

Travel

Mary had an exhibition at The Pier Art centre in Orkney in 1995. She enjoyed the place and the people so much that she returned several times, always in August. That's when the festival was on and also she said it was the only time when it was warm enough, she described how you had to be on the right side of the rock to escape the wind.

On one of these visits she went with her friend Jayne Ivermy and on another visit with Eileen Coxen. Mary and Eileen also went to the Outer Hebrides, they both draw and kept notes, with many plant names. It was here they were told of an obscure Scottish primrose that only grew on a remote island, they visited the primrose. It was a tiny little plant. Mary gave the watercolour of it to Eileen for her birthday. They seemed to have gathered a nice group of friends there including George Mackay Brown the poet, he and Mary talked for a long time.

On March 4th 1987 Mary writes of ideas from a long time ago. Ireland calls me ... (include page typed ..) we did go on Ascention Day 1963, .The pope was dying , John Paul xx11 died on June 3rd 1963. We went with with another family in a bell tent for a month, a month off school . I was eight. I remember all these events .They have become painting and myths.

(include here the last three photos from the travel ones , two of boats and children on rock and cork harbour , latest Kalman catalogue because I talk about that earlier)

(there is a nice oil of right date from google women and shells Connemara 1964 that's from that trip but I think not easy to get)

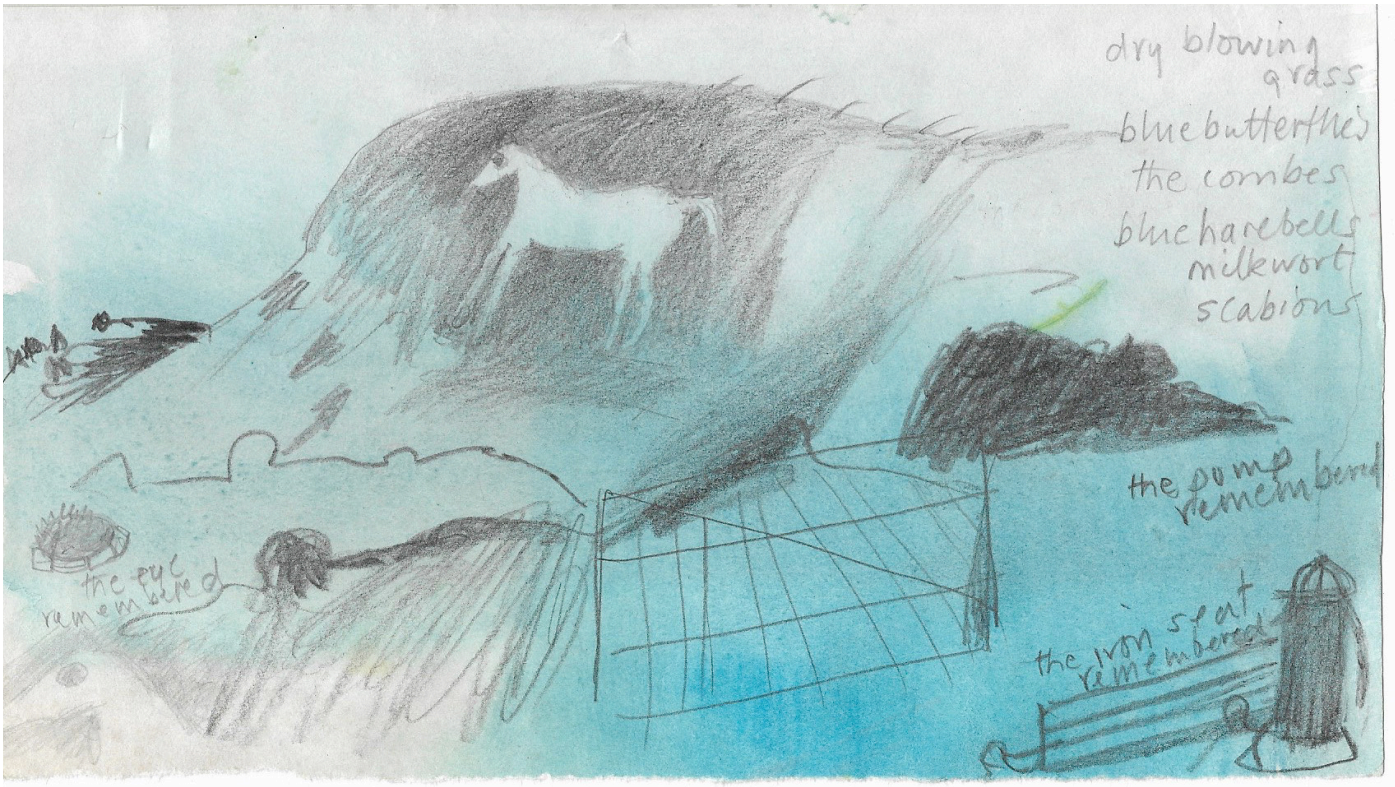
Trains and Ferries



If it is dull when travelling, I can always look at roofs and wires.

