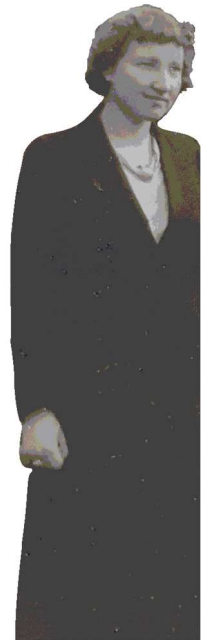


Roeddwn i fel ffon o seleri wedi'i adael allan o ddiwr, yn hir ac yn wyn ac yn wan

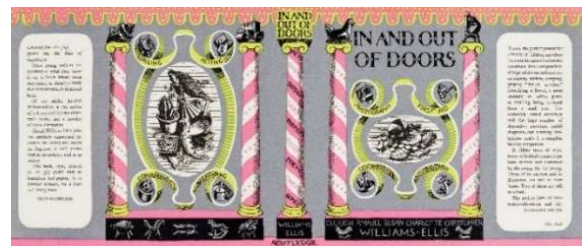
Dyma ddisgrifiad Susan Williams-Ellis, 12 oed, o sut y teimlai ar ôl haf 1930. Roedd dioddefaint salwch hirfaith a chyfnod hir yn yr ysbyty dramor yn gyfnod trawsnewidiol iddi. Yn wan yn gorfforol, ond yn seicolegol benderfynol, cofiai – ddegawdau yn ddiweddarach – sut yr effeithiodd lun o ddau angel arni.

*'Cefais bleser o weld eu hwynebau annwyl, gwallt meddal ac ystumiau hyfryd a gogwydd y ddau fandolin gyferbyn â'i gilydd mewn persbectif bron yn hudolus i mi. Sbardunodd hyn i mi benderfynu bod yn artist unwaith y byddwn yn hŷn ... roeddwn yn gwbl ymroddedig i fy ngyrfa a ddaw. Braidd yn hwyr, meddyliais, gan fod fy chwaer iau wedi penderfynu ar ddilyn bioleg erbyn ei bod hi'n wyth neu naw. Beth bynnag, ni simsanodd yr un ohonom am eiliad.'*

Mae detholiad o waith Susan wedi ei ddewis i'w arddangos ar gyfer thema *Trawsnewidiad* Plas Brondanw. Dyma'r tro cyntaf i unrhyw un o'r gweithiau hyn gael eu harddangos yn gyhoeddus.



Paentiad swreal gan Susan, efallai pan oedd hi yn 15 neu 16 oed.



Roedd y llyfr 'In and Out of Doors' yn ymdrech deuluol. Dyluniodd Susan y clawr tra oedd hi dal yn ei harddegau.

## Yn ei geiriau ei hun:

Atgofion gan Susan Williams-Ellis  
am ei harosiad mewn ysbyty yn  
Awstria, tua 1930



Showing the mastoid process (Public domain / Wikimedia Commons. Generated by DBCLS, Japan)

*'Aged 12. My first time abroad ... We drove over mountain passes to stay with my parent's friends, Amathy [Améthé, née Smeaton] and Leo Von Zeplin [Zeppelin] in Wernberg Castle near Villach & Klagenfurt in Austria. There I learned to swim in a weedy horse pond with the aid of a big very rotten log... After three days I began to have terrible earache and was given hot compresses of herbs, and someone brought me a lovely black and orange salamander from the woods to cheer me up but I was in too much pain to take notice of anything. So, after another three days, Leo took me and my mother to hospital in Klagenfurt over unmade roads, in a tiny red open racing car which was agony!*

*I was in hospital for two months and had three operations for mastoid, the first two were apparently piercing the drum and did no good. I used to bang my head against an iron bed head on the other side to try to distract the pain but no good. The last operation was with hammer and chisel to remove the infected mastoid bone. The anaesthetics were terrible, no pre-med injection, just a pad of Ether held over your mouth and nose unrelentingly, and I knew they were just killing me and no cries for mercy had any effect. At last in desperation I said or cried out "I'll give you Grettle if you stop!". She was my dog and I felt terrible to have said it as I loved her more than anything on earth – far more!*

*All this time though, I didn't realise anything much. My father was in the same hospital with pneumonia and very very ill and delirious. My mother and Richard Hughes had to nurse us both as there were few, and more or less, untrained nurses in the hospital. My father was so bad that apparently the doctor told my mother that she should not hope for him to recover! It seems some papers in England published an obituary saying that he had died in Australia!*

