



FIGURES

Mary did not paint people. She was not that comfortable around people and would have found it difficult to have had such direct contact. She did go to a life drawing class at Lowestoft for a while. There is a crayon drawing of the side of a model, nothing revealed, and her shoes, as if Mary had not really wanted to look.

There is one painting in the gardens, *One Hot Day* (1990) in which the woman is showing herself off in a slightly proactive but delightful way, to an admiring man on a park bench that comes near to having sexual overtones. Most of her work contains a lot of love for her fellow people sharing their enjoyment of the countryside and its events. I feel that 'the women or the lady, stiffest or otherwise' referred to a lot is her.

Mary would paint the landscape but a landscape that was animated by people. People are often moving through a landscape, the cyclist, the runner, the worker or by animals. The landscape could be vast as it is, or the people could be larger when they were important. Often they have no faces no eyes. She said that eyes are everything in a painting yet she leaves them out. It means that the people are not conscious of you but inhabiting their world.

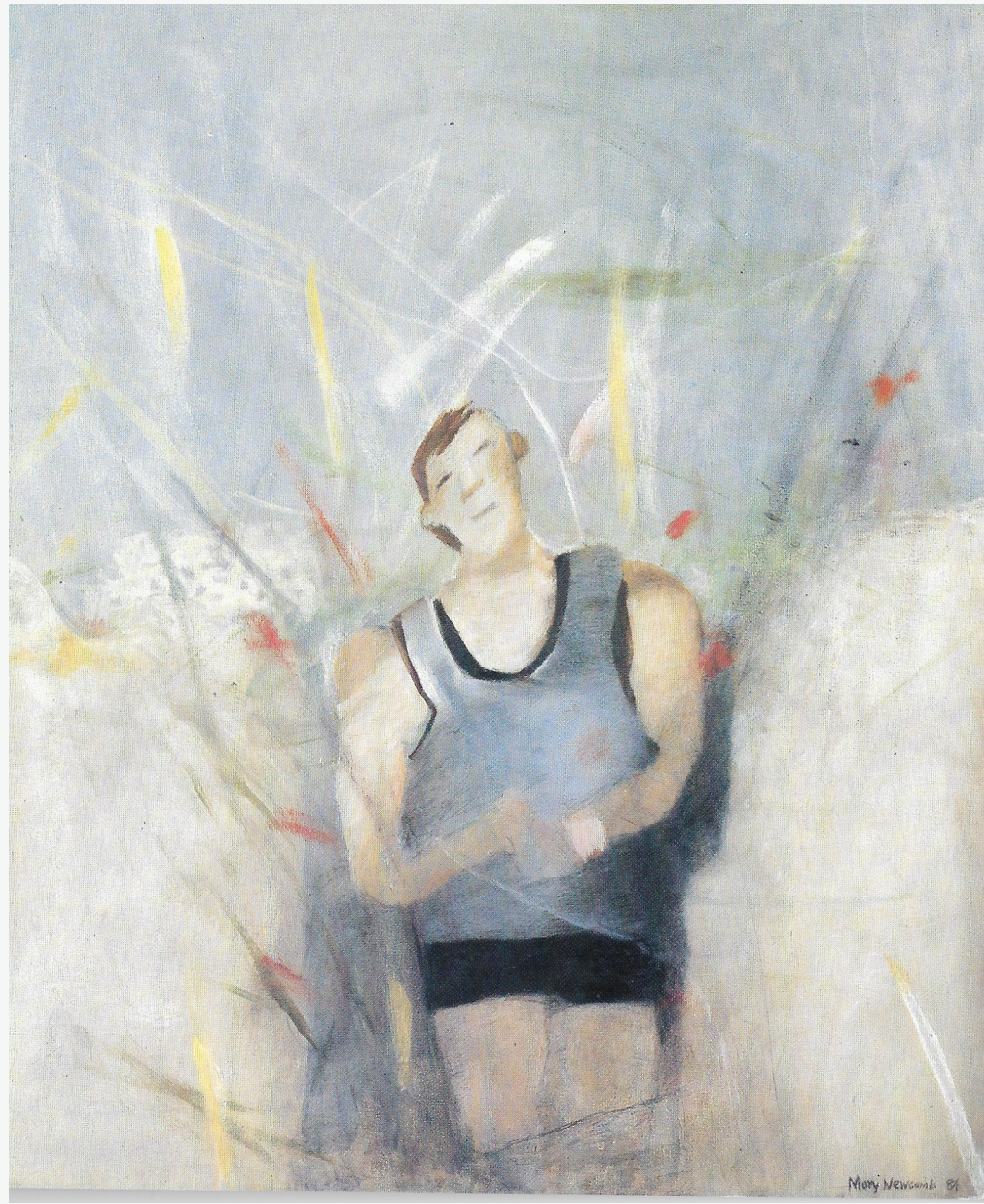
In the oil painting *Waiting For The Bus*, a man small and central waits at the crossroads between hedges huge with May blossom, it's as if he's coming from the countryside alone, a countryside which he has contact with, and when the bus comes he will break that contact as he joins with the other people.

