

New York. Macbeth gallery

E  
N48  
M12n48



WILLIAM MACBETH  
GALLERY ANNOUNCES  
AN EXHIBITION OF  
THE PAINTINGS OF  
DALE NICHOLS FOR  
TWO WEEKS OPEN-  
ING JANUARY 18

FROM AN AMERICAN  
LIBRARY  
M12n48

NO EXHIBITION, without some knowledge of the artist's life, his aims, his work, is truthfully complete. Hence this short biography. • I, third child of four, was born to John Dale and Edithe Nichols, July 13, 1904, and christened Dale William Nichols—Dale, after my father who in turn received his name from a pioneer friend of my paternal grandfather William Nickle (the true spelling) who homesteaded in southwestern Iowa; William, after my maternal grandfather William Pollman who staked his Tree-claim on the prairie of Nebraska. • Farm life was all I knew for the first twenty years of my life. This early training as a farmer constitutes the major part of what I know of art. Art is increasingly more than making pictorial images. It is the re-created experiences of one's life. My experiences upon a farm were many and varied. I trod, barefoot, the two miles of dusty country road, or "short-cut" on the crust of frozen, glittering snow which hid the tops of four-foot fence posts, to attend East Olive Township Rural School. After school, in the evenings, I helped milk the cows and do the chores. During the summer school vacations I aided in making hay, plowing fields and cultivating corn. I became a good horseman while performing the difficult task of keeping from fifty to one

114018

hundred steers safely within the boundaries of a barbed wire fence. I have watched the lightning streak the western skies, and, upon one occasion, saw a blinding bolt split a fifty-foot Cottonwood from its top to the roots. I have experienced a balmy summer day changing suddenly into a ravaging tornado; watched prairie winds level trees. I made friends with every living creature on my father's one hundred sixty acres and became intimately acquainted with every form of its vegetation. • These paintings are not just pictures of farms. All are re-creations of farm life. In painting these canvases I felt again the vastness of endless skies; experienced again the penetrating cold of Nebraskan winters; lived again as farmers live. • There are no morbid pictures in this exhibition for I have painted none of these. Farming is not morbid to a farmer, and, in saying this I must confess that, if not in fact, at least in spirit, I am still very much a farmer.

DALE NICHOLS

*Glenview, Illinois, 1938*

up from 5M 7/7/72 (gift?)



## C A T A L O G

1. THE END OF THE HUNT
2. BIG CITY NEWS
3. JOHN COMES HOME FOR CHRISTMAS
4. THE EARTH TO REST
5. DEATH IN THE WHEATFIELD
6. THE CITY NATIONAL BANK
7. SPRING FURROWS
8. CLOUDS
9. THE FARM YARD
10. JACK RABBIT
11. DESOLATION
12. THE SANLEY FARM
13. GREEN FIELDS
14. LAKE SARANAC

---

M A C B E T H      G A L L E R Y  
11 EAST 57<sup>TH</sup> STREET • NEW YORK CITY