Stewart Gallery

2212 Main St.
Boise, ID 83702
Phone: 208.433.0593

Invoice

Date	Invoice #
10/24/2004	920

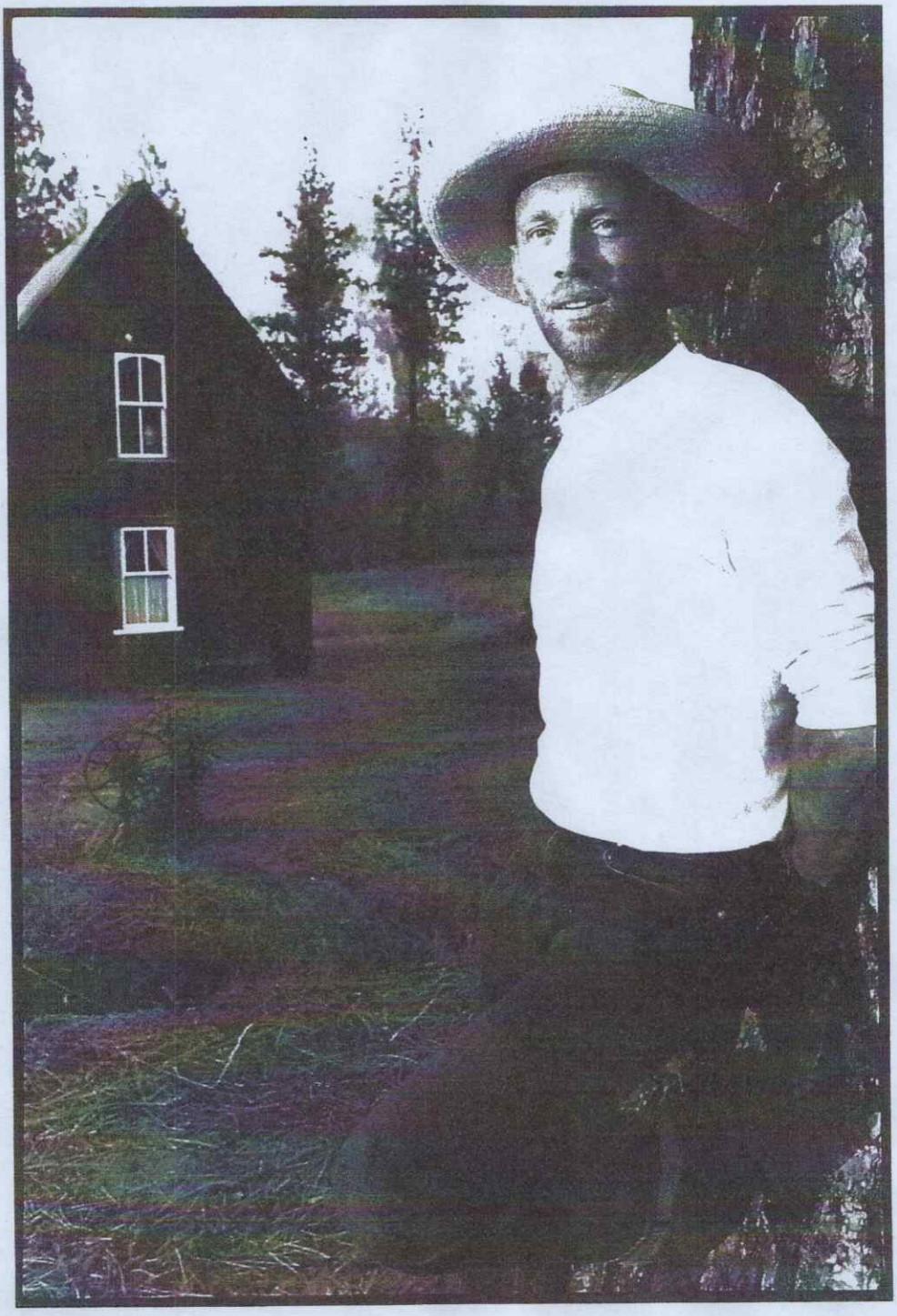
Bill To	Ship To
D.R. and Mary Kayser 8216 E. Sands Dr. Scotsdale, Az 85255	

P.O. Number	Terms	Rep	Ship	Via	F.O.B.	Project
			10/24/2004			

Quantity	Item Code	Description	Price Each	Amount
	KM/Sm3	Kerry Moosman Terra Cotta Vessels 3 small	1,400.00	1,400.00
		Sales Tax	6.00%	0.00

PAID IN FULL.
THANK YOU!