LADIES AND MEN

The feast of guardian angels here today - a pure thin October sky
transparent leaves on the trees, many fallen so the guardian angels will show if they are in the sky
Guardian angels not always benign as we would have been led to believe
hard vacant faces looking through me, ignoring me, as a figurehead on a passing ship
guardian only of the idea of a vulnerable human being.



Go back to the sailors reading room in Southwold and look hard at the figureheads, redraw the beach, the moving shingle, the wet stones, the insistent to and fro of the waves - also impersonal - man is not important at all. but our ideas are important so we must put them down in concrete form before we die.



Fast walker, exhibition card once

- A new theme - how men carry colour with them*
- walker kicking up moths from the side of the dusty road
 - men carrying flags
 - morris dancers
 - man with a bunch of gladiola
 - a man balancing a tray of geraniums on the handlebar of his bicycle
 - man with red waistcoat sitting on the river bank
 - man cycling in a field of gold
 - footwalkers with striped vests

10th August



[Written on the reverse]
 The carrot man in the Fens
 Fields of feathery carrot tops, very flat, very regimented. 2 large bunches on the back of the man's bicycle, feathery tops hanging down.



The carrot man

More text on carrot man from diary - which date?

GIRLS AND BOYS

Struggling to paint the girl from Guernsey gathering limpets. She is emerging from an already beautiful background so that every new mark is vital and unalterable

Trying to control the blues, depth, texture, overall balance of Girl with Butterfly Brooch Gathering Limpets

The narrative content the oddness of the juxtaposition of butterfly brooch, bladderwrack seaweed and close clinging, strongly patterned limpets all set between slippery rocks.

The painterly content is impossible to explain to anyone who was not used to a similar problem.

No the cobalt violet on the left has picked up and out the pink on the right. It's interesting and something to play on but not what I intended. (Bring in the sky light on the wet seaweed)

January 19th



Girl with butterfly brooch climbing rocks, oil



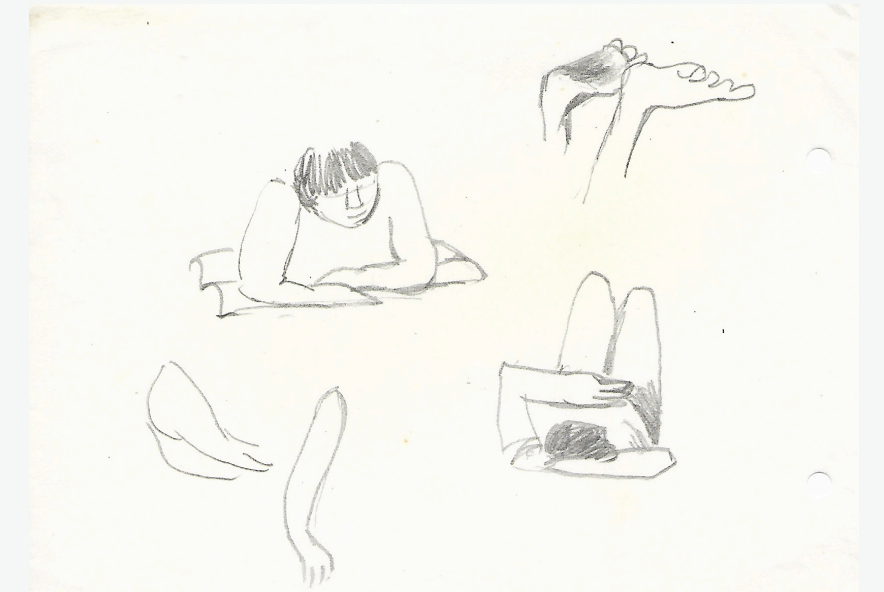
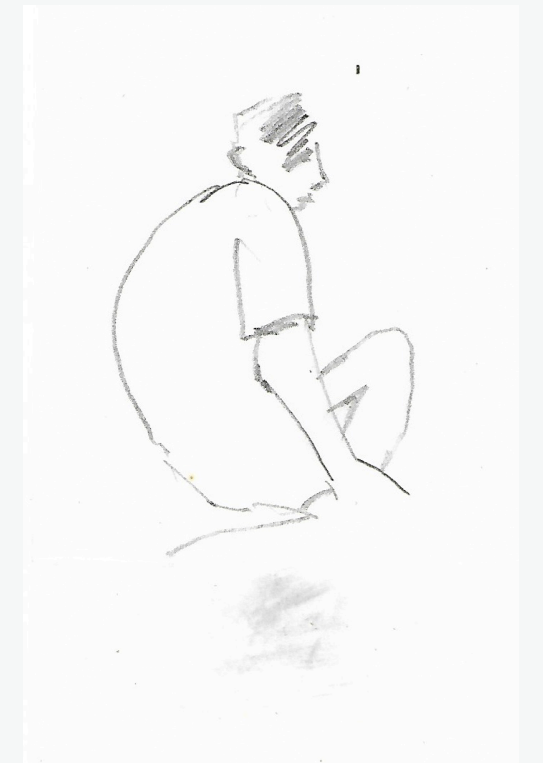
Girl with limpets - All blues controlled and startling. One dot on the blue skirt has anchored it to the background on a level with the seaweed. Now the limpets on the right rock have shot out of place. Only patience will bring them back again.

