

# ANGUS ANTHEM

THEODORE WADDELL

**Albrecht-Kemper Museum of Art – June 13 – September 6, 2009**

Albrecht-Kemper Museum of Art  
2818 Frederick Avenue | St. Joseph, Missouri 64506-2998



*Soldier Mountain Angus* 72x88 Oil, Encaustic on Canvas 2002

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

### ESSAYS BY:

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**Terry Oldham**, Director, Albrecht-Kemper Museum of Art;

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Lithographs courtesy of **Lawrence Lithography Workshop**, Kansas City.

*All works in the collection of the Artist*

## FOREWORD

St. Joseph, Missouri, is known as the city where the Pony Express began and Jesse James ended. Both statements are true. The Pony Express began its first delivery on April 3, 1860 from St. Joseph. Likewise, Jesse James met his demise in St. Joseph at the hands of Bob Ford on April 3, 1882. However, the city's role in the exploration and expansion of the West is much greater than these two events. When gold was discovered in California in 1848, St. Joseph became the launching point for the thousands of settlers who arrived by steamboat and left via wagon train. The covered wagons, oxen, and supplies purchased by the wayfarers established the economic foundation of the City. In 1886, the Chicago Times reported that "St. Joseph is a modern wonder - a city of 60,000 inhabitants, eleven railroads, 70 passenger trains each day, 170 factories, thirteen miles of the best paved streets, the largest stockyards west of Chicago ..."

Meat packing had been active in St. Joseph from the early days. With the opening of the Stockyards and several new packing houses, St. Joseph became an important meat packing center. Cattle became a leading source of revenue for the city and its surrounding agricultural area. Though today,

the meat packing houses are closed and the stockyards a memory of its glory days, St. Joseph retains a close tie to the cattle industry as national headquarters of the American Angus Association.

It is Angus cattle that play a pivotal role in this exhibition of Theodore Waddell's art. However, it's not the prize bull that is portrayed again and again throughout the halls and walls of the American Angus Association. It's rather the herd of often indistinct black shapes at home in a rural landscape. You feel Waddell's understanding of the land and life that revolves around the herd in the bold brush strokes he uses in his paintings. The composition may at first appear simple but upon closer examination, everything's there that needs to be there.

Thus, it is very appropriate and with much pleasure that The Albrecht-Kemper Museum of Art located in the historical city of St. Joseph plays host to this wonderful exhibition.

**Terry Oldham**, Director

Albrecht-Kemper Museum of Art

## ANGUS ANTHEM

I quit teaching at the University of Montana in 1976 to run a family ranch west of Billings. I had been making stainless steel sculpture influenced early on by David Smith and later by Donald Judd. Some of these pieces were 12-16' high. The scale seemed appropriate in the narrow mountain valley north of Missoula.

While on the ranch south of Molt, I could see for 150 miles in every direction – to the south the Pryor Mountains, the Beartooth's in the southwest, the Crazyes to the west, and to the north, the Snowy Mountains. Sculpture on human scale made no sense in that environment – too small to fit in. I returned to painting and drawing. I started making drawings that explored the relationship between the sky and the ground. The first ones were very stylized as I was moving from the minimal influences of Donald Judd to the more organic notions put forth by Cezanné, Isabelle Johnson, Bill Stockton, Charlie Russell, and others. As this transformation moved forward, I started a series of cloud/landscape drawings using oil paint – mainly house paint which I had purchased at Kepferle Mercantile in Molt (Pop. 32). I bought everything Dwight had – about 40 gallons for \$45.

These early works were painted and drawn horizontally on tables because the paint was so thick and runny that it would run off the paper if I tried to work vertically. I call these works drawings to identify them separately from my paintings on canvas. Many would call them paintings on paper. I used

graphite in combination with the paint (now oil paint and not enamel house paint). There is a graphic nature to paper and graphite that is quite different than oil on canvas, there is a more intimate relationship between graphite and paper.

We bought Angus cows for our herd. We picked them because of two traits that we liked: dark pigmentation around the eyes and the bag. Hereford cows, because of their white faces, were prone to cancer eye and pink eye. Because of their white bag, pink teats. Herefords often develop blister Bag. Their teats would blister. They kicked their calves away as it was painful for them to suck – big problem.

