

THE HALE FAMILY IN AMERICAN ART

First simultaneous exhibition of three artists from one of
America's most distinguished artistic, literary and
historical families

Ellen Day Hale

Philip Leslie Hale

Lilian Westcott Hale

Exhibit Objectives

To examine the artists together for the first time



Ellen Day Hale (1855-1940)



Philip Leslie Hale (1865-1931)



Lilian Westcott Hale (1880-1963)

Exhibit Objectives

To display works retained by the artists, many of which have not been exhibited previously

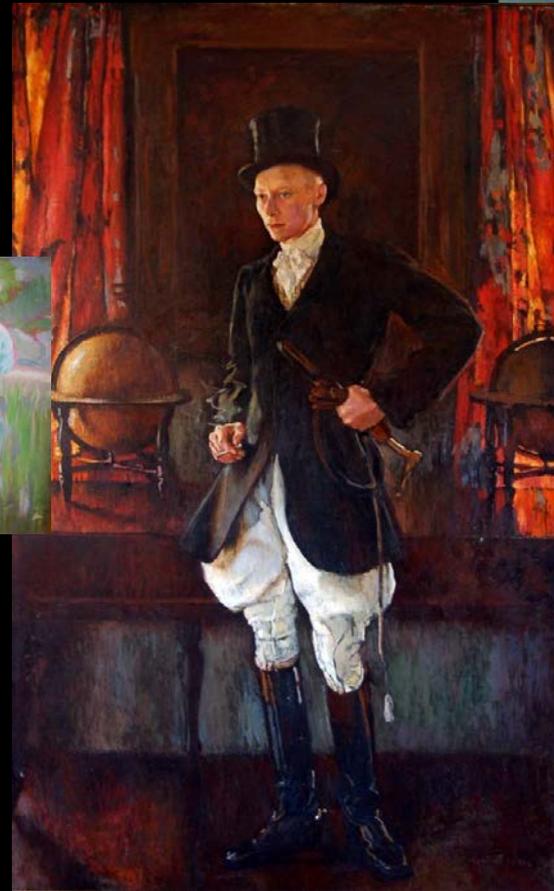
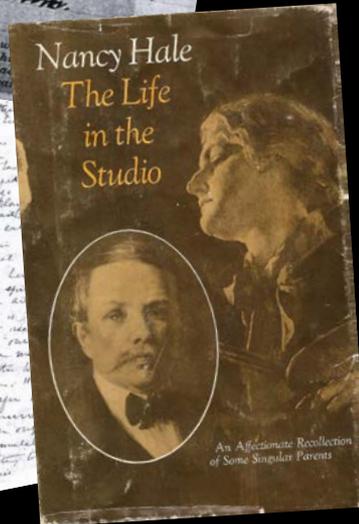
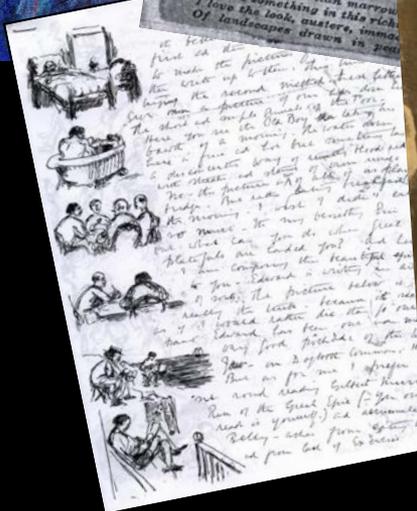


Exhibit Objectives

To examine the artists' world and the cultural period through a variety of media forms



Things I like
Open wood fire & just broil
open grate. ^{broil} just coal fire in
May day under an blowing apple tree
with no horse but kelp.
Smell of gingerbread just out of the oven.
A good look beside an open fire
Fishing in a garden before I begin to
feeling to symptomatic mania by
the Mallus.
Wandering in English lanes and
around old Eng. churches yards
Seeing Churches.
A violent Snow Storm with wind & a
piece of Northumbrian hand & charcoal.
A patch on hand in water.
Smell of Vialar
Down in the Puritan marrow
There's something in the rich
I love the look, austere, imma
Of landscapes drawn in pen



