

Yo, Louise,

Exciting! I think 'A visitor to St Ives' and 'St Ives Harbour' in room one and 'Feels Familiar' in room two?

That all of the works pivot viscerally on the specificity of moments in time, space, your life really floats my boat. It's a unique way of working in the field of abstract work. They're all so juicy too, so squidgy and delicious; such exacting combinations of forms, colour and linearity. Then the way you pull at definitions of painting and drawing within the work, expands it beyond it's tangible boundaries - again, yes please and thank you m'am.

Gonna be ace. Two chairs and table cloth and let's take a risk and make a killer exhibition, yeah? Curators are mean ;)

RMM x

Hey Rebecca,

I've never had a curator for a solo exhibition. This is going to be fun. I think! I want to call it Moments & Me.

The St Ives works that you selected - I'm so glad you did: I was on holiday waiting for Ben to go get us lunch, while we circled and dived on the first free bench at the harbour. It was meant to be serene and chilled, but was super crazy with people everywhere and a mass of seagulls. Ben was stuck in a huge queue for 15 mins so I quick sketched with a sharpie I had in my pocket. (I know, but in all the years it's only ruined one pair of jeans and it's my go to tool in the first impulses of a work).

The tide was out and there were ropes, lines, buoys, planks and boats: one was up-turned with 'visitor' painted on it like a name. I think it's how I felt. I loved looking out at the shapes and forms, which were much more clear and set (unlike the people swarming and buzzing).

I often only paint from more familiar views, but this was so visceral, as you say, weeks later it still did that gorgeous synaesthetic thing that memory does for you. I referred directly to my sketches as the compositions were right for me, already flattened out in the picture field and simplified. Then colour happened in the way it does for me: reds, whites, blues, peaches, creams and deep red wines. They clash or work, I don't know, it's instinct: better that it escapes articulation I hope? I think that's what art should be anyway?

So up for this shift in exhibition format, let's go, risk'n'all.

Best, regards, love and all that jazz,
Louise x