Off I went into the world of Angus cows. The first ones I bought were quite wonderful - big, old, soggy, mellow cows. They taught me more about themselves as they shared their lives and calves with me. A miracle, the cow. She converts grass into protein by raising a calf that weighs half or more of her body weight. Pretty amazing when the environmental crowd is trying to preserve the land for spandex, beer cans, and dirt bikes with no return from the ground. I have always thought that ranchers were the original environmentalists.

When the calf is born, it is delivered head first like a diver into a pool. The umbilical cord is just short enough that when the cow stamps and turns to the calf, the cord snaps. And the smell – ah yes! The cow can identify her calf by smell –

even in the midst of 200 other momma cows and calves. Amazing! From the sounds the cow makes, you know whether or not she has had her calf, even in the dark. She talks to the calf. I love those sounds.

Feeling the need for a scale change from the works on paper, I started doing paintings of the cows. This had been the result of the beginning of a series of works on paper influenced by Robert Motherwell. I studied in New York in 1961-62 and was profoundly influenced by the Abstract Expressionists – Franz Kline, DeKooning, Pollack, Hans Hoffman and others. I didn't realize how important these influences were. These painters wanted you to know that the canvas had a presence, more than their illusionistic predecessors. The paint had its own identity as well with thick swatches, drips and blurbs.

Out of this history an amalgamation began. The cows became blurbs and emerged out of the snow and the prairie, winter and spring, and they continue to do so. After 30 years, I continue to be fascinated by black cows. They populate the landscape in which I live. Other breeds move in from time to time but blacks dominate. I love them full measure. This body of work is the best of all I have done. The exhibition



Photo credit: Lynn Campion

is a chronicle of my journey as a painter and my love affair with these amazing creatures.

**Theodore Waddell**

Hailey, Idaho | April 2009

## ANGUS

*You owe reality nothing and the truth about your feelings everything.*

– Richard Hugo

It is March and we are in Theodore Waddell's studio in Hailey looking at a series of recent paintings. Winter scenes, perhaps. What could be snow-capped peaks drip into blue-black blocks of mountain forms. His familiar cow shapes at the bottom edge of the canvas set-off from the alpine allusions by a thin luminous middle ground – a vaporous translucent band, a veil of reddish-yellow-ochre moving toward not quite gray-green mist that floats over, hover in-to and out-of the scene.

A native Montanan, Waddell has spent decades looking at the land and the critters on it, a constantly changing scape. He's spent a fair amount of time, and paint, trying to capture the vicissitudes of what Gertrude Stein characterized as a space filled with moving.

Monet suggested you have to carry a picture in your head for a long time before you can paint it. What we have here is a selection of paintings – twenty or thirty years of meditations, conjurings of the same idea: Angus. There is a fascination with the subject analogous to Cezanne's pre-occupation with the landscape of Mont Sainte-Victoire – constant but continually shifting—which he painted more than sixty times in both oil and watercolor.

Waddell's paintings use a remarkable diversity of approaches, styles and techniques: there are Angus dotting expansive plains, huddled together in winter blizzards, lost in landscapes of thick paint, barely hinted at under the windswept colors of a rising moon. They are brushed, knifed, dripped, jotted down, deeply impastoed and scumbled. They can be grossly real, thickly textured, or intimated abstractions, even negative spaces on black paper.

There are gestural marks, traces of expressionist movement in the scapes. Sometimes paint is brushed horizontally across the canvas evoking gravity and the natural world – rivulets and creeks – dripping down over vestigial, glimpsed and imagined terrain. The paintings express the artist's romantic infatuation with paint as almost alchemical vehicle to capture and hold light, to create, invent a place that might be real.

But they are not real, not about places or landscapes, *per se*, but rather fictive assertions about painting, about realizing a process, covering a flat surface with colors assembled in a certain manner and order. They are not romanticized – although the love affair with paint might suggest they are – but rather glimpses of some, hard to-see-at-first, realities of space, expanses where the wind might blow but there is no wind, to paraphrase Richard Hugo.

Created very much in the instant of their rendering, the scapes are preserved as previous moments of the artist's perception. As such, these elegiac depictions of vanished moments create a tension between myth and reality, which may be actual, but also arise from a set of constructs, imaginings: places and landscapes as antidote to the erosion of the past.

