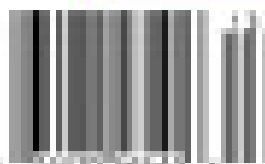


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Joseph Szokoli, circa 1940

JOSEPH SZOKOLI

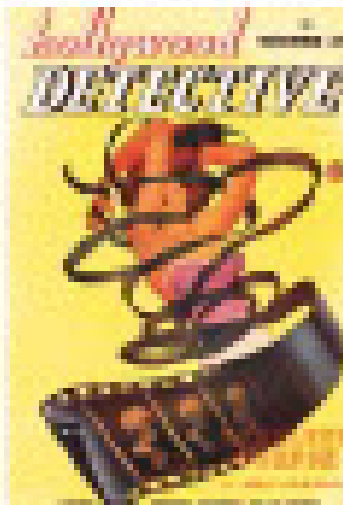
(1913–1981)

by David Saunders

Sixty-five years ago a new look suddenly appeared on the covers of Harry Donaheld's post-war pulp magazines. The November 1946 issue of *Hollywood Detective* had a nightmare image of a woman's face as if in a dream. The end of the main film strips past and were close enough to reveal that each 35mm frame has a tiny scribbling skull with an empty headdress. Customers who bought pulp magazines from sidewalk newsstands at that time were undoubtedly puzzled by this indecipherable pictogram. Had the Specter of Death finally been caught on film? Aside from the halting imagery the unconventional sight of airbrush art on a pulp magazine would also have confounded regular readers. At that time airbrush art was more commonly featured on trendy European fashion magazines and high-class paperbacks. Airbrush was a useful tool for modern artists to create streamlined forms of antiseptic purity, but these were not the kinds of "forms" one expected to find on a pulp. This cover had a modern, synthetic design composed of

hyper-refined graphic elements set against a striking yellow background. The image had more in common with Max Ray's sexual surrealist photo-collages, which designer Alex Brodovitch had brought to Harper's *Bazaar*, or with Donald Gregg's graphic style, which designer Lloyd Smith had brought to the *Art* "Map Books." Such fashion-conscious art directors were revolutionizing American illustration with a domesticated

blend of the radical ideas of modern art. By 1946 the cultural ripples of these shocking European trends had even reached the ultra-conscious mind of the publisher Harry Donaheld, when he was trying to figure out the best way to redesign and reinvigorate popular interest in his pulp magazines. Over the ensuing years many pulp art fans have wondered about those unique airbrushed covers with Surrealist imagery. They have studied them closely and noticed a finely printed black-letter word in the lower left corner. But rather than explain any mysteries, that one inscrutable word only raised yet another question that has remained unanswered for far too long—"SCORLAP?"



Hollywood Detective, November 1946

Joseph "Joe" Szekeli was born March 18, 1911 in New York City. His father, John Szekeli, was a Hungarian Jew born September 7, 1878 in Budapest and immigrated to America in 1907. His mother was Gieda Hirsch. She was an Austrian Catholic born October 14, 1888 in Vienna, who came to America in 1908. They met in New York City and were married on April 16, 1908. At first they lived in a small apartment at 335 East 114 Street, where their son John was born August 18, 1918. In 1922 they moved to a bigger apartment at 327 East 78th Street, where Joe was born a year later. Their new apartment was between York Avenue and the East River on the Upper East Side in a predominantly Hungarian section of Yorkville. The area was colloquially known as "Little Hungary." The neighborhood had many Hungarian doctors, barbers, restaurants, bakeries, and grocery stores, all of which provided local residents with typical Hungarian products that were needed to maintain a healthy cultural identity.

Although Joe Szekeli's father was Jewish, the family was raised with no emphasis on that fact. His mother was the dominant domestic influence, so the whole family attended Sunday service at Saint Stephen Catholic Church on East 114th Street. The son attended a local Catholic elementary school, and after the sixth grade they both enrolled in neighborhood public schools.

Life was tough for children of poor immigrant families growing up in New York City tenement slums along the East River. Thanks to burgeoning real estate developers, the area was also acquiring a growing number of sophisticated hi-rise apartment buildings with gleaming views of the river. These modern luxury towers of glass and steel were constructed in the midst of tenement slums, which were filled with kids and river rats that were literally stuck in the middle of an American class conflict. This historic struggle was memorably portrayed in Sidney Kingsley's famous play, *Street Boy*, which was a depiction (a social commentary) on the attraction of gangsters to city kids living in slums. The gritty realism of Kingsley's play reflected the actual situation of many poor city kids in New York. The stage setting for the play was quite similar to the block where Joe Szekeli spent his childhood years, a dead end street on the East River. He shared his block with an old social milieu of tough hoodlums dangling from piers, killing rats with dip shoes, as well as fancy downtown opening brass filled with rich socialites and brash liberals. On Joe's block the first seemed to provide the only breath of fresh air in his life. He and his older brother John explored their local domain, despite the danger of overstepping the boundary lines of neighborhood gang territories. The Szekeli brothers were particularly fascinated by the power watercraft that glided by on the river. It seemed like the clean white boats were at liberty to sail away from all the earthbound filth, hassles, and hardships that poor families endured. Joe and John Szekeli were soon dreaming of building their own boat. They were happy to lend a hand, even without pay, to any boat owner that fell up to a local pier and needed help with cumbersome maintenance chores. Joe and John belonged to a local gang of pals that made model boats and sailed them on strings in the

slippy river. They didn't have an official clubhouse or belong to an organization for kids, so they just built their toy vessels at home workshops. Their long-term plan was to make a real boat and go rowing on the river. They didn't want a fancy speedboat. They were only interested in do-it-yourself boat building. His pals were also interested in cars and engines. One guy even had a knock-up motorcycle, which everyone took a turn trying to rebuild. John Szekeli once found an abandoned canoe and dragged it into the pier's yard. He cut off the stem and mounted an outboard motor on the back. He was wildly acclaimed with hysterical cheers from the whole gang when he had the new vintage hydrocraft craft around the pier on East 78th Street.

At first Joe's father was a barber at a local shop, but he soon joined a fancy company that owned the concessions for the Grand Central Terminal Barber Shop. After a few years the management promoted him to work at another shop the company owned in the lobby of the Waldorf-Astoria Hotel. Many famous celebrities and dignitaries stayed at the hotel, and when they visited New York City on business trips they all needed to look their best for important meetings. This created a constant demand for a large stable of barbers. The Waldorf-Astoria was the first hotel in America to offer deluxe room service, and along with ordering food and drinks, pampered guests were also treated to the luxury of ordering a barber, a manicurist, or a bowtieback sent up to their room. Thanks to this arrangement Joe's father happened to cut the hair of many famous people, such as Wild Bill Hickok, President Woodrow Wilson, and the notorious prohibition mobster Frank Costello, who became his regular customer. A unique trust often develops between a barber and his customer: a barber is allowed to overstep the limits of accepted social politeness. Only a barber is permitted to look over our shoulder as we gaze into the mirror and discuss in confidence our desired self-image. Through his work at the Waldorf-Astoria barbershop Joe's father developed a strangely intimate acquaintance with many important people. These contacts eventually led to greater prosperity for the Szekeli family. It is customary to give the barber a tip, but during the outrageous excesses of the roaring twenties, Joe's father also received different kinds of extravagant tips. He even got a few made tips regarding the stock market, the racetrack, or the boxing ring, when the fix was on.

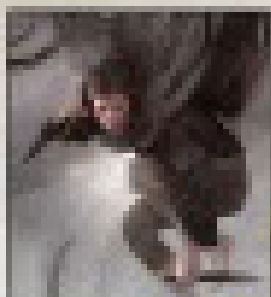
Frank Costello was accustomed to visiting the Waldorf-Astoria barbershop every day for a shave and a neatly-haircut and manicure. He was reputed to be a prohibition mob boss, and he was also rumored to be a generous tipper. During his widely reported trial for sex crimes the barbers at the Waldorf-Astoria were subpoenaed and asked to specify the exact amounts of his customary tips. Like good little soldiers, each barber faithfully swore under oath that Frank Costello always gave a tip that was equal to the standard one-sixth of the bill. The case was dismissed.

Through hard work and privileged connections the Szekeli family soon overcame the tenement theme of "Little Hungary" and moved to a more serene. In 1928 they moved to an apart-

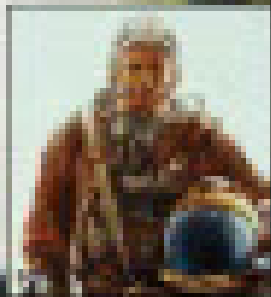
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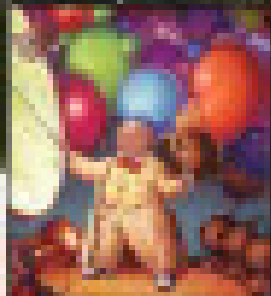
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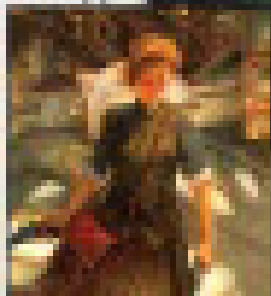
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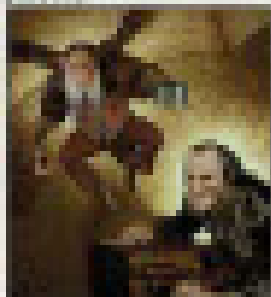
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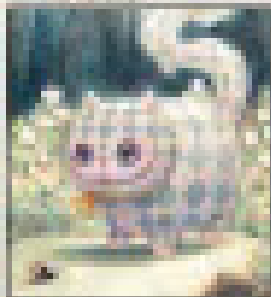
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Joe Sackels with the members of the Radio Club, 1922

were building at 10-17 44th Street in Queens, NY. This move allowed the brothers to spend time together messing around with boats at the nearby Astoria Yacht Club. Joe was still in school, but his brother John had already graduated and was working for a Wall Street stock brokerage. The most important sign of their new prosperity was the second-hand yacht the brothers bought and began to restore on weekends.

Joe was also interested in the new technology of radio. He studied the literature and built his own crystal sets with specially modified equipment. He seemed to have a real knack for electronics. Eventually he got an early black-and-white television set and whenever it broke down he caulked the schematics, took everything apart, and returned it to life. His heroes were Thomas Edison, Michael Faraday and Nicola Tesla. He was a home hobbyist, but even though he spent a lot of time in his workshop with electronics, radios, and boats, he was not a social recluse. In fact he looked exceptionally determined in his class photos, with a haircut and dapper clothing that reflected his father's job as a fashion-conscious barber at the Waldorf-Astoria.

In June 1911 at the age of eighteen Joe Sackels graduated from DeWitt Clinton High School, which at that time was located in Wolf's Kitchen on Fourth Avenue and West Sixth Street. 1911 was a remarkable year. It was the second solid year of the Great Depression, but it is was also the year that the Empire State Building was completed and opened to the public. The world's tallest building had been erected on land that had previously been occupied by the world's largest hotel, the Waldorf-Astoria. The hotel had been torn-down to make way for the Empire State Building, and the new Waldorf-Astoria Hotel was moved to a midtown Manhattan location as part of the new Grand Central Station-Complex. All three of these historic buildings are now preserved as landmark cathedrals of Art Deco. The day before Joe graduated high school he won his biggest suit and visited his father's barbershop in

the Waldorf-Astoria for a final trim before the big event. As soon as he entered the lobby of the hotel he was rapidly transported out of a whirling gritty metropolis and into the splendor of modern metropolitan glamor.

