

Grayson's
Art Club
The
Exhibition

Large Print Guide

Please leave at the Gallery
for other visitors to use

Untitled 2020

David Shrigley

Ink on paper

This is a drawing I made during the first lockdown, when I made a series about the situation we're all in. I'm lucky because I can entertain myself. I set myself a task to make a certain number of drawings in a day. I find that the central problem of being an artist is the starting point. Once you've got that, then the artwork makes itself, so for me just having a set number of drawings to make in a day is enough. I just tell myself it doesn't matter what your drawings are like because I discard a lot anyway. As long as they're finished then my work is done.

At the beginning of my professional career, I shied away a little bit from the fact that my work's funny. I kind of wanted it to be poetic or profound in some way, whereas now I embrace the comedy. I think that comedy and the ability to make people laugh is a gift.



Courtesy of the artist
and Stephen Friedman
Gallery, London

Hannah Grace Deller

Photographs

Swings in Lockdown

I grew up on a council estate in Bermondsey and was one of four children. We had a local park we played in and this was our garden. When I saw this image, I thought about our tiny council flat as kids and thought about the local kids being stuck indoors with nowhere to play. So many people don't have gardens or outside space to play. Police were patrolling the local council estates checking the kids were not playing in parks.

The New Normal

Welcome to Dystopia – let's not make this our new normal.

Selfie at work in PPE

Although I don't really take selfies, I took this photo at the beginning of the pandemic while working on a COVID positive adult ward. At the time it was really unusual to wear the full PPE. I was feeling apprehensive about what was ahead of me but ready to go. When you're in PPE, people just don't know who you are, do they? It must be so hard for the patients. We try to tell them we're smiling underneath.



All courtesy
of the artist

March 2020 2020

Maggi Hambling

Oil on canvas

March 2020 is about the contradiction of the threat of the virus everywhere but all around us was spring – things suddenly coming into blossom, the life force of nature. So this painting is a vulnerable rising blossom of magnolia with the creeping greys of the virus threatening its life. Getting up as I do very early every morning, I always hear the dawn chorus but throughout the day you hear much more birdsong and all around us everything coming into bloom and blossom – what joy. So that contradiction is what this painting is about.

Courtesy of
the artist and
Marlborough



Protective Spirit Alan 2020

Grayson Perry

Ceramic, metal, stone, found objects

Throughout the television series I worked on my sculpture of Alan Measles. He's my childhood teddy bear, named after the disease I had when I was about three, so he's the perfect candidate for a protective spirit in the middle of a pandemic.

As soon as this crisis started to happen, I thought he would have to play a part in some way as my metaphor for God. He's got antenna, inspired by the sculptures of an outsider artist called Emery Blagdon who made healing machines. These were imaginary electromagnetic force field generators that would have a positive effect on health. So there's an element of this sculpture that represents Alan as a great big aerial for psychic power.

The little doors on the front of the shrine hold the Holy Grail, the symbolic carrier of the cure. The doors are beginning to open in the promise of a vaccine.



Courtesy of
the artist and
Victoria Miro

Portraits

Generation COVID 2020

Lucilda Goulden-White

Acrylic on board

I took my inspiration for this painting from my final piece of GCSE artwork about 'concealment'. We had just started preparing all the research and planning when COVID hit. School was cancelled but we were allowed a final goodbye for a couple of hours with the historic shirt-signing. Year 11 had finished, as had my school life. There was uncertainty around completing GCSEs, so my art teacher suggested that I produce the final work from home. The painting was completed in 12 hours, with acrylics on an old board from a past building job. It is a sad reminder of a time that was meant to be joyful and full of the relief of finishing exams! Instead it is piece that reflects that moment in time.



Courtesy of
the artist

Mutual Appreciation in Isolation:

Dad and Dog 2020

Emily Goodden

Acrylic on paper

My portrait shows my dad and our dog Teddy, two mutually adoring fuzzy-faced old boys, having a cuddle in our little garden in Portsmouth at the start of lockdown. At the time, we were all in a state of shock and for me, as a 19-year-old, not being able to see my friends was really difficult. I wanted to capture the importance of being connected with family, including pets and nature. Art was another thing that helped me through the lockdown, just as it had all through school and college. I am so excited to be a part of *Grayson's Art Club* and to have my work exhibited to the public. This experience has highlighted to me how vital the arts are in bringing people together during difficult times.

Courtesy of
the artist



Lockdown Self-Portrait 2020

Bethan Barlow

Acrylic on canvas

My work is a self-portrait created in the early weeks of lockdown. I studied art at university and now teach art, but feel I have very little time to create my own work in day-to-day life. So I used all of the spare time at home during lockdown to fall back in love with painting. Portraits have always been a subject matter I have struggled with creating, so I used the opportunity to practice.

Courtesy of
the artist



Portrait of Philippa 2020

Grayson Perry

Ceramic

As I'm in lockdown with my wife Philippa, my own choice of portrait subject was literally staring me in the face. I'm painting my wife of 30 years or so, who is often the first pair of eyes to see anything that I make, so I want her to like it. It's a while since I've done a portrait of Phil. Creating a work about your partner does make you think about your relationship with them. Perhaps now is an opportunity for us all to spend some time reflecting on those we're in lockdown with?

Courtesy of
the artist and
Victoria Miro



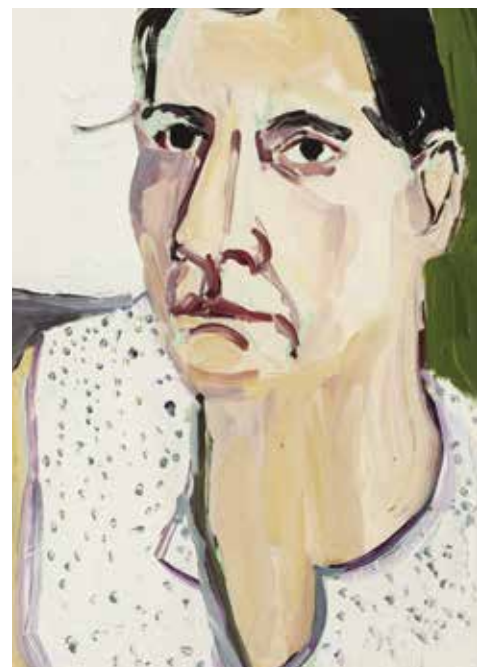
Lockdown Self-Portrait in My Nightie 2020

Chantal Joffe

Oil on board

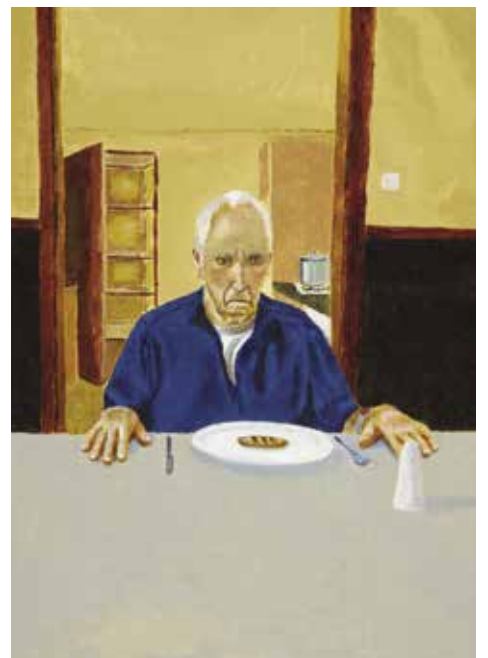
A couple of years ago I embarked on a project to paint a self-portrait every single day for a year, which seems like the perfect preparation for lockdown. For me it's a constant in my life – I've painted myself probably since I was about six. I'm always here and I really only like painting people. Often, it's just me, so that's a good place to start. I think a lot of the time I forget it's me that I'm painting. You sort of zoom in and out of a kind of consciousness of it being a self-portrait. I was curious if the awful stuff that's happening would be somehow reflected in my face but, of course, I won't know that until later.

