



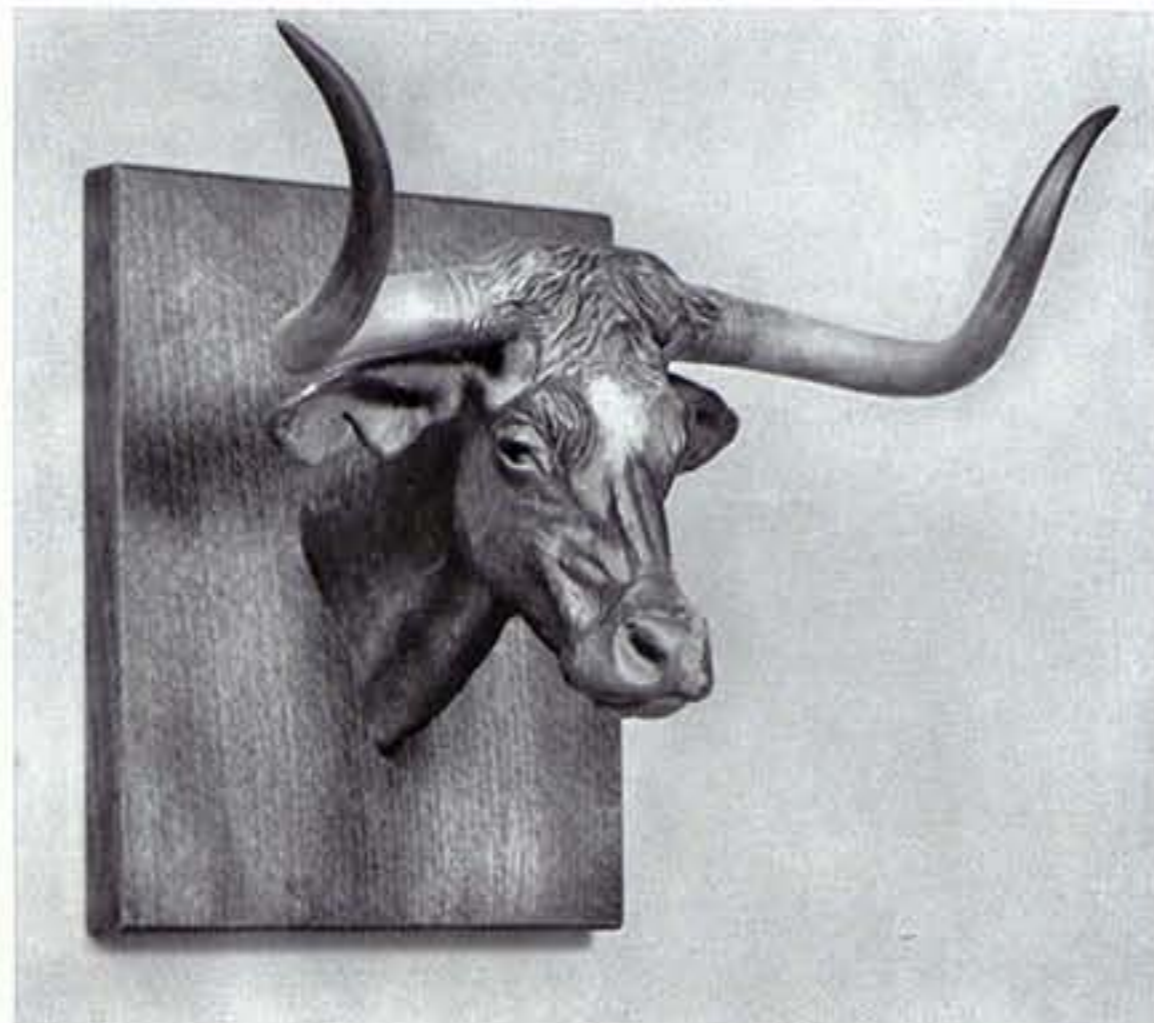
256. *Stampede*. 1960–66. Oil on canvas, 10 x 21'. Whitney Gallery of Western Art, Buffalo Bill Historical Center, Cody, Wyo.