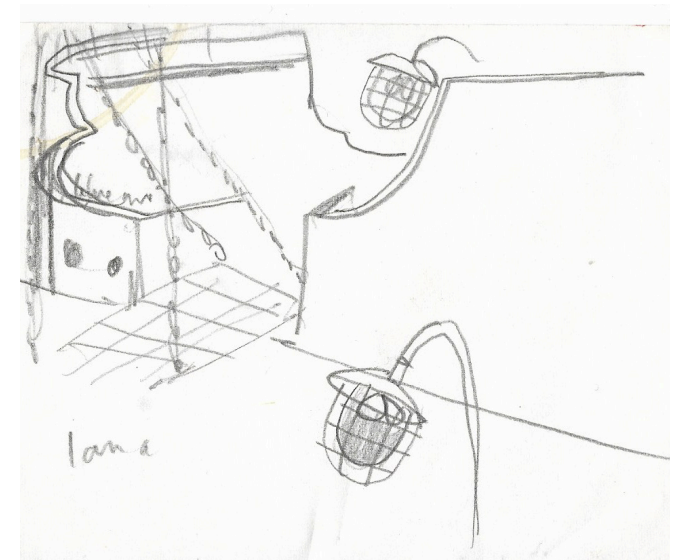
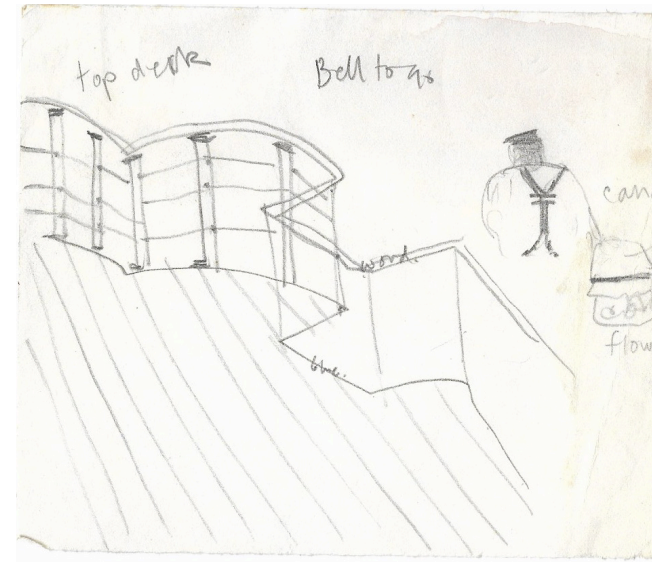
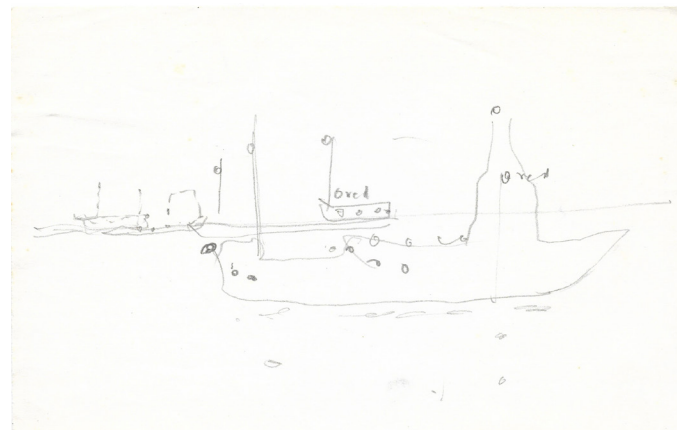
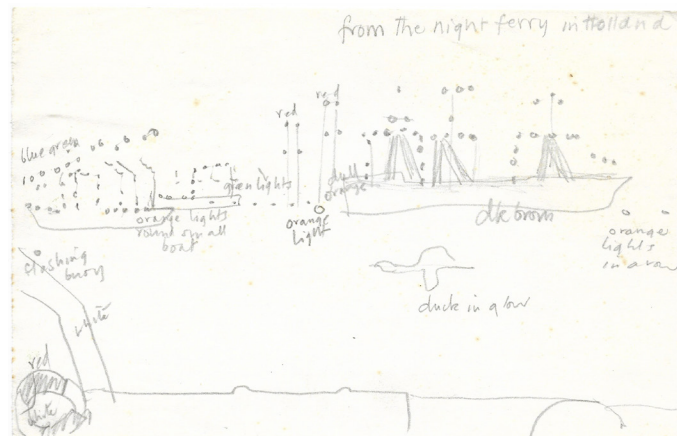
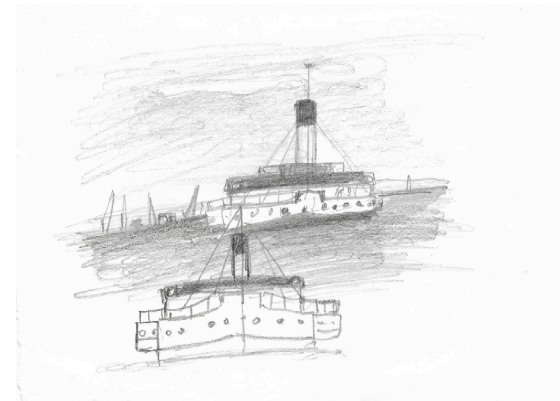
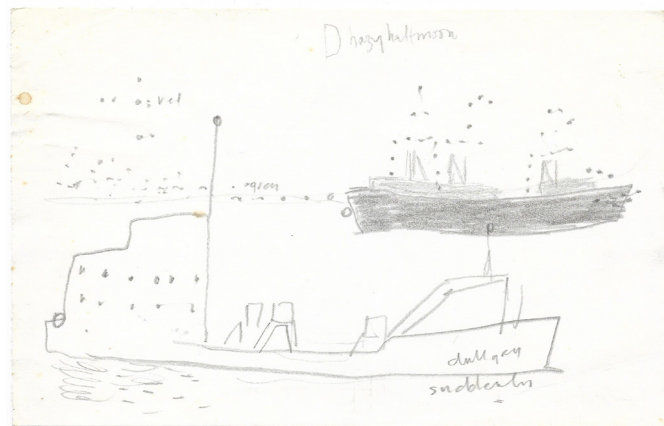
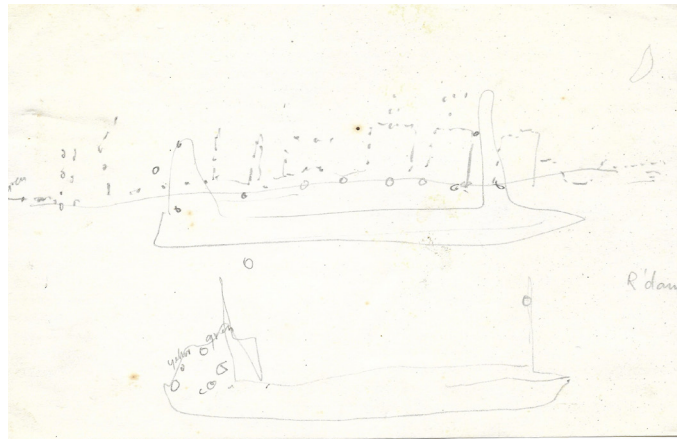
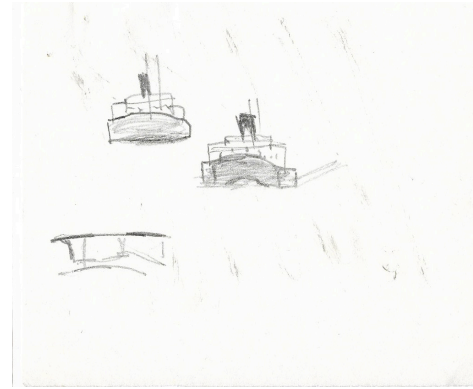
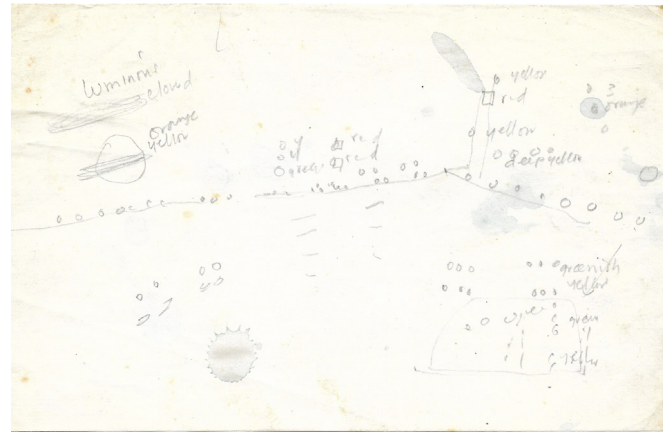
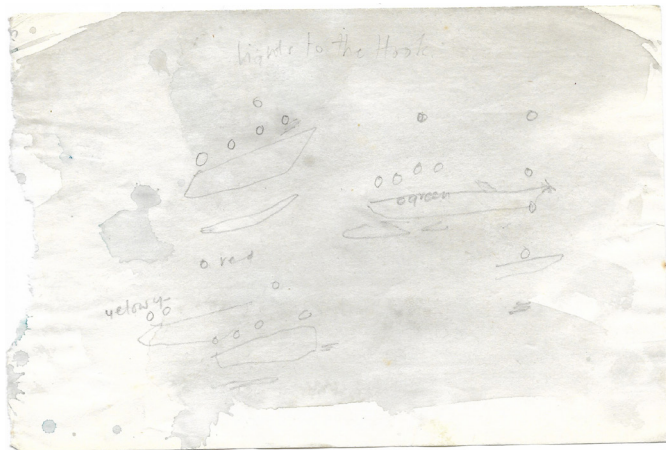
*Poles and wires divide the skyline and quarter the spaces between the buildings.
Here is a good start anyway to an interesting subject.*

