

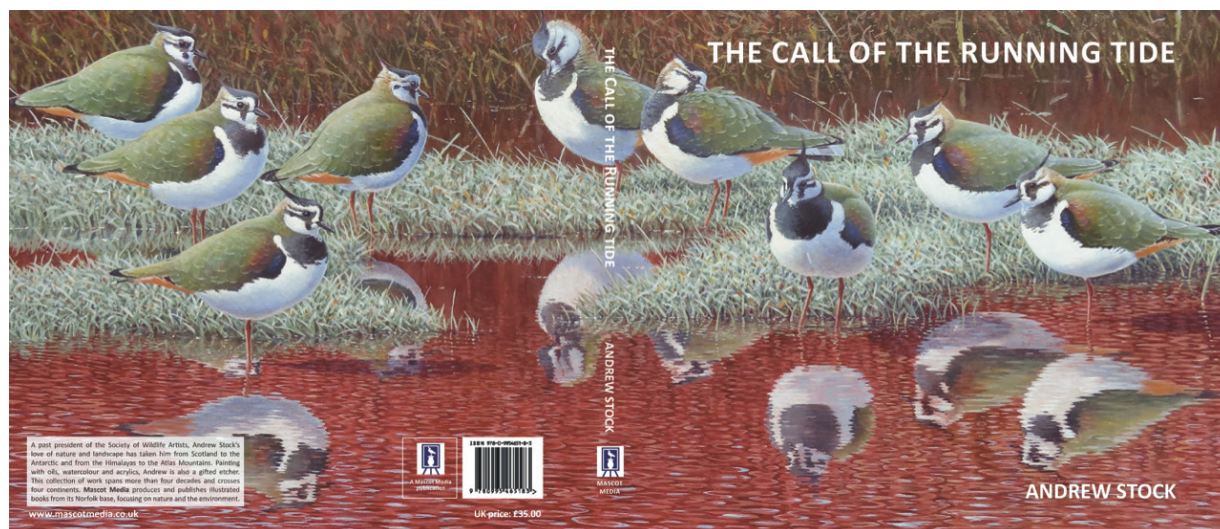
# THE CALL OF THE RUNNING TIDE

My much anticipated book, **THE CALLOF THE RUNNING TIDE**, was published in October 2023.

Over three years, whenever I had an inspirational moment away from the easel, I was writing about my career as an artist. I have also collated many images of my work from the last 45 years. The result is a limited-edition book entitled **THE CALL OF THE RUNNING TIDE**, published in October 2023 as a collaboration with wildlife art specialists Mascot Media. It was a thoroughly absorbing project and I believe the book to be a fascinating and revealing account of my journey through five decades and four continents.

For those who own one or more of my paintings or etchings, **THE CALL OF THE RUNNING TIDE** makes an excellent companion. I also hope it will appeal to collectors, art and wildlife enthusiasts, as well as anyone else who is just a little curious about how one survives as a wildlife artist!

As well as illustrated chapters on my adventures in Europe, India, Africa and the Antarctic, there is a section on the Society of Wildlife Artists and my 40 years to date as a member – including my time as President.



Left: Beyond Rosskie Point – oil (122 x 152cm). Above: Purple Sandpipers – oil (61 x 92cm).

me, along with my dog Ben, deep into Strath Mulzie in his four-wheel-drive vehicle. He dropped us off at the tail of Loch a' Choire Mhòir, where the wide and cheerfully babbling River Corrie-mulzie runs out. A dipper bobbed on a midstream stone. Its sweet song all but drowned out by the burbling water. With a parting caw it flew, with wings a blur like a giant bumblebee, to a more distant rock to take up its bobbing once more.

The beautiful Loch a' Choire Mhòir is overlooked to the west by the sister hills of Craig an Duine, with its sinister, sharp peak, and the more gentle but higher Seana Bhràigh. At the head of the loch is the precipitous Glen Coie Mor: dark and awesome, it is surely the setting for a Landsaer drama. Six hundred feet up Seana Bhràigh lies

the smaller Loch Luchd Choire, with its steep, tumbling burn running down into Loch a' Choire Mhòir. This is remote country of moorland and mountain, pitted with bogs and scarred with cliffs, where eagles soar, peregrines stoop and vast herds of red deer roam. Higher up the terrain was a patchwork of lichen-covered rocks, mosses, peat bogs and lying snow that faded into murky cloud.