Total $1,400.00



KERRY MOOSMAN
Ceramist

KERRY MOOSMAN

TO REACH KERRY MOOSMAN in Atlanta, Idaho, you could call the Whistle Stop Tavern, one of the two bars in this old gold-mining town of about thirty residents, and leave a message. That is, unless the phone lines are down. Or you could drive the 101 miles from Boise to Atlanta, past the Lucky Peak Reservoir, fed by the Middle Fork of the Boise River — the same Rocky Mountains river that hugs Atlanta — and past Idaho City, the frontier town where Frank Church, former Democratic senator from Idaho, declared his bid for the presidency in 1976.

After 60 miles, it's time to head toward the Sawtooth Mountain Wilderness on a one and one-half lane, dirt Forest Service road full of mammoth logging trucks driven by guys who seem to derive job satisfaction from barreling around hairpin turns. People will warn you that parts of this road might be washed out after a heavy rain, but it's usually not anything that hard labor with a shovel couldn't fix. The ruts in the last seventeen miles, though, will bounce your Japanese-made compact around as if it were an old buckboard. Four hours after you started, three if you don't encounter too many logging trucks, you'll see Kerry's one-story cottage, beyond the firehouse with the vintage truck and water tank that once nearly tipped over on its way to a blaze on the uphill side of town.

Vessel, 1987. Burnished terra-cotta. H. 32" x Dia. 14". Photo by Rick Jenkins.

Kerry Moosman lives in Atlanta, Idaho, for six months every year, during the summer and fall, restoring the town's derelict buildings, many of which were built soon after the town was founded in 1864, twenty-six years before Idaho became a state. The other half of the year, from late November until early June, he lives in Boise, making large red earthenware vessels he painstakingly builds by hand and burnishes with a small stone until their surfaces gleam like old gold.

In a time when most people consider their hometowns a dim memory, Kerry Moosman continues to live in both the village and the city where he was raised. The son and grandson of gold miners, he grew up in Atlanta, Idaho, until his family moved to Boise in 1959, when Kerry was in the third grade.

His life today is one that Thoreau would envy. His circa-1870 house in Atlanta, part of the town's National Historic District, has neither electricity nor running water. Kerry heats this five-room house with and cooks his meals on a wood stove. He fills pails with sweet water from a pump outside his back door. An outhouse sits a few steps beyond the weatherbeaten kitchen porch. Kerry's cozy house, filled with Victorian-era curios he has collected over the years, cost him nothing except the considerable time it took to return it to a habitable condition. (The original owner's descendants willingly gave him the rat-infested, abandoned house.) He scavenged for lumber and nails for the renovation among other, more ruined houses. Famous among his friends for his frugality, Kerry still talks about the time someone bought him an old ironstone platter for the shockingly high price of $12, which was exactly $11.50 more than he had paid for a similar piece.

Kerry Moosman counts pennies so that he has the luxury of spending one month or more to make each one of his thigh-high terra-cotta vessels, which vary in shape and sell in a Boise gallery. Because he only works as a ceramist for six months of the year, he must stretch the income from those sales. It helps that his grandmother, who no longer lives in her Boise house, allows him to live there rent-free. (He pays taxes, utilities, and insurance.) Also he receives a free studio space at a local art center in return for teaching classes.

To assemble his vessels, Kerry layers coil upon coil of clay, the same method used by potters in ancient times to make huge storage jars for grain and oil. "I like the idea that coiling is an ancient technique," says Kerry. "I can look at hand-built pottery from different cultures, and it's just like a common language."