December 20th

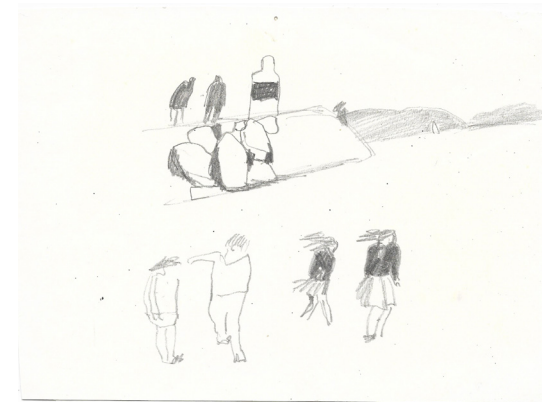
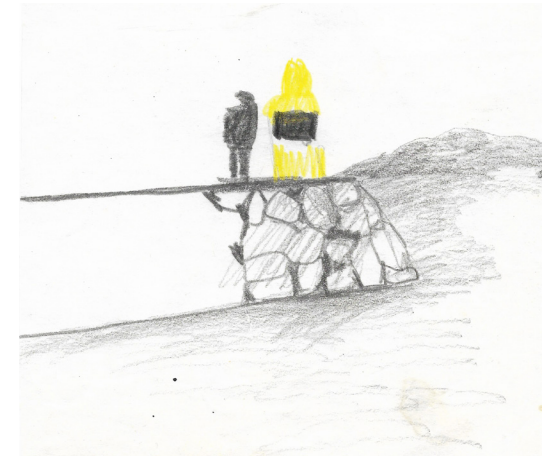


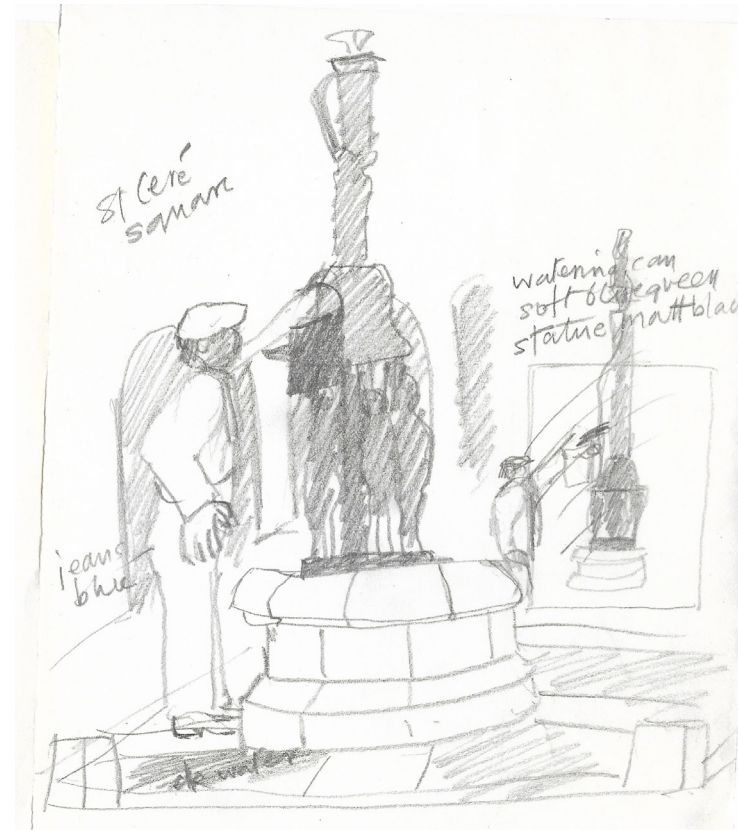
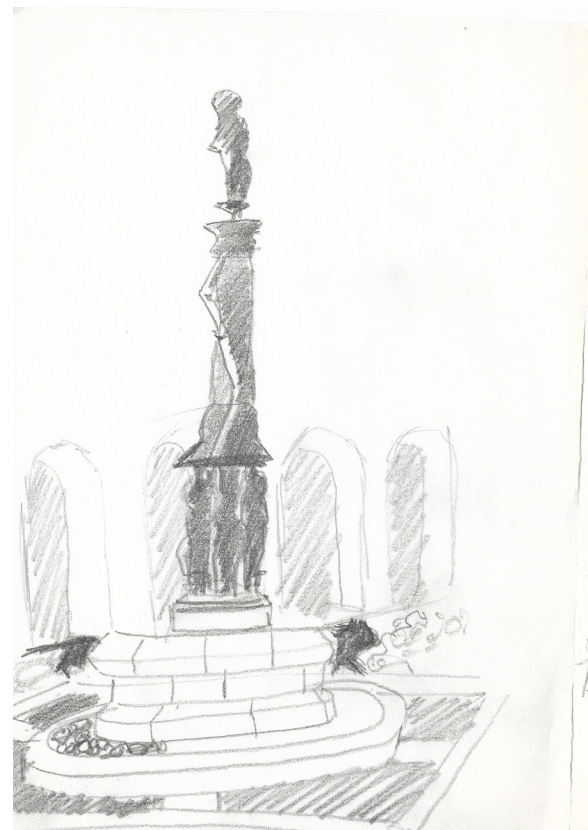
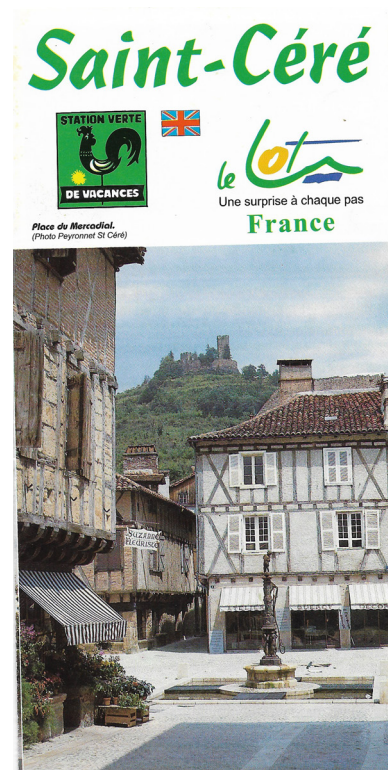
The eye remembered

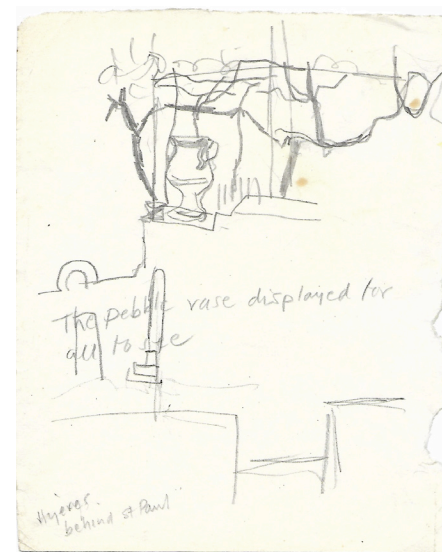
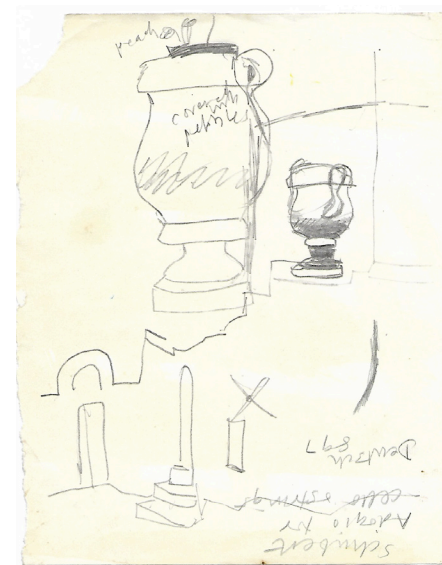




