





# 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 Mackey Brown the poet, he and Mary talked for a long time.

On March 4<sup>th</sup> 1987 Mary writes of ideas from a long time ago. Ireland calls me ... (include page typed .).we did go on Ascension 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)

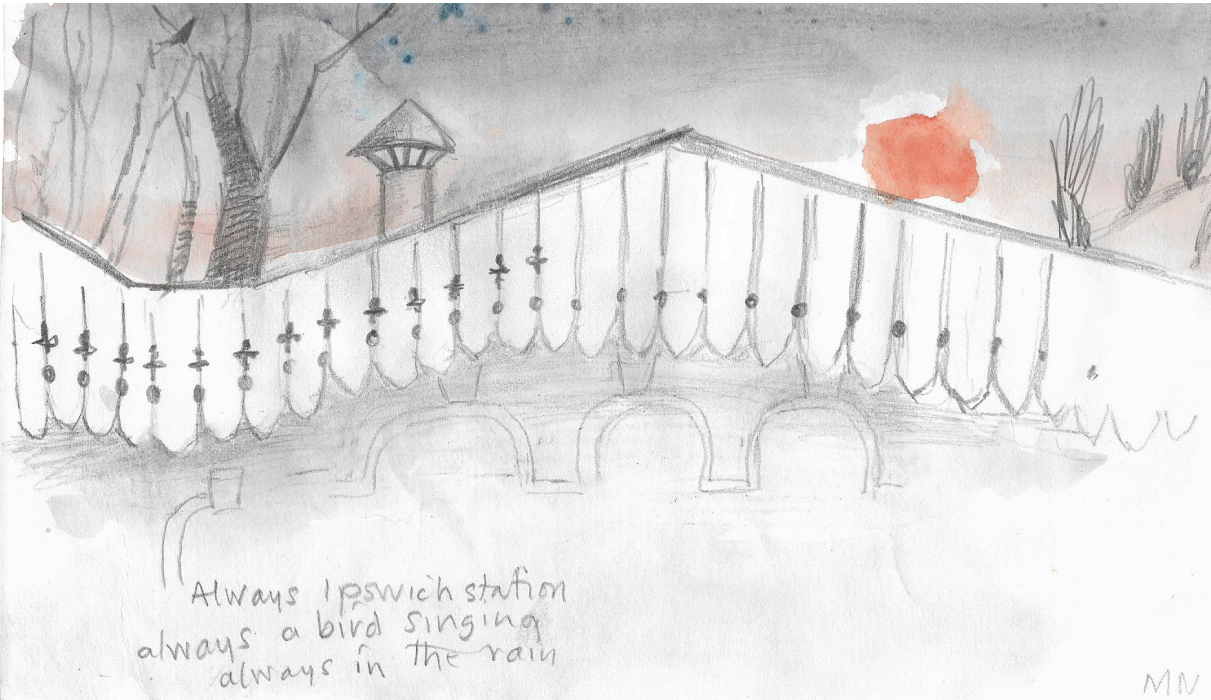


IN PASSING

I draw in two ways:

either travelling on buses and trains  
or sitting in one particular place and drawing whatever happens.