While much of New York City was overrun with the unemployed masses of the Great Depression, midtown Manhattan was a hotbed of streamlined modernism. It was as if his father was a father on the world's coolest rooftop. Joe Sackels graduated high school and became a modern man in the middle of a mechanized paradise of 20th century high fashion. To underscore his identification with this new generation, he began to sign his name using only block letters, as though he were a professional engineer drafting the blueprints for the future. Even his personal correspondence was crisscrossed with block letters. A typical artist might have preferred to sign his name with a flourish and a cursive flourish, but Joe used an impersonal signature of block printing, M.C. SACKELS. This reflected his self-image as an inventor of the new machine age. Technocracy was a catch phrase of the avant-garde, who envisioned a future society ruled by merit-based leaders in science and technology. At that time it seemed like a valid alternative to the bloody class warfare that was tearing the industrialized world apart, between Capitalists and Communists.

During his childhood on the Upper East Side he had seen conflict between the super rich and the super poor. Yet another striking parallel of his early years with Kingsley's *Dead End* is that the hero of that play was a young man who thought outside the box and wanted to contribute to the architecture of the future with new designs that would rescue everyone around him from squalid poverty as well as pointless extravagance. *Dead End* was one of the most important plays in America during the Great Depression. It posed one of the decade's most important questions: Will we sit on the sidelines and watch the inevitable drift of our society towards fascism, which mindlessly exploits workers to benefit the ones

an indifference to big business, or can we all agree on a vision of a healthier society with a compassionate social conscience? That question was the defining issue of modern times. Charlie Chaplin's classic comedy, *Modern Times*, was based on that same question. The 1930s were pivotal years in which western civilization reconsidered many of our basic ideas about god, time, space, nations, empires, and kings, all of which were challenged by shocking developments in politics, science, anthropology, psychology and economics. Leo Szekeli came of age in these modern times. The new sciences, technologies, aircraft, electronics, radios, motion pictures, television, and the developments in mass media all fascinated him.

By this time his parents were prosperous enough to give him a college education, but instead of enrolling in a prestigious university, Leo Szekeli chose to attend a technical school to become a certified engineer. The School of Engineering at Pratt Institute in Brooklyn was not an accredited college and its graduates did not receive a college education or a college degree. The School of Engineering offered courses in Electrical Engineering, Electric-Magnetics, Mechanics and Machinery, Steam Engines, Radio, Architecture, Aircraft, Industrial Design and Drafting. Freshman engineering students were also required to take an Introductory Drawing Class, which was taught across-campus at the School of Art.

In 1931, during his first year of study at Pratt, the country was struggling through the depths of the Great Depression. After the collapse of the banking system many students were no longer able to continue training at Pratt. Families were suddenly unable to afford tuition. Hard times forced most students to put off higher education in order to look for

work to contribute to their family income. Until prosperity returned, it was increasingly clear that the U. S. economy was unable to generate any new construction projects, new manufacturing plants, new home building, new product development, or new employment opportunities for Pratt's many graduating engineers.

On the other hand, Pratt's School of Art was buzzing with sensational news about the fabulous incomes of several recent graduates. Walter Baumhofer, E. Winfield Scott, Rudolph Boland, Frederick Madole, and John Fleming Gould were all Pratt alumni that were earning incredible wealth as freelance artists in the booming pulp magazine industry. While most nationwide magazines were suffering from a loss of advertising and subscription sales, the pulps were selling cheap books to the masses for pocket change. The firms seemed to click, because the pulps were experimenting their most lucrative policies on. Highly competitive publishers carefully guarded the actual sales figures for pulp magazines, but some accounts suggest there were over 4 million monthly newsstand sales of pulp magazines. Scott, Ross, Boland, Madole, and Gould all returned to Pratt to teach their valuable skills to students in the School of Art. These facts were impressive enough for Leo Szekeli to switch from engineering to art. He regarded this decision as a painful but necessary compromise. It is significant that years later, when asked to write a brief biographical outline, Leo told those in question that he had wanted to study at the School of Engineering at Pratt.

In September 1931 he became a full time student at the School of Art, where he mixed paper with many other young artists who would soon start their own successful careers as



Leo during 1932



Leo during 1932



Figure 1.100

magazine illustrations. These included Lance Riedlund, Richard Case, George Gross, Earl Moran, and A. Leslie King. Unlike many ambitious art students, who tried to imitate themselves in the next Dean Curnutt, he saw himself as a professional technician, graphically coordinated and ready to perform any task that was needed to earn a good living in magazine publishing.

By 1934 he was twenty-one years old. His older brother John had wanted and earned away from home, but Joe still lived with his parents in Queens. His father had worked very hard for the family's financial stability. He was a self-disciplined man and a strict taskmaster. Although Joe and his father shared an appreciation for technology and the sanitary order of modernism, the son had always felt much closer to his mother, who was a warmer and more nurturing person. Unfortunately Joe and his father had grown increasingly estranged after the decision to transfer out of the School of Engineering. Eventually the father and son were not talking. This simmering hostility made their home life difficult. Unfortunately their feud never had a chance for a mature resolution, because on May 18, 1935 his father suddenly died of a heart attack at the age of fifty-seven.

One immediate repercussion from this tragic loss was a new sense of responsibility for his mother's welfare. Joe quit art school and began to focus on earning an income as a professional freelance artist. While a student at Pratt he had studied with H. Winfield Scott, who offered his benevolent



Figure 1.101

introduction to various pulp publishers. Joe Siskel sold an occasional illustration to a pulp magazine. His first cover paintings appeared on the September 1934 issues of *Complete Detective Novel Magazine* and *Wild West Stories and Complete Novel Magazine*. These magazines were produced by Tok Publications, which at that time was primarily distributed by, and deeply in debt to Harry Desmetfeld.

Harry Desmetfeld (1881-1961) was a strategic hustler from the Jewish slum of New York City's Lower East Side. He had emigrated from Romania in 1900 and had been a street peddler and an errand boy for local businesses. He joined his uncle's printing business and was reported to have made a fortune smuggling books in the hollow cores of Canadian paper shipments. His close friend and eventually his silent business partner was Frank Costello. The commercial distribution business in America had been taken over by the mob during Prohibition. Desmetfeld would often join Costello for his routine daily share at the Waldorf Astoria. It's impossible to say for certain, but it's a probable make-to-cover that Frank asked Harry to extend every possible consideration to the son of his dead, injured brother, John Siskel. But whatever the reason, almost all of Joe Siskel's subsequent illustrations appeared in Desmetfeld pulps, such as *Spicy Detective*, *Spicy Mystery*, *Spicy Western*, and *Spicy Adventure Stories*.

Almost all of his work for the next few years were pen-and-ink story illustrations. Most pulp artists preferred not to step backwards from painting color covers to drawing

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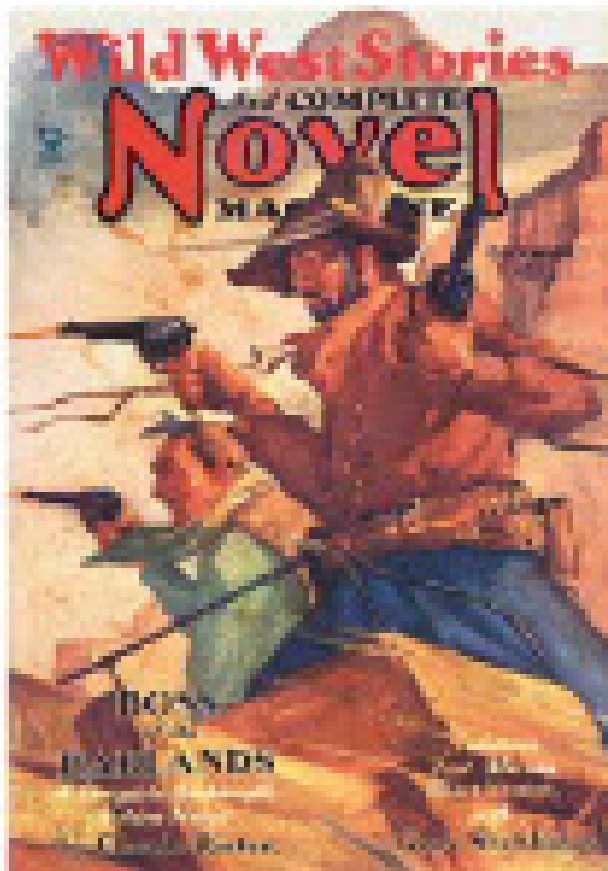


HEAP BAD MED' CINE

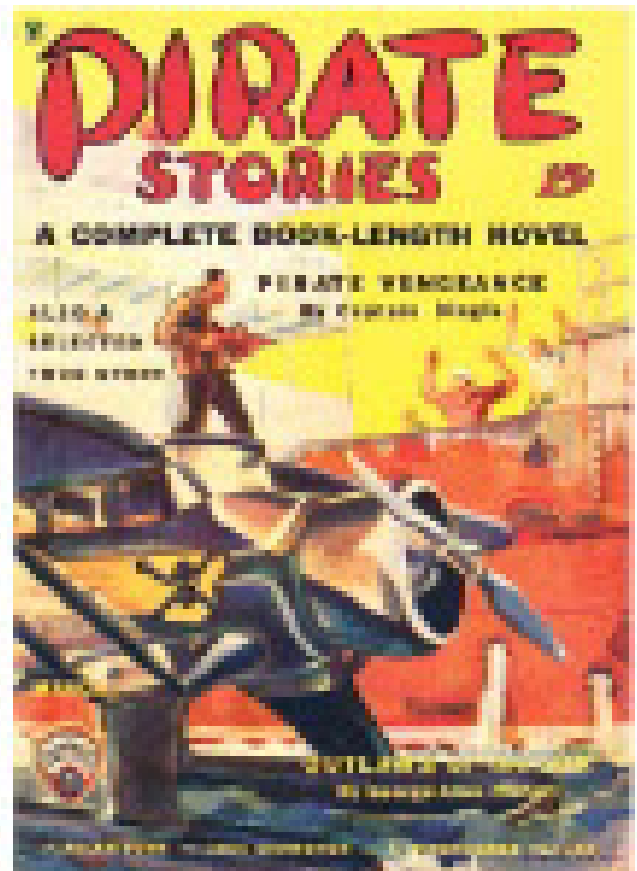
by Robert A. Bennet

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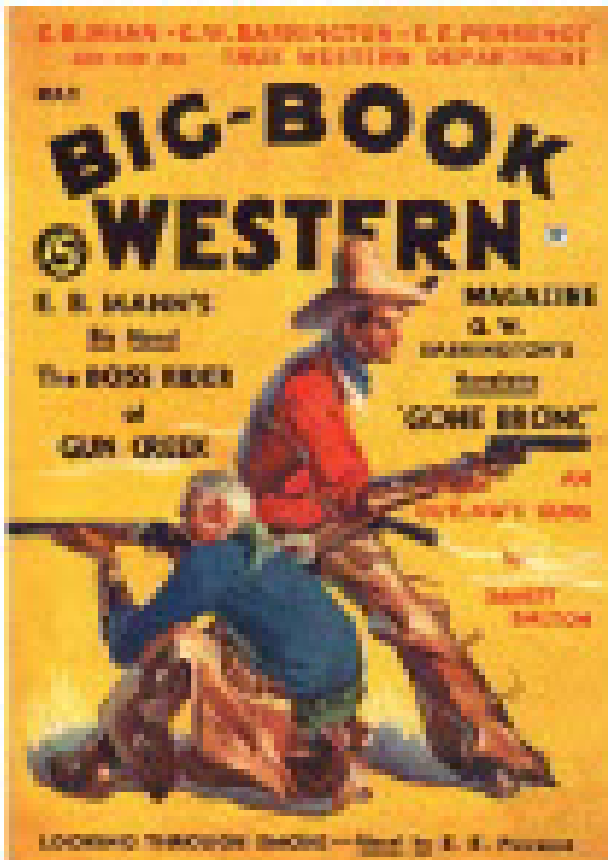
1938 Wild West and Complete Novel Magazine, September 1938



