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FRONT COVER — Multnomah Falls, 44″ by 30″, oil, by Albert Bierstadt.

BACK COVER — Trapper, 19″ by 13″, oil, by Albert Bierstadt.

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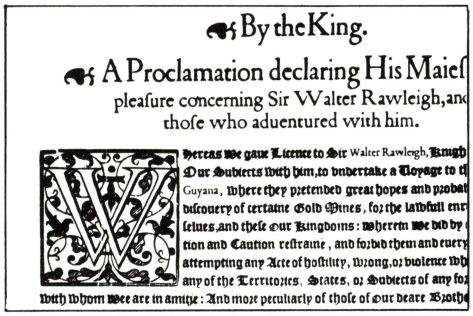
FROM THE EDITOR'S DESK

Bierstadt

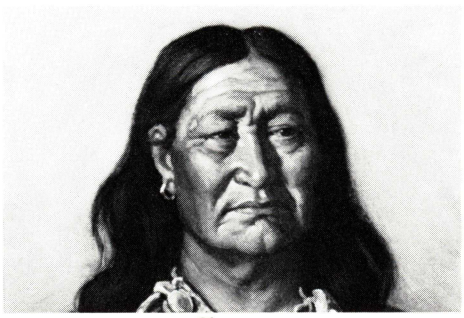


By the King.

A Proclamation declaring His Maiesties pleasure concerning Sir Walter Rawleigh, and those who aduentured with him.

Whereas we gaue Licence to Sir Walter Rawleigh, Knight, Our Subiects with him, to vndertake a Voyage to the Guyana, where they pretended great hopes and probable discouery of certaine Gold Mines, for the lawfull enriching themselues, and these our Kingdoms: wherein we did by Proclamation and Caution restraine, and forbid them and euery one attempting any Acte of hostility, Wrong, or violence vpon any of the Territories, States, or Subiects of any forraine Prince with whom wee are in amitie: And more peculiarly of those of our deare Brother

Raleigh



Sharp

I have always had a thing about mountains. No matter what season of the year, no matter if they are covered with snow, or green trees, or tiny wild flowers, or fog and clouds, or ragged rock faces, or misty with soft falling rain, mountains turn me on.

Mountains throughout the world have seduced me and completely boggled my mind. Mountains, valleys and lakes in Switzerland, Mexico, Austria, Italy, Germany, China, Japan, Hawaii, Guam, Iwo Jima, Ireland, Iceland, and a few other spots.

But, there is one chain of mountains that almost completely wipe me out. It's the Rocky Mountains of our own great country. What glorious visions and magnificent scenery are contained in the mountain regions of Colorado, Wyoming, Montana, Idaho, California, Washington, Oregon, Arizona, New Mexico, Utah, and Nevada.

And, if you think the area is beautiful today, think what it must have looked like 122 years ago when it was unspoiled. Well, we know what it looked like because of the work of painter Albert Bierstadt, the 19th Century American landscapist, whose romantic visions of the splendors of the wilderness of the American West, really educated the American public about the Western portion of our nation.

Bierstadt had an almost story-book career with a rapid rise to fame and fortune and an almost equally rapid decline in his later years. Now, he is being "rediscovered" as one of America's premier painters of the West.

A very wise man named Aristotle once said: "In all things of nature there is something of the marvelous!" We think Bierstadt realized this and did a most creditable job of capturing the marvels of nature on canvas. Our story in this issue presents some of the background and general information about the career of this historic painter.

Quickly now, what can you tell me about Sir Walter Raleigh?

I'll bet the first thing that came into your mind was the story about the valiant knight Sir Walter Raleigh who jerked off his fancy cloak and spread it over a mud puddle so the Queen could step on it and not spoil her feet. Right?

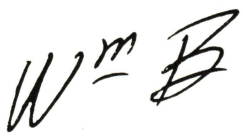
Well, anyway, one of my favorite history buffs and a pretty good writer, too, Ernest Darling, tells us that the story is not even true. Ernie writes about Sir Walter Raleigh in connection with some of the rare documents in the Gilcrease Institute library. He spins an interesting tale of the man of the Elizabethan Period who was a knight, mariner, soldier, adventurer, historian, poet, lawmaker, and martyr. I'm a little disappointed. I always liked that cloak in the mud puddle story.

During his long career as a painter, Joseph Henry Sharp turned out 10,500 paintings before his death at the age of 93. Six of those years, beginning in 1899, were spent in Montana in the town of Crow Agency, a few miles from the Custer battleground. He painted over 200 of the Indian warriors who took part in the Custer battle. During his Montana years, Sharp lived among the Indians and became their friend.

Some rare insights, in words and photographs, of the Sharp Montana years are offered our readers in the story by Forrest Fenn, successful Santa Fe, New Mexico art dealer. Fenn is a transplanted Texan and retired U.S. Air Force fighter pilot who moved to Santa Fe in 1972 and built his gallery. He also recently purchased the Leon Gaspard house and its contents which included over 200 Gaspard paintings and plans to open it as a gallery this month.

On a visit with Fenn in Santa Fe a few months ago, we found out that he is also finishing work on a book on J. H. Sharp. Forrest has been researching and writing this book intensely for the past four years. After looking through stacks and stacks of letters, documents, photographs, scrap books, hundreds of notes of the artist, and letters that he has acquired, including some 8,600 photographs of Indians that Sharp took, we have come to the conclusion that Forrest Fenn has to know more about Joseph Henry Sharp than any person alive.

Fenn's book on Sharp is planned as a lavish volume of about 80,000 words and 200 photographs. It is due to be in stores in six months. Forrest told us the title will probably be: "The Beat of the Drum and the Whoop of the Dance," J. H. Sharp. The story in this issue is just a small sample of what will be available in Fenn's new book.



William J. Butler
Senior Editor

Bierstadt . . .

then you begin to dream, and you may even fall into complete contemplation of the glorious scene.

What you are looking at is the work of Albert Bierstadt, the 19th Century American landscapist, whose romantic visions of the splendors of the wilderness of the American West, particularly the Rocky Mountains region, established him with a major reputation in his own day.

His career was a typical American success story which brought him fame and fortune, but also, failure when critical taste turned against him in his later years. Today, 80 years after his death at the age of 72, once again there is a revival of interest in his work among modern critics and collectors.

Bierstadt was born in Germany in 1830 and came to the United States with his parents at the age of two where the family settled at New Bedford, Mass. As he grew to manhood, he was determined to become an artist and in 1853 at the age of 23 returned to Germany to study art at Dusseldorf, then an art center for aspiring American artists, which emphasized landscape and historical painting.

He spent four years studying, traveling and painting in Germany, Switzerland and Italy during which he developed an abiding love for mountains. He returned to Massachusetts in the spring of 1857 and spent a part of that summer in the White Mountains of New Hampshire.

