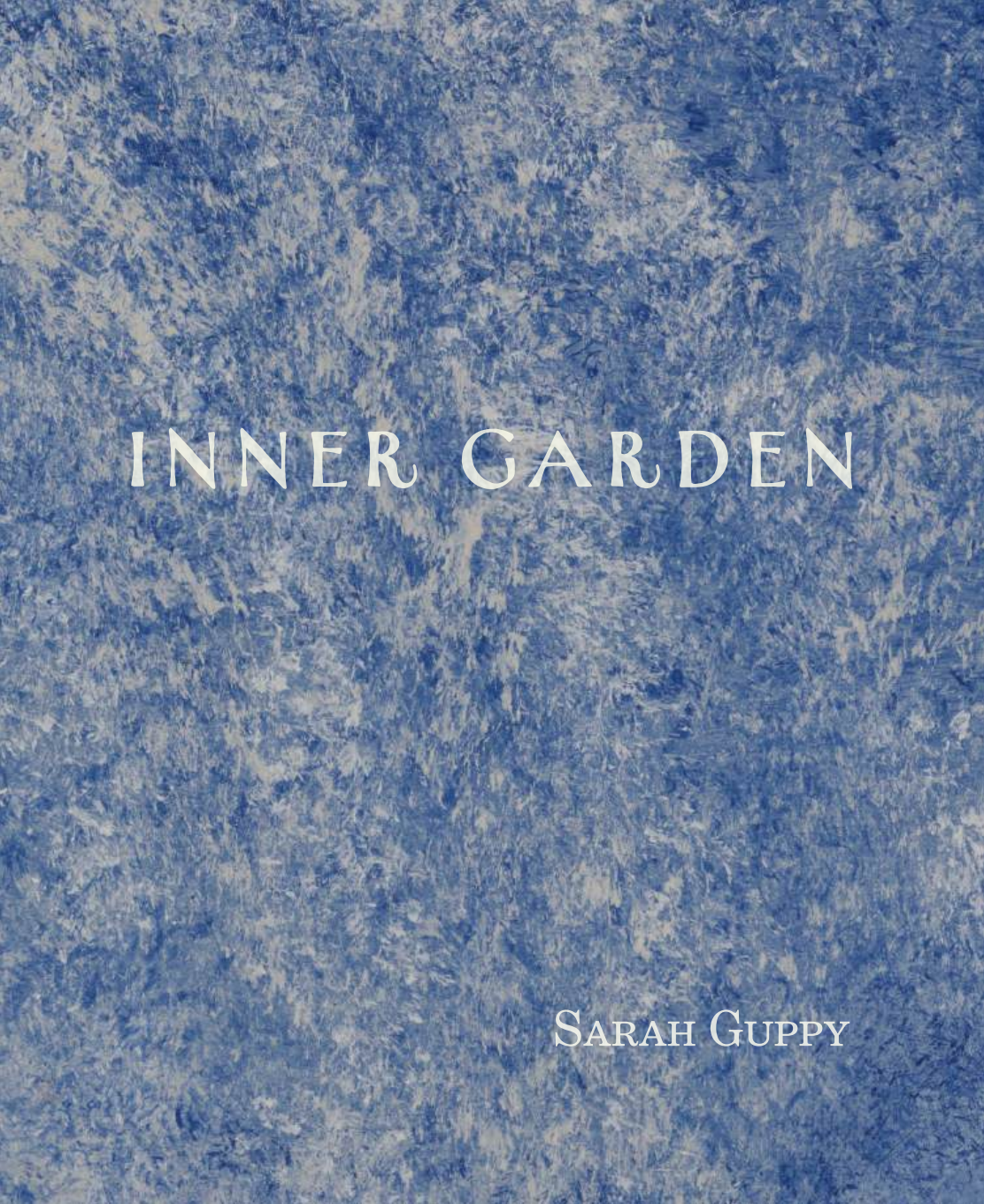




INNER GARDEN

SARAH GUPPY

Inner Garden Ghost

Homage to seeds

White Napkin

Love Affair poem by Riemke Ensing, Homage to wordsmiths

My Teacher's Teacher

Homage to Cedric Morris

Royal Courtship - Kōtuku Ngutupapa [Spoonbills]

Homage to winged messengers

Sunflowers Pollinating Sekhmet

Homage to Christina Leder & Friedrich Hundertwasser

Radiant Hue

Homage to Frances Hodgkins

Rosie Saying I Love You

Homage to dog love

Gathered Garden Kyoto Crane

Japan

Magnolia Bridge

Homage to flowering trees

Owly and Rabbit

Homage to the mudlarks

Garden Provender from Gazebo

My brother's garden in Tanger Morocco

Last Night for the First Time Since you Were Dead

Poem by Katherine Mansfield, England

INNER GARDEN

Homage to my teachers

Embarking - a boat pushing off from shore is never sure of how each day will unfold and so it is creating paintings.