Wild West Stories and Complete Novel Magazine, December 1934



Pirate Stories, March 1935



Big Book Western, May 1935



Down Western Action Magazine, May 1935



Artillery drawing for a pulp cover, March 1933

black-and-white interiors, because they followed the common plan to use the pulps to launch a more lucrative career in slick magazines. Pulp magazines paid much less than slick magazines, but only the pulps were open to entry-level artists. Many recent art school graduates visited the offices of pulp magazine publishers to show an editor prospective freelance art. If their work was any good, or if the artist was persistent enough, they might make a few low-paid sales. After a few lucky breaks, a freelance artist might accumulate a portfolio of published examples that would impress an art editor at

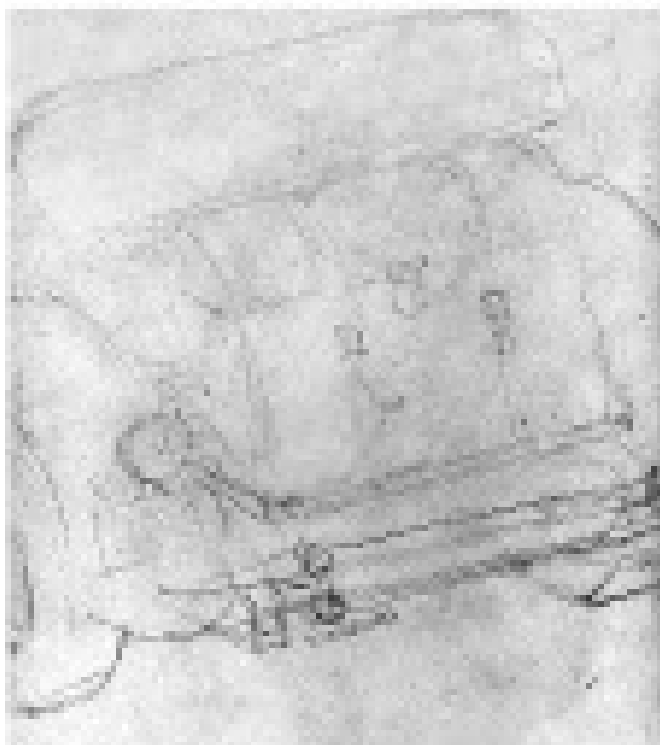


Artillery drawing for a pulp cover, March 1933

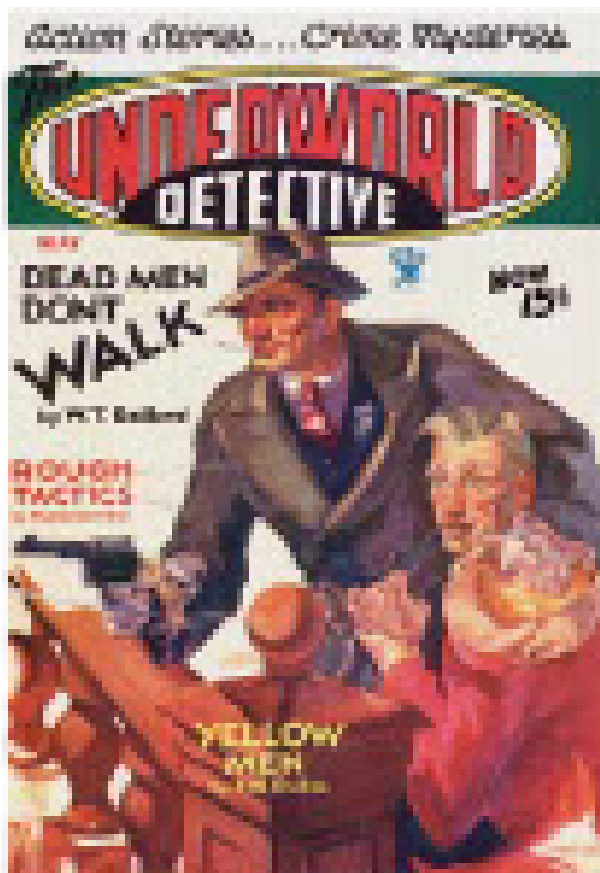
a slick magazine. In this way most artists preferred to move up the industry's pecking order. However, a few of the less talented, less ambitious, or more practical artists appreciated the financial reality that it was easier to draw these interiors in one afternoon and make \$25, than to work on a cover painting for two weeks and earn \$75.

Many of Stebbin's earliest pen and ink story illustrations include unusually detailed drawings of specific mechanical elements: axles, machinery, vehicles, and architecture. A less technically minded artist might have drawn an oil derrick's workshop with a roughly sketched jumble of mechanical shapes, but Stebbin drew machinery with an engineer's perspective. His illustrations of gears and gadgets have convincing details, such as an eye-screw-like rotating gear with a properly threaded utility cap. His unique orientation as a freelance industrial designer is also reflected in his interest in creating hand-lettered titles for many of the stories he illustrated. They are pen-and-ink artists who worked in the pulps did this.

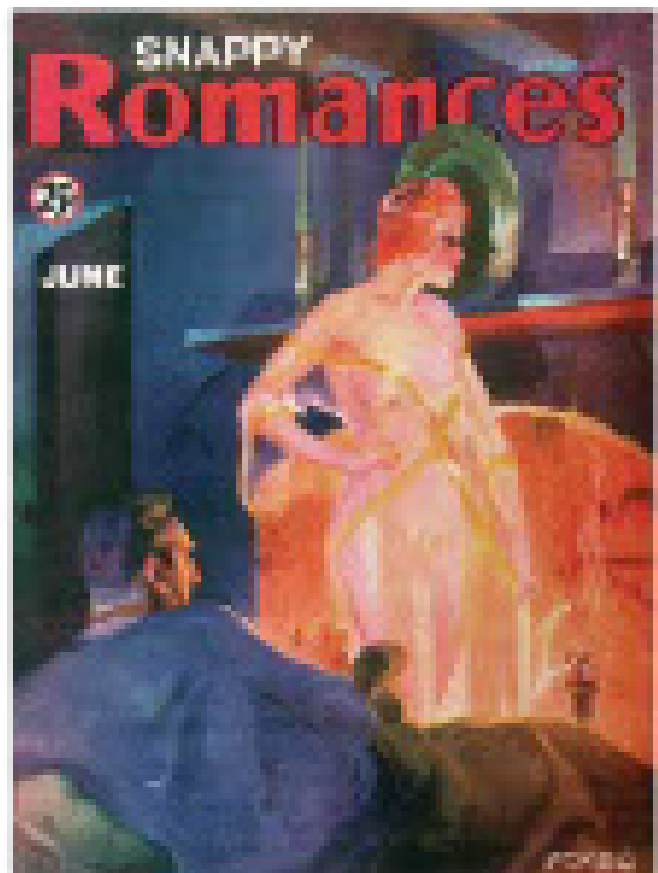
Most of the scenes he illustrated for the Spanish involved scenes of poverty, sexual tension. The borderline of socially permissible sexuality moves back-and-forth over time. It is not an unbroken line of progressively increasing tolerance. In fact the popular culture of the early 1930s was in some ways more risqué than it is today. One important factor in those illustrations was an ongoing conflict between Harry Thompson, whose public career began pushing beyond the bounds of decency, and defenders of morality, such as the Catholic League of America, who counter-attacked with publicity campaigns against mass publishers. The more the public bought Thompson's pulps the wealthier he became, and that wealth allowed him to mount a more powerful legal defense. Decency is difficult to legally define, so his opponents shifted their attacks from courts of law to the court of public media.



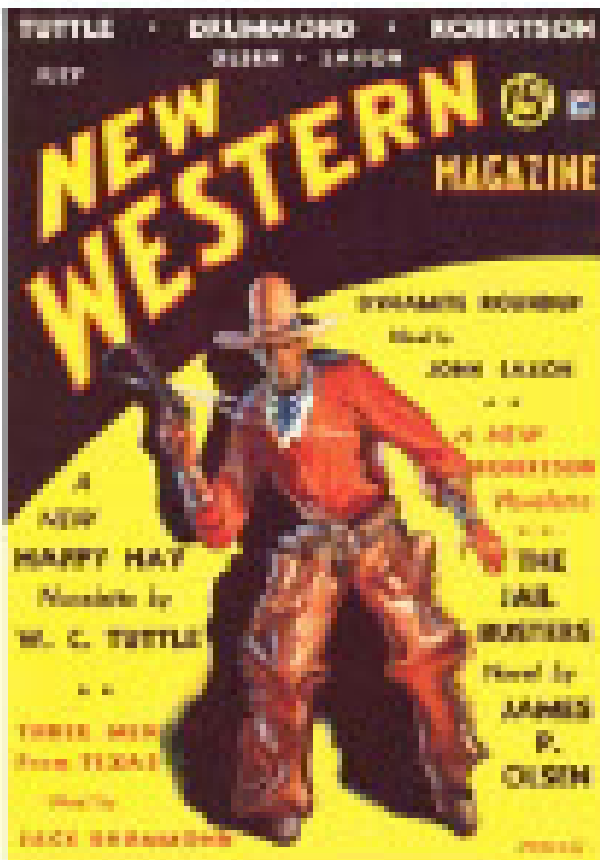
Artillery drawing for a pulp cover, March 1933



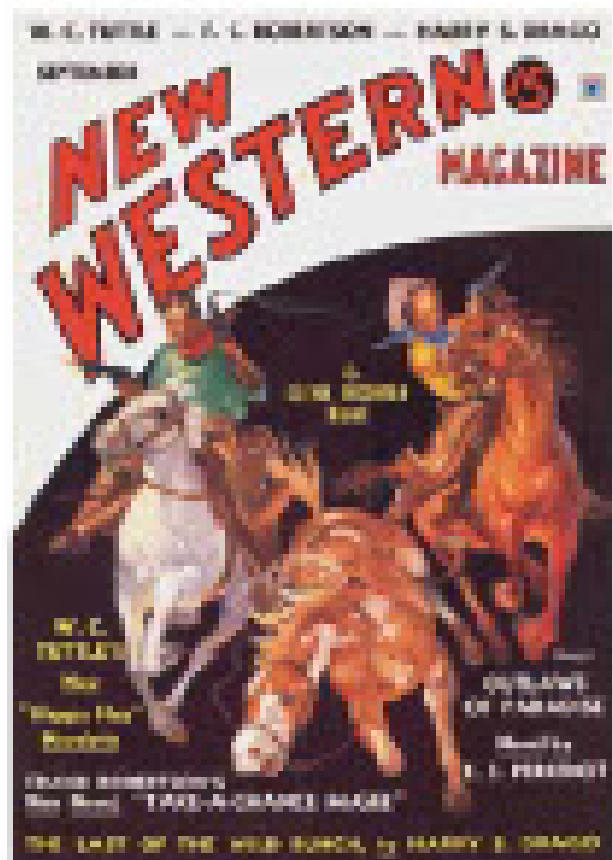
The Western Magazine, May 1931



The Western Magazine, June 1931



The Western Magazine, July 1931



The Western Magazine, September 1931



Article Illustration for Kelly-McIntire Books, October 1933

Diamond's business was harassed for several years by political enemies, who staged grandstanding events for the newspapers, news radio, and newsreels.