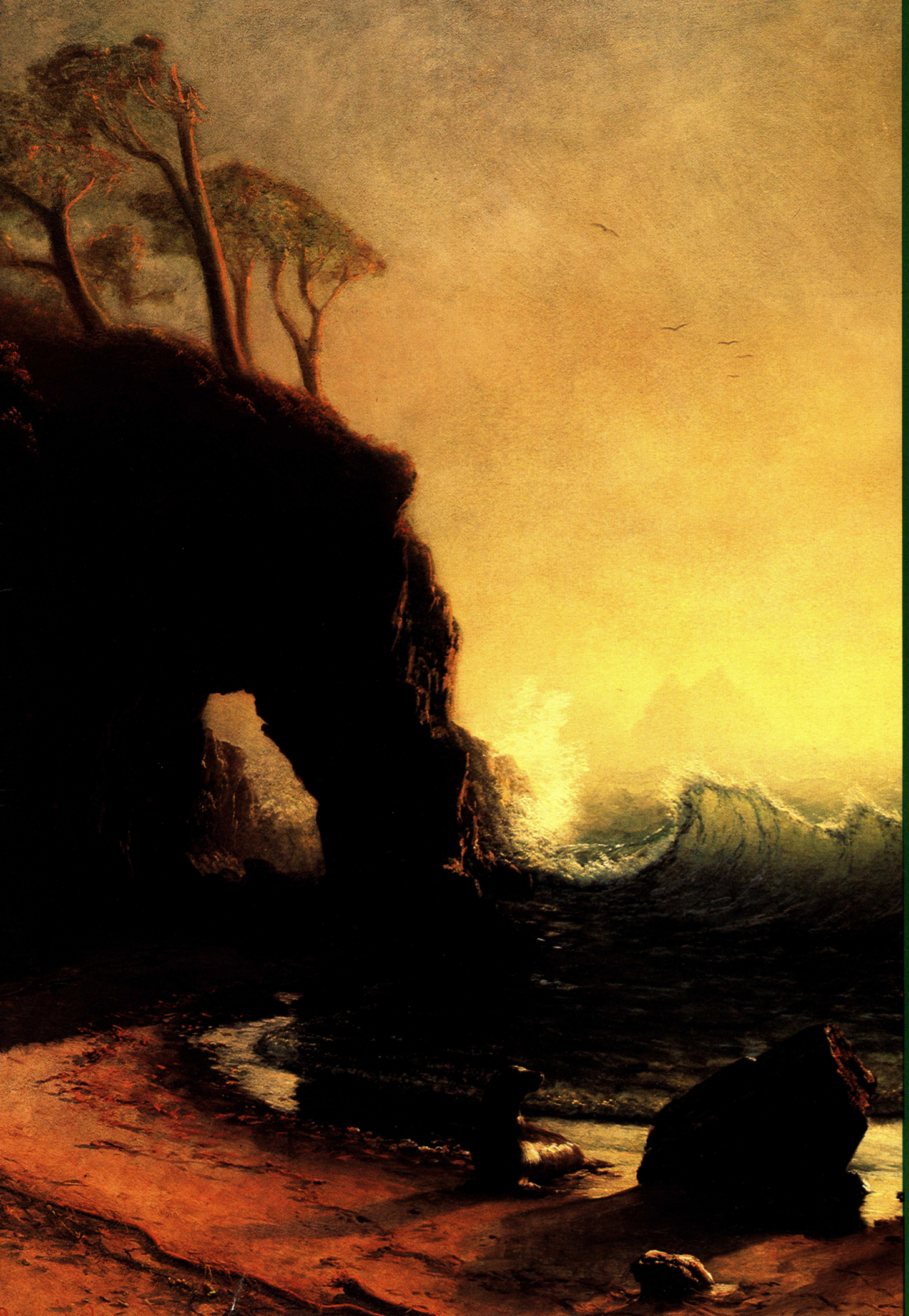
For the next two years, Bierstadt painted landscapes of the White Mountains and European subjects. The paintings, rendered in the romantic Dusseldorfian style, caught the public's fancy and he gained a reputation and some financial success in New England.

Then, in 1859, he made a decision that would shape his entire career and bring him fame and fortune. He joined Colonel Frederick William Lander's South Pass Wagon Road Expedition, a military expedition being outfitted to survey an overland wagon route between Fort Laramie, Wyoming, and Fort Hall, Idaho, and then on to the Pacific Coast.

The Wind River country of Wyoming was especially appealing to Bierstadt. Here he discovered his real subject and life's work, the unspoiled grandeur of the American wilderness, a subject which would allow him to draw upon his mastery of certain technical skills, sophisticated pictorial techniques, which were developed during his four years of study in Europe.

What sort of impression did the first exposure of magnificent scenery of the West have upon the artist? A letter he wrote to a publication called The Crayon and published in their September, 1859 edition, gives us an idea:

Point Lobos, 46" by 32-1/2", oil, by Albert Bierstadt.



Bierstadt . . .

Rocky Mountains
July 10, 1859

"Dear Crayon:

"If you can form any idea of the scenery of the Rocky Mountains and of our life in this region from what I have to write, I shall be very glad; there is indeed enough to write about – a writing lover of nature and art could not wish for a better subject. I am delighted with the scenery. The mountains are very fine; as seen from the plains, they resemble very much the Bernese Alps, one of the finest ranges of mountains in Europe, if not in the world. They are of a granite formation, the same as the Swiss mountains and their jagged summits, covered with snow and mingling with the clouds, present a scene which every lover of landscape would gaze upon with unqualified delight.

"As you approach them, the lower hills present themselves more or less clothed with a great variety of trees, among which may be found the cotton-wood, lining the river banks, the aspen, and several species of the fir and pine, some of them being very beautiful. And such a charming grouping of rocks, so fine in color – more so than any I ever saw. Artists would be delighted with them – were it not for the tormenting swarms of mosquitoes.

"In the valleys, silvery streams abound with mossy rocks and an abundance of that finny tribe that we all delight so much to catch, the trout.

"We see many spots in the scenery that remind us of our New Hampshire and Catskill hills, but when we look up and measure the mighty perpendicular cliffs that rise hundreds of feet aloft, all capped with snow, we then realize that we are among a different class of mountains; and especially when we see the antelope stop to look at us, and still more the Indian, his pursuer, who often stands dismayed to see a white man sketching along in the midst of his hunting grounds. We often meet Indians, and they have always been kindly disposed to us and we to them; but it is a little risky, because being very superstitious and naturally distrustful, their friendship may turn to hate at any moment. We do not venture a great distance from the camp alone, although tempted to do so by distant objects, which, of course, appear more charming than those near by; also by the figures of the Indians so enticing, travelling about with their long poles trailing along on the ground, and their picturesque dress, that renders them such appropriate adjuncts to the scenery. For a figure-painter, there is an abundance of fine subjects. The manner and customs of the Indians are still as they were hundreds of years ago, and now is the time to paint them, for they are rapidly passing away, and soon will be known only in history. . . .

"I have above told you a little of the Wind River chain of mountains, as it is called. Some 70 miles west from them,

Sierra Nevada Mountains (Yosemite Valley From Inspiration Point), 18" by 24", oil, by Albert Bierstadt.

Bierstadt . . .

Buffalo, 20" by 28", oil, by Albert Bierstadt

across a rolling prairie covered with wild sage, the soap-plant and different kinds of shrubs, we come to the Wahsatch, a range resembling the White Mountains. At a distance, you imagine you see cleared land and the assurances of civilization, but you soon find that nature has done all the clearing. The streams are lined with willows, and across them at short intervals they are intersected by the beaver dams; we have not yet, however, seen any of their constructors. The mountains here are much higher than those at home, snow remaining on portions of them the whole season. The color of the mountains and of the plains, reminds one of the color of Italy; in fact, we have here the Italy of America in a primitive condition. . . .

"I spend most of my time in making journeys in the saddle or on the back of an Indian pony. We have plenty of game to eat, such as antelope, mountain grouse, rabbit, sage-hens, wild ducks, and the like. We have also tea, coffee, dried fruits, beans, a few other luxuries, and a good appetite – we ask for nothing better. I enjoy camp life exceedingly. This living out of doors, night and day, I find of great benefit. I never felt better in my life. I do not know what some of your Eastern folks would say, who call night air injurious, if they could see us wake up in the morning with dew on our faces!

"We are about to turn our faces homeward again, the season being a short one here, and to avoid the fall deluge on the plains, which renders the roads almost impassable."

Bierstadt was completely seduced by the scenery of the

Portrait Sketches Of Indians, 14" by 19", oil, by Albert Bierstadt.

Following page, Sierra Nevada Morning, 56" by 84", oil, by Albert Bierstadt.

American West. Thus, he decided to share his discoveries with the rest of the nation and the world. And, he did so in a magnificent manner.

He returned to his New Bedford studio and began to turn his sketches into paintings. He worked on his Rocky Mountain paintings until the end of 1860 when he moved to a new studio in New York City which he shared with Emmanuel Leutze, the noted painter of "Washington Crossing the Delaware," Worthington Whittredge, a leader of the Hudson River School, William S. Haseltine, and Frederick E. Church.