Courtesy of
the artist and
Victoria Miro



The Last Supper 2020
Henry Mawcat
Oil on canvas board

Courtesy of
the artist



The Itty Bitty Chris Whitty Committee 2020

Hugo Boss (now known as Joe Lycett)

Acrylic paint

Oil paint

Watercolour paint

Farrow & Ball paint

Linseed oil

Olive oil

Soil

Boiled soil

Boiled oil

Boiled oiled olive oil soil

A drop of sweet, crisp water from
a summer well

The breath of a dying quail

Sandpaper from a Norwich branch
of Wickes

A kitten's first memory

Alan Sugar

Greggs Steak Bake

Greg's Greggs Steak Bake

A Greggs Steak Bake Cake

Greg's Greggs Steak Bake Cake

Anish Kapoor's grazed shins

A knob of salted butter in the palm
of a dentist

Harry Styles' harried stylists

1.532

Miaow

A cool breeze sprinkling over the

a-line skirt of a mid-tier estate agent called Sandra
A birthday type two diabetes diagnosis
A king's blouse
A queen's sheath
A prince's pocket watch
Two dozen unanswered emails
from Manchester University begging
for money
Alan Sugar
A mother's knuckle
Goat's milk
Ghost's milk
Ghost goat's milk
A wicker chair's leg in the mouth
of a pigeon
A haystack in a needle
Seven fresh piglets
Lettuce leaves
Let us leave
Alan Sugar
A rounded up number no larger than 8.4
Ruth Langsford's secret notepad
Wales
A pane of glass in the shape of my knob
16 random DMs from JK Rowling's twitter account
A 1120 Continental bin filled with thick double
cream
32 years of hopes and dreams
Alan Sugar
A sense that something is missing

A thin piece of tissue paper, torn in one corner,
signifying nothing

Alan Sugar

Alan Sugar

Alan Sugar

Alan Sugar

Alan Sugar

Alan Sugar

Alan Sugar

Alan Sugar

Alen Shughart

A reduced price canvas I bought in a Birmingham
branch of The Works

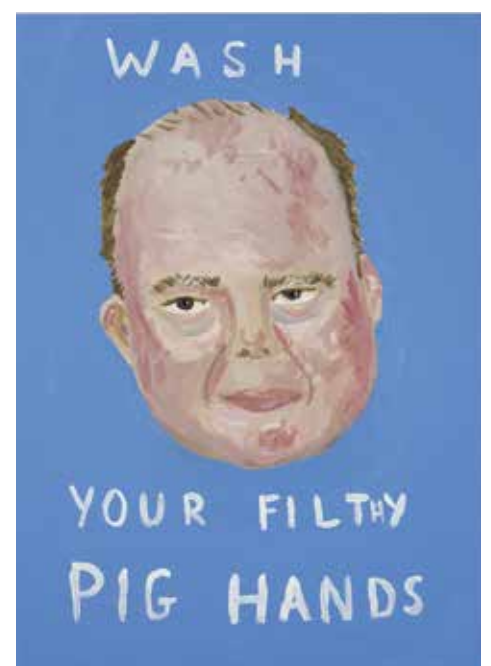
Size Approximately 60 x 30 x 5

(all measurements given in kilometers or meters
or centimeters I can't remember)

Display Full title and medium must be displayed
next to the painting.

The font size of all text must
be clearly legible and no smaller
than 11. The painting does not
need a frame because it is
gorgeous without one how dare
you say it needs a frame you
rotten little bitch.

Courtesy of
the artist



STAY AT HOME! 2020

Penny Lally

Bronze resin on wood base

At the beginning of lockdown and feeling rather scared, being in the 'vulnerable' category, I watched intently the daily press briefings with Professor Chris Whitty. His sensible and calm manner made a lasting impression on me.

I've always been fascinated with human faces and love working with clay. I spent every day creating portraits of famous people from photos on my iPad. With only my Labradors and a radio for company, I remained sane and quite happy and created 50 portraits! So now in my little studio I am 'watched' by many clay faces (and two pairs of Labrador eyes!) and consequently, I'm never alone!

Courtesy of
the artist



Mama 2020
Kashta Dale
Digital image

Mama is a portrait of the backbone of our family, of our caregiver, our teacher and our gran! During lockdown Mama became very poorly with COVID-19 which lead to pneumonia and later, sadly, a cancer diagnosis, the news of which ripped through our family. 2020 has truly been a challenging year, to say the least. Caring for her, with the majority of our family at a locked-down distance, was a frightening and challenging time. Thankfully Mama is well on the mend and back to her bubbly self. This portrait is a homage to Mama, to her determination and strength, her generous heart and joyous sprit.

Courtesy of
the artist



Grayson Perry 2020

Nathan Wyburn

Digital print of original work on paper made with soya sauce and noodles

If you just want to make some art around the house, you can basically just raid the cupboards – find that old tin of beans or can of spaghetti at the back of the cupboard and maybe a half empty bottle of tomato ketchup. I actually love the noodles that I placed on toward the end of the Grayson Perry portrait because it adds such a 3D and sculptural element to the final work. The way the soy sauce actually grips to the noodles, then gives that extra dark tone around the hair, makes the portrait jump out of the paper.

Courtesy of
the artist



Aquaria 2020

Miranda Noszkiewicz

Acrylic on canvas

This portrait is part of a series of drag queen paintings that is an ongoing project of mine. Drag is an art form in itself and making my own art out of it is an interesting matter. Aquaria is an American drag queen, TV personality and recording artist best known for winning the tenth season of *RuPaul's Drag Race* in 2018. Aquaria's ever-evolving drag is what has inspired me to keep creating. I like to think of this piece as a modern day *Mona Lisa*.

Courtesy of
the artist



Family Portrait 2020

Philippa Perry

Glazed ceramic

I fancied giving me, Flo (our daughter) and Grayson cats' bodies and the cat, a human body. The cat is the boss. He is wearing a costume based on a Roundhead soldier. He's a bit of a thug.

Courtesy of
the artist



Arthur 2020
Linda Hann
Clay

I started life sculpting about a year ago, but this is my first head-only portrait. In real life Arthur is a mischievous and active 85-year-old but I have completely failed to capture his personality. Instead he looks severe and judgemental – the ideal person to confront my partner, Ian, as he sits on top of the toilet. Joe Lycett was struck by our ugly tiles and the work was interpreted as an installation. Ian was responsible for the tiling so could be regarded as an accidental (and slightly offended) contributor.



Courtesy of
the artist

Behind The Mask 2020

Barbara Ann Swan

Relief print on paper

Creating Behind The Mask I tried to capture my emotions as lockdown exacerbated my increasingly difficult mental state. The veneer came off my front tooth, which meant I lost my smile, so not being able to see a dentist and all of the other restrictions added to my fractured mental state. One good thing about having to wear a mask was not only did I protect people around me, but it also hid my tooth. The only time my tooth has been exposed was here in my artwork where I have shown my vulnerability.



