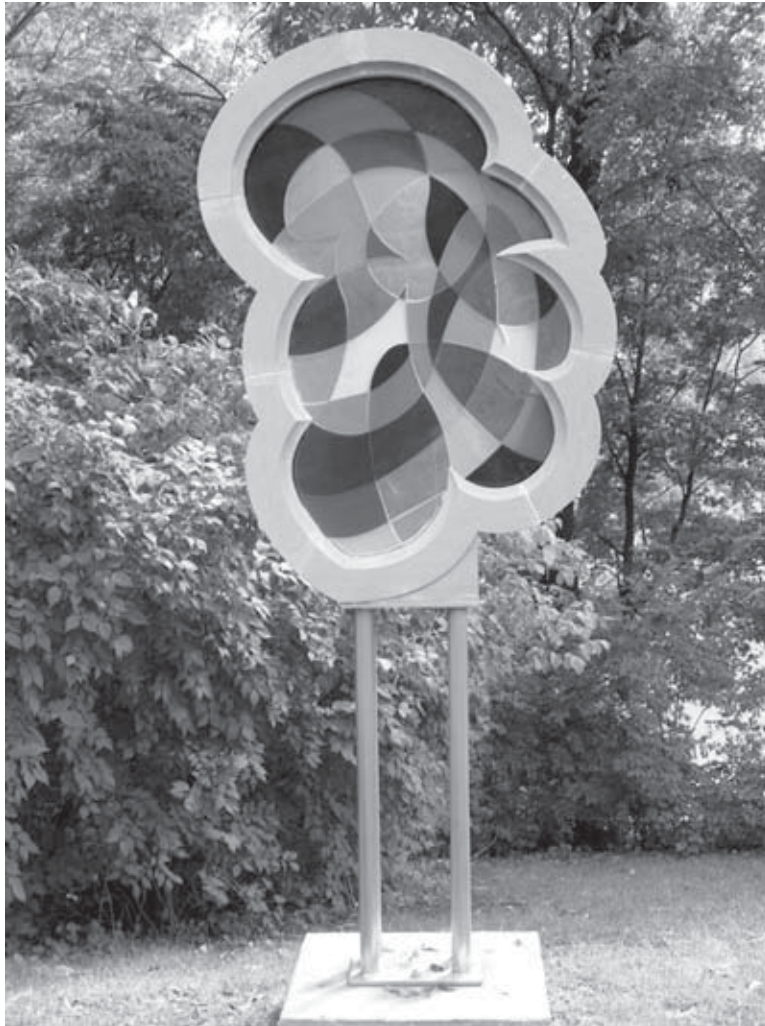


# Sculpture

## NorthWest

September - October 2008

AMY BRIER, 'WINDOW', GLASS AND LIMESTONE ON STAINLESS STEEL BASE,  
8' BY 4.5' BY 8 INCHES



### *Inside:*

ARTIST  
SPOTLIGHT ON  
AMY BRIER

PAUL BUCKNER:  
THE MAN, THE  
TEACHER

I WENT TO  
CAMP-B THIS  
YEAR

COULD YOU  
PASS ME THAT  
THINGY?

*Sculpture NorthWest* is published bimonthly by NWSSA, NorthWest Stone Sculptors Association, a Washington State Non-Profit Professional Organization.

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Membership.....\$60/yr.  
Subscription.....\$30/yr.

Please Note: Only full memberships at \$60/yr. include voting privileges and discounted member rates at symposia and workshops.

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I sit writing this, my first missive to you, my fellow stone carvers, under the passing haze of another symposium season gone. I thought I about busted a gut laughing at the Camp Brotherhood Auction. Turns out I did. Had to get it fixed, part of the haze may be modern pain management.

I am honored to be point man for this organization. I want to thank all who have gone before me, from Vic to Elaine, but that would take too long and I am bound to leave someone important out. It is fitting that I am President of a club that wears name tags, as I am not good with names. I will forget your name. You have my apologies.

We have a vital and searching new Board and at the same time have been able to retain the leadership. We are always searching for new board talent. I want to personally thank the current board individually for all their dedication and hard work, but I am not sure of their names. We are working with what we have and with the economy what it is that isn't much.

We have had to make some cuts to be able to retain our core. I think this years' holiday party will be Popcorn at my place BYOB 'natch. At our Silver Falls meeting, the board members felt obliged to suspend the hand carving retreat for 2009. We are enthusiastic about finding another model for a hand carving workshop. If you want in on the discussion, talk to me at 206-634-1070 or tomfrancis@juno.com.

There are many exciting things on the horizon. I hear of Basalt carving in eastern Washington - probable. Looking into grants - possible. An all-electric Carve-A-Thon at Crystal Mountain - a double black diamond of delight. But mostly this organization is for you the stone sculptor. What we do with it is up to you, because this group is powered by you.