Process - from the Latin Processus meaning a journey forward.

As a lover of analogy and metaphor the opportunity to express my 'inner garden' has grown into an exploration of text as a vehicle for paint blended with experience and memory.

As well as poems and letters by creatives I admire, I have found travel has inspired homage to places and people in Morocco, Egypt, England and New Zealand.

My thanks and gratitude to:

Tim Melville Gallery

Artmount & Framing Matters

Jill Godwin – Godwin Design

OnPoint Print - Printing

John McDermott – Photography

Claudine Bjorklund – Editor



Acrylic on gessoed card
Size: 390mm x 390mm

INNER GARDEN GHOST

Homage to seeds

As a keen gardener I love nothing more than walking in my garden with frequency. Frequency refers both to how often something occurs and to an invisible vibrational energy.

Towards the end of painting this work the title came to me, as it often does.

A ghostly woman appeared wearing a long frock, changing the frequency of the painting and matching the date of my home which was built in 1886.



Acrylic on gessoed card

Size: 390mm x 390mm

WHITE NAPKIN

Homage to wordsmiths

*Love Affair a poem by Riemke Ensing inspired
by a moment in Katherine Mansfield's life*

You wrote the table

Was laid

For two

But nobody came

So you dined opposite

A white napkin.

It's called giving yourself

To life.

Through the window

A quiet branch

Has the evening

To itself also.

On reading this quiet and painful poem by Riemke Ensing I felt moved to paint the white napkin of surrender, which becomes a refuge of acceptance, notwithstanding the hurt and sorrow of a lost lover. I found a photograph of Katherine Mansfield's flat in West Kensington taken by Ida Baker in 1913. I was delighted to see a Buddha on the mantelpiece, which I have included. The rest of the painting is the imagined dining table and the back of Katherine departing wearing a shawl she loved.



Acrylic on gessoed card
Size: 390mm x 390mm

MY TEACHER'S TEACHER

Homage to Cedric Morris

My primary teacher at Morley College in London was artist Maggi Hambling. As a teenager she attended Benton End, a private Art School run by Cedric Morris and Lett Hains. Over my four years at Morley College Maggi frequently referred to the influences of Cedric and Lett and their close friendship with Frances Hodgkins.

Cedric was a recognized painter of portrait, still life and landscape and equally famous for his breeding of Irises to an international market.

I admire Cedric's painting for its immediate and joyful subject matter. Many of his works featured the flowers he grew and the life around him in the Suffolk landscape. In this painting I picked flowers from my garden in Ponsonby placing them with a ceramic bird candle stick I made, and a wire basket. This also references a work of Cedric's of eggs in a dish. The bird and the egg are never far from one another.



Acrylic on gessoed card
Size: 390mm x 390mm

ROYAL COURTSHIP
KŌTUKU NGUTUPAPA [SPOONBILLS]

Homage to the spirit guides of the feathered Kingdom

When I lived in London I saw Cedric Morris's painting of a pair of Spoonbills, a bird that up until then I had never seen. When I returned to New Zealand I discovered there were native Spoonbills here. This painting illustrates the beauty and surprising expression of the Spoonbill during mating season.

The significance of the Kōtuku extends beyond the physical realm. In Māori mythology the Kōtuku is believed to be a messenger that inhabits the spirit land of Reinga, accompanying the Wairua (spirit) of the deceased from earth to the stars.



