

316. *The Marshal*. 1970. Patinaed bronze, 29½ x 33 x 13"



317. *The Marshal*. 1970. Painted bronze, 29½ x 33 x 13"



318. *The Marshal II*. 1979. Painted bronze, 16¾ x 19 x 7¼"



319. *The Marshal II*. 1979. Patinaed bronze, 16¾ x 19 x 7¼"

Overleaf:
320. *The Marshal III*, detail. 1979. Patinaed bronze,
10¾ x 11¼ x 4"



COWBOY SUBJECTS OF THE 1970s

321-23. *Silent Partners*. 1973. Patinaed bronze, 12½ x 14 x 5¼"

Silent Partners is about a deeply sensitive, aware, mutual communication across the human-animal barrier. The cowboy could be fifty men I know well, but the horse is Muggins. There is only one Muggins in the herd. I believe that horse could have roped the calves himself if we had let him. Together in one long morning's work they will snare about two hundred slippery, bouncy, uncooperative calves by both their hind heels, milling around in a close-packed herd of cows and calves. This still happens today on hundreds of ranches out home. I'm no good at it myself, but I give it my best shot every time I get a chance.



Overleaf:
A *Lack of Slack* (pls. 324-29) happened to me several times, kind of a "wreck going somewhere to happen." Once on the upper Greybull River riding a colt and packing a colt, I scattered the pack over creation, gathered it and repacked three or four times before I made it to camp on Eleanor Creek. Again it happened to me in '74, going up Pacific Creek, riding my horse Roach and leading a pack mare named Alice. I fell thirty feet into the creek with my saddlehorse and packhorse on top of me, and my cowboy friend John Keller pulled those horses off me and saved my life in a matter of seconds. Believe me, John will "do to ride the river with." That's the greatest thing one can say to a cowboy; it's equal to the Congressional Medal of Honor. These are all real men and real horses in my sculpture. Some of them might be composite but they're composites of what is real. There is nothing make-believe, including that old marshal that John Wayne was acting the part of.





324-29. *A Lack of Slack*. 1973. Patinaed bronze, 15¼ x 22¾ x 15¼"





330-31. *Two Champs*. 1974. Painted bronze, 30 x 19 x 15"



332-34. *Two Champs*. 1974. Patinaed bronze, 30 x 19 x 15"





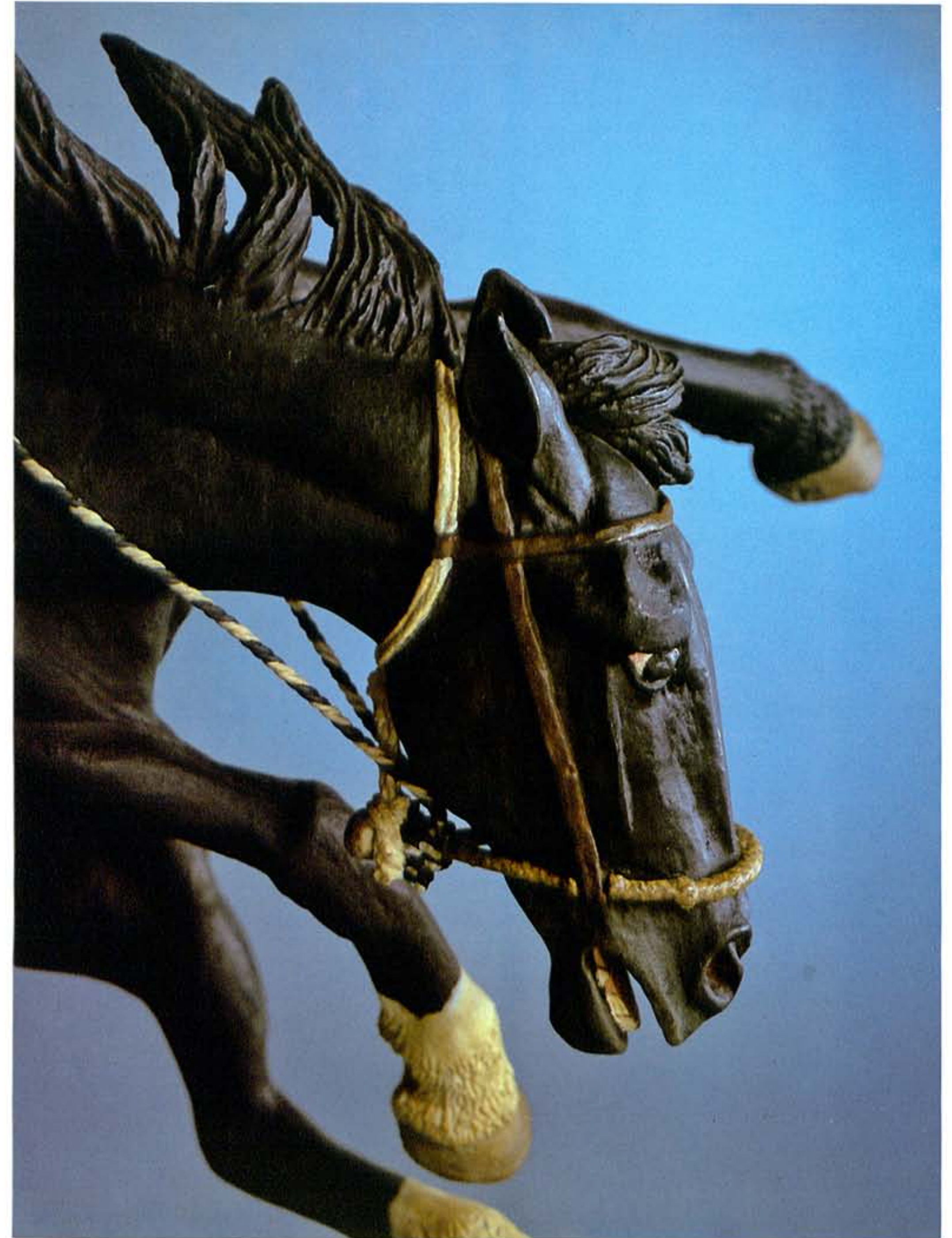
335. *Two Champs II*. 1977. Patinaed bronze, 23½ x 13¼ x 10"