If you want to get involved, contact me with your ideas and energy. Maybe you might want to be on the board? I'm just looking ahead. And please forgive me if I forget your name.

Your President,

Tom Francis

*Making dust since 1987*



FROM  
THE  
PRESIDENT...

### Trivia Question:

What famous mansion overlooking the Pacific Ocean was built of Utah Oolitic limestone, and what does it mean to be oolitic?



FROM  
THE  
EDITORS...

As we prepare to say good-bye to summer you can say hello to a double dose of symposium coverage in this issue. Yes, we've got Camp B and Silver Falls. We're also excited about Tone Orvik's Artist Spotlight interview of Indiana sculptor, Amy Brier, showing many of her limestone pieces. And we are bringing you the story of Paul Buckner's life as a man and a teacher. The November/December issue will feature his work as an artist.

Read and enjoy.

Lane and Penelope

by Tone Ørvik

Amy Brier is the real thing. She is a working stone sculptor who carves limestone and uses several sculptural media. She is equally comfortable in conceptual art discourse as in restoring a 12th Century French cathedral, and her founding and directing the annual International Limestone Symposium in Indiana (now in its 13th year) exemplifies her belief that the goal of contemporary art is to forge connections between people.

Amy has taught sculpture from South African neighborhoods to NWSSA Symposia; she has exhibited her work from the National Museum of Women in the Arts to Berlin, and she is that rare kind of contemporary sculptor who has actually dissected cadavers in order to understand anatomy.



## AN INTERVIEW WITH 'LADY LIMESTONE' AMY BRIER



'KOI ROLIQUERY', LIMESTONE, 12"

AB: I grew up in an artistic family in Rhode Island, and knew from early on that I wanted to be an artist. I did my BFA in sculpture at Boston University, and then spent some time carving marble in Italy, where I realized that stone carving was what I wanted to do. At the age of 27 I was introduced to the stone yard of the Cathedral of St. John the Divine in New York, and I spent 6 years working there, carving architectural ornamentation in limestone. Limestone was the reason that I did my MFA in Bloomington, Indiana, and the reason why I am still there.

I prefer limestone to other stones because of its homogenous quality. It's soft, and the grain is not an issue; you can go into it from any direction. What might be seen as blandness, compared to other stones, means that form is everything – there is no seduction of color or veining or surface – it is all about the form and the directness of chisel and stone. I use a diamond saw to rough out, but I prefer to use hand tools. There is no polishing or sanding necessary; I finish it with the chisels and that puts life into the surface. I may polish to create contrast, to highlight the chisel finish.



TO: You talk about the humility of limestone.

AB: It is sedimentary and close to the nature that created it. It has not metamorphized, but has fossils and organic material. Limestone keeps me in respect of nature. It is innate memory of the earth, the most direct connection that I can have to the span of history. It also inspires in me a reverence for the process – knowing that this rock has come to me through a lot of effort by other people – and respect for its tradition, being the prominent architectural stone in our nation. I work with Indiana limestone primarily because it is the only American limestone that has both carvability and durability for outside sculptures.

TO: You have developed a series of carved balls to be rolled in a bed of sand – you call them Roliqueries.

AB: Technically they are shaped into balls on a lathe, ►

▲ CARVINGS FOR THE SIMON LIFE SCIENCE BUILDING, INDIANA UNIVERSITY IN BLOOMINGTON, LIMESTONE, 18" EACH

► 'SUMMER BALL', DETAIL OF THE FOUR SEASONS, LIMESTONE, 14"





and then carved in the negative in order to give a positive sculptural impression when rolled in sand. The motifs of many are forms from nature, like snowflakes and oak leaves, fish and spiders – other balls have text. One of them has fragments from the love letters that my parents wrote each other when my father was in World War II.

The carved stone becomes a tool in the creation of an image, rather than being simply a singular art object, and the fixed and permanent stone is juxtaposed with the fluid and fugitive sand image. Viewers complete the creative process as they roll the Roliquery. Art is then momentary and interactive, and I play around with the traditional concept that art is timeless, since even the stone wears down eventually by being rolled in the sand. In this way, my work combines traditional carving techniques with contemporary art ideas such as public interaction and appropriation.

*TO:* Where do your sculptures come from?

*AB:* This concept of Roliqueries started in grad school, when I was looking at Mycenaean cylinder seals and conical sculptural forms. I like to make things, but in grad school you can't just make things because it feels cool. I start with a concept and look for ways to express that concept so that it's interesting,

and also challenging for me.

*TO:* Do you ever just stand in front of a block of stone and let your chisel do the work?

*AB:* No, but there are times when I am working on a piece and feel stuck in my brain, and then leave it to my hands to do the work.

