Francis Hamel THIRTY GARDENS



Ardtornish

Arduaine

Balmoral Cottage

Beckley Park

Bodnant

Broadwoodside

Broughton Grange

Casa Beri

Cripley Meadow Allotments

Dawyck Botanic Gardens

Dumfries House

Filkins

Great Dixter

Iford Manor

Levens Hall

Little Sparta

Logan Botanic Garden

Mapperton

Milverton Court

Perch Hill

Rockcliffe

Rousham

Serge Hill

Sezincote

Sissinghurst

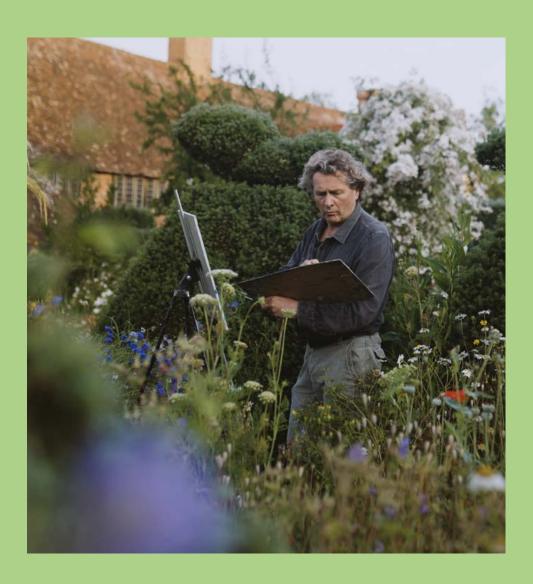
Stourhead

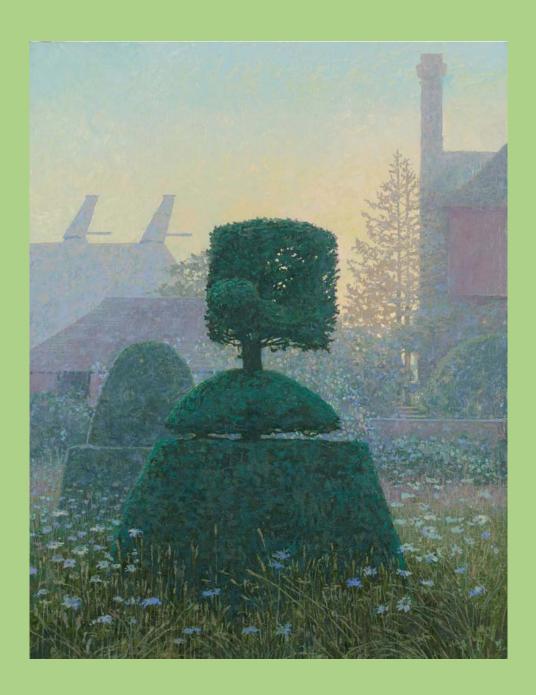
Stavordale Priory

Trap Ground Allotments

Winchester Street

Worcester College Gardens





Francis Hamel, Rousham, May 2023

THIRTY GARDENS



I'm not much of a gardener but nothing excites me more than painting a garden. The ends of the day are the best time to paint – when the light is low and the shadows are long. Leaving my paints behind, I start with a good long look. I try to be passive and let the garden speak first. I know from years of painting at Rousham that the best paintings come as a surprise. As you walk into the gardens thinking you know what you're about to paint and on your way to the pre-ordained spot, you're hi-jacked by the unexpected. It's an impulsive response to something that you know may only be there for a few minutes.

I'm looking for a combination of emotion, light and structure. Once the garden has spoken, love at first sight now shifts to surgical procedure. Knowing that you only have a certain amount of time for the operation, you calmly but quickly open the paintbox, line up the instruments, put up the easel and linen panel and, with as much calm as you can muster you open up the view and see what's going on inside. To be on your own in a garden at the start of a day is like taking a drug, your field of vision seems to enlarge. Unlike the wider landscape, the garden is landscape with an agenda.

My brother once described a conference about the dangers of risk averse parenting. A guest speaker asked the audience which moments in their early lives they treasured most and where they were when they happened. The vast majority answered, 'unsupervised play in gardens.' That was certainly my experience. Starting with the Garden of Eden, so much of our storytelling features the garden; gardens have played a talismanic role in British culture offering endless material for painters and writers.