Nevertheless, Diamond was a very successful publisher and his business rapidly expanded. The more magazines he published the more complex it became to assemble the bill-paying artists, the copy put-up printers, and the copy fiction that was the bread and butter of his magazine empire. That management task was almost overwhelming until Adolph Barrman (1899-1953) proposed a cheaper way to supply all of the black-and-white interior story illustrations and related photos Diamond needed. Barrman was a sophisticated New York artist of Belgian ancestry. He had grown up in the world of NYC advertising. While still a senior at DeWitt Clinton High School (twelve years before Schulz) he worked part-time at the J. Walter Thompson Advertising Agency. He continued to work at various ad agencies, even while attending the School of Art at Yale University from 1920 to 1922. Barrman had risen to the top as a full partner in three conservative ad agencies. When he was a partner at Thayer & Barrman Artist Agency he worked in theatrical advertising for the burlesque theaters where Diamond's magazines were sold (titles such as *Pop*, *Five Nights*, and *Go Home*). Barrman was very ambitious, so in 1924 he started his own art agency at 161 West 46th Street in midtown Manhattan. He soon became Diamond's most trusted director. Diamond's office was nearby at 125 East 98th Street, and his print shop, Dimey Press, was near 46th Street, at 450 Fifth Avenue. All of the freelance artists that had previously sold pen-and-ink line art directly to Diamond were now referred to the nearby Barrman Art Agency, where



Article Illustration for Kelly-McIntire Books, October 1933

they were paid less money and were forced to hand over a ten-percent agency fee. In exchange they were given a guarantee of steady year-round work. Many artists were grateful for this opportunity, including John Kenneth Banfield, Carl Burtner, Raymond Albert Barby, Paul Hans Jepsen, Harry Carl Klein, Harry Grossman Parkhurst, Jay Mendell, Max Placock, Paul Harry Stone, and Joe Tuckett. When Schulz delivered his first finished assignments to Barrman, he offered to work part-time as the studio's general graphic artist, doing layouts, paste-ups, mechanicals, and lettering. He could even do archiving to search any artist's supplies at public libraries on the phrase of artist's models. Barrman was grateful for Schulz's skilled services, and the two began a long and fruitful relationship.

The business relationship between Barrman and Diamond was significant. One remarkable thing was Barrman's role in convincing Diamond to become a publisher of comics. He first suggested the idea in 1934 when Diamond tried to revamp the old *Star Comics*. Barrman contributed a comic strip about a very clumsy girl named "Florence Flip." He later wrote and drew the comic strip *Sally the Sleazebag*, which appeared in 1934 issues of *Spicy Detective Stories*. When this proved to be popular it was expanded to other magazines. Barrman soon designed and directed several solo comic strips that appeared in Diamond pulp, such as *Fred of the Plains*, *Katy Blake*, *Das Tennesse* (*Hollywood Detective*), *Diana Dee* (though *Explorer*), *The Amazing Adventures of Olga Johnson - The Girl with the X-Ray Eyes*, *Stories of the Movies* (market in downtown Hollywood), and *Yess Boy* (market *Sci-Fi Stories*). This last comic strip was named after Barrman's wife, Yess Marie Zepplin Barrman.

Polly of the Plains





Spider illustration for pulp magazine publication, 1937

One of Sackell's regular jobs was to draw *Billie of the Plains*, for which he received printed credit in the masthead. *Billie* was a cute little Mexican rancher married to a evil desperado who ripped off her shabby clothing as a regular feature in *Spy Master Stories*. Over the next sixteen years the Barron Art Agency placed hundreds of Sackell's story illustrations in Donerick magazines, such as *Fighting Heroes*, *Wolverine Detective*, *Leading Heroes*, *Star-Gun Heroes*, *Super Detective*, *Forest Heroes*, *Spy Adventure*, *Spy Detective*, *Spy Mystery*, *Spy Heroes* and *Spy Stories*.

After drawing pen-and-ink story illustrations for several years, for Sackell was asked in 1937 to create covers for the issue of pulp magazines *Sassy Detective*, *Sassy Movie Tales*, and *Pep By Mile*. He used an innovative combination of tempera paint, crayon, and scums of swirling vaporous inkblots on all five covers. They were all signed with the same distinctive industrial logo—KOG. One issue even listed a printed credit for him on the contents page, but instead of his real name he used a witty neutral alias, "Le Shipman." These five magazines contained stories and illustrations that were separated from Donerick's other pulps. *Jolly the South* was included, but instead of Barstow it was drawn by Paul Hans

lypen, who was listed in the fictitious "Paul Hans." Other interior illustrations were by John Kenneth "Koolby" Barnhill, whose drawing style mimicked the German Expressionism of Lyonel Feininger and Max Beckmann. All five of these 1937 issues are outstanding efforts by Barstow, Lypen, "Koolby" and Sackell to adopt modern European design trends to an American pulp magazine. Little is known about the public response, but for some reason all five titles ceased publication after only a few months, so apparently this modernist experiment was not a tremendous success. The last cover of *Sassy Detective Stories* (August 1937) was painted by Norman Saunders. He later confirmed that the actual publisher was Harry Donerick. As with most of Donerick's pulps, these five magazines were produced by a front company, which protected his personal investments, while allowing him a safe entry into business ventures. If the magazines paid off, he could make big profits. If there were consistency problems, or if the magazines sold poorly, he could hid up his tent and escape in the fog. Several of his later businesses "bided" with capped taxes, unpaid creditors, and unpaid vendors, who later received only minuscule settlements in bankruptcy court thanks to the fact that Donerick had kept his name out of it. He was also

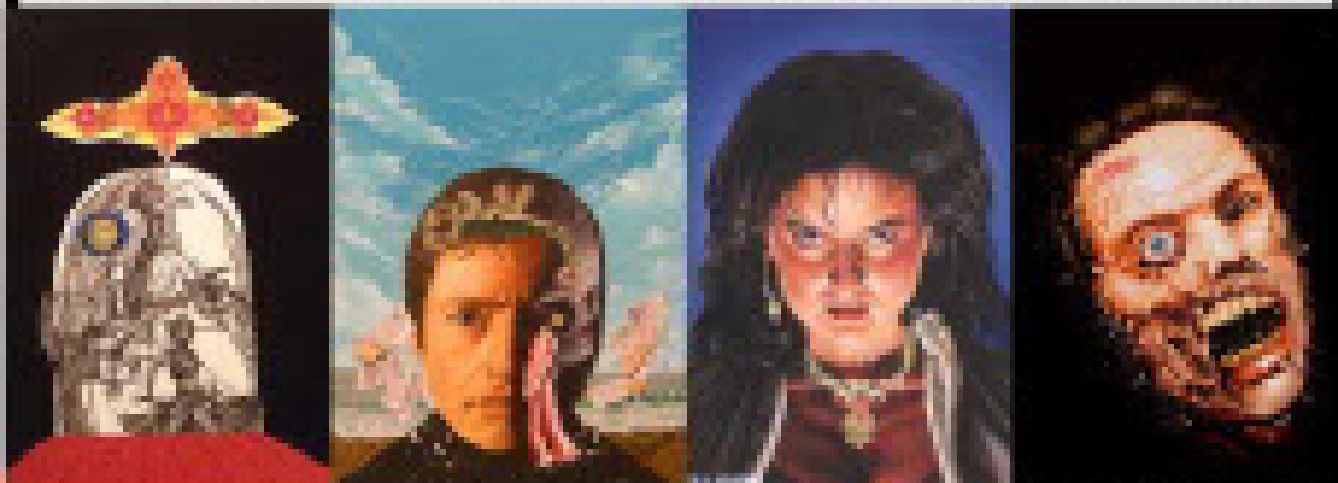
right to remain invisible to the Catholic League of Decency, Major LaGuardia, and the District Attorney.

A *Time* company called Movie Digest Publishing produced *Spy* *Time*, *Sassy Detective* and *Sassy Movie Talk*. *Sassy Movie Talk* was originally copyrighted by Movie Digest as *Spicy Movie Talk* (see *Catalog of Copyright Entries*, Vol. 21, pg. 447). Movie Digest also published *Sassy Movie*. The March 1936 issue of *Sassy* featured an advertisement for a 31 poster club, "I DARE YOU! Love Thrills," from *Planet Publications* (also #806 of 120 West 42nd Street). *Sassy Romantic Adventures* was apparently published by Fiction Magazine, Inc. whose address also happened to be club #806 of 120 West 42nd Street (see August 1936, pg. 1). *Sassy Romantic Adventures* was "based" advertisements for *Mystery Adventure Magazine*, which was supposedly produced by Fiction Publishing Company of 120 West 42nd Street (see April 1936, pg. 4). *Mystery Adventure Magazine* was edited by Harold Henney. His wife, Marie Williams Henney, was the editor of *Spicy Stories*, whose address was also listed as 120 West 42nd Street (see *Movie Digest*, May 1936 pg. 5). *Spicy Stories* was published by Marvel Publishing Co., of which Harry Donenfeld was President (see *Time Magazine*, July 31, 1933 pg. 40). Donenfeld also ran a lucrative mail order business in his back-page ads for "condensers, bagpipes, and 'Boony Blad' double beds for 'Laz' ladies." According to Henney, "He didn't only sell magazines, but also movie slides and other ready items." All of these overlapping addresses reflect the tenuous nature of Donenfeld's business, which relied on a complex web of interconnecting lawyers, editors, writers, artists, suppliers, printers, distributors, warehouses, teachers, correspondents,