257. *Long Horn*. 1966. Patinaed bronze, 7 x 8½ x 6¼"

258. *Long Horn*. 1968. Painted bronze, 7 x 8½ x 6¼"

The jaunty sweep to the horns of a longhorn steer says cowboy hat to me—the scope of the hat and the way the brim turns up. No headgear atop any domestic animal or man has ever surpassed the cavalier elegance of those horns or a ten-gallon hat properly shaped and worn. Bernini and Rubens would sculpt and paint them if they were alive today. I think today's polled and dehorned cattle look as crestfallen as today's cowboys who are sporting tiny roping caps. I look at the always graceful baroque curve and twist of those horns for hours and never tire.



259. *Hazin' in the Leaders*. 1959. Patinaed bronze, 12 x 11¼ x 3¼"

Hazin' in the Leaders also comes out of *Stampede*, but it was done before the larger work was completed. It is again the idea of zooming in and examining a detail, getting up close, seeing what a man is like, how he holds that coiled rope overhead and might get up over his horse's shoulders when he is riding at full speed. And then it comes down to a few single men riding alone against the tremendous force of the stampede, trying to turn those lead steers back into the body of the main herd and start them milling in a tightening circle until they stop themselves. They're part of the stampede's headlong force while riding to contain that force at the same time. I hope everything is implied there in that horse and rider. Each part must contain the whole to be valid.



MUSIC AND DANCE SUBJECTS (1959–64)



260–62. *Long Ballad*. 1959. Patinaed bronze, 6 x 5 x 4"

The whole history of the cowboy lives through his songs. There is a lot of written history about people that went up the trail, that worked ranches, that bought and sold cattle, that punched cows, from Mexico to Canada and out in California, but the whole story from beginning to end, if one listens intently, is recorded and very much alive in his songs. There isn't anything I think I've done about cowboys that doesn't in some way come directly from his own songs. The only things I haven't dealt with are shoot-outs on Main Street and drunken brawling, just because I haven't gotten around to it, and besides it really isn't a very major part of the cowboy despite what Hollywood and TV has to say. Cowboys are horsemen who handle cattle in the open.

But there is nothing prosaic about a cowboy's life. Schoolhouse reasoning is not enough to do his job. It's more complex, like writing a piece of music, with a sense of dangerous style that would boggle the minds of most ordinary composers. The real style of a cowboy, the poetry of the way he sits his horse and the way they become one, loping down a hillside or over a cutbank or

through a wash in the rain or sometimes in the dark or through brush and around trees, the way he calculates the landscape, paces and rates his animal, makes his rope work—that has endless rhythm and timing. If there is no rhythm, and if the line of the whole flow is not lyrical, it is somehow not cowboy and it won't work. So when a cowboy picks up a guitar and starts to sing, or plays a mouth organ, that's just when the song becomes overt, but the rest of his life is always song, one continuous song.

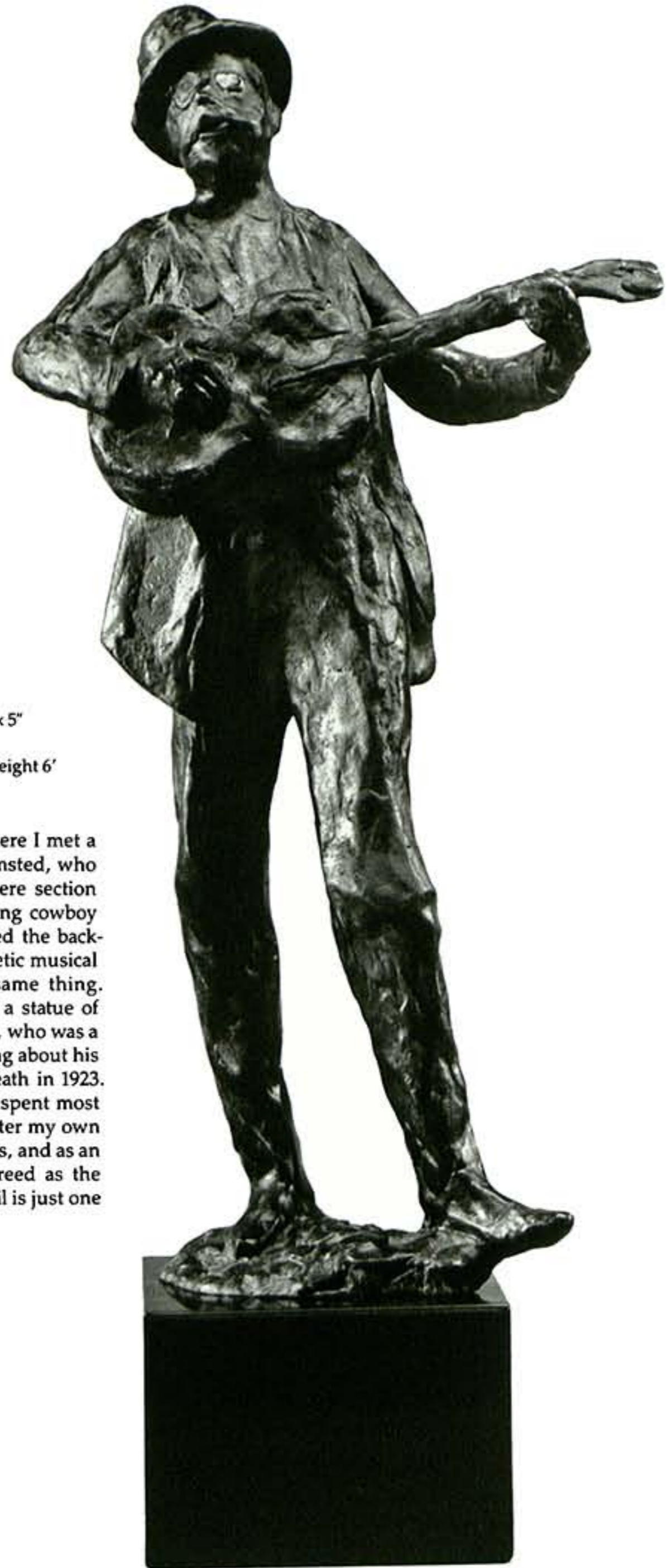
Overleaf:

The rhythm I was so familiar with in the life of a cowboy is also in the *Mexican Death Dancer* (pls. 263–65), which I saw on the Day of the Dead in Mexico in 1949, and sculpted ten years later. Riding a bronc is that kind of dance, interweaving religion and passion and life, accepting death as a constant and friendly part of life. The silent sound of the tambourine in Death's hand... the moment of death... the moment of truth... the beating time with the dance, the regularity and inevitability of the time of the dance.





263-65. *Mexican Death Dancer*. 1959. Patinated bronze, 15¼ x 6 x 4½"



266. *Sor Capanna*. 1961. Patinaed bronze, 15¼ x 8½ x 5"

267. *Sor Capanna, Lifesize*. 1962. Patinaed bronze, height 6'

In 1958 and '59 I went to Rome a lot, and there I met a big, likable American named Remington Olmsted, who had just started a restaurant in the Trastevere section called Da Meo Patacca. He and I loved to sing cowboy songs while Italian street musicians supplied the background. It was a very unusual but sympathetic musical marriage—we were all really doing the same thing. Remy then commissioned me in 1961 to do a statue of the great street singer and poet Sor Capanna, who was a hero of the poor people of Trastevere. He sang about his people and their whole history until his death in 1923. Naturally the Establishment hated him. He spent most of his life in and out of jail. He was a man after my own heart, both as a poet who sang his own verses, and as an outlaw. In both respects he is the same breed as the artist and the cowboy, for whom "goin' to jail is just one of the hazards of goin' to town."





268. *Mexican Dancers in a Glade*. 1960. Patinaed bronze relief, 12¾ x 15¼"



269-71. *Peon Dancers*. 1960. Patinaed bronze, 10¼ x 6¼ x 5½"





272, 274. *Mexican Dancer*. 1964. Patinaed bronze, 14½ x 7½ x 8½"

273. *Mexican Piper*. 1964. Patinaed bronze, 11 x 8 x 8"

You hear the music, you feel and see the dance just like you feel the rhythm of a horse in a landscape. The motion, the dynamic balance of the body, send out lines of force that embrace a far larger area than it occupies standing still. Just knocking two spoons together or playing a simple flute will start all that, and keep it going endlessly.



Overleaf:
275. *Leadbelly and Woody, A Monument for American Folk Music, Study*. 1963. Patinaed bronze, 13¾ x 8 x 9¾"



RIVER, ROAD AND POINT (1965–)



276–77. *River, Road and Point*, half-inch scale studies. 1967. Egg damar tempera on panel, 6½ x 28". Collection of the artist

278. *River, Road and Point*, one-inch scale study. 1968. Oil over tempera on panel, 13 x 56". Collection of the artist

279. *River, Road and Point*. Begun 1965. Oil on canvas, 12' 2½" x 56' 4". Jackson at work on the unfinished panels in his Camaio studio. 1969

The Fort Pitt commission, which came to me in 1964, gave me the opportunity to create an endless story about basic things—war and conquest and courage and birth and death all wrapped in color and sculptural form in a complex multi-leveled composition. The whole mural is about the act of defining our country, locating it, staking it out, showing its dynamics as men formed it on the frontier.

