1986
Rendezvous Artist:
Richard Schmid
Gilcrease Museum is proud to present Richard Schmid as the 1986 Gilcrease Rendezvous painter. In the exhibition of both new and retrospective paintings are 38 works in oil, gouache and conté crayon. They are paintings of great distinction, warm, glowing with color, alive with intricate detail and abstract pattern.

Special exhibitions and awards are not something new for Richard Schmid. His paintings have been featured in more than 35 one-man shows since 1958. Among the important group exhibitions in which he has participated are those of The Art Institute of Chicago; the Allied Artists of America; the National Academy of Design; the Pennsylvania Academy of the Fine Arts; the American Watercolor Society; the Smithsonian Institution; the Connecticut Academy of Fine Arts; the Butler Institute of American Art, Youngstown, Ohio; Artists of America, Denver; the Frye Museum, Seattle; and the American Artists Exhibition in Peking, China.

His awards are equally imposing and include The Art Institute of Chicago Alumni Award (1956); Grand Prize, Greenwich Village (1958, 1959, 1961); First Prize, Greenwich Village (1960); Gold Medal, Hudson Valley Art Association (1966); Silvermine Guild of Artists Award (1966); Allied Artists of America Emily Lowe Award (1966, 1967); Allied Artists of America Gold Medal (1968); American Watercolor Society Award (1967, 1968, 1972); and the American Watercolor Society Gold Medal (1971).
The Classic Art of Richard Schmid

By Louisa B. Collett

Talking to Richard Schmid is an exhilarating experience for he speaks with such excitement and authority about his work. Most of his paintings are done in the historic Tree Studios in downtown Chicago, down in the artistic section of that city, right off Michigan Avenue.

Tree Studios is a venerable old building a block long with a lovely courtyard, surrounded by the studios of composers, writers, sculptors, dancers and, of course, other painters. In the summer one can find the courtyard full of artists painting, perhaps a model posing, or artists sharing wine or cooking out-of-doors.

Richard Schmid’s own studio has a 20-foot ceiling with expanses of both north and west light. At one end a loft. Schmid likes it. He laughs and says,

RS: There are a lot of ghosts here, venerable ghosts of famous artists who lived and worked at the Tree over the years.

LC: Do you do all your painting in your studio then?
RS: Mostly, but not always. I travel a lot. And when I travel, I do a lot of sketching and I always have a camera handy to gather material. I do like to work from life as much as possible. Much of my work is done out-of-doors and I often bring up models or big bunches of flowers or objects to put over in the corner and paint. There is no comparable substitute to working from life.

I get here about 7:30 or 8:00 in the morning and I usually work until 5:00 in the afternoon. I just bought that bunch of roses, so today the painting is roses!

Louisa Collett is responsible for the Gilcrease Museum publications, most especially the Gilcrease Magazine. She lives, writes and art watches in Tulsa.

"Iowa Spring" (1985). 8 inches by 12 inches. oil
LC: Richard, tell us a little about your background. Are you a native of Chicago?
RS: Oh, yes. I was born and grew up here in Chicago. I went to a parochial school and then to a Chicago high school where I was active in the art class.

LC: Did you always want to be an artist?
RS: That goes way back; I always liked to draw. Ever since I was a child, I was encouraged by my teachers all along and by my parents. My grandfather, Julian Oates, was a sculptor. Only they didn't call them sculptors in those days. They called them stone carvers. He did many, many buildings. His family had a limestone quarry in Indiana. They did all this beautiful lettering and figures and decoration on buildings. Most of it was architectural sculpture, memorial sculpture, that sort of things, back in the '20s, '30s, and '40s.

He died when I was just a child and his son, my uncle, carried on the tradition. My uncle was not a sculptor himself, but he imparted to me this ideal of classical training and good workmanship and all that sort of thing.

Then, when I was about 14, I became a student of a landscape painter in Chicago. His name was Gianni Cilfone. He is still living in Chicago and just had his 75th birthday. I went to his birthday celebration and it was a thrill for both of us. Gianni gave me a solid beginning in landscape painting and color theory. Later my mother enrolled me in the Famous Artists course when I was 15, which gave a solid background in anatomy and drawing and that sort of thing.

When I was 18 I enrolled at the American Academy of Art here in Chicago -- where I now sometimes go to lecture to the art students. But back then I was lucky enough to get into the advanced painting class immediately and to study under a man named William H. Mosby. Bill Mosby was a unique teacher. He knew everything there is to know about painting. He studied back in the '20s at the Royal Academy in Brussels and later at the Superior Institute in Antwerp. We had a kind of father-son relationship because I was one of the few students who took painting as fine art seriously. At that time the American Academy was primarily a school for commercial artists and the emphasis is mainly to learn to paint in order to become an illustrator. But I was interested in fine art from the beginning, so Bill Mosby and I hit it off right away. He simply taught me everything he knew.

LC: Did you begin working as a painter when you finished at the American Academy?
RS: I went into the Army and when I got out, I moved to New York, to Greenwich Village, and lived the life of a typical Bohemian for a couple of years. I enjoyed every minute of it. All the time I was selling my paintings in Washington Square and at art shows. I got my foot in the door of a couple of galleries. Shortly after that I moved up to Connecticut, and bought a house and lived for a while just painting and painting. By that time two galleries were representing me. When I was 28, I married my wife, Jan, and we started our family. I've just been painting ever since.

LC: Richard, you paint so many subjects. When did you begin to travel?
RS: I got involved in trips out to the Southwest right after my Army service, back in '59 or '60. I got interested in Taos and Santa Fe, the whole area out there. I exhibited at the Blair Galleries in Santa Fe and Taos and the Charles Reynolds Galleries in Taos. When Charles Reynolds died, his daughter, Jody Reynolds Kirberger, had a gallery in Bartlesville and

"Nude" (1985), 17¾ inches by 14¾ inches, conté crayon
that's how I came to Oklahoma.

I've also shown in New York and traveled through Europe. I did a lot of traveling in South America by way of cargo freighter as well as in the Caribbean and to Mexico, and throughout the United States and Canada, painting all the time.

About 1963 I made a motion picture called "The Secret Squint," which involved stop action techniques. A neighbor of mine in Connecticut was a producer of documentary films. I had an idea for a training film, an educational film for student artists, to use stop action techniques to show a painting in progress. My neighbor's wife was a very talented gal who had done some work on Broadway and she wrote a little fairy tale about an artist who had the secret ability to squint at a painting and the painting would paint itself. So over one summer we did a 16-minute film in which we exposed film at various intervals during the making of a painting. When you ran the film, the effect was like animation. The film was an official American entry at the Venice Film Festival and at the Edinburgh Festival that year and won a prize. In fact, the film is still shown on television once in a while and at art-y movie theatres. I'm pleased you are going to show it at Gilcrease.

LC: I know you've also written some books.
RS: Let's see, it was in 1970 that I started writing. I wrote a book on figure painting and then I wrote a book about landscape painting. They were published by Watson Guptil, and went into four printings. Both are now out-of-print.

LC: What next?
RS: I moved from Connecticut to Florida and lived there for a while. I went to Virginia in 1979 and three years later moved back here to Chicago, because my daughter was interested in art. I wanted to be closer to opportunity for her education. That brings me up to today.
"Desmoines House" (1985), 14 inches by 24 inches, oil

LC: Richard, you paint so many things so well, yet your style is distinctive. What have been the major influences on your work?
RS: I was fortunate to study here in Chicago, because the American Art School is only a block away from The Art Institute of Chicago, which is one of the world's finest art collections. I could go over to the Art Institute and the paintings were like my other teachers, my silent teachers. The earliest influences were, of course, Rembrandt and Goya and Velasquez, and all the impressionists and the Spanish painter Sorolla and the Swedish artist Zorn. Later, when I got out of school and was able to travel, I was fortunate to see the works of the Italians of the late nineteenth century like Antonio Mancini. So most of the principal influences were classical.

When I am asked to describe my own work, it's very difficult because I have been influenced by so many different artists and periods. I would say my color is very impressionistic in that it is clean color. But overall I think you would describe me as a classical painter.

LC: How do you decide what to paint?
RS: That's a hard one to answer. I'm not sure what the decision process is except that it has to do with my personal philosophy. It's just a feeling I have that today would be a nice day to try whatever I have in mind. I think that if I were ever able to pin that question down and say this is how I decide what to do, it would take some of the magic out of it. I just know.

It has a lot to do with the quality of light on any given day, and the time available. If I have an opportunity to paint from life, as opposed to painting from a photograph, I will always paint from life. If the light in my studio is good that day and I can set up a still life, I'll always paint from a still life instead of working from sketches. In one sense you are painting from life, even when you use your sketches or a photograph you've taken, because you have the picture in your head. But I much prefer to paint directly from life as much as possible.

LC: Richard, this Rendezvous exhibition is so exciting, not only because it is a retrospective of the best of your work, but also because so many of the paintings are from your own family's collection. How did you decide what to include?
RS: When I thought about assembling this show, I thought that it would be fascinating for people who follow my work, as well as for those who haven't seen my work before, to see my own personal collection. First of all, these paintings have never been displayed for the public. You would have to be invited to my home to see them. Secondly, people who view these paintings enter a really very personal world of mine. Many of the paintings represent intimate family moments. They were important to me when I painted them and that is one of the reasons I kept these paintings. I have been able to put aside two or three paintings a year over the last 25 years or so. Looking at the show as a whole, these retrospective paintings, together with the new works, really represent a selection of my best efforts over that quarter of a century. Each painting represents a particularly successful technical achievement and each also has a special emotional meaning for me.

LC: Do you feel that your style has changed over those 25 years?
RS: You wouldn't be able to notice the changes unless I did the exact same subject in the same style again right now. The reason for that is that I have a number of techniques that I use to paint. You couldn't point to any one particular painting and say that one represents my work. I will go from impressionism in one painting to very loose brushwork in another painting. In still another the emphasis will be on drawing, and in another on value. Looking at them all, I believe that the reason that all the paintings stand up to my current work is that the principle that underlies all of my techniques for 30 years is reliance on solid drawing and accurate values, clean colors and a variety of edges. These were the ideas which were hammered into me by my teacher, William Mosby. I find that the only time I have ever gotten into trouble with a painting is when I neglected these principles in favor of some kind of extravagant technique.

LC: I notice that you often seem to paint the same people. Are they friends?
RS: Some of them are my children — Jan and I have three daughters. Bettina, the oldest, is named after Bettina Steinke. Bettina and I are great friends! My daughter Tina is now 21 and recently married. The second is Gretchen and she is 19. The youngest is called Molly and she is 17. She was the model for "Molly Sleeping."

LS: One painting in the Gilcrease exhibition is of a very different kind of subject, a Bengal tiger. Do you often do animals?
RS: That tiger was done in 1971. I got into animals because I had the ambition as a youngster, a 17 year old kid, to do some kind of illustration. I wanted to be another N. C. Wyeth or Howard Pyle-type painter. Just for my own amusement I illustrated Kipling's Jungle Book. In order to do that I had to learn comparative anatomy and so I spent all my spare time for almost a whole year at the Lincoln Park Zoo and at the

"Standing Nude" (1985), 18 inches by 14 inches, oil
Field Museum in Chicago. And that’s the story of how I got into animals.

LC: Do you have a favorite subject matter for your work?
RS: Well, I think that I enjoy painting my children more than anything else.

LC: You are doing these wonderful conte drawings and they seem mostly to be of people. Do you do other subjects in that medium?
RS: A few animals. Somehow that technique does not lend itself to still life or landscape. I’ve tried it and it just doesn’t work for me. I’ve done a few still lifes of dolls in conte, but still dolls are like little people. I enjoy painting dolls because of the symbolism inherent in dolls as little people and as personalities in themselves, and also because of what they mean to children. For children dolls are real people. And for adults with a little imagination they are real, too. The painting, “Jody’s Dolls” is of the collection of a true doll collector.

LC: Looking down the road, do you see new directions for your work?
RS: I’ll probably slow down and concentrate more on the content of my work, rather than on any kind of virtuoso technique. I think I’ll probably tend to use people more in my paintings. I also want to get into more teaching and instruction. I’ve started lecturing at the American Academy of Art and I find it very, very stimulating and rewarding. I feel that given the kind of receptive students we have now regarding serious painting as opposed to those when I was in school, I can pass along the good word a little more strongly than just through my paintings alone. I believe that at some point it is an artist’s responsibility to share what he has discovered through teaching.

LC: Tell us a little about some of these paintings, Richard, like this study of the two girls.
RS: That’s Jamie, a former student of mine, and the other girl is my daughter, Gretchen. That was painted in a big old mansion in Virginia, a plantation house near Hot Springs. It’s one of the new pieces that I especially like, though I am trying to get back more into painting more loosely than that, more like the style of “Jan and Bettina,” the painting of my wife and daughter.

This is a good example of my way of putting down fairly abstract color and putting something realistic next to it which gives meaning to that abstract color, which turns that abstract color into a flower or something else. I'm trying for a transformation in the viewer's eyes, so that as you look at the whole painting, each part of it becomes something meaningful. That's to me what is interesting in a painting. What looks just like a random brush stroke at first glance becomes suddenly something very real.

LC: The forest scene, "Berkshire Forest," is quite different, but very beautiful in its color.
RS: That was painted up in the mountains of Virginia. It's a pretty straightforward landscape. I was just trying to get the feeling of the way it was that day so most of the emphasis is on the light.

I do try to make each painting as different as possible, so I won't be nailed down trying to be a particular kind of painter.