My garden painting started in winter, the landscape deep in refrigerated pause, nothing moving except the low winter light revolving from one day to the next. I started by visiting gardens with good bone structure, topiary gardens and gardens embedded in strongly defined landscape like Bodnant, Levens Hall and Iford Manor. The flower beds were empty but the statuary, clipped yew hedges and empty flower beds gave me plenty to work with. I spent a day in the empty gardens at Levens Hall with low cloud and steady drizzle, the

topiary like luminous sculpture in the frozen winter landscape. Thousands of bedding plants were sitting backstage in the greenhouses waiting for their cue from the sun which decided not to make an appearance while I was there. Landscape painting always feels a bit like garden design as you tailor the landscape to fit the demands of the picture you're trying to make, the joy of working within a garden is the abundance of structure and the underlying story.

It's cold but oddly relaxing painting outside in the winter while everything is in cold storage, once the spring starts, things begin to stir, the performance picks up; as the seasonal anaesthesia wears off the patient starts to move. I'm writing this in May when things are at full tilt, a wet spring and the longer days have fuelled an eruption in the herbaceous borders, the late daffodils and tulips are giving way to cow parsley and apple blossom and the roses are quickly hiding their thorns with lush emerald green foliage. I'm juggling gardens and hardly able to sleep. The head gardeners are beginning to shift from the winter welcome of 'You should come over in a week or two' to the summer welcome of 'you should have seen it last week'. This refrain will last long beyond my September deadline.

With every collection of paintings there comes a moment when the pictures themselves start to tell the story. The collection itself starts to set the agenda. The sheds on the Trap Ground allotments have started to talk to the little neo classical follies at Iford and Stourhead, the topiary at Levens has begun to trespass into other gardens, I have even started to invent gardens with raw materials gathered from gardens miscellaneous.

Taking liberties with the wider landscape is standard practice for painters but I used to feel I had to honour a garden and not venture too far from what the place actually looks like, but I gave up on that a long time ago. Recognisability is not a priority, the aim is simple, try to make a good picture, try to capture the magic. I'm not a map maker. I often wonder, when I leave someone's house with a couple of paintings in the boot of my car, if they would even recognise them.

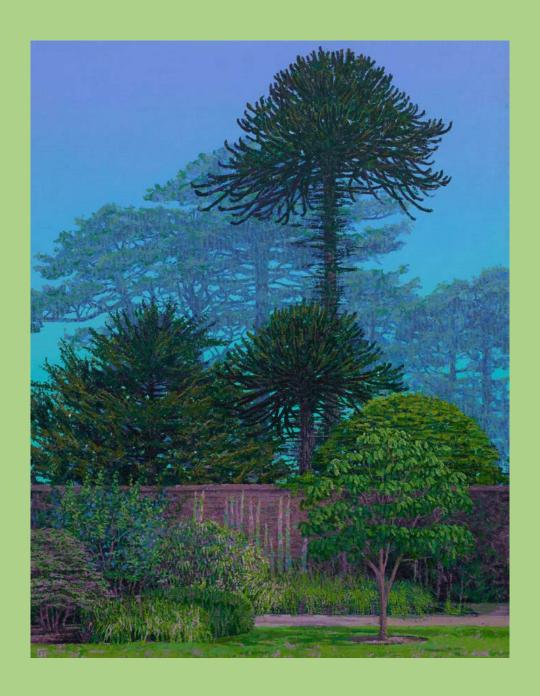
I was keen from the start of the project not to paint a

collection of grand country house gardens. Parks, allotments, college gardens and even window boxes should all be included. For me the project is an examination of what the garden means, how it relates to the surrounding landscape and how well a series of garden journeys can translate into a collection of single free-standing images. The themes in these paintings are often the same things I would think about if I were painting a still life or a portrait, the spaces between objects, a moment of strong luminous light, painterly accidents rubbing up against the rehearsed gesture of precise brushwork but gardens bring something of their own. The garden is the place where we first try to make sense of the landscape, to paint there and to ignore the Genius Loci would be like painting in a church or temple and to ignore the purpose of the building.