August 15th

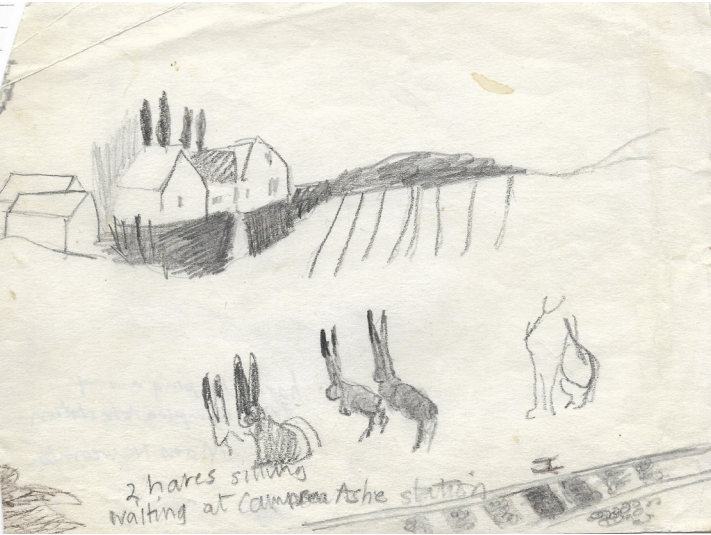


I am one of the moon faces that  
passes in the train

January 9th



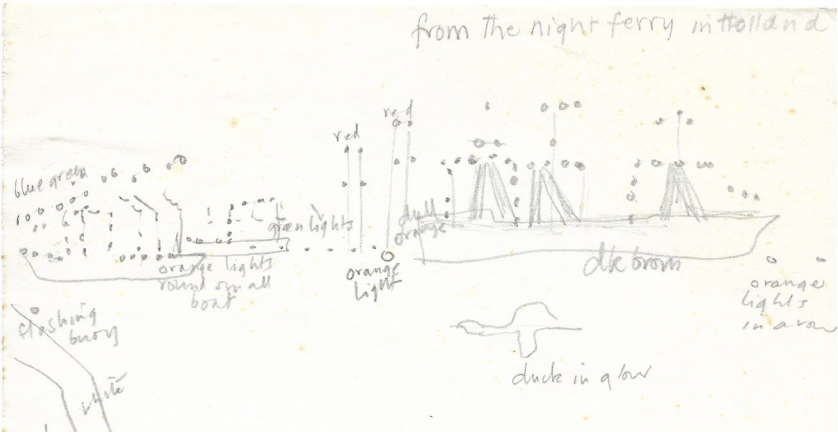
Lady in unsprayed field seen in passing



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

2 hares sitting waiting at Campsea  
Ashe station



From the night ferry in Holland

Luminous clouds  
Lazy halfmoon  
Orange lights round small boat  
Duck in glow



FRANCE



