



# 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 3<sup>rd</sup> 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)

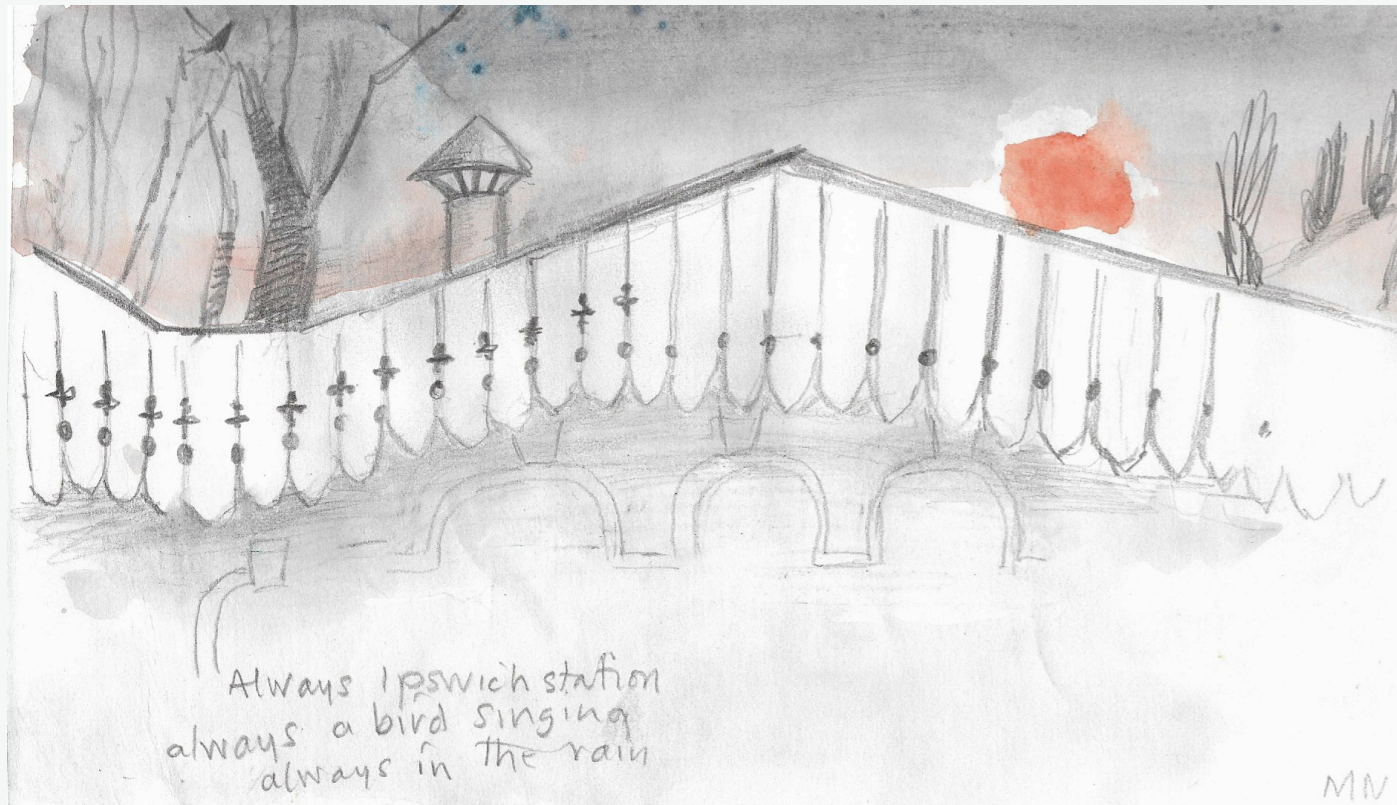
( there is a nice oil of right date from google women and shells Connemara 1964 that's from that trip but I think not easy to get)