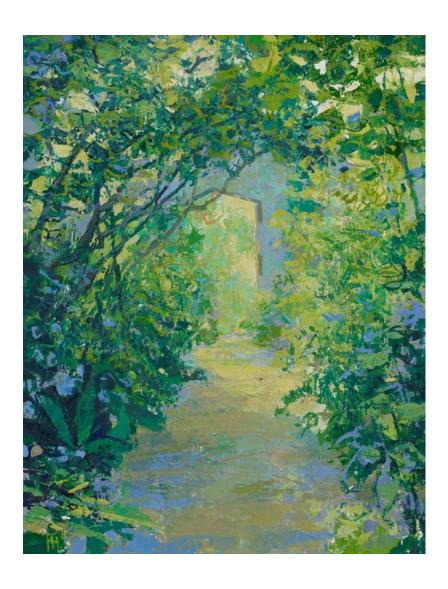
Alexander Pope said that 'instanced in architecture and gardening,... all must be adapted to the genius of the place, and... beauties not forced into it, but resulting from it'.

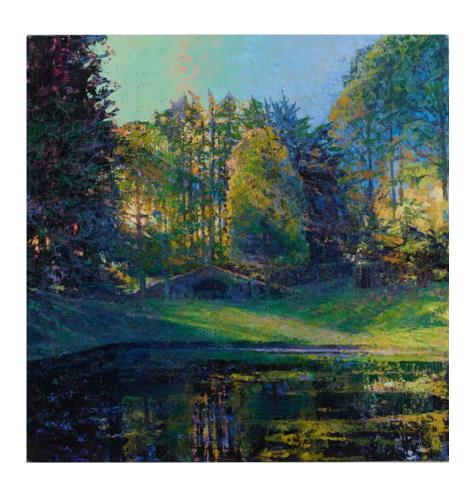


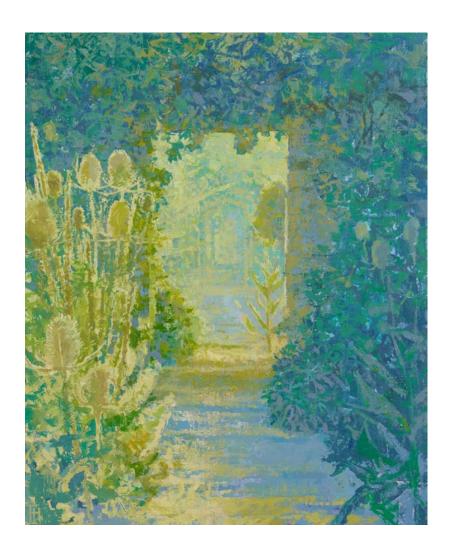


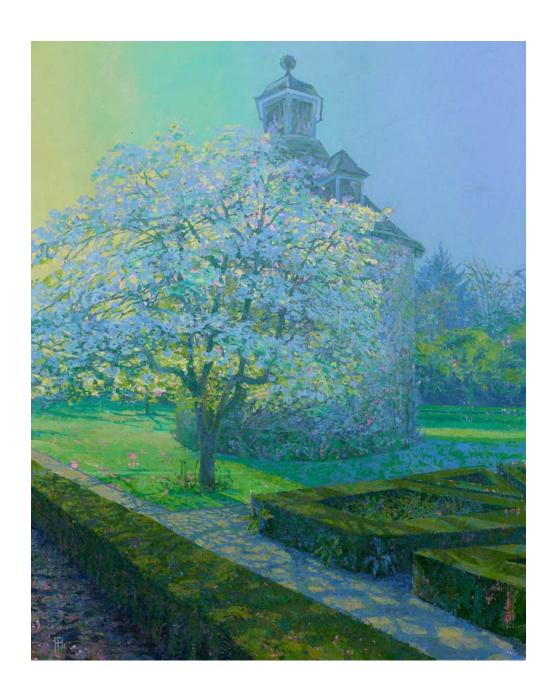


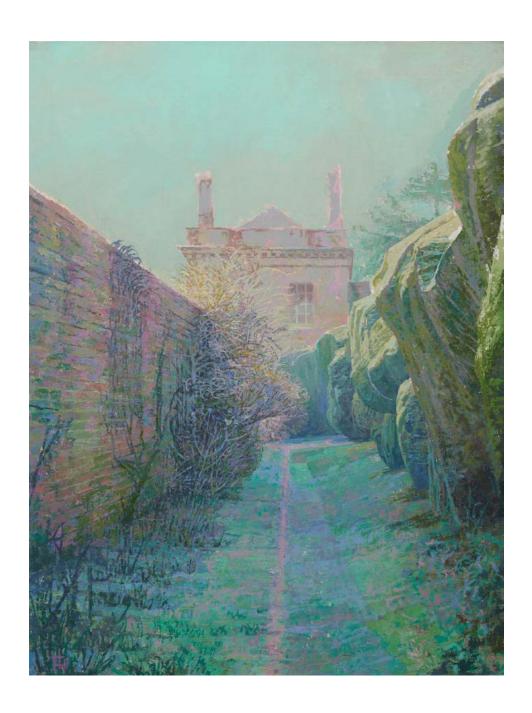
ROUSHAM VILLA FORNARI LEVENS HALL BECKLEY PARK BODNANT