Because of the danger of flooding at the museum, which is practically in the bed of the Ohio River, the murals have never been completed and installed. Now I want to make it a sculptural project with lifesize figure groups that would be almost completely in the round and the rest of it in high, medium, and low relief. The trees would be three-quarters round and their branches would come way out over the freestanding six-foot figure groups. The bronze would then be painted. Even if the paint disappears forever, the three-dimensional forms will still be there.



280-81. *Iroquois Guide*. 1967. Painted bronze, 19½ x 13½ x 10"

In *River, Road and Point*, for the first time, I had the sculptures of the major figures specifically act out in detail what they would be within the illusionary three-dimensional space of the mural. Any one of these figures—*Iroquois Guide* (pls. 280-82), *Trapper* (pls. 283-87), *Frontiersman* (pls. 288-89), *Algonquin Chief and Warrior* (pls. 290-91)—should evoke the entire mural. Somehow there is in each the theme and countertheme, all the elements of birth and death, of the struggle between them, the rapport between them, survival and sense of self. The individual *is* the whole, somewhere at the source of the river.

America is based on that, the sovereignty of the individual, every person a peer of the realm. Those frontier men are free because they know how to do things, they have mastered certain disciplines, and they're self-sufficient and happy with that idea. We don't celebrate the sovereign spirit of each one of us enough these days. Art should say these things—perhaps not all art, but that is one of the things art is able to say, to define a point of view that encompasses our past, present, and future, to show us that they're all the same.



282. *Iroquois Guide*. 1967. Patinaed bronze, 19½ x 13½ x 10"



283. *Trapper Study*. 1967. Patinaed bronze, 20 x 14¾ x 8¾"



284-85. *Trapper*. 1971. Painted bronze, 20¾ x 15½ x 11½"



286-87. *Trapper*. 1970. Patinated bronze,
20¼ x 15½ x 11½"





288. *Frontiersman*. 1965. Patinaed bronze, 20 x 18 x 10"



289. *Frontiersman*. 1965. Painted bronze, 20 x 18 x 10"



290. *Algonquin Chief and Warrior*, detail. 1971.
Patinated bronze, 31 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ "



291. *Algonquin Chief and Warrior*. 1979. Painted bronze, 31 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 14 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 13 $\frac{3}{4}$ "



292-93. *One Feather*. 1971. Patinaed bronze, 5 $\frac{1}{8}$ x 3 x 4 $\frac{1}{4}$ "



294. *Algonquin Chief Bust*. 1971. Patinaed bronze, 10 $\frac{1}{2}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{4}$ x 5 $\frac{1}{2}$ "





295-98. *Indian Head*. 1968. Patinated bronze, 4 x 2 x 2"

Sometimes I have an unfinished fragment, like this little head, that fascinates me. It suggests volumes to me. I knew a lot about sculpture when I made that; it just took the next ten years to find out that I knew it. And I still haven't touched anything quite as fine as that head perhaps until I did the study of *Marie for Sacagawea* (pls. 358-61). It is a little touchstone and important to me because it says so much with so little.

A particular work can never state anything of consequence, no matter how fully realized and refined and detailed it may be; it can only imply the spirit it contains within. The actual work is never more than a more or less expressive shell built out from and around the otherwise incommunicable essence within. Aristotle said this about the arts well before the birth of Christ, and we poor fools still haven't got it through our head bones.

PONY EXPRESS (1963–80)



299. Left: *Pony Express*. 1967. 18½ x 21 x 14".
Center: *Pony Express II*. 1980. 13 x 15¾ x 9¼".
Right: *Pony Express III*. 1978. 8¼ x 9¼ x 6¼".
All painted bronze

300. Left: *Pony Express III*. 1978. 8¼ x 9¼ x 6¼".
Center: *Pony Express II*. 1980. 13 x 15¾ x 9¼".
Right: *Pony Express*. 1967. 18½ x 21 x 14".
All patinated bronze

There is a wonderful cowboy expression that you hear to this day—"packing the mail." If somebody goes by a mile a minute, I mean if he's afoot or in an automobile, whatever it is, you say, "He's packing the mail." It certainly comes from the pony express rider, who rode between St. Joe, Missouri, and Sacramento, California, along the North Platte and the Sweetwater rivers and across South Pass, right through the heart of Wyoming, with outlaws and Indians trying to stop him from doing what he set out to do and no law to protect him. He wasn't interested in wiping them out, he was just interested in defending himself and standing them off, doing his job of packing the mail.