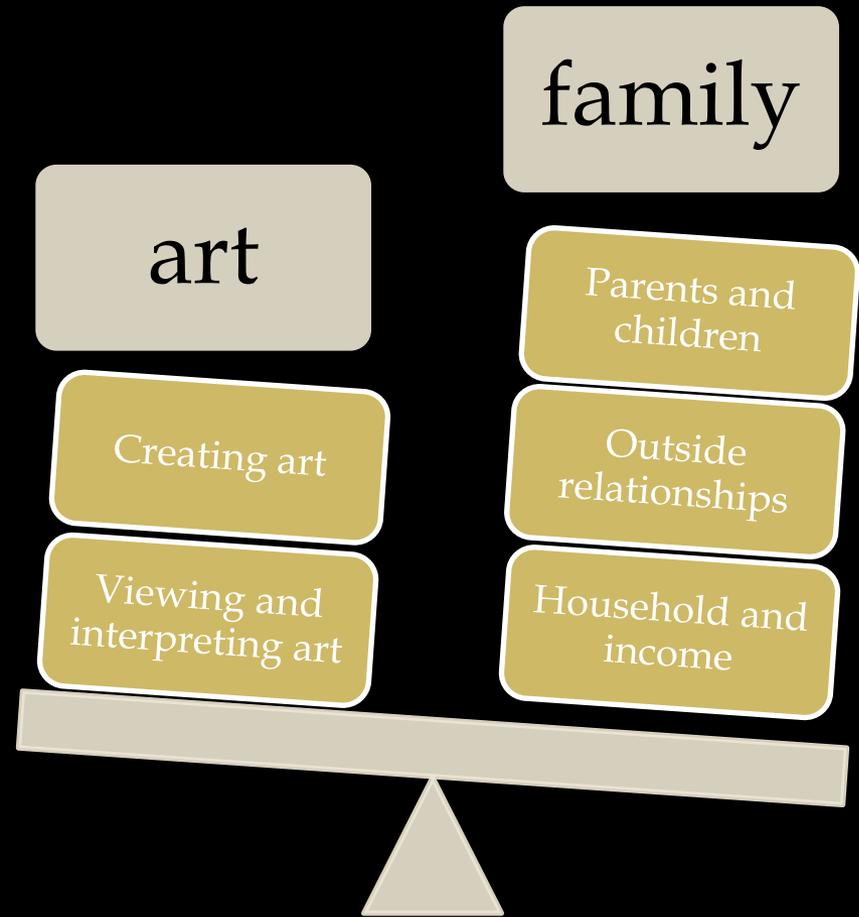
Life was a balancing act

for the Hale artists as they struggled to incorporate making art with personal responsibilities.

Ellen Day Hale's art education was shaped by her gender. An active participant in America's etching revival, she maintained a Boston marriage while caring for her parents and serving as her father Edward Everett Hale's hostess when he was the chaplain of the U.S. Senate.

Philip Leslie Hale received the same encouragement in his art as his sister, but he was expected to support a family. He accomplished this through teaching, writing, and lecturing about art. While he was never as successful an artist as his wife, Philip Hale possessed a thorough academic understanding of art and shared his knowledge of technique and style with her.

Lilian Westcott Hale was the most talented and successful of the Hale artists. She was a member of the first generation of American students able to receive a thorough art education without European study. She managed household duties and motherhood while actively pursuing her art career.



The Hale exhibit blends art and life



Lilian Westcott Hale became the first woman to win the prestigious Altman Prize with this life-size portrait of her son-in-law. It is a demonstration of the heights that she was poised to reach before the death of her husband set her back. Erica Hirshler notes that her period of greatest productivity exactly mirrors the years of her marriage to Philip Hale.



PORTRAIT T. S. HARDIN, Esq.
LILIAN WESTCOTT HALE, A. N. A. ELECT
ALTMAN PRIZE
ONE THOUSAND DOLLARS
NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN WINTER EXHIBITION 1927



This small oil sketch is recorded as missing in Hirshler's dissertation on the subject of the work of Lilian Westcott Hale. It was discovered within the family holdings.



For the Hales, family complemented art.



“He thinks he is the most important and interesting thing in the world and of course he’s dead right.”

Philip Hale about his new grandson



*That nifty God - and nifty Hoover -
and nifty Al Capone are particularly
interested in him. He thinks he the
most interesting thing in the world:-
and of course he's ~~not~~ dead right -
how low will he ~~be~~ needs.
Lots of love daunt
Mr Papa.*

Of cleaning out the studio by the sea, Nancy Hale wrote: the life once lived there seemed to get realer and realer until, when I would come in from a swim or a walk on the moors, on entering the studio I could smell distinctly not only the oil paint and turpentine from my mother's reign but, rising from layers of years upon years, the nitric acid used in solution to bite the etching plates of my old aunt, who had built the studio back in 1911.

Once or twice, to my astonishment, I burst into tears. What astonished me was not so much that I should be crying as what, I realized, I was crying about. It was not because my mother or Aunt Nelly was dead, or out of sadness for all those other artists, Aunt Nelly's friends, who also used the place long ago; but because, in the silence of the studio, I remembered what a wonderful time they had all had.

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