

Drift me home at the end of the day, 2000

Angels

paint Angels .

The Universe

Mary linked flying things , birds and insects to Angels .She liked the idea of angels ,wrote an art history essay on Angels wings,saw them in early paintings, they occupy the sky , visited them in our Suffolk churches , we have splendid ones at Bythburgh but did not take it further.To her I think they were a nice idea rather than something she believed in. She did not

FLIGHT

A beautiful calm evening Sky clear blue - apricot

Looking out, suddenly there were three balloons, brightly coloured, translucent, elbowing each other along like chinese lanterns lit from within. With hardly any wind they changed position very slightly each time I looked from drawing them The baskets appeared to hang down, ever so slightly askew from the perpendicular. Did the wind find them greater resistance. I could almost dare to go up in a hot air balloon.

24th October



Joyous - yellow balloon so very large in the binoculars people leaning out red faced in the sun that was setting illuminating them but not ourselves. Dark cobal stripes rising up from the narrow neck Crimson red collar Orange flame burning crimson inside the canvas No wind below but just enough to carry it silently over out heads

August 19th



THE SUN, MOON AND STARS

The sun will warm us

The black clouds will chide us and send animals in, then they come out again - the urge to be out in the air and space reminds me of Richard Jefferies - climbing the hill and out into the space to lie on the grass

April 19th



note: remember also Bowling Green Sunset



If there is a God of The Universe it is energy If there is a God for our planet - it is the sun.





Finches, oil

In the end I think it is the goldfinches who have played the greatest part - and the sun - the sun and the goldfinches.

June 20th

On the topic of the bulging suns

I have often noticed how about a half hour after sunrise the sun suddenly bulges through a cloud. If the clouds are split, so also is the sun. It is larger in several bits than it would be as a whole, due to the intensity with which the rays pass through the confined area. On this occasion, the young mavron hens were crouching out near the barn.

As the sun broke through they rose up as one hen and cockled and shook their feathers out.

June 15th



House in the sun

Very cold this morning but the sun will warm us soon If there is any life in him the kind old sun will know

February 9th



Brooding rook's heaven, oil



The last singing and the first 8:40pm 4:30am

April 24th

3pm by the bridge. The sun nearly gone The tree outlined but grey Birds illuminated by their outlines in pink/grey Feathers translucent in all their movements against - The sun - Raindrops which would normally be very small in comparrison standing out like lanters and alight with intense rainbow edges

December 22nd

The last singing



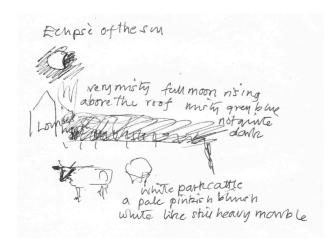


Each flower wishes the moon to name her Queen

There was once an eclipsing moon hanging over the white cattle as they stood straight backed, unmoving in their small calving paddock. No one on the bus appeared to notice that the newly risen full moon had a large bite out of it or that the statuesque cattle were as made of marble, or that the little house with its single chimney was a [Edward] Hopper house alone in its landscape and on a small mound between the cattle and the moon.

I tried to paint it but did not succeed

12th March



These are not great paintings. I am just trying to say something about peace and calm and space round oneself.

May 16th



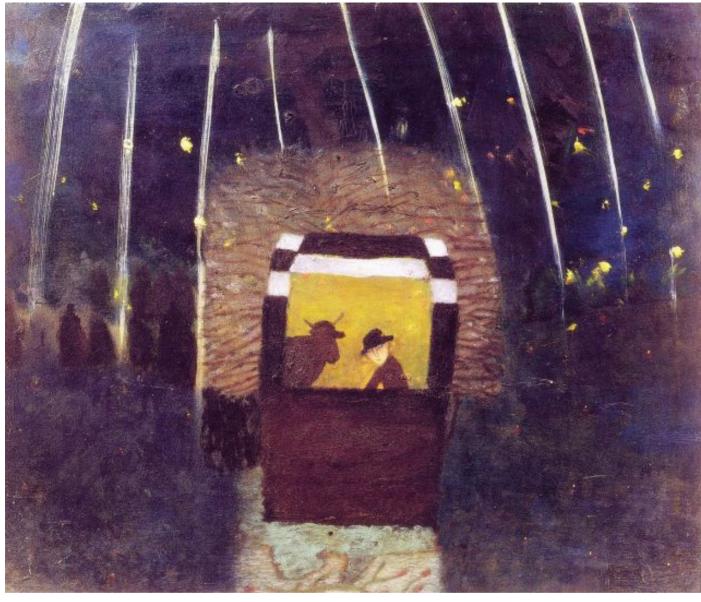


The veriest new moon in July

I believe in what I saw. I believe in the finished painting as a record of what I saw at that moment, probably a bad inconsistent effort but at least I have put it down and there is room for another thought to come to the surface.



April 1st



Thinking on comets, date

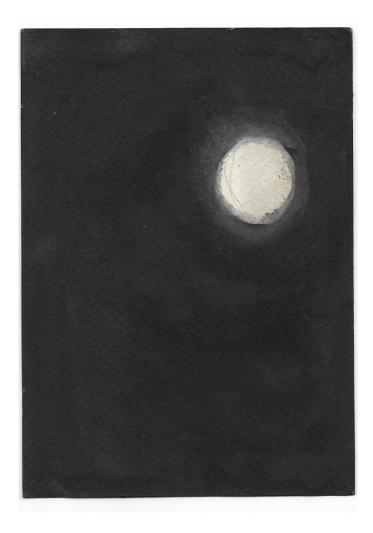
At one time, not so long distant, we were all looking for Kahoutele, hanging out of our windows examining the sky, working out it's possible position. It was nearing the earth - it might appear at anytime. When we went out to tend the animals in the dark, we looked hopefully for a long time.

Weeks went by and the sky, with it's prick mark of stars took on the look of a pin striped suiting as our eyes tired and dropped down towards the skyline. We were apprehensive and the animals became so. They sense the atmosphere that man sets - fear, quietness, confidence etc

In the end Kahoutek never appeared. It had taken a path, leading away from the earth, out of sight.

December 7th





Astronomy figures are astronomical - ourselves in the solar system - the solar system in the galaxy 'the milky way' - the milky way galaxy as one of unknown number spinning relentlessly in space which has no end but if easier to imagine, space as something finite and contained but what with?

and so to bed where the room has walls.

December 15th