336-37. *Two Champs II*. 1977. Painted bronze, 23½ x 13¼ x 10"

Clayton Danks, who I show winning the world championship on Steamboat in *Two Champs* (pls. 330-38), was high sheriff of Fremont County, the second largest in Wyoming, for sixteen years. He was general manager of a big cow outfit in the badlands—outlaw country south of Baggs, Wyoming—for many years before that, and he was one of the best bronc riders and steer ropers for twenty years starting at the turn of the century. In those



days they rode broncs until they stopped bucking, way before the eight- and ten-second rule. I did a large version four-and-a-half feet high and I've done one twenty-two inches and one about eleven inches and I want to do one that will be fifteen or eighteen feet. Whether two inches or twenty feet, it must be both physically and metaphysically balanced. I want to show that you can't "fit a ride" like that without finding the horse's center, and you can't get in the horse's center except through your own. You must go into where both centers are one. The moment they become two, you're in orbit. It is a necessary point to find in this ever-faster world we live in today.





338. *Two Champs ABC*. 1978. Painted bronze, 56 x 39 x 26". American Broadcasting Company Corporate Headquarters, New York

339–40. *Bull Study*. 1970. Patinaed bronze, 11½ x 11½ x 8"

The little unfinished sketch of a bull I want to develop into a piece about a bull rider. It has the same raw continuous rhythm as my early dance figures, which is something a work must have no matter how finished or unfinished it is.

Overleaf:

The *Foreman* (pls. 341–43) is a very accurate portrait of Cal Todd. Cal has been my friend since we were fifteen. We rode, fought, got drunk, went hunting, went to war and to jail together. We've gone belly-up ranching together. With Cal backing me up, even when God is busy elsewhere, I'm ahead of the game. He doesn't talk a lot, but you can count on him "startin' where the trouble is."

Pp. 268–69:

Ol' Sabertooth (pls. 344–45) reminds me of my good friend and ranch manager Mel Stonehouse. Last year in the Buffalo Bill Bar in Cody some big young fool told him cowboys were no good. Mel knocked the stuffing out of him and I bailed Mel out of jail. He is 68 years old. He believes in cowboy religion: "Never quit the cattle on a stormy night." He's been a champion saddle-bronc rider and bulldogger and one of the best big-game outfitters for forty years in the Northern Rockies.