After constructing a circular slab base for each new piece, Kerry rolls out five- or six-foot-long ropes of stiff, red earthenware clay. Draping a clay coil across his long arms, he holds one end of it in one hand and deftly uses his other hand to attach the opposite end to the base. As he builds the pot from the bottom up, Kerry smooths both the inside and outside with a wooden paddle. When the vessel is finished, he lets it dry, then rewets it and stone-polishes the surface as it dries again. Sometimes, after he low-fires each unglazed piece once in an electric kiln, he puts certain pieces inside a larger form called a *saggar,* packs manure under or around the pieces, and refires them in a hotter gas kiln. The organic material in the manure burns off, leaving glossy black markings. If Kerry doesn't like the results, he can always pop his pots back in the electric kiln and burn off the deposits, until they are once more the earthy color of burnt sienna.

During the months Kerry lives in Boise, he does little besides his work and some historical research on Atlanta. Describing himself as "single-minded," he explains: "When I work, that's all I want to do, that's all I really want to concentrate on. I don't want any distractions." He usually arrives in his studio in the afternoon, after classes in the art center are over, then works into the evening.

As an undergraduate at Boise State University, Kerry studied both ceramics and sculpture, and he admits he is attracted to making large vessels because they seem more like sculpture. He also attributes his fascination with large objects to living in mile-high Atlanta for the first eight years of his childhood. "Things are big up here," he says. "The trees, the mountains, the valleys. I think I just absorbed that feeling of scale."

On his mother's side, Kerry Moosman is a fifth-generation Idahoan, the descendant of pioneers who settled in the Payette Valley near Boise.

Vessel, 1988. Burnished terra-cotta. H. 28½" x Dia. 12". Photo by Rick Jenkins.

Kerry's paternal great-great-grandfather was a weaver in Switzerland who converted to Mormonism in 1850 and emigrated to Utah in 1860. Both his grandfathers came to Atlanta, Idaho, with their families in the 1930s to work in the gold mines. "My father's father had been working in a mine in Utah, and he heard about a job opening up in Atlanta, so he came over here with my grandma and my dad, who was a little baby, and the first night they were here they got snowed in, so they stayed," says Kerry dryly.

Atlanta was a boomtown when Kerry's mother and father, who were childhood sweethearts, were youngsters. Three shifts of men worked around the clock, digging ore from mines named Minnie, Minerva, Monarch, Old Chunk, Last Chance, Big Lode, Baltimore, Bagdad, and Buffalo. Then they hurtled it down water-fed chutes to the gold processing mill on the Boise River. The noise must have been stupefying. The machinery is mostly gone now, but the boulders overturned by earlier gold workers, including Chinese indentured laborers, remain — an earth-moving project worthy of any pharaoh.