*TO:* For 13 years you have been the director of Indiana Limestone Symposium.

*AB:* In the European model for symposia sculptors are invited to come together to carve, they are reimbursed, and the works that they produce are left behind. In America we have the workshop model that we know from say, Camp Brotherhood. I wondered why there was no symposium in Indiana with all this stone everywhere, and so I co-founded it 13 years ago and have directed it since. People come from all over the world and from all over this country, with a core group of people that have been coming for years and years. It has become a respected feature of the community as well. For the locals, there really is no other place where people can come and experience the limestone that their grandfathers may have milled.



This September we will have a symposium using the European model for the first time, with a French carver and myself, and the pieces will remain in the community.

Last summer I went to Austria to Krastal, an international symposium that goes 40 years back. We carved a very hard marble together. It was quite a challenge, a very intense communal experience of invited carvers from all over the world who run symposia in their own countries, and then a 3-day conference where each person presented her/his symposium. I was the only American, and the only one who had this workshop model. I had more women participants in mine than anyone else, and more of a free feeling and exchange – not just a bunch of professional artists coming together, but people who come to learn and share and be generous and open with each other.

*TO:* What do you look forward to, Amy?

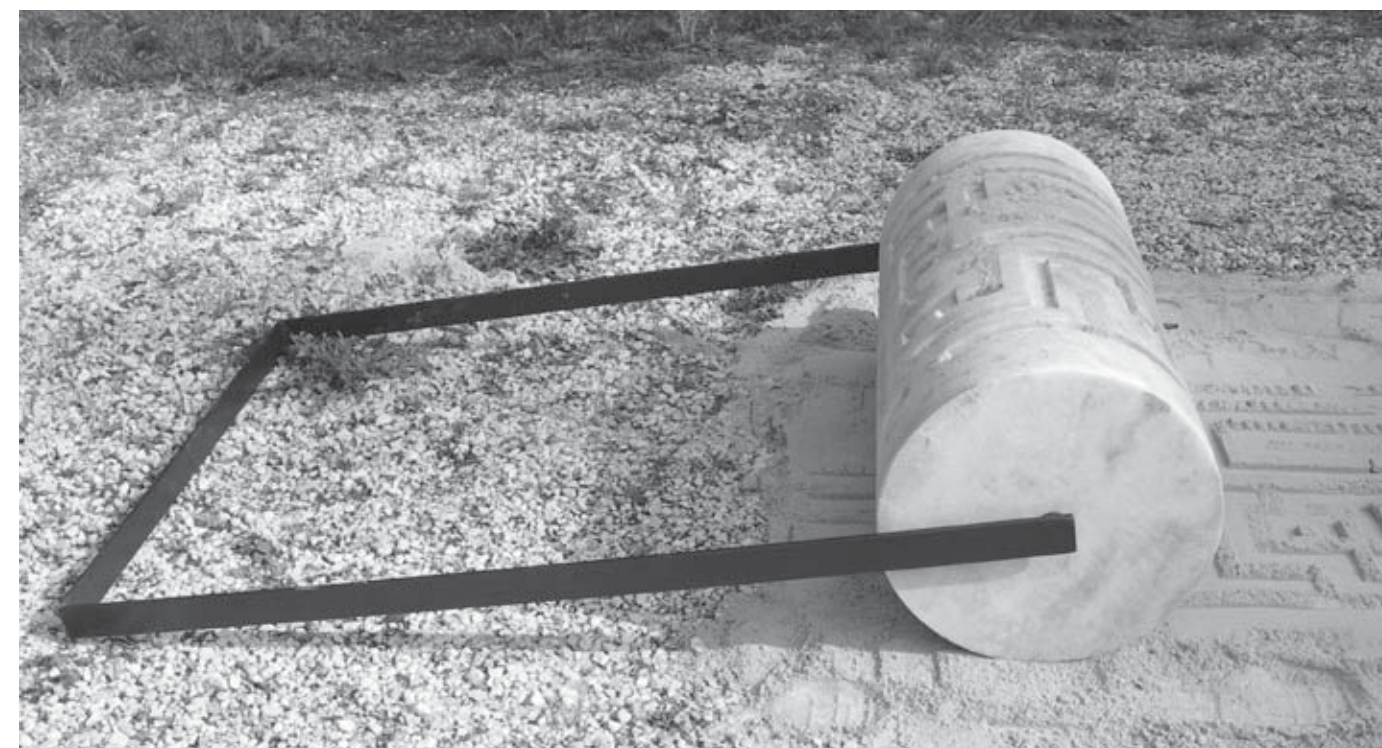
*AB:* I would like to do other things as well. I love teaching. I would love to have a community studio in Bloomington, with workshops and a gallery, where the tourists can come and experience the stone alongside the full Indiana history of cut stone.



