



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 4th 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.

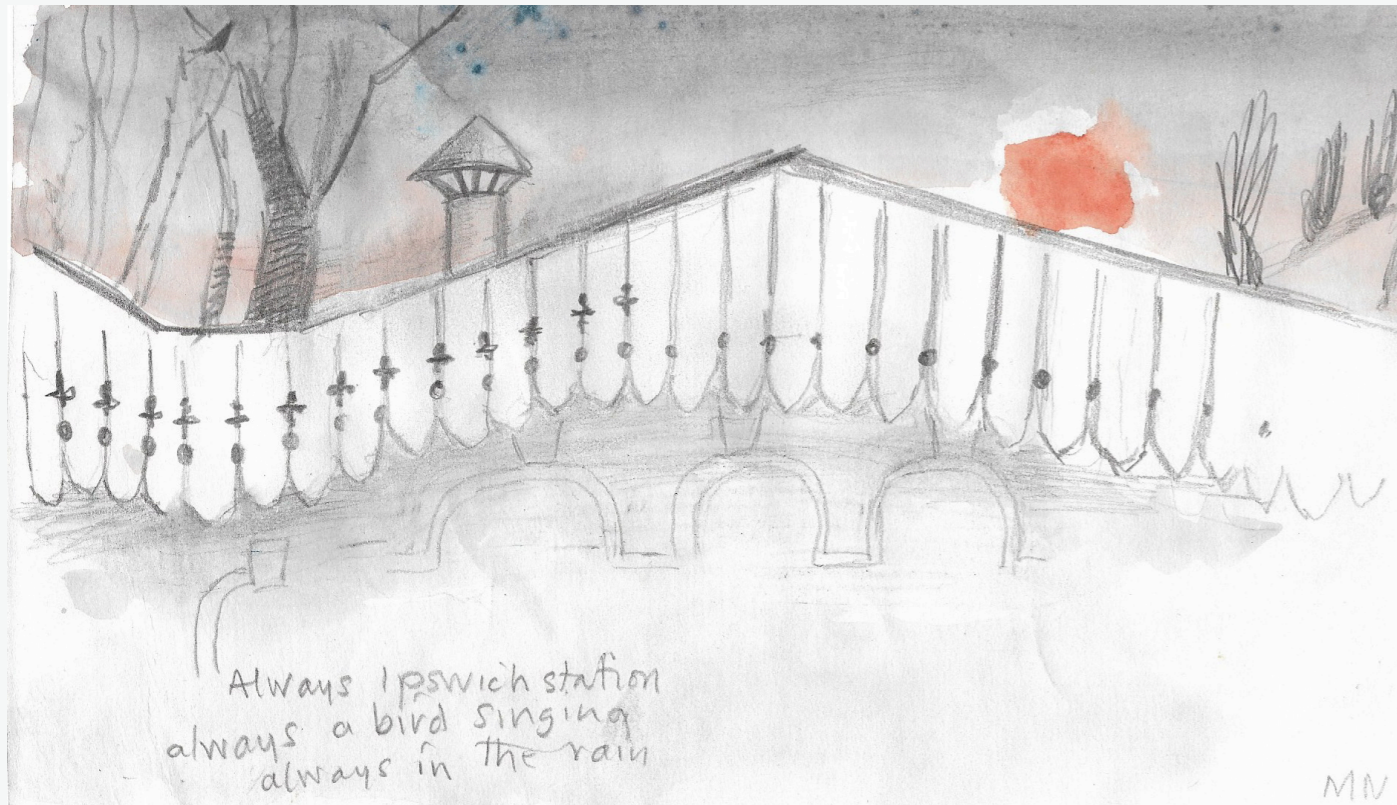
(include here the last three photos from the travel ones , two of boats and children on rock and cork harbour , latest Kalman catalogue because I talk about that earlier)

(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

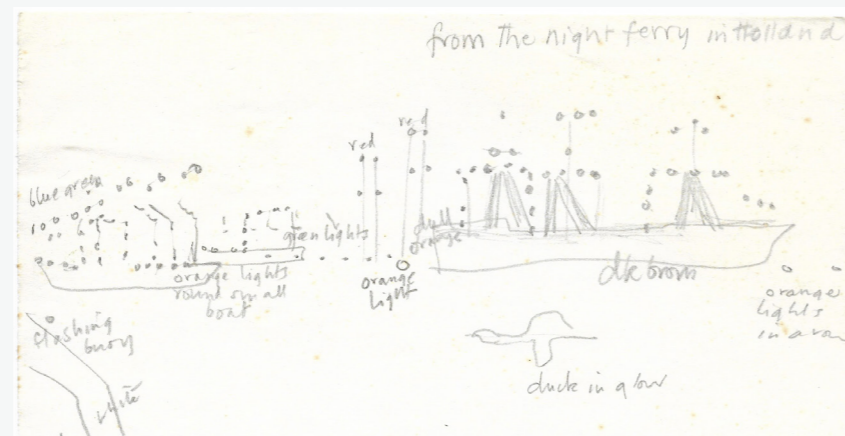
I draw in two ways:

either travelling on buses and trains
or sitting in one particular place and drawing whatever happens.
August 15th



From the night ferry in Holland

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

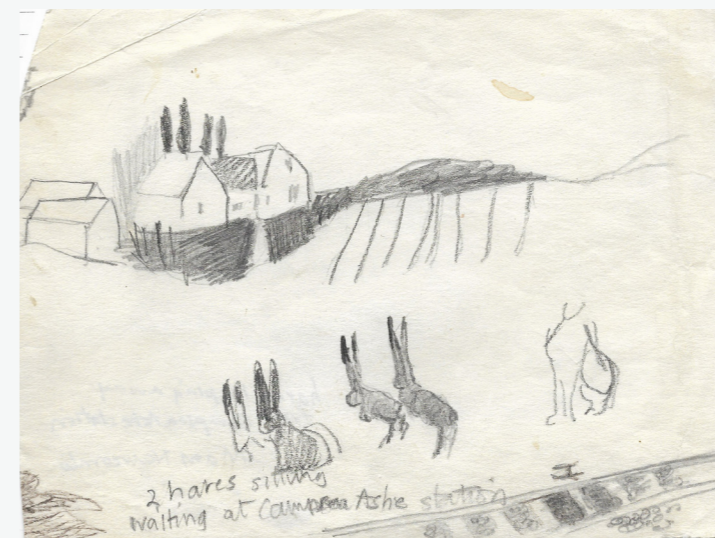


I am one of the moon faces that passes in
the train
January 9th

'A lady in a un-sprayed field'
I saw this field as i passed by and the
figure in it. It was a feast for the eye
and for the conservationist, but lacking
probably abundant grass for the animals
who grazed there.