LC: There seems to be something of man in most of your other paintings, a person or a house or man-made objects.
RS: Putting something into the painting like the objects you describe, an individual or an animal or a building, is done very specifically to give dimension to everything else in the picture. I use it most often in a landscape and I find that putting something of known size like a person into a picture tells the viewer how large everything else is. Your eye automatically compares everything else to that object. A tree, for example, can look large or small depending on how big or little the figure is. The painting, "Gretchen Sketching," of my daughter sketching in a field of flowers, has a number of trees that could be any size until I painted her in there.

LC: Richard, I know that a number of artists will be reading this interview. For their benefit, will you tell us a little about how you work?
RS: I'm primarily an oil painter, even though I work in other media. When you look at some of my other paintings and drawings, they all look as if I were painting in oil. Even in my watercolors, the brushwork is handled precisely the same way as I would in my oil paintings.

When I'm doing an oil painting, I use a canvas or a panel which I prepared myself, by first sizing with glue, then applying a coat of white lead to get the kind of texture I want.

LC: "Tea Roses" (1985), 10 inches by 18 inches, oil
LC: Like "Iowa Spring?"
RS: Yes. "Desmoines House" is painted very tightly, with attention to color and detail, but now I'm trying to get back to the way I was painting in my 20s and 30s.

LC: The still lifes are magnificent. Do you particularly enjoy doing them?
RS: In still life painting, I'm definitely going for color as in "Tea Roses." The opportunity for that is much greater in still life than with any other subject matter. You can spend as much time as you like concentrating on clean color, because still lifes don't move. With other subjects, the time element is so important that the color does not always come out exactly the way you wanted it to. Painting a still life is like sitting down to a magnificent German meal without worrying about calories.

LC: The color is wonderful in "Gift to Gretchen."
RS: All those flowers were sent to my wife when she was in the hospital having our second child. I took the flowers home and painted that picture, believe it or not, in one afternoon. I gave the painting to my newborn daughter as a present for her future.

LC: The new still life, "Carnations and Begonias," seems to be a much more complicated painting.
RS: Yes, that's right. That's a very abstract picture. It's a picture you really have to look at for a while before everything becomes apparent. It's a deliberate decision on my part to keep the picture not only interesting at first glance but to keep the viewer looking at it, so they see more and more. It was all spelled out for you, painted literally, the picture would lose its charm after a while.
Really all my paintings are done in what is called *alla prima* style, which is one sitting if it's possible. The reason is that I like to work wet paint into wet paint to achieve a fluidity of brushwork and varied edges. The longest I've spent on a painting is maybe three days altogether. It's just the way I learned to paint. I find that you just cannot go back to something, particularly a landscape, the second day or third day because the light has changed or the subject. Also because the paint dries in between sessions and there's difficulty in getting the soft edges that I can get with wet paint.

I generally start out with a color wash, keeping the paint thinned and building up paint layers as I go along. I don't do sketching beforehand. I never work from a pencil sketch. I usually go right into direct painting. The only sketches I use as aids to the painting itself would be color sketches. I do those when I have to do something very quickly on the spot and when there's not enough time to do a finished painting, so I go only for the color in a sketch. That's the extent of my reliance upon sketching or compositional studies.

LC: What do you do when you find you cannot finish in that one day?
RS: If I know I'm going to paint over two or three days, then I scrape down the areas that I have yet to paint so there is a minimum amount of paint on the canvas. I start fresh in the area the next day.

I tend to paint a painting almost like you're pulling a window shade down. It's finished from the point I start; I rarely go back and correct anything. I can see the finished painting in my head; there's almost no room for accidents. I just paint the picture I have in my head or in front of me.

LC: This exhibition demonstrates the wonderful range of your work. Did you deliberately plan this for the exhibition at Gilcrease?
RS: I never paint just to have a collection or for a particular exhibition. I do try to get a balanced collection. Last year I knew that I had two exhibitions plus three group shows, but I simply started painting whatever I felt like. Then for the show I would just select from the paintings that were available. When I got about 30 paintings collected, I just lined them all up in a room and said, now I'm going to choose for the exhibition at Gilcrease. I try to balance naturally, but I don't paint particular pictures for an exhibition.

LC: Is there anything that you would particularly like in the Gilcrease Magazine?
RS: I would like to thank the folks at Gilcrease and express my gratitude for this opportunity for a retrospective show. I hope that the people who see this exhibition of my work will be touched by the paintings. I hope they'll come away from the show feeling glad to be alive. That's the main reason I chose so many paintings from my own collection to include in this exhibition. These paintings evoke in me some of the happiest moments in my life.

That's why I paint, because the act of painting reaffirms the fundamental goodness of life, no matter what.
Featured sculptor in the 1986 Rendezvous exhibition at Gilcrease Museum is Tony Angell. Works featured in the exhibition May 3 through July 6 include 12 new sculptures, 16 retrospective sculptures and a dozen wildlife drawings and lithographs done for his books.

Today Angell lives with his wife Noel and twin daughters in Seattle not far from the north end of Lake Washington. Screech owls nest just outside their bedroom, salmon still spawn in their creek, and great blue heron roost in the ancient firs at creek side. The artist also maintains an island studio in northern Puget Sound where the family works throughout the year.

Angell is a member of the National Academy of Western Artists and also fulfills a number of professional and volunteer commitments in the field of environmental studies. He is a leader in the Washington State Chapter of Nature Conservancy and also president of Puget Sound Alliance, a group working to restore the quality of Puget Sound.

Asked who influenced his work, Tony Angell begins with his mother who encouraged his interest in art, then mentions Audubon, whose majestic and flamboyant style opened up the possibilities of interpreting nature. Angell exclaims over the paintings of Vermeer which bring him joy, then adds: “I think, without doubt, the Native American carvers of the northwest coast have been of considerable inspiration to me. Who can deny the presence of spirit when standing before the great Raven Screen in the Denver Art Museum or the Hall of Totems in the Museum of Man in Vancouver, British Columbia?”
SUNNING FALCON

(Gyrfalcon), 26 inches high by 14 inches across by 5 inches deep
alabaster

"I've looked forward to showing this piece as it was first begun in Oklahoma when I was conducting a demonstration at the National Academy of Western Artists. I said then and it's appropriate now, the piece suggested an upright form with head turned. My task was simple - bring it out. The process was documented in their publication Persimmon Hill and I have saved the completed piece in my studio at home so it might come back to Oklahoma for its first public showing.

When I returned home with the piece only the head of the bird had been developed. After working off and on it (I usually have about four or five pieces of sculpture going at once) over a period of two months I finished it at my studio in the San Juan Islands. This falcon had covered considerable territory in its process of emergence."

Tony Angell
Stone Spirits:
Tony Angell and the Art of Nature

BY IVAN DOIG

A stone's way of saying is not with words, and so the large-armed man in the midst of these dozen hunches and chunks points out their names for them. "Here's white alabaster. This is green serpentine. Black marble, white marble, variegated marble. Over there, that's black steatite. Grey argilite. Grey alabaster." They surround the sculptor like a playful avalanche, these melodious rocks, nestled just to within touch of him, seeming to wait with patient curiosity his next pronouncement.

Waiting in conspicuous squat atop the sculpting block is grey alabaster, a piece of duck-colored stone about the size and shape and blandness of a lopsided basket.

"This looks to me like a great grey owl," says Tony Angell.

MESSAGES FROM STONE have firmly our lives for at least the last 200 centuries; in the Lascaux Cave of southern France were discovered wall paintings done by our ancestors around 18,000 B.C. — "long-necked reindeer, majestic bulls, lowing cows, great humped bisons," as the writer Guy Davenport described Lascaux's stone-held ancient nature art, "in files and herds, flowing in long strides down some run of time through the silence of the mountain's hollow. Think too of fossils. Of arrowheads. Feudal castles, medieval cathedrals. Petrified wood. The Great Wall of China. The Grand Canyon.

The stone world's eloquence of what was, what lasts, what changes, is ever with us down our own run of time.

But when what is within stone has not quite yet made itself known — when it is still in native stone dialect, so to speak — we then need the interpreter, the sculptor. "For," explains Tony Angell, "each rock definitely has a particular spirit, a personality. One stone is stubborn, another is responsive. One is adventurous, another is comparatively dull. The rock is telling me what it would like to be."

Really? Actually sending out signals of the intrinsic sculpted form it prefers, does he mean?

"Yes. The shape the rock already has, suggests what I ultimately will do with it. A cube or block, now — that doesn't suggest anything to me, other than a cube or a block. So I like to have the rock already shaped, headed in the right direction. To let the rock lead me, rather than me leading the rock. To let the rock take me away with it."

In more ways than one, Angell's wondrously expressive stone creatures — the Renegade exhibition is a proportionate sample of his subjects: some mammals, some fish, and birds by the block — come from his artificat feeling, for here, literally, is an artist who does his work by hand. In the earliest strokes of his hammer and chisel on a fresh rock, "My hands can give me a quick reading as to whether there's a flaw, just by the kind of feeling that comes up out of the stone when I strike it." Then all throughout the day's sculpting, Angell keeps stroking the stone with his fingers, cupping caresses to it with his palm. "Say I want to do a flow of feathers over the sculpture's back; I may look at the stone there, but I'll also spend some time feeling it, running my hand over it. And sometimes the feel will say, hey, this isn't quite right. The heavens are not opening up," Angell is quick to disclaim miracleism in this laying on of hands, "the gods are not touching that rock." Rather, years of daily dedication to stonework are making themselves felt; what a poet has called the long devotion of the muscles to the bones.

This durable delicacy of the way he works into the stone is

TWO MURRELETS
6 inches high by 15 inches long by 10 inches wide argilite

"Along northern Puget Sound pairs of these small seabirds chase one another in synchronous flight. The pairs are so close they appear to be a single form and in turn present all sorts of possibilities for sculptural interpretation. This piece contrasts somewhat with the more lonely mood of the single murrelet depicted in "Bird at Sea." Here I've sought to emphasize the action and momentum of the two forms flitting forward along the uneven surface of the water.

As in most pieces I've enjoyed watching this sculpture evolve, I find that it's something that challenges with the time of day, the light and certainly with the point of view I take when it's approached."
YOUNG OWL
15 inches long by 17 inches high by 10 inches wide
grey alabaster

"With tail yet to grow out and feathered horns yet to emerge, this is a fledgling bird out for a first foray and a test of wings. The soft grey/brown color of the stone is a perfect match for the plumage of a young owl."
Tony Angell

COILED WEASEL
4 inches high by 11 inches long by 10 inches wide
brown marble

"Along with the rabbit, we have a resident ferret who is an absolutely perfect model for much of the weasel family. He's an untried feliac, with an insatiable curiosity and once he's finished a house-wide romp he'll curl up with the cat. The long-tailed weasel is white in winter and brown in summer. As its appearance changes with the season, there is a time when it appears to be colored with a bit of both light and dark. The marble I found was a perfect match and our live-in ferret (the weasel's first cousin) was more than a willing model.
We also have wild weasels that hunt along our creek for water rats. Mink too are sometimes spotted, but they're hunting for trout.
"This weasel has just come upon something interesting and perhaps caught a tantalizing scent in the breeze. He'll soon be off in pursuit."
Tony Angell
MAGPIES IN SYCAMORE
20⅛/2 inches by 13¼ inches
watercolor

"This painting was done when I was deep in the study of the fascinating family of corvids which includes not only the yellow-billed magpies but ravens, crows and jays as well. We had been in north central California where this particular species is found and were picnicking beneath sycamores and along a dry stream bed. A pair of the inquisitive birds descended looking for a possible handout and for a moment struck a pose that was caught between a frame of sycamore branches. It was a design too good to pass up and I think this study captures part of that memory."
T. Angell

a remarkable refinement of power and dimension in the same way Angell himself is. He is what might be called a medium helping of big man; solidly muscled, thick wherever you look at him, but except in the arms, not as supremely huge as you might expect of someone who spends a good part of his days moving heavy rock around. He is searchingly thoughtful about life, particularly its manifestations in art and nature, but he also has a room-filling laugh and a hopeless penchant for telephoning his friends in strange accents; and when telling the tale of one sculpture or another, he is perfectly apt to begin:

"To make a long story short -- No, I'll make a short story long . . ."

He also possesses an energy level which, if they could hook him up right, would run the lighting and air conditioning for the entire nine weeks of the Gilcrease Rendezvous exhibition. Besides sculpting, Angell writes and illustrates (thus far, five books), draws, paints with both watercolor and oil, and has recently taken up stone lithography; besides all that, he holds the job of supervisor for environmental education for the state of Washington, is an activist in the Nature Conservancy, and has been president and spokesman for the environmentalist group called Puget Sound Alliance.

This omnifarious approach he carries over into his stonework, keeping several different sculptures going at once. "Lighted fuses," he calls these works-in-sundry-stages-of-progress. "By having five or six things to do, there's always something I can apply myself to. I'll often start in the morning by doing some fine stuff with the chisel, maybe I'll incise the eye of this piliated woodpecker. Then after I do this for a while I'll go over and get the big chisel and hammer and maybe go out to some fresh place and start taking rock off."
LOON
7 inches high by 16 inches long by 6 inches wide
grey argillite

"Every winter large numbers of Arctic, Common and Red Throated Loons come and winter on Puget Sound. By early spring they have their plumage of courtship and are calling plaintively in the bays. In the morning, when the sea's surface is calm and flat and the sun has yet to rise, the loon sets off to fish and watches the waning light of a star."