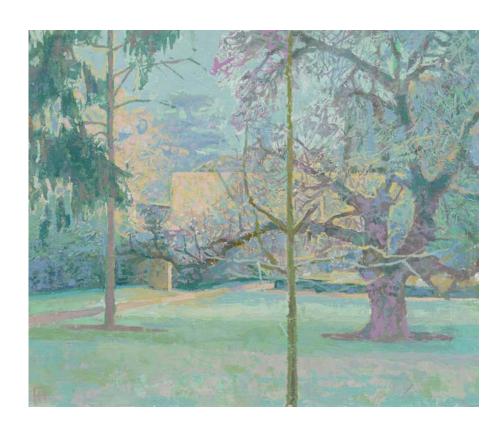


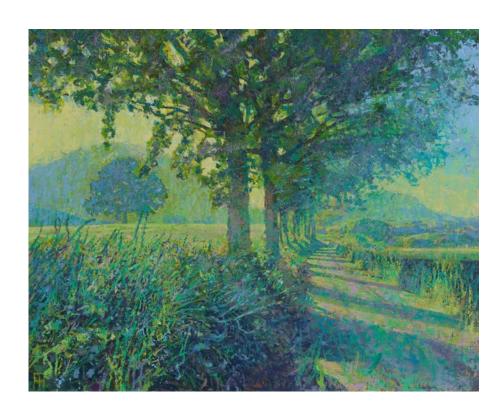


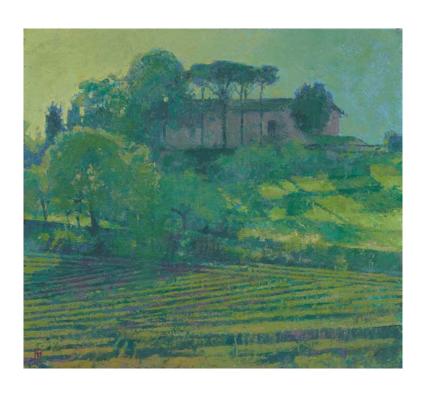


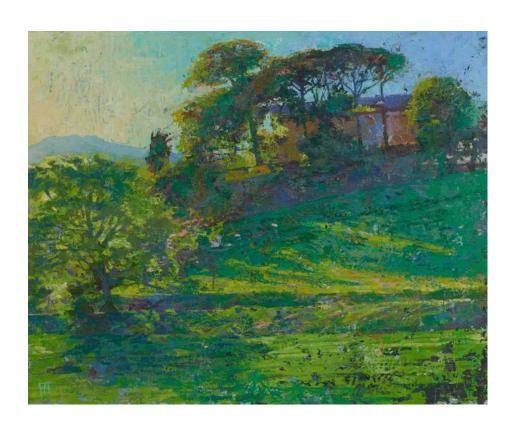


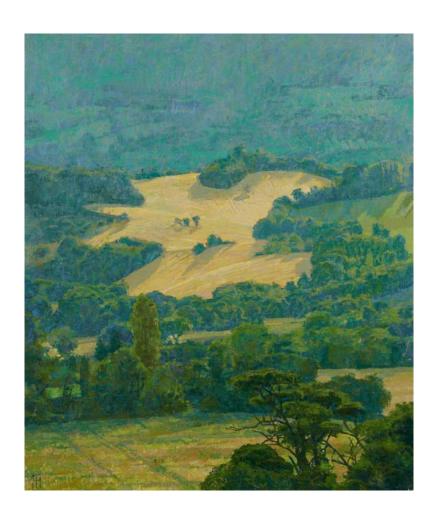


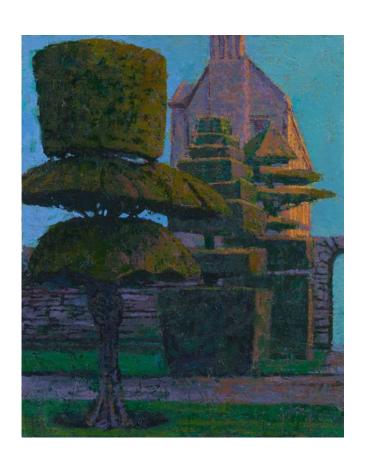