The weather had now really set in, and my quest was proving fruitless. Suddenly, a stark creak interrupted the joyous silence – Ben was clumsily pursuing a hen ptarmigan. The bird glided briefly then reverted to a scurrying run, stopping 20 yards away, head outstretched, watching us closely. As I called Ben off, the first sloppy pebbles of sleet splattered against my coat, and I was again

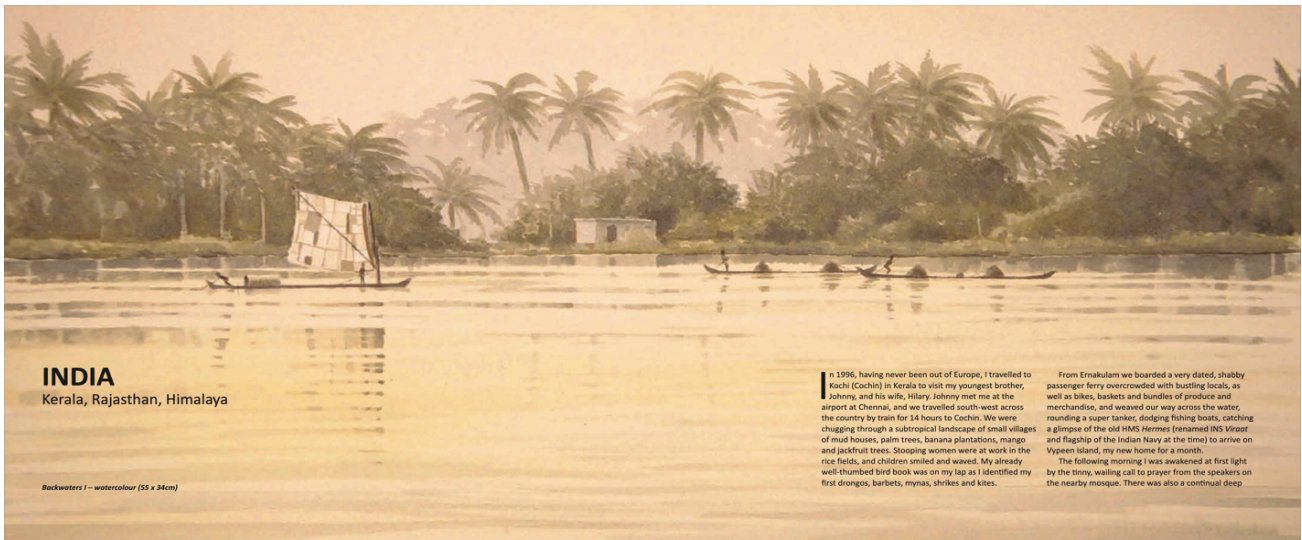




Old Mill, La Douelle – watercolour (50 x 70cm).



Clockwise from left: Punts on the River Lot – watercolour (26 x 29cm); Red Vines – oil (46 x 61cm); River Lot 1 – watercolour (39 x 55cm).

