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LETTER FROM LONDON, DEC 28 2006 – FEB 17 2007
PART ONE

I shall attempt this year to tell you about my art experiences as normal, my gourmet experiences as a justification for not losing the 35 pounds of my annual New Year's resolution, and the occasional interesting tidbit that traveler collect on their journeys.

My trip started before I even left town with a visit to the [David Zapf Gallery](#) on Kettner in Little Italy. The [David Wing](#) exhibition titled *Travelers' Advisories And Unlikely Stories*. The artist's very selective eye and sense of humor could be signposts for me on my trip. Thanks for sending me off looking for those interesting connections that no one normally sees.

In the UK, the number zero is often given the name nought. So in this first decade of the millennium, we have zeros in double figures. It is therefore beginning to be known here as the Noughties. Since **burlesque** is back in a big way over here as well as in the States what could be more appropriate.

Last year the vogue here was for black Christmas tree. They were all over the place and even upside down. This year we saw **blue** Christmas lights almost everywhere casting a ghostly aura of chic

My friend Nancy Atakan who lives in Turkey and who will feature later in the trip told me about a gallery [Gasworks](#): showing Erkan Özgen and Sener Özmen's subtitled video 'The Road to Tate Modern' The film recalls Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, two smart-suited young men – one on a horse and the other on a mule – journey through an area of barren and rocky Turkish landscape, until they are faced with a choice of two paths. When they meet a fellow traveler, they ask him (in Turkish) the way to Tate Modern. He tells them it's pretty far, but they'll reach it if they head up towards the mountains. My first three gallery visits are to the Tate Liverpool, Tate Britain and Tate Modern. Its not so much the mountains as the journey they tell me.

Tate Liverpool: We drove from London to Liverpool on the second day, jet lagged and in that wonderful state when all foreign things look more interesting than they do at home. The [Liverpool Tate](#) is set in the Albert Dock and we arrived in dark but discovered the magnificent setting on the Mersey..yes, Mersey as in Merseyside as in Beatles. The Beatles Museum was there the next morning in the weak sunlight. But all was a glow in the [John Armleder](#) installation at the Tate with its Christmas trees, TV's, a wall of 60's vacu-formed Mylar mirrors with glitter disco balls. Maybe you were supposed to get beauty and mystery, but I think I got flash and fun. We really enjoyed the [DLA Piper Series: International Modern Art](#), the [Lowry in Liverpool](#), the [Henry Moore: Natural Form](#) and the [Patrick Caulfield](#) painting were especially intriguing. Pop Art made some timeless artworks as we are discovering year after year. .

I was especially tempted to go to Liverpool because of the [Chapman Brothers](#) retrospective called Bad Art for Bad People. It was a large show but I saw nothing new and came away still liking their collection of pretend African art with allusions to MacDonald's. This is owned by Charles Saatchi owns these works, which obviously on loan while his collection is in storage and the new building is being finished in Chelsea.

We were ushered immediately on arrival in Edinburgh to [Number One](#), at the Balmoral Hotel on Princess Street - head chef Jeff Bland gave us a dinner which started with a small platter of savory bites including appealing swirls of foie gras. Then the first amuse bouche was a soup of butternut squash with king prawn and pine nuts, with a little walnut oil. Then came my second foie gras of the evening, a terrine accompanied by a sweet pineapple chutney; there were two perfect rounds of foie gras, densely packed and creamy, which was set off very nicely by the chutney. Darwin had scallops with spinach and shellfish bisque. I had a breast of Gressingham duck, complete with parsnip chips. The second amuse bouche based on blood oranges, was a cold sorbet. I eyed the cheese but decided on the lower fat content of a chocolate cake not memorable so I should have gone for the cheese! The various breads, it goes without saying made in-house, were wonderful.

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It's always extraordinary to dine with **Boyd and Evans** in Wolverton. Super wines and her own lemon ice cream and this time I did not resist the Stilton, which they buy specially every year. We barely had time to glimpse at any of the new work but they have their heads down working on an upcoming show at [Flowers](#) in March. You can still see some of their work at [Galerie d'Art International](#). They are still the most elegant and impassioned artist couples we know.



Pam Kent escorted us to the Cork Street opening at the Flowers Gallery of [Patrick Hughes](#). Super to see some old friends there. [Andrew Logan](#)'s enormous portrait of Angela Flowers dominated the new and very large below ground floor space, which has just opened there.