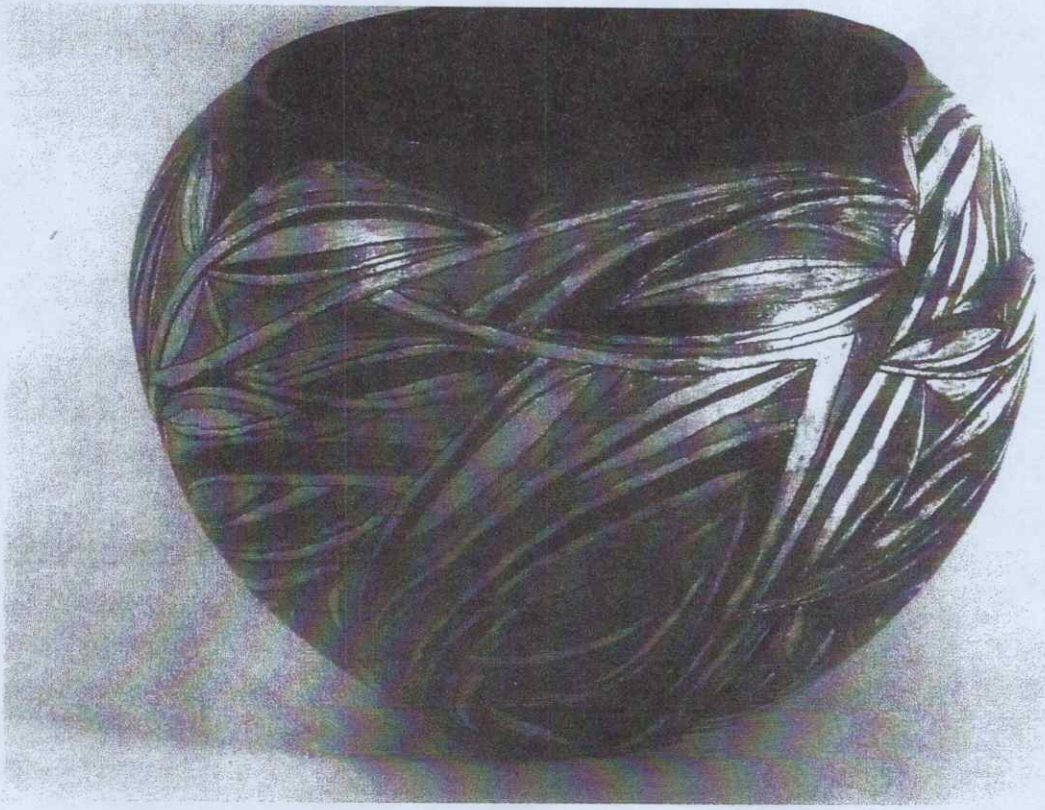
Between five and six hundred people lived in Atlanta during the prohibition era. Kerry, the unofficial town historian, says, "They were so isolated up here in Atlanta that there were a lot of people who were making whiskey and selling whiskey. They were really living it up. They had their own little world up here, making money and gold mining."

Things had quieted down some by the time Kerry was born in 1951, and his tales of childhood are probably similar to those of someone in his grandfather's generation. There were abandoned houses and two old hotels to explore, and outhouses to tip over at Halloween. In the winter, Kerry and his friends sledded and skied; in the summer, they swam and rode horses. Only one family in town owned a TV, so in the evenings Kerry and his folks listened to the radio as his mother and grandmothers made quilts and rag rugs. Sometimes Kerry helped the women piece together the coils of brightly colored rags, his first experience with the technique he now uses in his ceramics.

As children, Kerry and his friends in Atlanta spent hours combing the countryside for relics — bits of broken bottles and dishes. Sharp-eyed Kerry noticed that the old shards of crockery still bore the indentations made by the potter's fingers. "And I thought that was fascinating," he recalls. "That somebody had made this stuff and that it was soft at one time. And I remember finding broken dishes and thinking it was real cool that they had survived. They hadn't rusted or deteriorated, and you could still see the designs."

For the first two years of grade school, Kerry attended a two-room schoolhouse with eleven other children in grades one through eight. His teacher, Mrs. Inama, still teaches the one student in town who goes to the elementary school. Each weekday morning, as she tolls the schoolbell at 8:30 and again at 8:45, you can't help but think that Atlanta — where it's common to hear the squeak of water pumps and the crackle of kindling in wood stoves — should be declared a national museum of old-fashioned sounds.

When Kerry Moosman was eight years old, his family moved to Boise. "I went from a school that had twelve kids in it to a big public school that probably had five hundred kids," he says. "It was a shock for kids like us who had never been around TV and who really didn't have much of an idea what was going on in the rest of the world. We had never heard of football or basketball. We didn't do organized sports. When we were in



Vessel, 1982. Earthenware. H. 16" x Dia. 21". Photo by Rick Jenkins.

Atlanta, all the kids played together, and the boys played with the girls. But when we went to Boise it was, 'All the boys play football!' Living in the city was a lot more restrictive."

