

Foreword

Like the great realists of any time, André Harvey focuses on the reality of what is real. Somehow he sees better than the rest of us. Whether it is an indecisive man determined at last to make a difficult telephone call or a sea turtle swimming with infinite grace through the ocean, he lets us see the real world in all its magical particularity. What he does is first of all an act of vision, a way of looking at things that are, after all, available to anyone, with a kind of care and understanding that are rare and perhaps unique to Harvey himself.

To look at his sculpture is to experience in a fresh and really quite wonderful way what is valuable about the process of seeing and of living a life.

After the vision comes the craft. To reproduce the real world in a convincing fashion is demanding enough for the painter or draftsman; to do the same thing in bronze sculpture is so difficult as to be almost impossible. Probably that is why each of Harvey's works takes so long to complete. Yet he succeeds, without resorting to conventions, in conveying the look and even the feel of actual experience.

In these times of difficulty and artificiality such a gift, such a dedication to reality, is much to be treasured. Many of us are forced to live



our lives in suburban shopping malls or crowded urban streets. When at last we find ourselves face to face with real life, we are so overwhelmed with what we have been experiencing that we can hardly begin to see what is before our eyes. Harvey's work is truly a corrective for all this. We sense in

an instant what it is like to be pigs lying contentedly in a mudhole or to be a woman taking the sun on a beach.

What Harvey does is to bring to the front of our minds what we have forgotten since we were children, the real feel and look of things, animals, and people. To do so, perhaps, is an act of grace, and to do it without the sense of art as artifice is even rarer. I think he is one of the very few artists working today who neither manipulate nor reject the world around us. Instead Harvey celebrates life, and looking at his work we celebrate it with him. His art, then, though recognizing the difficulty of, say, the struggle of young turtles to reach the sea and the necessity that they do so with dispatch, is profoundly affirmative.

Harvey's work entirely lacks the easy ironies of so much of the realist art of our day. He gives us instead the world as it really is and leaves us to make of it what we will. For this we can hardly fail to be profoundly grateful.

John Caldwell

John Caldwell, formerly assistant curator, American Paintings and Sculpture, Metropolitan Museum of Art, is now art critic, regional editions, The New York Times.

ANDRÉ HARVEY

Born:	Florida 1941	Graduated: University of Virginia 1963
Exhibitions: (among others)	Images of America Exhibition (U.S. Information Agency) Moscow, London, Paris FAR Gallery, "Artist and the Animal", NYC National Sculpture Society, NYC National Academy of Design, NYC Tiffany & Co., NYC National Audubon Society, NYC Hunter Museum, Chattanooga, Tennessee Brandywine River Museum, Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania Delaware Art Museum, Wilmington Greenville Art Museum, Greenville, South Carolina Fine Arts Center (Cheekwood), Nashville, Tennessee Amarillo Art Museum, Texas Hobe Sound Gallery, Hobe Sound, Florida Joe DeMers Gallery Ltd., Hilton Head, South Carolina Keenlyside Gallery, Vancouver, British Columbia	
Collections: (among others)	Mr. and Mrs. Andrew Wyeth, Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania Mr. and Mrs. John Payson, Hobe Sound, Florida Mr. and Mrs. James Wyeth, Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania Mr. and Mrs. Henry Fonda, Los Angeles, California Mr. and Mrs. Joseph E. Levine, Greenwich, Connecticut Mr. and Mrs. A. Felix du Pont, Wilmington, Delaware Mr. and Mrs. Richard Mellon, Ligonier, Pennsylvania Mrs. Henry Belin du Pont, Ashland, Delaware Mr. and Mrs. William Farish, Houston, Texas Mr. and Mrs. Thomas du Pont, Belleair, Florida Mr. Gregg Allman, Macon, Georgia Mr. William K. du Pont, Wilmington, Delaware Mrs. Edgar Bronfman, New York, New York Mr. and Mrs. E.H. Rogers, Los Angeles, California Mrs. Alfred Bissell, Chadds Ford, Pennsylvania Mr. and Mrs. Bayard Sharp, Centerville, Delaware Mr. Walter McIlhenny, Avery Island, Louisiana Mrs. Elinor M. Bryden, Beverly Hills, California Mr. William Leedy, Kansas City, Missouri Mr. and Mrs. J. Deering Danielson, Coral Gables, Florida Mr. W.F. Reynolds, Wichita Falls, Texas Mr. and Mrs. Frank J. Matthew, III, New Orleans, Louisiana Mr. William K. Ryan, Tokyo Mr. and Mrs. John T. Dorrance, Jr., Gladwyne, Pennsylvania Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Dowd, Miami, Florida Mr. and Mrs. C. Hugh Hildesley, New York, New York Mr. Barry Manilow, Beverly Hills, California Mr. and Mrs. Frank Fowler, Lookout Mountain, Tennessee Mr. Stapleton Gooch, Tampa, Florida Mr. John P. Wilson, Santa Monica, California Dr. and Mrs. Turner Reuter, Middleburg, Virginia Mr. and Mrs. Phil Walden, Macon, Georgia University of Virginia, Charlottesville, Virginia Greenville Museum, South Carolina The Jockey Club, Washington, D.C. Crown Controls Corporation, New Bremen, Ohio Texas Energy Reserve Corporation, Humble, Texas Ward Products Corporation, New Brunswick, New Jersey	