Tate Britain and the Turner Prize: Because of my passion for the SD Art Prize, this was like a visit to Mecca for me. I got all sorts of ideas for future improvements especially as the educational elements of the Turner are so well developed. Besides an online education pack, there is complete gallery signage, a free hand held tape recorder with sounds bits from the artists and two art professionals, and a set of video interviews of the artists. There is a 16 page broad sheet (rather what we would call a smaller catalogue) and a larger catalogue of the history of the Prize.

I was impressed with what I saw. They have made many changes over the years of this prize, but it remains relevant and the work was stimulating and diverse. [Tomma Abts](#) makes intimate size paintings and she is, at first glance, the least likely winner. These works have to be seen to be appreciated fully and then they are subtle and compelling. One insight I can give you is that they first appear to be backgrounds of pure color with geometric design placed on top. But they are actually a mass of geometric design, which are then covered by one color leaving only the most spare of visual tricks. [Mark Titchner](#) installations remind me of spiritual quasi-sexual devices. They appear to be experimenting with a world consciousness but they actually question both our blind faith in science and our obedience to authority. I actually enjoyed them more before I knew what they were about. [Rebecca Warren](#) makes lovely gooey clay lumps with little bits of recognizable subject matter. They were enjoyable to look at much like seeing forms in the clouds that float by on a lazy sunny day when you can lay in the grass. (Maybe the gale force winds are getting to me!) Her vitrines of the slight castoffs of her life did less for me. The explanation of recasting in bronze of the lumps of clay after they came out of the molds rather seemed old fashion like editions of monotypes. Finally [Phil Collins](#) takes full advantage of the press coverage and large crowds that the Turner Prize draws to create a series of videos about people who feel their experiences on reality TV shows has ruined their lives. A fully functioning studio is part of the exhibition. His underlying message is about the influence that the camera exerts on the behavior it seeks to record. Known in basic physics as the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle, this artist's work was the least visually interesting and I find it pertinent that their prize was given to the art which was probably the most visually dependant.

Just a note to let you know that I go to these shows with various friends and when I am very lucky with my husband Darwin who always has a unique insight. We only just discovered the joys of the Oyster card to make traveling in London so much easier. It eliminates the need to buy tickets for every journey or get a day pass. You pay for the card and then top it up with any sum you want. You swipe it past a reader as you enter and exit the tube. Bus journeys you only have to swipe at the beginning and they are as low as £1 so if you are like me and like a view as you travel and don't mind the leisurely pace, then learn the bus routes. Another disincentive to travel by car is the congestion charges, which seem to be ever expanding. You pay to drive into London and so many of the areas in the outskirts of London are now smartening up, as people simply don't go into the center of London. If you do drive in, beware the nasty little smart cars, which have telescoping cameras. They move around and record offences of

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all kinds and then offenders get tickets by post. So a few minutes on a double yellow line now means a £50 fine. But joy of joys, there is no law against jay walking and so I have been darting across roads with gay abandon.

[Tate Modern](#) has to be combined with a trip to the [Borough Open Air Gourmet Market](#). This year we spotted fresh white truffles. At £95 for 100 grams, we had to be intoxicated by the aroma to buy just one small marble size gem. But it was worth every tiny \$1 sliver. We had never actually owned one and you never know when you might have a spare \$20 to spend on such an extravagance again.

[Fischli and Weiss](#) was such fun from the otherworldly double exposed luscious flowers to the entire workroom perfectly duplicated using polyurethane foam and paint. But the showstopper for the crowd and me was the film of chain reactions of explosions set up to capture the energy of gravity, fire, and chemical reactions on everyday objects. Thirty minutes of pure bliss that I could not stop watching. [David Smith](#) was the class act here and viewing a retrospective and the filmed interview re-enforced his place in history for me. Seeing and hearing the man who looked and rather sounded like Ernie Kovaks playing the role of an artist made the sculpture seem more personal than ever before. Everyone who knows you are going to the Tate Modern asks if you have gone down the slides. See [Carston Höller](#)'s art yourself with a [live webcam](#). It filled up the vast space and was a great draw for kids of all ages.

[Velazquez at the National Gallery of Art](#) showed how important it was (is?) to have a patron of importance and I don't mean in order to prosper, but as the subject matter of the work. This show did little for Velazquez, but it did awaken in me the importance of the National Portrait Society next door. It was the history that stole the show here. King Philip and his two wives and the daughters and poor son who died so young are the stars here. Their court and the recording of it in oil paint keeps them alive as surely as if they were on a DVD recording. Seeing the work in person was a bit of a disappointment. If one knows this artist from reproductions of the work, then one expects more details when you see them first hand. But the loose brush strokes made things look out of focus from a distance and up close. The portrait of Don Pedro de Barberana y Aparregui, however, was a tour de force of composition and rendering. He was the only one I could have possibly fancied.