## IN PASSING

*I draw in two ways:*

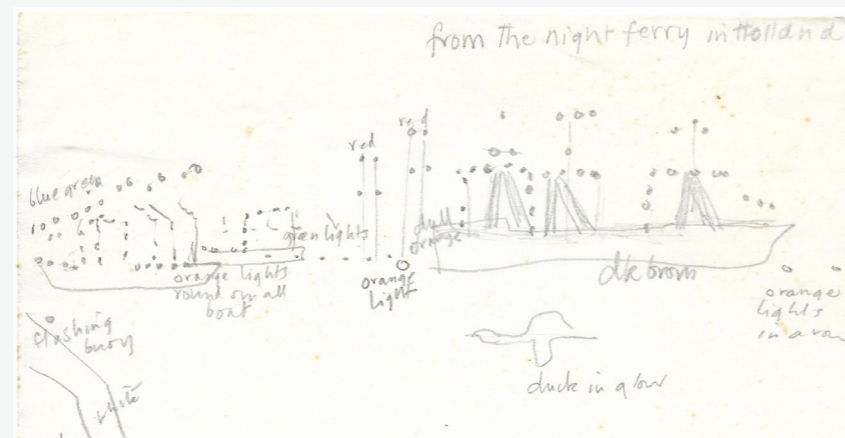
*either travelling on buses and trains  
or sitting in one particular place and drawing whatever happens.*