In 1860, Bierstadt exhibited the first of his Rocky Mountain landscapes at the National Academy of Design. His canvases were received favorably and he was elected to Academy membership that year. Major Eastern collectors also reacted favorably by purchasing his paintings almost as fast as he could produce them.

Bierstadt's second trip west was in 1863 with journalist Fitz Hugh Ludlow. The party traveled through Nebraska, Kansas, Colorado, Idaho, Utah, into the Yosemite Valley in California and then north through Washington and into Oregon. The artist made another short Western excursion in 1866.

Along the Eastern seaboard of the United States in the 1860's, not much was known about the lands of the West. Folks in New York, Boston, and Washington knew almost nothing about the West. They realized it was out there someplace very distant, and they assumed that it was full of savage people, and was a mysterious and perilous place. Most of their ideas were merely abstractions until Albert Bierstadt presented his paintings to the public. Until 1860, the people of the Eastern seaboard had been presented landscapes of America by such painters as Thomas Cole, Asher Durand, and then Frederick E. Church who painted idyllic versions of rustic life and upstate scenery.

Then, single-handedly, Bierstadt changed the idea of the West held by most people along the Eastern seaboard. His paintings moved the West into the realm of living, breathing, glorious, stupendous, overwhelming reality. They were glorious visions of an awe-inspiring land that brought the Rocky Mountains to the center stage of the art world in America.

During the years of 1866-1871, Bierstadt was enjoying great success. He was the recipient of official honors from European governments, widely exhibited, receiving much publicity, and his works were bringing higher prices than any American artist had commanded to that time, many in the $30,000 to $40,000 range.

Perhaps just as important, Albert Bierstadt was the first American artist to command the attention of the European art world on grounds other than curiosity or novelty. He was the first painter to achieve the respect of the European art commu-

Mountain And River Scene, 14" by 20", oil, by Albert Bierstadt.

On The High Plains, 9" by 16", oil, by Albert Bierstadt.

Cloud Study, 6-1/2" by 11-3/4", oil, by Albert Bierstadt.

nity that American art offered something unique.

Critical acclaim came to Bierstadt from throughout the world, and it was in 1864 that the major American critics, dealers and collectors agreed that Bierstadt equaled and perhaps surpassed Frederick E. Church as America's most celebrated landscapist.

The painter of the great American West was at the top of the art world. He built a huge 35-room mansion overlooking the Hudson River. He and his wife entertained dignitaries from throughout the world and in 1867 they toured Europe for two years, moving in the top European social circles.

The artist' third trip West was made in 1871-1873 to California, mostly to Yosemite Valley and into Oregon.

Bierstadt's popularity had been spectacular but it was short-lived. The fickle taste of the art critics and the art-buying public changes quickly and Bierstadt's fall was almost as swift as his rise to fame and fortune. From 1882 until 1893, critical taste turned against him and even the public grew tired of the gigantic Bierstadt canvases and their minute detail. His subdued palette and finical detail went out of fashion, replaced by the developing French influence of the sunny, more intimate glimpses of nature in the work of the Impressionists. The critics even complained about his huge panoramas, the over-ambitious scale of his paintings.

The decline continued and the final humiliation came in 1889 when the American selection committee for the exhibit at the Paris Exposition refused to hang his large composition, *The Last of the Buffalo.*

Albert Bierstadt died in 1902. He had not exhibited in years and was, for all practical purposes, a forgotten man in American art. But, great art of historical importance is never truly forgotten. And, neither is a great painter, despite the pros and cons of his artistic merit.

He was the man who put Western landscape painting solidly in the center of the national art world. He dazzled the American art world with the glories of the West with splendid canvases of beauty and historic importance.

Albert Bierstadt provided us all with a glorious vision of the most spectacular aspects of the American Western landscape and opened our eyes to our most valuable national treasures.

If there is any doubt in your mind, take a look at one of his paintings of buffalo roaming the plains, a radiant sunset on snow-capped mountains, a pristine mountain lake, colorful Indian tribes, or a sun-kissed waterfall.

And, Albert Bierstadt will always be a part of the American West. A mountain peak in the Rockies preserves his name.

Sir Walter Raleigh

The Ideal
Elizabethan Man
Who Could Not
Stay Out Of Trouble

Sir Walter Raleigh

By Ernest F. Darling

Deep in the recesses of the rare books and documents section of the Thomas Gilcrease Institute Research Library there reposes a duly certified broadside enclosed in a full crimson levant morocco case. It is dated 1618, is signed by James I of England, and calls for the detention of one Sir Walter Rawleigh (sic). The document states plainly that "he did cause the King high displeasure and indignation, and must repaire unto the Privy Counsell in answer to charges of scandalous and outrageous action against Our deare Brother the King of Spaine."

As if in anticipation of the inevitable question, there are nearly two volumes of a five volume set, "Historie of the World," by Sir Walter Ralegh (sic). This edition came out a few years after his death with a supple-

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By the King.

A Proclamation declaring His Maieſties pleaſure concerning Sir Walter Rawleigh, and thoſe who aduentured with him.

WHereas we gaue Licence to Sir Walter Rawleigh, Knight, and others of Our Subiects with him, to vndertake a Voyage to the Countrey of Guyana, where they pretended great hopes and probabilities to make diſcouery of certaine Gold Mines, for the lawfull enriching of themſelues, and theſe Our Kingdoms: wherein we did by expreſſe limitation and Caution reſtraine, and forbid them and euery of them, from attempting any Acte of hoſtility, wrong, or violence whatſoeuer, vpon any of the Territories, States, or Subiects of any forraine Princes, with whom wee are in amitie: And more peculiarly of thoſe of our deare Brother the King of Spaine, in reſpect of his Dominions and Intereſts in that Continent.

All which notwithſtanding, we are ſince informed by a common fame, that they, or ſome of them haue, by an hoſtile inuaſion of the Towne of S. Thome (being vnder the obedience of our ſaid deare Brother the King of Spaine) and by killing of diuers of the inhabitants therof, his Subiects, and after by ſacking and burning of the ſaid towne, (as much as in them for their owne parts lay) malitiouſly broken and infringed the Peace and Amitie, which hath beene ſo happily eſtabliſhed, and ſo long inuiolably continued betweene Vs and the Subiects of both our Crownes.

Wee haue therefore held it fit, as appertaining neerely to Our Royall Juſtice and Honor, eſtſoones to make a publique declaration of Our owne bitter miſlike and deteſtation of the ſaid inſolences, and exceſſes, if any ſuch haue beene by any of Our Subiects committed: And for the better detection and clearing of the very trueth of the ſaid common fame; wee doe hereby ſtraitly charge and require all Our Subiects whatſoeuer, that haue any particular vnderſtanding and notice therof, vpon their duety and alleagiance which they owe Vs, immediately after publication of this Our pleaſure, to repaire vnto ſome of Our Priuy Counſell, and to diſcouer and make knowne vnto them their whole knowledge and vnderſtanding concerning the ſame, vnder paine of Our high diſpleaſure and indignation; that wee may thereupon proceede in Our Princely Juſtice to the exemplary puniſhment and coertion of all ſuch, as ſhal be conuicted and found guilty of ſo ſcandalous and enormous outrages.

Giuen at Our Mannor of Greenwich, the ninth day of Iune, in the ſixteenth yeere of Our Raigne of England, France and Ireland, and of Scotland the one and Fiftieth.

God ſaue the King.

¶ Imprinted at London by Bonham Norton, and Iohn Bill, deputie Printers for the Kings moſt *Excellent Maieſtie*.

ANNO M.DC.XVIII.

This printed broadside, dated 1618, calls for the detention of Sir Walter Raleigh.

ment containing his lengthy "Apologia," and a full transcript of his final trial.

A word about the spelling of his name: he and his descendants used *Ralegh.* King James I's printers spelled it *Rawleigh,* and the modern version — Raleigh — is the only one that neither he nor his family are ever known to have employed.