Courtesy of
the artist

View from
my
Window

Thank God for Immigrants 2020

Jeremy Deller & Fraser Muggeridge

Limited edition print to raise funds for
Refugee Action and The Trussel Trust

I made this poster to go in the windows of people's houses and flats. I wanted to use not only 'immigrant' but 'God' in the same sentence. I thought it was important to do that – two very contentious, loaded words. I made it as a poster that people could put in their windows and it could be seen from the streets, just because so much art now that we see is things that people, mainly children, put up in their windows. So streets have become forms of galleries in a way, where people are showing you what they think about the NHS or what's going on, a bit like a bumper sticker on a car.

Jeremy Deller

Courtesy of
the artists



**Thank God
For
Immigrants**

The View from my Window, Starring my Beautiful Cat Leon 2020

Bethany Kelly
Paint and collage

Unfortunately the view from my window isn't the most exciting – just the neighbouring buildings. So to keep my sanity, I've painted the surrounding walls and filled my room with beautiful things. Over the past months especially, I've spent a lot of time in my room, staring at this very view. So this piece is rather personal to me. The fabric scraps are my old clothes, the flowers are from a vase in my room and some of my best friends feature on the wall. My best friend of all, Leon, features in his usual spot on the bed, where he likes to lie all day, basking in the sun or curled tight in a ball during the winter months.



Courtesy of
the artist

My View from my Window 2020

Emma Major

Pen on paper

I am registered blind but have a small blurry tunnel of sight in one eye, so when I look out my window, I basically see light and dark. I lost my sight five years ago, so I know what is outside my window, but the artwork is an attempt to draw what I can *actually* see from my window, rather than a representation of what I know is outside. Normally when I draw or make something, my mind fills in all the gaps because I do remember what I used to see.

I encourage everyone to stop and actually take notice, which is what my disability forced me to do. Perhaps we should all use the experience of lockdown to stop and reflect, think and appreciate. Just notice the beautiful things.



Courtesy of
the artist

enjoying the view from my window

Tuesday 05 May 2020, 6:47 a.m. 2020

Andrew Brownsell

Digital photograph taken on iPhone

I really enjoy the view of my garden from my window. I really love my garden. I enjoy being in it, being part of it, tending to it, looking at it, experiencing the colours, the shades of colour, the changes throughout the year and the birds and animals that visit. Enjoying my garden and the view from my window has been especially important during these times of lockdown and COVID-19 restrictions – I feel very fortunate to be able to enjoy this view from my window.

Courtesy of
the artist



Window with a Fresh View 2020

Vinny Montag & Kimvi Nguyen

Fridge, fabric, light, food and drink

We decided to focus on what has been our window on the world for the past few months – our fridge! We spend about 30 times a day looking inside it, just looking for something - an answer, anything! We realised that food became an event, just eating became a ritual. Everyone embarked on the mission of going to the supermarket with gloves and mask, keeping their distance, trying to be kind, getting back home, feeling safe and then eating.

The fridge is like a theatre set or landscape with the scene changing daily, so we added a frame and curtains to reflect that feeling of looking into a changing view each time we opened the door.



Courtesy of
the artists

Untitled 2020

Freya Moffat

Giclée print

I made this early in the lockdown when there wasn't much external stimulus or movement in London. There was a lot coming into the house in the form of delivery boxes, packaging, free newspapers and leaflets. As this stuff built up, I wanted to use it to make something which captured how strange domestic life had become. I created a papier-mâché sculpture, which is a very fragile medium; building and arranging the sculpture felt like an act of care.

The photography 'flattens' the sculpture and the combination of sculpture and photography makes the art object purposefully elusive. It contains a strange 3D element that the viewer can't quite reach or grasp.

Courtesy of
the artist



View from my Window 2020

Julia Gardner

Oil on canvas

The view from my window had become my visual sanity due to a terrible back injury at work. Though I couldn't manage walks at this point, I could stand. My sons, who had returned home to sit out the lockdown with me, set up my easel and paints so I could paint the view. The blackbird became the focus because its song had no other sounds to compete with, no cars, no airplanes. The boys and my dogs occupied themselves with social media and a football. The dogs, ever present, were hoping for titbits. The crab apple tree is a shrine to my darling mum who passed away peacefully in this very house.

It was a perfect view, yet all about was loss, sadness, loneliness and fear. How comforted I was, yet never complacent, of my view from the window.



Courtesy of
the artist

Nuts About Life 2020

Clare Warde

Watercolour on paper

I hadn't attempted art since primary school and always believed I just wasn't able to draw or paint. During the first lockdown, when I wasn't working, a friend of mine said, 'Why don't you just try and paint or draw something in the afternoon?' Now it's like a form of therapy and I'm doing it every afternoon.

When I moved onto the estate where I live, I noticed that someone had written 'nuts about life' in pen on the side of the bin. Most of the people who live in my block of flats are elderly and I always thought to myself, 'Who would have gone up to the bin with a pen and wrote "nuts about life"?' Even after eight years, it always brings a smile to my face.



Courtesy of
the artist

House Planter 2020

Grayson Perry

C-type print

During the spring I made a planter in the form of a model house and placed it in our yard. I put some plants inside and they grew through the house, spilling out of the windows and cracks. All the colour and the decoration is on the inside, apart from some external weathering, so our imagination has to go there, to a place that we can't quite get to because the plants will be in the way.

It's quite a spooky little thing – it looks as if we've all died and nature has returned. I always love it when nature clings. In my yard outside my studio, there's quite nice little flowers, like daises, that grow up through the cracks; at one time the studio was the garden of the house next door. That will have been over 100 years ago but the flowers that were planted in that garden still come up through the cracks. I think that's amazing. I just love it.

Courtesy of
the artist and
Victoria Miro



So Near Yet So Far 2020

Clare Wilks

Coloured inks on paper

Our garden became a very precious place during lockdown. I was having medical treatment when our sons came back from university, so they went to live with our amazing neighbours for two months to reduce the risk of me catching Coronavirus. Each day, they hopped over the garden wall to have lunch with me and my husband in our garden. We arranged the tables and hammock so that we could eat, talk and relax together, socially distanced. Those were precious moments together as a family.

Drawing and painting has kept me going through the pandemic. I love it; it makes me feel happy, relaxed and absorbed, freeing me of anxious thoughts. Because my drawing is autobiographical and about places I spend time in, my subject matter has become closer to home since I've been working remotely and travelling less.

Discovering more in my neighbourhood has been a real delight to me.



Courtesy of
the artist

Out of my Window 2020

David Stuart Tomlinson

Acrylic on board

You're never alone with a pencil and paper, brush and canvas or lump of clay. Throughout the challenges of self-isolation, I immersed myself in creating a body of paintings, drawings and sculptures from life, about life. I look out of my window and sunshine and light reveal what I see: a little lawn, grassy greens, sunlit flagstones and winter pansies.... smiling. A painterly adventure begins, inspired by the colours, shapes and tones in combination with my imagination, feel and touch, giving me the freedom to compose and interpret how I wish.

Over 40 years ago and after facing adversity, I started copying scenes from postcards; in retrospect a wonderful journey began. I now post my own paintings and drawings of Burnley Wood on YouTube. Art is my life.



Courtesy of
the artist

Bearded Tit 2020

Jim Moir

Oil on canvas

I sit looking at my bird station quite a lot, even more in lockdown. You might think 'Oh, aren't they nice? They're pretty, aren't they?' But really, when you look at them a bit longer, you'll find out that they're a very violent species. The robin, which is Britain's national bird, is probably one of the most violent gangsters in the world.

There's a hierarchy of the tits: you've got the great tit, which is in charge, and then that'll see off a blue tit, which is a bit smaller and then a blue tit will see off maybe two or three long-tailed tits. They live alongside the coal tit quite nicely. There are other tits that I haven't seen, like crested tits or a tell-tale-tit, who looks through people's windows, and the bearded tit, which is also a euphemism for me when I turn up at RSPB areas.