August 15th



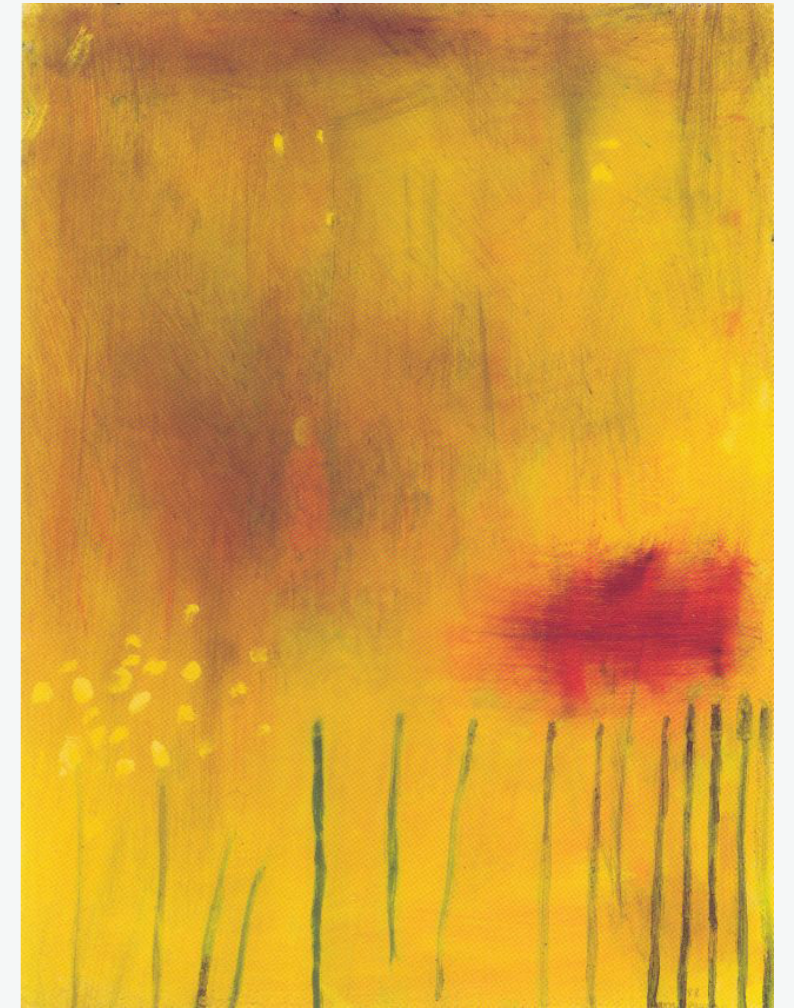
*From the night ferry in Holland*

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



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

January 9th



Lady in unsprayed field seen in passing

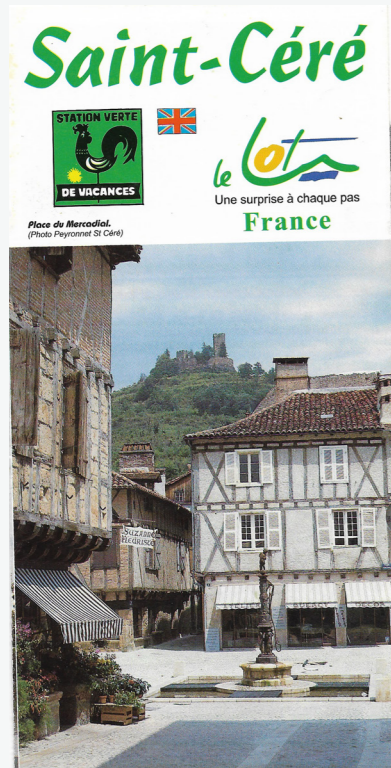


*If it is dull when travelling, I can always look  
at roofs and wires.  
Poles and wires divide the skyline and quarter  
the spaces between the buildings.  
Here is a good start anyway to an interesting  
subject.*

