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Subject: Thank You Everett
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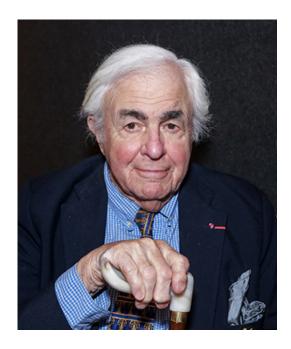
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Marc Mellon Studio

Bronze Sculptures

Thank You Everett



It's with a mixture of sadness and gratitude that I share a few photos, and links to some of the major obituaries in tribute to our dear longtime friend and mentor **Everett Raymond Kinstler**....as he would say "three great guys."

Known to his thousands of students, those 2,500 or more who sat for his portraits (he called them "my victims,") and his large band of friends and family as Ev, Everett, or Ray, he was a bridge to the likes of legendary artist and illustrator James Montgomery Flagg and legendary artist and teacher of artists Frank DuMond, on a first name basis with Presidents, Cabinet Officers, movie legends and captains of industry, and closely followed and admired by thousands of aspiring (and professional) painters. The title of his book My Brush with History,

developed along with others with his wonderful wife Peggy, told the story. Everett documented so much of the fabric of American life in the 20th Century, including Miss Americas, Astronauts, sports legends, university builders, legal giants, Hollywood royalty and more. His energy, and drive to both paint and tell stories, simultaneously, was legendary. A host of American icons became close friends, including Tony Bennett, Tom Wolfe, Gerald Ford.



I had the good fortune to first meet Everett in 1982, the year I sculpted and cast my first bust of George HW Bush. It was at the National Arts Club, and I was the new kid on the block, with a small space in their studio building. That first day he commented on my work with enthusiasm, and clarity. "While I'm a painter," he said, "I think like a sculptor, and I KNOW this man and have painted this man, and you captured him...not just the likeness, but the little things that a good portrait needs – that little bit of caricature."

Needless to say, I left the conversation walking on air, as ERK was a legend to all of us who aspired to create rich multi-faceted authentic portraits.

Everett, who loved to tell bad jokes, and pointed stories about his own teachers and fellow club members, got very serious when he was asked to "crit" one's work. I can't overemphasize how privileged I was—for a 37 year period, to have his mentarship. Mine is not a unique story. Everett considered our dear friend.

the exceptional portrait painter Michael Shane Neal, as his greatest protégé, and our equally dear friend Kathy Anderson was also the beneficiary of the time, enthusiasm, and counsel he gave us in our studios. Babette too greatly benefited from his tutelage...at our regular dinners in Connecticut he always wanted to know about what new work she was engaged with, and once he heard details, he wanted to know when he could see it. He would, no matter how busy, always find the time to visit our studios, and he would offer his honest (and sometimes brutally honest) critiques, which were always spot on. His crits were filled with quotes from other artists he admired, including observations he made of what made the greatest artists great. A crit might include observations he made in studying Joaquin Sorolla, or John Singer Sargent, or Anders Zorn, or Paolo Troubetskoy. His brow would furrow and his full eyebrows would arch, and his hand would gesture to amplify a point, with his unusually articulated fingers adding further emphasis.











From the time Everett left high school to become an "inker" for comic books (think Zorro and The Shadow), and then illustrating pulp fiction during its heyday (the Cowboys and Cleavage he referred to for this period), through the many decades as a much sought out painter of quality portraits, he ALWAYS sweated the details, never assuming how a client would respond to his work. He NEVER lost that feeling you have early in your career when you are "hungry," and when it's not a given that you will succeed. He brought the same professionalism and determination to his art that our greatest athletes and legendary dancers and foremost business visionaries bring to theirs. He truly sweated the details, and part of the magic and quality of his body of work is how natural and fresh his 75 years of artwork remains today.

Everett would have turned 93 this coming August 5th. He worked, at the top of his game, until just weeks before his passing. Another dear friend we all shared made it to 101, Will Barnet, continuing to paint till the end. Everett's dear buddy Morton Kaish, a world-traveling 92 years old, continues to paint and exhibit his extraordinary artwork and has also been a regular source of encouragement and art world wisdom to we younger artists who have the pleasure of knowing him. We've been so extraordinarily fortunate to have these important artists and compassionate human beings as role models. There are no guarantees for those determined to be artists, and both Everett and Will knew this, and Morton knows this still. I think that's in part why Will and Everett and Morton each dedicated so much time and energy to many arts organizations, including The Artists' Fellowship Inc, a charitable foundation assisting professional fine artists and their families in times of emergency. Everett encouraged me and Babette to join in the 1980s, and we worked closely with Everett, Will, and Morton for many decades in helping grow this truly life-changing foundation.



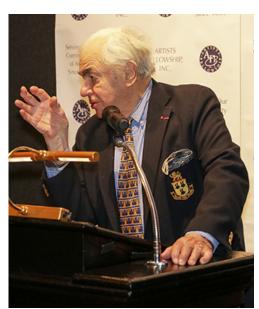


ERK, Morton Kaish, and Marc Mellon at Artists Fellowship Dinner, many years ago.

Babette and I have of course continued our regular "family" dinners with Peggy. We've been sharing reminiscences, with much laughter, and an occasional tear. Peggy asked me and Babette to help publicize Everett's devotion to the Artists Fellowship Inc. and the Portrait Society of America. Donations in Everett Raymond Kinstler's memory to these important artworld 501(c)3's would be most welcome and help keep his legacy alive.







ERK speaking at 2018 Artists' Fellowship Inc. Annual Awards Dinner.

The New York Times and The Washington Post share more about ERK and his life.