*...he thinks he knows  
the hills where his life rose*

– Matthew Arnold

The places evoked in the titles—Monida, Musselshell, Eklund, Alder, Gallatin, Bull Mountain—might allude to real, specific sites. But they also identify triggering mechanisms for

*The West is primarily a series of brief visitations on a trail to somewhere else.*

– Wallace Stegner

something Waddell saw while passing through them. The names and titles function as points of departure, objective correlatives tying real places to fictive imaginings.

One of the uncanny and ultimately convincing pleasures of art is how an artist's perception can change how we see the real. I am musing about this, driving around Montana with no particular destination in mind, the scapes out the windshield beginning to look more and more like Waddell paintings when a stock-truck thrown rock cracks the windshield going over Monida Pass and my perceptions suddenly shift, wander off toward other thoughts.

Another long-time Montanan, the poet Richard Hugo, spent a fair amount of time driving Montana. The town names evoked in his titles—Ovando, Philipsburg, St. Ignatius, Dixon, Jocko—affirm his belief that the name of the town that triggers a poem is important.

Hugo's work focused on conjuring the human elements of towns scattered along the red lines of Montana maps — people, bars, trash caught in the weeds along a fenceline — which never appear in Waddell's work. Waddell's imaginative realms are the edges, the margins between civilization and wildness, the boundary between no human presence and scattered herds in or under a lowering sky that might be gray-green or reddish-ochre.

But even though their work differs in many respects, Waddell and Hugo share some common ground in this idea of emotional triggers. Hugo's assertion was that any poem had two subjects, the one that initiated or triggered it and the real, or generated, subject only discovered by writing it.

This is equivalent to Waddell's process of noticing the triggering thing in something he glimpses while passing through real places, then finding the generated subject by painting it. In this process both artist and poet are concerned with *finding* that fictive thing — painting or poem — that was there in the triggering moment rather than *forging* it from some pre-conceived stance. It is a process of moving from what we know, to what we don't, yet.

There's still three or four feet of winter on the ground and for the last few days an early spring snow has been drifting to the ground, misting everything in a not-quite-white looking for gray-green mist, crisp yet indistinct.

We've come back up to the house, are outside on the porch in the deepening dusk. Dinner is on the stove, our breath floating in the pellucid air like a Dexter Gordon ballad, when I notice a small wavering band of reddish-yellow right there in the trees across the meadow — Waddell's paintings resonant with Hugo's lines:

*all memory resolves itself in gaze in  
panoramic green you know the cattle eat...  
and the girl who serves your food is slender  
and her red hair lights the wall*

**Kirk Robertson**

Hailey, Idaho | Fallon, Nevada | April 2009





Angus #24 48x60 Oil on Canvas 1982

## COWS AND PAINT

"Trails West" said St. Joseph, Missouri. The cattle funnel of the vast American West narrowed its way down to the railhead at that jumping-off point on the banks of the Missouri River just north of Kansas City. It was the westernmost rail transportation stop of the (then) United States. St. Joseph lore also includes the history of the James Gang as well as the beginnings of the Pony Express, but it was cattle that fueled its historical niche within a new economy of the young country's expansion.

Drovers from Texas, the New Mexico and Kansas Territories delivered their herds to St. Joseph. Later, other herds came from the Nebraska Territory that included part of which became Wyoming and Montana. Eastern meatpackers were the beneficiaries of this great largess from western prairies for distribution to the eastern seaboard and the southern States. For a half century St. Joseph and the far west celebrated their interdependencies.

In the visual arts documentations following an early George Catlin, there emerged painters (and some sculptors) devoted to telling the history and tales of this great expansion of the West and the coming of ranching. C.M. Russell, Fredric Remington and others painted many stories of the cattle adventures along with their romantic and sentimental views of this early development. Romantic in their "fist to the wind" devotion to the travails of this new life, and sentimental in their betrayal of it, these efforts diminished within a short period of time.

Following Russell and Remington came a variety of artists still steeped in a few realities along with myths of cowboys, critters and their stories about the poetic imaginations surrounding the Great American West. Later, two decades or more of movie horse-operas depended upon such fantasies.

Along with all that history, both manufactured and real, there emerged beyond the Russell-Remington mystique, some later artists steeped in the contemporary tellings of the West. One of them was, and is, Theodore Waddell, a rancher and a painter.

Such is not an odd combination, for I know of several painters who fit that mold. But the one who captures my eye and my Montana memories is hands-down, Ted Waddell.