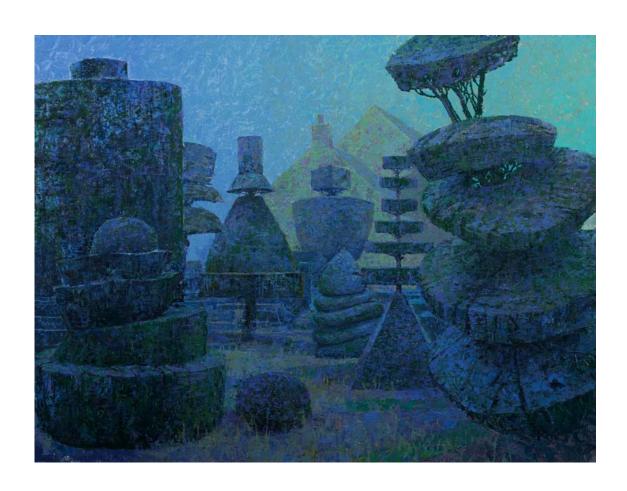




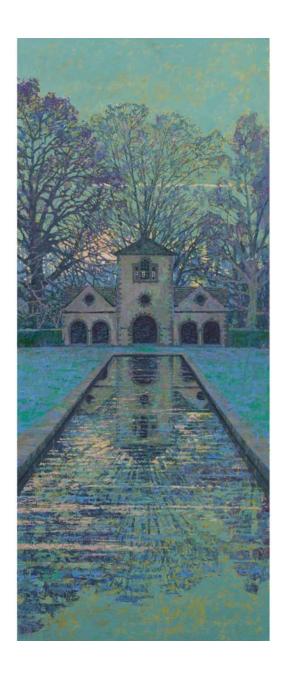




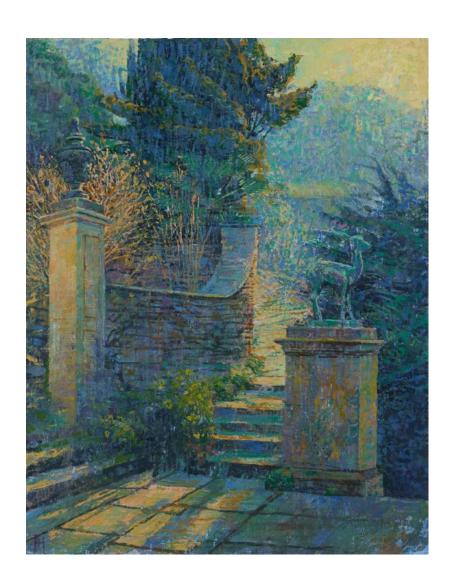




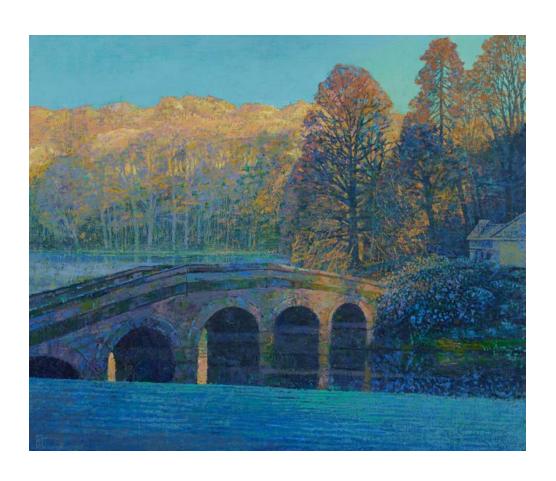




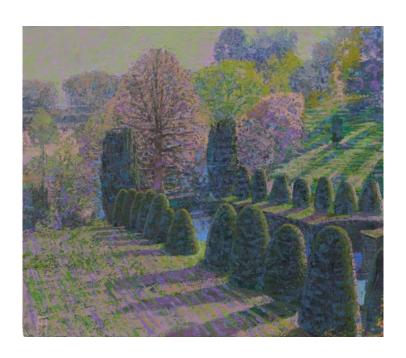
IFORD MANOR CORNWELL MANOR STOURHEAD MAPPERTON STAVORDALE GREAT DIXTER