But every summer he would go back to Atlanta to spend time with his grandparents, a practice he continued even after he went to college. To earn money for school, Kerry did everything from planting trees and bartending, to working his grandfather's gold claim and running a scrap iron business. During the time that he was in high school, a number of old buildings in Atlanta had been torn down, so when he was in college in the early 1970s he drafted a petition to the state legislature that set aside approximately three acres in town for historic preservation. The buildings on this land include the town jail and a lawyer's office, as well as Kerry's house and two smaller houses that he owns, all of which he has either restored or is in the process of restoring. Due to Kerry, these buildings are also listed on the National Register of Historic Places.

After he graduated from Boise State University in 1975, where he studied with the Korean-born Japanese ceramist John Takehara, Kerry worked there as a ceramics instructor for two years. It was during this time that he acquired his house in Atlanta and began renovating it. In 1982, he became an instructor at Fort Boise Community Art Center, a half-year position he holds to this day.

In the early 1980s, Kerry coil-built tall, cylindrical vessels — at that time he used stoneware clay — that were more directly influenced by the nature he saw all around him in Atlanta. He decorated his pots with colored liquid-clay drawings of the dragonflies and kingfishers he spied while bathing in a hot-springs pool facing 9,300-foot Greylock Mountain. But he tired of stoneware because this type of clay must be high-fired in gas kilns, which are notoriously temperamental. Some ceramists relish the unpredictability of gas kilns, but Kerry wanted more control. So he switched to

red earthenware, which is fired in an electric kiln. "It's a simpler process," he says, "and I always loved the color of that red clay. And it's stiffer clay and it works nicely for hand-building, for coiling." His earth-colored vessels also reflect Kerry's appreciation for the simplicity of Native American ceramics from the Southwest and have a similarly sunbaked, warm surface.

Kerry likes Southwest food, too. During the week, when he's alone in his house in Atlanta, he's as likely as not to open a can of tuna for dinner. But on the weekends, when his friends Robert Vasquez and Joe Wheat visit from Boise, they bring along groceries as well as the fixings for the kind of food that Robert watched his mother cook. One night, Robert produced a feast of pork chili with homemade hot sauce, ***arroz con pollo,*** and refried beans. Another friend named J. D. Dolan, a New York writer whose Atlanta cabin contains the only fax machine for miles around, contributed homemade corn bread.

After dinner, by the light of a kerosene lamp, the four men entertained two women visitors with ghost stories, bad Mormon jokes, and gossip about the Atlanta townsfolk, many of whom make a living working for the Forest Service. For example, the man they've dubbed "The Abdominals" would win a gold medal if there were such a thing as a "Barroom Olympics." From a standing position on the floor, while holding a mug of beer, he can leap onto the four-foot-high bar in the Whistle Stop Tavern without spilling a drop.

Kerry and his friends also told about the black bear who had recently ended up as bear steaks after he went on a rampage that began with swiping the townsfolk's hummingbird feeders and escalated into house break-ins. He grew so bold that not even The Abdominals' dog, who is half-wolf, could scare him any longer. The final straw, though, was when the bear got into Randy and Sandy Nye's truck and threw it out of gear. The truck rolled downhill with the bear in the driver's seat and slammed into a tree, which literally scared the scat out of the bear. Soon after, the bear met his demise at the end of a shotgun.

Although it is early fall, the next morning is sunny and hot. Freckle-faced, fair-haired Kerry dons the straw sombrero he calls his "Van Gogh" hat and tours us around his domain, looking like a latter-day Huck Finn. He leads us first up a hill just outside of Atlanta to the cemetery, where a few wooden grave markers surrounded by picket or iron fences still stand. Suicides and desperadoes were buried downhill from the more respectable townspeople, Kerry comments. We follow him back into town and inspect the church being built on the site of an old brothel, where Pegleg Annie, a pioneer prostitute infamous in these parts, undoubtedly entertained some of her customers. Kerry shows us the old board-and-batten building he's fixing up as a guesthouse for his sister and her family.

Vessel, 1989. Burnished terra-cotta. H. 27" x Dia. 16". Photo by Kim Zumwalt.