He and I rode out into the hills for ten hours one day last year. You've never seen a man ride until you've seen Mel Stonehouse. In 1950 one of Johnny Wyants' broncs, Owl Creek, threw Mel into the fence and broke his right leg in umpteen places. Mel had hunters in the hills, so he took them out, cast and all. With the wet snow the cast came off and he rode anyway—he's practically been one-legged ever since. But let me tell you, he still rides and ropes and he still runs my outfit like it was his own. He personifies the spirit that not only America but mankind must never lose touch with. No amount of presidents or senators or judges or preachers ever made that spirit possible, and I love celebrating it in my art.





341-43. *Foreman*. 1974. Patinated bronze, 18 x 13 x 12"





344-45. *Ol' Sabertooth*, 1980. Patinated bronze, 10 x 6½ x 6¼"



WASHAKIE AND SACAGAWEA (1976–80)

I can't imagine the world without color. Walking down an ordinary street or out in a plain piece of unbroken country, even on a gray day, I see everything like it was painted. It's always like walking through the middle of a painting to me, a constantly moving, changing painting; the people, the animals, the trees, the buildings, the air, the apparently empty spaces between the solids that dot the world are all wonderfully colored to me. Ever since I can remember, just the plain white and gray and black have never existed the way I've heard others describe them. Instead they've always been intensely and colorfully alive through my eyes.

I've always been a painter, I was born one and I shall die a better one. Sculpture for me is a way to be a better painter.

In 1946 when I went to New York to meet Pollock and see abstract painting, I listened to all the theories about "respecting the flatness of the two-dimensional plane." Cézanne, the man they all worshiped, never mentioned it. Instead he spoke passionately of "the deep space and solid volumes" he admired in Poussin, Rubens, Delacroix, and Courbet, and of the exact perception and placement of nature's volumes within the awesome "spectacle that our omnipotent Father, the eternal God spreads out before our eyes."^{*}

I accepted and practiced according to their theories for six years until 1952. Then I knew that the consciously disciplined creation of solid volumes within the deep space of all classic painting was what I would have, and I went to Italy to study the Venetians just as Rubens, Poussin, and Delacroix had done before me. Courbet and Cézanne studied these same Venetians in the French museums.

My desire to master volume and mass in painting on a flat surface naturally brought me to modeling these volumes in the actual three dimensions of wax sculpture for the two large murals of the Coe Commission in 1958.

From the beginning I saw my little sculptural figures in color, but I didn't try putting color on them until the *Cowboy's Meditation* in 1963. That color I conceived and applied in the most realistic and conservative way, yet deep inside my dim inner consciousness each surface variation of the volumes of my sculptures spoke to me in its own color. These color impulses were still too faint for me to dare to transmit them onto my bronzes, and a great part of my creative energy was being given to building my own foundry and training the teams of craftsmen that would enable me to bring an unprecedented freedom and continuity to bear on my future creative work. In the past two years that time has begun to arrive. I now see my sculpture more and more take its natural place within the vivid color-filled everyday world I've always lived in, and as it has always appeared.

The *Sacagawea* (pls. 196, 357, and 378) and the *Two Champs for ABC* (pl. 198) were the first attempts at this new way, and the painted *Washakie* (pls. 353–55) and *Indian Mother and Child* (pl. 1) were the next exciting steps in the slow and thrilling realization of my dream of making three-dimensional paintings. Vivid, painted expressions of my own people, our own people, the real cowboys and Indians, are the essential living stuff of our fantastic nation—vivid, timeless, painted expressions that will not be confined to walls but can stand freely and solidly in the middle of a room or a field. That is where my work is bound, and like Hokusai I plan to live to at least 110 in order to realize what I haven't yet even begun to scratch the surface of.

^{*}From a letter by Cézanne to Emile Bernard, dated Aix-en-Provence, April 15, 1904. See John Rewald, ed.; Marguerite Kay, trans., *Paul Cézanne Letters*, London: Bruno Cassirer, 1941, pp. 233–34.