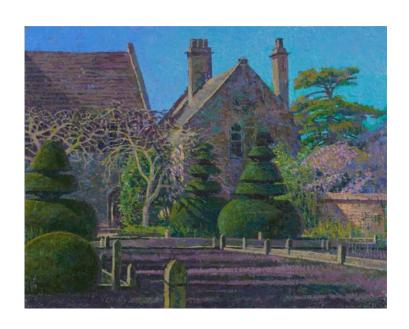






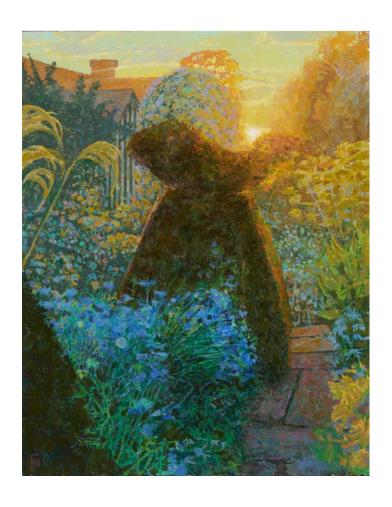




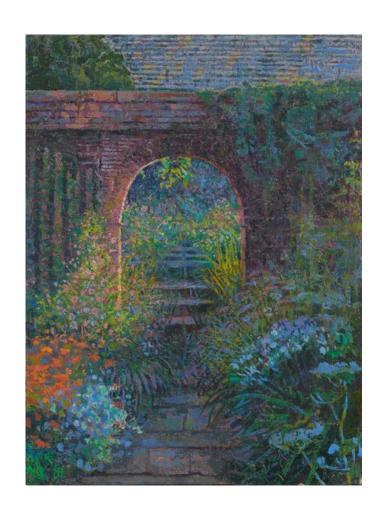


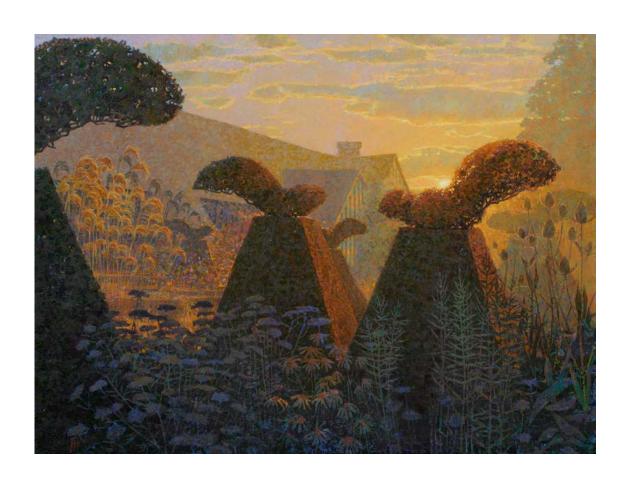


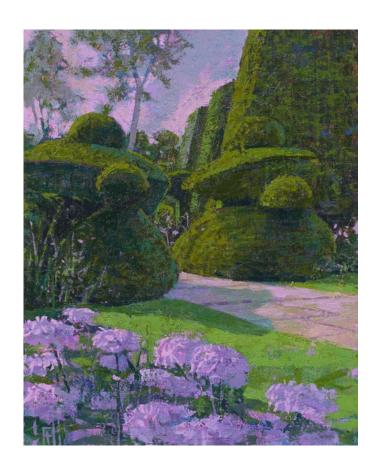






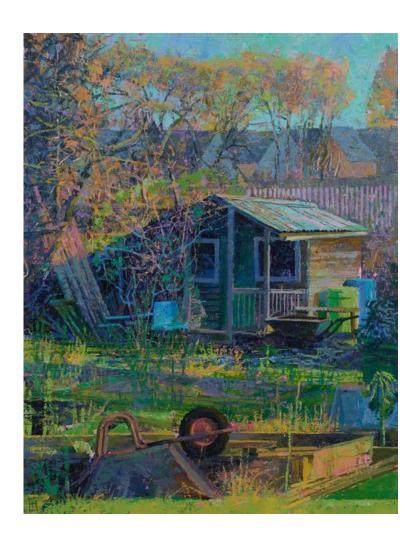