[David Hockney at the National Portrait Gallery](#) was everything you thought it would be. This artist is so prolific that he can fill nine rooms just with his portraits of family and friends and those who pass through his studio. Although he has done portraits for the last 50 years, this is not all he has been doing and he is not even a commission portrait painter like our friend Velazquez above. I saw a few works I had never seen before but what amazed me was the size of the crowd. This is the last week of the show and you could barely see around the people it was so crowded. It makes me glad that at the SDMA, MOCASD and MOPA you can really study the works. By the way, The National Portrait Gallery has embraced photography and there were several photographic displays on view including the [Photographic Portrait Prize](#) show, which I did enjoy enormously. The 2007 event is open to photographers from every country, so heads up to the portrait photographers who want a chance to show in this prestigious gallery.

We saw the artist **Patrick Tuttofuoco** at the [Haunch of Venison Gallery](#), which is a very well funded sales gallery. (Side note: I had heard that some galleries are now better funded than small museums and can hire away curators and promote artists on a museum level and it was interesting to see this in action) Patrick Tuttofuoco went to 17 of the world's fastest growing cities in just over 3 months with a film crew and then used all the images to make videos, sculptures, painting, and wall murals. This show was called Chindia because of the relations he drew between China and India. It very much reminded me of the Tijuana show that we just had in SD. The colors, the collaged images, and a view through the eyes of an artists is becoming, I think, a universal way of seeing the world. .

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We discovered the [Alexia Goethe Gallery](#) on Dover Street on our walk back to Green Park Tube station. [Sandro Porcu](#) drew us into the gallery with his hospital bed with a feather therapy contraption on a motorized pulley system. Is it pleasure or torture as you are tickled to death? We also enjoyed his Instant Campfire which was a wigwam of sticks vacuum-packed onto very 50's illustrated cardboard backing. At 5000 euros each for the small size, this might be as close as one could get to burning money. I also took to [Johannes Tiepelmann](#) who makes a more painterly version of Gilbert and George and might be in the next generation of graffiti artists to make it big. Camille was very welcoming and generously gave me a black [International Art Diary](#) so I shall be fashionably up to date at least for this year. And it is in French as well as English, n'est pas. It reminds me to remind you not to miss the [LA Art Show in Santa Monica](#) Jan 24 to 28.

[Damien Hirsts Collection at the Serpentine Gallery](#) "In the Darkest Hour There May Be Light" works from Murderme collection. Visitors will not come to this exhibition to see the art. Instead we come to get an insight into the life of Damien Hirst. First I learned that he is mega rich, worth about \$200 million from the sales of his own art. He is a compulsive obsessive collector...our favorite type. And as was expected, the work in the show did reflect the same issues he deals with in his own art. That having been said, it was great fun to see this work. Labels were at the floor, which made the guessing game more fun. I believe this was done because there was a mix of famous and emerging who when then given a fair chance of equal exposure.. I also learned that he has an art factory which employs about 100 artisans Three of those artists were included in this show. That seems very fair. A big discovery for me was the work of [Tim Lewis](#). His treadmill of rotating figure was impossible to deconstruct and it haunts me and fascinates me at the same time. This is not the only opportunity to see this work body of work. Everything will eventually be housed in Toddington Manor in the Cotswolds and open to the public in a few years' time.



Yes, that is snow on the palm trees in our garden in London! It only lasted a few hours but what a sight.

We had a wonderful Chinese lunch at [Pearl Liang](#) in a new area called the [Paddington Basin](#) which has 5 very smart restaurants...very Las Vegas designs, huge and showy. All of them are tucked away and you have to walk through the Venice canal or along an old alley to get to them. Strange but fascinating. There was two life size faux [human sculptures](#) by [Sean Henry](#) really well sited with the sweep of the overpass. Lots more building planned in that area. I was particularly fascinated with the idea of a [rolling bridge](#).

Next week we are off to the theatre and I am getting used to wearing my new [Masai Barefoot Technology](#) shoes. I am walking everywhere so should be fighting fit when I return to San Diego.