Illustration for *Spicy Detective Stories*, May 1936

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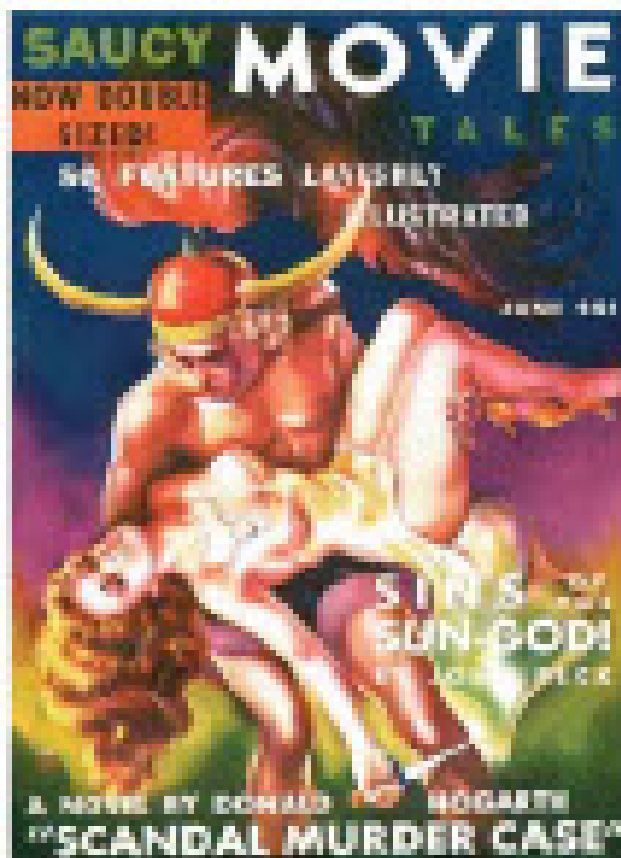


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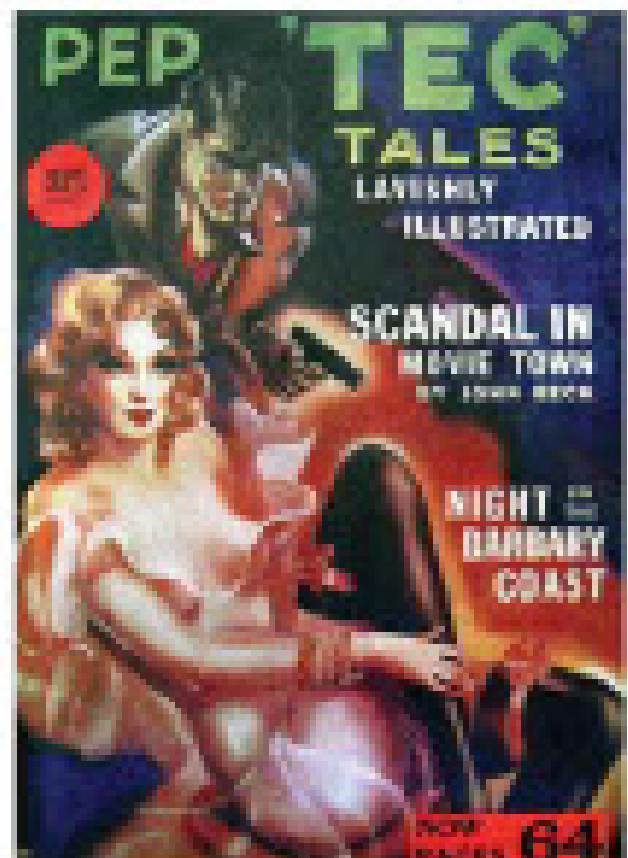


Image courtesy of the author

HAMADRYAD CHAIR

By CARL JACOBI

The episode was not over yet!



Waltz illustration by El Divo, *Hamadryad*, February 1942

and old-fashioned Tammany Hall political bosses. One thing was perfectly clear about Rosenfeld's life/businesses—he did not want his name connected with them.

At first Harry Rosenfeld listed his own name as the publisher on the contents page of such magazines as *Sissy Series*, *Pep*, and *Gay Flamenco*. But after he was arrested and convicted as a pornographer in 1934, he never repeated that mistake. Soon later when he was asked to describe the nature of his prior criminal convictions, Rosenfeld testified, under oath during cross-examination in Federal Court, that he quit the meat business around 1934.

Q: I pleaded guilty to publishing magazines and paid a fine.

Q: Was it supposed to be an improper magazine?

A: It was supposed to have been magazines, which I have discontinued about 1934.

Q: Was it improper?

A: Yes.

Q: Kind of something like that?

A: Snappy magazines, snappy stories. In fact that was the title of it, "Snappy Stories."



Waltz illustration for an unknown publication, 1937

Rosenfeld was a master of duplicity. But despite his many false fronts there are still a few unbroken threads that run continuously throughout his entire shady business. Everything was printed by Doty Press, distributed by Independent News, and illustrated by the Bureau for Art Agency. The fact that Bureau's artists continually appeared in all of Rosenfeld's magazines for more than ten years proves that Bureau was actually working perfectly consistently. That fact alone is suspicious enough to mark Bureau as an inside member of Rosenfeld's clandestine organization.

As for Lockell continued to create every illustration his drawing style became bolder and more pronounced. He also experimented with mixed media, airbrush, and use of a lithograph to create a gray half-tone effect. Many of his illustrations were unsigned, but because his name was clearly printed in the masthead of *Folly Of The Plains*, he eventually became best known as the cartoonist of this western SMM comic strip.

On April 25, 1937 the *New York Times* reported in an article about the growing popularity of yacht clubs, "By now, joining the Astoria Yacht Club, which was started in 1909, the new Floating Bay Motor Boat Club at College Point has been opened by Commodore John Seckold." Only in the land of opportunity could the first son of an immigrant Jewish Hungarian butcher become the Commodore of the old Astoria Yacht Club. An successful stockbroker and now Commodore,



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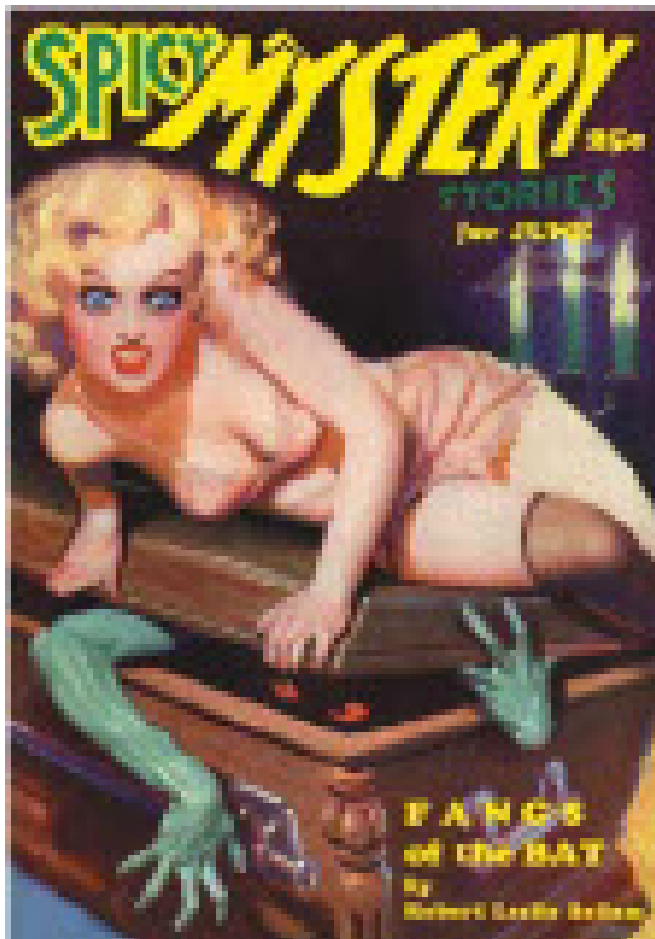
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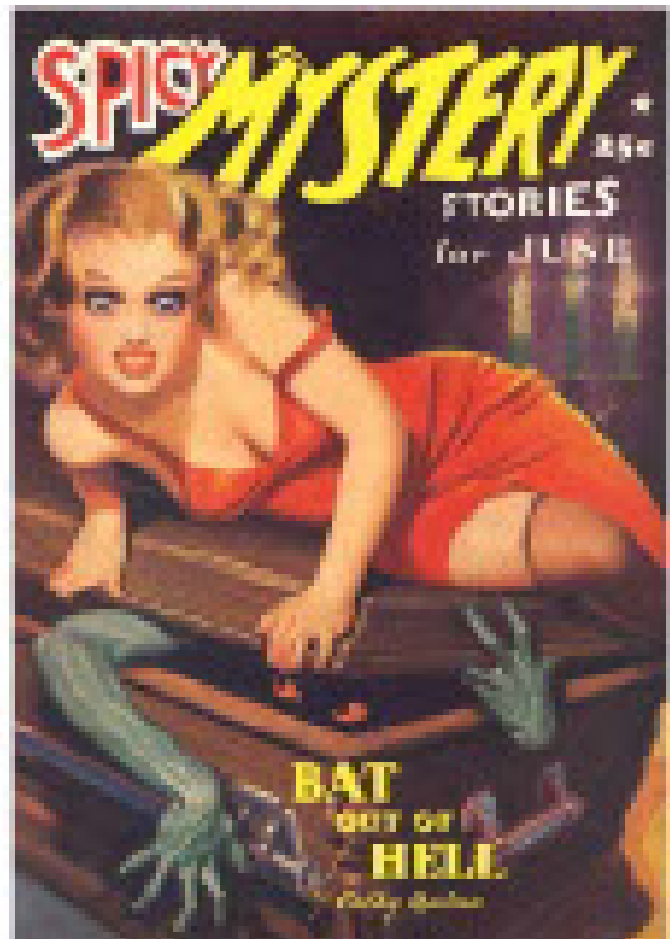


Spicy Mystery Stories, June 1939, cover painted by H.I. Wood

he's older brother had become a man of impressive social status. This was yet another rags-to-riches American dream come true. That fact stood in stark contrast to Joe's claim to fame as the creator of a salacious comic that appeared in magazines the Mirror of New York City had publicly branded as "filthy smut."

Joe still hoped his tight connection with the Bureau Art Agency would lead to a lucrative career in advertising. By 1938 the U.S. economy showed signs of recovery, and as soon as mass production regained full strength the related industry of mass marketing would also rebound. That was good news for artists who wanted to work in advertising. Like most illustrators at that time, Sokolik watched and admired the meteoric careers of Al Dorn and Fred Luddens, who generated the industry's highest incomes by specializing in advertising. That was exactly where he wanted to go—into bigger and better magazines and a wealthy career in advertising.