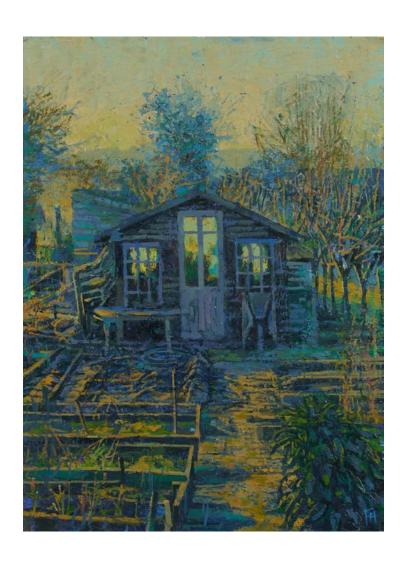


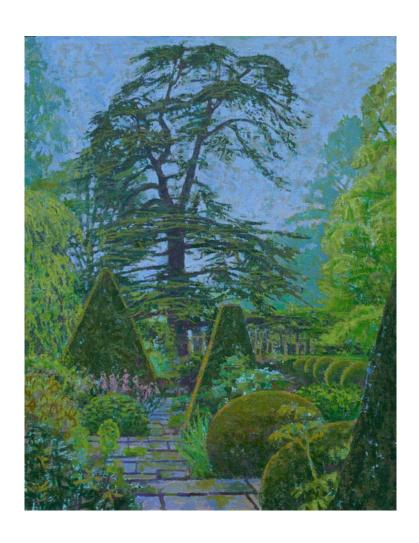


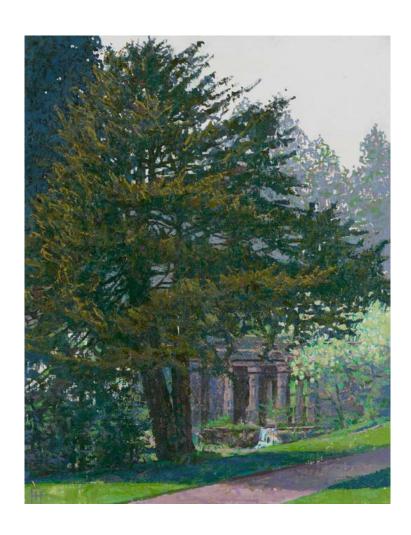
BALMORAL COTTAGE TRAP GROUND ALLOTMENTS CRIPLEY MEADOW ALLOTMENTS BRAMHAM PARK BROUGHTON GRANGE SEZINCOTE WINCHESTER STREET





