



## **DALE EMBREE PENDELL**

April 14, 1947 - January 13, 2018

No obituary found for this tribute.

# Tribute Wall

PA

“ *It's strange of course to do this, this way. It should be done, and it will, silently, somewhere in the woods or on a ridge or near a river in the hills. But I want to say a word as a simple reader of Mr Pendell's work: my memories of him are those he chose to put into his works, not in order, often obliquely. They aren't him. I never met him. Those images and inspirations are not a person. But as we all know, they're something - a very powerful thing. And so, I never met Mr Pendell and mine is but the ghost of a mourning feeling but the roots are sunk deep, and from there, I know already, something of this man will keep growing, for me, in the world. His voice will keep telling me things, or just telling things to nothing in particular out of sheer pleasure or for the sensations of it - like wind sometimes in the reeds, sometimes across the surface of the pond, sometimes in the cracks underground. In short, he tried his best to do magic, and like many readers of his, I can attest that it worked. From where I stand I can say for certain that there is, after all, quite a crowd still looking up by the gallows - some of them very, very old. And we all look at the clouds changing shape, and the birds overhead carrying the message away, and I hope we'll keep looking for as long as he did. He's probably working the edge of the crowd though, way out by the city gates, selling raffle tickets to people. What's the event, they ask? The time of their life.*

*Thank you very much, Dale. You did good art. Good magic. Good tending. Whatever it was. I'll miss knowing you're only a human too, somewhere.*

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pablo - January 26, 2018 at 02:09 PM