Most Americans usually hear of Sir Walter Raleigh first in an early history lesson and how he attempted to plant the foremost English colony on our shores. The Raleigh enterprises started almost 100 years after Columbus, while the English were still contesting Spain, France, and the Indians for a share in America. The English had no experience in colonization either, and when the settlement on Roanoke Island, off the Virginia coast, disappeared and became known as the "Lost Colony," it was quite understandable.

There was always the accompanying story about the valiant knight, Sir Walter Raleigh, a favorite of Queen Elizabeth I's royal court, who "removed his fancy velvet cloak and with a gallant gesture spread it over a muddy spot, that his Queen might not soil her dainty feet." And it is quite possible this took priority in our memory. The records say that the coat shedding account isn't so. True or not, it was an act required of a man of Sir Walter's romantic character, given such an opportunity.

It is quite likely that many of us never heard the remaining historic side of Raleigh's life, his many exploitations, and tragic ending. He did become a world figure about the time Elizabeth I was at the top of her fame, in her late 50's. She realized that she was aging and it worried her more than being unmarried, consequently she brought to her court many young faces — hoping for vicarious youth. By careful camouflage and other wiles the Queen concealed much of the onset of age, making it easier for such men as Raleigh, Drake, Sidney, and Essex to play her game. Sir Walter wooed the Queen with verses celebrating her loveliness and delicately dismissing the subject of age in such lines as:

Time wears her not, she doth his chariot guide,
Mortality below her orb is placed.

Raleigh exemplified the ideal man of the Elizabethan Period. He was a knight, mariner, soldier, adventurer, historian, poet, lawmaker, and martyr. His formal education led to Oxford University, but he soon left the books in favor of the Huguenot cause in France. Later, as a reward for putting down a rebellion in Ireland, the Queen gave him a 12,000-acre estate there, and indulgence at her court.

This might have been the ultimate for some Englishmen but Raleigh preferred a more robust life. He begged Elizabeth's permission and was allowed to join England's "Sea Dogs" in their daring escapades of plunder and rapacity, especially on the Spanish ships and settlements in the New World.

A life-long dream to set up and personally govern an English colony was revived and Sir Walter used his dashing figure, influence, and wit to charm the Queen into giving him a charter for founding a colony in Virginia. When the ships were ready to sail the Queen told him that he meant so much to her and would not allow him to accompany the colonists, so Raleigh appointed a trusted friend, John White, to act as governor. The next three years there was little communication with the settlers, chiefly because England was busy fending off the Spanish Armada. Then came the disastrous news — the colony had completely disappeared. The only mark found was the Indian name CROATAN carved on a tree.

Although the "Lost Colony" failed in its primary purpose, America got her first illustrious woman, Virginia Dare, and the English learned about potatoes and tobacco.

When our Elizabethan Man was nearing 40, and sickened of the sham with Elizabeth Tudor, he met Elizabeth Throckmorton. They were secretly married — so they thought. Since it was against the rules for a member of the royal court to marry without the Queen's consent, the couple was imprisoned in the Tower of London where they spent their honeymoon. A long and flattering letter from the groom describing the Queen as a combination of every superior attribute, finally brought freedom for the Raleighs and reinstatement at court. The new Elizabeth proved to be a treasure. She remained patient, affectionate, and loyal to the end.

After a couple of domestic years Sir Walter was ready for some of the old ways. He wheedled two powerful ministers of the royal retinue to equip another expedition to South America in quest of gold, but this also fizzled.

He was more successful filling a seat in Parliament. No outstanding legislation came about, but his intellect and foresight kept that body in a stir. In a fiery debate over taxation Raleigh helped bring on the

downfall of Sir Francis Bacon.

In 1603, Queen Elizabeth died at age 70. Four days later James VI of Scotland started to London where he had already been assured the throne as James I of England. He was the rightful heir, being the nearest male relative to Elizabeth, son of her cousin, Mary Queen of Scots.

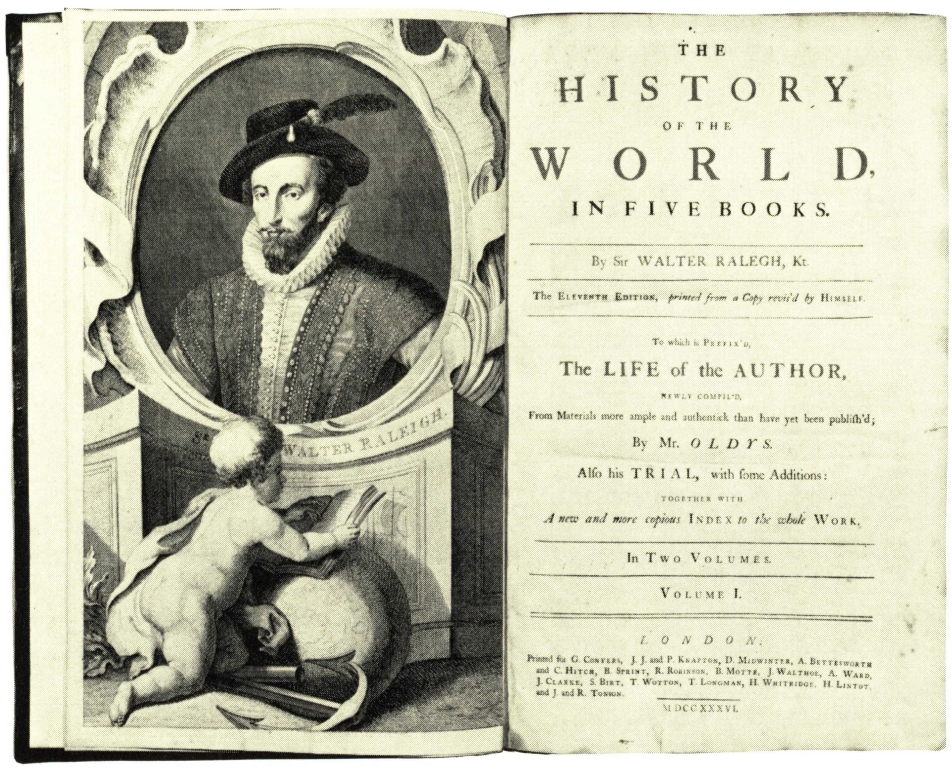
The overbrash Raleigh soon found himself out of the royal court and into the Tower again. He had openly opposed James's succession, yet he was not a part of any conspiracy as his enemies charged. There followed a vindictive trial and conviction with the death sentence. But the prisoner still had influential friends and they were able to stay the execution for nearly 15 years.

Raleigh's wife and son were allowed to live with him in a small house inside the prison walls, and his scholarly friends were permitted to bring books. He wrote poetry, history, and philosophy. Some of his essays hint strongly of religious disbelief. His "Historie of the World" ended with the fall of Rome since he was not so inclined now to comment on recent times, saying, "whosoever in writing a modern historie shall not follow truth too neare the heels, it may haply striketh out his teethe."

Confinement lasted about a dozen years before his guile and friends managed another release. It was effected mostly by Raleigh's insistence of easily obtainable gold in Guiana. James was fearful of Spain and did not want trouble, but the temptation of riches was irresistable. The King freed his captive on the strict condition that he not disturb the existing peaceful relations, under threat of the old death sentence.

The "Old Sea Dog" sailed his new expedition to the mouth of the Orinoco River where a Spanish garrison gave resistence. Much killing and burning occurred, then more free-booting along the coast before the crew headed homeward. Of course the Spanish Ambassador in London was already demanding an explanation, and James was in a rage. A proclamation was posted for Raleigh's arrest, and upon landing he tried to escape to France. He was apprehended and returned to the quite familiar Tower. A dubious trial for treason found him guilty and the former sentence became automatic. Whether he had recanted in praying for the King, the court, and his guards, the summation of the judge included much on the prisoner's earlier heretic and atheistic pronouncements.

Sir Walter Raleigh went to the end in total command of himself and the occasion, making his death the one unflawed act of his life. He walked with calm dignity to the block. With his thumb he tested the edge of the ax and said, "This is surely a sharp medicine and will cure all my diseases and miseries."



The title page of one of the volumes of a five volume set of "Historie of the World," by Sir Walter Raleigh.

