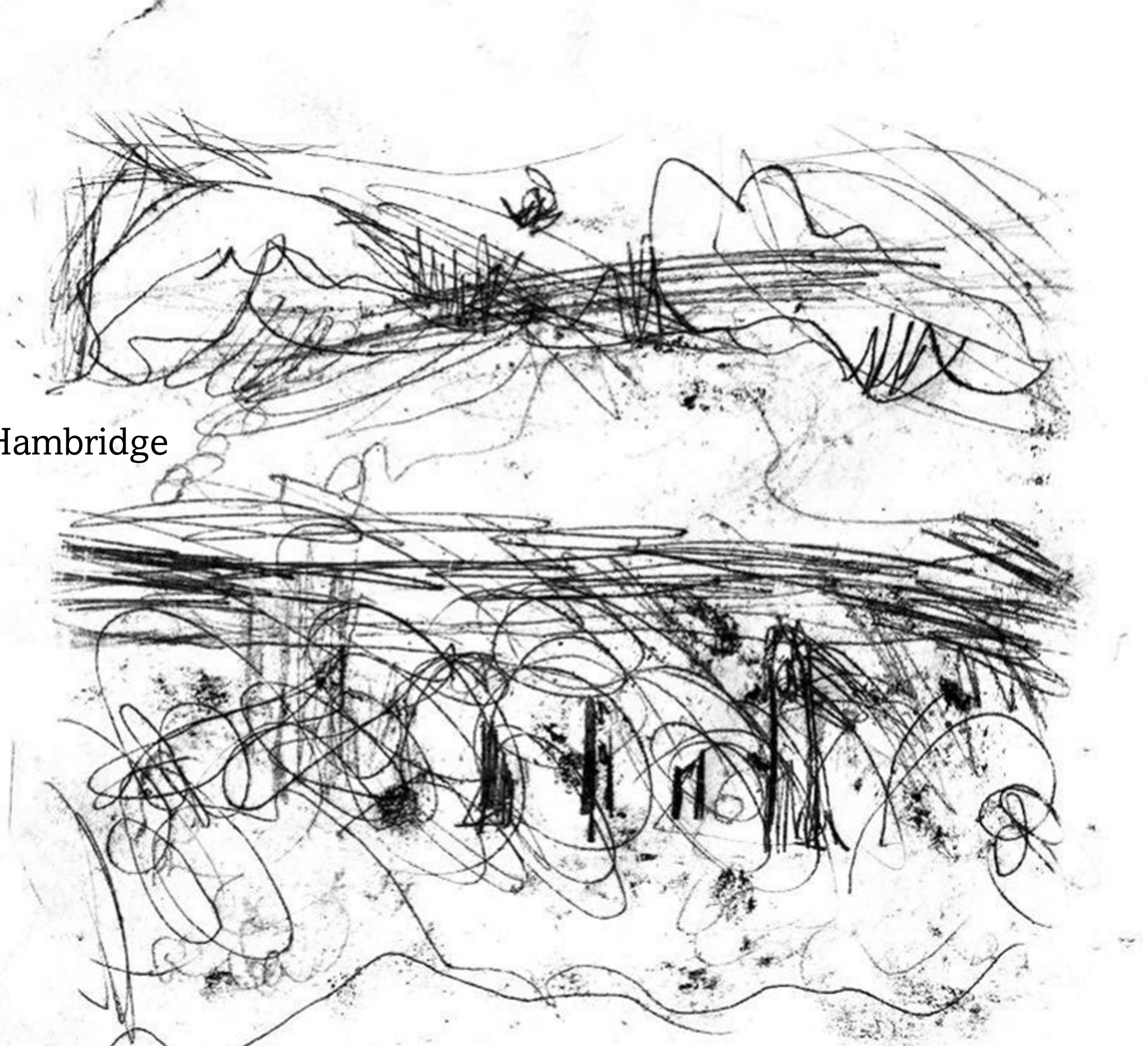


Rowena Hambridge



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STATEMENT

The inspiration for this project is the natural landscape where I grew up in Pett Level. This place I call home has been an area where my family have lived for generations and still to this day is a place we all deem a dream. My work explores my relationship with the natural landscape surrounding where I grew up, Pett Level, I look at my memory of the landscape from growing up amongst it, the sentimental aspects and the emotions it evokes. I explore these mainly through drawings, using these I hope to create three dimensional physically forms physicalising my relationship with the marsh and sea land of Pett Level.

PETT LEVEL-FAMILY HISTORY



I wanted to look into my family history and their life on the beach and marshland in Pett-level. I managed to find photographs taken over 100 years ago of my ancestors doing what we still do on the beach to this day. This place has become a very sentimental place to everyone in my family. It's a place many of them still live and the ones that don't it's where we re-join especially to relive our adolescent days by the shore.