I've never shot over my shoulder like that, from horseback, but I've been shot at a lot in the war and hit, too, on two occasions, and I've certainly looked back

and looked around and moved very freely in the saddle when I had a horse that I could rely on and he was opened up and going as fast, as flat out as he could go, through all kinds of country. I know what that feels like, and it is grand to have a powerful animal between your legs moving out and carrying you forward, taking you with him—becoming one with the horse. I just hate to see a person attempt such a subject that hasn't ever felt that. I think that's really asking a hell of a lot of one's psyche, but I could sculpt that man and horse with any single cell in my legs, in my toes and my belly and any part of my body that felt the wind, felt the movement of the horse. My whole body sculpted that piece. It's a piece that is all rolling in the same direction.

I see this piece as the spokes of a wheel going fast. Its center is moving forward and those spokes are spinning

around—some are aimed backward, some forward, some down, and some up, but that wheel is moving forward and they're all working together.

I took a little artistic license in this piece and I have in several others, as have many artists before me. I know better and I'm sure several of those artists know better. A horse never opens his mouth when he's running until he's ready to drop dead. He breathes through his nostrils. When he starts breathing through his mouth, he's ready to die, and a rider ought to rein him in and stop him right now before he's foundered forever or drops dead at a dead run. That's dramatic and artistic license. It was done with complete conscious awareness of the natural law I was breaking.



301-302. *Pony Express*. 1967. Patinaed bronze, 18½ x 21 x 14"



303-304. *Pony Express*. 1967. Painted bronze, 18½ x 21 x 14"





305. *Pony Express, Unfinished Sketch*. 1963. Patinaed bronze, 10¼ x 12 x 4"

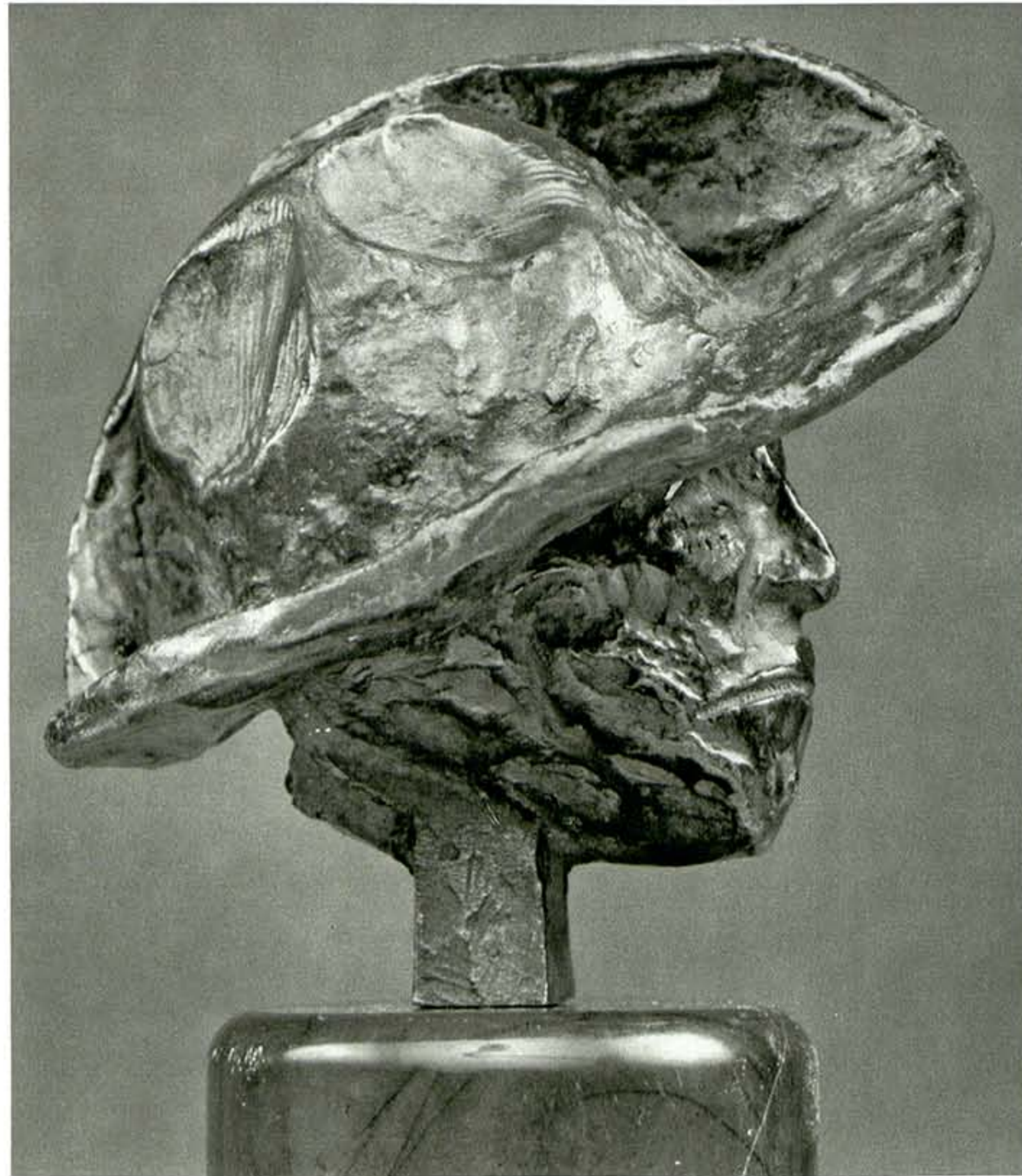
306. *Pony Express, First Study*. 1963. Patinaed bronze, 10¼ x 13 x 7"