Courtesy of
the artist and
Westenhanger
Auction Galleries



Animals

Dog Show 2020

Hannah Grace Deller

Photograph

I took this image at a dog charity event in Primrose Hill pre-lockdown. It was absolutely packed out with dogs and their owners and it was a beautiful day. It was taken at a time when I was with all my family and friends. I felt free and happy and it reminds me of how I want to feel again.

Courtesy of
the artist



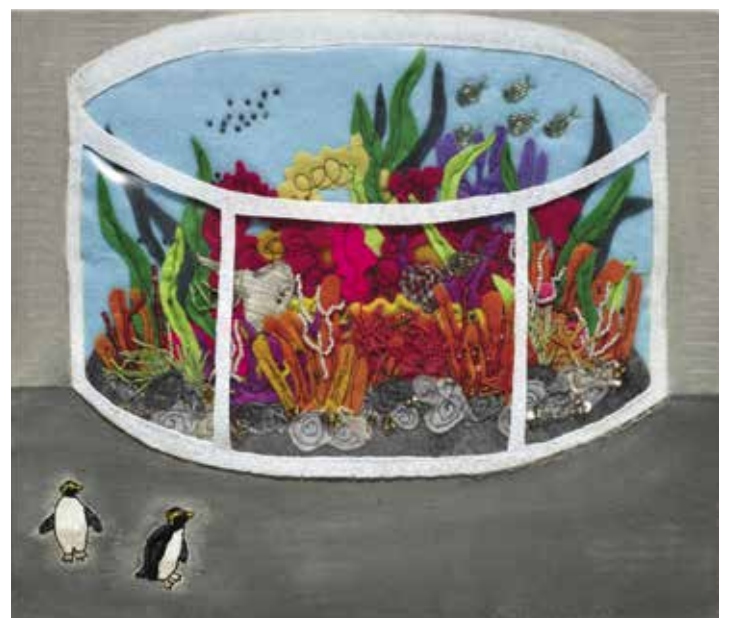
Pandemic Penguin Parade 2020

Hannah Hill & Eshe Deodat-Hill

Mixed media (felt, embroidery thread, glass beads, plastic, velvet and paint)

This is all hand-embroidered. I love hand-embroidery but dealing with my disability, I'm not able to sew as much as I want to. I'm sewing about 30 minutes a day at the moment, which is quite depressing, but this time six months ago I wasn't sewing at all, so I am happier. I drew this first and I said to my mum, 'I need these penguins, I've seen them wandering around the aquarium and they've brought me so much joy, but how can I make this?' I had to let go of full control and not every stitch is my creation. I asked mum to do what I couldn't do myself.

Courtesy of
the artists



Lockdown Birds 2020

Paul Green

Wire

Nature has always been a huge part of my life, particularly birds and nature conservation.

Throughout lockdown, when I was furloughed and couldn't get out into the countryside, the birds in my garden became even more important to me. I would fill my bird feeders with seed every morning and watch the birds outside my window. The birds would come and go from first light until last and I now had the time to really study their individual habits and characters. Using only wire, I tried to capture their likeness and individuality. The birds built their nests around my garden early on in lockdown and by summer, were joined by their young. These little garden birds and my wire gave me a purpose and filled what would have been very long days, with something quite wonderful.



Courtesy of
the artist

Emu in Lockdown 2020

Liza Donoghue

Acrylic on canvas

Every week for 22 weeks during lockdown, I sent out two painting challenges to the 18 members of my art group. We painted one or both and the results were sent to me – over 400 submissions!

Emu was one of those challenges. He lives in Noah's Ark Zoo, North Somerset and the owner, a fellow artist, submitted his photo for us to paint.

As my painting evolved, I began to realise he's a bit like me – he's cross, fed up and anxious. He's not burying his head in the sand, but is facing up to the lockdown situation. Even though he's a little nervous, he gets on with things. He's become the symbol of us all in lockdown.

Courtesy of
the artist



Trevor 2020

Sharon Bennett

Watercolour ink on paper

Trevor is a baby crow that my partner Mark and I rescued from my garden. He was too young to have flown the nest and had an injury which made him blind in one eye. We took him to a wildlife centre where he was rehabilitated and sent back in to the wild.

News that Trevor's painting had been chosen for the exhibition came the day after I heard that my Aunt Annie had passed away from COVID. Therefore the image stirs up many different emotions.

Courtesy of
the artist



Cat I 2020

Philippa Perry

Glazed ceramic

Our rescue cat Kevin is the inspiration for my cat ceramics. The style is based on Aldo Londi's jazzy 1960s figures for Italian company Bitossi, with their imprinted geometric shapes, abstract decoration and vibrant colours. I tried to capture the spirit of Kevin in the face, with his cheeky little beak of a nose.

Courtesy of
the artist



Soloman 2020

Harry Hill

Beechwood and enamel paint

There's a dog in every log. I decided to carve a dog and it's based on a golden retriever who was found swimming between the Isle of Wight and Portsmouth. The first part is just getting as much as possible off the log to expose the dog within. I took it in to show the family and the main comment was it looked too much like a teddy bear. It did a bit, so, I took a bit off the top. I've used a bit of wood filler to fill in the nose just to give him a slightly less teddy bear-ish profile and added that all-important tail. Then I sanded down the wood filler with some sandpaper and found a couple of glass eyes which I've been saving. Then I painted him.

Courtesy of
the artist



Billy 2020

Anne Bridgeman

Gouache paint and watercolour pencils

Billy has the face of a gargoyle that only a mother could love! A dog walker said he looked like the devil. His unfortunate look always makes me laugh and I thought why not paint an ugly pet? It would have been easier to choose a prettier, more appealing subject but I was up for the challenge of portraying Billy.

I hadn't picked up a paintbrush for over 25 years and I relished the opportunity to have a go. *Art Club* has fired up a long dormant passion and has encouraged me greatly. How I regret all those lost years... Grayson, Philippa and their cat Kevin have given encouragement and inspiration to all of us to pick up a pencil or brush and to have a go.

Billy is not mine.



Courtesy of
the artist

Annie Dog 2020

Hollie Arnett

Acrylic on card

I have always loved being creative. I studied at Wimbledon School of Art and Leeds University. My painting is of our family dog Annie. She is 14 years old and is a very special lady. Those that meet her can't help but fall in love with our charming pet. I painted this picture for my brother Simon, wishing him a happy woofing birthday.



Courtesy of
the artist

Cat II, III 2020
Philippa Perry
Glazed ceramic



Courtesy of
the artist

Lulu 2020

Jill Dudley

Gouache on watercolour paper

This painting was made during lockdown for my very dear friend Jane Cummings. Jane's dog Lulu is 14 years old now, deaf and blind, but still manages to enjoy her daily walk along the beach near their home in Blackpill, Wales. This is where the photograph that inspired the painting was taken. Although isolated in a sensory capacity, Lulu still very much enjoys life and, in turn, brings a great deal of joy to those around her. And I think this is what having a pet, or caring for any animal, is all about – it's about giving them the best possible quality of life.

Courtesy of
the artist



Our Pets 2020

Susan Hubbard & Tyler Brown

Acrylic on canvas

I worked in a special unit for children with challenging behaviour. Using my grandson Tyler's early drawings, I have tried to capture a flavour of this daily adventure. Tyler's self-portrait, the little boy in front with coloured braids, was drawn when he was 7 and also included are his earlier works – my favourite is the crab with an escaping leg and Tyler thinks the octopus is super cute. Tyler is now a young man, has recently completed 3 years at college and was winner of the 'Best Overall Student in Art and Design' award.