Tony Angell
Grey alabaster answers the bang bang of hammer on tooth chisel by flying off in flakes big as sprung padlocks. Chuff chuff chuff of a rasp atop the lopside that is becoming the rock's peer ing head, and motes of alabaster float away. The sculptor searches into the stone with a carbide-tipped hacksaw blade one inch, two, three, four. With a pointed chisel, he breaks out a major chunk he has decided must go. After nearly an hour of this loud tactile dialogue, Angell kneels as if looking into the face of the stone and declares:

"It's turning out to be a young owl. A rounded simple form, because young owls have that kind of delicious grey plumage that's largely fluff."

Bap bang, begin hammer and chisel again.

The Lascaux Cave and its rockscapes of eloquently elemental animals was discovered in 1940, Tony Angell's birth year. Maybe time too sends messages reverberating through its interstices. Angell's green gentle crevice of childhood was California's San Fernando Valley, and as the willow-and-eucalyptus-groves-that-were became the Los-Angeles-subs urbs-that-are, his concern for nature was sharpened. (An athletic scholarship to the University of Washington took Angell north to Seattle in 1958; there he and his wife Noel and vibrant twelve-year-old daughters Byron and Gila still live, along with various wildlife mending from mishaps. (Two are to be met in the Rendezvous exhibition: a pygmy hare whose stage name here is "Snowshoe," while "Coiled Weasel" was modeled by the household ferret, a.k.a. Humperdink for the way he "humps" along when running.) Angell believes his art constantly tries to bespeak the balance, the integrity, that nature maintains if humankind will let it:

"The motives of the subjects I treat are directed toward the single end of survival, and survival on reasonable levels, the fitting within the niche of a particular habitat, rather than the kind of overindulgent, indifferent kind of behavior that marks so much of our 'advanced' society. Like a lot of students in American lit, I'm touched by Thoreau: 'Simplify, simplify.'"

Is it, then, displeasure with humankind's nature-marauding habits that keeps him from sculpting people?

"No, I like people. I've even been called a humanist. But I better understand myself by studying subjects other than people. I think I found a lot of myself in the process of doing my raven series -- the book (Ravens, Crows, Magpies and Jays), a lot of drawings, a bunch of sculptures. I know myself a lot better just through that process of trying to define human
HUNTING FALCON
8 inches high by 10 inches long by 5 inches wide
grey argillite

“There’s a special moment in all living and vital life forms
where their posture suggests that action is but a breath away. It’s
a coiled spring or a lighted fuse.
I’ve often watched hunting merlins and peregrine falcons
twist rapidly around on their perches to follow the action of some
animal. They sometimes crouch and lean far forward before
they’re off in a burst of wings.”

Tony Angell
THE WOOD HOWER
10 inches high by 6 inches deep by 6 inches wide argillite

"The Pileated Woodpecker has always amazed me. As big as a crow they can fly at hawk speed when threading their way through a thick forest.
They hammer fist-sized pieces of bark and wood from the sides of trees as they dig out termites and the larvae of carpenter ants.
As a sculptor I'm fascinated with the depiction of this subject's specialized form and the interpretation of that elemental matching of its being with the surface of the tree upon which its life depends."

Tony Angell
KINGFISHER WITH CATCH
10 inches high by 6 inches long by 6 inches wide
grey marble

"There are few forms in nature that are quite as
demonstrative as the Kingfisher. They just stand there on a
twig before you and you can make a pretty good guess
as to what they do for a living. There's not much
subtlety to them and because of this they are very clear as
to what one sculpts "about" them. This one has just snapped up a small fish and has flown
to a rock holding his catch. Including fish, or any
animal caught by the subject, opens up fresh
opportunities for design and contrast.
Because of the degree of hardness and relative lightness
of color I have chosen to detail the sculpture in a way
that I hope reinforces the overall form. The lines of
wing feathers repeat the lines of the wing itself and the
unruly head of feathers give additional attention to that
oversized head and beak."

Tony Angell

place and experience and being, through the understanding of
a very confident, successful, beautiful, expressive life form
like a raven."

Now to see, with Angell's guidance when needed, how his
outlook and nature and stone find their way together in his
works. Let us now appraise murrelets.

"They're a favorite bird, very wonderfully structured," he
says of these chubby buoyant seabirds of Pacific coastal
waters, no longer than the span of your hand. "They've got
those paddle-like wings -- I've always enjoyed sculpting those
against the stout bodies." How he has sculpted the two
examples of them in the Gilcrease Rendezvous exhibition
helps to explain his divinations of the personality of stone.
"Bird at Sea" is of black steatite; the stone itself, in its
polished birdform and unpolished surge of wave, is the black
and gray of the drama presented by this solitary swimmer of
the great and restless sea. "This stout fellow," Angell calls
him in due admiration. Now turn your eyes toward birds of a
different color, the grey argillite "Two Murrelets." Of warmer
tone of gray, of softer stone, this pair hurtles on and down in
thrilling surf-ride rather than struggling up the face of the
water. "These two little guys are together, they're partners
in their situation," Angell confirms.

Striving and brave solitude, "Bird at Sea" seems to say.
Achievement and companionship, "Two Murrelets" seems to
say.

The warmth of the argillite versus the drama of the steat-
ite, Angell believes, come into our perception this way by
courtesy of "the stone and how it handles light. At least to my
eye, there's a softness to the argillite. It's like the stone just
says, 'Okay, relax, go with the flow.'"

Whatever the 'flow' of any specific Tony Angell sculpture,
under it is a remarkable deepness of form, an essence as if
the sculpted creature is declaring this is what it is to be falcon,
hawk, eagle, murrelet, weasel, hare . . .

Perhaps put it this way: the English novelist Arnold Ben-
RAVEN INTO FLIGHT
30 inches high by 28 inches long by 45 inches wide
bronze on black granite

“This particular piece was my first bronze endeavor after having been stone carving for nearly ten years. I had been very much immersed in the research, drawing and writing for my book Ravens, Crows, Magpies and Jays. In some ways, I'm convinced the completion of the piece was a culmination of some incredibly intense personal moments connected with my work on the Raven. It also stands in dramatic contrast with the comparatively gentle mood of "Courting Ravens" which was done about the same time. I can personally identify with the Raven as he launches into flight — pulling away from earthly concerns to ride the whims of the wind."

Tony Angell
“For the past four years we’ve had a rabbit living in the house. He has his special “territory” of course, but he sometimes has the run of the house and will join us in the family room and settle in much like a family dog.

Their smooth and gentle contours are seductive to the eye and when I have a piece of stone that is already “rabbit” like in its form, the process is underway.”

Tony Angell

nett was once told by a discerning admirer that while Bennett’s famous book The Old Wives’ Tale was “it,” his newer and riskier work was “it tern.” Similarly, Tony Angell’s sculptures are more quintessential, “it tern,” than the actuality of the forms of the creatures they portray. This is quickest seen in the robust size of his stone birds and animals. “A lot of my work is a little larger than what actual life is,” he remarks, “but no larger than what I perceive them to be.” At work here too is the expressive density of stone itself. A murrelet in life, for instance, weighs not much more than half a loaf of bread, but the steatite “Bird at Sea” registers a resounding 22½ pounds and the argillite “Two Murrelets” 20½ pounds -- adding a quiet but hefty substantiality, a multiplication of the little bird’s beingness, into how we see Angell’s concept of a murrelet.

Impressive as they are in size and weight, Tony Angell’s sculptures most of all have the enhancement of risk. To look at one of his creatures is to see motion about to erupt -- the pileated woodpecker tensely ready to begin his jackhammering, the kingfisher set to make lunch of its catch -- and this extraordinary sense of rock-about-to-spring-to-life is perhaps Angell’s most intriguing, edge-walking achievement in his work. “Putting in a sense of flexed preparedness,” he simply calls it, but it is anything but simple. Once again, that long devotion of the muscles to the bones; in high school and college Angell was a shotputter, and the contained power of shotputting, the release waiting to happen, seems still to be speaking in his musculature’s memory as he sculpts.

And the sculptures that are yet to happen? What does he hope the stone will suggest next?

“I’ll always do ravens. I’ve given myself this promise to do one raven at least a year. And more murrelets. As to ones I haven’t done yet but want to . . .” He begins to think them aloud: “grey jet . . . magpie . . . tundra swan . . .” The spirit flock waiting in the stone.

“This is a good place to stop,” Angell says as he lifts away the power grinder that has just granted disc eyes to the rock. “I’m excited, I’m stimulated, and now I can take that stimulation over here,” turning to where a green serpentine flatfish waits to have its fins created, “and do some of this.”

Behind him on the sculpting block, grey alabaster by now is not just itself, but uncannily, indubitably, intrinsically owl.
RICHARD SCHMID
Gilcrease Rendezvous Exhibition

EXHIBITION/SALE PAINTINGS
“Berkshire Forest” (1985), 16 inches by 20 inches, oil
“Carnations and Begonias” (1985), 20 inches by 28 inches, oil
“Desmoines House” (1985), 14 inches by 24 inches, oil
“Gretchen Sketching” (1985), 20 inches by 30 inches, oil
“Iowa Spring” (1985), 8 inches by 12 inches, oil
“Jamie and Gretchen” (1985), 18 inches by 24 inches, oil
“Jody’s Dolls” (1985), 24 inches by 36 inches, oil
“Molly Sleeping” (1985), 10 inches by 16 inches, oil
“Nude” (1985), 18½ inches by 14½ inches, conte crayon
“Nude” (1985), 17¾ inches by 14¾ inches, conte crayon
“Standing Nude” (1985), 18 inches by 14 inches, oil
“Tea Roses” (1985), 10 inches by 18 inches, oil

EXHIBITION/RETROSPECTIVE PAINTINGS
“Bengal Tiger” (1971), 16 inches by 20 inches, gouache
  Lent from a private collection
“Boy With a Flower” (1963), 12 inches by 18 inches, oil
  Lent from a private collection
“Bowery” (1972), 16 inches by 24 inches, oil
  Lent from a private collection
“Cheryl” (1971), 19 inches by 24 inches, charcoal
  Lent from a private collection
“Christmas Still Life” (1972), 24 inches by 32 inches, oil
  Lent from a private collection
“Gift to Gretchen” (1967), 30 inches by 40 inches, oil
  Lent from a private collection
“Gretchen at 7” (1974), 16 inches by 20 inches, oil
  Lent from a private collection
“Guadeloupe Grove” (1977), 18 inches by 24 inches, oil
  Lent from a private collection
“Hans” (1962), 18 inches by 22 inches, conte crayon
  Lent from a private collection
“Jan” (1976), 10 inches by 12 inches, oil
  Lent from a private collection
“Jan” (1962), 36 inches by 60 inches, oil
  Lent by Mr. and Mrs. William Kirberger, Bartlesville, Oklahoma
“Jan and Bettina” (1964), 30 inches by 40 inches, oil
  Lent from a private collection
“Lillies and Lemons” (1977), 20 inches by 26 inches, oil
  Lent by Wayne and Barbara Rumley
“Lorie” (1972), 16 inches by 21 inches, charcoal
  Lent from a private collection
“Michelle” (1978), 7 inches by 11 inches, oil
  Lent from a private collection
“Molly Sewing” (1981), 16 inches by 20 inches, oil
  Lent from a private collection
“Molly’s Dolls” (1981), 24 inches by 36 inches, oil
  Lent from a private collection
“November Maples” (1981), 20 inches by 30 inches, oil
  Lent by Wayne and Barbara Rumley
“Peaches and Silver” (1980), 33½ inches by 39½ inches, oil
  Lent by Wayne and Barbara Rumley
“Spring Floodwater” (1973), 12 inches by 18 inches, oil
  Lent from a private collection
“Standing Nude” (1964), 24 inches by 36 inches, conte crayon
  Lent from a private collection
“Susan” (1971), 20 inches by 24 inches, oil
  Lent from a private collection
“Susan” (1971), 16 inches by 19 inches, conte crayon
  Lent from a private collection
“Sycamore” (1971), 24 inches by 36 inches, oil
  Lent from a private collection
“Taos Alley” (1976), 24 inches by 34 inches, oil
  Lent by Mr. and Mrs. William Kirberger, Bartlesville, Oklahoma
“The Iron Fence” (1971), 16 inches by 30 inches, oil
  Lent from a private collection
“The Red Shawl” (1976), 24 inches by 30 inches, oil
  Lent by Mr. and Mrs. William Kirberger, Bartlesville, Oklahoma
“Tug Boat” (1967), 8 inches by 16 inches, oil
  Lent from a private collection
“Virginia Winter” (1984), 20 inches by 28 inches, oil
  Lent by Wayne and Barbara Rumley
TONY ANGELL
Gilcrease Rendezvous Exhibition

EXHIBITION/SALE SCULPTURE

"Coiled Weasel," 4 inches high by 11 inches long by 10 inches wide, brown marble

"Hunting Falcon," 8 inches high by 10 inches long by 5 inches wide, grey argillite

"Kingfisher with Catch," 10 inches high by 6 inches long by 6 inches wide, grey marble

"Loon," 7 inches high by 16 inches long by 6 inches wide, grey argillite

"Raven into Flight," 30 inches high by 28 inches long by 45 inches wide, bronze on black granite

"Shorebird in Spring," 10 inches long by 4 inches high by 5 inches wide, alabaster

"Small Flounders," 3 inches high by 10 inches long by 12 inches wide, serpentine

"Snowshoe," 5 inches high by 10 inches long by 5 inches wide, white marble

"Sunning Falcon," (Gyrfalcon) 26 inches high by 14 inches across by 5 inches deep, alabaster