*Acrylic on gessoed card
Size: 390mm x 390mm*

SUNFLOWERS POLLINATING SEKHMET

*Homage to gilders Christina Leder
& Friedrich Hundertwasser*

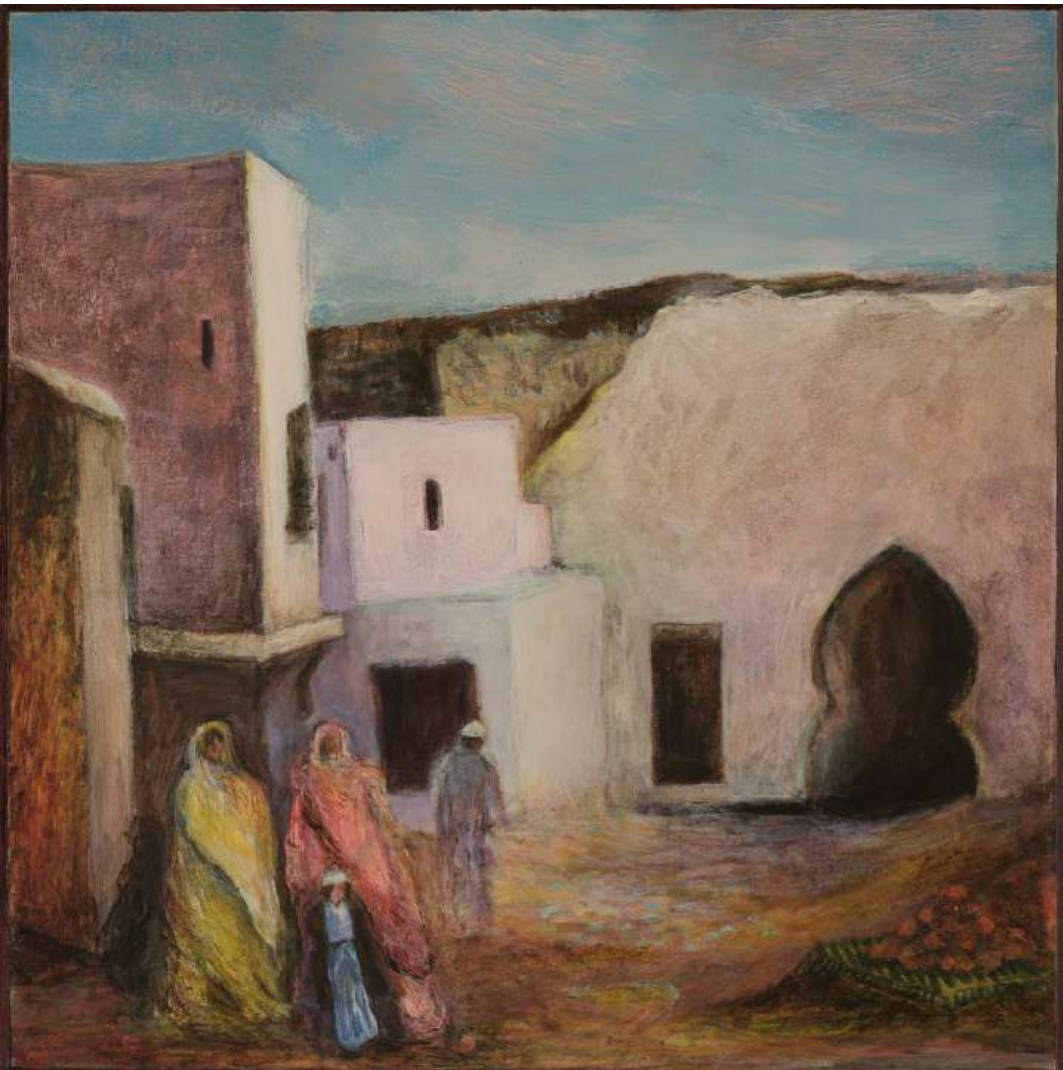
As a fifteen-year-old I visited the Auckland Art Gallery for an exhibition by Friedrich Hundertwasser. The work astonished me; it was the first time I became aware of the luminosity of gilding.

When I lived in London I trained with an Austrian gilder Christina Leder who became a dear friend and teacher. Later I worked at Carvers and Gilders of Wandsworth on the National Trust and Royal Collection Restoration.

As I began working on this painting all these influences came together in a pollination of gold, paint and those experiences.

The Sun and gold have long been linked to sunflowers. In this painting the sunflowers are pollinating Sekhmet, an Egyptian deity whose name means 'she who is powerful.'

Above, the firmament of galaxies bare witness to this alchemy.



Acrylic on gessoed card
Size: 390mm x 390mm

RADIANT HUE

Homage to Frances Hodgkins

Hotel Calpe, Tetuan, Morocco 1903.