France

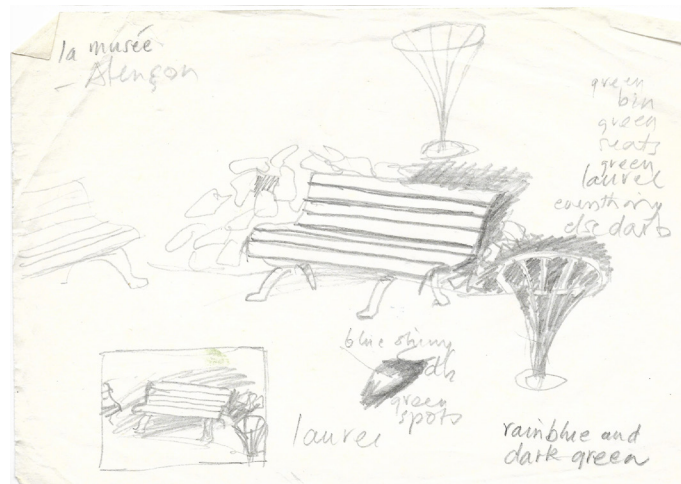




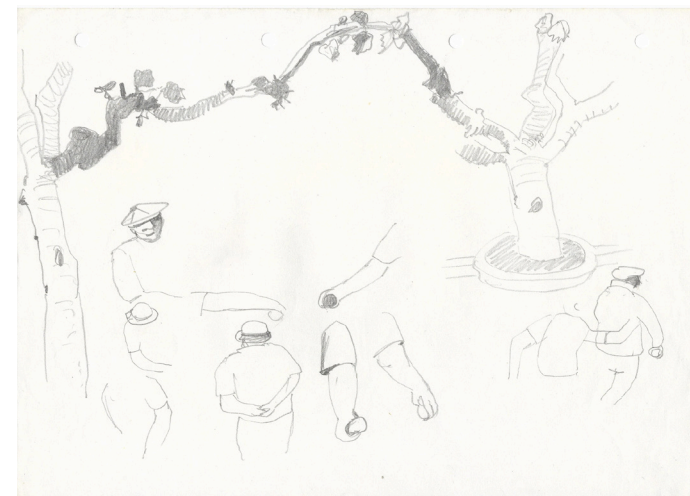
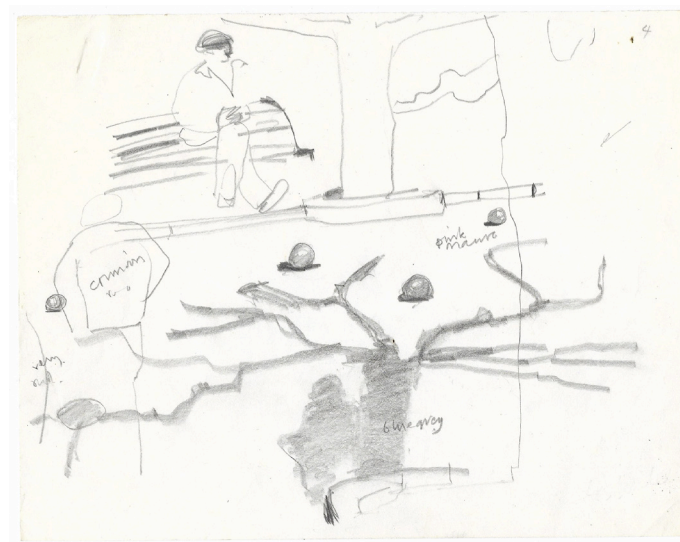
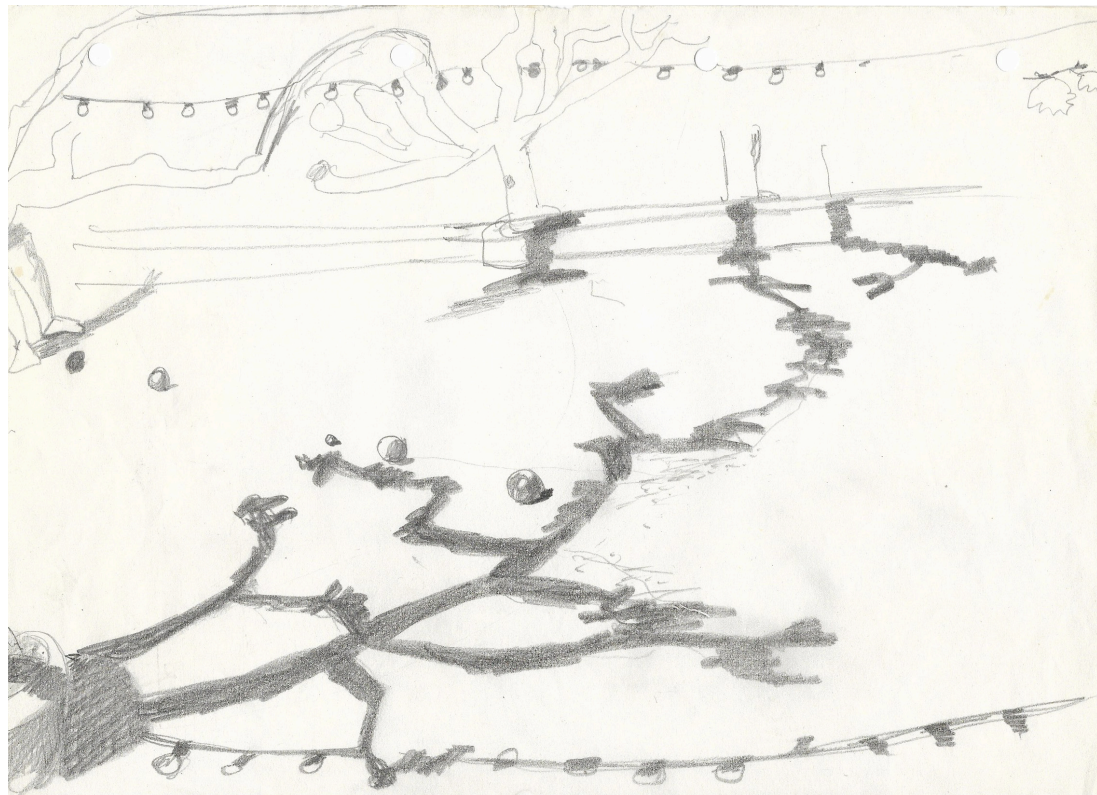




hyeres , cogolin

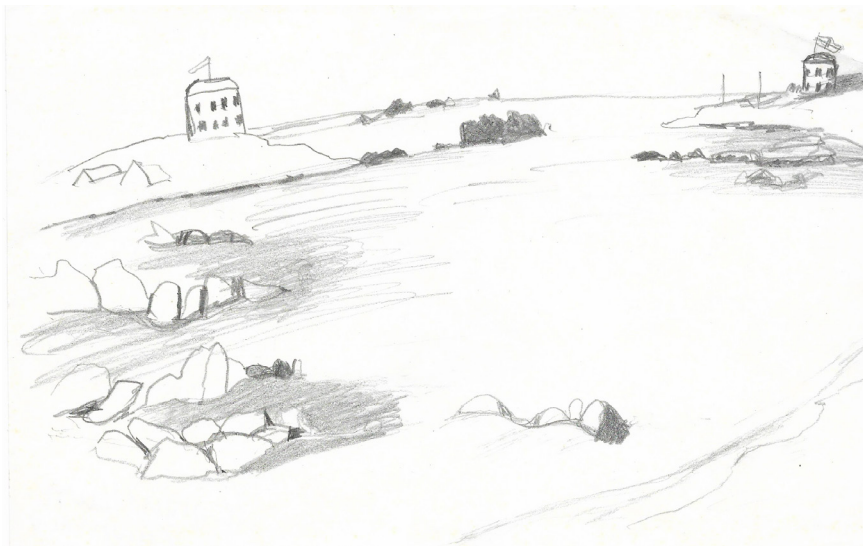


looks french?