"The Wood Hewer," 10 inches high by 6 inches deep by 6 inches wide, argillite

"Two Murrelets," 6 inches high by 15 inches long by 10 inches wide, argillite

"Young Owl," 15 inches high by 17 inches high by 10 inches wide, alabaster

EXHIBITION/SALE DRAWINGS AND LITHOGRAPHS

"At the Estuary," 2/20, 29½ inches by 21¾ inches, plate lithograph

"Clark's Nutcracker," 6½ inches by 9½ inches, pen and ink

"Falcon Pursuing Seabird," 23½ inches by 19¾ inches, pen and ink

"Gulls on the Shore," 19¼ inches by 23¼ inches, pen and ink

"Gyrfalcon," 27½ inches by 21¼ inches, pencil

"Magpies in Sycamore," 20⅛ inches by 13¼ inches, watercolor

"Marsh Owl," 2/20, 29½ inches by 21¾ inches, plate lithograph

"Migrant," 2/20, 29½ inches by 21¾ inches, plate lithograph

"Over Catrallis," 2/20, 29½ inches by 21¾ inches, plate lithograph

"The Diving Loon," 23¾ inches by 19¼ inches, pen and ink

"Watching the Edge," 2/20, 29½ inches by 21¾ inches, plate lithograph

"Yellow Headed Blackbird in Display," 12½ inches by 10⅛ inches, pen and ink

EXHIBITION/RETROSPECTIVE SCULPTURE

"Arctic Loon," 10 inches high by 15 inches long by 8 inches high, black steatite, Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Catterall, Issaquah, Washington

"Bird at Sea," 6 inches high by 16 inches long by 12 inches wide, black steatite, Lent anonymously

"Courting Ravens," 36 inches high by 16 inches wide by 10 inches deep, black steatite, Lent by Pacific Northwest Bell, Seattle, Washington

"Falcon," 15 inches high by 28 inches long by 6 inches wide, serpentine, Lent by Wayne and Barbara Rumley

"Falcon at Hard Strait," 18 inches high by 16 inches long by 12 inches wide, black steatite, Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Richard H. Clements

"Falcon Turning into the Wind," 34 inches high by 20 inches long by 10 inches wide, white Italian marble, Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Paul Matthew Hoff, Jr.

"Generation," 10 inches high by 12 inches wide, cascade grey marble, Lent anonymously

"Gyrfalcon," 18 inches high by 24 inches long by 8 inches wide, brown steatite, Lent by Wayne and Barbara Rumley

"Gyrfalcons," 20 inches high by 20 inches long by 12 inches wide, white marble, Lent by SAFECO Insurance Company, Seattle, Washington

"Marsh Owl," 7 inches high by 16 inches long by 6 inches wide, serpentine, Lent by Wayne and Barbara Rumley

"Night Spirit," 6 inches high by 7 inches long by 6 inches long, argillite, Lent by Karen W. Robison, Littleton, Colorado

"Otter with Flounder," 17 inches high by 32 inches long by 20 inches wide, black steatite, Lent by Virginia Mason Medical Center, Seattle, Washington

"Racing Seabirds," 12 inches high by 36 inches long by 10 inches wide, marble, Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Robert C. Cornforth, Oklahoma City, Oklahoma

"River Spirit," 6 inches high by 15 inches long by 14 inches wide, black steatite, Lent by Nelson C. and Nancy L. Krum, Denver, Colorado

"Stellar's Jay," 7½ inches high by 10 inches long by 5 inches wide, serpentine, Lent anonymously

"Swimming Merganser," 5 inches high by 15 inches long by 10 inches wide, black steatite, Lent by Mr. and Mrs. Robert Morrow, Seattle, Washington
Gilcrease Rendezvous Fair

The first May weekend brings to Gilcrease Museum not only the opening of the annual Gilcrease Rendezvous exhibition but the festivities of the Rendezvous Fair. This recreation of the 19th century trappers and traders fair brings to the museum artists and craftsmen demonstrating traditional crafts and on the grounds Indian dancers, music groups, jugglers, a puppet theatre, square dancers, cloggers, and more. This year it’s the Eighth Annual Gilcrease Rendezvous . . . open free to everyone . . . on Saturday and Sunday, May 3 and 4, from 1 to 5 p.m.
1986
Rendezvous Artist:
Tony Angell

SHOREBIRD IN SPRING
10 inches long by 4 inches high
by 5 inches wide
alabaster

"Plovers love to sun themselves and occasionally stretch a wing out—thereby accentuating the beauty of their form."
Tony Angell
I write this not far from where I have stood frozen to that
damnably chilly floor of Tony Angell’s outdoor studio, under the
gray entrancement of late afternoon light in the Puget Sound
forest, while a cloudlet of dust came up out of stone as though
from a fire within the rock.

Angell and his power grinder, and his legion of chisels and
hammers and files and saws, were in fact engaged, in their daily
way, in an act of profound combustion: the igniting of creation,
the spark of art that flies upward out of our world’s oldest hardest
fundaments.
Fleece-booted, burly as the standing stones awaiting their turn in that part-studio, part-quarry, part-igloo, Tony Angell on that sculpting workday and any other is of course impervious to weather, time, and the bodily cycles of those of us who spend our days lifting nothing heavier than syllables. But as one who tiptoes by my hands back and forth across the keyboard as I fashion my fiction and other prose, I am struck by how much the Angell way of working, of coaxing up out of the stone the raven or otter or owl wombed within there waiting to be brought to artistic life, similarly relies on the sensing tools that are his fingertips. One moment he will dab a bit of spit to the rock and rub there to see
how the color can be made to emerge. The next, he may cup his hand and run it inquiringly across the texture of the stone to find the direction for his next chisel stroke.

*Getting it in the fingers,* as a jazz musician friend calls his noodling with the notes until they arrange themselves with automatic fluency and as I try to account for combinations of words I didn’t know I knew until they show up on the white field of paper in front of me. There is, depend upon it, an all-inclusive scholarly German word for this seemingly unaccountable instantaneous leap of ideas from the forehead out to the very ends of the arms: *fingerspitzengefühl*, roughly "intuition in the
fingertips.” Great generals and explorers are said to have it when they trace across a map and translate the flow of battle or an un navigated river, great pianists tell their students to concentrate at their tips and their tops and the music will fill in between. Rembrandt light, Cellini brilliance, both surely were born of some such instinctive deftness there at the end of the hand.

Yet intuition always has a long ground of experience somewhere under it. In Angell’s instance, could his grasp of nature unto the exact ruffle of feather and fur been developed in his art without his boyhood prowling of the then-wooded hills of the San Fernando Valley? Could the remarkable flexed readiness
within his sculptures that always makes them seem ready to spring into action have evolved without the ingraining of a shot putter’s instant of release during his career as a college athlete? Would his sense of connection and the lineage of all living things have amounted to anything like it has if it had not been for the goodly sum of family life provided by his wife Lee and four daughters? (Named, not incidentally, like a distinctive cluster of flora: Bryony, Gilia, Gavia, Larka.) Can he have carried all the roles he does—sculpting, writing, illustrating, drawing, printmaking, supervising environmental education for the state of Washington, manning the conservation ramparts in organizations such as the
Nature Conservancy—without the nimbleness of personality which one minute has him calling down crows (*Kraak! Kraak!* ) and a minute later he is ("Simplify! Simplify!") summoning up Thoreau? Making it all add up: that is perhaps the abacus task that falls to the fingers of the experienced artist.

To encounter Angell and the plenteous generation of sculptures that have come to cold yet fiery life in that naturally refrigerated studio is literally to see a world in the making. Basically, he by now has populated a private planet—rock at its core, of course—with everlasting specimens that we at once recognize but see in a new plane of being.
Notice that I do not say “in a new light,” for in that nailhead verbal dexterity of his that makes him the kind of maddening friend a writer can only gulp inwardly at and put up with, Angell lately has told an interviewer that he sees his art as an attempt to work “beyond the light.”

It’s an exciting notion, and as usual with Angellisms, there is that long body of work standing as a chorus of testimony behind the airy formulation. He is bringing out essences of form and being in his true-to-life-yet-bigger-than-life sculpted creatures (in another offhand summary of everything, he once explained to me that each sculpture is merely the size the creature looks like to
him) that depend not on play of light but depth of source. His creations do emanate in and of themselves, once the unnecessary penumbra of outer rock has been carved away.

And so we have, in the mighty circle of work that Tony Angell has bestowed on us across the past three or so decades, an orb of double importance. As the earth we have mistakenly taken to be our kingdom to overuse and misadminister as we please begins to show the wear and tear of that, he has given us a brilliantly preserved wingdom. The murrelet riding its everlasting wave of steatite; the scrub jay sleek and invincible within its black marble sheen; the raven under whose wisely wrought bronze wings
everything prospers: they tell us, they show us, the lastingness of beauty in nature’s forms.

At the same time, in the very act of art Angell sees and expresses a hope for humanity--a quenchless spark, rising again and again, as we of the human flock try to live up to the glories within us that await wings. The better angels of our nature, I believe the phrase fortuitously is.
Mark Baldwin
1106 Highland Park Drive
Wausau WI 54403

Dear Mark--

Odd convergences, in your Wausau neck of the woods. A friend of mine has been selected as this year's Master Wildlife Artist at the Leigh Yawkey Woodson Art Museum, and when he inveigled me into writing what was at first going to be the speech introducing him at the ceremony and now has turned out to be the catalogue copy for the wildlife art show, lo, you turn out to be el jefe at the Daily Herald and Kathy Foley out at the Museum turns out to be another veteran of Northwestern.

Be all that as it mysteriously may, since Carol and I can't make the trip to Wausau because of a schedule conflict, I do want to pass along to you that this guy, Tony Angell, is a considerably big deal, artistically and environmentally, and a good talker, a good interviewee, if the newspaper is interested in keying in on that Museum honor. The enclosed old piece I wrote the last time he was singled out as the greatest American thing going, in disclosing nature through stone, may give you some idea of what he's about. Anyway, I know him about as well as I know anybody except Carol and the Hilton Head Baldwins, and I still think he's the real deal, a singular artist and a wingwalker for the sputtering planet.

Speaking of your folks, we talk to them by phone at pretty regular intervals, and we're eternally glad they've managed to visit here and we there. Please pass along to them that we're thriving, and tell your dad all those Russian language classes at NU he let me sign up for, as his advisee, at last are going to pay off: by a kind of wonderful fluke, Carol and I are off to St. Petersburg, Russia, in a couple of weeks. Here's hoping all is well with you and yours, and if work or pleasure ever brings you to Seattle, do come by.

All best,

Ivan Doig
See Editor
Wausau Daily Herald

Mark Baldwin
106 High Pk Dr.
Wausau WI 54403
715-845-0666
March 19, 2001

Dear Ivan:

I have a serious request so it seems I must type it. I have recently received the good news that I was selected as this year's Master Artist for the Leigh Yawkey Woodson Art Museum in Wausau WI. In getting this award I join a pretty elite group including my recently deceased friend Don Eekelberry, along with Robert Bateman and Fen Lansdowne. The museum honors the artist with a retrospective and provides a couple of other events in their honor. Part of the program involves the presentation of the Master Medallion and this brings me to my request.

One of the best pieces of advice I ever received was to always begin by seeking the best. When the museum told me that I should select someone to present the medallion I immediately thought of you. Your role as presenter would be to provide an introduction as broad or as focused as you wish. I can think of no one even close to you who might offer insights regarding the nature of art in our culture and what it can provide to elevate the thinking and emotions of humankind. As my longtime friend and confidant it would be an extraordinary honor to have you there as part of this moment.

The Museum would cover all of your expenses in getting there, staying and returning home. The date is September 7th of this year. Perhaps you could combine it with something you always wanted to do between here and Wisconsin and you and Carol could do that too. Ivan, whatever your decision thanks for the consideration and I'll call you in a few days and you can tell me what you think.

Also, I would very much like to borrow Bird at Sea once again for the retrospective. They cover all costs here as well and if you give me the go ahead I’ll have them write you and Carol directly to arrange shipping.

Talk to you soon my friend and trust you writing and gardening are both going great guns.

All My Best,

Tony
Dear Louisa--

Herewith, the article the world of art has been waiting for. Or at least you.

Couple of small things that've occurred to me: I followed Tony's style of referring to grey argillite, great grey owl, etc., rather than gray, but it's since occurred to me that may be a spelling tic of his. Whatever kind of grey/grey you prefer is OK with me. And on p. 8, the actual weight of a live murrelet is, Tony estimates, about 10 ounces; if you can come up with a better comparison than "weights not much more than half a loaf of bread" (generally 15 or 16 oz.), that's certainly be all right too--I've wracked my brain trying for some meaningful comparison, and bread was all I got.

The three "owl" sections I've indicated as italic of course don't have to be specifically that, though my notion was they'd somehow be distinct from the body of the text. I await your editorial wizardry on that one, italic or whatever.

best regards
A stone's way of saying is not with words, and so the large-armed man in the midst of these dozen hunks and chunks speaks out their names for them. "Here's white alabaster. This is green serpentine. Black marble, white marble, variegated marble. Over there, that's black steatite. Grey argillite. Grey alabaster." They surround the sculptor like a playful avalanche, these melodious rocks, nestled just to within touch of him, seeming to await with patient curiosity his next pronouncement. Waiting in conspicuous squat atop the sculpting block is grey alabaster, a piece of dusk-colored stone about the size and shape and blandness of a lopsided waste basket.

"This looks to me like a great grey owl," says Tony Angell.