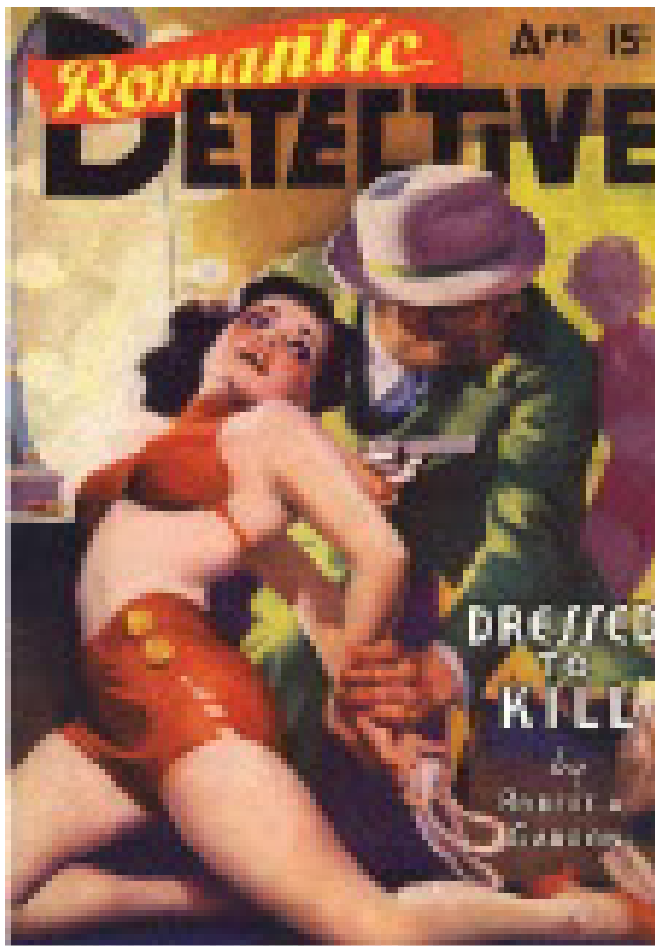
Barnes was contracted to provide the interior art, but Downfield was in charge of picking the covers. Like all publishers, he had a reverent fascination with the power of cover art to generate sales. Downfield's top cover artist was H. I. Wood, but in 1938 a marks man, Gregory W. Trench, had lured Wood into a time-consuming project to illustrate advertising for The Lone Ranger Radio Show. Wood was a freelance artist, and regardless of the effect of his work on revealed sales,



Spicy Mystery Stories, June 1939, with copywriting by Joe Sokolik

Downfield only paid him \$30 or \$35 for a cover, and he had no intention of paying any more for exclusive rights. When Wood told him in May 1938 that he was taking a long road trip out West to make studies for Broadway's Lone Ranger he began to get worried. Downfield spoke to Barnes about his fear of losing leverage over Wood, and they hatched a clever counter plan. If Wood decided to consider spin working for Downfield they could still maintain a continuity of cover designs by making altered versions of Wood's previously published covers. Who better for this experiment than the office photo-stretch guy, Joe Sokolik. He was handed an original H. I. Wood painting that had already appeared in print and he was told to make them look like new paintings. Downfield considered the assignment a minor extension of Sokolik's office job, so he was only paid his regular hourly salary of 75 cents a day. He did all six alterations in one day and Downfield printed all six of the revised covers. When Wood returned from his trip Joe told he was reluctantly drawn the retouched covers as an offer by Downfield to support his burgeoning dominance.

On the hot summer day of July 23, 1938 Joe Sokolik (age 28) and his widowed mother (age 50) walked up the passenger gangplank of the S. S. Columbus, and set out for an eight-week trip to their ancestral Austro-Hungarian homeland. Eight days later they docked in Bremen and proceeded to visit Germany, Austria, and Hungary. It was Joe's first trip



Reynolds Brown, April 1938. Cover painted by H.A. Scott

abroad, but even his mother felt like a stranger in her own hometown. Life in Vienna had certainly changed since Hitler had come to power in Germany six years earlier. Four months before their arrival German troops had invaded and forcibly annexed Austria to the Third Reich as a major first step in world domination. The American tourists were stopped and questioned by Nazi officials as their visas and passports were inspected, processed, and stamped with visas throughout their travels across several borders. It might have been just a sightseeing trip, but it happened at the busiest time in Joe's career and at a most fortuitous time in European history. Since his father was a Jew there may have been more pressing reasons for this extraordinary trip. All that is known for certain is that he and his mother returned to New York City two months later on September 17th, 1938.

Aside from personal family reasons, the fact that Joe Scoble chose to drop everything and take an eight-week trip to Europe shows that he had priorities that were higher than his illustration career. A trip abroad can often provide a refreshing opportunity from which to reevaluate the progress of one's life. In later interviews the artist referred to his work for Thomson as only a convenient way to earn good money, while the Great Depression loomed on. He was grateful for the income, but he was still more interested in technical engineering. While Joe was in Germany he bought a professional

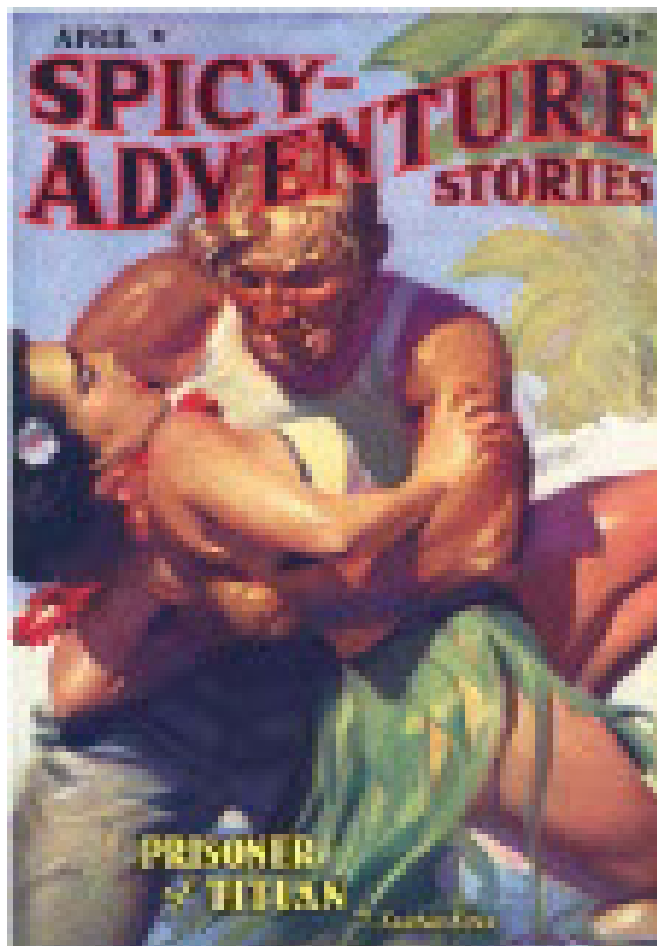


Spicy Detective, March 1937. Cover painting by Art Smit

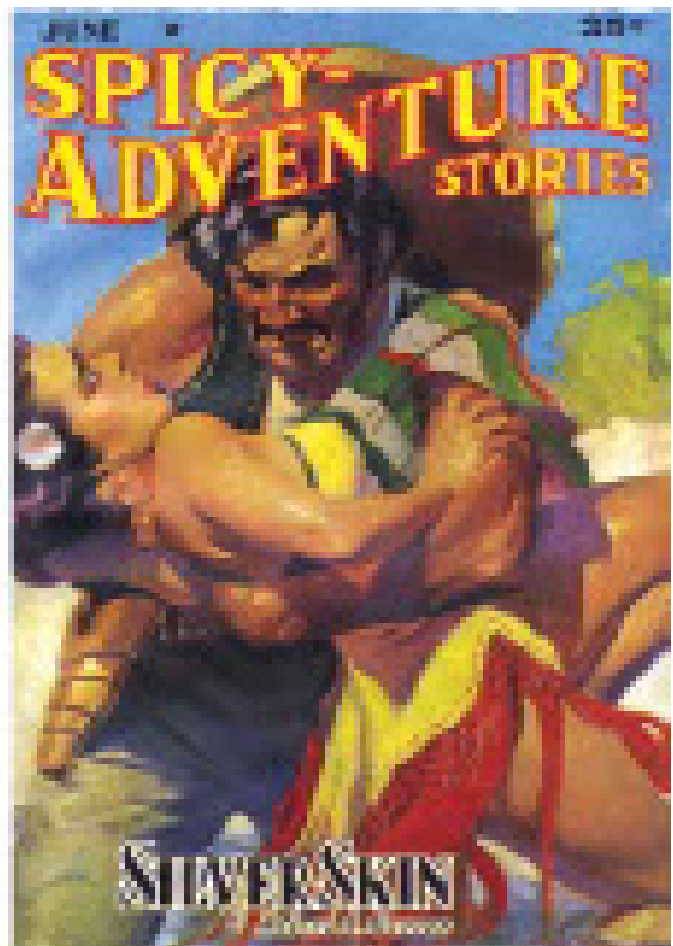
large-format Leica camera, with which he photographed artistic and non-artistic tourist snapshots, but more importantly, his own new career seemed to represent his inclination for photography and the complex, dastardly techniques of processing and printing. That new focus seemed to provide an attractive middle ground between the school of art and the school of engineering where he could build a more rewarding career that involved machinery, engineering, photography, design, artwork, and photo retouching within the advertising industry.

A few days after Joe Scoble returned to New York City he visited the Thomson Art Agency and found out that during his absence a strange visitor from another planet had burst upon the scene. Superman was a smash hit and his impact forever changed the world of popular culture publishing.

Adolph Brenner was a seminal figure in the history of comic books. He had been credited in 1935 as an artist and a writer of the first American comic books that used original materials, *New Fun* and *More Fun*. These were produced by National Allied Publications, but they were printed and distributed by Harry Desmetzold, who thereby owned an interest in the company. Just a few weeks before Joe Scoble left on his trip to Europe they had released *Action Comics*, which featured a new character named Superman. Instead of generating modest sales for a month or two, *Action Comics* continued



Spicy-Adventure stories, April 1941, issue painted by the artist



Spicy-Adventure stories, June 1941, with accompanying text revised

to sell it somewhere later than Deschfield could print a limited supply. These unprecedented sales caused a public rush by other publishers to enter the comic book market. Deschfield had tightly guarded full-control of all rights to Superman and consolidated his ownership of this financially profitable business, which became DC Comics. Towards this end he moved Barron Studios to his executive offices at 480 Lexington Avenue, where it was officially listed in the NYC telephone directory from the spring to the fall of that year. The degree to which Deschfield valued Barron's contribution to his comic industry is indicated by this abrupt relocation during those frantic formative months. This factory-handed move also made Deschfield's idea for controlling interest in the art agency, of which Barron was only the titular head. Deschfield was suddenly making more money from Superman than all his other publications combined. He redirected a significant portion of his talent pool to work on various comic book projects. Barron found his art agency at the expense of a booming industry that would come to be known as golden age comic books. By the time Joe Shostak returned to work the entire American publishing industry had been knocked off guard by phenomenal sales of millions of Superman comics.

1941 was another pivotal year in American history. First and foremost it was the year to celebrate the New York City

World's Fair, where the dreamland of modernism was transplanted on display. The Fair's visitors were treated to a hopeful vision of a sane and scientifically oriented World of Tomorrow. The Trylon and Perisphere was the perfect addition to a nervous public that was recovering from the Great Depression and worried about the looming threat of another world war. Millions of people enjoyed an escape to the World of Tomorrow, just as millions of readers enjoyed a fantasy comic about the Man of Tomorrow. Superman was the most powerful man in the world. He could fly into the threatened Metropolis and rescue innocent lives from a speeding bullet.