Courtesy of
the artists



Chris Whitty's Cat 2020

Grayson Perry

Cast silver

I was looking through sculptures of cats and one that really caught my eye was an Islamic incense burner. I just loved the elegant shape of it and I wondered how I might use that shape to make a kind of quiet, little domestic-scale monument to the crisis we're going through. So that's what I made, a plague cat.

Courtesy of
the artist and
Victoria Miro



Britain

We Shall Catch it on the Beaches 2020

Grayson Perry

Ceramic

I've made quite a few pieces about Britain over the years and what I find hardest is to boil it down to something that can be communicated in a visual artwork so, I've chosen this flagon shape for Britain. There's something robustly stout about a flagon. You can also imagine it full of beer. I had fun with the imagery, using a freeform approach which meant I could be cheeky and make it up as I went along. I made a special Chris Whitty stamp so I could put him ad infinitum all over the pot. I also used one of my favourite stamps, a little cloud that I bought in Japan, that gives me endless fun. Using that stamp I have everybody farting... even the Queen. Is that Treason? I've included lots of phrases we heard over again during lockdown. The Queen is saying, 'We'll meet again.' There's also a lady in a mask saying 'Stay at home' and 'Fair pay for key workers apart from our cleaner, oh and the nanny' – the gentle affectionate hypocrisy of Britain.

Courtesy of
the artist and
Victoria Miro



Britain, the Queen and me 2020

Georgia Rusch

Acrylic inks and pen on paper

I grew up in Bradford with an English mum. I went to school, got my jabs, national insurance number and worked from age 16. In 2010, a new employer asked for my documentation confirming my right to work in the UK. I didn't have it but reassured them I would pick it up. I called the Border Agency explaining that I didn't have a letter and that I needed one for my new job. That's when, at 36, I found out I didn't have the right to be in the UK. I was told to leave the country and to reapply. The decade that followed was mostly uphill: proving I was me (harder than it sounds); developing Graves' disease; saving for the spiralling costs of my 'Right to Remain' visa and British Citizenship.

The painting is of my Citizenship Ceremony where, in the fading glamour of Preston Town Hall, a man in strange suit shook my hand while the Queen looked on, tinny music played and 40 or so eager people clapped in our joint relief that we would not lose the country we called home or be separated from our loved ones.

Courtesy of
the artist

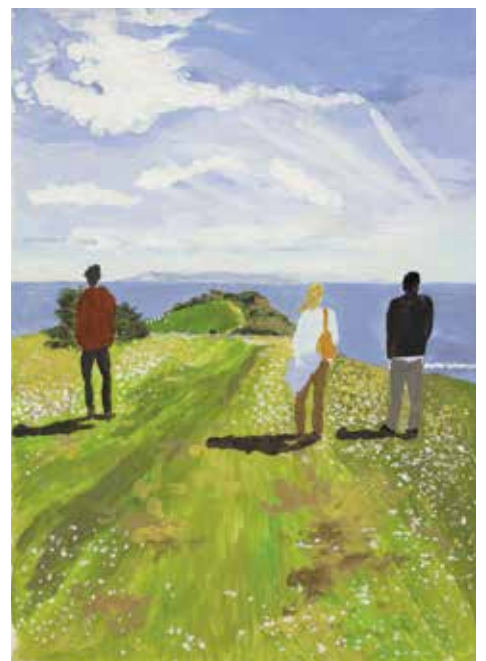


The Way Ahead 2020

Jasmine Horn

Painting using acrylic paint by numbers paints and brushes on paper

I live in London but spent my lockdown in Dorset with my family. The image is of my family on our first walk after restrictions were eased. It was the turning point of my lockdown experience when I really felt like everything would be okay again. Whilst in lockdown, I passed my time doing intricate paint by numbers. After watching *Grayson's Art Club*, I was inspired to paint something of my own. I then used the leftover paints and paint brushes to paint this. To me it's an image about freedom. It's about letting go of control or perfection and just enjoying each moment.



Courtesy of
the artist

Greetings from 'Lock down' London Postcard 2020

Yui Archer

Photograph, card/paper

On 11 May 2020, when London was in the thick of the COVID-19 lockdown, my husband and I wanted to make our once a day permitted outing count. We went to our local park in Walthamstow, where everything was prohibited and dismal, to capture this unique period in our lifetime. We came across an ironic – but very British – scene of a taped-up park bench where the tape had been slightly moved, accompanied by an empty energy drink can and a cigarette butt. I thought this perfectly summed up Britain's sense of humour (and a silent protest against the administration). I subsequently turned this into a greetings card in order to connect with my friends and family and remember this weird time.

Courtesy of
the artist



Sainsbury's queue during the coronavirus outbreak, Clifton Down, Bristol 2020

Aldi queue during the coronavirus outbreak, Bedminster, Bristol 2020

Almondsbury Garden Centre queue during the coronavirus outbreak, Bedminster, Bristol 2020

Martin Parr

Photographic prints

I have been shooting images in the UK for nearly 50 years and one topic that keeps coming up is the humble queue. In Britain we excel in this simple exercise – orderly, good mannered queues – and woe betide anyone who barges in. Because of social distancing, queues have become more extended and ubiquitous. It is now an imposed way of life and I have noted a degree of anarchy creeping in too. Outside a supermarket it is straightforward, as they have people supervising. But queues for an ice cream van can very easily break down into a non socially-distanced melee.

This new type of queuing is here to stay and will become the new norm. No doubt our in-built queueing etiquette will accommodate social distancing and longer shopping times. We will still experience irritation when a person, busy with their phone, doesn't move on promptly to the next available line on the pavement.



All courtesy
of the artist

Ginger McGinge 2020

Liza Tarbuck

Mixed media (wooden box/mosaic/paint and fabric)

I've suspended a map of Britain within a box to represent the fact that we're all now quite regularly in a state of suspension. The mirrored mosaic fractures the reflection of the image and creates lots of different angles, breaking up the whole – perhaps reflective of the UK in recent times. I've used a play on words on the outside – this is my 'Dan Pora's' box.

I've added ley lines to represent the invisible; we have the invisible threat of the virus but, in fact, the invisible is a beautiful place that we inhabit, whether it be earth energy and ley lines or integrity and faith. So my work is also about a sense of possibility and opportunity – if it's not time for change now, when will it be?



Courtesy of
the artist

A British-ish Flag 2020

Olivia Winteringham

Coloured felt, sequins, tassel fringe, cotton

At its heart, literally, this flag represents the love I have for my partner. I made this for her as a birthday present. It reminds me of the privilege we enjoy living in a country where we are free to love each other as two women. I chose a flag because it is such a poignant symbol of Great Britain and I wanted to create something powerful yet provocative. Whilst making it, I followed the rules of vexillology (the study of flags) by ensuring the measurements and alignments of the individual pieces were precise. However, through the vivid colours and playful shapes, I am actively queering the flag to symbolise our love in a same sex relationship. The use of hearts and sequins embellishing this flag represent the fun and joy that we experience together as a couple. As an artwork it is simultaneously a celebration of flag design and of love – in all its forms.



Courtesy of
the artist

Thursday, 8pm 2020

Jacqueline Taylor

Oil on canvas

My piece of work is inspired by the weekly clap which took place every Thursday at 8pm. This was the nation's way of saying thank you to all the frontline workers that were out helping others and who were unable to stay at home and protect themselves. Every Thursday was a moving moment to come together and clap for the people to whom we were grateful. I felt a sense of people coming together, even though we had never been more apart. The street depicts a typical street in Manchester which is where I'm from – it is a cross-section of society all coming together to show their appreciation to others. I think it shows a sense of a better future where we can all stand together in whatever we face, nevermind who we are, our background or where we come from.