January 25th

Girl with Limpets

Falling into the canvas with exhaustion but it's done, I wanted it to be bizarre but it has come out delicate

February 4th



*Girl in park St Cores
Badecon le Pin, Argenton Sincreuse(?)*

Dark Grey, Yellow of Catherine, Angels Above

SPORTING ACTIVITIES

The shooting party

heavy spaniel
 dark brown and speckled white
 acorn trees
 pheasants hiding behind trees
 delicate iron railings round trees
 hay bales
 red twine
 dark green open backed landrover



hunting men terrier and two spaniels



otter hounds



I paint with the canvas against a wall and in standing my eye is often at a level with the top of the canvas, particularly if it is large and not on a mount.



Ladies Wrestling, oil, date, photograph?

I tilt it forward at the base for stability. This seems to give me a foothold actually within the canvas about 3/4 down, a little platform of my own making. I have pushed in to make a little platform for myself on the stage, so that I have a measured amount of controlled space all round me as an actor might have and feel.

this gives me the ability to reach out to left and right behind my shoulders and am part of the action - in the trees, on the water, in the air, with the figures in a landscape, totally involved, and living in there.

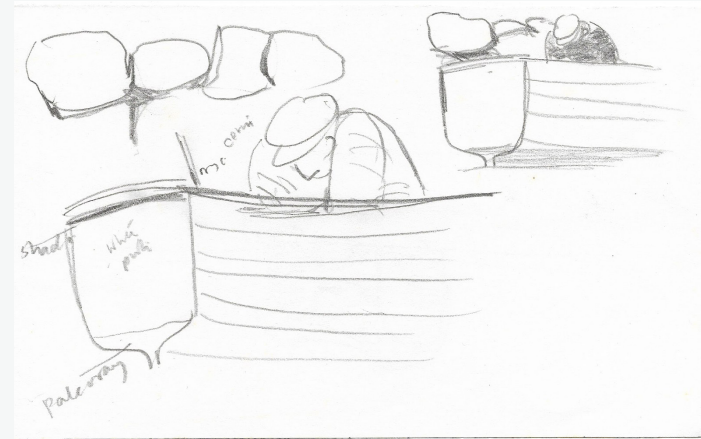
23rd March

MEN AT WORK

Fishing boats go out on Monday mornings and return in the next few days at odd intervals.

Paint the boats under repair.

February 2nd



Men with red and orange jackets sharpen our landscapes in the winter



Man painting, oil



Hoers going home

- They walk on paths over hills and by the water
- Field crops rustle
- The warm sun hardens the dragonfly and cheers us all
- Boats are out
- and so, into the companionable countryside



FETES AND FAIRS



The great fair

All the most unusual combinations of colours and patterns to taunt the imagination and last me through the winter.