Gurnsey





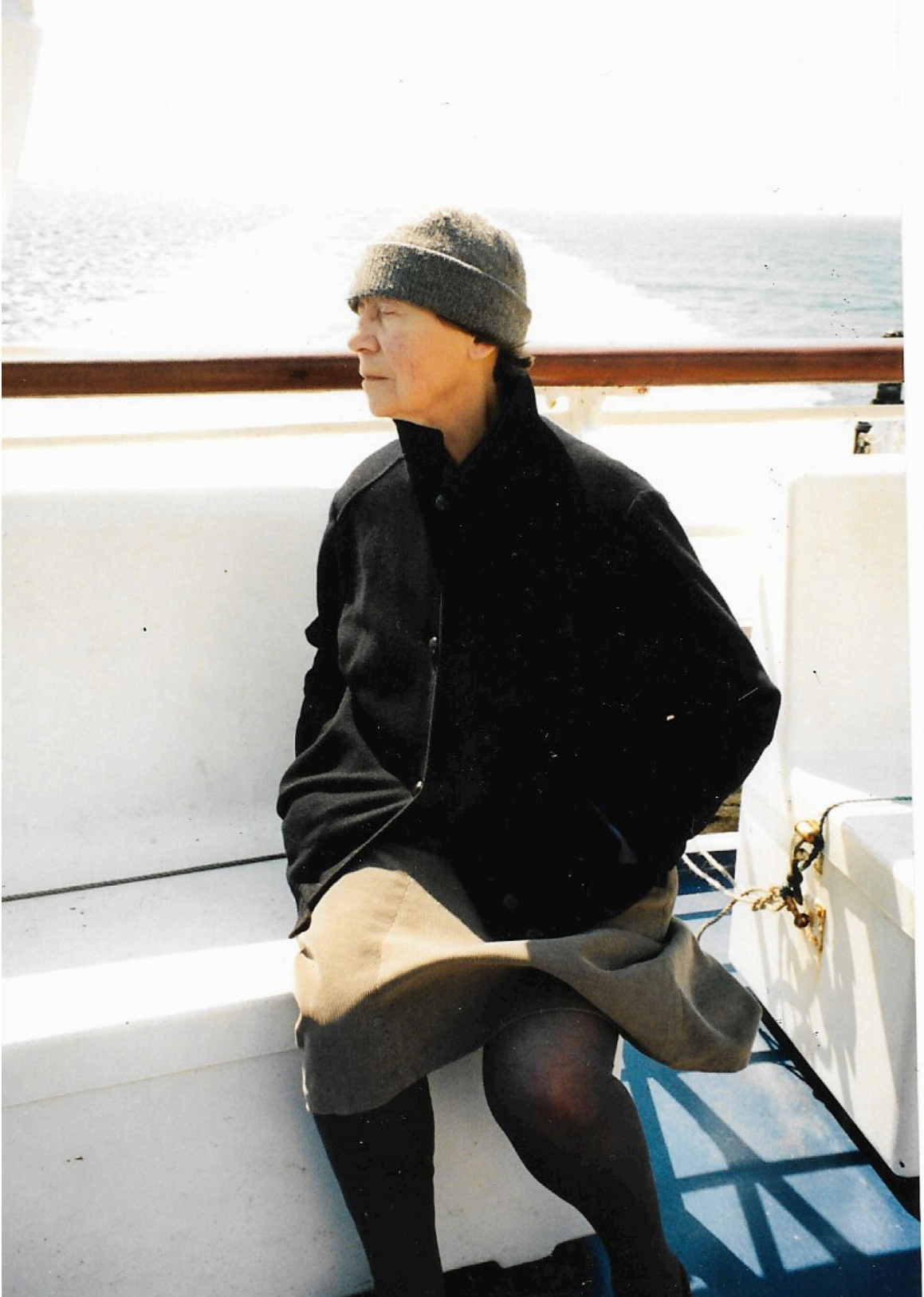
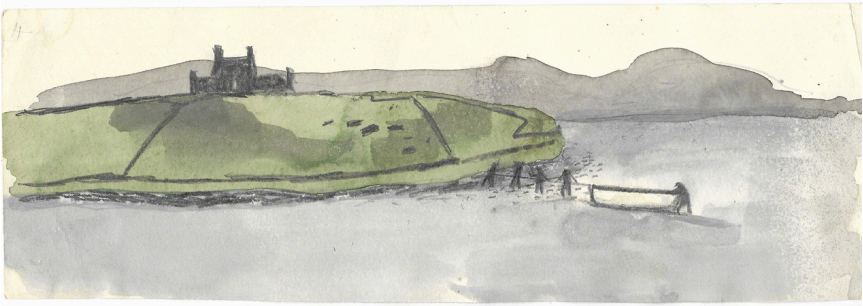
Scotland