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Absolutely the latest in theater productions was the interpretation of Virginia Woolf's [Waves](#) at the National Theater. This is where theater and video come together to make an entirely new art form. You watch radio sounds being made. Movie vignettes are composed with the little tricks of the camera world revealed. Both of these are layered with voices and live action filming. The piece is choreographed like a ballet with the very clever cast knowing exactly where to be at every turn. The staging abounds with visual tricks and you are kept enthralled. Did I know what it all meant, perhaps not.... but the rhythms did strike a cord.

PART TWO

St Alban, the latest restaurant from ex-Ivy masterminds Jeremy King and Chris Corbin (they also own the [Wolseley](#)), Rex House, 4-12 Lower Regent Street, SW1. Tel: 020 7499 8558 was great food and they got us in and out in time for the theater. Minimalist decor may not be your thing, but the service was first class and the food perfection. It does not appear to be in any of the guides yet, so note this address if you are on your way..

Tom Stoppard's [RocknRoll](#) was the verbally packed narrative that Stoppard always gives us. You want to see it again just to hear the bits you missed. Stoppard is a native Czechoslovakian and this is a story built around a man who returned there from England in 1968. It balances Marxist doctrines with hippy manifestos and take us on a ride until 1992 with many relationships intrigues along the way. The little bits of music between the scenes were fun but the graphics that came with them seemed so unsophisticated especially after the joys of Waves.

I think this may be the real digital art! : The [Kinetica Museum](#) is new to London and it is so much fun to see it and to know that the audience for this new resource will support it. [Gregory Barsamian](#) gave us more work like that we saw in the Damien Hirst collection show at the Serpentine by Tim Lewis but this time on a large scale. It blows your socks off the first time you see it with the strobe lights and what seems to be impossible appearing before you eyes. Solid objects appear to change. This is a trick of light and movement but so well done. I also liked the work of [Jim Campell](#) described as "technocrat with an artist's soul". All this work is to do with light and movement, but Jim's view of a library entrance with a shadow figure moving mysterious up the stair was so subtle and desirable. The whole show was worth seeing and this will be a Museum to watch in the future.. [Dianne Harris](#)'s own work is on view and she is curator and founder of Kinetica.

[Anselm Kiefer](#) at the **White Cube** and at the [Royal Academy](#) Sometimes the gods conspire to put you at the right place at the right time. We ran into Sue and [William Pye](#) and they told us about this show and then we spent the afternoon with a collector who was invited to the private dinner with the artist after the show. No, we were not included but both factors meant that with the wide choice of events to attend, we found ourselves on Duke Street rounding the corner of a tiny muse entrance to a large barren courtyard with the shining White Cube building in the center. The show was packed but these impressive works of art could hold their own. A large dead palm lying flat in the first room caught your attention and three \$2 million mega paintings in the lower ground floor were reminiscent of the poppy fields in the Wizard of Oz. Outside the yard was filled with beer drinking art types and the artist was nowhere to be seen. I thought it was fitting that they thought enough of this crowd to give them free beer and a chance to gather. All the works were sold before the doors even opened. If you want to read an entire art speak review you can not do better than the one by Simon Schama in the [Guardian](#) . He say "Contemporary art doesn't get much better than this". You don't need to hunt though your map to find the Keifer at the Royal Academy. Just walk west on Piccadilly and turn your head to the right. Two stunning columns which look like piles of shanty town concrete huts make you wonder if this is leftovers from a bomb or the construction stage of the tower of Babel. I was impressed and this guy is only two years older than me!

I would like to point out a phenomenon noticed this year. The galleries which got large spaces in Hoxton or near King's Cross, all seem to be coming back into the west end of London which maybe smaller galleries, but obviously needing to have a presence back in the congestion zone. I am speaking of the White Cube, Gagolian and Flowers Galleries to name three.

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We went back to [Yauatcha](#) the dim sum restaurant in Soho and it was loud and the food just not deserving of the \$100 a head we paid. But prices are sky high everywhere so save your pennies if you are coming over to the big smoke, which, by the way, is not smoky or foggy anymore. The city is clean, clean, clean. And at least this restaurant had no chavs....don't know what a chav is? Neither did I but my friend here all do. This sums it up from Wikipedia: "Chav is a mainly derogatory slang term in some parts of the United Kingdom for a subcultural stereotype fixated on fashions such as gold jewellery (often cheap) and 'designer' clothing. They are generally considered to have no respect for society, as well as being considered ignorant or unintelligent. The term appeared in mainstream dictionaries in 2005. The defining features of the stereotype include clothing in the [Burberry](#) pattern (notably a now-discontinued baseball cap). Tracksuits, hoodies, sweatpants and baseball caps are particularly associated with this stereotype. Response to the term has ranged from amusement to criticism that it is a new manifestation of classism. The term has also been associated with delinquency, the "[ASBO](#) Generation", and "[yob](#) culture". Sounds like a lot of Americans unfortunately.