Adolph Barron offered Joe Shostak the historic opportunity to help draw Superman. He grappled with the decision and tried to imagine where the publishing market was going and whether comic books had any long-term potential, or if they were only offering a momentary fix. In the end he bet on the wrong horse and turned it down. That later he regretted missing what he had come to realize was a golden opportunity, but he never fully realized that the day would come when Superman was the only thing that remained from Deschfield's entire publishing industry. Superman evaded the pulp. He even-outlasted the slicks.

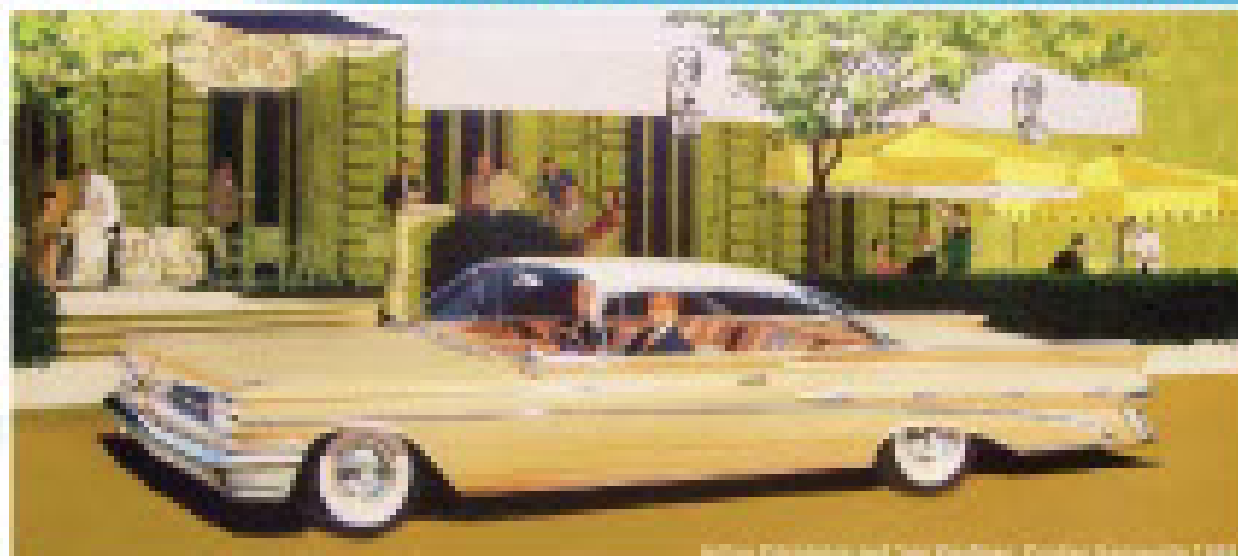
In the spring of 1941 Deschfield commissioned his top cover artist, E. J. Miani, to paint a full-size portrait of Super-

man. He paid him \$150 upon delivery and then hung the finished painting behind his conference table, where it remained as the emblematic prototype of the Man of Steel for the rest of his career at DC Comics. As Dorezfeld struggled to maintain dominance of the comic book market he told his lawyers to send threatening letters to his many competitors to threaten them with lawsuits for copyright infringement. In 1981 he sued Fawcett Publications over Captain Marvel's similarity to Superman. Fawcett was selling over more copies than Dorezfeld, so they chose to defend themselves in court. Legal prosecution of this case required DC to provide an exact definition of their character's patented qualities. This was not so easy, because in fact Superman had slightly evolved since his first appearance. His chest emblem had grown larger. His dangling bowtie had shifted to the right side of his forehead. His once spunky smile had matured into a stern expression of patriotic approval, and his friendly eyes had narrowed down to a weaker-beam stare. Dorezfeld decided to alter Ward's original painting to include all of the 1980 characteristics that were legally stipulated in his copyright lawsuit. In recognition of Sobeloff's earlier success at eradicating Ward paintings, he was again hired to do this analysis. For Eby back he painted the prescribed changes during a single visit to Dorezfeld's office, and he didn't spill a single drop on the carpet. In retrospect that seems pretty cheap, considering the fact that Dorezfeld eventually won the case and bankrupted Fawcett Comics with a \$400,000 out-of-court settlement. Besides revising Dorezfeld's lawsuit, Sobeloff's alterations also created the blueprint of the Superman painting as DC's officially approved prototype. Most subsequent images of Superman in adver-



Approved by N.J. Mack, 1981, with copyrighting by Joe Kestel. All in comic. Photo courtesy of Kansas College, 1978. Superman is a trademark of DC Comics. All rights reserved.

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Spicy Detective, April 1946, cover painted by H.J. Ward

being and merchandising closely match the revised painting.

As the storm clouds of war approached, a compulsory military draft was advanced and Americans mobilized for war. Young men had been the first drafted, but soon older men were needed too. In 1942 Joe Sokolik was drafted at the age of twenty-nine. At that time he was living at 24-05 Jordan Street in Saratoga, Queens, NY. He contacted privileged Army officials and persuaded professional connections that allowed him to serve in an Army graphic design department to produce instructional filmstrips. However, this plan collapsed when Joe flunked his physical exam. He was listed as A-1 because of a chronic heart condition. He still contributed to the war effort by working at a defense plant. Oddly enough, this new job was really a dream come true. Thanks to his brother the Commissioner, Joe was hired to work as a skilled craftsman at the Robert Ingham Shipyard on City Island, in the Bronx. His childhood dream of building boats was finally fulfilled during the war years. Unlike other factories, where fully automated assembly lines mass-produced jeeps, tanks, aircraft, and battle ships, all construction at the Robert Ingham Shipyard was done by hand. This company built comparatively small wooden PT boats that were immune to magnetic mines. They also built patrol boats, sub-chasers, tugboats, and mine sweepers. Joe was delighted to be building boats under the knowledgeable guidance of experienced craftsmen.

During weekends and evenings, he continued to produce



Hollywood Detective, March 1946, with reworking by Joe Sokolik

freelance pulp magazine illustrations as well as any other clients that Barnhart needed done for publishers or advertisers. Barnhart's integral business relationship with Domesfield is proven by the fact that Sokolik worked exclusively for Barnhart, but during the war years Sokolik listed himself as an official paperworker with the U.S. government as an employee of the Trojan Publishing Company, another Domesfield front name. By 1941 Barnhart had formally changed his art agency name to Mosaic Studios. He still worked with the same bullpen of artists that supplied every illustration for Domesfield's pulp magazines, but there was a new concentration on producing material for comic books, such as Champion Comics, Flash Comics, Wonder Comics, and Justice Comics.

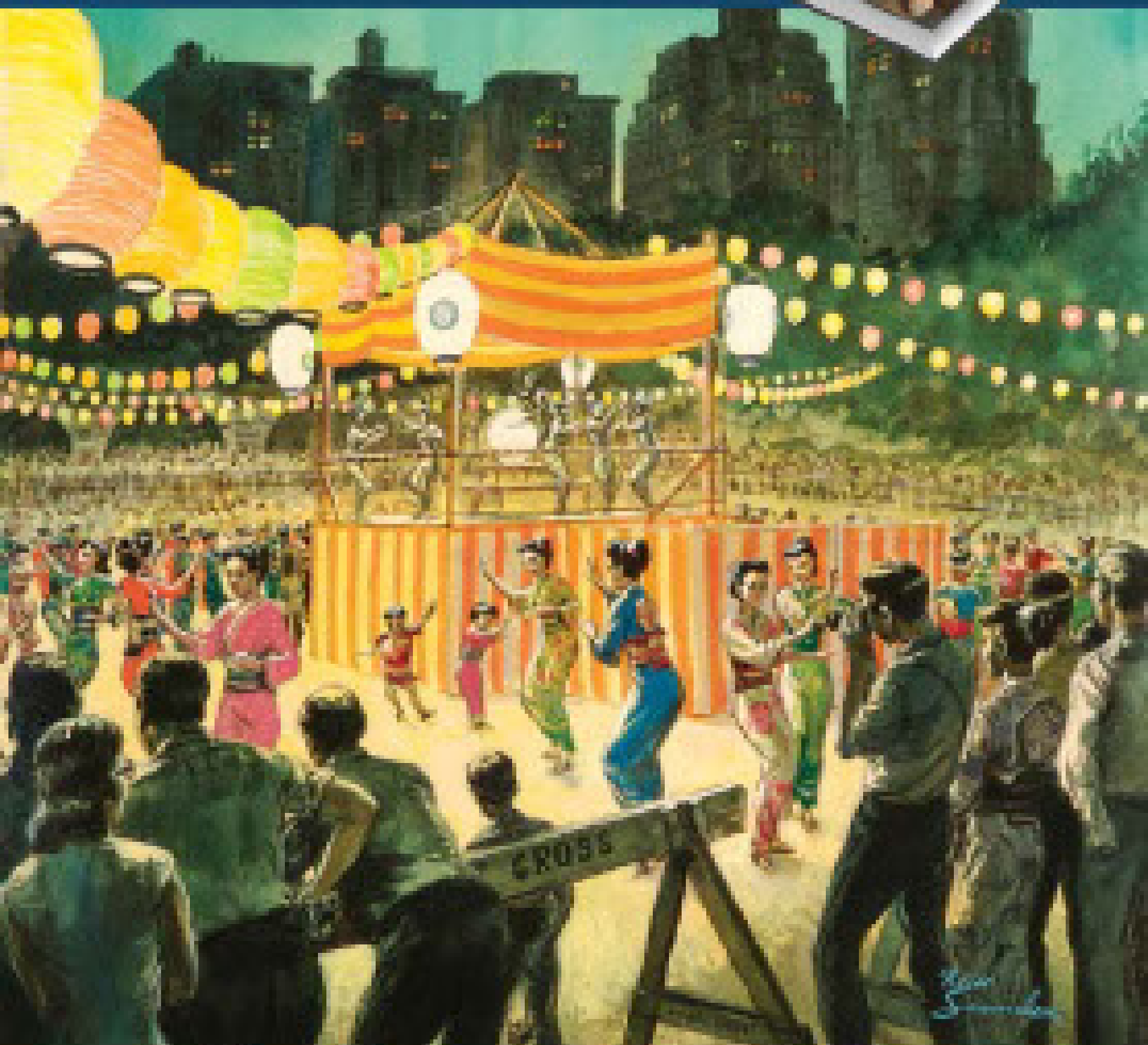
On April 13, 1944 Joe Sokolik's illustration career got another big break. H. J. Ford was drafted. Domesfield needed art. Like many publishers, he believed his newsworld sales depended primarily on the magnetic appeal of great cover art. His entire pulp magazine line was distinguished by the art of H. J. Ford, so it was vitally important to maintain the continuity of that look. To prepare for this event Domesfield had previously ordered Ward to work overtime to create as many extra paintings as he could produce, in order to build up a reserve supply. This may have been overtime work, but there was no overtime pay. As usual Domesfield bought each new cover for the standard price, which by that time was \$180. No one knew how long the war would last or if Ford