Messages from stone have firmed our lives for at least the last two hundred centuries; in the Lascaux Cave of southern France were
discovered wall paintings done by our ancestors around 18,000 B.C.—"long-necked reindeer, majestic bulls, lowing cows, great humped bison," as the writer Guy Davenport described Lascaux's stone-held ancient nature art, "in files and herds, flowing in long strides down some run of time through the silence of the mountain's hollow." Think too of fossils. Of arrowheads. Feudal castles, medieval cathedrals. Petrified wood. The Great Wall of China. The Grand Canyon. The stone world's eloquence of what was, what lasts, what changes, is ever with us down our own run of time.

But when what is within stone has not quite yet made itself known—when it is still in native stone dialect, so to speak—we then need the interpreter, the sculptor. For, explains Tony Angell, Gilcrease Rendezvous sculptor for 1986, "each rock definitely has a particular spirit, a personality. One stone is stubborn, another is adventurous, another is responsive. One is adventurous and another is comparatively dull. The rock is telling me what it would like to be."

Really? Actually sending out signals of the intrinsic sculpted form it prefers, does he mean?

"Yes. The shape the rock already has, suggests what I ultimately will do with it. A cube or block, now—that doesn't suggest anything to me, other than a cube or a block. So I like to have the rock already shaped, headed in the right direction. To let the rock lead me, rather than me leading the rock. To let the rock take me away with it."

Twelve new sculptures by Angell and twenty retrospective works will be featured, together with paintings by Richard Schmid, May 3
through July 6 at Gilcrease Museum. In more ways than one, these wondrously expressive stone creatures—the Rendezvous exhibition is a proportionate sample of his subjects: some mammals, some fish, and birds by the flock—come from Angell's artistic feeling, for here, literally, is an artist who does his work by hand. In the earliest strokes of his hammer and chisel on a fresh rock, "My hands can give me a quick reading as to whether there's a flaw, just by the kind of feeling that comes up out of the stone when I strike it." Then all throughout the day's sculpting, Angell keeps stroking the stone with his fingers, cupping caresses to it with his palm. "Say I want to do a flow of feathers over the sculpture's back; I may look at the stone there, but I'll also spend some time feeling it, running my hand over it. And sometimes the feel will say, hey, this isn't quite right."

"The heavens are not opening up," Angell is quick to disclaim miraculism in this laying on of hands, "the gods are not touching that rock." Rather, years of daily dedication to stonework are making themselves felt; what a poet has called the long devotion of the muscles to the bones.

This durable delicacy of the way he works into the stone is a remarkable refinement of power and dimension in the same way Angell himself is. He is what might be called a medium helping of big man; solidly muscled, thick wherever you look at him, but except in the arms, not as supremely huge as you might expect of someone who spends a good part of his days moving heavy rock around. He is searchingly thoughtful about life, particularly its manifestations
in art and nature, but he also has a room-filling laugh and a hopeless penchant for telephoning his friends in strange accents; and when telling the tale of one sculpture or another, he is perfectly apt to begin: "To make a long story short--No, I'll make a short story long..."

He also possesses an energy level which, if they could hook him up right, would run the lighting and air conditioning for the entire nine weeks of the Gilcrease Rendezvous. Besides sculpting, Angell writes and illustrates (thus far, five books), draws, paints with both watercolor and oil, and has recently taken up stone lithography; besides all that, he holds the job of supervisor for enviromental education for the state of Washington, is an activist in the Nature Conservancy, and has been president and spokesman for the environmentalist group called Puget Sound Alliance.

This omnifarious approach he carries over into his stonework, keeping several different sculptures going at once. "Lighted fuses," he calls these works-in-sundry-stages-of-progress. "By having five or six things to do, there's always something I can apply myself to. I'll often start in the morning by doing some fine stuff with the chisel, maybe I'll incise the eye of this pileated woodpecker. Then after I do this for a while I'll go over and get the big chisel and hammer and and maybe go out to some fresh piece and start taking rock off."

Grey alabaster answers the bap bap of hammer on tooth chisel by flying off in flakes big as sprung padlocks. Chuff chuff chuff of a
rasp atop the lopside that is becoming the rock's peering head, and motes of alabaster float away. The sculptor searches into the stone with a carbide-tipped hacksaw blade one inch, two, three, four. With a pointed chisel called a subia, he breaks out a major chunk he has decided must go. After nearly an hour of this loud tactile dialogue, Angell kneels as if looking into the face of the stone and declares:

"It's turning out to be a young owl. A rounded simple form, because young owls have that kind of delicious grey plumage that's largely fluff."

Bap bap, begin hammer and chisel again.

The Lascaux Cave and its rockscape of eloquently elemental animals was discovered in 1940, Tony Angell's birthyear. Maybe time too sends messages reverberating through its interstices. Angell's green gentle crevice of childhood was California's San Fernando Valley, and as the willow-and-eucalyptus-groves-that-were became the Los-Angeles-suburbs-that-are, his concern for nature was sharpened. (An athletic scholarship to the University of Washington took Angell north to Seattle in 1958; there he and his wife Noel and vibrant twelve-year-old daughters Bryony and Gilia still live, along with various wildlife mending from mishaps. Two are to be met in the Rendezvous exhibition: a pygmy hare whose stage name here is "Snowshoe," while "Coiled Weasel" was modeled by the household ferret, a.k.a. Humperdink for the way he "humps" along when running.) Angell believes his art constantly tries to bespeak the balance, the
integrity, that nature maintains if humankind will let it:

"The motives of the subjects I treat are directed toward the single end of survival, and survival on reasonable levels, the fitting within the niche of a particular habitat, rather than the kind of overindulgent, indifferent kind of behavior that marks so much of our 'advanced' society. Like a lot of students of American lit, I'm touched by Thoreau: 'Simplify, simplify.'"

Is it, then, displeasure with humankind's nature-marauding habits that keeps him from sculpting people?

"No, I like people. I've even been called a humanist. But I better understand myself by studying subjects other than people. I think I found a lot of myself in the process of doing my raven series—the book (Ravens, Crows, Magpies and Jays), a lot of drawings, a bunch of sculptures. I know myself a lot better just through that process of trying to define human place and experience and being, through the understanding of a very confident, successful, beautiful, expressive life form like a raven."

Now to see, with Angell's guidance when needed, how his outlook and nature and stone find their way together in his works. Let us now appraise murrelets.

"They're a favorite bird, very wonderfully structured," he says of these chubby buoyant seabirds of Pacific coastal waters, no longer than the span of your hand. "They've got those paddle-like wings—I've always enjoyed sculpting those against the stout bodies." How he has sculpted the two examples of them in the Gilcrease Rendezvous exhibition helps to explain his divinations of
the personality of "Bird at Sea" is of black steatite; the stone itself, in its polished birdform and unpolished surge of wave, is the black and gray of the drama presented by this solitary swimmer of the great and restless sea. "This stout fellow," Angell calls him in due admiration. Now turn your eyes toward birds of a different color, the grey argillite "Two Murrelets." Of warmer tone of gray, of softer stone, this pair hurtles on and down in thrilling surf-ride rather than struggling up the face of the water. "These two little guys are together, they're partners in their situation," Angell confirms.

Striving and brave solitude, "Bird at Sea" seems to say.
Achievement and companionship, "Two Murrelets" seems to say.

The warmth of the argillite versus the drama of the steatite, Angell believes, come into our perception this way by courtesy of "the stone and how it handles light. At least to my eye, there's a softness to the argillite. It's like the stone just says, 'Okay, relax, go with the flow.'"

Whatever the 'flow' of any specific Tony Angell sculpture, under it is a remarkable deepness of form, an essence as if the sculpted creature is declaring this is what it is to be falcon, hawk, eagle, murrelet, weasel, hare...

Perhaps put it this way: the English novelist Arnold Bennett was once told by a discerning admirer that while Bennett's famous book The Old Wives' Tale was "it," his newer and riskier work was "itter." Similarly, Tony Angell's sculptures are more quintessential, "itter," than the actuality of the forms of the
creatures they portray. This is quickest seen in the robust size of his stone birds and animals. "A lot of my work is a little larger than what actual life is," he remarks, "but no larger than what I perceive them to be." At work here too is the expressive density of stone itself. A murrelet in life, for instance, weighs not much more than half a loaf of bread, but the steatite "Bird at Sea" registers a resounding 22 1/2 pounds and the argillite "Two Murrelets" 20 1/2 pounds—adding a quiet but hefty substantiality, a multiplication of the little bird's beingness, into how we see Angell's concept of a murrelet.

Impressive as they are in size and weight, Tony Angell's sculptures most of all have the enhancement of risk. To look at one of his creatures is to see motion about to erupt—the pileated woodpecker tensely ready to begin his jackhammering, the kingfisher set to make lunch of its catch—and this extraordinary sense of rock-about-to-spring-to-life is perhaps Angell's most intriguing, edge-walking achievement in his work. "Putting in a sense of flexed preparedness," he simply calls it, but it is anything but simple. Once again, that long devotion of the muscles to the bones; in high school and college Angell was a shotputter, and the contained power of shotputting, the release waiting to happen, seems still to be speaking in his musculature's memory as he sculpts.

And the sculptures that are yet to happen? What does he hope the stones will suggest next?

"I'll always do ravens. I've given myself this promise to do one raven at least a year. And more murrelets. As to ones I
haven't done yet but want to..." He begins to think them aloud: "grey jay...magpie...tundra swan..." The spirit flock waiting in the stone.

"This is a good place to stop," Angell says as he lifts away the power grinder that has just granted disc eyes to the rock. "I'm excited, I'm stimulated, and now I can take that stimulation over here," turning to where a green serpentine flatfish waits to have its fins created, "and do some of this." Behind him on the sculpting block, grey alabaster by now is not just itself, but uncannily, indubitably, intrinsically owl.

Copyright © 1986 by Ivan Doig

Ivan Doig is the author of the memoir This House of Sky, which was nominated for a National Book Award, and of the novel English Creek, winner of the Western Heritage Wrangler Award as best novel of 1984. He lives, writes, and birdwatches in Seattle.

###
TONY ANGELL
Biographical Brief

Born in Los Angeles in 1940, Tony Angell spent his childhood in the San Fernando Valley not far from the still free flowing Los Angeles River. The open stretches of woods and waterways that still remained there were important influences on his life. As early as his fifth year he has memories of exploring the groves of willow and eucalyptis in the countryside immediate to his home. Not long thereafter he was spending consecutive summers in the Michigan woods where, under the tutelage of a favorite uncle, he began developing the interest in nature that would shape his entire life.

The observation of nature brought with it a desire to record his impressions and experiences. Drawing was fundamental to this record and the practice of taxidermy (via a correspondence course when he was around ten) only added further to his understanding. Before his teens he was scaling trees and cliffs to the nests of hawks and falcons where on occasion he might secure a single bird to fly in falconry. On several of his ever expanding adventures from home he recalls seeing condors at their eyries deep in the Sespe Canyon country of California.

Achievements in football and track and field in high school secured him an athletic scholarship to the University of Washington and at seventeen he left California to move to the Pacific Northwest. Both his undergraduate and graduate studies were in English and Speech, but throughout this period he continued to sketch and finish drawings on what every might be at hand. There were notebooks filled with drawings of competitive athletes, landscapes where he had traveled with the athletic team or some animal encountered along Puget Sound. He was not above skinning and drawing a game bird in his dormitory room either.

After completing his studies in 1966 Angell married Noel Gabie and moved north of Seattle where a rented cabin served not only their home life but as a location for a veritable parade of wild animals which became subjects for both writing and drawing. These years were also spent traveling a good deal between teaching assignments. At the same time his artistic horizons began to broaden as well as the articles written and illustrated for magazines generated contacts with patrons and other artists all of which combined with experience to spur along the creative processes.

By 1970 Angell was turning some of his attentions to book writing that also included his pencil and ink drawings. Since that time to the present he has produced five books including: Birds of Prey: (72); OWLS (74); Ravens, Crows, Magpies and Jays (78); Marine Birds and Mammals of Puget Sound (82) and Blackbirds of the Americas (85). All the books were published by the University of Washington Press.

About the same time the first book composition was taking shape Angell began sculpting. A friend had delivered a piece of stone brought down from the Cascades wondering if Tony might not "see" something in it to sculpt. The resulting "Wandering Bear" is still in his possession.
Soon Angell was making regular forays into the mountains with a best friend to dig out and load up tons of stone for carving. Many a night they would roll out of the mountains with the front end of their truck nearly off the ground such was the weight of the stone load in the truck's bed.

Today Angell lives with his wife and twin daughters north of the city of Seattle. Wild animals still occasionally have residency in the household, but for the most part the remain outside and close at hand. Screech owls nest and roost just outside the house, salmon still spawn in their creek and green backed herons roost in the trees above. The artist also maintains an island studio in northern Puget Sound where the family works periodically throughout the year and resides the larger part of the summer and fall.

As a member of the National Academy of Artists and one who has participated each year in the Denver Artists of America Show, he has demonstrated his versatility in working a wide variety of stone from steatite and alabaster to argillite, marble and serpentine.

Part of Tony Angell's life is also committed to work in environmental studies and conservation. Indeed, he also volunteers time to The Nature Conservancy where he has served as N.W. Chapter president. He most recently worked as the first president of The Puget Sound Alliance a broad based citizen group working on behalf of restoring and effectively managing the quality of Puget Sound. He has received a number of national awards both for his artistic efforts as well as his commitment to environmental quality.