Lady in unsprayed field seen in passing, oil



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

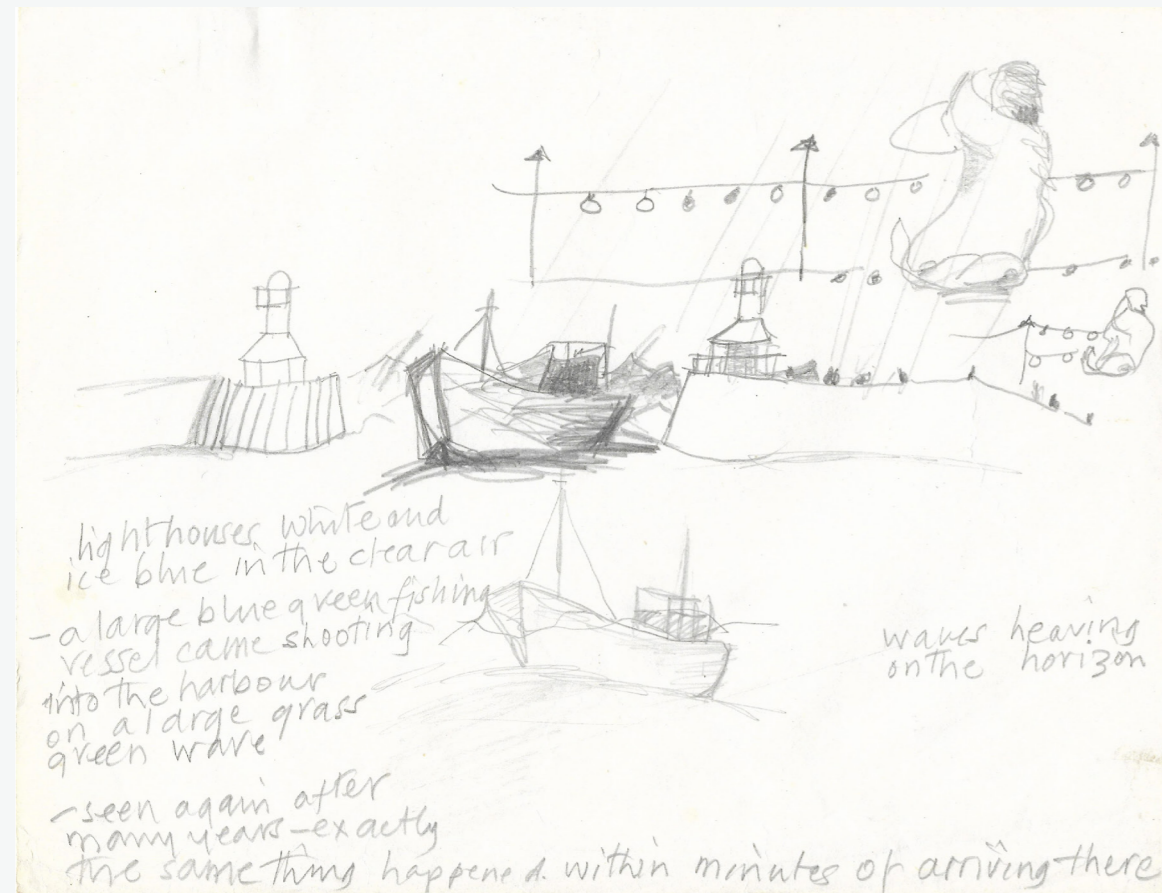
THE BEACH AND HARBOUR

Light houses, white and ice blue in the clear air

A large blue green fishin vessel came shooting into the harbour on a large grass green wave

Waves heaving on the horizon

Seen again after many years, exactly the same thing happened within minutes of arriving there.



As the tide floods in at the mouth of the river Conway in North Wales the sedges growing in the mud at the side of the estuary are gradually submerged, waving about with the motion of the water and eventually disappearing. The clumps look smooth and green but their edges are sharp toothed as they brace themselves against the wind.



Mary & Godfrey, just married, Lowestoft harbour



Standing in the turf boat - in the hold, as I was nervous, the water presented itself at chest level - it had an atmosphere of drowning in soft water but pleasant with it, and on a level with the porpoises round us.

I felt as if I was in unreal water like an illustration of Christ being baptised in early Medieval paintings.

May 25th



I have enjoyed once or twice seeing the harbour and its promenades leap into action with little lights looping along and flags flying when the holiday season starts.



Cork harbour



Mary with Tessa & Hannah

At times I paint with astonishment, even to myself.

If the landscape is full of random and quaint patches and patterns, they must be quickly gathered and slotted together on the canvas.

Often I work with reticence. This is because it is not a good idea to tear apart a quiet, balanced moment. Then all the details are patiently and carefully coaxed into place.

FRANCE

At Toulon there was a bus almost straight away to Le Lavandou, and we stepped out into a sparkling clear day with hot sunshine. Very blue sea, very calm too.

I don't think I have ever had such a wonderful time as when I came to Le Lavandou this summer.



Dogs at Le Lavandou



The long cat (Saint-Cere)



The beating down blue, 1990

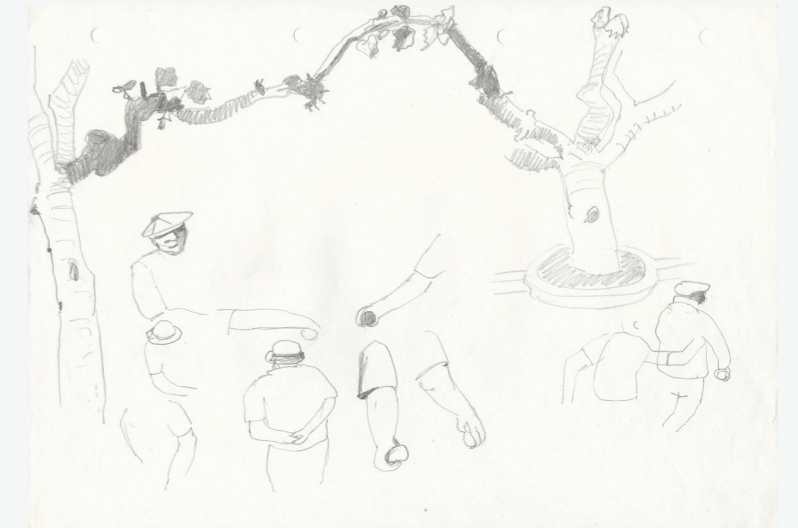
Andre seems to like best one I sent him of a large blue umbrella, very blue and bluer sky, with underneath, in the haze and dazzle of light, a collection of little boats and a white metal table with little holes in it. Its a combination of the blue of your verandah blind and Andres table with a bit of imagination to join it together.