I am not sure if it was my cold (I was in the second day of a real sneezer) or just not growing up with the British pantomime tradition, but [39 Steps](#) seemed a bit silly although, of course, there is a place for silly in the world. I loved the original black and white movie but they made this into a spoof with very low tech special affects which intended to make us all part of the joke. I couldn't help but compare it to the simple but effective affects of Waves, which is still haunting me. But you should not compare apples and oranges.

I previewed the [Sotheby's](#) auction shows today after a fabulously indulgent lunch with my friend and lawyer here Craig Ferguson. He was my neighbor after I got divorced and looks like Superman. So as I drooled over him and barrowed endless cups of sugar, we became fast friends. He now helps me rent out my flat and his wife and 3 children keep him from flying faster than a speeding bullet.

Right, about the Sotheby's sale. It was unbelievable impressive. A small museum could have arrived with a £95 million and bought everything and had a ready-made permanent collection. And it had been a while since I was in the building and boy has it changed. First of all, there is small cafe right after the reception area...this was full of elegantly dress men and women, sipping tea and pouring over their catalogs. There were many, many more display rooms then before and none of the work was display salon style, but all in gallery style with name tags....not like the old days when items were numbered and you had to refer to your catalogue. Now it is slick. Imagine you are walking around a museum and all the prices are on the labels...Darwin was just knocked out as he had never really put those abstract prices together with a real set of items which were going on the block. We went on to a pavilion set up in Hanover Square and saw the daytime Contemporary sales, which was full of Chinese, British and more American works. I found out that there were 463 lots in the morning and afternoon session together. We only saw the tip of the iceberg. But we were seen by all evidently. I got emails the next day to say that we appeared on the BBC evening news as background color for the story they did on the sales. I did see someone filming us out of the corner of my eye but never expected this to be 3 seconds of my 15 minutes of fame.

Just a follow-up note to these sales with some total results: In November, sales in New York totaled one billion dollars in modern and contemporary art in one week. London has almost equaled this figured with \$757 million in the week of 5 February: \$392 million at Christie's and \$365 million at Sotheby's with 153 works exceeding one million dollars. The Scott who grew up in Canada and Trinidad, was educated in England and now lives in Trinidad, [Peter Doig](#), had a picture "White Canoe", which sold for \$11.4 and is now the most expensive work sold by a living artist in Europe.

Collect is the international art fair for contemporary objects presented by the British Crafts Council now in the expanded space of the Victoria and Albert Museum. The 41 galleries showing over 350 artists were still very crowded only an hour after the opening at 11 am. We whizzed around trying to see everything before it became difficult to move. I was mainly attracted to the glass works. Here are some of my choices: from France [Antoine Leperlier's](#) carved and cast glass, from Sweden [Ulla Forsell's](#) corrugated glass, from Copenhagen [Mette Saabye's](#) whimsical jewelry sculptures, from Australia but showing in the US [Scott Chaseling's](#) comic book glass vessels. The standard was very high as were the prices and this inspiring

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art fair is a must for anyone who wants to learn about craft objects and how they are being accepted as art objects.

Pinter's [The Dumb Waiter](#) was a revival of the play from the 50's. Pinter is alive but no longer writing plays but this one is still alive and kicking. Tightly packed in just one hour you are seduced, satirized and startled by the two hired guns. One imagines Pinter casually noticing a dumb waiter machine one day and then spinning this fantasy around the most innocent of puns. I came out thrilled that I understood it all and this proves that Pinter is timeless.



[Hogarth at the Tate Britain](#) was a once in a lifetime opportunity to see an artist for all seasons. His best-known Model Morals series includes Marriage a la Mode, the Rake's Progress and the Harlot's Progress. A la mode, of course, means of the fashion and these series were about arranged marriages, the decline of a women's virtue and the decent of a playboy. Turn on any daytime soap and Hogarth could get a credit. His work was so impressive because it covers all comers. There are religious allegories, historical documentations, satires on current affaires, notable portraits, family scenes, and theatrical acts. He is the Shakespeare of painters and so wildly talented that he puts Velazquez to shame. I found the work inspiring and got all sorts of ideas from him on marketing art in SD.