To the artist there is no separation of his work from his place and time. Angell would describe his work as a reflection of what is spiritually important to him. Referring to his work recently he said "My subjects are some of the essential threads existing in a larger fabric of life. The pull of one sets the others in motion. My work is an expression of tribute to these important partners in the mood and vitality that is nature."
THE THOMAS GILCREASE INSTITUTE OF AMERICAN HISTORY AND ART
1400 North 25th West Avenue 1400 Gilcrease Museum Rd.
Tulsa, Oklahoma 74127

INCOMING LOAN RECEIPT

From: CAROL AND IVAN DOIG

Address: 1761 10th N.W.
SEATTLE WA 98177

Loan Received for: □ Use in lecture □ Examination □ Study □ Exhibition

Title: Eighth Annual Gilcrease Rendezvous
      TONY ANGEILL AND RICHARD SCHMID

Dates: May 3 - July 6, 1986

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Object</th>
<th>Description</th>
<th>Lender's Insured Value</th>
<th>Not Insured</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>B.36.101</td>
<td>&quot;BIRD AT SEA&quot; (1982) black steatite 6&quot; high x 10&quot; long x 12&quot; wide</td>
<td>&quot;appraised market value&quot;</td>
<td>D</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

PLEASE FILL IN for Gilcrease Magazine/Catalogue & Exhibit Label: (fill in one, plus city)

Name of owner(s):

City:

Name of company:

City:

OR, I prefer to say Lent Anonymously.

Yes [ ]

DELIVERY

Deposited by Owner/Lender:

Accepted for Institute by:

Date:

RETURN ACKNOWLEDGED

By Owner/Lender:

For Institute by:

Date: 4-14-86
CONDITIONS GOVERNING THE RECEIPT OF LOANS:

1. Objects lent to The Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art for exhibition shall remain in its possession for the time specified on the face of the receipt, but may be withdrawn from exhibition at any time by the Director or by the Trustees.

2. Loans will be returned only to the owner or lender or his or her authorized agent or representative.

3. Under the terms of this agreement, The Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art will exercise the same care in respect to loans as it will in the safekeeping of its own property.

4. Objects lent to The Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Arta at the Institute’s request will be insured by the Institute under a fine arts policy against all ordinary risks in transit and while in its possession.

   (a) The Institute will insure invited loans at the valuation requested by the lender and such requests must be in writing.

   (b) When written notice of valuation is not given, the Institute will insure invited loans at its own estimated valuation.

   (c) It is understood by the lender that in the event of any damage, loss, or destruction of the objects through any act of negligence by the Institute, its employees or agents, that the maximum liability of the Institute or the Institute’s insurer shall, in the instance of damage thereto, be the costs of competent professional restoration thereto or, in the event of destruction thereto, the value of such objects as shall be retrospectively established by a competent professional appraiser of such objects as those received hereunder. In either instance the Institute shall select either the professional restorer or appraiser (as the case may be,) but the lender shall have the right to reject three (3) of a list of five (5) such restorers or appraisers which the Institute shall submit to the lender prior to any such restoration or appraisal.

   (d) The insurance referred to excludes loss or damage caused by war, invasion, hostilities, rebellion, insurrection, confiscation by order of any Government or public authority, risks of contraband or illegal transportation and or trade.

5. The lender may continue his own insurance for the period of the loan. The Institute, however, will not accept responsibility for any errors or deficiencies in information furnished to the lender’s insurers, or for lapses in insurance coverage, arising from this practice.

6. Unless The Thomas Gilcrease Institute of American History and Art is notified in writing to the contrary it is understood that objects lent to it may be photographed or sketched for non-commercial purposes.

I hereby certify that I have read and agree to the within and forgoing terms and conditions.

[Signatures]

Witness

Grantor, Vendor, or Authorized Agent
(Circle applicable)
Tulsa - Louisa Scheck

- because it pays Tony's work & career, $1,000 (ordinarily twice that)
- 1st N Amen rights; I'll need to retain copyright
- 15 copies
- deadline?
- editing?
- examples of other forwards?

- been on vacation

- Richard Schmidt - 1st weekend May
  spring issue of mag. send as catalog

- Louisa: ed. 36 pp. / illus
  - March 1
  - mus
  - (918) 582-3122

1400 N Surf Ave
Tulsa 74127

747-7038

[Address]
Louisa -

UW ↔ usually hardcover ↔

of art catalogs

to 100,000 collectors #5/

13 salesmen catalogs on consignment

1st N. American 1

- split even

500 - 1000/ UW

#1000/ UW after Mar. 7

50 copies

- Western Art Digest ↔ Schmidt

- not Western part

- " q- t- a

"Titles in quotes"

- Tony has info

↔ 3,000/ big margins

p.2?

sis?
Dear Carol,

I am so happy to have you and your museлит in my studio to inspire me for these new works. I love them.

Tony

Tony Angell, *Murrelets at Sea*, slate on basalt base, 5 x 9 x 9.5 inches

**TONY ANGELL**

**CONVERSATIONS WITH NATURE IN BRONZE AND STONE**

**DECEMBER 1 - 24, 2011**

**OPENING RECEPTION: THURSDAY, DECEMBER 1, 6 - 8 PM**

**ARTIST IN ATTENDANCE**

**FOSTER/WHITE GALLERY**

PIONEER SQUARE • 220 THIRD AVENUE SOUTH, SEATTLE, WA, 98104, TUE - SAT 10 - 6

TEL 206 622 2833 SEATTLE@FOSTERWHITE.COM WWW.FOSTERWHITE.COM

Printed in Canada
Dear Skip--

Long ago and far away, you were in touch with me about the possibility of my doing something for the magazine. If you don't mind that it comes by way of a museum in Tulsa, here it maybe is. I did this article—they call the publication the "magazine" of the Gilcrease Museum although it really functions as the museum catalogue for their art exhibitions through the year—out of interest and admiration for the sculptures of Tony Angell. Angell seems to me as powerful a sculptor as the Northwest has or has ever had; a good bet, I think, to become the Remington or Russell of this region. So, in a rare excursion back into article territory—I'm usually full-time on my novels these days—I spent some time with Angell and wrote the piece, beginning on p. 18 and going for about 2,000 words, for this big retrospective show of his at the Gilcrease. I held onto the rights, so if you've any interest in the piece for Washington, give me a jingle and a price; I had nothing to do with the photography, but I understand it was done by someone local too, who's likely negotiable.

I hope you're thriving. We miss Karl.

best

p.s. Naturally I'm game to edit out the couple of references to the Gilcrease exhibitions.

1 Aug. '86

Dear Skip--

Tony Angell tells me you guys are steaming right along with my piece about him. I can't remember if I asked: can you provide me a couple dozen copies of the issue? I promise to ship some of them around to spread your name far and wide. Thanks.

best
Dear Louisa--

Just a quick line, now that Tony Angell's Gilcrease show is history, to say how much I appreciated the layout of my article. It was lovely. Anybody up here who's seen the catalogue—and by now they're quite a bunch—remarks on how splendid it looks. Tony tells me you sold out of catalogues; just for my own curiosity and information, would you drop me a line (when you have time) as to how many you had printed?

thanks again, and best
March 13, 1986

Mr. Ivan Doig
17021 Tenth Avenue N. W.
Seattle, Washington 98177

Dear Ivan:

As we discussed, I am enclosing the original draft of your manuscript on Tony Angell that you wished to have returned for your records and a check for $1,000 in payment for that article.

I've been out with the flu and so apologize for being late with sending them. Hope it did not inconvenience you. The magazine is in process of being put together, along with your copyright line. I have made no changes but will send you a Xerox of the type proof when it is available next week.

Ivan, both Tony and I are so pleased with what you have done and wish to thank you again for your efforts.

Best wishes,

Louisa B. Collett

Enclosures: Check
Manuscript of article
Dear Louisa—

Many thanks for the check and return of my original manuscript. We've had flu in this house too, so I understand.

Looking over the manuscript, the only thing I see to change is on p. 5, line 4 from the top: Tony says he calls the long pointed chisel referred to a "subia" but he's not sure if that's right, or of the spelling. I told him I'd look it up, but I haven't been able to find it in unabridged dictionaries, encyclopedias of tools, etc. Unless somebody in the Gilcrease Library can verify "subia," Louisa, I suggest we just change it to "With a long pointed chisel, he..." It might even save you a line of copy that way.

Otherwise, I'm content if you are. I'll be away March 21-28, so if your production schedule is such that you'd need for me to look at the proof then, just proceed without me. But I'll be back here at work as of March 31.

I'm glad we had a chance to work together. I think Tony's going to have a super show for you.

best wishes

30 April '86

Dear Louisa—

A stray thought for notice of Tony's show, the Gilcrease, and all the rest of us who so deserve love and glory: how about if you send a copy of the Tony issue of the magazine and any other p.r. release about the show to the U. of Washington alumni publication, which has a big audience up here? Just jot somewhere on the stuff that Tony and I are both UW alumni; the person & address: Judy Thorne

Editor
The Washington Alumnus
1115 NE 45th St.
Seattle WA 98105

best...wish I could be there.
June 23, 1986

Carol and Ivan Doig
1701 10th NW
Seattle WA 98177

Dear Friends:

The Tony Angell Exhibition has been a huge success and we appreciate your loan, a loan which greatly contributed to that success.

We are currently beginning to coordinate the delivery of art works lent to the exhibition and want to alert you to the approximate date we will deliver. Our truck, driven by staff member George Downs, will leave Tulsa on either July 14 or 15. He will make stops in Colorado and Montana before continuing on to Seattle. He estimates deliveries in Seattle on July 18.

If for any reason this is not a convenient schedule for you please telephone the museum's assistant director, Tom Brayshaw at the earliest possible time.

Sincerely,

Jeanne King
Registrar

P.S. Please make arrangements with the Angells for a time you can pick up your sculpture at Tony's Studio. (365-5475)
Sorry as hell we couldn’t make it to the surprise the other night. But ever since I had this eyelid surgically dug out on Tuesday, I’ve felt like the CBS eye after Paul Bunyan poked his finger in it. By afternoon the eye seeps and weeps, and so when Carol came home the eve of your party with the start of a cold, we looked at each other and said, we are not additions to party gaiety. So we did you a favor and stayed home.

You will discern, by turning these pages over, my Ansel Adams review. If you still have me in mind for the Gilcrease introduction—and it’s perfectly OK if you’ve had second thoughts—see what you think of the writing style in this, as it seems to be the kind of pizzazz I’m putting into short pieces these days. And please do think over whether a museum and a university press can put up with pizzazz. Give me a call after you get down off your birthday cloud, hmm?

best
Ivan Doig:
Looking for a Kindred Soul


Ivan Doig’s first book, This House of Sky, struck me, as it did others, as a fine, strong account of growing up in Montana, a book that could be ranked with Wallace Stegner’s Wolf Willow or Norman Maclean’s A River Runs Through It or James Welch’s Winter in the Blood. When you get down to hard counting, there are not many books set in the American West that a grown-up would want to read. Most carry the marks of a muzzy mysticism that has the effect of making the landscape the central character, to the detriment of anything that might be interesting about the humans living there; or else a story set in the West goes about retracing the familiar gestures of the Western myth, those gestures so fixed in the amber of stereotype that even a movie audience in Tokyo knows what to expect. But Doig gave in to neither the muzziness nor the myth in This House of Sky, and he produced an autobiography that can stand with the best of Western writing.

Doig moved from Montana, or he probably wouldn’t have been able to write This House of Sky; now he lives in Seattle, and in his new book, Winter Brothers, he goes about establishing his relation to another world, as lost to him as the world of his father and grandfather in Montana. The “brothers” in this book are Doig himself and James Gilchrist Swan, a Bostonian who came west to settle in Neah Bay and Port Townsend in 1852. Swan was a prodigious diarist with a sharp and watchful eye; Doig has read through millions of Swan’s handwritten words, not only to find out who Swan was, why he came west and what he found, but also to answer some questions Doig has about himself. Doig opens the book with this: “His name was James Gilchrist Swan, and I have felt my pull toward him ever since some forgotten frontier pursuit or another landed me into the coastal region of history where he presides, meticulous as a usurer’s clerk, diarizing and diarying that life of his, four generations and seemingly as many fight-years from my own. You have met him yourself in some other form—the remembrance—Doig often has to deal with the gaps, with Swan’s reticences. Swan was, for example, declared an “habitual drunkard” by Port Townsend authorities, but none of that finds its way into the diaries—except as missed entries during a spree. Doig, then, “reads” Swan’s life, as a novelist has to do in creating a character, and Doig uses himself as a character too, tracing for us the growing shapes and recognitions about Swan’s life he gathers through the winter.

This scheme for the book—shared geography, seen at different times by Swan and Doig, Doig’s imagination serving as the bridge that connects—is generally successful. But it also opens the way for self-conscious musings, of the sort that the more-or-less chronological telling of This House of Sky did not. Given the stagy contrasts of the scheme—Doig driving to get somewhere reached by Swan in a canoe—it is probably inevitable that Doig would invite his readers to consider Big Questions. But Doig resists that impulse more often than he gives in to it, and I’m thankful for that.

Read Winter Brothers. In doing that, you can put yourself in relation to an amazing and interesting man, as Doig has done for himself and now for us. In 1859, Swan, an artist as well as schoolteacher and most westward pioneer on the American mainland, carved a swan on a sandstone cliff near Neah Bay, chiseling his initials under it. In 1979, Doig goes to see it and finds it barely marked by time. It’s fair to say that Doig has made that swan, that Swan, live for us.

Jack Brenner

Dr. Brenner is currently writing a book about fiction in the American West.