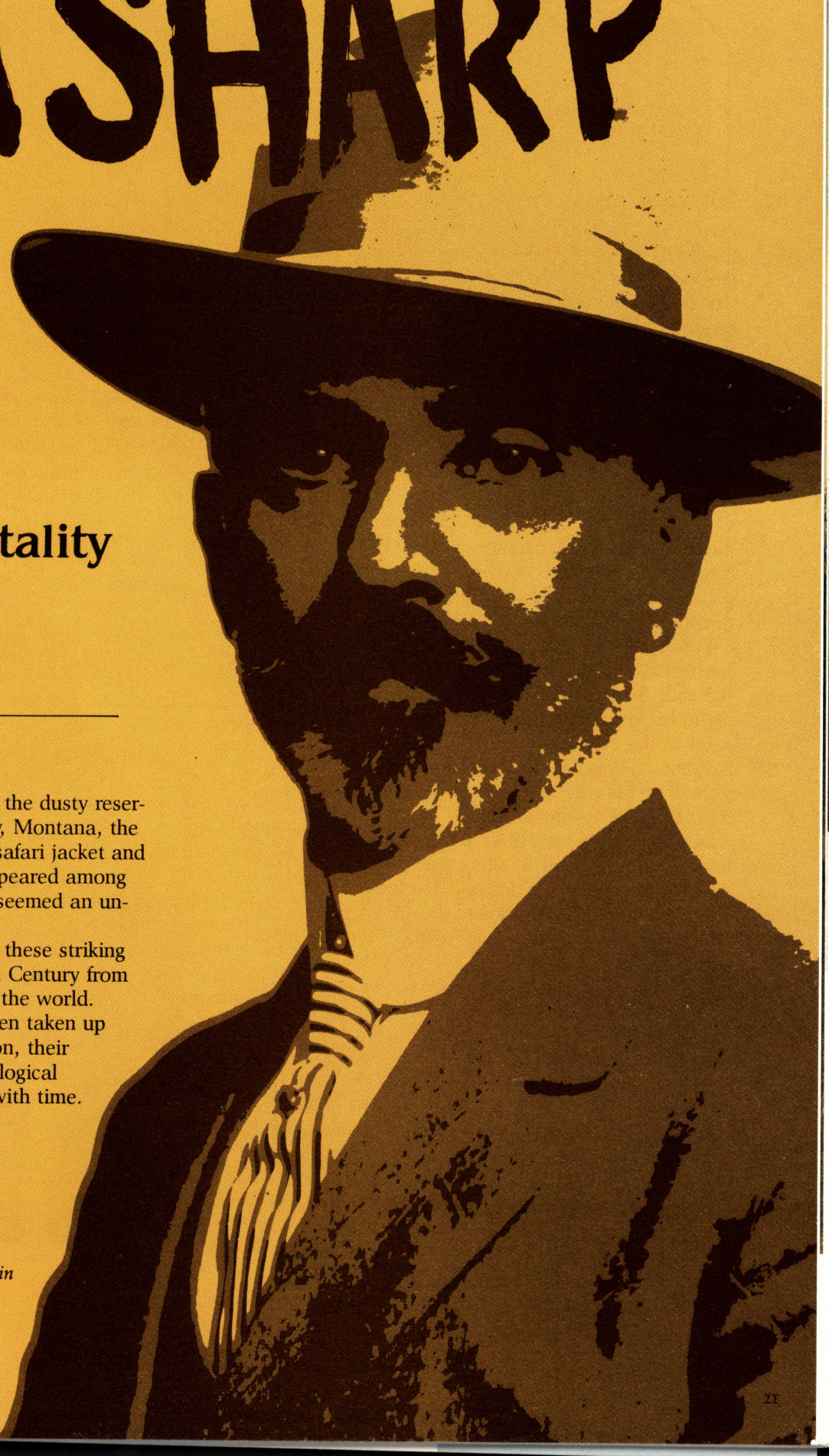
JH SHARP

Sharp's Montana Years Brought Immortality To Indians He Painted

By Forrest Fenn

To the Crow Indians living in the dusty reservation town of Crow Agency, Montana, the small figure in the rumpled safari jacket and inevitable cigar who first appeared among them in the summer of 1899 probably seemed an unlikely agent of immortality.

Yet because of Joseph Henry Sharp, these striking Indian features today observe the 20th Century from walls in homes and museums all over the world. Twenty-five of Sharp's Indians have even taken up residence at the Smithsonian Institution, their details and costuming valued as ethnological insights into a culture losing its race with time.



A photograph of Joseph Henry Sharp taken in Pasadena, California in 1912.

Sharp . . .

Few of the Indians Sharp painted, their habits or their dress, had ever been recorded. But Sharp's preoccupation with the particulars of Indian life extended beyond a painterly concern. And the impulse which drove him each summer across the endless Western prairie for months of feverish painting, had its roots many years before. At a time when white faces, much less white painters, were rarely seen around the Indians' tipis, Sharp lived among them and became their friend.

They didn't know that the artist's interest in them had begun with a man they had killed just a few miles away, 23 years before: General George Armstrong Custer. Since the rainy day in Cincinnati the 17-year-old Sharp had read the story of Custer's debacle, the intoxication of brave deeds and primitive hardships played out against gigantic landscapes by a fierce people had mesmerized the future painter.

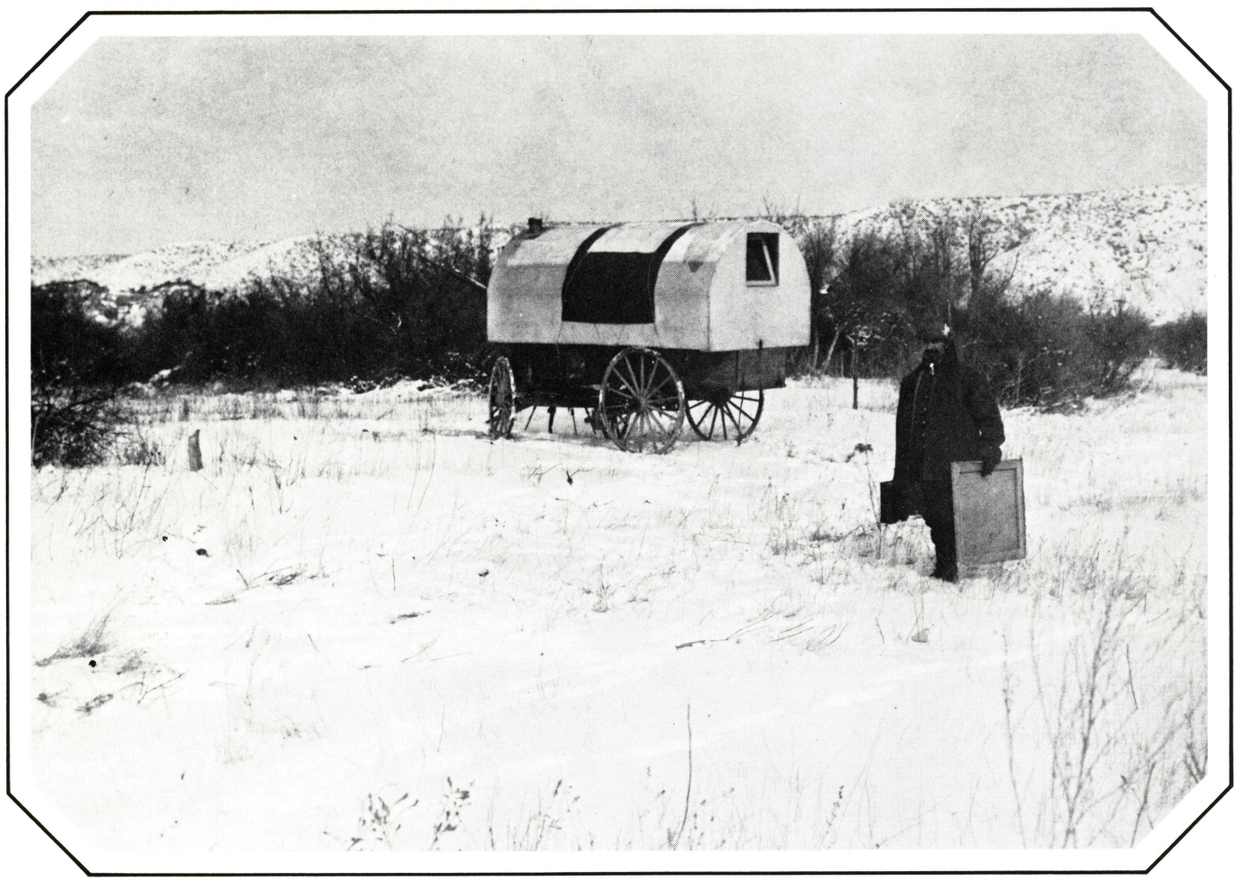
Sharp wandered the hills around the Custer battlefield, his shoulders hunched slightly forward into the chilly breeze, the first gray frostings of age showing in his broad moustache and Van Dyke beard. As soon as the classes he taught at the Cincinnati Art Academy adjourned for the summer, he had hastily packed up his wife and his palette and caught the train for the tiny Montana town of Crow Agency.