[Gilbert and George at the Tate Modern](#). Deeply "British" (even though Gilbert was born Italian, in the Dolomites) this show displays forty years of creations. They met at St Martin's School of Art in 1967 when they were 25 years old and have continued in impeccable suits or in the nude. The Tate Modern shows all, from the performances of their beginnings when they pretended to be statues to the Dirty Words pictures, the Ginkgo pictures from the Biennale of Venice to the Sonofagod pictures. You see their development and learn their language. From tentative to flamboyant to studied and from photography to paint to digital, all is shown. Gilbert & George ask the same questions about identity, sexuality, and idolatry. But just maybe this is not enough. Visit the website and hear the audio interviews with these two men talking about their own work habits.

A bit about the people we have been seeing while we are here. I am happy to say we have made some new friends. Marla Mossman made the introduction to [Qais Azimy](#) who was her guide in Afghanistan and who now works for the New English TV channel [Al Jazeera](#). It is only a few months old, but many western journalists including David Frost are working there and it appears to be not just pro-Arab. This young man has had an amazing life formed by events in his country. He was trying to escape the Taliban when some journalist who needed a translator and a fixer found him. He said what he really wants is to come to American and study political science and then go back and become a politician. But I think he just might want a life with no more thrills and not so much responsibility. He is only 24 but has lived through so much grief. He said the Americans are so well trained and so well equipped that the Taliban stay away from them. This lunch was set before we heard that Darwin's son Scott is off to Afghanistan soon but it appears he will be relatively safe on the very large military base. I hope he doesn't get too bored and volunteer for anything dangerous. We need him to come home safe and sound...Qais seemed to think Scott would be safer in Afghanistan then on the roads in American...evidently no one drives there as the roads

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are so bad! He also said they put something in the food in the base to keep sexual appetites at bay. He hated the Taliban who he said were all gay because they were kept in large groups away from any women. This shame against their religion might explain why they raped so many women. Maybe they should have put something in their food as well! He is convinced that the fundamentalist got to these young men and brainwashed them. He is so grateful for the troops in his country, which have made his life so very much better. I don't know whether to believe everything he said, but we were somewhat reassured about Scott's safety after having talked to him.

Unfortunately I could not introduce Qais to **Agnes Asha**. This was an introduction by Linda Nimmerrichter of a former nun from India. This charming woman worked in community collaborations but found it necessary to leave her calling because of her very involvement with the community. She felt the Catholic Church was not ready to change its doctrine to help those in need. She also talked about corruption within the fundamentalist Hindu of India. Evidently they have banned all charity donations from western religions. This is making some severe hardships because 17% of the charity in the country comes from outside the country. She is now volunteering in England for [L'Arches](#), which builds communities for people with learning disabilities. I discovered the artist community while in San Francisco called [Creative Growth](#) and hopefully Agnes will have some luck introducing the idea of artist with learning disabilities into the marketplace in Europe and even Asia as a way to empower the members of her group and involve the community and even make some income for their cause.

Mehmet and [Nancy Atakan](#) are long time friends from Turkey and it was a joy to spend a week with them this trip on our turf in London. Nancy is a video/poet/digital/installation/photography artist who is on the Biennial trail. She told me of the progress of the Istanbul event which is growing in stature. Turkish artists are strong on conceptual art and ripe to be the next "big" discovery. Mehmet has the widest circle of contacts of anyone I know and it was a pleasure to meet Izak and Freda Uziyel who invited us to join them at the Anselm Kiefer exhibition. Freda is Polish and organizing an enormous charity art auction through Christies for Israel museums. They are both connoisseurs and it was great fun to see their art collection and their beautiful garden in Hampstead.

Our thanks go to Joe Khodoory, Brian Thorpe, Joe Powell, Arielle Essex, Alison Denham, Joe Chamberlain, Sandy and Julie Hutchons, Chris Keats, Tim Donavan, Nicholas Beaumont, Hannah Stappard, Sandy and Elizabeth Love, Smadar and David Cohen, David Porat, Ruth Middlemas Meyer, Cliona and Michael O'tuama, Roy and Lizzie Addison, Ken and Jan Overman, Mark Hodgetts, Pam Kent, Lesley Silver, Stephen Jones, Craig and Jayne Ferguson, Matt and Tiffany Keiller, Fionnula Boyd and Les Evans, Linda Dangoor, and Peter Logan for all their kindest in enriching our lives during this trip. I blame you all for the extra weight I am carrying back to the US and I don't mean luggage!