Courtesy of
the artist

Right: Courtesy
of the artists



It's not just Time that Heals 2020

Susan and Adrian Dent

Ceramic/ terracotta with slip decoration
and gold coloured resin filler

COVID seems endless. So does cancer. Adrian was diagnosed with mouth cancer in 2005 and recovered; a second wave of head and neck cancer nine years later resulted in further major surgery and radiotherapy. It was a difficult journey from treatment, with feelings of being locked down and isolated, to recovery and feelings of hope and survival.

We created an artwork in clay using Adrian's radiotherapy mask as a mould to illustrate this emotional landscape. The piece represents the darker feelings of the journey, and the joy of recovery through the physical Wiltshire landscape around us. Its reconstruction (*Kintsugi!*) after a kiln accident became symbolic of how something so broken can be mended. COVID, like cancer, is a journey. The road to recovery can be difficult. We need the support of family, friends and the NHS within a landscape that promotes healing. After all, it's not just time that heals.



The Judgement 2020

Lana Turner

Mixed media, paper, pen

I made this piece in relation to how people behave, particularly online. Amplified by these strange times, I noticed more people sharing self-righteous posts on social media, being passive aggressive to create guilt in others by pointing a finger indirectly at everyone except themselves. The central figures represent those who appear morally superior whilst not acting as such, their gold faces hinting at their privilege. The couple represent those who live conscientiously on the fringes and still feel on edge. The person pointing the finger is the constant judgement felt by everyone.

My work focuses on social commentary. The theme of this piece was relevant for the time, encapsulating social media and society as a whole through my own experience during lockdown. It is, of course, open to interpretation and I invite you to find your own meaning.

Courtesy of
the artist



NHS v COVID: Fighting on Two Fronts 2020

The Singh Twins

Lightbox

Our artwork is a tribute to the NHS and other healthcare workers. The NHS is represented by an Asian nurse who is fighting COVID, depicted as a dragon, but she's being held back by Boris Johnson who is pulling on the horse's reins and stabbing her in the back. This central figure is a reinterpretation of the Christian figure and patron saint of England Saint George, who was Turkish in origin. We wanted to reflect how immigrant communities have left their imprint on British society. Saints were ordinary people who did extraordinary things and in the same way the NHS workers are extraordinary people, putting their lives on the line for the benefit of the rest of us.

The artwork is a combination of traditional techniques and modern digital technologies. Some of the details are hand painted and others are created using computer tools and scanned imagery. All of it is blended so the final piece only exists as a digital image.

Courtesy of
the artists



Britain, April 2020

Philippa Perry

Glazed ceramic

My flowerpots are embossed with words and quotes from episodes one to five of *Grayson's Art Club*, so I've included lots of quotes that might convey a feeling of what it was like to live through this time. I particularly like: 'I love my home and I wouldn't moan for a second, but between you and me, I'm a bit sick of it. Do you know what I mean?'

Courtesy of
the artist



Home

Happiness Bungalow 2020

Kevin McCloud

Cardboard and cork sculpture

Happiness Bungalow is a model of a willed state of mind in lockdown depicting the things I want or need in my life and an emblem of happiness, times past and loved ones. At its heart sits a sort of timeless cloister, deliberately traditional in form but contemporary in detailing and laid out according to the Golden Section. It represents sanctuary and safety and an ordered place for thinking.

Ancient Island: Around the cloister are islands of ideas that I know make me happy. One has a building 'made of books' and a scale model of a monument I made in cork with my friend Dieter Coellen, an expert cork model maker. This island is Italy and Learning, the Ancient and Layered, Study and Reading and everything that has propelled me to right now.

The Island of Imagination and Whimsy: is a tiny island with a tiny house on it attached to a giant balloon.

Jam Tent Island: This is a place to make music and make jam; two of my favourite pastimes.

The Doing Shed Island: This hobby island is connected to Jam Tent Island and is a humble building for doing noble things in like painting a picture, repairing old cars or rebuilding a

lawnmower. It has a reciprocating roof with images on it: on one side brushes that I've owned for 40 years and on the other, a bradawl and pliers given to me by my late Dad, an inveterate maker of things and a great engineer. I use these tools most days it seems.

Emerald Isle: This is where things grow (like the giant tomato in my greenhouse) and nature reigns supreme. It is the place where the planet will find all the energy it needs to heal after we've finished ravaging it (and probably destroyed ourselves in the process).

Family Fun Island: The busiest island of all has a sort of house on it, the Tower of Love. Its walls are adorned with the initials of loved ones. Its soft pink interior holds a gilded Hearth of Desire and out back there's a stoop and an outdoor shower, two architectural features that are certainly on my happiness list.



Courtesy of
the artist

Corner of my Sitting Room 2020

Jenny Eclair

Black paper and oil pastel crayon

I made my own exhibition of lockdown artwork at home. I started on 17 March and I've done a little piece of something every day since that date. For this one I had a mooch around the house and decided to draw the corner of my lounge and use a different kind of perspective.

I love my home and I wouldn't moan for a second but between you and me, I'm a bit sick of it. There are moments when I just think, 'I'd really like to drink a cup of coffee out of a mug I don't own.' I'd even like to use a pan that's not mine. Familiarity is leading to a bit of contempt, even though home for me is a huge sanctuary.



Courtesy of
the artist

Home 2020

Anna Christophersen

Polymer clay sculptures and photography with digital manipulation

The act of modelling is an all-encompassing experience. I spent a Friday and Saturday in lockdown modelling these houses and was thus detached from an abyss of boredom and confusion. I spent the entire Sunday waiting for the sun to come into the studio. The rest of the week I wondered which photograph felt most real.

Lockdown stretched my practice to fill an infinite amount of time and gave this piece a sense of

Courtesy of
the artist



How Many Kids in Lockdown? 2020

Sue Dibben

Collage

I usually paint portraits in oils but due to the time constraints, I thought I'd have a go at a collage. I chose our living room where we spend most time as a family and used reds as the colour theme. To capture the viewer's interest, I tried to add as many shapes and images as I could. I also wanted to convey the feeling of restlessness that lockdown brought. When complete, I chose the name *How Many Kids in Lockdown?* to be thought provoking.

Our home is our safe place but that is not the case for many, especially in this time of pandemic. I experienced the heart-breaking loss of my brother through suicide and would urge anyone suffering with their mental health or abuse to reach out. Talk to a trusted friend or phone the Samaritans or an abuse help line. Things can get better when you seek help.



Courtesy of
the artist

The Gay Commune 2020

Philippa Perry

Glazed ceramic

This ceramic is inspired by my daughter's home. She loves her flat share with her girlfriend Eilidh and they live with Tom and James in 'The Gay Commune'. This is a symbol of the harmony in which they all live.



Courtesy of
the artist

At Home with my Cats 2020

Ania Newland

Acrylic on canvas

During lockdown, I ran out of canvases so I decided to sacrifice one of my old paintings. If you were to X-ray the painting, you would see layer-upon-layer of old oil paint underneath, which is what gives the painting its texture.

I started off with a still life of an imaginary room and added in my two beloved cats Millie and Vinnie (who, together with painting, kept me sane during lockdown). I'm quite pleased with how their personalities shine through. In the foreground, Vinnie, the social dog-like character, is happiest when next to you and hidden behind the sofa is Millie, a slightly shy girl with curious big blue eyes. The canvas still missed something, so I added in a person (subconsciously probably myself), with an expression of disbelief at what's going on in the world (which seems to be the theme of 2020). I grew up in the 80s, so the Nirvana T-shirt is a nostalgic nod to those days, when things seemed so much easier and more carefree...