◀ 'PRAGUE ROLIQUERY', LIMESTONE, 12"

▲ 'THE FOUR SEASONS', LIMESTONE, DISPLAYED IN THE WHITE RIVER GARDENS, INDIANAPOLIS

▼ 'THE LABYRINTH', AUSTRIAN KRASTAL MARBLE, 1 METER LONG



# I WENT TO CAMP-B THIS YEAR

BY GERDA LATTEY

SALT SPRING ISLAND, BC, CANADA



**M**y truck is packed – all full of the regular accoutrements one requires to holiday: air hammer, die grinder, chisels, diamond pads, angle grinder, air hose and extension cords, plinths to carve upon, a tent to sleep in, beer cooler for important storage and a guitar for random entertainment needs.

This is the annual trip to Camp Brotherhood Symposium 2008 near Mt Vernon, Washington where over seventy people from ages 21 to 81 gathered to carve stone for eight days without another care in the world. With no meals to think of cooking, no regular vocational responsibilities and no tedious domestic



safety, Camp B is a place where you can absolutely be at home without being at home. There is clarity in the generosity of spirit that seemingly everyone who attends Camp B is imbued with. Inclusiveness is paramount, and sharing one's knowledge is both rewarding and inspiring. So, if you want to feel illuminated by diverse spirit, to find yourself immersed in art, human wholeness, and general miscreant fun, then you really should find yourself at Camp-B next year.

The camp itself is a bucolic farmland with morning and evening light that makes one wish to paint. It offers undulating landscape replete with cows, rabbits, a donkey, a few sheep and several Jurassic Emus beating out a sonic percussion that resonates throughout the property. Tall, straight trees, bountiful gardens, moonlight nights and Paul, the caretaker of the farm, who shows nothing but welcoming kindness. I know I'm sounding pretty positive here, but really it is like some kind of undeserving dream. I know of nowhere else like this.

This year the formidable Alexandra Morosco, who put together our cadre of instructors, invited architect Bob Leverich and stonemason Shannon Wean to design "A Hearth Effect." Under their guidance, we built a beautiful fire circle for which the granite was cheerfully donated by Marenakos Rock Center. We basked in the warm glow of the fire every night of Camp. For years to come it will be a place to



▲ WITH A LITTLE INGENUITY, ROBERT MATINJUSSI FROM KENT, WA MADE A TENT OUT OF AN OLD TARP AND A TRIP TO THE WOODS.

◀ COLLEEN WILSON OF BC, CANADA PUTTING FINISHING TOUCHES ON HER HAND-CARVED GRIFFIN.

▶ TWO LONG-TIME NWSSA MEMBERS, NANCY GREEN AND JAN BROWN DO SOME CATCHING-UP ON A SUNNY AFTERNOON.

▼ FROM LEFT TO RIGHT, SHANNON WEAN, AL MANGOLD AND BOB LEVERICH HARD AT WORK BUILDING OUR FABULOUS NEW FIRE PIT.

▲ ARLISS NEWCOMB TAKES A FORTIFYING DRINK BEFORE INAUGURATING OUR NEW FIRE PIT BY BURNING HER VW JETTA'S \$320 KEY FORGOTTEN IN THE POCKET OF HER WORN OUT PANTS.

▼ MICHAEL DUQUETTE FROM WINLOCK, WA INTRODUCES FOR THE FIRST TIME, HIS STILL EMERGING LIMESTONE FIGURE.



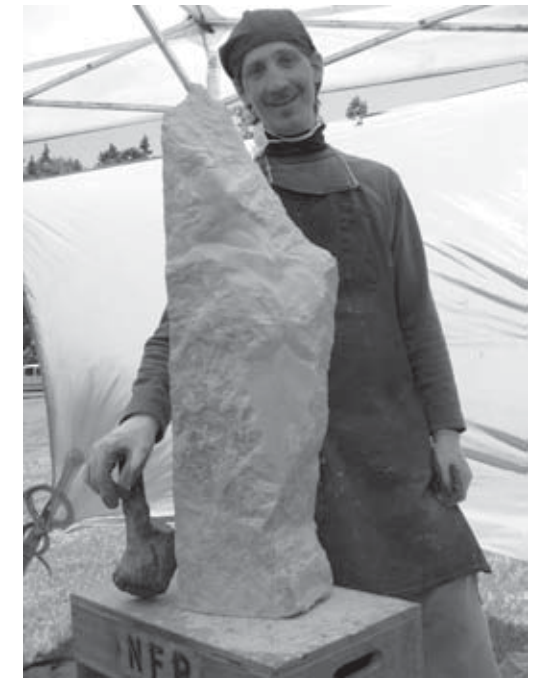
commune in the evening for us folks from NWSSA as well as the many diverse groups that attend this facility throughout the year.