November 1980 • Pacific Northwest 41
Books
(continued)

Magnum Opus Pins Down Oregon's Fluttering Subjects


Lepidopterists in the Pacific Northwest and elsewhere have been awaiting Ernst Dornfeld's magnum opus for years. They will not be disappointed. For others who haven't even known it was coming, yet who appreciate butterflies, the book will arrive as a delightful surprise.

Wisely, Dr. Dornfeld, former chairman of the department of zoology at Oregon State University, has not limited his coverage to the butterflies themselves. His full, well-illustrated introduction treats the history of butterfly study in Oregon, how the state's features dictate butterfly occurrence, butterfly biology, evolution and classification, and how to collect, study, rear, photograph and otherwise become involved with butterflies. Happily, he has taken the opportunity to discuss endangered and extinct butterflies, concluding with a strong case for conservation of their habitats. This, like all the book's prose, is stated with a simple, economical yet engaging eloquence.

The individual species accounts deal with the appearance, variation, life cycle, natural history, ecology and distribution of all of Oregon's species of butterflies. References to further literature follow each species: an original feature and an excellent decision.

Illustration is paramount in almost any butterfly book, if it is to have appeal, interest and utility for others besides specialists. The plates in this book do the job well. Five colorplates demonstrate a representative variety of the state's butterflies in all their subtitle and glory of hue. Good individual black-and-white photos of all the species and many subspecies follow. Dr. Dornfeld has also included dot-distribution maps for all the species and subspecies treated. These tell a great deal in themselves, and will help enthusiasts to recognize the butterflies likely to occur in their areas.

Faults are few and hard to find. The cover of the book is slightly pedestrian; a photograph of a live Oregon Swallowtail would have served much better than the pinned one shown. The most serious defect, especially in relation to the considerable cost, is the paper binding. As Professor John Lattin says in his foreword, "[due to] constant use... this book will need a sturdy binding." This it does not have.

Without doubt, the book is expensive. But it is also big, consummate in detail and accuracy, and the only full treatment of Oregon butterflies ever. In short, it is the first book of its ambition for the whole Pacific Northwest, and I think it is worth it. As an investment (especially with an added hardback binding) it will endure as the standard work for many years.

I roaringly recommend The Butterflies of Oregon to all who spend time with butterflies and to all who would like to bring butterflies into their lives.

Robert Michael Pyle

Dr. Pyle is the author of Watching Washington Butterflies; his Audubon Society Field Guide to the Butterflies of North America will be published in 1981.

Edward Curtis as Pioneer Movie Mogul


"If you've seen the film, you'll love the book" might serve as a recommendation for this new release from the University of Washington Press, except for one thing: the book deserves better than that sort of flippantly.

Edward Curtis' ambitious dream of highlighting Northwest Coast Indian life in a motion picture came true with the release of his epic film, "Land of the War Canoes," in 1914. But somehow, although his still pictures were well known and highly regarded, his movie got few bookings, never climbed out of the red financially and soon dropped into oblivion. The story of a print eventually surfacing at Chicago's Field Museum and being recognized—and safeguarded—by George Quimby, now at University of Washington's Burke Museum, is well known. So is Quimby's collaboration with Bill Holm, expert on Northwest Indian art and culture, in restoring the film.

What hasn't previously been available is the story of Curtis at work on the film. Here we have it, replete with snapshots taken by an assistant who caught the master photographer beyond the camera, members of the cast relaxing between takes, and several scenes lost from the original version of the film plus the best of those still in. The photographs alone would be worth the price of the book. Yet it is the text that makes the major contribution, detailing events and including correspondence and reports.

Clearly, Curtis' undertaking proves...
Louisa Collett
Director of Development
The Gilcrease Museum
1400 Gilcrease Museum Road
Tulsa, Oklahoma 74127

Dear Louisa:

This is to confirm our agreement that I'll research and write for the Gilcrease Museum magazine an article of approximately 2,000 words about Tony Angell, in accord with our phone conversation of January 15, 1986.

For my part, it's understood that for the fee of $1,000.00, payable to me within one week after you receive the manuscript, I'll provide you the article no later than March 5, 1986 (barring illness or similar circumstance beyond my control). Your magazine will be entitled to first North American publication rights for the article.

In turn, you agree to include with the article my copyright line (Copyright © 1986 by Ivan Doig); to provide me proofs of the article sufficiently in advance of publication to permit correction of errors; and to provide me 50 gratis copies of that issue of the magazine.

I look forward to working with you and the Gilcrease, Louisa. Please confirm our mutual understanding by signing one copy of this agreement and returning it to me.

sincerely,

Ivan Doig

[Signature]

(name and title)

Director of Development, Thomas Gilcrease Museum Association

January 21, 1986
(date)
Tony, hi--

Here's the foreword, humble before your mighty work. Some thoughts about it:

--Please read it over on its own before ever glancing back at the Wausau or Gilcrease catalogue intros. As I think I've quoted my late lamented poet buddy Bill Stafford to you before, "Who better to plagiarize from than yourself?" I've checked back and both those intros have my copyright on 'em, so we should be free to use any of either, which I've tried to cleverly meld bits of into this piece. The piece does have a fresh main thrust, the "have and hold"-based stuff there on p. 2+. Anyway, I've tried to take what seems to be the best of what I've said about you before--and I can't say it any better now than I did then--and fashion it around the specific nature of this book.

--This is deliberately not a very long piece. My abiding belief about forewords and introductions is that they should be quick and fizzy, a shot of champagne for the reader before the real feast, which is the author's text. I can be argued with if you really really really want something else in there, but this feels right to me.

--I was running on memory when I said you have forty years and a thousand pieces of sculpture; correct that if necessary, and I hope it doesn't sound too Methusalian. To me, it sounds Michaelangelian.

--I ended up there in the last graf with all birds and no sculpted critters for the poetic virtue of "varied kingdom...preserved wingdom." Myself, I think readers will catch on plenty quick enough that you've got animals and fish and the salamander and so on keeping company with all those birds. Okay?

Well, I hope this serves. Of course, let me know pronto if there's tinkering you think we have to do (any beyond what you can pencil on the text of the piece, that is). I'd pretty much necessarily have to do it yet during the holidays, because I must get as much as is humanly possible done on my novel before the end of January. I'm sending along two copies, one for the UW Press if this version is okay, and I'd ask you to do all the dealing with them on this--that is, let's get it the way you want it before they ever see it. I don't want to talk punctuation or copy-editing or any other damn thing with them if it can possibly be avoided; any excesses or quirks in the piece are deliberate, but if anything gives the editor the heaves and shakes, just let 'em change it in some way that doesn't overly offend you. You're in charge! It's your book! He said, scooting for the exit!

Oh, and hey, Merry Christmas.
21 July 2001

one-page FAX to Kathy Kelsey Foley

Kathy, hi again--

As requested, I have cast a proofreading eye over “Spark in the Rock” and find these few things to niggle about:

p. 6, 3rd graf, where it reads “studio, part-quarry, part-igloo, Tony Angell, on that sculpting workday...” I think we ought to bend strict punctuation and not have that comma after “Angell”; to my reading eye, a comma there confuses the reader for a moment, making it seem Tony is another item in that sequence of studio, quarry, igloo.

p. 11, your query: go ahead and make it “with” instead of “and”.

p. 11, names are spelled right, miracle of all our fingers.

p. 12, last graf: if it’s at all typographically feasible, I’d kind of like to restore the italics of emphasis I had there: “He is bringing out essences of form...His creations do emenate in and of themselves...” To me, italic emphasis there reinforces the argument that Tony (and I) are making that, by damn, he is working “beyond the light.”

p. 14, last line of 1st graf: I meant for that last sentence to have a rhythm that reads out loud in the reader’s head. To me, “they tell us, they show us, the lastingness of beauty...” is more chimelike, more compellingly rhetorical if you will, than “they tell us and show us...”

One last thought, just an impression as I looked at the otherwise lovely pages laid out side by side: have you considered attributing Tony under that first italic sidebar quote (“The black, resistant but lustrous marble...”) so the reader doesn’t think it’s a subhead or some other kind of reference quoting from my piece? I know it might mess up design cleanliness a little, but when I first saw p. 7 and saw “The black, resistant etcetera” my first thought was, Huh, I don’t remember writing that. It wasn’t until the p. 8 italic quote, where Tony is obviously the “I”, that it’s utterly clear, seems to me. Just a thought.

As far as I’m concerned, all else is perfection. Appreciated the check, and I hope all of you have as good a time as you can stand during the September doings.

p.s. Tony tell you Carol and I have a surprise chance to go to the Hermitage? St. Petersburg, here we come!

Best wishes,
June 28th, 2001

Ivan Doig
17277 15th Ave NW
Seattle, WA 98177

Dear Ivan,

Let me answer your first question about “Fingerspitzengefühl”. May I suggest that you drop the adjective “scholarly” in the foreword to the museum catalogue? The word Fingerspitzengefühl (capital F because it is a noun and Umlaut over the ü) is used in a literal and figurative way in German—very descriptive but not scholarly. Intuition or feel in the fingertips is a good translation. The rest will follow soon.

Best regards to you and Carol.

[Signature]

Email: jmmaloof@aol.com
If you (hold your head just right) tonight and listen, you will hear a chorus (stone: perhaps down to the very atoms...)

--It speaks to the eye and the fingertips and the part of the heart warmed by Rembrandt light and Cellini brilliance.

--I write this not far from wax where I have stood frozen to that damnable wax floor of Tony's outdoor studio...

--to tailor Carl Sandburg to fit, "There is an eagle in him and a mockingbird..."

--Tonight Tony receives this medallion...for having given us the great and enduring circle of the natural world.

by now

--Tony has populated a small planet—we might call it Angellus--

\textit{-- beyond\ critique}  

\textit{One minute he is calling down crowds,}

\textit{next he is summoning up them}

\textit{Patria, on you now}
Dear Evan:

Well my friend, you've done it again. Your wisdom and creative thinking, as well as craft and deliciety, have reminded me what consumate power means to be a true artist.

I can only imagine the fresh reflection and new thinking you set in motion. Not that I ever doubted that you would step up to the challenge and meet it with dignity and success, but this was all to fight you took us all to a higher ground.

Personally, as I said to bees, you're the cat's meow, Evan. In the cat's meow what possible showstopping what's possible showstopping. Now, I've got to really get to work.

Fayou and Carol

Tony
The 1999 Governor's Arts Award Committee
Washington State Arts Commission
PO Box 12675
Olympia WA 98504-2675

Dear members of the committee:

I've been informed that Tony Angell has been nominated for the '99 Governor's Arts Award, and I'm writing in wholehearted support of his selection.

I perhaps have known Tony as long as any of his contemporaries in the "arts" scene in our state—we met at least a quarter of a century ago, early in my writing career when I was doing articles for Pacific Search magazine, and Tony was providing---illustrations---and it has surprised me not a whit that I eventually would be writing about him as the foremost artist of this region. (I enclose a copy of that article, commissioned at the time when Tony had the great honor of being a featured artist at the Gilcrease Museum in Oklahoma.) Beyond the quality of his art—which is saying a lot---a long acquaintance with Tony has proven to me his equally extraordinary value as a citizen of this state, blending an artist's sense of things with a deep activism for our environment. There couldn't be a more fitting honor than the Governor's Arts Award to Tony; as I once said elsewhere in print, Tony Angell is, for this state, our Remington, our Russell, and then some.

sincerely,

[Signature]
Dear Friends of Tony Angell,

-greetings-

Let me introduce myself and tell you of the purpose of this letter. I am a fellow artist and friend of Tony's and have long appreciated the fine work that he has done as an artist, as an environmentalist, and as a humanitarian.

I can only believe that you also feel the same about this fine man. I have prepared a Nomination Form for Tony Angell to receive the Governor's Art Award. It is my belief that he has truly earned this kind of recognition. Since you know Tony, I will not elaborate about him. What I am asking of you is to support this effort that I am putting forth by first of all calling Bitsy Bidwell and getting a Nomination form, and, or sending a support letter to her supporting the letter that I am sending in with all of the detailed information that Tony has provided me with.

Tony and I have had the opportunity to do many National Exhibitions together and to be affiliated with some of the finest art galleries in the United States. It is an honor for me to prepare and send this Nomination in for him. It was my own decision to do this a few weeks ago and after a call to Tony to ask his consent he kindly provided me with all the needed biography materials as indicated in the Nomination Form that I enclosed for you to look at.

Please note the dates of postmark for your letters. I am sorry to be sending this to you with little time left, but that seems to be how things go. So please, if you can, support this effort.

Most Sincerely,

Leo E. Osborne

your name was given to me by Tony along with 12 others
Nomination Form 1999

For the: Arts ☑ Heritage ☐ Award. Please check appropriate box.
Type or print legibly.

I would like to nominate:

Name: TONI ANGELL
Address: 18237 40TH NE
City: SEATTLE  State: WA  Zip: 98155
Business phone:  ( )  Home phone: (207) 365-5475
Contact person (if the nominee is an organization):

Nominator:
Your Name: LEOE, OSLORNE
Address: 7566 WEST SHORE DRIVE  GUES TOPS ISLAND
City: ANACORTES  State: WA  Zip: 98221
Business phone:  ( )  Home phone: (360) 244-2475

For additional information about the nominee please contact:

Name:
Business phone:  ( )  Home phone: ( )

Please include as much of the following information as possible and mail with the completed Nomination Form:

☐ Letter of nomination that includes:
  ☐ Why the efforts/artistic accomplishments of this nominee are particularly noteworthy.
  ☐ How the efforts of this nominee have been recognized by his/her community.

☐ A biography detailing the career and/or history of the nominee.