Home is Where the (He)art is 2020

Simran & Mandish Khebbal

Collage

My home is where the heart is and my heart is with my family.

I've made my mum and dad into Gucci models. My brother Kashmir is always moody – puberty has kicked in. I'm practising karate for my upcoming exam. A picture of my twin brother Sarayan is on the wall. He died 6 years ago but he's always in my heart. We still miss him.

Left: Courtesy
of the artist

Courtesy of
the artists



Loafing in the Living Room 2020

Anthony King

Coloured paper collage/ mixed media

This now feels 'way back when', those golden days of early lockdown where families, previously scattered, strove to gather themselves back and be together again. The weather was great. We pretended to be 'the Larkins', eating our tea in the garden and experimenting with weird and wonderful cocktails. Here we're pictured, crammed together in the living room. All in all, we've rubbed along pretty well.

I chose to use coloured paper for this work because I like the immediate effect of placing one strong colour next to another. It's a bit disconcerting though, to look at the strewn paper off-cuts lying higgledy-piggledy and realise that this random assortment looks better than the piece you're actually working on!



Courtesy of
the artist

Barbie in Lockdown 2020

Anita Kapila

Cardboard, wool, polyester, plastic, metal, paper, nylon

Lockdown Barbie was something that I had been thinking about for a few weeks and I had to get it all out of me. It was done as a reflection of the lockdown for every person and it helped condense and preserve what was going on in something small and attractive. Barbie looks trapped and sometimes lockdown felt like that for me, as I love going out all the time. I really enjoy playing with Barbie so it was a way of playing with her but not really playing with her.



Courtesy of
the artist

Home Is Where You Park It 2020

Jenny Brennan

Poster paints on paper

As a mother of two young children and both my husband and I being serving soldiers, our interpretation of the word home is more than just bricks and mortar. We move regularly with the Army and feel that the most important thing about a home is who is in it and how it makes you feel, not where it is in the world or what it looks like. To us a home is a feeling of love, security and togetherness. Our caravan has always been our constant home from home for making memories with our children, no matter where we move to.

I decided to paint our caravan, parked on our driveway, which is where it spent lockdown, as my interpretation of Home because that is what it feels like when we are all in it.

Courtesy of
the artist



Right: Courtesy
of the artist



Fag On 2020

Janine Chisholm Sullivan

Giclée print from digital drawing

My husband uses the term 'fag on' which I find so amusing. I've used it for our neighbour Cathy, who is very sociable and loves her cigarettes. When her door opens, you can guarantee that you are hit with a wall of smoke. Cathy is registered blind, John is 95 and they have been married for 59 years. They are a formidable team and have inadvertently become part of our extended family during lockdown. We could see that they were struggling, missing their daily walks to the garden centre and not being able to hug family. Willow, my stepdaughter, decided to cook a meal for them once a week to cheer them up. I'm studying for an MA in Illustration and my tutor had instructed me to draw from life every day, which was challenging during lockdown. On this day Willow cooked them bangers and mash and the look of joy on their faces at being handed these meals evoked such a powerful warm feeling that I wanted to hold onto, record and communicate in this portrait. I also wanted to convey the power of human contact in difficult times. We don't have family nearby and they do as much for us as we do for them – a mutually beneficial and appreciative relationship.

Tea Towel 2020

Grayson Perry

Cotton twill

I made a classic home artefact that we all take for granted, the humble tea towel. It's my commemorative tea towel of my experience in lockdown, so it features all the things that are foregrounded by the situation we all find ourselves in.

The imagery is very dramatic for a humble tea towel: I have a ring of skulls all around the edge, like a voodoo barrier telling us 'Do not go any further.' There's also a 'welcome home' scene of a mother with the tea towels over her shoulder. You couldn't get more cosily domestic but perhaps she's saying 'I've made your favourite supper – but keep 2m away.'

Courtesy of
the artist and
Victoria Miro



Fantasy

Jean-Michel Basquiat 2020

Noel Fielding

Acrylic and oil on card

As it was in honour of *Grayson's Art Club*, I created Jean-Michel Basquiat as a party guest too, my favourite artist of all time. The thing is about these guys, they don't need to do social distancing because they're not real. They say you can't have parties during lockdown but you can! But you just have to paint everyone yourself.

Fantasy is about using your imagination. Once you get all the clichés out the way, all of the unicorns, then it gets interesting and you're delving into your subconscious. I think you have to put yourself into a bubble, a place where you can play all the time, so you have to keep real life a little bit at bay and create a little fantasy cave. When you're in there, it triggers something in your brain and you feel free enough to play. That's when all the good stuff comes out.

Courtesy of
the artist



Grace Jones 2020

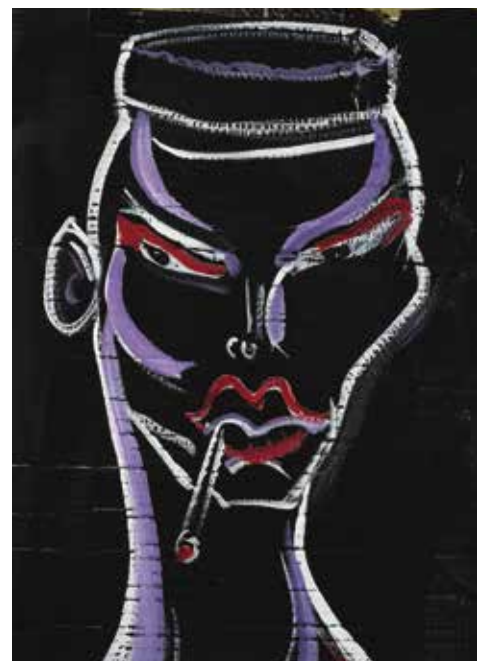
Noel Fielding

Acrylic and oil on card

I'm very into fantasy and thought about what my lockdown fantasy would be. I haven't been to a party for ages, so I thought I'd throw a cocktail party in the garden. As it was a fantasy party, I could invite anyone in the universe – it could be Jesus, it could be an African tree frog, it doesn't matter. I created a whole guest list of people and then positioned them round the garden and had a party with champagne, or maybe it was prosecco – I probably didn't have any champagne.

Grace Jones was the coolest of all my guests. She's used to partying at the Mudd Club and Studio 54.

Courtesy of
the artist



Ode to the country without a post office 2020

Raqib Shaw

Acrylic liner and enamel on birchwood

I fled strife-torn Kashmir as a teenager and I'm now based in London. I believe art is a form of alchemy and that it's important – we all need an element of magic in our lives.

I put myself in my paintings because they are diaries of my experiences in life. Here I'm a figure in isolation, just with my dog, Mr C. You see that outside the balcony it is absolute mayhem – there's war and destruction. Yet the figure is concentrating on fireflies that are coming from the ground, which is all his imagination. He's concentrating on beauty and positivity. I think we all have to do that. It is escapism and I think that as we grow up we totally forget about those things and think about our mortgages. We will always have problems but when you make art, you really forget about them as you're really engaged in what you're doing. The soul is free like a bird and it flies in the sky. That is why art is important.



Courtesy of
the artist and
White Cube

Acid Mouse and Sexy Cooking Apple with cars for shoes 2020

Noel Fielding

Oil stick on black paper

I love to play animals, sort of half human, half animal hybrids. Acid Mouse is a character that I'm excited about at the moment. I thought I'd throw in another character so that he can have some interaction because at the moment he's like a lone figure loping down the highways and beaches of America in his big Hawaiian shorts and his tropical attire.