On the way home, Kerry steals a fat turnip from a neighbor's garden and checks his mailbox — the U.S. Postal Service trucks in mail six days a week during good weather and twice weekly otherwise. Kerry studies a postcard and rifles through some utility bills for his house in Boise. Then he summarily stuffs the bills back into his mailbox. In two more months, he'll return to Boise and assume all the responsibilities of modern life. In the meantime, the bills can wait until the King of Atlanta, Idaho, is ready to reenter the twentieth century. ◆

Kerry Moosman

Born 1951, Boise, Idaho

EDUCATION AND RELATED WORK

1982-Present	Art Instructor, Boise Recreation, Boise, ID
1979-1982	Graduate Studies in Ceramics, Boise State University, Boise, ID
1980	Preparator, Boise Gallery of Art, Boise, ID
1977-1979	Ceramics Instructor, Boise State University, Boise, ID
1975	B.F.A., Ceramics and Sculpture, Boise State University, Boise, ID

SELECTED EXHIBITIONS AND AWARDS

2000 "Visual Arts Fellowship Exhibition 2000", Prichard Gallery, University of Idaho, Moscow, Id.; Boise State University- Visual Arts Center, Boise, Id.; Willard Arts Center- Carr Gallery, Idaho Falls, Id.

1999 Visual Arts Fellowship, Idaho Commission on the Arts

1998 "A Common Thread", Gail Severn Gallery, Ketchum, ID
"Idaho Triennial", Boise Art Museum, Boise, ID
"Group Christmas Show", Gail Severn Gallery, Ketchum, ID

1997 SOFA Chicago, Gail Severn Gallery, Chicago, IL
"Group Christmas Show", Gail Severn Gallery, Ketchum, ID
ArtFair/Seattle, Gail Severn, Seattle, WA
"Curators Choice: A Northwest Survey", Holter Museum of Art, Helena, MT

1996 ArtFair/Seattle, Gail Severn Gallery, Seattle, WA
"Magic Mud Northwest Invitational Traveling Exhibition", Gallery by the Lake, Coeur d'Alene, ID; Jean B. King Gallery/Herrett Center, Twin Falls, ID; John B. Davis Gallery/Fine Arts Building, Pocatello, ID
Pritchard Gallery, University of Idaho, Moscow, ID

1995 SOFA Chicago, Gail Severn Gallery, Chicago, IL

1994 "Eighteenth Annual Holiday Group Show", Gail Severn Gallery, Ketchum, ID

1993 Gail Severn Gallery, Ketchum, ID

1992 "Alley History", Public Art Commission, Boise City Arts Commission, Boise, ID

1991 "Spirit of the West II", West One Bancorp Traveling Show,
One Man Show, Boise Art Museum, Boise, ID
"Artist at Work", Cheney Cowels Museum, Spokane, WA

1990 "Conversations", Channel 4 television program with companion book, Idaho Education Public Broadcasting Foundation
"Spirit of the West II", West One Bancorp Traveling Show
"Centennial Biennial", Boise Art Museum, Boise, ID, Juror's Award of Distinction

1989 "10 B.S.U. Alumni Show", Boise State University, Boise, ID

1985 Group Show, Ochi Gallery, Ketchum, ID
"4th Idaho Biennial", Boise Gallery of Art, Boise, ID, Award of Distinction

1984 "Selections from Corporate Collections", Boise Gallery of Art, Boise, ID

1983 "Third Idaho Biennial", Boise Art Gallery, Boise, ID

1982 "3 Boise Artists", Boise State Museum of Art, Boise, ID
1981 "Second Idaho Biennial", Boise Gallery of Art, Boise, ID
1979 "First Idaho Biennial", Boise, Gallery of Art, Boise, ID
1978 "Northwest Designer Craftsman", Boise Gallery of Art, Boise, ID
1976 "40th Idaho Annual", Boise Gallery of Art, Boise, ID
1975 "Object Idaho '75", Boise Gallery of Art, Boise, ID
"39th Idaho Annual", Boise Gallery of Art, Boise, ID
1973 "37th Idaho Annual", Boise Gallery of Art, Boise, ID, Purchase Award

