

messes to  
people who  
other in the  
ering discounts  
they may need.

community spirit alive in a fun  
but practical way. We wish all  
those involved in it every success.  
*Editor's note - No Olivers were  
received for writing this article!*

## Trek

time but all I  
igital clock and I  
quainted and if  
sleep, the clock  
while I had them.  
I methods to  
to no avail. One I  
mend to other  
ally does the  
e time and if it  
remember what  
very quarter  
hout the day.  
p before I get to  
day though even  
err, failed.  
insomnia is that  
ou get through  
arry it over to  
a Wednesday  
this, I still feel  
ction (ish) but I  
ght until about  
airing an  
Martin's  
who was there  
say that if I did  
thing to do with  
est.  
are reading this  
rers, you have  
just hope that  
ly go into your  
d leave the

## less

ck, and posters  
orkplace.  
about what they  
AM: Giving,  
, Appreciating,  
n, Resilience,  
e, Meaning.  
and you  
and you want  
, and  
e for the best in  
le worlds, and  
is drilling a hole  
ut, but...  
e Ten Keys to  
look strangely  
ck and white,  
smiling people.  
e appeared on  
birthday cards  
aption. You  
el was just a  
er - until she  
just a little bit  
enforced  
e you know it  
t in.  
r best are  
miles, and their  
white coats.  
happy," they  
ey mean it.  
y hard to resist.

## Pete paints city we know

Once upon a time, Diana was the  
people's princess.

Then Vince Cable, after warning  
about bank excesses, became the  
people's politician - for a while,  
anyway.

In Bath, Peter Brown remains the  
people's painter, brilliantly  
capturing street life and providing  
pleasure to many locals.

Despite tough economic times,  
nearly half of the oil paintings,  
pastels and drawings in his new  
*Bath Between the Snows* exhibition  
had been sold a week before the  
show even opened.

While owning one is a mere dream  
for many of us, we can enjoy his  
work for free at the splendid  
Victoria Art Gallery.

How great  
to see  
people  
flocking in

**Bob  
JENKINS**



last  
Saturday for  
the show's  
opening day.  
Unlike  
modern art  
that can  
turn off  
ordinary  
folk, we get  
this stuff  
and we love  
it.

It's uncanny how your  
imagination turns highly-skilled  
splodges into familiar individuals  
on the streets.

This is the recognisable world we  
inhabit, not grand Bath set-pieces.  
There's a milk float in Queen  
Square, a woman posting a letter in  
snowy Somerset Place,  
pushchairs in George Street, a  
bonfire in Richmond Hill, people  
struggling to work in the rain, and  
white vans.

I had to smile at the view of Gay  
Street from George Street where  
figures in mid-road dice with traffic  
at this tricky corner. It could be me  
struggling to reach my mate Keith's,  
late as usual.

I've seen "Pete the Street" in  
familiar sun-bleached baseball cap  
working at his easel all over Bath. I  
mean to stop and say I admire his  
work, but don't want to break his  
concentration.

His depiction of light and weather  
are particularly vivid, whether  
sunny afternoons in Hedgemoad  
Park or dark rainy nights at  
Cleveland Bridge.

It's uncanny how he captures the  
essence of a place in time.

In the exhibition, I loved the sunny  
view of Lansdown, a frosty Somerset  
Place, Quiet Street in the snow, a  
November vista from North Road  
and a foggy morning at Sion Hill.

Truly, this is a man for all seasons.