☐ If the nominee is an artist, a clearly labeled sample of his/her work, as appropriate.

☐ Copies of articles written by or about the person or organization nominated.

☐ List of public appearances by nominee, events produced by the nominee, or titles of published work, if appropriate.

☐ Selected letters demonstrating expertise or community support.

For the Heritage Award also include:

☐ How the actions of the nominee preserved and promoted ethnic and cultural heritage in Washington.

Send one copy of the nomination form and 5 copies of all attached materials.

Nominations must be postmarked by July 9, 1999.
Mail to:
Washington State Arts Commission
P O Box 42675
Olympia, WA 98504-2675
**Arts Awards**

**History of the Award**

Since 1966, the Governor’s Arts Awards have recognized 136 individuals and organizations for their significant contributions to the arts and cultural life in Washington State.

**Criteria**

Individuals or organizations you wish to nominate must meet the following criteria:

- nominees must be current residents of Washington or have resided in the state during the time their contributions were made;
- nominees must not be previous recipients of a Governor’s Arts Award.

**Selection of Award Recipients**

Members of the Washington State Arts Commission will review the nominations and, based upon the listed criteria, select Award recipients for recommendation to the Governor. The Arts Award recipients will be honored at ceremonies at the Governor’s Mansion on September 23, 1999.

**Nomination Procedure**

Please complete the Nomination Form on the back of this page. Please type or print legibly the significant achievements of the person or organization you are nominating. Be very specific about your nominee’s artistic accomplishments and/or contributions to the arts in Washington. We welcome additional materials as detailed on the checklist on the next page.

**Questions?** For further information call:

For the Arts Awards: Bitsy Bidwell
(360) 586-2421

For the Heritage Awards (and a list of previous recipients): Willie Smyth
(360) 586-2856

You may nominate more than one candidate but are asked not to make multiple nominations of the same person. Awards will be based on the significance of achievements and contributions, not the number of nominations received.

---

**Heritage Awards**

**History of the Award**

In 1989, Washington’s centennial year, the Governor’s Heritage Awards were established to honor outstanding individuals whose dedication to preserving and promoting traditions and cultural heritage were worthy of state recognition. Since the State’s centennial, 38 outstanding individuals and organizations have been honored with the award.

**Criteria**

Individuals or organizations you feel are worthy of state recognition should be characterized by some or all of the following:

- be actively participating in their community as a master traditional artist, community scholar, teacher and/or historian;
- be the finest possible representatives of significant traditions, i.e. those who embrace and embody the collective wisdom of their cultural experiences;
- be tradition bearers within their communities and recognized as such by their communities;
- have records of ongoing accomplishment and excellence;
- have contributed significantly to the cultural heritage of Washington state;
- nominees must not be previous recipients of a Governor’s Heritage Award.

**Selection of Award Recipients**

A panel of jurors will review the nominations and, based upon the listed criteria, select Award recipients for recommendation to the Washington State Arts Commission and the Governor. The Heritage Award recipients will be honored at ceremonies on September 23, 1999.

**Nomination Procedure**

Complete the Nomination Form on the back of this page and send requested additional information.

*Once a name has been submitted for a Governor’s Heritage Award, it remains in permanent nomination and is reviewed annually by the Heritage Award Panel. Arts Award nominations are not held for future consideration.*
Nomination Committee
The 1999 Governor's Arts Award

For many years I have been aware of the Fine Art of Tony Angell. Prior to moving to Washington myself and while living in Maine I became acquainted with Tony for we were often found at the same National Exhibitions with some of the most prestigious Museums in the United States.

I have come to be very aware of all the work that he has produced and placed in the Northwest and the amount of work that he has done for the environment and other causes.

The enclosed biography material will clearly indicate the extent that Tony has gone to give in a large way to the public and to his collectors. He has been invited to the most honorable event in the World of Bird and Wildlife Art, he has been honored with introducing such fine artists as Thomas Quinn when he was selected for the Artist of the Year at Birds In Art with the Leigh Yawkey Woodson Art Museum in Wausau, Wisconsin.

Tony is indeed a fine spokesperson for the arts, the environment, and the planet. He is a truly kind, generous and deserving person and I cannot think of a finer person to receive the recognition of the Governor for all that he has done to better this state and the awareness of the people living here.

If you know Tony, you realize that he is a "big" man, and that does not only seem fitting for a fine stone sculptor such as he, but for a man such as he who carries around with him, a very big heart.

Tony is my peer, my friend, and a soul who I am so very honored to be walking with in this lifetime.

Sincerely,

Leo E. Osborne
Dear Dean:

Here's a flock of praise for Heart Earth which I just finished. I think my personal experience with this work parallels our age and to some degree our memories of the force and influence of stories at that scale age. Surely my life does not compare with those lean and gritty Arizona days or those wandering through open and high country episodes of Montana, but the way in which the spirit of the west mothered, elevated and sustains us forever, was no less powerfully conveyed.

Time and again I felt myself set the book to my lips and catch my breath as much to savor the imagery of each sentence as to consider the depth of what you had
In a time that we communicate in short bursts of the sensational and absurd, you have given us a work of art. Heart Earth is a call to me and what rests in the artists and what rests in me. If they are willing to focus their efforts with energy, honesty and of course, talent.

I shall return to the book and read again. It is more like a poem than a story. I will always remember your mother, hearing the symphony of the gospels, seeking the absolute form and, like a bird, following its graceful flight into the beyond.

You have provided among other things, an honest tribute of what a life can be and as an artist, a source of inspiration for all of us who seek to clarify our understanding of life.

With gratitude,
[Signature]
October 24, 1987

Dear Ivan and Carol:

Attached is the correspondance of another Doig Fan*— the same fellow who was largely responsible for getting us those extra copies of the Times' article. I had told him that you discovered a couple of friends who wished to see the piece first hand. Peter replied that he was delighted to forward the articles, but sorry you only had two friends.

Seriously though, Peter is a fine Scottish chap who has been a friend for sometime. While at the University as a Serials Librarian he called me up (God, 1969 or 70) and asked if he might come by and look at some drawings. He came out with his girl friend and fluttered about looking at this and that making me more than a little uneasy — what's this guy all about? Well when he was getting ready to leave he started pointing at this drawing and that one and then still another and finally more still. "I'll take these with me," says he. It struck me that he was intending to just walk out with them for no one ever had bought "a quantity" of drawings before. My first reaction was to think I've got to stop this guy — he's nuts, for he had actually started to stack up the drawings he wanted and in the next instant I expected him to break for the door. "Oh, I shall buy them of course," exclaimed Peter as he looked up and spotted me crouched like a linebacker in the middle of the livingroom. He did just that.

Over the years Peter and I have tracked Audubon prints and he has stayed at our home when we've been on trips. Quite a guy who surely made fast friends with our companions Quin, Pasha and Buttons.

*Thought the voyage piece in Dancing at the Rascal Fair came strangely forward into the next century with Peter's brief account of another Scottish immigrant's recollection.
Let's plan on getting together when you get back from the east and have some time for an evening at the Angells. As I recall, Carol took some great pictures during your Montana trip. We'd like to see them too.

Hope to see you soon.

[Signature]

P.S. Thanks for the "Cinique of The Raven" video. I recently sold that Denver print to a fellow from Seattle.
Dear Tony and Noel,

How kind of you to send me Dancing at the Rascal Fair, and I am of course delighted to have it signed by Doig.

In looking at the first few pages, I know that there is going to be much pleasure for me in this book. I note that the narrator right on page 1 speaks of the prospective voyage across the Atlantic in dubious tones - I was of more than one mind about the crossing, or something of the sort. And in seeing this I was reminded instantly of my family's crossing, which took place in the summer of '24 on a new but ugly (it was tall and had a boxy stern) ship of the Canadian Pacific Line called strangely the Metagama. I was barely one and a half. The crossing was apparently pleasant enough until the Grand Banks, when there was excessive fog. And the blasting of the horn didn't save us - this was of course long before radar. We were rammed amidships by a smaller vessel, of which I know nothing other than that it sank. The Metagama remained afloat, though it acquired what was evidently a stupendous list, and was never the same again. It seems to me that it was scrapped in '31. The people on the ship that sank were, so far as I know, all saved.

I still have one of my baby shoes, a beautiful little handmade thing, with wedged into it a splinter of wood from our cabin on which my mother wrote: "Metagama, June 24, 1924."

Anyway, my thanks to you for the book. I expect to get to reading it very soon. I would start right now if I could get away from this machine of mine.

No movies have been rented as yet, but one of these days. Bill, the publisher, sent me a set of headphones to go with the VCR. Nice of him, and I have to say that the stereo effect heard through these is spectacular beyond the real thing.

Hope all is going well there. That is a beautiful merlin card and will be kept with the Doig.

Always my best,
Dear Don & Carol:

Another year and with all its perturbations friendships such as yours provide the "glue" to hold it all together and maintain a steady course.

I thought you might enjoy this larger version of your card this year—done from inside I watched above Hadarwhal. I hope to see you soon before or after the new year.

Love

Amy &

all the Ghelds

2004
Dear Noah--

I hereby favor you with something you and your fellow NPR wizards may or may not want to do anything with. Let us begin, as they say, with my article in the enclosed magazine of the Gilcrease Museum of Art in Tulsa, one of the great collections of art of the American West. I agreed to write the piece because I believe the Gilcrease's featured sculptor these next few months, Tony Angell, is our current equivalent of Remington or Russell. Not in style or topic, heaven forfend; Angell instead sculpts nature, makes birds and mammals emerge from stone. The article's photos of his work can't really convey the power, the about-to-come-to-life quality of Angell's work. To pay him as western a compliment as I can, he's damn good.

Let us now sit down beside a tape recorder, as I did to play for Carol a bit of the sculptor-at-work "interview" I recorded when Angell showed me how he starts a sculpture from scratch, in this case a lump of gray alabaster he somehow saw as a great gray owl. Both of us, while we are not ear professionals in your league, have heard a few things in our time, and this strange rough-hewn symphony of a guy resorting to hammer, chisel, rasp, hacksaw and so on to make a stone be an owl beguiled us. I now leave it to you and/or your NPR cohorts to determine if there's a short feature piece of some sort to be made from my article and the casette (side A only) of Angell doing his sculpting. (I am of course game, though not downright eager--working full-time these days to finish my next novel--to do any necessary voice work, here at home or by way of KUOW.) The attached 3 pages are a rough guide as to what you're hearing, at a given number of minutes into the casette. I recorded with my Superscope C206-LP. The element of timeliness, you'll notice in the magazine article, is that the Angell sculptures will be shown in Tulsa from May 3 through July 6.

I hope you're thriving.

best wishes

Ivan Doig
Ivan Doig cassette (side A only): sounds of sculptor Tony Angell at work.

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>minutes into tape</th>
<th>description</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>opening words</td>
<td>Angell naming his sculpting stones.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>1-2</td>
<td>begins rasping on gray alabaster.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>2-3</td>
<td>Angell remarks about feeling his way into the stone.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>3+</td>
<td>uses a small &quot;tooth&quot; chisel on the stone.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>4</td>
<td>Angell remarks about color of the stone.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5+</td>
<td>chiseling resumes.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>5:30</td>
<td>chiseling the scab of white alabaster off the gray bulk of the stone he wants to use.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>6:45</td>
<td>Angell grunts moving the stone.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7</td>
<td>sounds of fractures in the stone.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:30</td>
<td>more chiseling.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>7:50</td>
<td>rasping begins.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8</td>
<td>Angell remarks on the owl form emerging.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>8:30</td>
<td>Angell pantomimes pose of the owl he's sculpting.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>9:30</td>
<td>Angell remarks on owl's head emerging.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10</td>
<td>Angell remarks on how dust indicates a fracture in the stone.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>10:30</td>
<td>Angell speculates the sculpted form could be two owls.</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>13:20</td>
<td>carbide hacksaw begins cutting.</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>
14:15 Angell prepares to take off major hunk of stone, almost a quarter of the total, to help the owl form emerge.

15:30-16 steady suspenseful sound of hacksaw.

16+ Angell jokes that he usually has musicians play inspirationally as he does the hacksaw labor.

16:35 he has hacksawed 4 inches deep into the stone.

16:50 he places a chisel into the cut, readying to knock the hunk off.

17:20 sound of a chunk falling.

17:30 another chunk falls.

17:50 yet another chunk falls.

18 Angell explains he's taking short strokes, with a high chokehold on the hammer, to carefully knock off these chunks.

18:30 more chiseling, more chunks falling.

19 Angell says he wears a falconer's glove to cushion his left hand in this work.

19:30 more hacksawing.

20:15 Angell remarks about taking off rock "as best you can."

20:50 Angell says sculpture is a "subtractive art."

21:15 Angell demonstrates how he could hit the stone from various angles with same result.

22:10 Angell remarks that he points the chisel the direction he wants a rock chunk to come off.
23:20  raspings resumes
24:10  Angell says the alabaster is from Mexico.
25:25  Angell goes to fetch a power grinder.
26:15  Angell pencils the face of the owl on the stone.
27  Angell recites that the stone determines the
     size of a sculpture, the color its subject, the
     face its specific design.
28:45  Angell decides not to stop at this usual point
     in the work because the progress has him excited.
31  raspings resumes.
31:35  Angell cuts below the beak of the owl form.
32:15  rhythms of hammer and chisel.
33:10  particularly vigorous hammer and chisel rhythms.
34  Angell pencils in the owl's eyes.
35:05  sound of Angell penciling in the eyes.
35:30  end of work on the owl for the day.

END OF TAPE