*Luckily, we both slowly recovered but were incredibly weak. I was given two books of German photographs, one of Animals and another on country scenes. They were very good (far ahead of England in photography) but I was so weak I could only look at one page each day. Later someone lent me an English book called Knights of Art (by two ladies I think). It had one colour illustration of a copy in water colour by one of them, of two young angels (at the foot of the Virgin's throne I think), both playing mandolins? In spite of being a copy and reproduction in colour, very poor in those days, I was in raptures by their sweet faces, soft hair and graceful poses and the slant of the two mandolins opposite each other in, to me, almost magical perspective. This finally decided me to be an artist when I grew up (Alas, I little knew how small the demand for altar pieces and frescos would be!)*

*We got home, my mother having slowly driven us stage by stage through the lovely towns and mountains of Austria and enchanting Lindover Stadt on the Bodensee. I could just about walk unsteadily but never again could learn to run. Not too surprising when I found from the new school uniform that I had been measured for before leaving, had been grown out of by 6" in a bit more than two months! **I was like a stick of celery left out of water, long and white and weak.***

*However, I was totally committed to my future career. Rather late I thought, as my younger sister had decided on biology by the time she was eight or nine. Anyway, we neither of us wavered for a moment.'*

**From Susan Williams-Ellis's autobiographical notes, c.2000** (reference 170003)

## Byd tanddwr



Cafodd Susan ei thynnu i'r môr. Dyfeisiodd ddull dyfeisgar o fraslunio tanddwr, a pharhaodd i'w ddefnyddio trwy gydol ei hoes. Mae'r gweithiau celf hyn yn ymwneud â llyfr na wireddwyd, 'The Complete Mermaid'.

## Chwedlau trawsnewidiol a chathod sy'n falwod



Disgrifiodd Susan y llun hwn: 'Anancee [sic] a'r Crocodeiliaid: Y crocodeiliaid yn darganfod bod Anancee wedi eu bradychu ac wedi bwyta eu hwyau.' Yn ôl llên gwerin Affrica, pry cop oedd Anansi. Mae'r label cyfeiriad ar gefn y llun ar gyfer Plas Brondanw ac mae'n dyddio o ddechrau'r 1940au, mae'n debyg.

Mae'r darluniau hyn yn dangos trawsnewidiad merch yn llygoden, neu i'r gwrthwyneb. Llysenw'r teulu ar gyfer mam Susan, Amabel, oedd 'Mouse', a allai fod â rhywbeth i'w wneud ag ef.

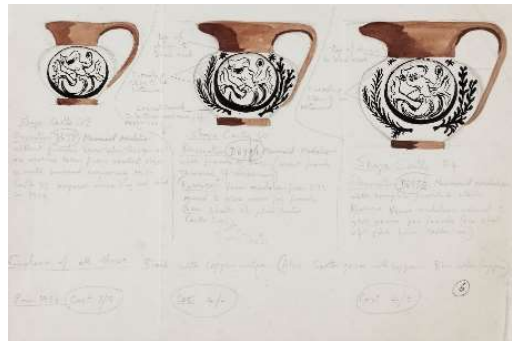


Cath falwen. Mae'n ddiddorol ystyried cyflymder cath wedi'i gyfuno ag arafwch malwen yng nghyd-destun blynyddoedd diweddarach Susan. Roedd ei chwaer academaidd, Char (Dr Charlotte Wallace), a oedd yn byw yn Seland Newydd, yn arbenigwr ar falwod. Roedd Susan, yn enwedig yn ei henaint, yn caru cathod a gwnaeth nifer o ddarluniau ohonyn nhw. Pwy a wŷr beth oedd ym meddwl Susan pan ddyluniodd a chreu'r 'Snail cat'?



# Pentref Portmeirion

Roedd Susan wrth ei bodd pan ofynnodd ei thad, Clough Williams-Ellis, iddi ymwneud mwy â rhedeg pentref Portmeirion yng nghanol y 1950au. Dyluniodd decstilau i ddodrefnu'r gwesty, cofroddion ar gyfer y siopau - gan gynnwys ail-ddylunio arwyddlun ei thad o fôr-forwyn - a hyd yn oed amrywiaeth o ddillad o'r enw 'The Portmeirion Look'. Mae gan rai o'i chynlluniau enwau pobl yn gysylltiedig â nhw - ar gyfer sioe ffasiwn, efallai?



'Mae 'addurn yn mynegi chwaeth bersonol' yn ymgorffori meddyliau Susan am sut y gallai masgynhyrchu sicrhau bod nwyddau wedi'u dylunio'n dda ar gael i bawb.