

Art's all around us now

LAST week I saw a newspaper picture of "tubes of nylon sheeting flapping the wind" — the current creation of a "wind sculptor" who has been given £15,000 of some £200m allotted to the Millennium Awards Scheme "to explore and show the effects of airflow and the subtle nuances of movement".

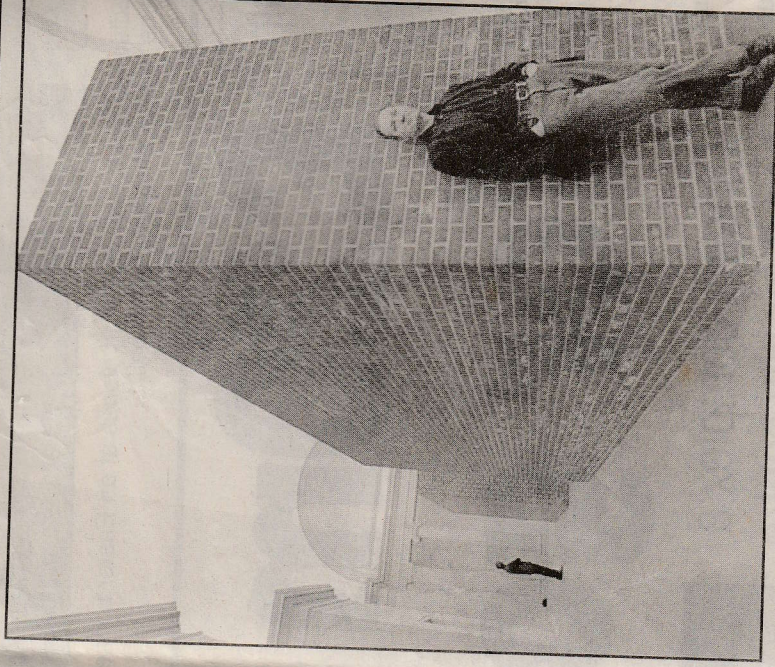
And, there was I thinking that my line of washing was just a line of washing! Hang it out, await a high number of the Beaufort Scale and, hey presto, you're an artist!

In the name of art, we have seen toilet rolls unwound inside a vast plastic tube; sheep pickled in formaldehyde; sharks (likewise); col-lages of cow-pats and sheep's wool; syringes purporting to be filled with Aids-infected blood; an enormous portrait of Britain's most reviled child-murderess cynically constructed from the palm-prints of small children and, here in Nottingham, we have had (for too many years now) some "artist's" concept of "traffic flow" — which might have been better entitled "pieces of metal shapes in primary colours, stuck on a wall, under a bridge and best ignored", if only the plaque had been large

**We ordinary
folk prefer
true beauty**

enough to accommodate more than 12 spaces!

People up and down this country do not fill their houses with prints of such things. We are absolute, unashamed "philistines" and prefer those which are "a thing of beauty and a joy forever". It doesn't go unnoticed, however, that those clever clogs at the National Gallery and myriad



BUT IS IT ART?: Danish artist Per Kirkeby with a new brick sculpture constructed for the Tate Gallery

city and county councillors do not throw their own money at people who deserve to starve in a garret but only that of the general public.

So, for their information, this "wind sculptor" washes her bedding every Friday, should they wish to view the artistic event and shower me with a five-figure sum of taxpayers' money.

At the bottom of the garden there is a large amount of York stone awaiting a decision about what to do with it; suitably arranged in peaks and troughs in our sitting room, wouldn't that be marginally less boring than Damien Hurst's "pile of bricks"? And, I'm sure that with all the fox and hedgehog droppings we

find on the lawns, together with those in the flowerbeds where the world and all its cats regularly and freely deposit the very material which today's artists find invaluable, I could create a veritable *piece de resistance*.

In fact, given a few months (or 20 minutes) I could hold an entire exhibition!

How would I be described in the brochure, I wonder? "Contemporary artist"; "temporary artist"; or "con artist"?

Difficult to say, isn't it, when today all are interchangeable.

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