346. Wax model of *Washakie*, detail. 1978

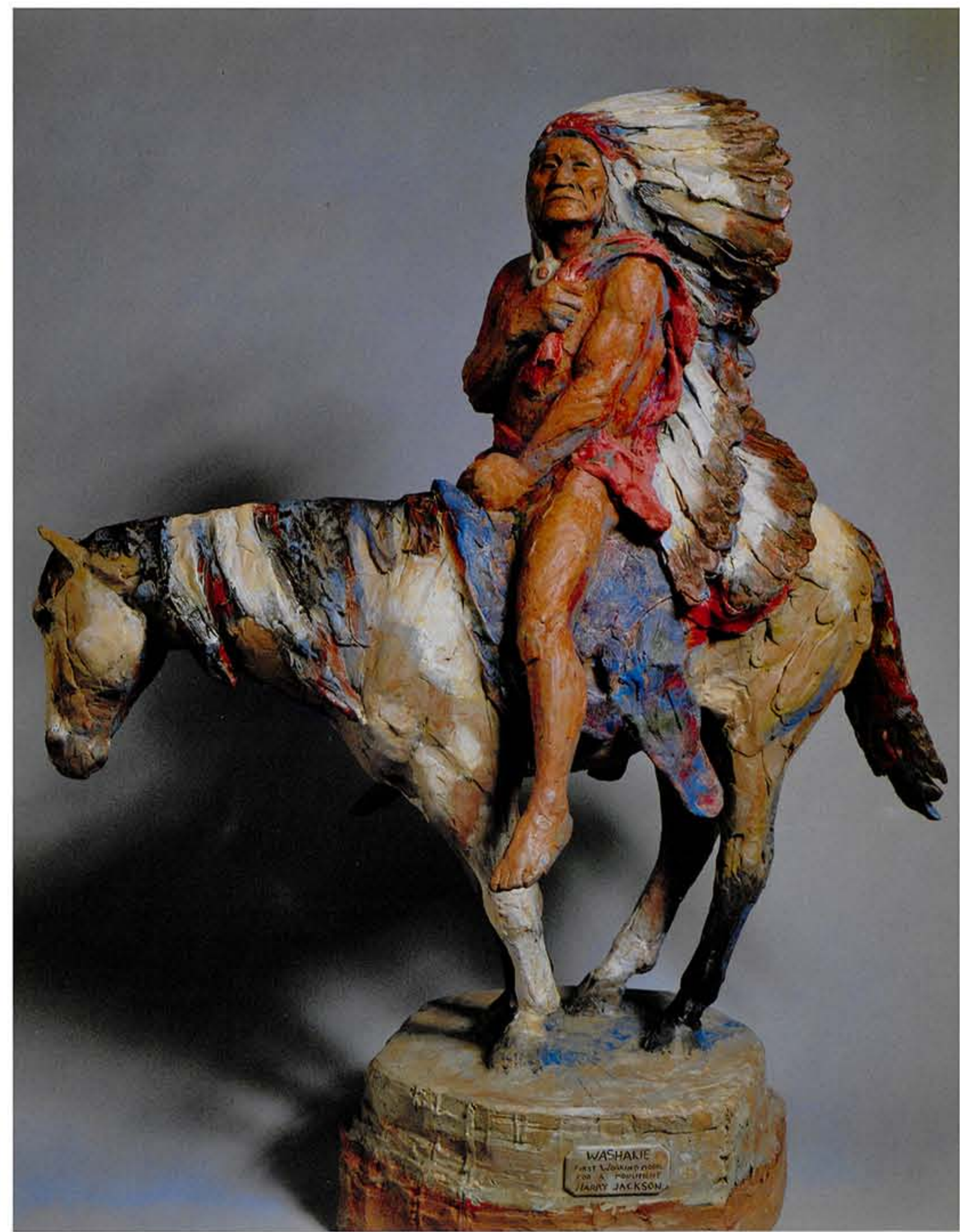


347-48. *Washakie*. 1978. Patinaed bronze, 36 x 28½ x 13"





349-52. Brown-and-white and black-and-white painted versions of *Washakie* wax model



353-55. *Washakie*. 1978. Painted bronze, 36 x 28½ x 13"



356. *Washakie*. 1978. Patinaed bronze, 36 x 28½ x 13"

357. *Sacagawea, First Working Model*. 1980. Painted bronze, 21 x 11 x 8¼"





358-61. *Marie*. 1980. Patinated bronze, 8 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 8 $\frac{3}{8}$ x 7 $\frac{1}{8}$ "



Overleaf:
362-63. *Sacagawea*, details of clay model for the
monumental bronze. 1980





364-67. *Sacagawea*, fiberglass model for the monumental bronze. 1980





376-77. *Sacagawea with Packhorse*. 1978. Patinaed bronze, 27¼ x 19½ x 12½"