COLLECTIONS

Boise Art Museum
West One Bancorp
Boise Cascade Corporation
United First Corporation
First Interstate Bank
Albertson's
City of Boise
Stoel Rives LLP

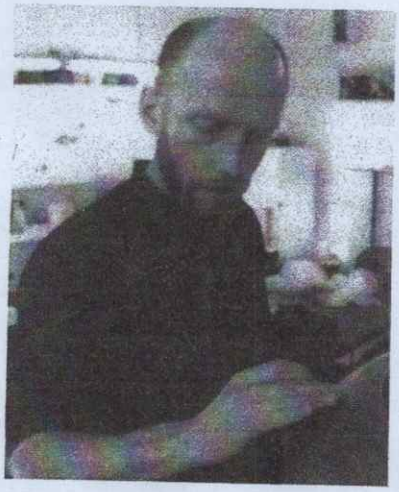
PUBLICATION

"Hands in Clay" Sun Valley Art , Winter 2000
"The Artist's Endeavor: Two Profiles" 3 Syllables, Issue 17
"Public Art" The Idaho Statesman , April 23, 1995
"Moosman's 'Alley History' Offers Unique Depiction of Diversity" Boise Weekly, October 20, 1992
Biskeborn, Susan, *Artists at Work: Twenty-five Glassmakers, Ceramists, and Jewelers* Horizon Air, February, 1992
"Ceramics techniques evoke forms of old" The Idaho Statesman July 18, 1991
Biskeborn, Susan, *Artists at Work: Twenty-five Glassmakers, Ceramists, and Jewelers* Seattle/Anchorage, Alaska Northwest Books, 1990
Susan Stacy, *Conversations,* Idaho Educational Public Broadcasting Foundation, 1990
American Craft, February, 1984
American Craft, April, 1982
"Nature inspires potter's ceramic designs" The Idaho Statesman, March 4, 1982
Harrington, LaMar, *Ceramics of the Pacific Northwest* University of Washington Press, Seattle, WA, 1979

Or to be enveloped in a wonderful emotional experience. Music is for everyone.

To me art is a very real and ongoing part of daily existence. It's like eating for me. I don't isolate the artistic experience from the life experience. For me they're too integrated to be able to separate them.

Idahoans seem to appreciate art. I'm one of the newer citizens of Idaho, having only been here not quite three years yet. If the response to and attendance at our performances is any indicator, I would say Idahoans enjoy the arts very much. We have enjoyed sell-out subscription audiences all three seasons that I've been here. Our pops concerts are very well attended. We do some unusual concerts, like Pops in the Park, that are sponsored by one of the local banks here, that draw huge crowds of people. I would say they are very interested in it indeed.



Kerry Moosman

For myself, the thing that means the most to me is the sense of personal gratification that comes from having done a really good performance and having that performance appreciated by the audience, having the audience indicate that by their applause. When I can accomplish that, I feel very appreciated and successful. You can measure it in monetary terms, but I think for most performers, or artists in general, appreciation for the work itself is how we measure our own successes.

Kerry Moosman is a potter who lives and works in Atlanta, an old mining town.

My family is from Idaho back five generations. Part of them were Mormons and part of them were gold miners. They came in the beginning and are still here. Some of them settled in the Payette Valley in the really early pioneer days. One of my great grandfathers was a weaver; that was the trade he brought with him from Europe to Utah. He probably could have related to what I am doing.

I went to school here until I was in the fourth grade. My grandparents lived here until 1982. I came back to spend time with them every summer. It has just always been home. There is beautiful scenery, quiet, opportunity to explore and look around, walk. There is a lot of old stuff that needs fixing up. There are friends, family, fun.

