

Tribute to Audrey Christie  
by Marsha Barnett  
July 2022



## Snow! Do Chickens Get Cold Feet?

Yes! As illustrated by Audrey in her delightful print of chickens standing in the snow. It is one of her many pictures hanging in our Evanston home.

I have known Audrey for many years, having been a neighbor of hers in Evanston before she moved to Wisconsin. Luckily, as we have a place in Spring Green, we saw her often and attended many fall art shows. Her charming home was a gallery in itself, and then there was the surrounding property with the chicken coop, barn and menagerie of chickens, dogs, horses, cats, birds and no doubt other critters. Such a treat to make that walk to the barn - sometimes accompanied by a cat.

And Of course on our visits we always found another print (or two) to buy, as I couldn't get enough of them.

Though we miss her already, we are very thankful to have her amongst us in this wonderful artwork. My 6 grandchildren each have prints that were given at the time of their births. The 5 girls, though now teenagers, still have them in their rooms, and I know they'll be passed down as precious gifts to their own children. Our lone grandson has one of their first dog -colorful of course. And "YUM" is one of my favorite pictures. (Do rabbits like asparagus?)

Audrey's presence will live on through the memories of her lovely persona, her family, her art, her students, friends and community. She's certainly made an impact and leaves an incredible legacy. My husband and I are blessed to have known her.



## Tribute to Audrey Christie

by Lea Basile-Lazarus  
July 2022

Audrey and I became friends because of our dogs, Beefer and Spike. They truly were a couple. Beefer and Spike chased tennis balls together, while a strong friendship grew between us. I should say at this point, I don't think Audrey ever ran out of tennis balls because of her husband, Van's, tennis career at Northwestern. The supply was endless and our dogs were in heaven.

Audrey made art because she had to. It was part of her being and her love for her surroundings, especially her animals. Audrey loved her animals more than she loved most people. After she moved to Dodgeville, she became the Audrey Christie that we know and love. She transformed herself into a recluse artist, she wasn't really a recluse, but she wanted everyone to believe she was.

She was opinionated politically and socially. She slept with NPR on. It also kept her company while she carved, printed, and painted.

Her black and white wood blocks were exquisite. She created the perfect woodcut, it was balanced with the right amount of texture, line, and contrast. She always knew who she was carving and always described each animal's personality and how it fit into the hierarchy of her "tribe." I never quite understood the need to paint these images, but they were magical and her audience loved them. Her palette was broad, using about 30 gouache colors or so, methodically creating these whimsical portraits of her farm and her animals. They made people smile. Every once in a while she would carve portraits of women from her past; they would appear distorted, but with such a quirky twist to them that you might laugh out loud.

Audrey loved my boys. When they were little we would go to Dodgeville seasonally, trying to never miss the chance to be on the farm, if only for a few days. The boys would play with the cats and the dogs, go snowboarding at any given chance, and Audrey and I would sip on wine and talk politics, art, and family. In December, during my last conversation with Audrey, David and Greg were a major part of the conversation. At that time, she casually told me that her cancer had come back, and the doctor was going to give her some sort of drug to prolong her life. But she was about to get a new puppy, because her latest puppy died unexpectedly. But she didn't seem concerned and stood fast with the need for a new pup. She was eager to get back to her art-making and to finally begin a portrait of my grandchildren, that David had requested. I hung up the phone feeling fairly positive, but thought it was important for me to see her in the spring.....



Portraits of Audrey taken by Andy Goodwin  
September 2021

Tribute to Audrey Christie  
by Susan Gundlach  
July 2022

Our Evanston family was so lucky to live right down the street from Audrey for many years. I always enjoyed her sense of humor, her kindness, her generosity, and, of course, her artistic ability. After she moved up to Wisconsin, we followed eventually by getting a place in Spring Green. When we visited Audrey, we could see the latest works in her studio and also let our dogs enjoy playing together.

We have several of her paintings. In our kitchen alone there is an intense rabbit, a sleeping cat, and our own dog Maxie. One of my favorite Audrey moments happened when she brought us the finished portrait of our pooch. "I hope you don't mind that I made Maxie purple," Audrey said. "When I see black, I think purple!" That's perfect "Audrey"!



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