December 20th

2 hares sitting waiting at Campsea Ashe station

FRANCE



Go to France - slowly if possible  
Very slowly and peacefully

September 8th

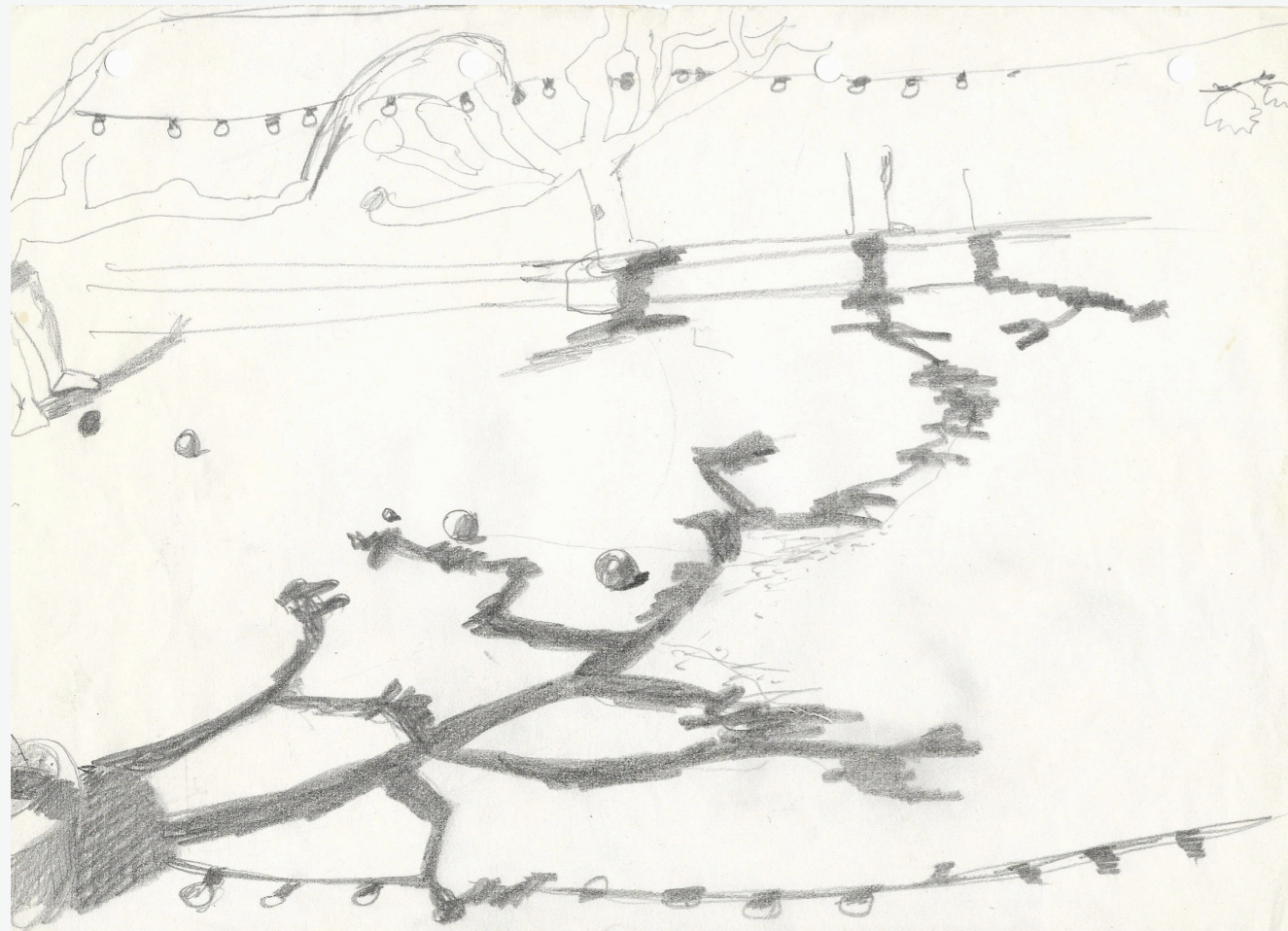
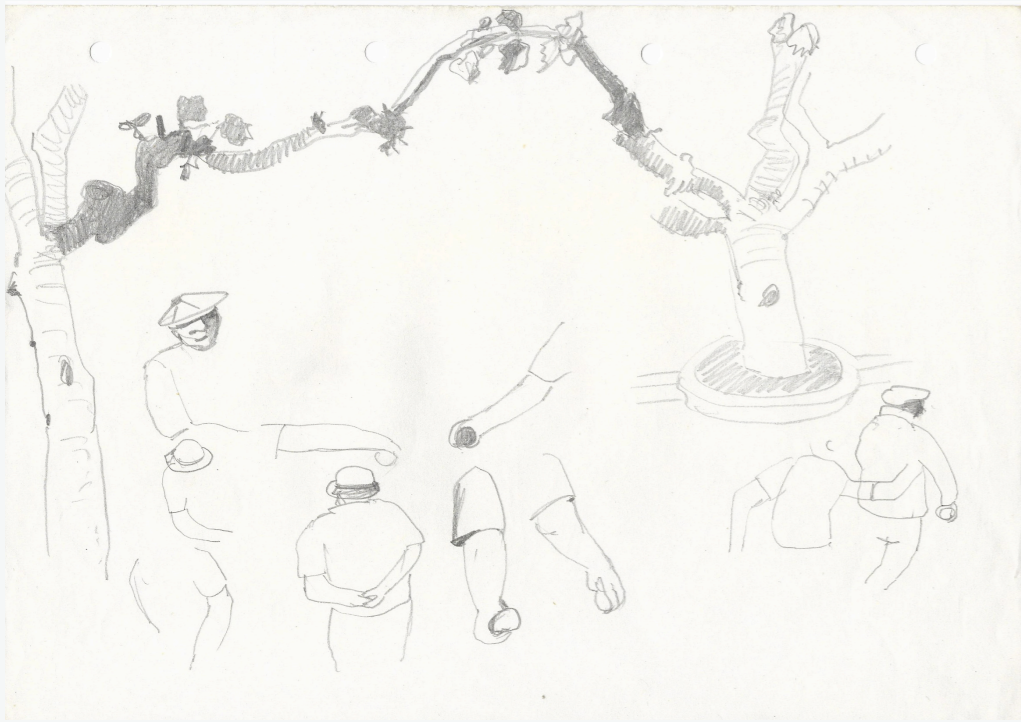


girl with red shoes  
and drawing

Cross all colours against one another and cause them to work for you. It is your triumph.

September 4th





# GURNSEY

Sea far below  
rocks of all colours and textures  
all a picture postcard



Guernsey for ancient stones, lighthouses. ancient churches, built round by now  
poised Guernsey cattle tethered, Guernsey goats tethered, ranks of green houses, little roads, high banks  
endless colour of cliff flowers

bluebells  
campion  
thrift  
bracken

May 17th



Rising waves - white waves at base  
dark green lower rocks, leaping water & Sunday bells  
Le Grandes Rocques - figures on the rocks

SCOTLAND

Scotland text,  
something here

date

Stormness - late evening with gulls



Hoy  
Journey with hope  
This is not drawn to scale



Highland heifer obscuring  
Harris near Lochmaddy

1986 May  
Sunday 25  
(14-200 WEEK 21  
Tues-Sun)

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Scotland text,  
something here, Scotland  
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something here, Scotland  
text,  
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date