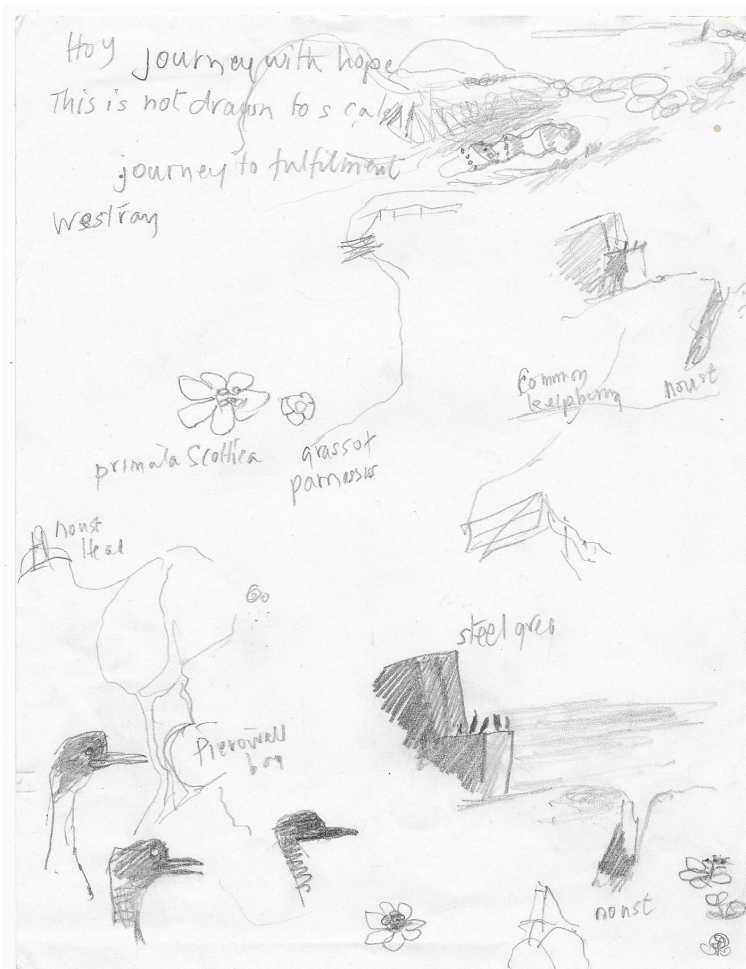


Stormness harbour

Late evening with wheeling gulls



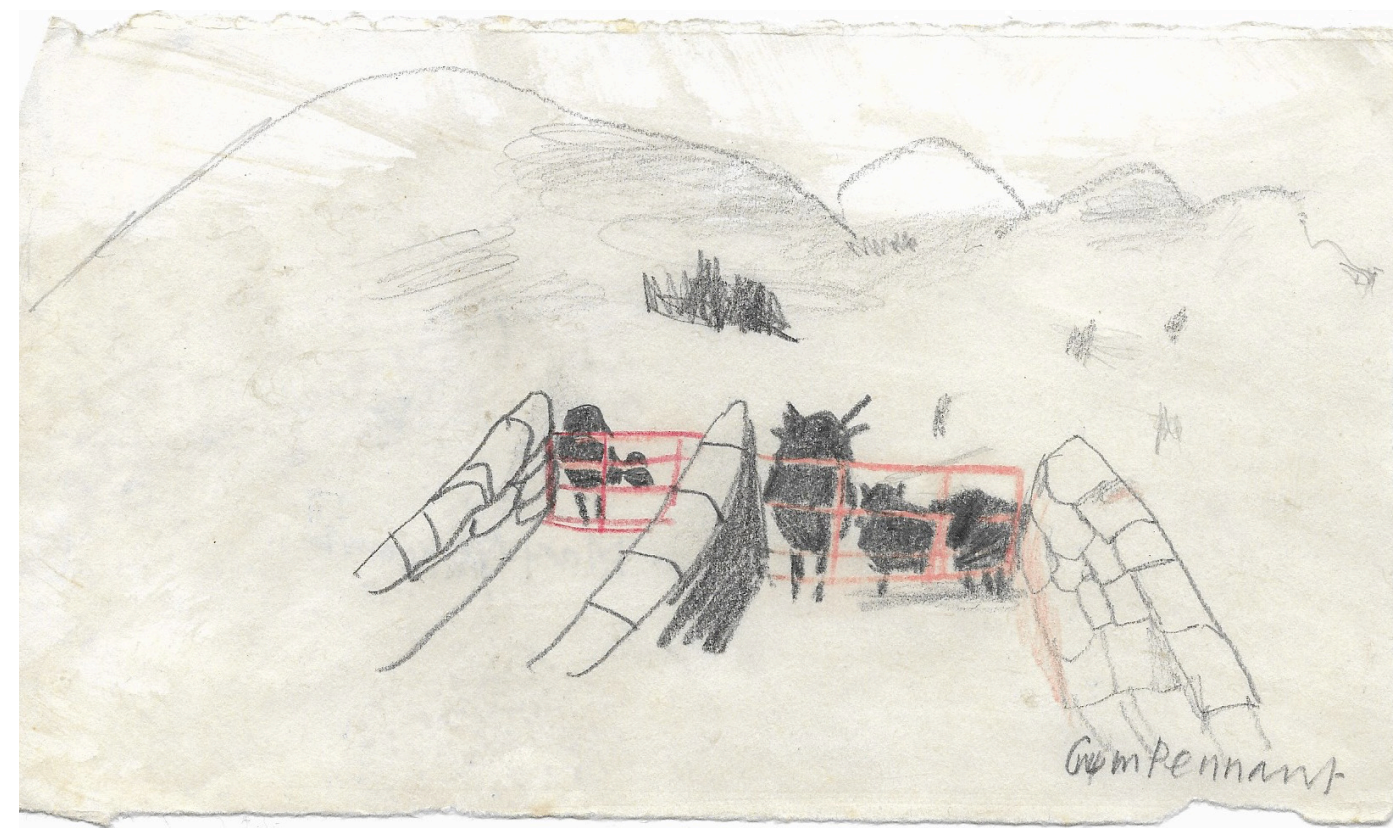


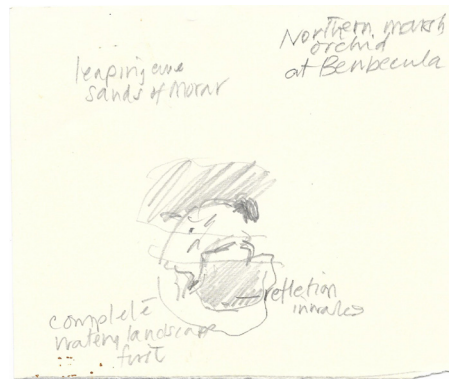


type out next to it



Eileen's Watercolour to come in here.



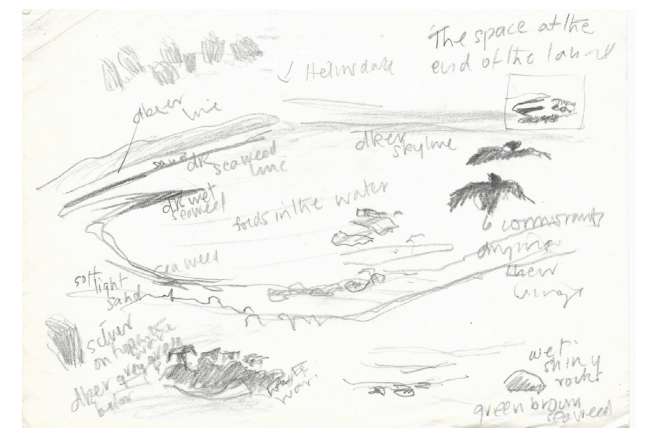
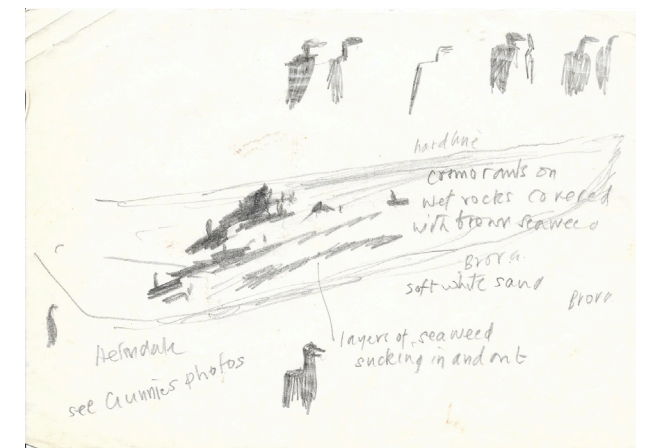
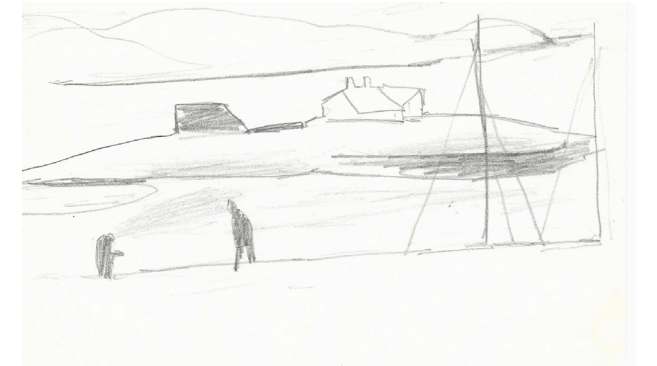