André Harvey and his wife Bobbie live in Rockland (near Wilmington), Delaware. His studio is located in Breck's Mill on the Brandywine, downriver from The Hagley Museum.

The Pilgrimage

(green sea turtle)

Bronze (walnut base)

L (13½) W (12) H (11½) inches

Weight: approximately 15 pounds

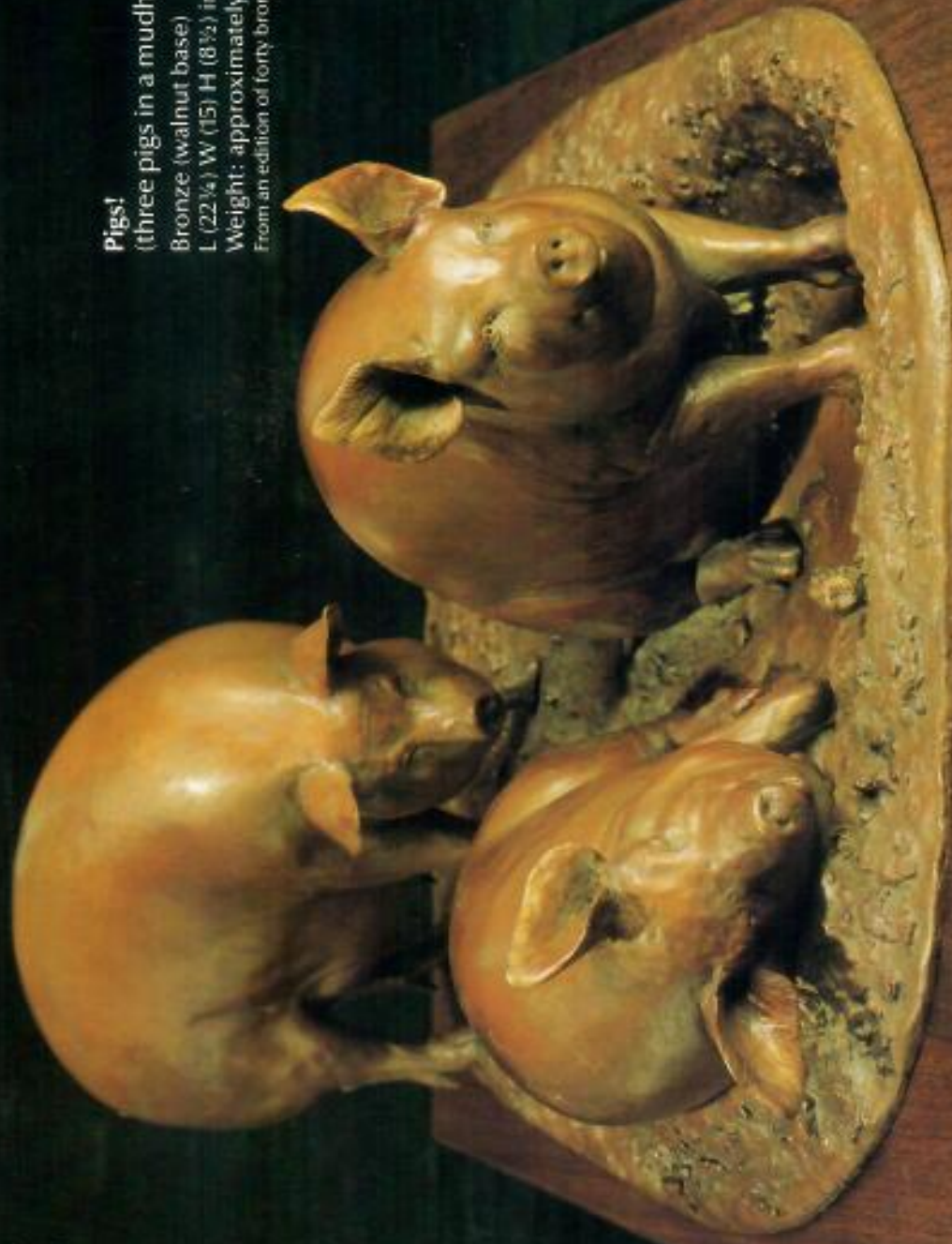
From an edition of sixty bronzes

What intrigued me about the green sea turtle is that it can migrate over vast distances of open sea—from its feeding grounds to its native beach—with uncanny accuracy. Adding the sea scallop—long a symbol of marine travel—to the base was a way of conveying the feeling of this master mariner plying its age-old way against difficult odds.





Pigs!
(three pigs in a mudhole)
Bronze (walnut base)
L (22 $\frac{1}{4}$) W (15) H (8 $\frac{1}{2}$) inches
Weight: approximately 40 pounds
From an edition of forty bronzes



RACING TO THE SEA (Loggerhead Hatchlings)

RACING TO THE SEA began with a trip to Little Cumberland Island, Georgia to observe loggerhead hatchlings under the guidance of naturalists Jim Richardson and Rebecca Bell. Little Cumberland Island ("L.C.I.") is a delightful combination of wild beaches, wind-sculpted live oaks, and salt marshes. It is about 3½ miles long, bordered by the Atlantic Ocean and Inter-coastal Waterway, next to last in Georgia's Golden Isles. Jim heads the L.C.I. Loggerhead Conservation Project (funded by the island homeowners) which is dedicated to protecting this endangered species (Caretta caretta), and to gathering much-needed information on their secretive, mysterious lives.

Each night, Bobbie (my wife) and I would rendezvous with Jim and Rebecca for the 1½ mile trip to the hatchery. We drove three-wheeled, two-seater, motorized "trykes", their fat tires ideal for the sandy trails.