Having an interest in history has influenced my work a lot. I like to know what came before. I'm very curious about how people lived and what they did. I think that's why I make pots. It is a very ancient and time-tested vehicle of expression. Clay hasn't changed much in the last four thousand years. I've been able to develop a life in Atlanta that is more traditional. I don't have electricity. I burn wood.

I would like to say, "Yes, Idahoans appreciate art." However, they have space and natural beauty around them everywhere. There is not as much desire for art as there is in more urban areas, where there is more of a need for an escape. Art offers

urban people that escape. In Idaho there is not the pressure of urban life. But it's a good place for an artist to work, because you can live fairly inexpensively in Idaho. There is a lot to inspire you, a lot of beauty. And if you spend a lot of time in the studio, you don't feel like you're missing a whole lot of action.

It takes a lot of physical exertion to paint, to carve. You use your whole body. You don't just sit there and "create." I've been experimenting with terra-cotta clays, which have a rust color from the iron in the clay. I've been firing them with different combustible materials, which is kind of fun. With one piece I used some newspaper. It might have been the lead or something in the print that created interesting silvery effects. Others were fired with horse manure, which gives them really nice beautiful blacks.

I've been playing around with different kinds of sawdust, hard woods, black walnut, and wood ash. They all have an effect on the terra-cotta and turn it different colors. Lots of room for experimentation.

The main tool for polishing clay is a little rock. This is the only rock that I have been able to make work. Polishing actually compresses the surface of the clay. There are many different ways of doing it and reasons for doing it. In the early cultures of the Stone Age, the Neolithic people polished clay to make it watertight. They hadn't invented glazes yet.

My stone has a good shape. It's something I can hold onto for some reason. It's smooth. It's been polished in a modern tumbling machine. I think it's an agate. For Indians, their polishing stones were very sacred to them. They were very cautious with them and handed them down from generation to generation. This one

Photo: Rick Jenkins

Kerry Moosman's polished clay pot

is getting flattened off at the end because I polish quite a bit with it. Some of the Indians use nice big stones that they can grab hold of and really get going. I've never been able to make a big one work. I keep experimenting with different stones, but this is the only one that I seem to be able to make do.

I just finished a piece which still has a little moisture in it. You take your little rock and start going over the surface to take out the little scratches and inconsistencies in the clay body. It compresses the clay and actually makes more of a glass-like surface. It's fun to look at ancient pots from different cultures, because a lot of them did this kind of stone polishing. Traditional potters in Africa, Mexico, South America, and the Pueblos of the American West still do a lot of this. It's a technique they can use without kilns. Most of the polished pottery is fired in pit fires. If you fire any higher than that, the polishing goes away. You have to be careful. It's a slow process; you can't be in a hurry if you want to polish clay.

Art in early Atlanta was more decorative. Emma Edwards Green, the schoolteacher, used to teach painting. The paintings that came out of her classes were mostly landscapes, all realistic. Art is now moving in many different directions besides realism.

Artists in the 1864 period were flexible. They painted furniture, headstones, houses. I think there has always been a need for artists in every culture. I think it might have even been easier back then. People liked to have their portraits painted. Now they don't so much.

Art is more functional now, because there is a real need for the humanness. In our culture we are more mechanized and impersonal. Art adds back some of that personality, some of that humanness. I hope that's what it does. That's what I want it to do. In the earlier days, people's lives were less mechanical. They had quilting and basketmaking. Art was more interwoven in their lives.

Hazel Weston of Boise was president of Boise Music Week from 1948 to 1950.

Eugene Farner of St. Michael's Cathedral was the one who started Music Week in 1919. Then other cities took up the idea and it spread all over the United States. It is still observed and handled by the National Federation of Music Clubs.

Music Week is a showcase for all the talent in town, beginning with little folk and right up through to the professionals. They get together and the beginners have a chance to hear what the professionals can do. People who can't afford to go to the expensive performances can see and hear what there is in Boise free of charge. And there is a great deal. Boise is full of talent.

I was on the board and then became president of Music Week. It had been a going concern for quite a while. The whole town was involved in it, and some of the

Hazel Weston