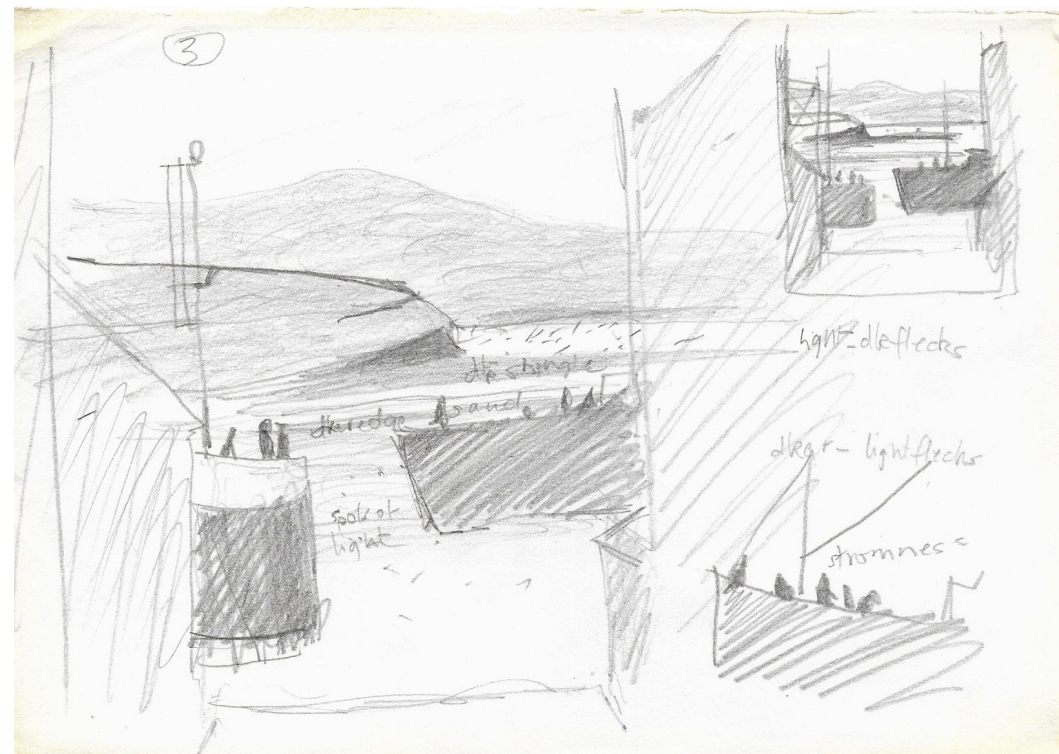
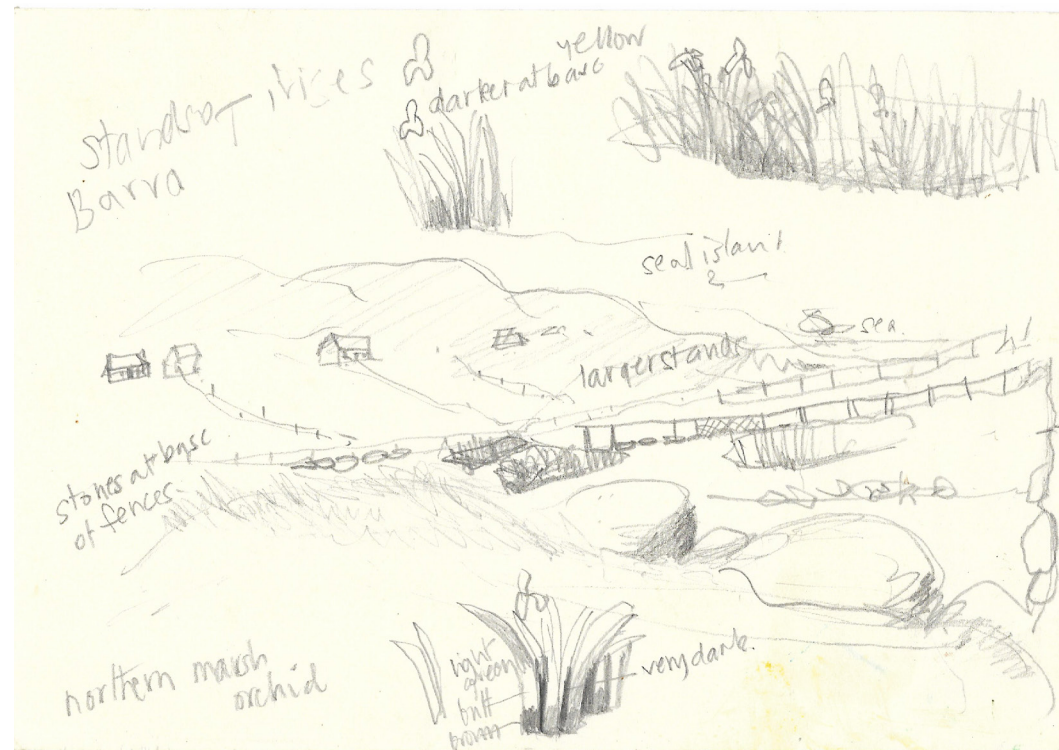
Stands of irises Barra
graveyard Barra
flowers as a carpet
Castlebay rock
sheep on Barra
rocks which became sheep rocks which were sheep
blue with irises
red with rocks and irises in a gulley
highland cattle near Lochmaddy
highland heifer near Lochmaddy
obscuring the view
the beautiful bay Barra (hotel)
great and little birds
mum fern entering Oban from behind
herring gulls with patterned wing tips
Portree

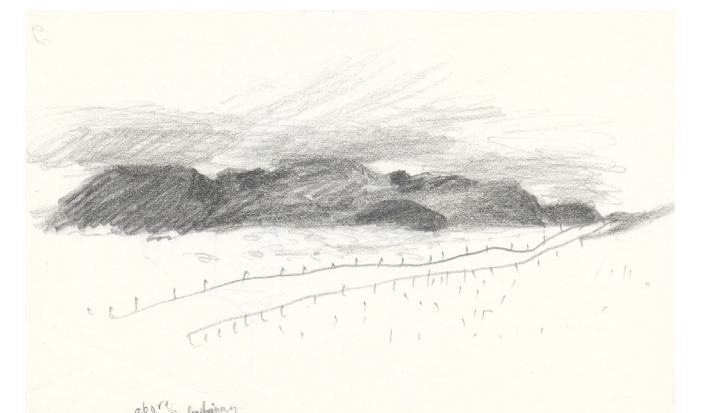
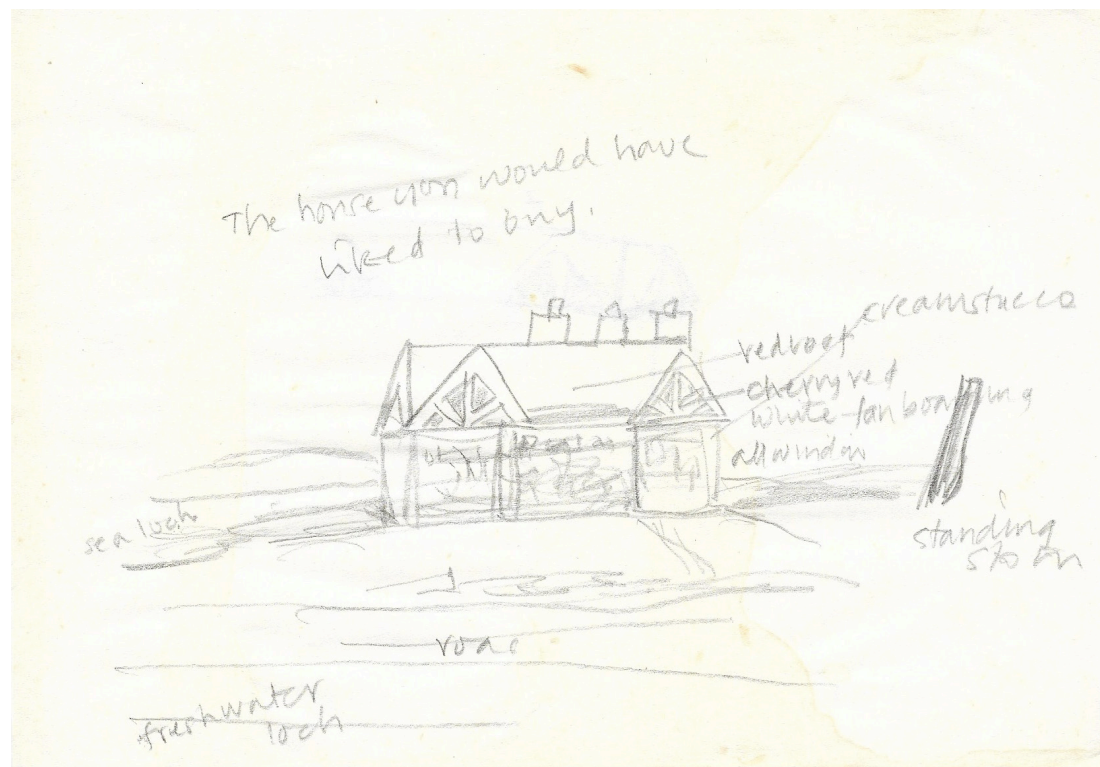
leaping ewe
retsands of Morar