NWSSA is a volunteer run organization and, I believe, something worth protecting. It was started about 20 years ago as a means to have conversations about stone, to compare processes, to find friendship, but moreover to teach art through sharing. And this is the crux. If you have, or if you think you may have a passion for stone, you are welcome at any level and at any age to come see, learn and above all to participate in carving stone.

As with most volunteer organizations, NWSSA must engage in fund-raising, which allows us to promote valuable education within the association. One of the most enjoyable ways I can think of to raise funds is to have an auction where people donate quality items and other people bid on these items. Where else can you get a \$10.00 T-Shirt for \$60.00 and feel good about it? On Wednesday night, aglow with laughter and wine, everyone who had fallen in love with the feisty and prodigiously talented, featured guest artist, Nora Valdez, showered her with gifts that I'm sure she will take with her on her travels as she carves monumental sculptures around the globe. People were unabashedly generous in raising well over \$4000. It made me so very proud to be a part of that generosity.

I'm home now, giddy with inspiration. My tools are unpacked and I have a couple of fresh rocks to carve from the ubiquitous traveler, Canadian stone seeker, Randy Zieber of Neolithic Stone. And I have some new tools from Scott, Kentaro and Alex of the fabulous Marenakos Rock Center. NWSSA and Camp B have given me a sense of being able to accomplish anything through hard work and a diligent focus. I must confess to each and every one of you that you have found a place in my heart. In particular, this year's outgoing director, Arliss Newcomb, has once again suffused Camp B with her unfailing warmth and considerably benevolent hospitality. Happy 'retirement' Arliss!

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To quote the wisdom of Tracy Powell after attending his first Symposium 16 years ago, "I have found my tribe."

I raise a toast to memories of 2008 and look forward to July 2009 where, I'm certain, we will successfully meet again. Rock on!!



# COULD YOU PASS ME THAT THING?

IT ALL HAPPENED AT SILVER FALLS

BY CATHY RAE SMITH

PORTLAND, OR

*Feature interviews have taken Cathy Rae Smith from the Parisian couture house of Yves Saint Laurent to private tete a tetes with the likes of Heidi Klum, Michael Kors, David Yurman and Oscar de la Renta. She divides her energies between writing and creating contemporary art, stone carving being her most recent fascination. She is also a two-time Knight Scholar and a Fashion Group International Scholar.*



DOES ANYONE KNOW THE IDENTITY OF THIS MAN? HE WAS LAST SEEN IN A FRENZIED STATE OF MANIACAL BIDDING AT THE SILVER FALLS AUCTION. NO TRACE OF THE MAN OR HIS SHOCKINGLY RED, DESIGNER GLASSES HAS BEEN FOUND TO DATE.

The lure of carving stone alongside seasoned sculptors goes without saying. As if that is not inducement enough, factor in the splendor of a natural forest setting complete with multiple waterfalls, a cabin and three hot meals per day . . . well, count me in!

Little did I know my adventure into the wild world of stone carving, an addictive preoccupation I have found, would begin with



AN ATTENTIVE CROWD WATCHES AL SIERADSKI DEMONSTRATE HIS INVENTIONS FOR CUTTING THOSE PERFECT, COMPOUND CURVES IN STONE.

such a bang. That bang came in the form of my car suffering a complete meltdown on Highway 22, just a few miles past Salem and shortly before the turn to Silver Falls. My first "camp" day was spent instead languishing for four hours in a hot car, eating a pack of saltine crackers, and hanging my feet out the open window to feel the breeze of traffic quickly whizzing past. After a long

tow back to Portland and a kind friend offering me a ride the following day, I finally arrived and settled in to the distinctive tempo - chip, chip, chip, grind, grind, eat, sleep, repeat.

Clouds of marble dust heightened the perpetual fogging of my safety glasses. However, Alex remedied the condensation issues, as it turned out, by providing me a decent dust mask if I promised to



JOE SACAMANO JUST COULDN'T WAIT TO START CARVING. HE'S A NEW MEMBER FROM MOSIER, OR AND COMES TO US THROUGH THE STUDIO OF MARK ANDREW.



NEWCOMERS, APRIL LEVY, MONICA ARIT, SHAINA ZEIGER AND CATHY RAE SMITH GET SERIOUS ABOUT CARVING STONE - IN A HUMOROUS WAY, OF COURSE.

throw away the pitiful excuse for a mask I had been using. After that solution, I kept forgetting whether my safety glasses were even on until I would occasionally feel a chip bounce off my cheek. Foregoing the hammer and chisel after a day of minimal progress, I graduated up to the level of electric and air powered tools. I dazzled my contemporaries, I am sure, with my swift mastery of the air-powered pounding thingy and the electricity charged scrapping do-hickey, (now, don't allow my freely tossing in all this technical jargon to intimidate). I was a woman on a mission to pierce through the thick slab of marble. Happily, no make that triumphantly, I succeeded, with the support of kind and skilled sculptors around me.