The difference between the first study for *Pony Express* (pl. 306)—which I did in a few hours of white-hot inspiration one night in 1963—and the piece I finished four years later represents two poles of creativity. One is absolutely spontaneous and unquestioning and flows directly from an inner consciousness, right out of my medicine bundle. The other is one of my most highly wrought pieces, consciously constructed and digested and redigested and refined, where every millimeter has been thought over and passed a kind of artful inner board of censorship and approval. One is not more

fulfilling than the other, necessarily; they just fulfill in different ways.

There are things I prefer about that one-night sketch. Everything is there in terms of the dynamics of the running horse and man and it all being one. The face is there for me though it's not detailed in. I can see humor or grimness or courage or fear; it's a screen on which I can project anything I want. But the later version is more challenging because I've put in all the detail down to the fact that the left front mail pouch does not have a lock because it's for local mail between way stations. I didn't fill out the work just to please other people, but to please myself. I loved knowing how that rawhide quirt would trail out from the saddle horn over the man's right thigh, the detail of the pistol, the hat, the character of the man's face and the horse's head, but there is still something said of great importance in the little study that has not been equaled in the finished work.





307-308. *Pony Express, Head Study I*. 1965. Patinated bronze, 3½ x 2¾ x 3"



309. *Pony Express Rider, Bust*. 1972. Patinaed bronze, 11 x 7 x 7½"



310. *Pony Express Rider, Bust*. 1972. Painted bronze, 11 x 7 x 7½"