Now, in 1900 a man of 41 at the full height of his artistic powers, he was finally a part of the exotic landscape of his boyhood fantasies. During the nine years he summered in Montana and the six later years he called this place his home, he painted from life hundreds of Indian portraits and everyday domestic scenes. He photographed another 400 or so Indians, leaving behind a record of their lives such as no other American artist has equalled. Although he painted Indians from other tribes, the Crow were his favorites.

His happiest years with his wife, Addie, were spent among the tribe in Montana, and his best work was done here. Sharp painted over 200 of the young braves who 23 years ago had reddened the Little Big Horn River with the blood of Custer's Seventh Cavalry. Now these warriors were mature chiefs and elders of their tribe whose very faces were forged by their years of glory and bitter defeat. They were perfect subjects for an artist whose brush had been educated in the classical sensibilities under masters in Munich, Antwerp, and Paris. Under Sharp's touch, an almost Rembrandtesque quality emerged from their flinty features in the luminous play of firelight modeling a cheekbone, and in the rapt and other-worldly nobility of expression.

The artist painted the compassion he felt for the red man's stolen dignity. In the many summers he and Addie had been coming to Crow Agency, the artist's battered Tyrolean hat and his hurrying walk had become familiar sights on the streets of town. The Indians who had once watched suspiciously as the artist bustled about with his box of paints, folding easel,

Two Moons, a great Cheyenne chief, was one of Sharp's favorite models.



This photograph, circa 1905, shows Sharp near the Custer battleground with his mobile studio he called "Prairie Dog."

Bull Thigh, a tough old Cheyenne warrior, is depicted in this etching by Sharp.

and stool, were now his friends and neighbors. And the little Cincinnati artist, deaf since the age of 14, often became their unlikely champion.

Once, in a letter protesting a new government decree ordering the Indians to give up their tradition of long hair, he wrote the Office of Indian Affairs, "It would be the greatest sacrifice you could have them make. On the death of near relatives or other great sorrows they often sacrifice fingers . . . but only on rare occasions is their grief so great that they cut their hair . . . it is too much as though you yourself were forced to renounce your religion and love, and hopes for the future . . ." As Sharp once told a reporter, "We love the Indians. They are so close to nature. They have many faults, but we can overlook them. Look where you will in an Indian camp, you see a picture."

In pursuit of a perfect face or landscape, Sharp thought nothing of renting a wagon and traveling 50 miles. At times, Addie would accompany him on his wanderings, but just as often he would go alone, los-

Sharp . . .

ing himself in the vast and magnificent country around him. Sometimes, the Indians came to him, or tried to. Old Slow Bull, a famous Sioux chief, was visiting the Crow nearby and Sharp persuaded him to sit. "He has a beautiful face to paint," the artist said, "and I couldn't rest until he promised to give me a sitting."

Although it was 14 miles from Old Slow Bull's tepee to Sharp's easel, the appointment was set for mid-morning. In late afternoon another Sioux rode up with a note. "I did not come," it said, "but I have sent a substitute for you to paint. Give him the money and he will bring it to me." Sharp eventually did entice Old Slow Bull to pose.

The artist's method of acquiring sitters revealed much of his insight into Indian psychology. "I try to get the most important men of the tribe first. After that the others come more willingly. The 'old timers,' the real fighters and warriors, are the ones I want, and they are the ones that are hard to get. However, after a portrait is finished they are very proud of it, and each thinks his own is best."

A favorite model was the great Cheyenne chief Two Moons, who had led his people against Custer. Although his tipi was 38 miles east near Lame Deer in the heart of Cheyenne country, he was a frequent visitor to the Crow and spoke some English. Once the chief had to take his wagon to a blacksmith who would fix its broken wheel. Having no helper, the blacksmith asked Two Moons to cut wood for the fire for heating the metal rim. The Indian replied, "Jeesy Chrise, me big Chief, me no work."

Two Moons had once killed a giant bear with only a knife. From its massive claws he had fashioned a wonderful necklace and armbands which Sharp had coveted for many years. But Two Moons wouldn't part with them, no matter what the artist offered in trade. Finally, the chief gave the little painter one armband as a token of friendship. Physically large and powerful, the chief had splendid Indian features. His everyday costume was a long Prince Albert coat and a derby hat about three sizes too small.

Council Call Of The Crows, 16" by 20", oil, by J. H. Sharp.

The Burial, 21" by 27", oil, by J. H. Sharp.

A photograph by J. H. Sharp, circa 1899, shows his wife Addie Sharp and Indian driver in the wagon. This Sharp photo of a Crow Indian burial was taken near the Custer battleground. Note the body is wrapped in a tipi and one tipi pole is tied in. The platform poles are decorated.

Sharp . . .

Sharp knew he was witnessing the ebbing of an ancient way of life, and this knowledge lent an urgency to his brush. Everywhere, he saw the ponderous forces of change wearing away at the Indian nation. One such sign which particularly troubled him occurred at a huge Crow Council held one summer at Crow Agency. Delegations from the Sioux, Blackfoot, Cheyenne, and Crow tribes had gathered at the Little Big Horn, their tipis strung along the river like so many colored beads, in the custom of decades.

Sharp watched excitedly and read the slips of paper Addie handed him as the old warriors sat at their campfires recounting courageous deeds and remembering their vanished greatness.

The meeting had been called for the serious purpose of deciding whether to accept the American government's offer to purchase a million acres of Crow land. The Crow tribe was one of the few Indian nations which had not been driven off their ancestral home, but reactions to the government offer were mixed. Curley, Custer's famous scout, bitterly opposed the sale, saying, "The soil you see is not ordinary soil — it is the dust of the blood, the flesh and the bones of our ancestors. We fought and bled and died helping the whites. You will have to dig down through the surface before you can find nature's earth, as the upper portion is Crow. The land as it is, is my blood and my dead; it is consecrated and I do not want to give up any portion of it."

Curley's words stung Sharp's eyes; through the years he would many times refer to this speech as a eulogy of the Indians' great heroism in the face of the white man's western march. But Curley's eloquence could not move his own Crow chiefs, and in the end with great ceremony the million acres passed out of their hands for what amounted to a pittance.