David kept vigilance and visited us students like a steady, gently guiding influence, even letting us know when it was time to break for a meal. Laura helped me hash out my concept and Tom wielded a huge saw to transform into reality my idea of one stone becoming two companion pieces. Were it not for these brainstorming sessions and lending an experienced hand at the point of need, I could probably still be standing there, gazing in bewilderment at an imposing chunk of marble. Mention must also be made of the influence Stephanie's ebullience has as an instructor, without whom I would not have been here. Perhaps a certain measure of mounting fatigue aids the comic reaction, but it has been a long while since I had laughed

as hard or as long when April, Monica and Shaina discovered the amazing sculpting properties of stone dust build-up in the hair. We speculated the possible cottage industry of a miracle mineral hair product for the general marketplace.

A close second to that for entertaining frivolity would have to be the product copywriting skills of April and Monica for the auction the night before. Who wouldn't enhance their stone carving skills with the inclusion of a diamond encrusted squirrel Frisbee in one's arsenal of trusty tools? The impromptu fashion shows lent more good humor to the group, (which I hear has a comic history pre-dating this year's event), while the overall camaraderie and generosity brought depth to the cause.

The final night, as the group settled around a crackling campfire beneath a dark sky lit by an array of stars, song and conversation really drove home the resonating wealth of this experience, my first time at camp. As the real magic of such an event comes from the collaboration of many, I'd like to include comments of a few others who attended:

"I'm intrigued with the tools of techniques of wet carving. Seems to keep down a whole lot of dangerous dust!"

-Dave Bilyeu

"This was my third time at Silver Falls as an amateur stone carver. It's always nice to come here because everyone treats you so well, like you're someone, and I do just really enjoy the experience. My breakthrough this time was to get so many creative ideas and carve on several stones with a feeling of success. I am getting better each year. Thank you NWSSA!"

-Mike Kerns

"I had an amazing time at the symposium. I loved the camaraderie of all the participants, the community meals, dessert with every meal, and the colorful personalities of all the carvers. And as far as the carving goes, knocking off that first fret had me hooked. Ah, the satisfaction."

-Shaina Zeiger (first time symposium attendee)

"We all loved the zany titles that April, Monica, Shaina and Cathy Rae put on the auction goodies. Among those printable are the set of plastic, stemmed glasses called, Six round trip tickets to Margaretville, and the Ancient arc welder (works great! Smells even better!)"

-Tom Urban



VERENA SCHWIPPERT AND KARL HUFBAUER CHECK OUT AN AUCTION ITEM BEFORE BIDDING

# PAUL BUCKNER: THE MAN, THE TEACHER

BY LANE TOMPKINS

**“I’d rather learn from one bird how to sing than teach 10,000 stars how not to dance.”**

-Last two lines from the e.e. cummings poem, *You Shall Above All Things Be Glad And Young*.

Paul Buckner’s lectures on figure drawing were for years a standard feature of the Silver Falls Symposiums. Sharing his understanding of the human body and how to carve it in meaningful and creative ways helped so many of us develop our own fundamental approach to stone and the skills needed to carve it.

He was a joy to have on the field as well. Standing quietly to the side, wearing one of the hats he sewed by hand, Paul was a resource not to be passed up. He helped and charmed me many times by making his professorial instruction sound like nothing more than a friendly conversation between two equal artists.



THE 22 YEAR OLD PAUL ON A COLD ALASKAN DAY ABOARD HIS BUOY TENDER THE USCG WHITE HOLLY.

Paul still lives in Eugene, Oregon, in the same house he and his wife Kay built shortly after they came to the University of Oregon in 1962. As you will see in the next issue of Sculpture NorthWest, Paul is still active in the art world, completing commissions and doing the art that he loves to do.

I was lucky enough to talk with him for an enjoyable afternoon the other day. About an hour after I got back home, he called me with the e.e. cummings quote at the top of this page. He had recalled it pretty well during our talk, but



PAUL IN ONE OF HIS HAND MADE HATS AT THE 1999 SILVER FALLS SYMPOSIUM

wanted to get it exactly right. I’m glad he did. Paul thinks of the above lines as a nut shell version of his approach to art. Paul Buckner has always been an optimist, looking for and finding the positive elements in everything around him.

Born June 16, 1933 in what was then the small Seattle district of Ballard, Washington, Paul cannot remember a time when he did not think of art. His two earliest memories are about art. One was the scary faces on a totem pole sticking out of a well where vandals had thrown it. The other was of the Michelangelo pictures in the encyclopedias of a neighbor in “The Gulch” at the South end of Elliot Bay, in Seattle.