1920's



2020's



GENERATIONS BY THE SEA, THE SAME SEA



2000's



1930's



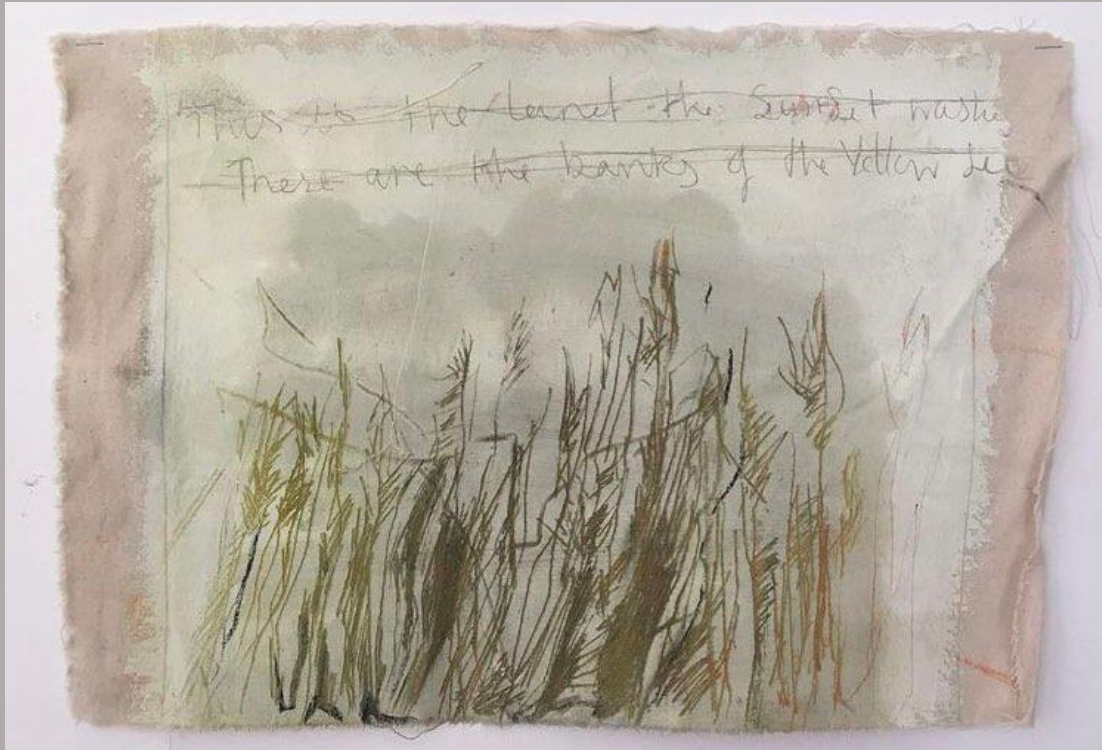
1960's



1980's

PUTTING IMAGERY TO POETRY

I have always loved poems mainly poems where the writer helps us understand how they feel through nature. Nature is relatable even if they personify a flower we've never seen before, we can imagine.



This is the land the sunset washes,
These are the banks of the yellow sea;
Where it rose, or whither it rushes,
These are the western mystery!

Night after night her purple traffic
Strews the landing with opal bales;
Merchantmen poise upon horizons,
Dip, and vanish with fairy sails

-Emily Dickinson

Do you see the sea, breaking itself to bits against
The islands
Yet remaining unbroken, the level great sea ?

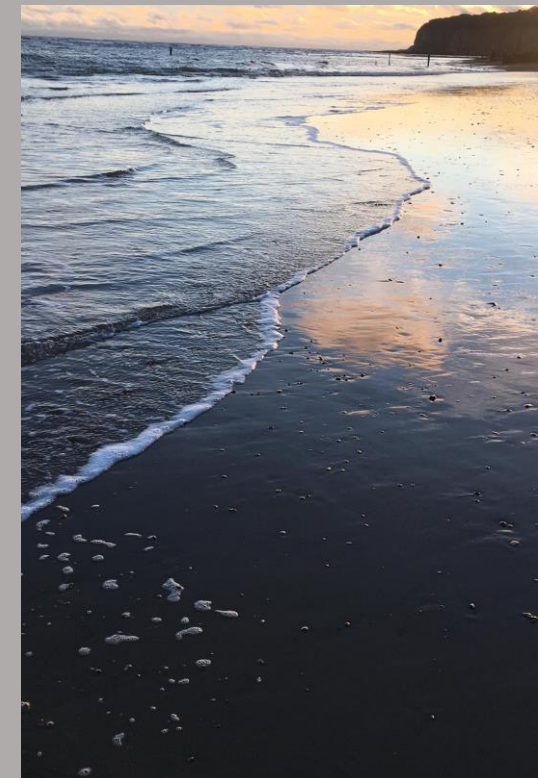
Have I caught from it
The tide in my arms
That runs down to the shallows of my wrists,
And breaks
Abroad in my hands, like the waves among the rocks
Of substance?

Do the rollers of the sea
Roll down my thighs
And over the submerged islets of my knees
With power, sea power
Sea power
To great against the ground
In the flat, recurrent breakers of my two feet ?