- Agnes
- 30 x 40 landscape or seascape
- poppies 28 x 28
- collared doves Genevieve





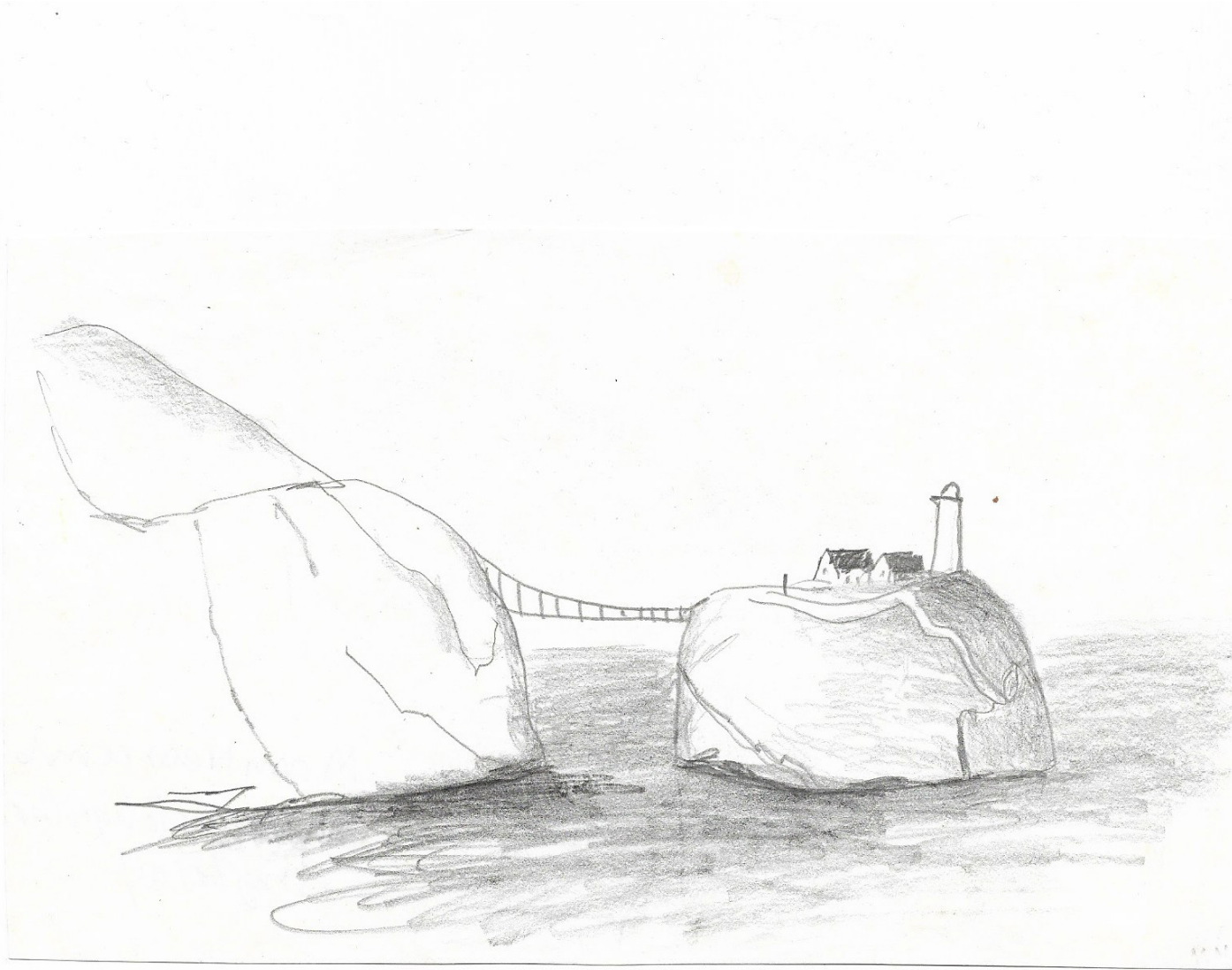




good bit of text to have in?

Wales (again and again)

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th stack lighthou
ngley



1986 May
Friday 23
The lighthouse stood unmoving - the rocks
immobile - the sky moving fast, horizontally,
and of into the South West.
- the water heaving and boiling - up
and down, sucking wildly at the rock base.
Waves are like tongues but cold and white as they
lick at the rough surfaces. The foaming rises
as with its own energy.
Water drops on the edge of the foam are spit
smoke and mist from hidden Welsh valleys.
Rises and sucks up the sides of the rocks in
the same mysterious (silent) way. It hangs also
rather like steam from a boiling kettle in a
warm small kitchen.
Rises against the light - seems to project
sharp teeth edges in anger and self defence
as the teeth of a dog when caught against
a light.
Like the contrast of rounded stones and rocks
which are not so much eroded, softened
by careening - not gashed by biting.
Like the wish to know where have you been all
this time - from the first person to give you
- or not - early morning in the field with you
the rest and there you were as an unknown
sun but if magic - one last you became a pale
X Remember the hairy mammoth at
Hornsea

Rocks against the light seem to project sharp teeth edges in anger and self defence as the teeth of a dog seem when caught against the light.

I like the contrast of rounded stones and rocks which are not so much eroded as softened by careening, not gashed by biting.

23rd May

The lighthouse stood unmoving - the rocks immobile
- the sky moving fast, horizontally, and of into the South West.
- the water heaving and 'boiling' up and down, sucking wildly at the rock base.
Waves are like tongues but cold and white as they lick at the rough surfaces. The foaming rises as with its own energy.

Water drops on the edge of the foam are spit smoke and mist from hidden Welsh valleys.
Rises and sucks up the sides of the rocks in the same mysterious (silent) way. It hangs also rather like steam from a boiling kettle in a warm small kitchen.

23rd May

September 19th
I would like to go back to Wales, to the Conway Valley to Conway Castle
and to follow the estuary down as it narrows towards the hills.
Sedges as the tide came in
(catalogue)

Little fishes have such freedom not knowing their hazards

Where is this one, wales?



28th June
In Wales now the sun would be pushing to shine in the gaps between the mountains, and small adiabatic clouds would be sitting like white hats on all the mountain peaks stretching out into the distance.

R.S Thomas The Place from Not That He Brough Flowers (book of poems)

Martins - a lack in this house as we have no martins

I used to watch them for hours wheeling and returning to the window with balls of soft mud to attach to their last years walls.

- patting the soft ball in place with their beaks, pressing in hard, twisting their beaks to make a cleaner release.

The young ones leaned out from their hole into the daylight wings still pinioned like figureheads on a wooden ship.

ref. Figure heads at Trinity House Yarmouth and inadequate drawings

ref. Figureheads staring out to sea at the Fishermans rest Southwold.

