoot me with your words,
You may cut me with your eyes,
You may kill me with your hatefulness,
But still, like air, I'll rise.

Does my sexiness upset you?
Does it come as a surprise
That I dance like I've got diamonds At
the meeting of my thighs?

Out of the huts of history's shame - I rise
Up from a past that's rooted in pain - I rise
I'm a black ocean, leaping and wide,
Welling and swelling I bear in the tide.

Leaving behind nights of terror and fear - I rise
Into a daybreak that's wondrously clear - I rise
Bringing the gifts that my ancestors gave,

I am the dream and the hope of the slave.

I rise

I rise

I rise.

Barbara Wade

Painting inspired by "Warning" by Jenny Joseph

When I am an old woman I shall wear
purple With a red hat which doesn't go,
and doesn't suit me.

And I shall spend my pension on brandy
and summer gloves and satin sandals,
and say we've no money for butter.

I shall sit down on the pavement when I'm
tired And gobble up samples in shops and
press alarm bells

And run my stick along the public rail-
ings And make up for the sobriety of
my youth.

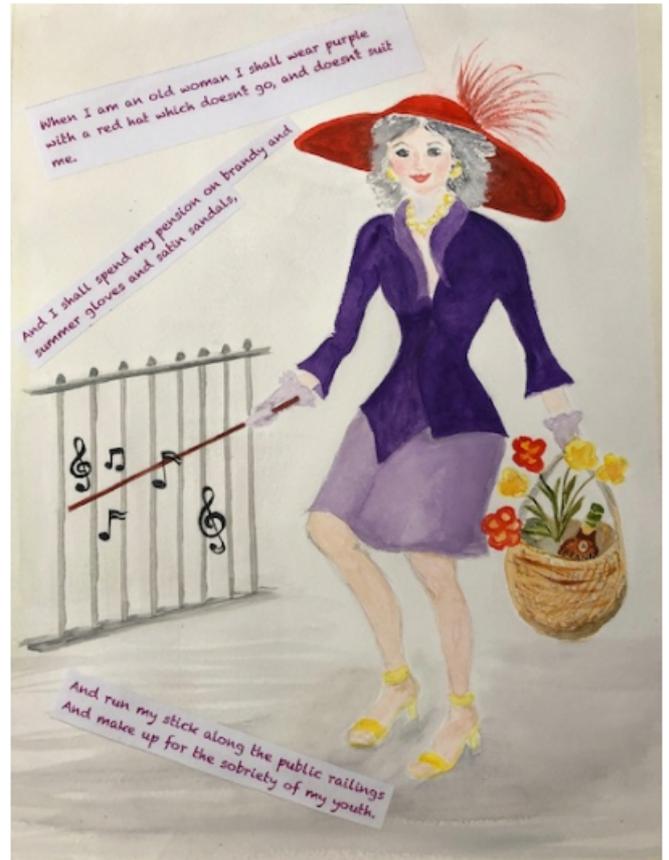
I shall go out in my slippers in the rain
And pick flowers in other people's gar-
dens And learn to spit.

You can wear terrible shirts and grow more
fat And eat three pounds of sausages at
a go

Or only bread and pickle for a week
And hoard pens and pencils and beer mats
and things in boxes.

But now we must have clothes that keep us
dry And pay our rent and not swear in the
street And set a good example for the chil-
dren.

We must have friends to dinner and read the papers.



Jill Brown

Painting inspired by "The Red Wheelbarrow" by Carlos Williams



What is the meaning behind the red wheelbarrow? "so much depends upon" the wheelbarrow. The poem implies the importance of the wheelbarrow for farm labourers and then to the wider construction workers, I think it represents the working class.

so much de-
pends upon

a red
wheel bar-
row

glazed with
rain water

beside the
white chickens

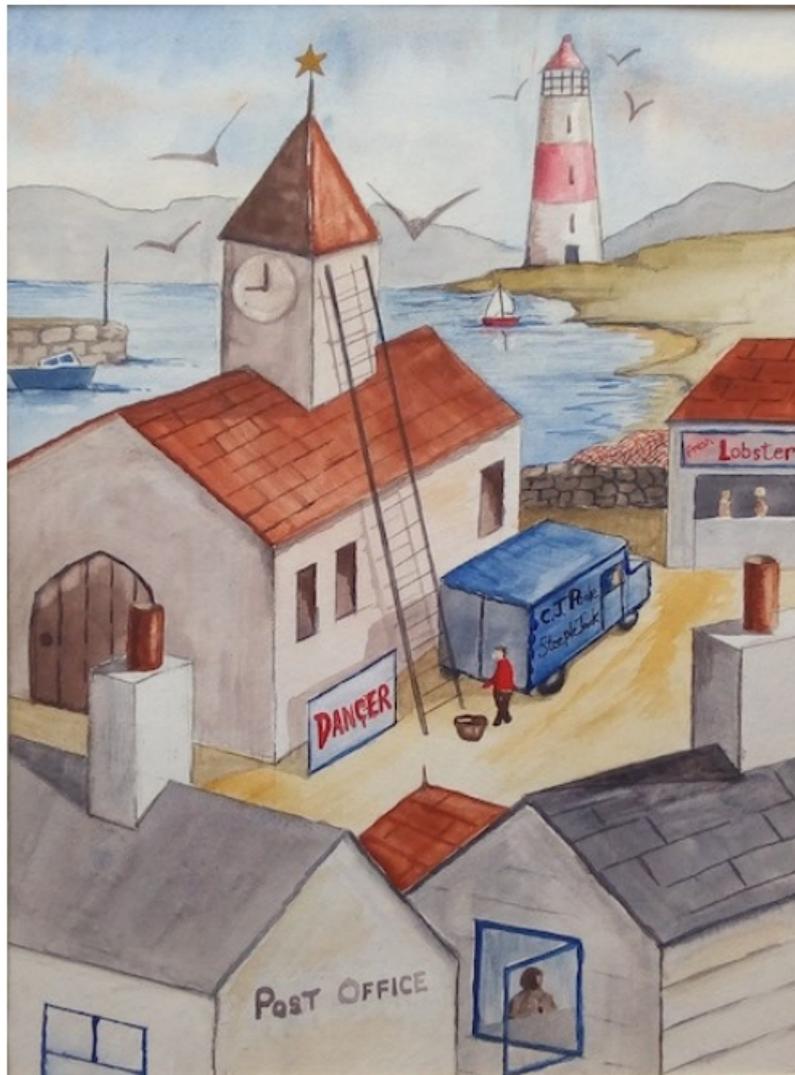
Helen Rowbotham

Painting "Reflection" inspired by a glass challenge set by Clare Russell



Joan Patterson

Painting inspired by "The Steeplejack" by Marianne Moore



Extract :

The hero, **the** student, **the** steeple-jack, each in his way, is at home. It could not be dangerous to be living in a town like this, of simple people, who have a steeple-jack placing danger signs **by the** church while he is gilding **the** solid- pointed star, which on a steeple stands for hope.

A final thought.

Thanks to Helen for finding this poem by
Gareth Lancaster © 2013.

Painting's really difficult,
With pencils I'm nonplussed.
Charcoal just goes everywhere,
And crayons are a bust.

Pastels are too tricky,
And pens, they lead to splodge.
Gluing's just too sticky,
Paper-mache I just bodge.

Art is really taxing,
This creating tires me out,
And I'm really far too messy,
Of that I have no doubt.

So there's paint upon the ceiling,
And pencil on the chair.
There's pastel dust just everywhere,
Mum's shrieking with despair.

Our dog's stuck to his basket,
Crayon scrawled across the door.
I think it will be quite a while,
'till I create once more!