And is my body ocean, ocean
Whose power runs to the shore along my arms
And breaks in the foamy hands, whose power rolls out
To the white-trending waves of two salt feet?

I am the sea, I am the sea!

-D . H . Lawrence

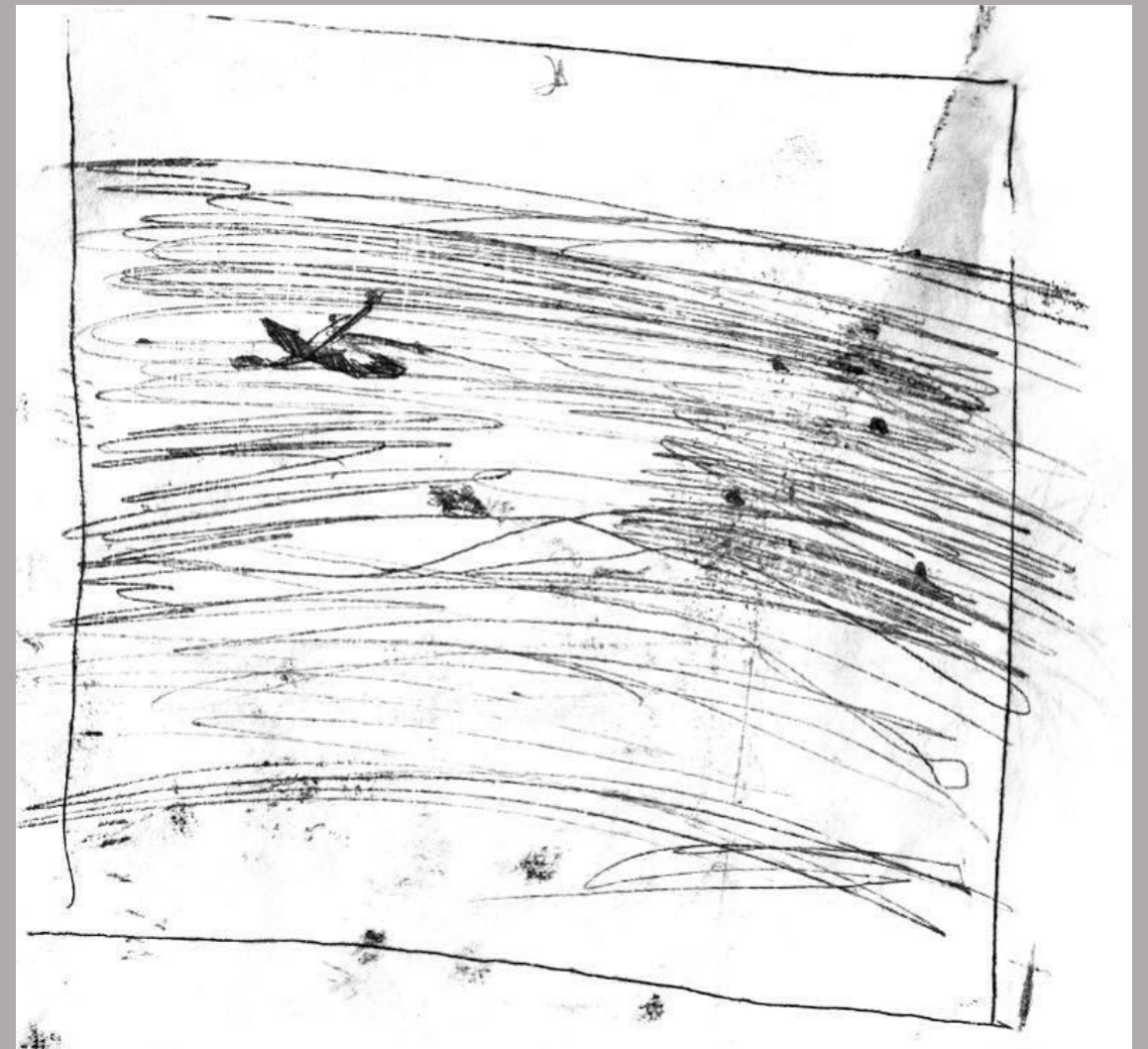




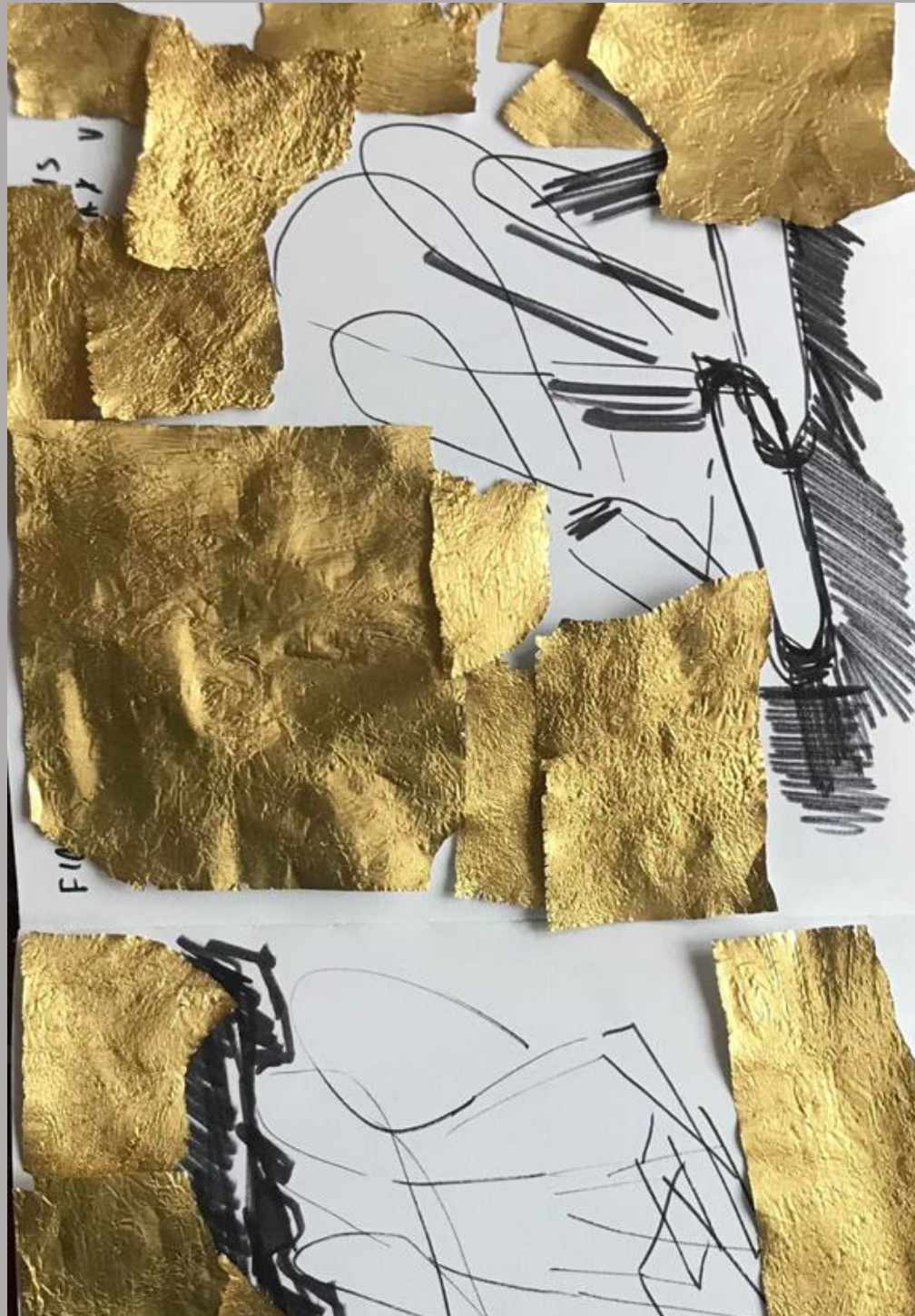
THE MOON AND THE TIDE