August 24th

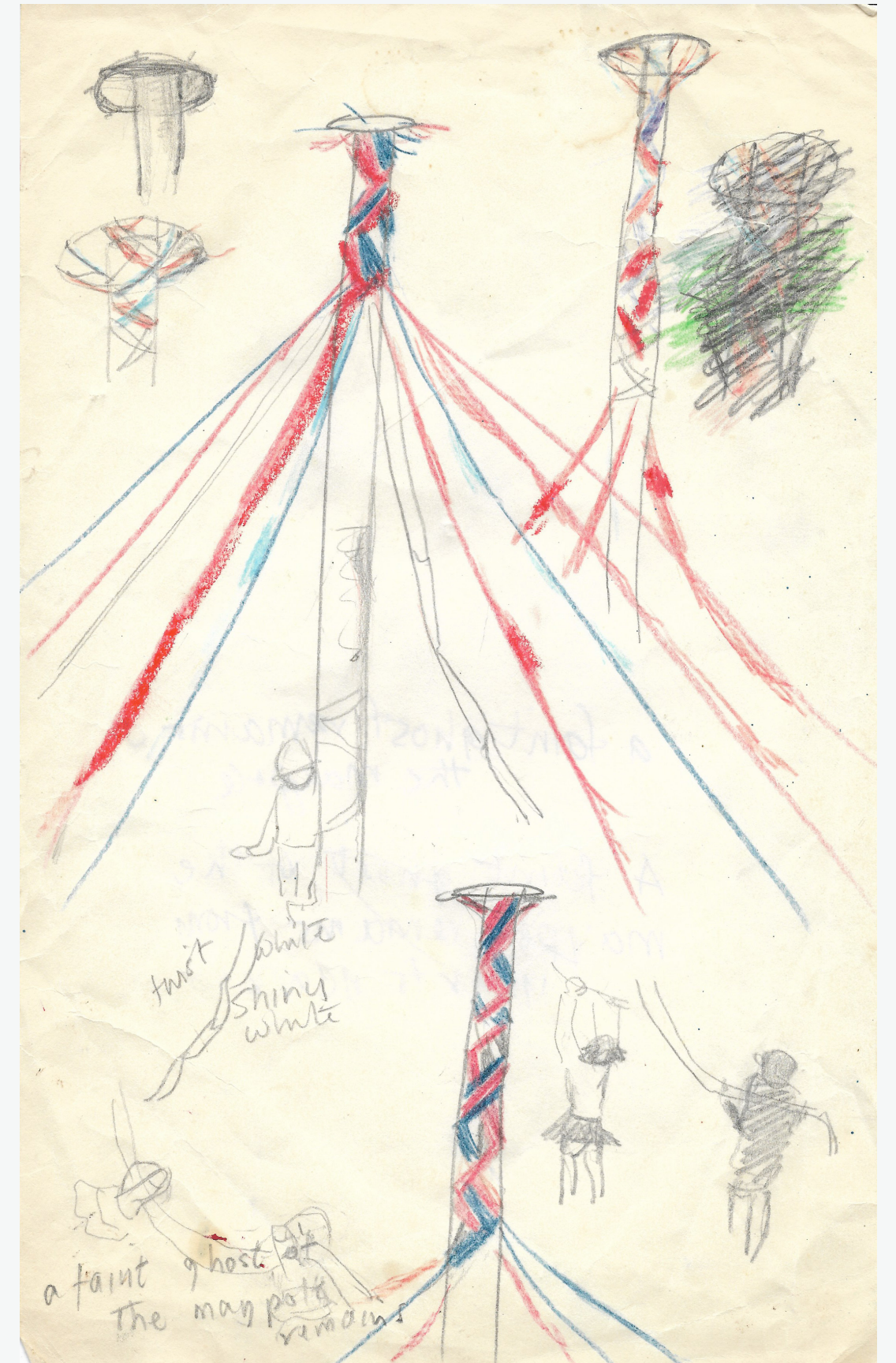
*Ribbons twisted in light
some looped by wind
dandelions with shadows
coming towards you
dog rushing across
little girl*



*rainbow fan in sunlight
large chestnut tree
tent with green stripes
double ring of dancers all skipping same way
tall criss cross and dancers facing one another*

*May - the great spring
for country colours choose a May bank holiday
May for fetes and outings
plant and vegetable stalls appear everywhere
all flags out for Ascension Day
even butterflies have shadows
May for the greatest wool weight in sheep*

*A faint ghost of the
maypole remains*





Fete, oil,



Late photo of Mary, with Tessa in the background

For a new painting - To The Fair.

This will be unusual for me - a crowd scene.

The people are going to the fair.

They like one another and understand each others way of life.

In the distance, through a gap in the hedge, there is a crowd scene of colour and activity, flag and tents and even more people.

There is a central gathering place and music and muffled conversation.

The people are colourfully dressed, odd but interesting. They will exchange ideas, old clothes and books, buy and sell, talk and play music, dance and frolic and sit on the grass.

Although the grass is wet, and the skies are full of rain, it doesn't matter - this is fair day.

August 29th