the long cat







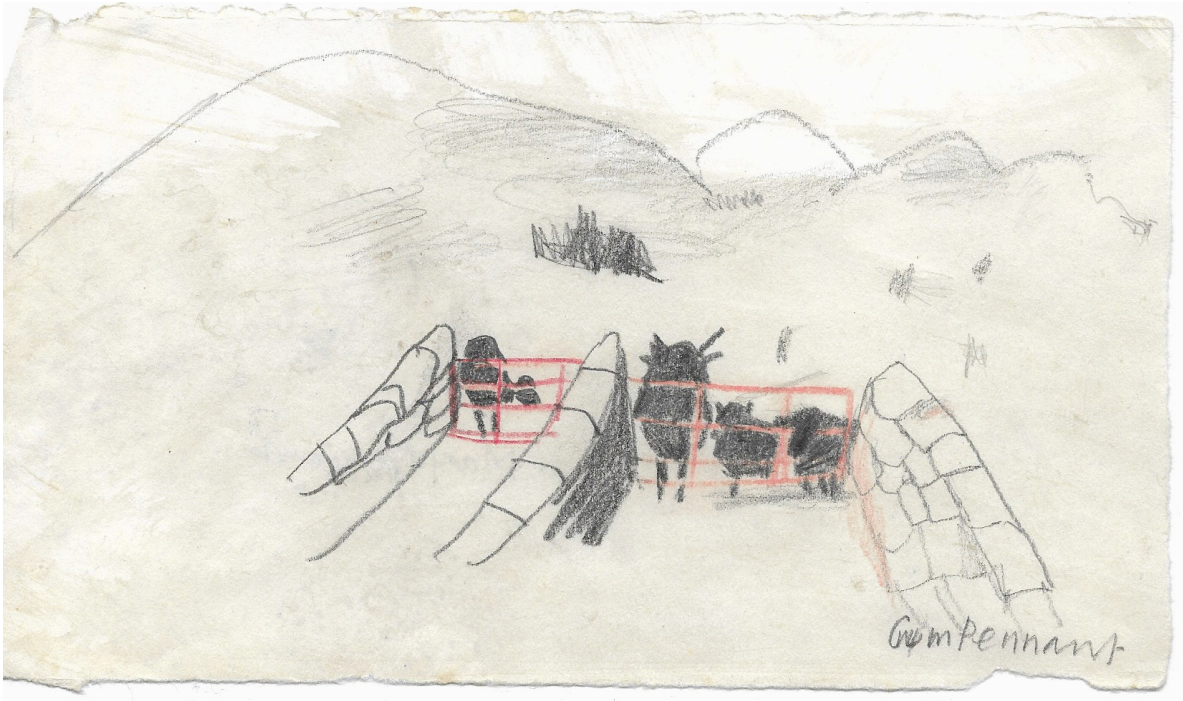


# GURNSEY

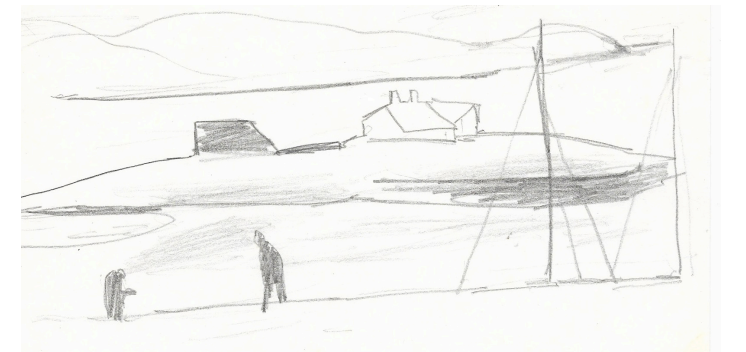




SCOTLAND



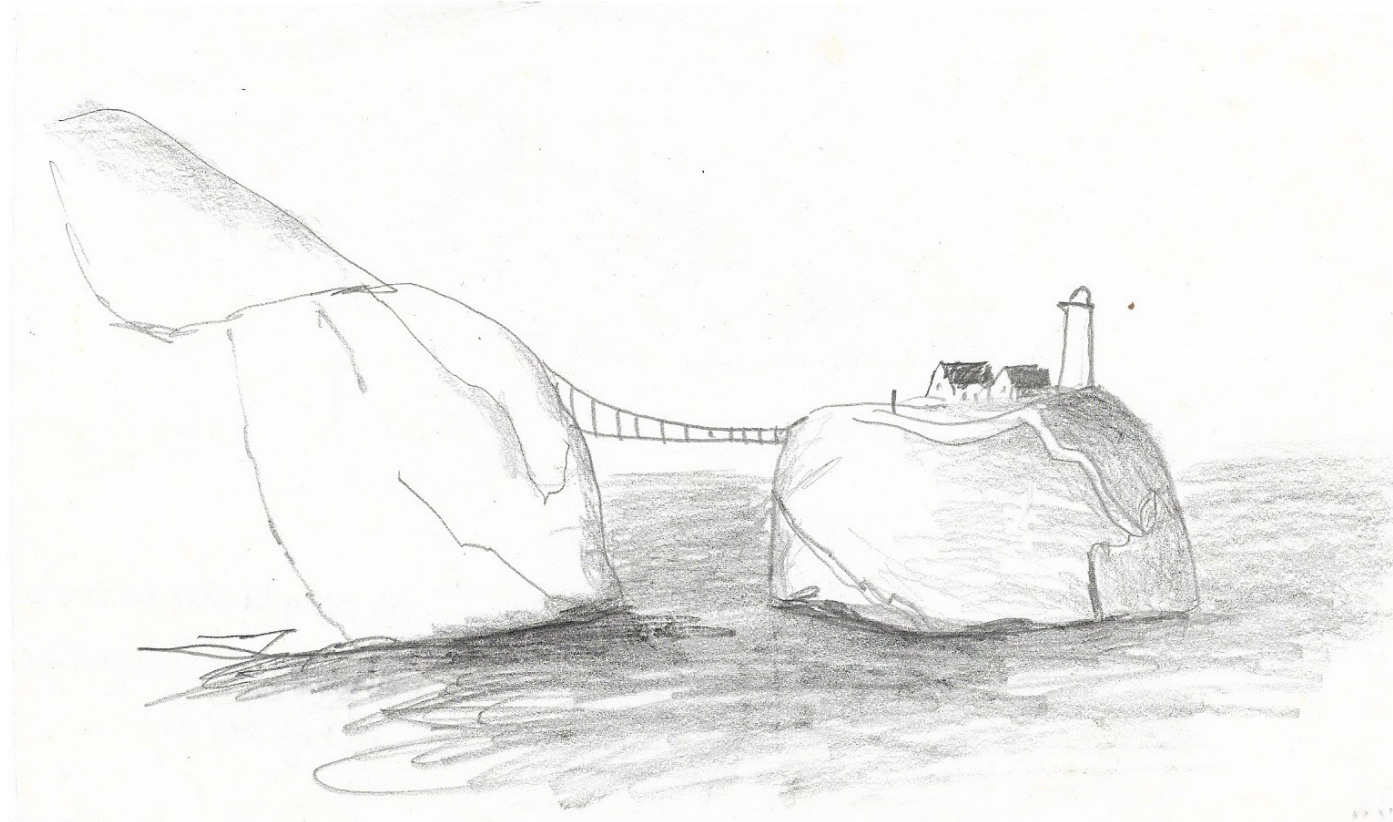








## WALES (AGAIN AND AGAIN)



*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

*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

*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.*

28th June

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

September 19th