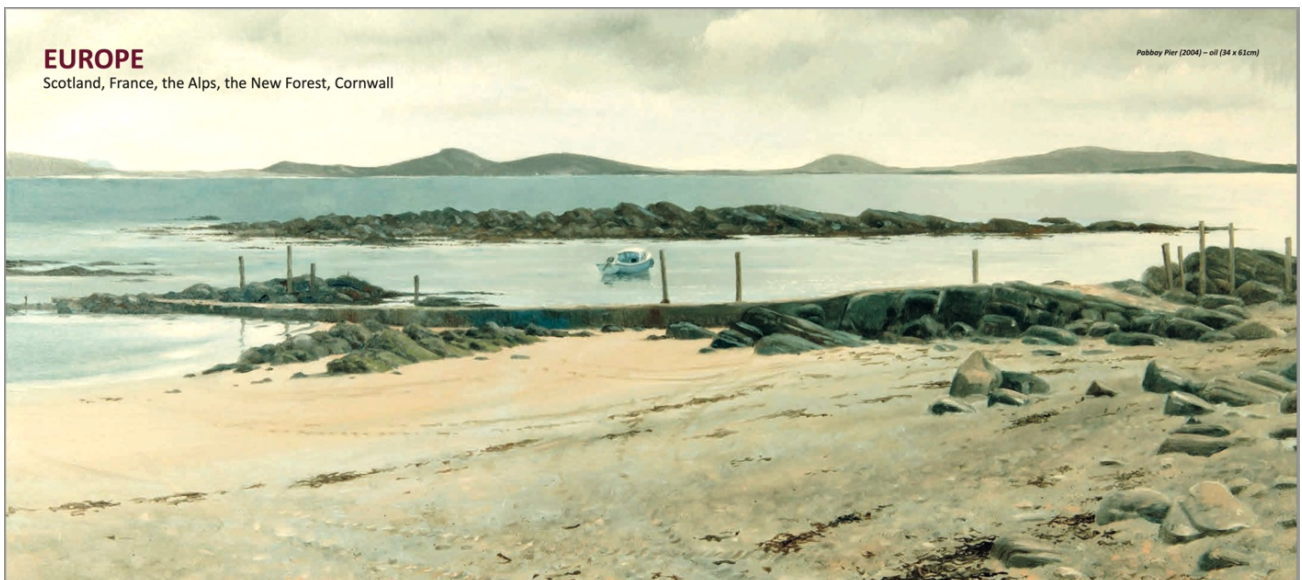


**INDIA**  
Kerala, Rajasthan, Himalaya

Backwaters I – watercolour (55 x 34cm)

In 1996, having never been out of Europe, I travelled to Kochi (Cochin) in Kerala to visit my youngest brother, Johnny, and his wife, Hilary. Johnny met me at the airport at Chennai, and we travelled south-west across the country by train for 14 hours to Cochin. We were chugging through a subtropical landscape of small villages of mud houses, palm trees, banana plantations, mango and jackfruit trees. Scooping women were at work in the rice fields, and children smiled and waved. My already well-thumbed bird book was on my lap as I identified my first drongos, barbets, mynas, shrikes and kites.









From Ernakulam we boarded a very dated, shabby passenger ferry overcrowded with bustling locals, as well as bikes, baskets and bundles of produce and merchandise, and weaved our way across the water, rounding a super tanker, dodging fishing boats, catching a glimpse of the old HMS Hermes (renamed INS Virat and flagship of the Indian Navy at the time) to arrive on Vypeen Island, my new home for a month. The following morning I was awakened at first light by the tinnny, wailing call to prayer from the speakers on the nearby mosque. There was also a continual deep



**EUROPE**  
Scotland, France, the Alps, the New Forest, Cornwall

Pabbay Pier (2004) – oil (34 x 61cm)

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THE CALL OF THE RUNNING TIDE



This book is a joint venture with both the publishers and myself committing time and capital. To make this work there are three options for the book.

- 1) A very smart, **boxed book**, limited edition of just 50. This includes a **new, original etching** (edition of 50); **Torrige Kingfisher**. The book is **signed and numbered** by me and includes a **small original sketch** on the fly sheet. This package costs **£275**

### **Torrige Kingfisher**

The completed etching for the 50 limited edition books. The image measures 15 x 10 cm, printed on Arches velin 250 gsm paper. The sheet size is: 24 x 25.5 cm



- 2) A further 50 books, **signed** by me with a **small original sketch** on the fly sheet. **£75**
- 3) The standard hardback retails at **£35**, is available from me, the publisher ([mascotmedia.co.uk](http://mascotmedia.co.uk)), good arty bookshops and Amazon.

Please contact me directly if you are interested in any of the categories above ([andrew@andrewstock.co.uk](mailto:andrew@andrewstock.co.uk)).

Thank you to the many of you who have already replied so enthusiastically.

Best wishes,

Andrew