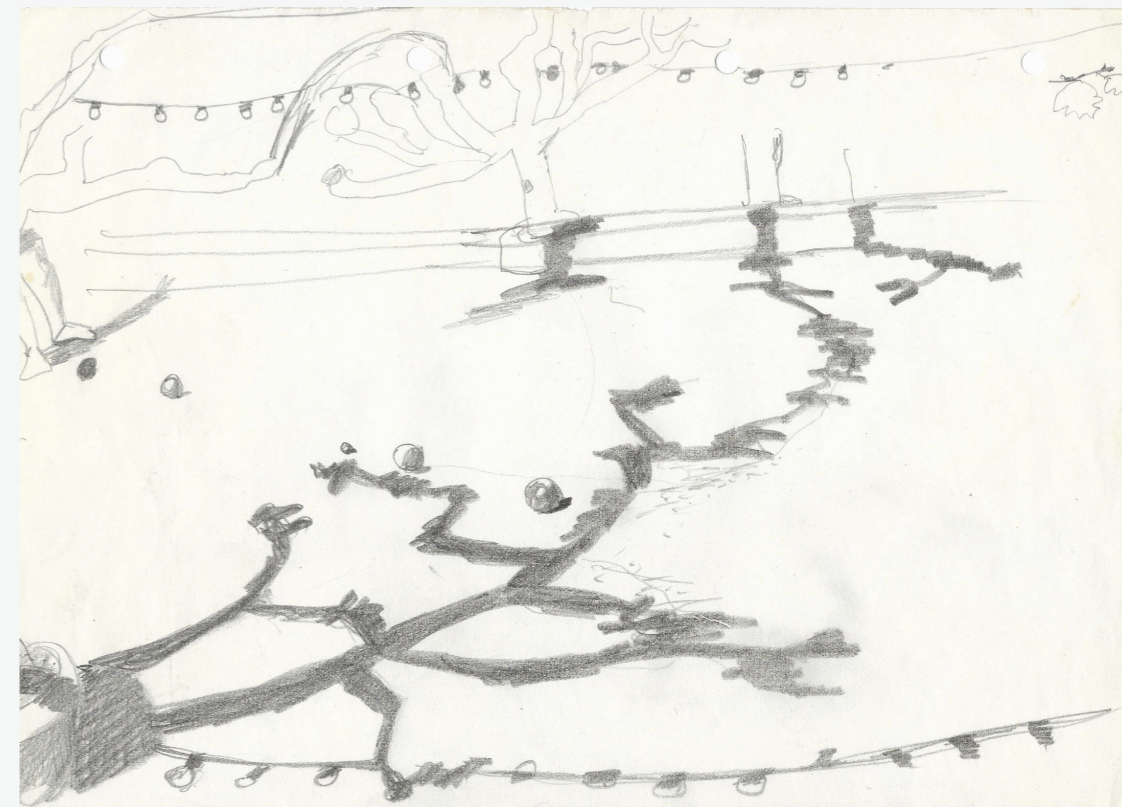
Girl rounding the corner of the cliff path (St Clair to Le Lavandou) 1990

I am trying to gather my notes and ideas together to start on some large oil paintings of France - I shall need to work quickly or it will all seem unreal - such bright light and clarity, transparent water and such a strange flora.

France is a truly amazing country. I am living and reliving it by reading word by word and photograph by photograph the book you sent by Andre earlier on this year called 'Villages of France' projecting myself into each page until I feel I am actually there.



I have fallen in love with the palm trees and the avenues of the Hyeres, also the exotic bamboos and the heavily pillarded plane trees by the beach.



GURNSEY

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



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



Rising waves - white waves at base
dk green lower rocks
leaping water
+ Sunday bells
Le Grandes Rocques
+ Sunday bells
figures on the rocks

SCOTLAND

- Stands of irises - Barra*
- Flowers as a carpet*
- Castlebay rocks*
- Sheep on Barra*
- The beautiful bay*
- Great and little birds*
- Rocks which became sheep / Rocks which were sheep*
- Highland heifer near Lochmaddy obscuring the view*
- Herring gulls with pattered wing tips, Portree*



Stormness - late evening with gulls



teatowel farewell



*Hoy
Journey with hope
This is not drawn to scale*

*Journey to fulfiment
Westray*



*Highland heifer obscuring Harris
near Lochmaddy*



Text from MN DVD?