From his earliest years in grammar school, Paul was the one who did the art for school projects and events. He’s not quite sure how it happened, but at this point in his life he learned to rely on his own artistic instincts and to not be hurt or discouraged by the unfavorable opinions of others. Because he considers it one of the most valuable lessons in life, Paul has never stopped trying to teach students of all ages the art of self- evaluation, free from the constrictive world of other people’s expectations.

Following high school graduation in West Seattle, Paul entered two years of study at the University of Washington where he joined the Air Force ROTC. Upon graduation he would have been commissioned as a second lieutenant pilot. Since the Korean War was then in full swing, his chances were good to be sent there to fight the war from the air. Deciding he didn’t want to drop bombs on anybody, Paul quit school and the ROTC to enlist in the US Coast Guard. As luck would have it, the very day he left for Coast Guard training in California, his draft notice arrived, a few hours too late.

So, instead of going to Korea, he went to Alaska and Astoria. By the end of his four-year enlistment, the Korean draft had ended, allowing Paul to return to his studies at the U of W under the G.I. Bill.

Somehow, in the middle of all this, Paul found time to apply for a Fulbright scholarship, though Kay did the real work of typing up the stack of application forms in quadruplicate (without carbon



IN THIS 1969 SCULPTURE CLASS, YOUNG MATTHEW TAKES A LESSON FROM HIS DAD.

**“You have to trust yourself to believe in what you’re doing and that it’s worth doing. If you feel joyful while doing it, it will always be worth doing.”**

This is where he met Kay. It was in a small café....They were married in 1959 at her parent’s home in Seattle.

They went on to finish their art studies together at the U of W, he in sculpture, she in painting. The happy couple then moved to Southern California where they, again together, attended the Claremont Graduate School on fellowships. While living in Claremont, their first son, Matthew, was born, growing up to be a sculptor and an art professor like his dad.

paper). Since it would require a year of living in London, the three of them boarded the SS Queen Elizabeth for the ocean crossing. The young couple enjoyed their year in London; Kay with young Matthew and Paul with the Slade School at the University College of London. With the completion of his Fulbright, Paul brought his family back to the states to begin looking in earnest for gainful employment to support his family.

performing musician and, of course, a professor like his dad.

*Editor’s note: In the John Pugh story in our July/August issue, you’ll see that it was just about this time (1967) that John began selling stone to U of O students. ▶*

It was now 1962 and with lots of applications sent out, Paul took the first job he was offered: a summer session of teaching at the U of W. He hadn’t been there long before a letter arrived from the University of Oregon in Eugene. Paul was invited down to look at, and to be looked at by, their art department.

Paul ended up taking the job, and thus began his 36 years at the U of O. It was another busy time, which got even busier with the birth of their second son. Nathan is a natural musician who began strumming the guitar at three and is now a



ART STUDENTS AT WORK WHILE GETTING THEIR WEEKLY CHAPTER OF PATRICK O’BRIAN’S ADVENTURE ON THE HIGH SEAS.



## TERRY'S TIPS

Ed. note: Possibly one of Terry’s best tips to date is this one that he is showing us by example. As we go to press, Terry is on a ship cruising the Mediterranean.



PAUL AND KAY IN 1959 WITH SOME OF HIS EARLY SCULPTURE AND HER EARLY PAINTINGS

*Paul remembers a tall and talkative John driving onto campus in his loaded down Willies Jeep. This went on for 20 years. Small world, huh.*

During his long and productive career at the University of Oregon, Paul started many new programs. He recalls that his creation of the University's first bronze foundry wasn't nearly as difficult as convincing the powers-that-be to allow a daylight class with a live, nude model. Paul fought the morality battles and won; figure drawing and modeling became an optional part of the basic student curriculum.

Early in his tenure at the U of O, he and Kay bought a piece of ground in South Eugene and built an extraordinary house. Tucked back into a narrow, tree covered lot; one can't see the house from the street. When you

walk in the front door you begin to realize that you are in a house made entirely of wood. Much of Paul's art has emerged from wood, it's a material he knows and loves. The entire upstairs was left as one room, though the architect argued against it. I'm glad the architect lost. With three 13 foot tall windows in the east wall, and a wall of closets to the west beneath clearstory windows, the great room serves as a painting studio for Kay and a gallery for both Paul and Kay. Oh yes, it's a rather grand living room as well.

A visitor to this room can have difficulty focusing on any one thing because one's eye continuously moves from one fascinating piece to another. The wall space is filled with Kay's large, canvas oil paintings and all horizontal surfaces not made for sitting are covered with Paul's clay, wood, metal and stone sculpture - including the grand piano. With the furniture being all treasured or antique wood and fabric, the place has the warm feel of a personable and comfortable museum.