## WALES (AGAIN AND AGAIN)

*The lighthouse stood unmoving - the rocks immobile*

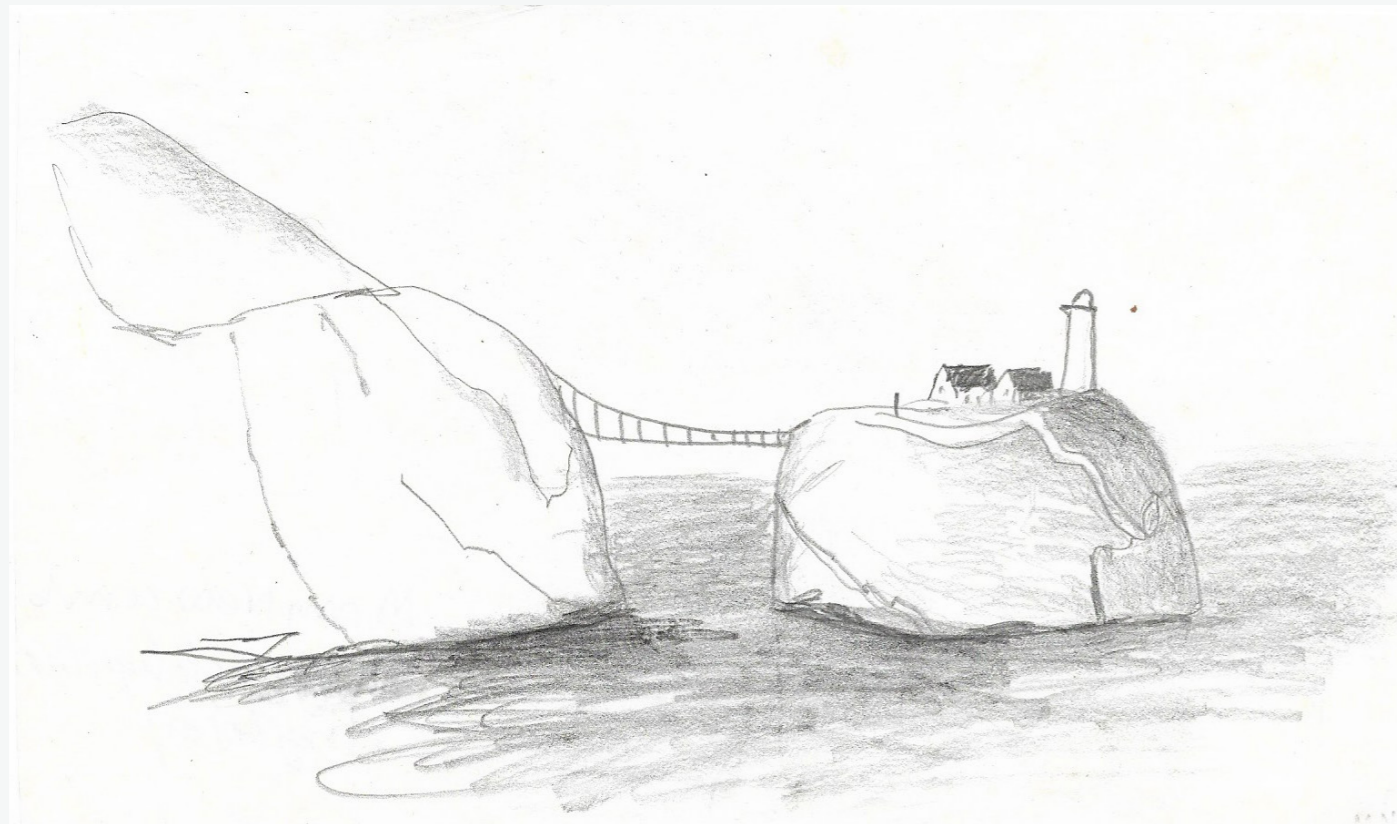
*- the sky moving fast, horizontally, and of into the South West.*

*- 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.*



South stack lighthouse, Anglesey

*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 towards the hills.*

*Sedges as the tide came in  
(catalogue)*

September 19th