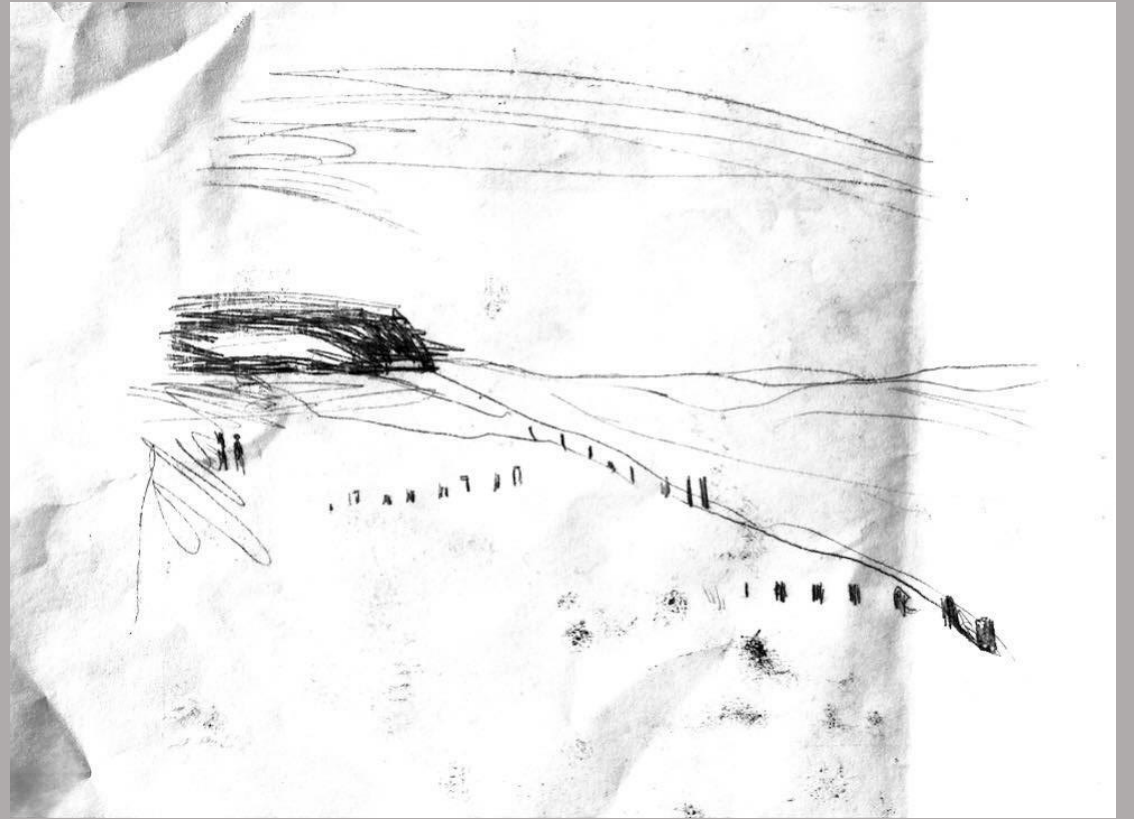
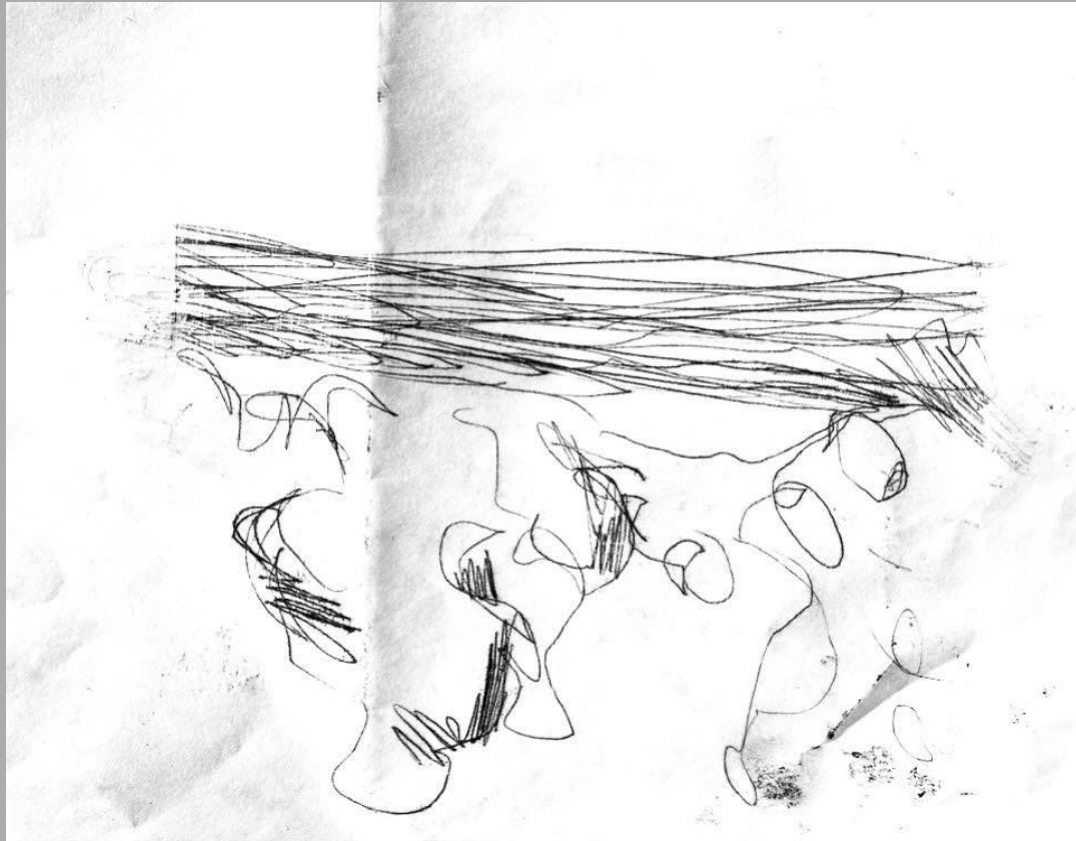
At noon the shore ran along the beaten break waters. The tide fell up and down the warm stones. As the sun warmed up the land, the sea trickled all the way out across the rocks and sand - revealing the sea bed below, and then it crawled back in again, a blanket of water covering all it had exposed. As the water rose, The moon appeared as if it was waiting patiently under the waves, rising up as the last of the sunlight falls behind the hills of the marshland- a sweet exchange. At last the moon has reached it's place, shining down on the high tide below, leaving silver light-lines across the black water.