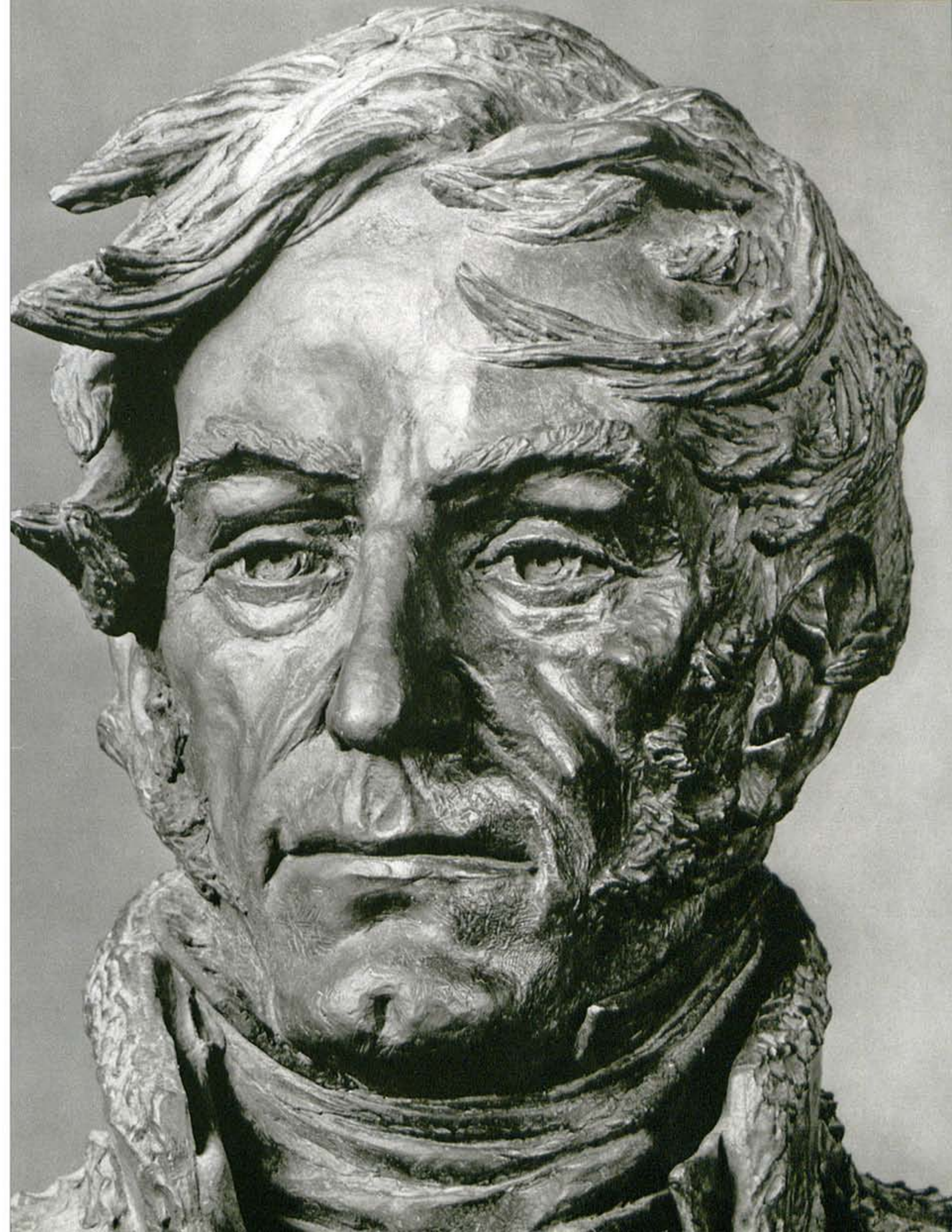
ADMIRAL LORD COCHRANE (1969)

311-13. *Admiral Lord Cochrane*. 1969. Patinaed bronze,
35¼ x 32 x 16½"