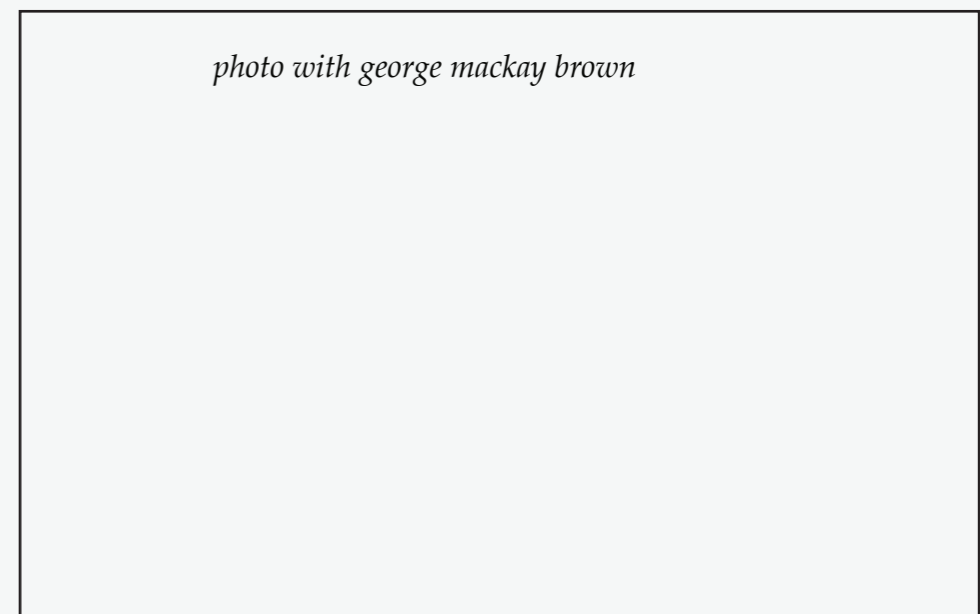


photo with george mackay brown

*Waters coming and going
- a raft of green islands*

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.

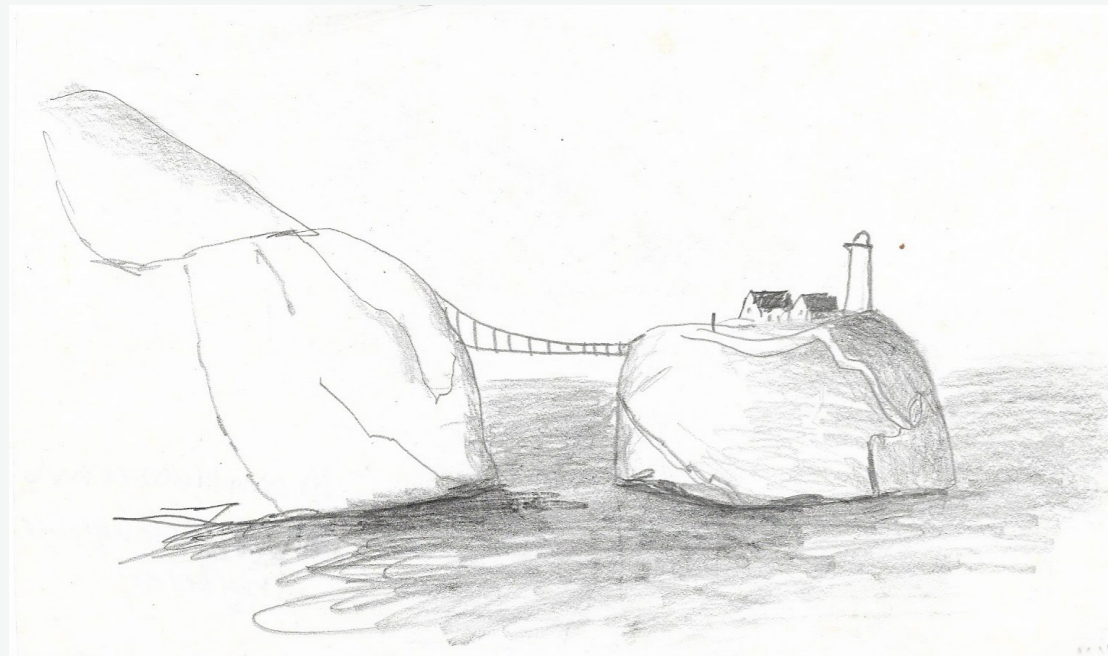
Waves are like tongues but cold and white as they lick at the rough surfaces.

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



The Welsh chapel

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

September 19th

small wales drawing?