Letter to Dorothy Richmond from Frances Hodgkins -
Linda Gill's book Letters of Frances Hodgkins 1993.

"The whiteness & pearliness of the town simply defies you – you can't get it pure & brilliant enough & the shadows drive one silly – you race after them, pause one frenzied moment to decide on a blue mauve yellow or green shadow – when up & over the wall & away & the wretched things gone for that day at least and you are gazing at a glaring blank wall & wondering why on earth you ever started to sketch it."

I also have had a long love affair with Morocco since traveling there in 1981. The cubed whitewashed buildings shimmer in the Mediterranean light deceiving the eye into believing they are simple subject matter. The endeavour is a tantalizing motivation, as many artists over centuries have revealed.



ROSIE SAYING I LOVE YOU

Homage to Dogs

Animals make life sweeter and Rosie is no exception. She is a part-time companion, shared with my niece Lucy and the Jones family. When she visits her insistence to be loved stops me several times a day. The tail of a dog wagging is a joy offering to the world.

Acrylic on gessoed card

Size: 390mm x 390mm



GATHERED GARDEN KYOTO CRANE

Late summer Zinnias from my garden in a cut glass vase with the whimsical discovery of a toy Crane. I purchased the toy crane from Wallace Rose, a local boutique selling handmade clothes. The owner had placed three cranes in the window which many years ago she'd purchased in Kyoto.

Tsuru, the Japanese word for crane, is known as 'the bird of happiness' and revered as a national treasure symbolizing longevity, good fortune, peace and fidelity.

Acrylic on gessoed card

Size: 390mm x 390mm



Acrylic on gessoed card
Size: 390mm x 390mm

MAGNOLIA BRIDGE

Homage to flowering trees

Winter brings the exquisite Magnolia at a time when there are few flowers in bloom. My neighbour's tree generously fills my back verandah with carmen candle sticks of upright buds which unfold like butterfly wings to the light.

Their buds are a luminous slivery garment protecting the awaiting flower. As they unfold they drop their furry cocoon.

A bridge is always joined by the other side. It is both ancient and modern, philosophical and linguistic in its architecture: A bridge too far – A bridge over troubled waters – an unabridged version. Blending the nature of the Magnolia with the human made structure of the bridge is my interpretation of the famous willow pattern.



*Acrylic on gessoed card
Size: 390mm x 390mm*

OWLY AND RABBIT

Homage to mudlarks

Ceramic animals have been made for thousands of years in every corner of the world. Some of them are symbols of abundance, fertility, fierce and sacred. These objects become endowed as talisman for power and ritual. Bronwyn Cornish was my teacher and through her work I saw the delight she invested in these clay creatures who exude presence and personality. When I visited the Cairo Museum I discovered the spiritual magic of clay animals adorning lids of jars and made into masks, all placed in tombs as companions in the afterlife. Owly and Rabbit live with me adorning my kitchen dresser, vigilant guardians of the house.

The Owl and the Pussy-cat went to sea

In a beautiful pea-green boat,

They took some honey, and plenty of money,

Wrapped up in a five-pound note.

The Owl looked up to the stars above

And sang to a small guitar,.....