Ted grew up in Laurel, Montana, just to the west of Billings, a one or two blink-of-the-eye town if one did not stop for coffee on the way to Bozeman. He raised Angus cattle just outside the dot community of Molt. He worried about his cattle, fed them, wintered them and loved them. Dry land farming spills out to the north of the Yellowstone rimrock which accompanies great stretches of ranch land. And there are still glimpses of prairie along with substantial mountains to the south and further to the west. Even for romantics it's tough pickings. At a distance, or close up, this land burrows into your eye, your understandings and imagination.

In 1965-66 Ted was finishing his work at the college in Billings. He had an old neighborhood grocery storefront for a studio which also served as an oddball 34th Street Gallery for those of us who were making some art. We had occasional exhibitions and sometimes people would come by to look. We knew they liked the wine, engagingly tolerated our work, both of which we usually gave away. But it was good for the several of us to gather regularly and talk about painting and to wonder about those would-be Charles Russell copyists.

About a year later Ted packed up what he owned and headed for Wayne State University where he finished a Master of Fine Arts Degree in 1968. That same year he landed a faculty position in the Department of Art at the University of Montana in Missoula, remaining there until 1976. While at the university he mainly concentrated on sculpture, primarily on minimalist stainless and painted steel work. The influences of David Smith, Donald Judd, Tony Smith and others were resoundingly influential on young artists at that time. Ted's work was superb, but not unique. It had little to do with the real-life influences that would later emerge in his paintings.

Beyond all this artistry and love of the land and his angus-



*Alder Angus #2* Oil on Canvas 70x66 1991

laden landscapes is the magic of paint. His wrestling with all that is aimed at a close horizon. He chooses to tell us a little more by telling us a little less. He offers up latitude.

I know of few painters who are not captured by paint.....really captured. For the makings of "realist" stuff we know that paint is a manipulated device to suggest a believable lie about light on surfaces. Representations aside, it's still paint. With the advent of the Abstract-Expressionist group who blew the lid off more traditional painting there was still the romance of paint. It was paint standing for paint - quite a leap among hidebound traditionalists. Even with years of it in our eyes, our galleries and museums it still

stirs controversy. We're slow to accept many things.

Ted Waddell's paintings might, in a stretch, have a genesis in Impressionism, that term thrown to the French public as an epithet. But his works are, mostly using livestock and the environment as foils, more like glimpses....quick and revealing....and they satisfy our understandings of imagery. Like life, all stories need not be told in precise manners. Such overwrought efforts usually spoil our imaginations.

Ted's allegiances and love of paint nearly take one into a cake-icing environment. The whorls and eddies whipped up on his canvases,



*Angus #21* Oil on Canvas 36x48 1982

oil paints mixed with encaustic, make one want to climb in, devour it, wallow in it, taste it. But within those surfaces come shoutings of the imagery of things we relate to, if curious enough. Gallons of paint are not fixations; they are the stuff of painters, delighting in this magical medium. All of it eventually leads to what we consider some sort of record, some sort of curious adventure, some sort of relationship to the planet.

Most all contemporary painters have their heroes. Cezanne comes to mind along with those echoes of Rembrandt, Velasquez, Whistler, de Kooning. The list is long. Ted knows them but has not aped them. He has taken what they had to give and made pieces of their history some of his own. Yet there remain two Montana rancher painters, Isabelle Johnson and Bill Stockton, contemporaries of Ted's whom he celebrates and draws upon. There are always glimpses of other favorite painters. Ted and I talked about Alder Angus #2. We both invoked our admiration for the work of Joan Mitchell, a painter who brought a discipline to the thrill and magic of paint.

Conversely, Waddell's brooding Angus images which are close to sculpture (Angus #115, Angus #21, Angus #23) tell us how solid subjects can be minus any unwarranted details which could only dampen our painterly appreciations.