Bouncing along at 8 mph, with the headlights piercing the darkness of the tunnel-like trail—canopied by a living awning of live oaks, Spanish moss, cedar, pine and palmetto bushes—we felt the closeness of nature at once attractive and disconcerting. Nightly, our trykes' salt-rusty headlights would bring a succession of wildlife "on stage"—armadillos rooting for grubs, deer, wild turkeys scurrying into the darkness. One night, a frightfully heavy, crashing noise to our right turned out to be a wild horse. In the tunneled darkness of the trail, it was easy to become "spooked". Roots appeared to be diamond-back rattlers,

rotted logs became alligators.

At the hatchery, we rested on our backs in the sand under the stars, listening to the sea, waiting for the loggerheads to hatch, thankful for any sea breeze that kept the irksome punkies from biting. Above the moon-streaked surf, far away on the blue-black horizon, the night glow of Jacksonville, Florida seemed a dim, fading reminder of the civilization we left behind.

Periodically, the yellow beams of our flashlights raked the nest area, searching out the small depression in the sand that signals a hatching nest about to erupt. Under this miniature crater, a light-bulb shaped nest bulges downward about 20 inches, cradling the 100 or so eggs deposited about 60 days before. To get out of its egg, a hatchling uses the temporary "egg tooth" on its beak, and then rests for several days, conserving energy for the emergence from the nest.

When they are ready to exit, the depression on the surface slowly expands to 6 or 7 inches as the sandy walls collapse to form a shallow bowl. Nearly motionless turtle heads appear as small bubbles in a sandy soup.

Then, every 2 or 3 minutes, the crater undulates at a slow "boil" until all at once—almost as if Nature whispered "Run!"—the nest explodes to life like a turtle volcano. The hatchlings, with incredible energy, flippers flailing like so many revved-up mechanical toys, begin racing to the sea.

—compiled from André Harvey's journal, Little Cumberland Island, Georgia