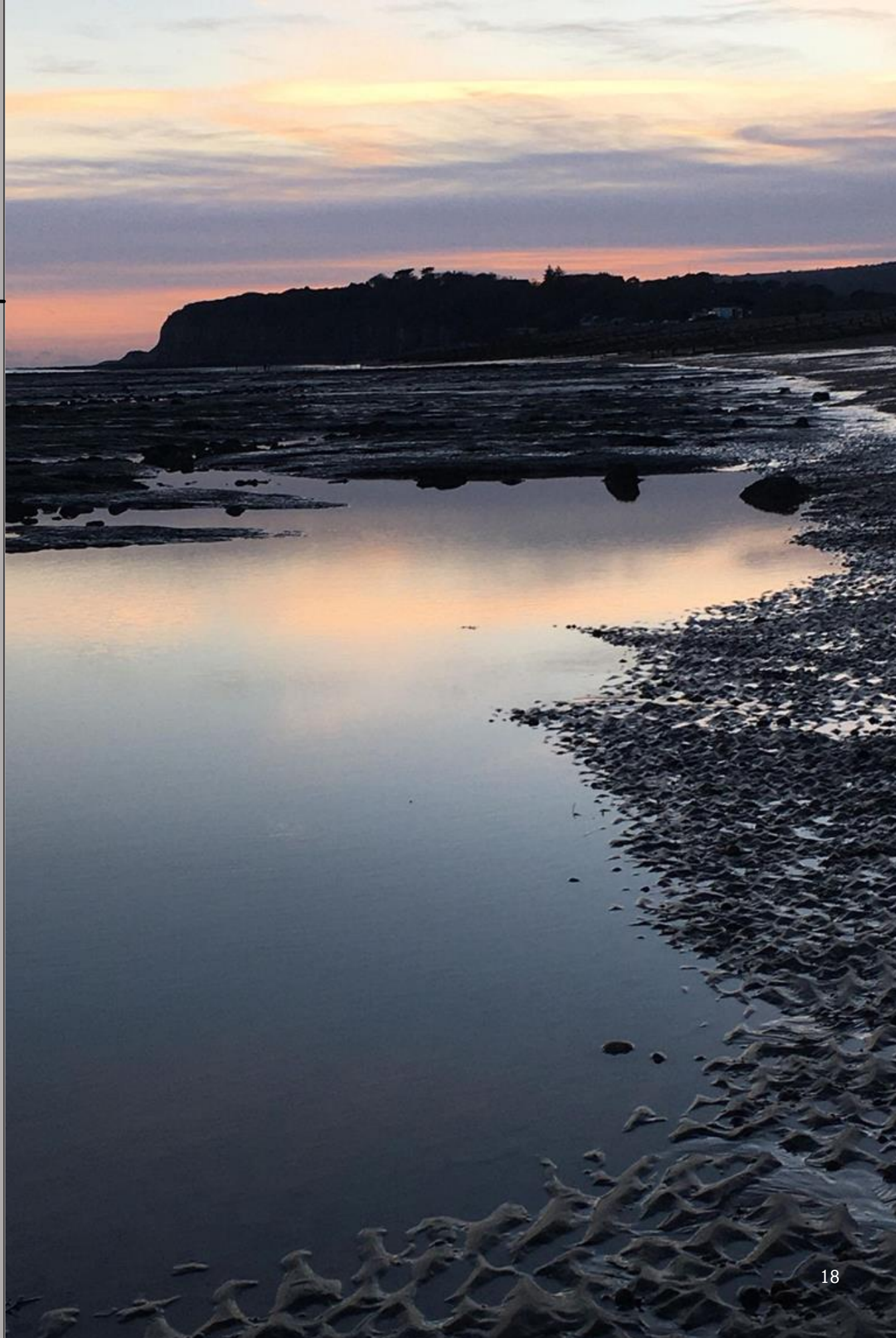
EXPERIMENTING WITH GOLD



DRAWING FROM MEMORY



OUTLINING THE TOPOGRAPHY



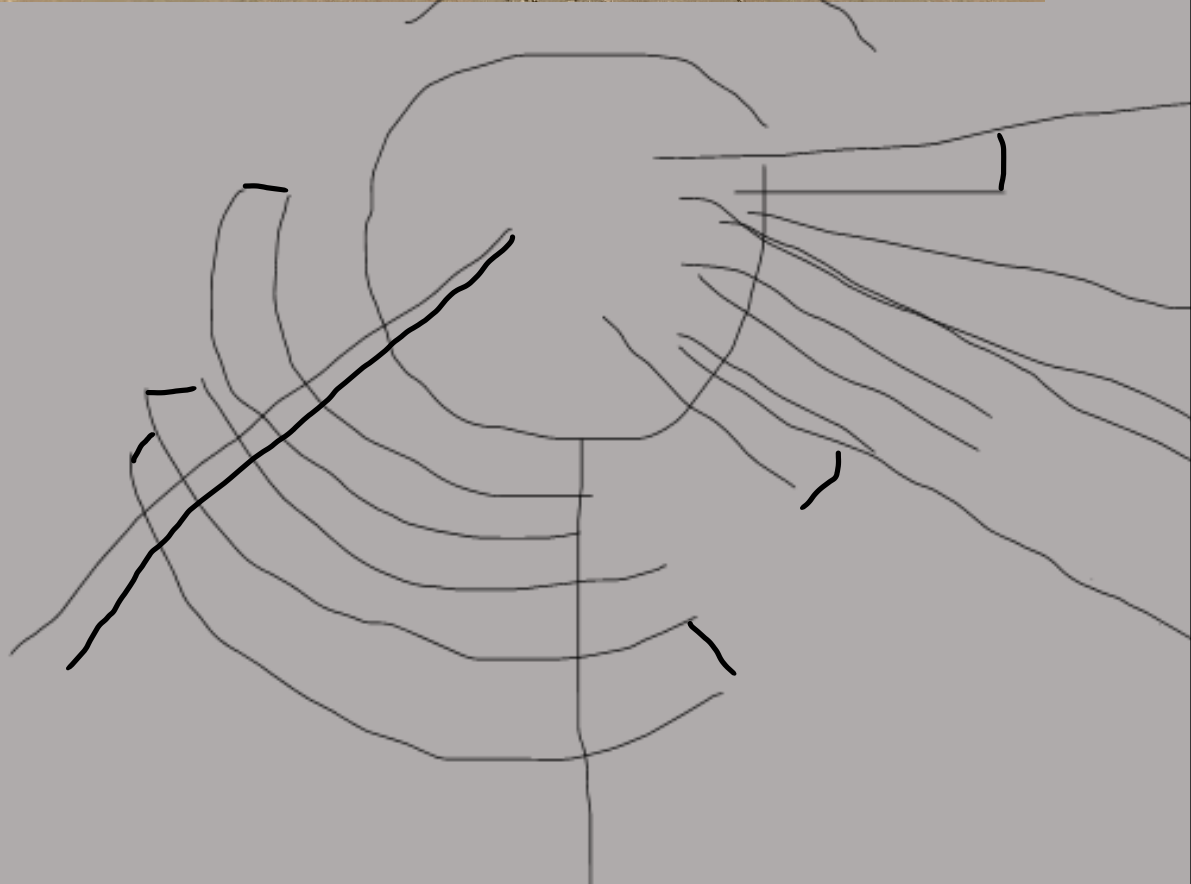
RESPONDING TO MY DRAWINGS THROUGH MODEL MAKING