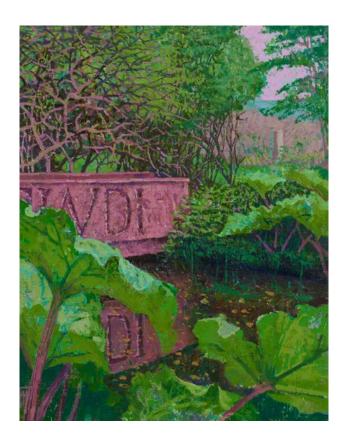


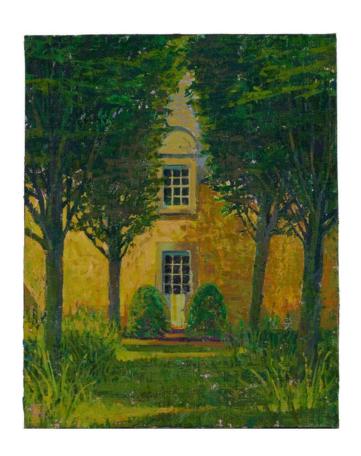




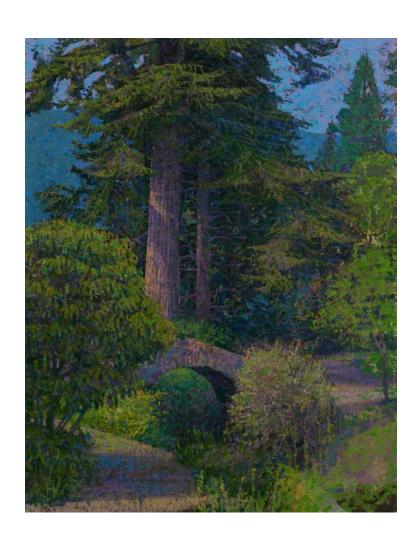
LITTLE SPARTA BROADWOODSIDE DAWYCK ARDTORNISH ARDUAINE DUMFRIES HOUSE LOGAN BOTANIC GARDENS WORCESTER COLLEGE

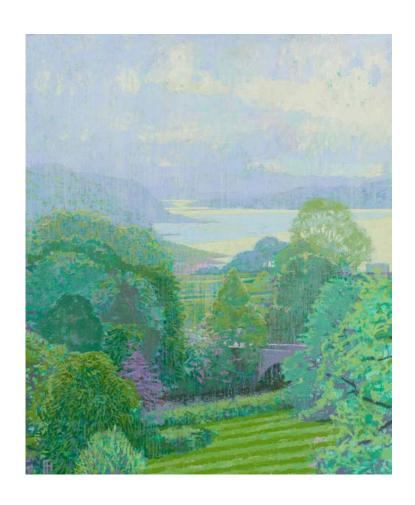


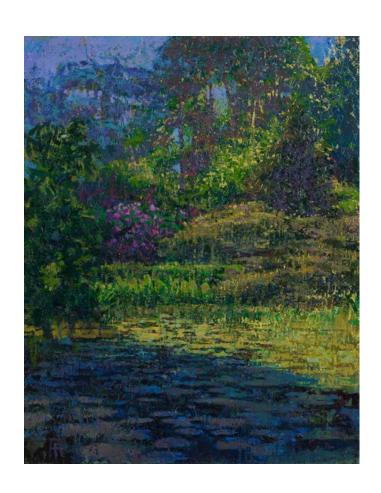


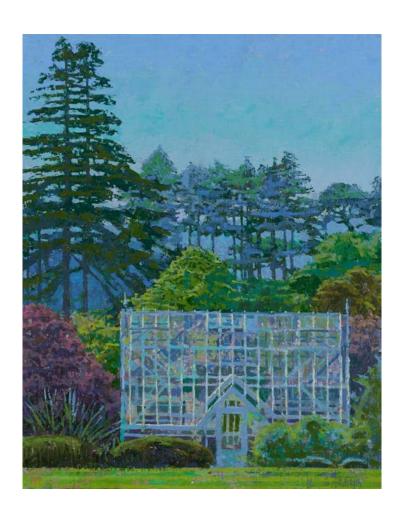


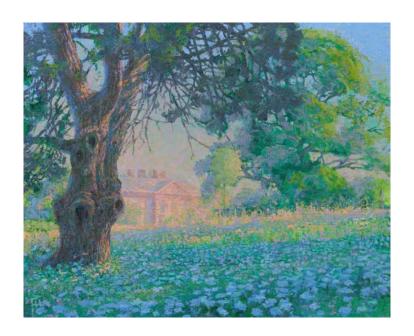


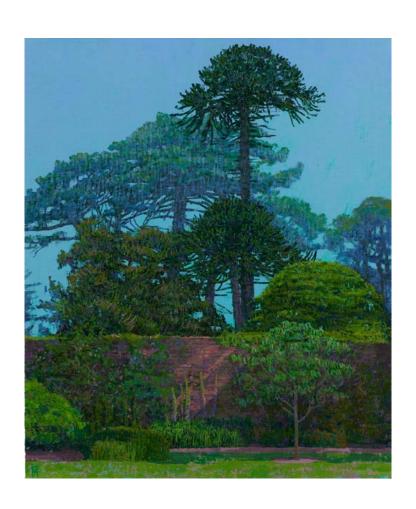












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