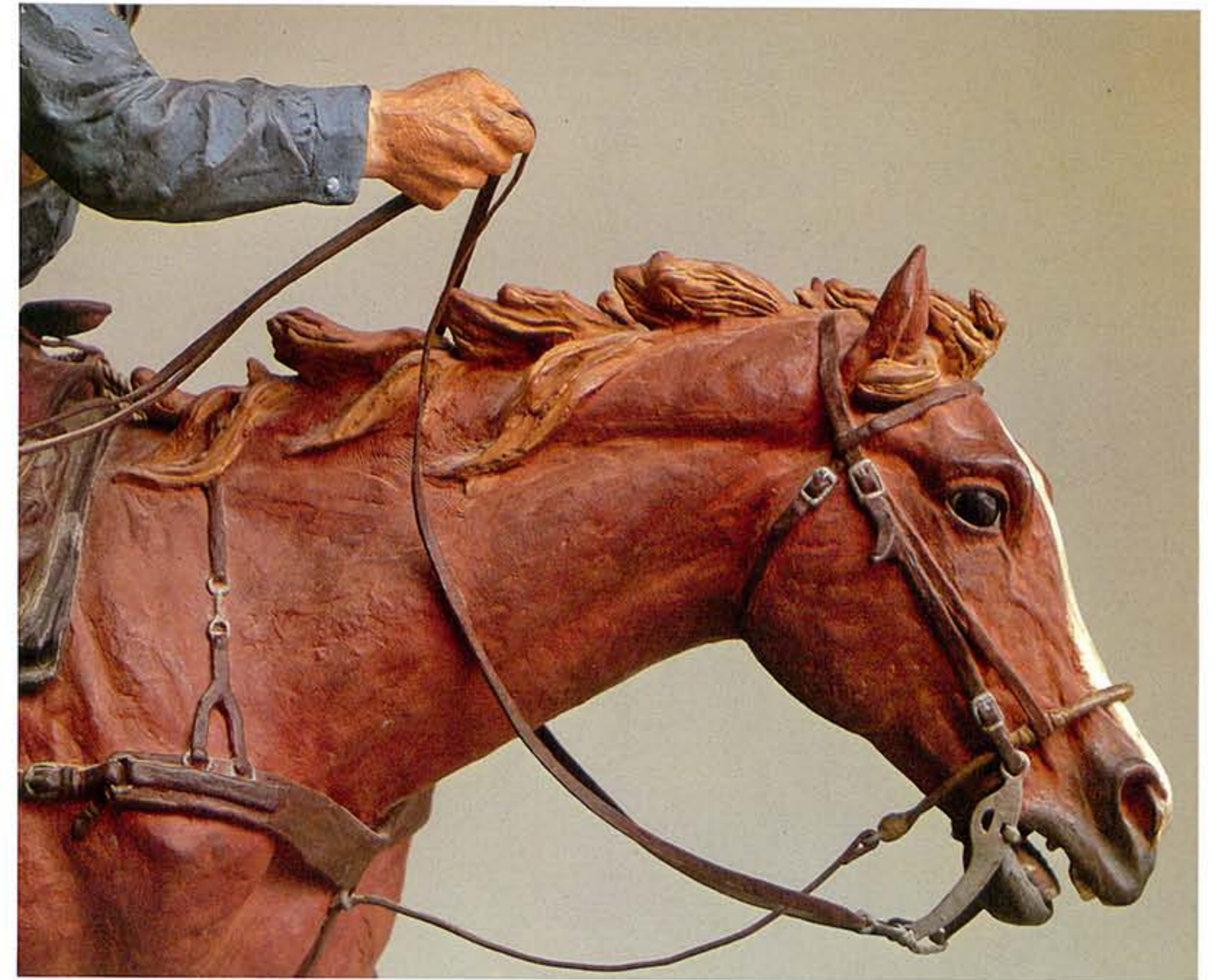
Cochrane came out of the revolutionary age in which our own country was born. He was driven from England after exposing abuses in the British Navy and then successfully commanded the navies of three countries fighting for independence: Chile, Brazil, and Greece. In 1818 he defeated the Spanish forces at Valdivia, Chile, where my bust of him was dedicated in 1971. On that occasion the Chilean poet Pablo Neruda wrote that he was "a man as brave as he was obstinate, as romantic as he was wise: a man of temperament, inflexible, decisive, and passionate. His heart was a compass which showed him by day and night the way to freedom."

Cochrane was true nobility, and recognized that nobility was not the intrinsic right of the peers of the realm only. Every citizen should have the rights of a nobleman and be ready to understand and accept the obligations as well. A democracy could not function otherwise. But too many of us have understood our Revolution as rejecting nobility in general when we most justifiably rejected the ignoble excesses of the English formal institution of nobility alone.

Ten years later, when I was working on the portrait for the full-scale *Sacagawea* monument (pl. 362), I could draw directly on the experience of having done this one-and-a-half times lifesize head, not only for the practical problems involved, but also for the spirit of strength and courage that I feel in both of them.



THE MARSHAL (1969–80)



314–15. *The Marshal*, details. 1970. Painted bronze,
29½ x 33 x 13"

After Cézanne a lot of artists made art for art's sake, and when I became an Abstract Expressionist in New York I was among them. In 1953 and '54 I moved on from there to again deal with man through my art. The New York school interlude for me was too private and removed from man. It did not speak to the people I was born and raised with, the ones I've learned my most timeless lessons from and admire with my whole heart. John Wayne spoke for these people. He was a perfect figure

for me to sculpt. In all his movie roles, even the non-Western ones, he was a wonderful embodiment of the timeless strength of the rugged individualist, the one-man majority that I believe in with my entire being.

Life is naturally dangerous and risk can never be wished or legislated out of it. One must take pleasure in grabbing it by the horns. Size is of no account. It's like the story that goes "How many are the enemy? 2,000 heavily armed men. How many are we? Two old men and a bugler... Sound the charge!" To me, many great sculptors and painters, from Praxiteles to Pollock, personify this same spirit.