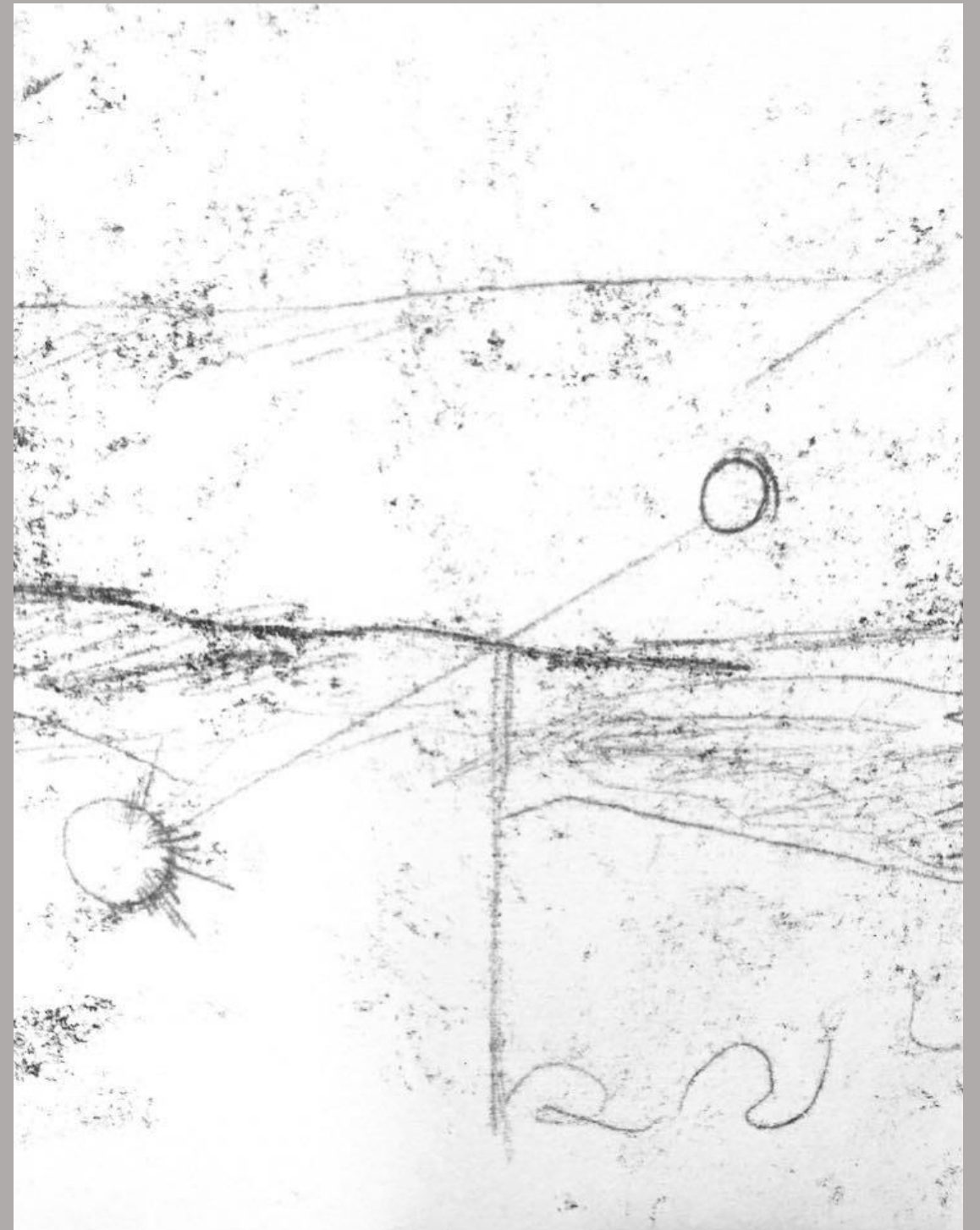
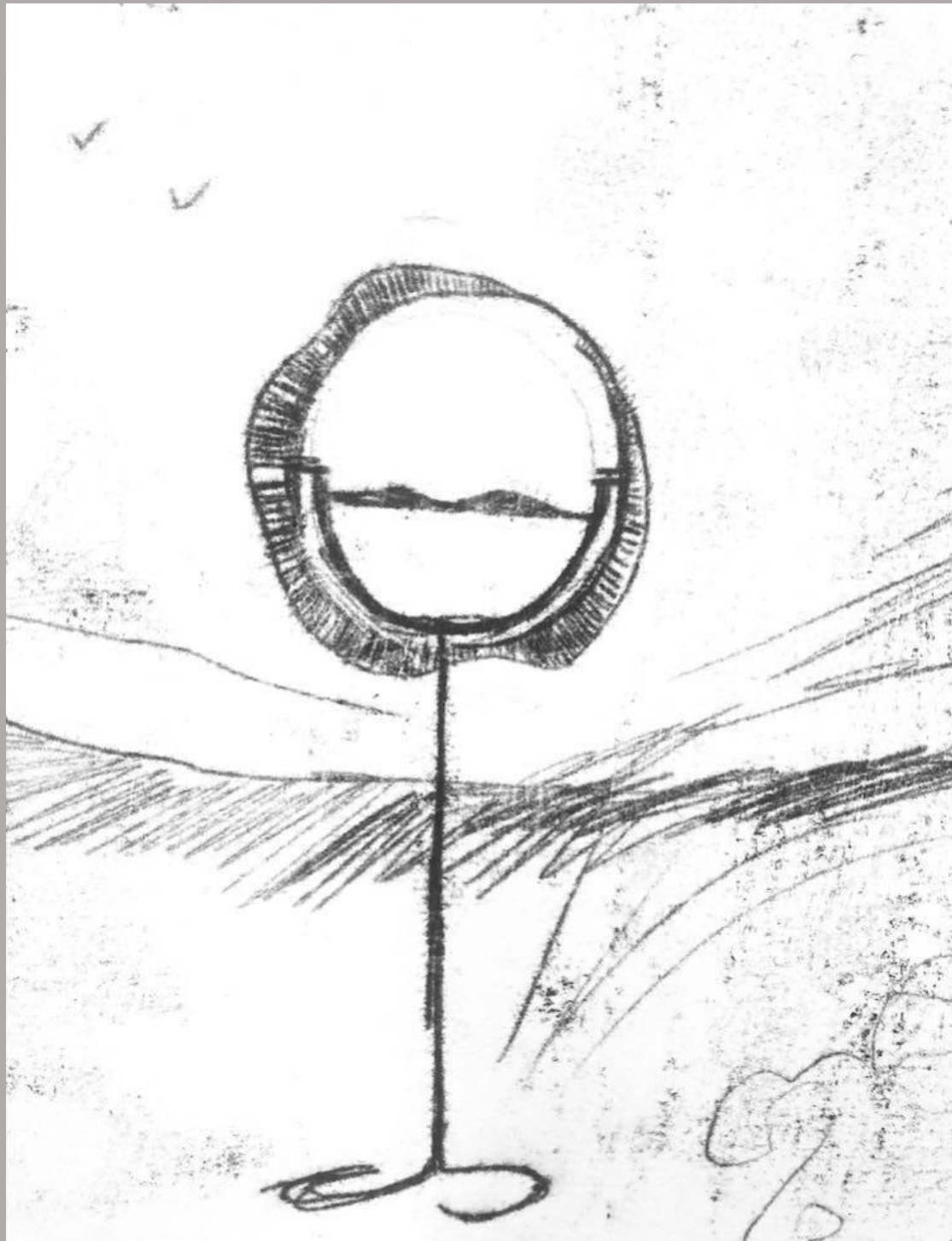
EXPERIMENTING WITH MOVING SCULPTURES



DRAWING ON LOCATION



SCULPTURE DESIGNS



MODEL MAKING