The enormous gulf between the Indian way and the white man's way was underscored by a run-in between Bull Thigh, a dignified old Cheyenne Sharp had painted, and frontier justice. The tough old warrior

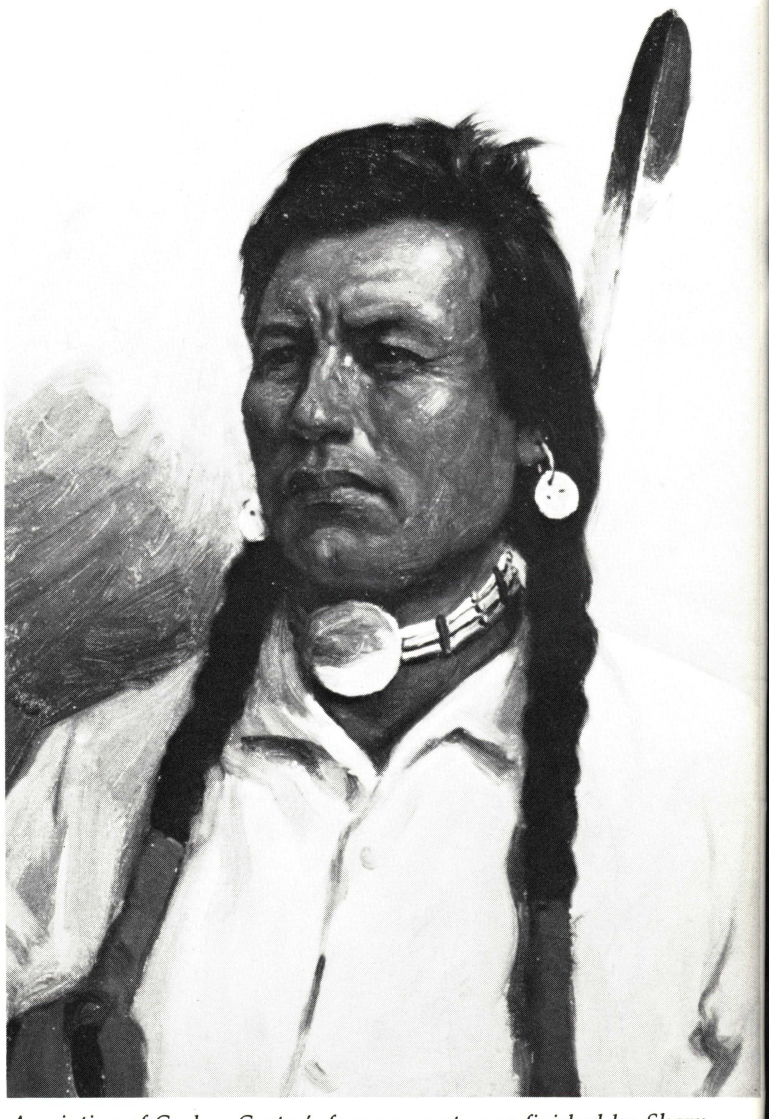
had been beaten so badly by a gang of white men that, in a striking departure from legal custom, they were to be tried in Helena, Montana. Bull Thigh was brought by train from his home to testify in the Montana capital. All his expenses, including meals, were paid, but instead of sleeping on the bed in his fancy hotel room, he slept under it. On the day of the trial, he told his lawyers that he had been treated so royally he no longer had any ill feelings against the white men. Without further comment, he returned home, convinced that justice had been more than adequately served. The following year, Sharp's portrait of Bull Thigh hung in the galleries of Paris and was reproduced in photogravure for popular distribution throughout France. Sharp painted the old warrior many times and made a small but exquisite etching of him in profile.

While Sharp was absorbing Indian life, he may also have unconsciously adopted some of their attitudes toward adversity. One morning near the end of a Montana summer, Sharp went fishing about 30 miles from where he and Addie were staying. While he was gone, their hotel caught fire and nearly his entire summer's work was burned. When told of the disaster, Sharp absently scraped his toe against the ground and remarked that the trout he had caught and cooked that day were the best he had ever eaten.

Around the turn of the century, recognition at last began to mount for the energetic artist. He was exhibiting in important shows like the international Paris Exposition, the Cincinnati Art Museum, the Cosmos Club in Washington, D.C., and the annual show of the Society of Western Artists of which he was a founding member.

Important clients were also coming his way. In January, 1900, Andrew Carnegie purchased a portrait of the Crow maiden, "Spotted Bird That Sings" for $150, and Joseph G. Butler Jr., bought 10 Indian portraits. These sales accounted for nearly half the paintings he sold all year (23) and half of his income ($1,675).

Although Sharp sold nothing at all at the Cosmos Club show, the fiasco was mitigated by the interest of the Bureau of American Ethnology which eventually agreed to buy 11 of Sharp's portraits for the sum of



A painting of Curley, Custer's famous scout, was finished by Sharp after he watched a Crow Council which gathered at the Little Big Horn.

$800. Sharp saved the final telegram of their negotiations to show to friends after he surgically removed the embarrassingly low price with a razor blade. Mortifying as the price may have been, the hanging of 11 Sharp paintings in a gallery of the Smithsonian was a prestigious coup for the artist. Eventually, the famous museum would shelter 25 of Sharp's works.

Sharp, like most artists, dreamed of the day when financial success would free him from the distasteful necessity of doing "hack" work like teaching and portraits of the wealthy. Though he was fond of teaching and genuinely liked his students, the academy schedule kept him from his Indians. In 1901, his deliverance appeared in the person of Mrs. Phoebe Hearst, widow of Senator George R. Hearst and mother of William Randolph Hearst.

Jerking Meat, 20" by 30", oil, by J. H. Sharp.

Enchanted by the Sharp works she saw at the Pan-American Show in Buffalo, she offered to buy, sight unseen, all the paintings in his Cincinnati studio as well as those in the show. These numbered 79 portraits, pictures, and studies for which she paid $6,500, an astronomical sum to the overwhelmed Sharp. As Mrs. Hearst's enthusiasm for Sharp's work continued unabated through 1901 and 1902, the Sharps began cautiously but elatedly to plan their escape to freedom. In May of 1903, with a contract in his pocket from Phoebe Hearst insuring her purchase of at least 75 more paintings over the next five years, Sharp wrote his resignation as a member of the Cincinnati Academy's faculty.

With a delicious sense of the unknown, the Sharps boarded the Burlington railroad's train for Crow Agency, now to become their home. For the next six years, the painter would record his beloved Indians at their winter storytelling and their summer harvests. Where the future would lead he did not know, but wherever it was, there would be vast, open lands and running water, there would be tall trees under wide skies, and there would be Indians.

In the 10,500 paintings he would eventually complete in his extraordinary 93 years of life, Sharp would always regard his favorite subject, as one critic observed, "not as a creature decked in paint and feathers, but rather as a human being . . . not as fiction has wont to fancy him, but endowed with intelligence, swayed by nobility of thought and purpose, enervated by indolence, animated by craftiness, or perhaps calm in the thoughts of bygone days."

PEOPLE AND PERSONALITIES

Joan J. Stauffer, president of the Gilcrease Museum Association, explains one of the exhibits to former Secretary of State Henry A. Kissinger, a recent Gilcrease visitor for the second time within the past year, and he said he plans to return.

Gillie Sally Campbell was the guide for a tour of the museum for these five visitors from Japan, left to right: Masaru Araki, Katsusen Ogawe, Yoichi Omori, Sigeru Sudo, and Masashi Ishida.

Among the visitors to the Maria family pottery exhibit opening at Gilcrease were Gene Adkins, Betsy Olson, back center, Mrs. Bess Lacy, and at right, Anita Da, wife of Maria's son.

Right, Wayne Rumley casts a critical eye at the special catalog published for the Maria family pottery show. The exhibit opening drew Maria fans from several states.

Thomas Gilcrease Museum

Construction has started on a new 3,500-square-foot gallery adjacent to the front entrance of the museum. Completion for the new exhibit space is expected to be the first of the year.

Will Rogers, Jr. was a recent visitor at Gilcrease and paused in the Navajo rug and blanket exhibit gallery.

BOOK REVIEWS

By Mildred D. Ladner

Looking for a gift book to please the entire family?

Then run out to pick up your copy of *Oklahoma Memories* (University of Oklahoma Press, $16.95) edited by Norman historian Anne Hodges Morgan and University of Tulsa Professor Rennard Strickland. For however many copies constitute the first run of this entertaining and historically valid compendium of first person accounts on the forging of a state, the supply is likely to be exhausted before the holidays.