Shakespeare's Richard III contains that resounding line... "Now is the winter of our discontent." Ted Waddell would only change the "discontent" to "content". He looks to winter like a fighter looks to a championship bout or like Nick and Nora Charles might eye their martinis. Most of his winter paintings have to do with black cattle within white surroundings. Such scenes are one of the hallmarks of his work. Again there are glimpses.....some quick and some more expansive. Along with his winter comes the spring and its kept promises as well as the lushness of summer. The non-winter times present a near ritualistic quandry for Ted and his ever-invoked statement that "(I) still don't understand green." And it's oftimes a puzzlement. There are more greens than there are blues or yellows. There are the greens of the cottonwoods and willows along the



*Angus #81* Oil on Canvas 60x78 1984

river, the current year's bales of hay, a latent green spot just under a skiff of snow, the green of a Montana prairie creek in the last throes of summer, the ever-present sagebrush, tall summer grass and even on occasion, glimpses of the Northern Lights. Lots of green. If he does not understand it, other painters may have similar difficulties. I mentioned to him a quote by Ad Reinhardt that "Art is Art: Everything else is everything else." I suggested a modification of that; "Green is Green: Everything else is everything else." Such are the liberties of bending maxims. And while not leading to a revelation concerning green it may give credence to an enduring "green" conundrum.

Angus #44 tips a hat to A.B. Guthrie's BIG SKY. Guthrie was right, of course; the Montana sky is big. Angus #81 and Angus #24 suggest a glimpse of movement, of action. But we need not kid ourselves. The nature of painting is stillness. Any presumed action is F-Stop halted. It is merely a glimpse of the moment. And if it's right, it's a good one.

Angus Sunrise #2 and Iris Creek Angus #4 remind us that there are two magical times on the prairie...sunrise and sunset. I've marveled at C.M. Russell's time and eye spent in those fleeting times of day. You can't invent it. One is either there and soaking it all in or one is doomed to rely on calendar picture lies told badly. And it's truly quick; a few minutes at sunrise, a few at sunset. Ted, like Russell, has had the encounter and not faked one touch of the phenomenon for this transitory occurrence. While seeing may be believing, a painter's further inventions of that seeing offer up new dimensions. It is what it is....but also about what it might be. It provides us with the thrill of wonderment.

Big Moon Angus Dr. #1 can remind us of the night painters. My first trip to New York found me looking at painters of the night on city streets. We hardly encounter any painters who have that curiosity these days (or nights). And there are Van Gogh's night paintings. And further to the west, post-Russell, were the near-magical scenes of Frank Tenney Johnson. Who goes out at night? Painters of the



*Angus Sunrise #2* Oil on Canvas 54x72 1984

landscape and the imagined landscape.

There is always, among painters, a dual quandry. Some concentrate initially on what to paint. Others wrestle with the problem of how to paint. But the quandry is always resolved. A primary choice of what to paint immediately pushes one in the direction of how to paint it. And the how to paint emerges into the what. It is a commonality of all painters which make their differences often blur. It reminds me of an old ceramics friend of mine while talking about the vast differences in contemporary ceramics noted that "we all meet at the kiln." There remain common allegiances among artists.

Ted Waddell's paintings and drawings at the Albrecht-Kemper Museum of Art, along with the cattle connection between Montana and St. Joseph, offer up certain mutual celebrations. There are histories, some real and some inflated. But the kinship between a

city of cattle and a western prairie stuffed with those cattle gives us a subjective connection. I cannot explain painting other than to say...it's what painters do. We are challenged to be turned upside-down, insideout, always with another view. Beyond that there always remains a celebration of ideas, insights, provocations and enlightenments given to us by the painter and the paint.

**Terry Melton**

Salem, Oregon | April 2009

## A DAUGHTER'S PERSPECTIVE

Theodore Waddell's show at the Albrecht-Kemper Museum of Art in St. Joseph, Missouri runs June 13- September 6, 2009. Angus cattle are the sole subject of the exhibited works, well observed by the artist whose studio has always been at the heart of his life on the ranch. Waddell's painterly technique is explored through the Angus series of drawings and paintings dating over a 20-year period. As a veteran of the cattle business Waddell's work is fittingly presented in a city that is also home to the American Angus Association.

In Waddell's early works, dating from 1982, cow portraits dominate the canvas as seen in *Angus #24* (1982) and *Angus #44* (1982). Good cattlemen know their herd and can distinguish one animal from another. In the 1980's Waddell raised two hundred cows on his Montana ranch. As a rancher he was immersed in the yearly cycle beginning with calving in the spring continuing through the ensuing months of care. As an artist it is a joy for Waddell to observe favorite cows giving birth to calves whose individual markings are transferred to new generations. Angus portraits are absent from Waddell's later work, but certainly he remembers fondly those cows he grew to know so well.