Edward Lear



GARDEN PROVENDER AT GAZEBO

Homage to Veere, Tanger

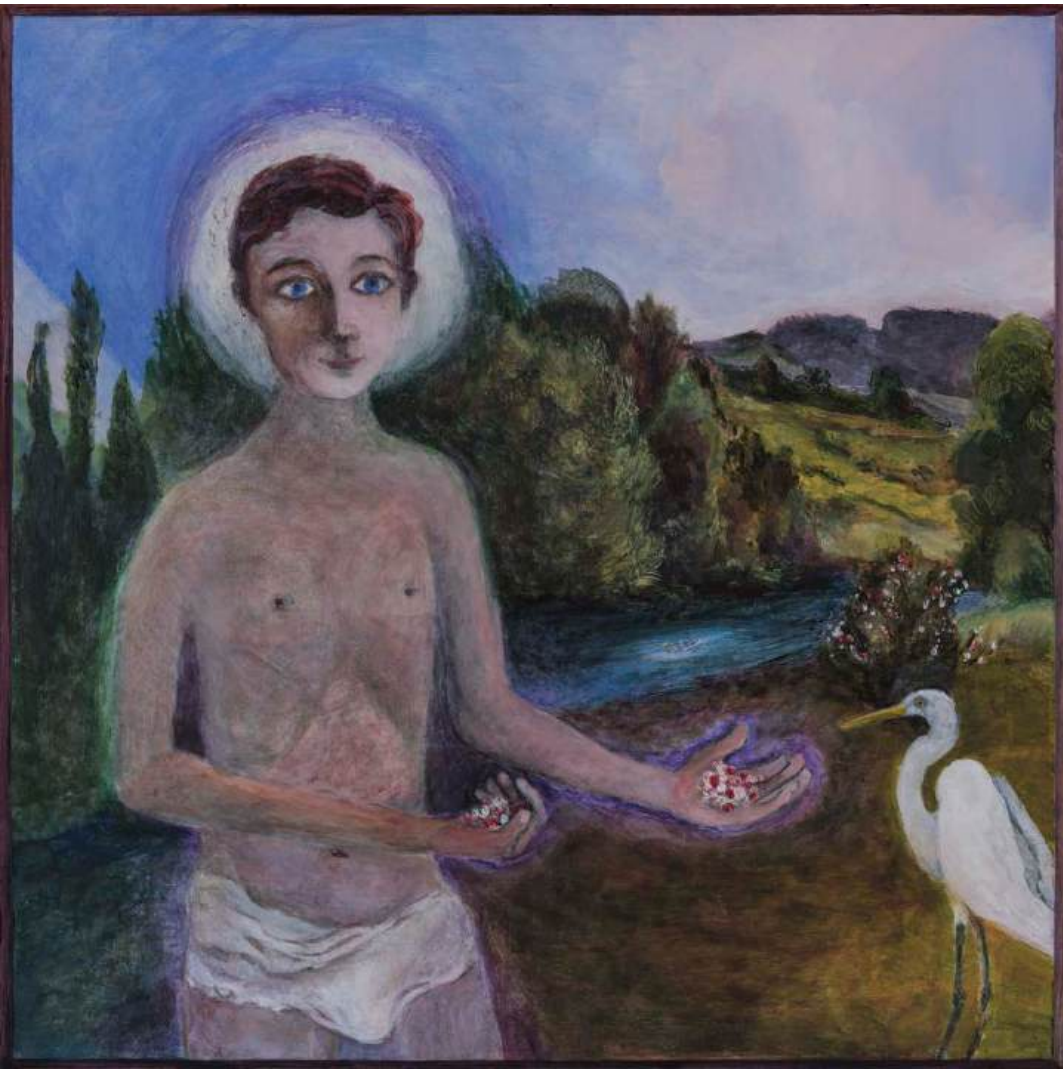
For many years I have been travelling to Morocco, especially Tanger where my brother Veere Grenney lives. His garden is a paradise of terraces brimming with plants exotic and local. The Dahlias have been brought from his Suffolk garden, and the golden cosmos from my Auckland garden.

The view of the shimmering Mediterranean is a corridor of passing ships day and night, tankers to tiny fishing boats. On a clear day Spain, Portugal and Gibraltar can be seen, sentinels of trade and history.

The painting is from inside the Gazebo where we eat all our meals. The still life is placed on a locally woven tablecloth. I have included a mended French bowl I am fond of with the vegetables fresh from the lower garden.

Acrylic on gessoed card

Size: 390mm x 390mm



*Acrylic on gessoed card
Size: 390mm x 390mm*

LAST NIGHT FOR THE FIRST TIME SINCE YOU WERE DEAD

Poem to L.H.B by Katherine Mansfield for her brother

*Last night for the first time since you were dead
I walked with you, my brother in a dream.
We were at home again beside the stream
Fringed with tall berry bushes, red and white.
“don’t touch them they are poisonous” I said.
But your hand hovered, and I saw a beam
Of strange, bright laughter flying around your head,
And as you stooped I saw the berries gleam.
“don’t you remember? We called it Dead man’s Bread!”
I woke and heard the wind moan and the roar
Of the dark water tumbling on the shore.
Where is the path of my dream for my eager feet?
By the remembered stream my brother stands
Waiting for me with berries in his hands
“These are my body. Sister, take and eat”.*



©Sarah Guppy. Exhibition catalogue: *Inner Garden* October 2026. Tim Melville Gallery Auckland NZ