



Lucian Freud working on a portrait of David Hockney (seated), in 2002

## In the studio with Freud

**A**N exhibition of candid and insightful photographs of Lucian Freud in his studio opens next week at Hazlitt Holland-Hibbert, Bury Street, London SW1, in advance of the blockbuster Freud exhibition at the National Portrait Gallery (February 9–May 27). The photographs, by the artist's assistant

David Dawson, cover the last 12 years of his life and have not been seen in public before. 'Lucian Freud: Studio Life' runs from January 30 to March 2 (020-7839 7600; www.fh-h.com). BBC2 will show a documentary, *Lucian Freud: Paint made Flesh*, which was made shortly before he died last year, on February 10.



*Breakfast meeting* by Richard Snowden, a Yorkshire salad farmer, who, by his own admission, is colour blind. His vibrant and original works can be seen in a forthcoming exhibition put on by the Pepper Gallery, which represents emerging artists. 'Double Lives of Artists' is at Gallery 54, Shepherd Market, London W1, on January 31–February 5 (07917 233103; www.thepeppergallery.com). Some of the artists have different 'day jobs' around which they fit their painting, ranging from litigation lawyer to publishing and make-up artist.



## Country Mouse

### On the move again

**A**RCHAEOLOGISTS are fond of discovering ancient rubbish tips, as studying what mankind throws out is an excellent method of learning about former societies. Our move this week to 'the hovel', as one son calls it (in fact, a rather charming flint-clad farmer's cottage), has necessitated frequent trips to the local tip. Future archaeologists will find that the Hedges family had a young girl with a preference for pink clothes, a large collection of plastic warriors from a game called Warhammer, some computer screens and a great many videos. The large number of wine bottles should be interpreted as a leaving party.

The good news is that, with any luck, we will be moving again in a few months' time as we have, in the past week, agreed the price on a house to buy. This third move in less than two years should finally sort out the clutter that has been following us around since we left London more than a decade ago.

As we were packing up, I noticed the first snowdrops and that, above us, last year's solitary red kite had been joined by two others. I will miss the wildlife, but look forward to proper heating and a less idiosyncratic plumbing system. **MH**

## Town Mouse

### The Pimlico mystery

**B**EFORE Christmas, our neighbourhood was plagued by a series of muggings. I say *our* neighbourhood: lest I be suspected of boasting, I should clarify that the term embraces not only our beloved Pimlico, but the foreign land that is the southern part of Belgravia. There, a lady was robbed of her earrings, the value of which was 10 times that of the Eustace Diamonds in the Trollope novel. I know there has been inflation since 1871, but you don't often see earrings like that around here. Nor are earrings of any kind often stolen. Crime is never terribly bad, considering we're in a city, and the overall figures for 2011 were actually down on the year before. That didn't stop residents, quite understandably, being worried.

There was more than the usual element of mystery to the case. Sometimes, the muggers would appear on a moped, sometimes on foot, sometimes singly, sometimes in pairs. But the police may have been too much for them. Several suspects have now been arrested. After a scuffle behind the front door of a council flat, broken down by a steel battering ram, one young man who was led away in handcuffs asked the officers to look after his cat, called Angel. Watson, observe the sentimentality of the (allegedly) criminal mind. **CA**