The work of American artist John Singer Sargent (1856-1925) has greatly influenced the work of Theodore Waddell. What is central to the relationship between the paintings of Sargent and Waddell is the application of paint. Waddell learned how Sargent executed the depth of the space by working with not only tonal range but also texture. The astute observer can compare how depth is achieved by both artists by using smooth brushstrokes in dark tones and heavy strokes with more paint in lighter colors. It may seem absurd to compare Sargent's elegant socialites to Waddell's Angus portraits; however, the subject is secondary to process. As technique it makes perfect sense and we learn something from the association.

Throughout his career Waddell has explored negative space through his series of drawings on black paper. The black paper becomes the subject of these works with the bovine form delineated by the paint around it. This technique is most clearly seen in the paper works like *Bull Mountain Angus Drawing #2* (1995) and *Angus Drawing #395* (1989). The subject becomes inconsequential to the exercise of reversing subject with background. Waddell's technique may seem impersonally investigative; however, the drawings are warm and inviting with the lush use of paint and soft pastel colors. He has not explored negative space in the same manner in his paintings on canvas, making the black paper drawings even more unexpected.

The study of work by Paul Cezanne (1839-1906) influenced Waddell's stylistic decision to subordinate the subject matter of his paintings to the design of the composition. Cezanne spent a lifetime of exploring the surface plane of the painting through tonal ranges and variety in brushstroke and composition. Cezanne's work influenced later abstract painters who completely eliminated subject altogether. Waddell's titles indicate the subject of each painting, but without this reference the black negative spaces are simply flat squares.

Over the years Waddell's paintings have physically grown in size, with some diptychs encompassing dimensions up to 15 feet. Paintings such as *Vincent's Angus #4* (1995) and *Sage Angus* (1994), are almost completely abstract, with references to the cattle in black patches providing orientation of space and distance. The viewer will observe with closer inspection of the large canvases layering of paint on the surface. During the process of working a large canvas Waddell will use numerous tools including brushes, trowels, rags and textured towels. The physical presence of the canvas dominates the direction of his work, and many times the odor of copious amounts of oil paint



*Bull Mountain Angus Drawing #2* Oil, Encaustic, Graphite on Paper 31x36 1995



*Angus Drawing #395* Oil on Paper 30x40 1989

and turpentine can be overwhelming. The dripping and layering of the paint may seem totally random; it is in reality an organized chaos. Waddell is constantly studying the nature and character of the media while working. Waddell's creative intuition singularly guides the development of the large paintings.

The Abstract Expressionist movement in painting was centered in New York City during the second half of the twentieth century. In 1962, Theodore Waddell lived and worked in New York studying the action paintings of Jackson Pollock (1912-1956) and the reserved paintings of Robert Motherwell (1915-1991). American Abstract Expressionists influence can be observed in Waddell's work with

the varied application of paint used as an intentional distraction away from the subject and towards the two-dimensional surface of the canvas. The enthusiastic dripping and spattering all the while controlling the composition is an intellectual discipline Waddell learned from the American Masters.

The crowning achievement of Theodore Waddell's Angus paintings are not the large paintings but the small Impressionistic paintings like *Ross Peak Angus #2* (2000) and *Soldier Mountain Angus #3* (2002). Each preserves a passing moment, beautiful and fragile, that it would be changed a minute later. It requires great skill to create depth and space on the smaller canvases. The cattle



*Vincent's Angus #4* Oil, Encaustic on Canvas 84x156 1995





*Sage Angus* Oil, Encaustic on Canvas 90x144 1994

are barely discernable as they blend into the natural landscape. Waddell endeavors, and succeeds, to capture a compositionally balanced impression of the moment.

Waddell paints the same subject repeatedly at different times of day in varying light, as did French Impressionist painter Claude Monet (1840-1926). Famous for his series of water lilies, haystacks and Rouen Cathedral paintings, Monet was a master of separating color from its subject. The range of colors and strict control over them reveal a tireless pursuit of possible combinations. Garnering what Monet discovered and translating that to his own space and time, Waddell is able to masterfully achieve perfect balance in these two paintings.

Theodore Waddell's style and skill as a painter can be much more appreciated when the distraction of multiple subjects is removed and our attention is concentrated on his painting process. This allows us to explore his artwork in the context of art historical movements and styles through the works of some of his artistic heroes. This exhibit confirms that Waddell has changed what it means to be a Western painter. While he lives in the West, Waddell cannot be only categorized as a Western artist, but among the best of Contemporary painters.

**Shanna Shelby**

Boulder, Colorado | April 2009



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