I want him having an altercation with a sort of sexy cooking apple with beautiful legs that are quite distracting. He's quite startled. I'd like to play Acid Mouse at some point. I don't know where Acid Mouse fits into society. Where do I fit into all this? What's he trying to say? What is he?

Courtesy of
the artist



Babyliss Burna 2020
Edmond Brooks-Beckman
Watercolour on paper

A man points a hairdryer at a clown as if it were a gun. I wanted to make a painting that was poking fun at these characters who were both silly and slightly tragic. It was painted during the first lockdown and I based each of the characters in the painting on photographs I was taking in my flat.



Courtesy of
the artist

I don't really know now, what I thought

I knew then 2020

Leanne Jackson

Found imagery, digital manipulation, Photoshop,
digital print

I've always been a collector. For the first time in a long time, the initial lockdown allowed me the time to start delving into my collection of photographs and magazines. I created more collages than ever. In this piece, I wanted to create the feeling of a leap of faith. At the time none of us knew where we were heading. I'd just received the news that my students had lost the opportunity to sit their GCSEs and I was trying to work out how to support students, staff and deliver an arts curriculum in this strange new world. It was overwhelming. Like everyone else, I had to take a deep breath, put my best foot forward and leap, with the hope that sooner or later, we'd be back to our 'normal' way of living.

Courtesy of
the artist



Nesting Bird - Ship at Sea 2020

Jessica Hynes

Lampshade made from oak frame, tracing paper, copper wire, sharpies, double sided Sellotape

I began with a frame that I shaped into a pentagon and then in each panel I placed tracing paper.

For the design I looked up online how to create a repeating pattern, then drew my design and traced over it. I used double-sided sticky tape on the edges of the wood, put it altogether and turned on the light to see what happened. Thank you *Grayson's Art Club* for inviting me to do this. I've had a ball and I know I wouldn't have done it otherwise, and I've had a lot of fun.

Ship at sea and then a nesting bird, and all the fantasies in-between. I love it.

Courtesy of
the artist



ComputerWorld 2020

Alex Robinson

Fimo clay

Alex, who is on the autistic spectrum, creates four figures each week. Some are inspired by existing characters from a variety of sources, others are originals created by Alex himself. He finds the process of creating the figures relaxing and it forms part of his weekly routine. During lockdown this activity was invaluable for Alex as his usual daily timetable, which structured his day and incorporated all his routines and outside activities, was gone. Making his figures on a Saturday evening was the one link to this previous normality. The creative process of designing them in the week, and making them at the weekend, gave him a focus and helped him maintain his wellbeing and his mental health.

Ian Robinson

Courtesy of
the artist



11 April, 2020, 19:03:04 2020

Seamus Killick

Photograph

During lockdown I started dressing up as different characters and created a series of photographs. It began with me dressing up as Death and playing chess with my dad. Not only did it alter the vibe of the house but I felt really great. It was also a way of tracking time – every Saturday night I just want to mark the end of the week.

Like lots of people, I use art as a coping mechanism. It's one of the best things that humans do. They create symbols and images and ideas and music and play in times of trauma.

Courtesy of
the artist
Photography:
Sarah Barnes



Stranger Times I 2020

Carey Jane Still

Paper collage

My collage was created at the beginning of the first nationwide lockdown. It responds to feelings of isolation and paranoia. This was a time when we perhaps judged with suspicion the behaviour of other people, as we all came to learn how to live with this new reality. Our priorities changed as pyjamas became the new day wear and we adjusted to living and working in our bubbles. The model in the photo wears high-end designer garments accessorised with a WWI gas mask. She stands alone, all dressed up and nowhere to go, frozen in *Stranger Times*, in contrast to the signs of spring which emerge around her.

Courtesy of
the artist



COVID-19 2020

Tom Rushmer

Digital giclée print

I was inspired to make this piece during the first lockdown after seeing how people in our neighbourhood were looking out for those who were shielding at the time and unable to leave their properties. It was reassuring to see that, even during a global pandemic, people still had a sense of compassion and empathy for one another.

Grayson thought it resembled a classic sci-fi image, with the coronavirus as a brooding planet in the night sky in a dramatic urban nightscape.

Courtesy of
the artist



Led a Merry Dance 2020
Annabelle Tim Hogben
Oil on canvas

Led a Merry Dance is about the vicissitudes of life experiences. If you truly feel something, chances are others do too – an empathetic exchange between us. Friends and family gave me digital images of their limbs. These arms and legs are as if they are reaching in from the outside. The arm positions are strained and deliberately anatomically incorrect. Could you 'hold' these distortions? They are awkward, out of tangible reach, yet all too real – like COVID and its manifestations.



Courtesy of
the artist

A Place in the Sun 2020

Philippa Perry

Glazed ceramic

This artwork is a love letter in clay to one of my favourite lockdown activities. Every afternoon at about three o'clock I watch *A Place in the Sun* on TV. Through that marvellous programme I can travel and I can fantasise that the presenters – Ben, Scarlett, Danni, Jonnie, Laura and Jasmine – are my friends.



Courtesy of
the artist

Field 2020

Antony Gormley

Crude oil on paper

I always try to think of different ways of putting things together and different ways of exploring space itself. Three-dimensionality is a strange thing. So during lockdown, this is what I've been doing: I have been quietly doing dots. I am making these drawings out of crude oil. I wanted to use a material that is the blood of the earth; that would somehow carry the feeling of geology, time and substance. Every one of these points is distinct. I'm making something in time, that takes time to make and hopefully captures time. Here is this field of cells. They're also like frog spawn or eyeballs – or singularities.

I would encourage anyone to start making art. You can begin by carving soap. I've also been trying to get people to use barbecue sticks to make things. If you don't have barbecue sticks, try clay: go and dig some up or pick some up from the roadworks – there's a lot of clay under these islands. The kitchen table is a good studio!



Courtesy of
the artist

Alan Measles - God in the Time of COVID-19 2020

Grayson Perry

Ceramic

This pot is one of my series of the life of Alan Measles. The first scene features Alan very upset because Claire looks like she's at death's door. She's even dropped her Louis Vuitton handbag. Claire is symbolic of the economy because she does spend a lot of money. She also likes to party. Alan is mourning and really, really upset. Chris Whitty is looking on sympathetically but he's also wearing a playful smile because he's been reading *The God Delusion* by Richard Dawkins, so he thinks that the whole idea of trusting in someone like Alan Measles is foolhardy anyway. The final scene is under a motorway and Alan is down and out in his ragged suit, desperate.

I based this pot on an Albarello, a type of jar that dates to the Middle Ages and was used to store potions and medicines. It's a reminder of how, for centuries, beautifully decorated ceramics are where we humans have kept the things we hope might cure us. I chose the Albarello, an historic holder of traditional remedies, to convey that fantasy is also a very good form of medicine.



Twins 2020

Laura Marrs

Mixed media, plaster of Paris, canvas
and acrylic

I am a multidisciplinary artist, art tutor and now mother of three. I love experimenting with mixed media and using my painting skills both on the canvas and the body. This artwork is my pregnant twin belly cast at 37 weeks. I painted my belly two weeks before my twins were born, then created and decorated this cast. Being in lockdown in pregnancy is probably even more surreal than usual. I've got a very vivid imagination anyway but when you're pregnant, you tend to have really vivid dreams and you visualise all these crazy fantasies. If something comes to me in a dream, I have to paint it.

Left: Courtesy
of the artist and
Victoria Miro

Courtesy of
the artist



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