Consider the harsh experiences of ex-slave Morris Sheppard, recorded in 1937 when he was 85-years-old in connection with the Federal Writers Project and first published in 1976. Granted a freedman's allotment near Coffeyville, Kansas, "I lost my land trying to live honest and pay my debts. I raised 11 children just on de sweat of my hands and none of dem ever tasted anything dat was stole," Sheppard said.

"Of course I hear about Abraham Lincoln and he was a great man . . . but I always think of my old master as de one dat freed me, and anyways Abraham Lincoln and none of his North people didn't look after me and buy my crop right after I was free like my old master did. Dat was de time dat was de hardest and everything was dark and confusion."

The memories open with an account of post-Civil War Christmas celebrations in the home of Alice Mary Robertson's missionary parents in the Creek country. Miss Robertson lived to be the second woman ever elected to the U.S. Congress, yet she never forgot the sparseness of her first Christmas recounted, nor the heartache of the following one when there was more food on the table, but two empty places.

An early day drummer, a railroad agent (at age 16), a pioneer clubwoman, a trader, an Arapaho freighter who became a well known artist, a 12-year-old who helped direct settlers toward good homesteads at the opening of the Cherokee Outlet, a labor organizer appalled by the primitive state of his new territory — these are but a sample of the true stories stitched together with taste and discernment by the two editors.

As the stories progress, Oklahoma's history is brought closer to us. There's a spine-tingling account of Mrs. Tom B. Ferguson spending the night alone with her small boys near a campout during some frenetic dances, unaware that her covered wagon was being watched over by an Indian friend. Her husband, with whom she published the Watonga *Republican*, became Territorial governor and her grandchildren were brought up in Tulsa.

There's Perle Mesta's account of what it was like to grow up in the state's largest hotel and Col. Robinson Risner's memory of how his recollection of childhood days in Oklahoma helped carry him through the emotional crises of imprisonment in Vietnam.

Everyone in Oklahoma should own this book. Don't miss it.

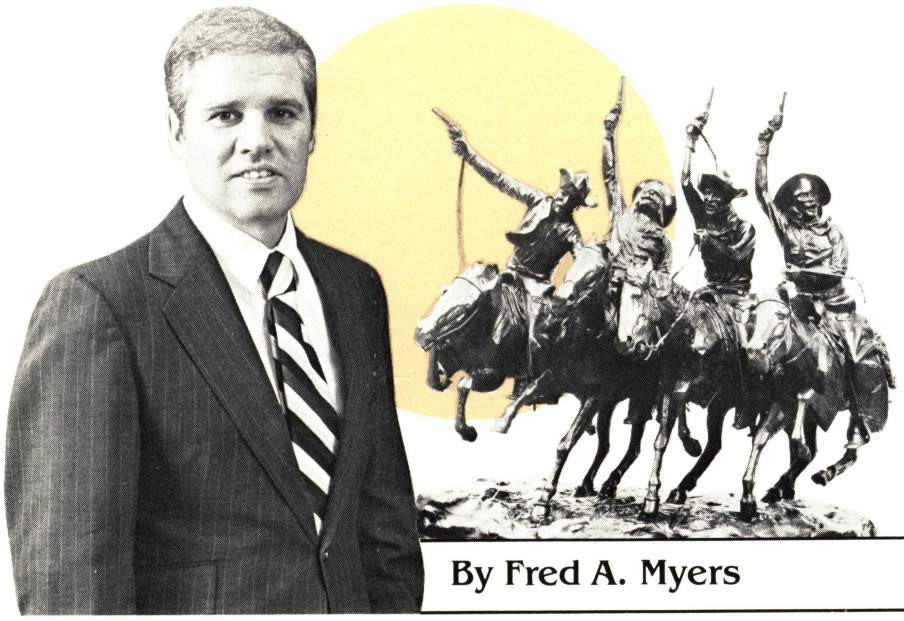
David Dary's *Cowboy Culture – A Saga of Five Centuries* (Alfred A. Knopf, $17.95) may be the definitive book on cowboy history. Dary, who is a professor at the University of Kansas' William Allen White School of Journalism, has done a mammoth amount of research to separate myth from reality and to trace the roots of commonly accepted terms of cattle herding back to their origins in Mexico. It is illustrated with eight contemporary photographs and well documented for those who would use it as a reliable tool in learning more about the Old West.

Elliott Coues – Naturalist and Frontier Historian by Paul Russell Cutright and Michael J. Brodhead (University of Illinois Press), is a detailed biography of one of the most renowned scientific figures of the late 19th Century.

Coues was a naturalist, anatomist, taxonomist, writer, editor, historian, lexicographer, womanizer and occultist, among other things. He traveled with F. V. Hayden's U.S. Geological Survey of the Territories and was part of the 49th Parallel survey, a "minor ripple in the nation's foreign relations" that provided him with an opportunity to study the fauna of the Upper Missouri Valley and enabled William de la Montaigne Cary to sketch and paint his memorable works as the survey party came down the Missouri.

This richly detailed biography should be of interest to all who know anything about the development of the Upper Missouri from the French fur traders to the turn of the century, and of special interest to ornithologists and botanists.

American Indian Painting & Sculpture, (Abbeville Press, $35) is Patricia Janis Broder's contribution to the Christmas market. This oversized coffee table book uses full-page illustrations of contemporary Indian art facing pages of clear, large-size print, making it a particular joy for anyone with a keen interest in Native American art.



By Fred A. Myers

MESSAGE FROM THE DIRECTOR

Those of you who have listened to many of my words regarding Gilcrease Museum must be tired of hearing about the glories of the Gilcrease collection and how the collection defines the kind of institution we are.

In case you somehow escaped such words, may I supply you with a summary: The Gilcrease collection is the largest of its kind anywhere. It includes over 8,000 art works, 42,000 Indian artifacts, and over 80,000 books and documents many of which are rare or unique. The story told by this material is the life of man in North America beginning with the earliest big game hunters and extending up to our own time. The bulk of the material deals with the westward movement of the white man's settlement and the accompanying protests and transformation of Indian culture. This multi-faceted story is told by our displays, our museum tours, our lectures, our films, our special events (like Rendezvous). From the point of view of planning, this grand American story suggests what we should become in the future.

You have heard it all before, I'll wager, but now to a notion that I have not yet used many words on — there are important gaps in the Gilcrease collection that are crying to be filled. Yes, I know that we already have more than we can show at any one time. Yes, I know that we have a nearly complete collection of Remington bronzes. But why not try to complete that collection? There are only two large bronzes (not including the monumental cowboy in Fairmont Park in Philadelphia) that we need — *Polo Players* and *The Old Dragoons of 1850*. Of course, these bronzes are hard to find. But I am looking. And when I find them I am going to turn to you to pay for them.

Except for a continuing memorial fund, Gilcrease does not have any money for art purchases. I feel that it is not appropriate for us to ever expect the City of Tulsa to extend its general support to art purchasing. I feel, on the other hand, that it is entirely appropriate for the director and staff to try to interest you, the various friends of Gilcrease Museum, to help out in this endeavor as your interest and funds will allow.

For there are many holes to plug in the collection. Did you know that we have very little material about the Indian tribes of the Northeast of the white settlement of the Old Northwest? Did you know that until October 1981 when the Zarrow family of Tulsa stepped in to fill a gap that the Gilcrease collection had included only three Kachina dolls of the Southwestern pueblos? Have you ever seen in our galleries any work by Washington Allson, William Sidney Mount, Mary Cassatt or many other top flight American artists that could be mentioned?

The staff has drawn up a want list of works that are sorely missed in the galleries. The want list extends to eight pages. I would place as absolutely top priority good and typical paintings by Thomas Cole, the father of the Hudson River School of painters, a Taos subject of Leon Gaspard, a Missouri subject of Thomas Hart Benton, a Western subject done by the grand old lady of 20th century American painting, Georgia O'Keeffe.

We tell a marvelous story here at Gilcrease. We have all the chapters documented in some way or another. What we still need are a number of "topic sentences", works that tell an undocumented part of the story in a masterful way. It goes without saying that the staff and I would be happy to assist in any way we can if you are intrigued by the idea of filling the (blessedly few) Gilcrease gaps.

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