And, of course, while busy with all the

work of building a house and his full time jobs of husband and father, Paul managed to create himself as the consummate and dedicated teacher. Following his promotion to full professor, he was able to envision and develop every class he subsequently taught at the U of O. Figure Study and Anatomy for Artists were two of the big ones. And though he did answer some of the "Call to Artists" of his time, he refrained from answering the in-state calls, not wanting to compete with Oregon's commercial artists. Maybe you didn't know that Paul Buckner is a hero with super powers. Some of those powers are thoughtfulness for others, gentleness of spirit and a fairness doctrine second to none.

The new millennium brought retirement from teaching for Paul - almost. He has, since retiring, held open figure study sessions every Friday night at Lane Community College just south of Eugene. I attended on a Friday night this last August, discovering that eight to twenty people come to do clay sculpture or drawings of a live, nude model. Paul knows this is the right way to study the human figure. After five evenings the model changes poses and the students begin again.

An added treat for these evenings is Paul's reading aloud. Yes, listening to Patrick O'Brian's twenty volume Master



PAUL BUCKNER TODAY IN HIS EUGENE HOME AMONG HIS SCULPTURES AND HIS WIFE KAY'S PAINTINGS

and Commander series is just another wonder that comes with being a student of Paul's. Nine years ago they started with book 1 and are now about half way through book 17, titled Commodore. Several of today's students have been there since the beginning, and so have gotten to know Navel Officer Jack Aubrey and ship's surgeon Stephen Maturin rather well. Can you think of a better way to work your way through this hugely popular and fascinating series?

Throughout his life, Paul has kept faith with his childhood idea that artists must not only do their own art, but must also trust their own evaluation of it. At the end of my visit with Paul, he left me with this quote. "You have to trust yourself to believe in what you're doing and that it's worth doing. If you feel joyful while doing it, it will always be worth doing."

*Editor's note: In our next issue: Paul Buckner the Artist.*



## CARVING CALENDAR 2009

### Hand Carving Retreat

A new location and model for the hand carving retreat is being considered by the board. Date and location to be announced.

### Camp Brotherhood

Arlington, WA

Date to be announced

### Silver Falls

Silver Falls State Park, OR

Date to be announced

## CLASSIFIEDS - ANNOUNCEMENTS

### STONE SCULPTORS SUPPLIES

#### GIVES A NEW GIFT AND CONTINUES DISCOUNT

The owners, Pat and Karen, have generously donated another sponsorship to Camp Brotherhood. This year they helped bring us Ruth Mueseler as a fulltime instructor.

And as if that weren't enough, they are continuing their 20% discount to all NWSSA members for stone tools and other items in their catalog. Contact them online at [info@stonesculptorssupplies.com](mailto:info@stonesculptorssupplies.com) or phone them at 707-869-1021.

### DIAMOND SPECIALS

#### 4" Diamond Turbo Cup Wheels, Coarse

\$36 each  
\$98 for 3

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\$14 each  
\$39 for 3

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\$66 set

Ask about brazed diamond blades. Neolithic stone and tools (Randy's) available. Call or e-mail.

Tom Urban

541-741-4117 or 541-912-2197

[tfurban@uoregon.edu](mailto:tfurban@uoregon.edu)

### BOD MEETINGS

#### October 10th , 1:00PM

Tom Francis's house  
Seattle, WA

### Trivia Answer:

The Hearst Castle, a 60,000 plus square foot "house" built by William Randolph Hearst, often called San Simeon, after the name of a local settlement. "The Ranch," as William Randolph liked to call it, is on California State Highway 1, only a few miles from Cambria, where the California Sculptors symposium is held every year.

According to Ron Geitgey, in his

small, but fact filled, Glossary of Geologic Terms, oolitic (say it, oo-ah-litic) is a "Term used to describe sedimentary rocks, usually limestone, composed of small rounded pellets resembling fish eggs or roe; indicative of deposition in a shallow, wave-agitated environment. Name from Greek oio-, "egg."

A few of Ron's books are still available for \$7 each. Contact Lane Tompkins, [laneswords@cs.com](mailto:laneswords@cs.com), 541-914-5350.





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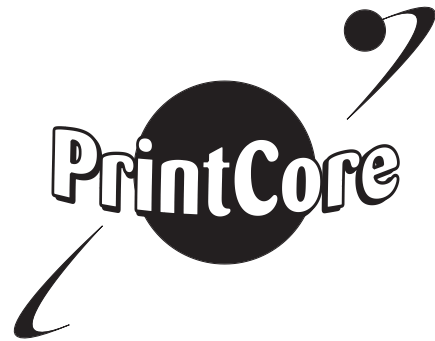
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