Norman Saunders

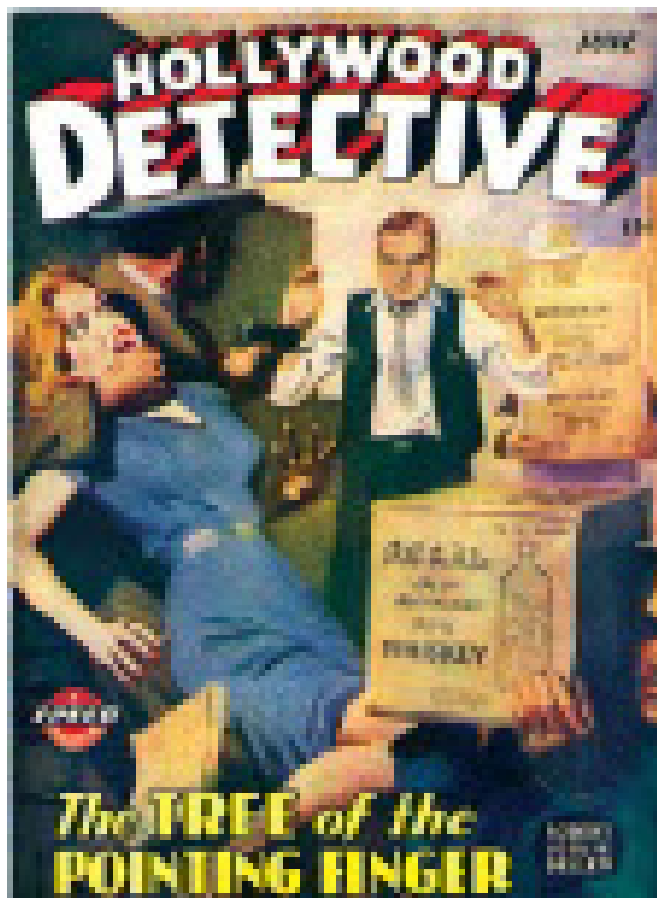
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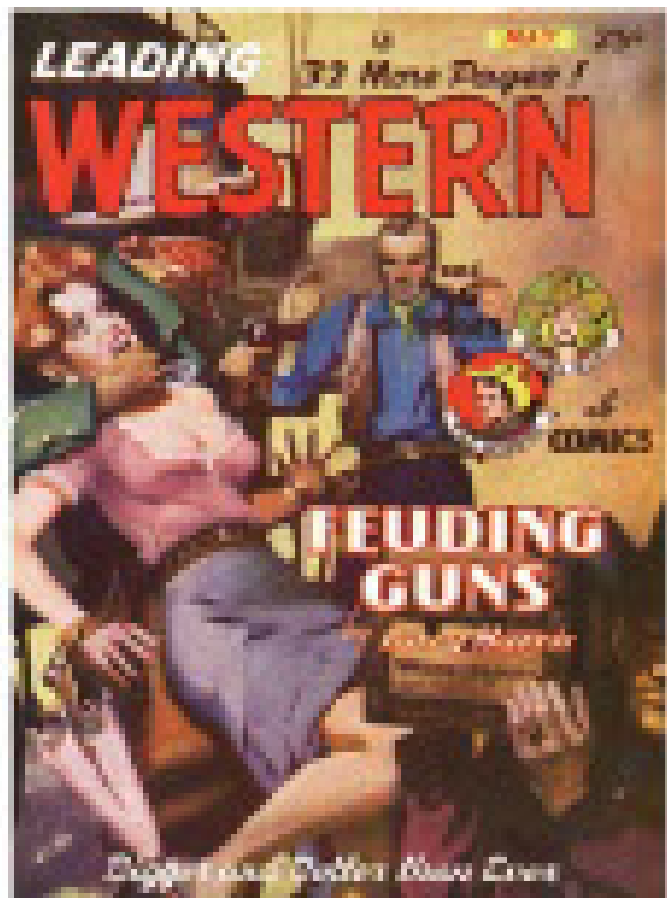
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Hollywood Detective, Nov. 1942, cover by H. I. Ward

would live or die in service, so even though Dorezoff had pre-planned this reserve supply he was still worried about the long-term prospects of preserving the continuity of his most popular cover art. Again, he devised a scheme to further enrich his supply of cover art during the war. Plan B was to hire Joe Seidell to research H. I. Ward paintings, just as he had done earlier in 1938 when Ward had gone out West, and again in 1941 when Ward's painting of Superman had to be erased for the New York lawsuit. Seidell was handed a roll of a dozen un-stretched cover paintings by H. I. Ward, which had already appeared in print. He was told to paint modifications directly on top of the canvases. Seidell was free to do whatever he pleased, as long as Ward's original men and women were still the stars of the end result. He was also instructed to paint over Ward's signature and not to sign them himself. In this way Dorezoff devalued Ward and also preserved the false impression that Ward had painted the "new" covers. This practical subterfuge extended the appearance of seemingly new and cleverly altered versions of Ward's cover art on spicy pulp for several months. Of course this plan was based on the devaluation of Ward's art, and to add insult to injury, Ward received an additional payment for providing the basis upon which these "new" covers were founded.

One unfortunate aspect of this scheme was that Seidell was not technically capable of matching Ward's mastery in oil painting. As a result the over-painted areas of his best-sold covers are not totally inferior. Seidell tried to break up his



Leading Western, May 1943, with re-painting by Joe Seidell

skillful taking an oil painting class at the Art Students League, but despite his best efforts all he could produce were re-worked student-grade oil paintings. Oil painting is considered the most advanced of all techniques taught in art academies. As Leonardo Da Vinci famously said, "painting surpasses all human works by reason of its subtle properties." Some art teachers suggest their frustrated students should only paint subjects they love, and Joe's oil paintings did impress somewhat when he left the classroom and painted canvases along the shoreline, but he was never good at oil painting. Dorezoff hoped the war would come and Ward would return from military service, but the war dragged on. Instead of researching only a dozen covers, Seidell eventually altered thirty-eight original H. I. Ward paintings. Some of these "new" paintings were altered only slightly by the addition of a brooch and earrings, or a different colored dress, but in many others nothing of Ward's original art remains except the faces and hands. Since these hybrid artworks were assigned and published without credit, their cover devaluation has subsequently confused many of Ward's fans and tarnished the reputation of what were thought to be his "lost works." This whole despicable conspiracy finally unfolded with the cruel indifference of reality on February 7, 1943, when H. I. Ward tragically died from lung cancer during his military service.

Joe Seidell was a naturally gifted draftsman with a strong drawing style that was self-expressive and distinctly recognizable. He was Bureau's stretch artist, so he was in charge



Original cover illustration by Super-Action, May 1938, p. 15. Used with permission by Joe Vitale. All contents. Photo courtesy of private collection

PRIVATE
DETECTIVE
 STORIES

NOV. 1947



Private Detective Stories, November 1947

SUPER-DETECTIVE

JULY 1947



Super-Detective, January 1947

of smearing Wad's oil paintings—but Sobell was essentially a skilled graphic technician. Deshauld was still determined to find a cheap and reversible means of covert art in the style of H. I. Wad, so he came up with yet another form of plagiarism. Instead of painting directly on top of old Wad canvases, Sobell was given a binder that contained great sheets of Wad's covers, from which he was instructed to pick-and-choose images to use as reference material for creating new cover art that he could make with airbrush as illustration board in his own style. His only creative constraint was that his new covers had to feature Wad's men and women. This was no problem, because airbrush art is created with transparent films, which allowed Sobell to literally trace men and women from Wad's proof sheets. This new approach was a big improvement for all concerned. Sobell was free from the absurd pressure to duplicate Wad's masterful skill as an oil painter, and he was able to work in his own natural habitat, which was armed at drafting table with a pencil, an eraser, an exact knife, some tracing paper, and an airbrush.

The airbrush technique independent of a vacuum pump to compress a supply of air pressure to spray a mist of one



An Sobell's office

color at a time. A hand held nozzle finely controls that mist, which is also directed by an elaborate system of ducts that expose or protect various areas of the artwork. The device is called a fixture. After opening, the fixture is removed and discarded. It can be made of many materials, but Sobell used translucent paper, which was ideal for tracing design elements from his collection of Wad's proof sheets. He then transferred those tracings onto small illustration boards that were about the same size as the proof sheets, which were around nine inches tall. This was much easier than working on Wad's original oil paintings, which were on stretched canvases about 30 inches tall.

Despite all his best efforts, Harry Deshauld's schemes were only a delaying tactic for his long-term problem. He wanted continuity but he had lost his top cover artist and he needed to find a replacement. Time was changing, rules were down, and he needed to find a new look that would approximate color and style. Thanks to his Sobell's wide-ranging skills as a graphic artist he was suddenly Deshauld's new top cover artist, as well as a trusted member of the Saravac production team. He had been content to work as a low profile interior cover artist, or even to create unsigned cover art in the style of

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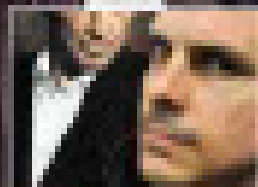
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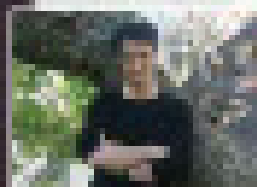
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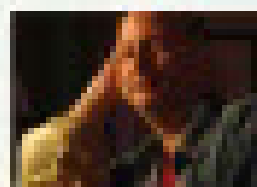
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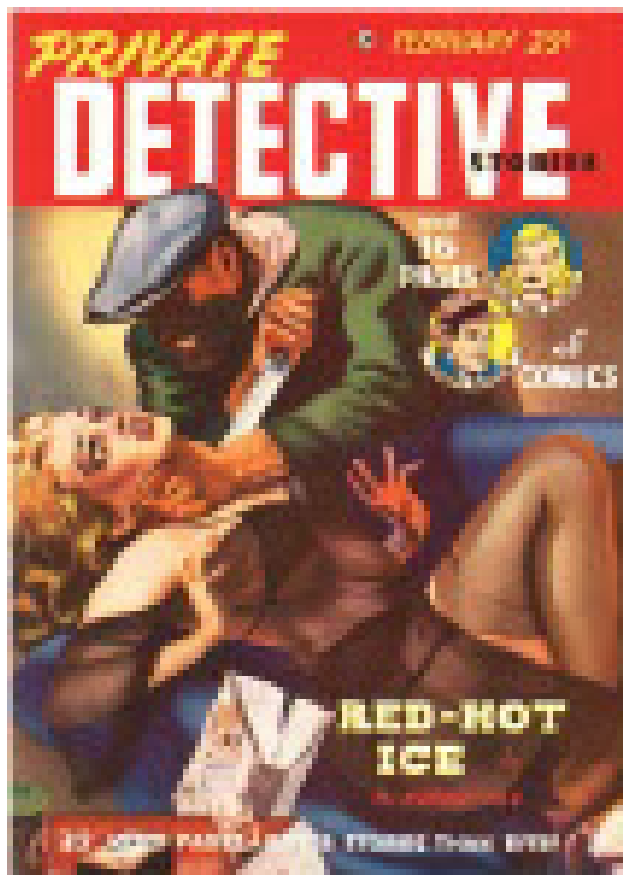
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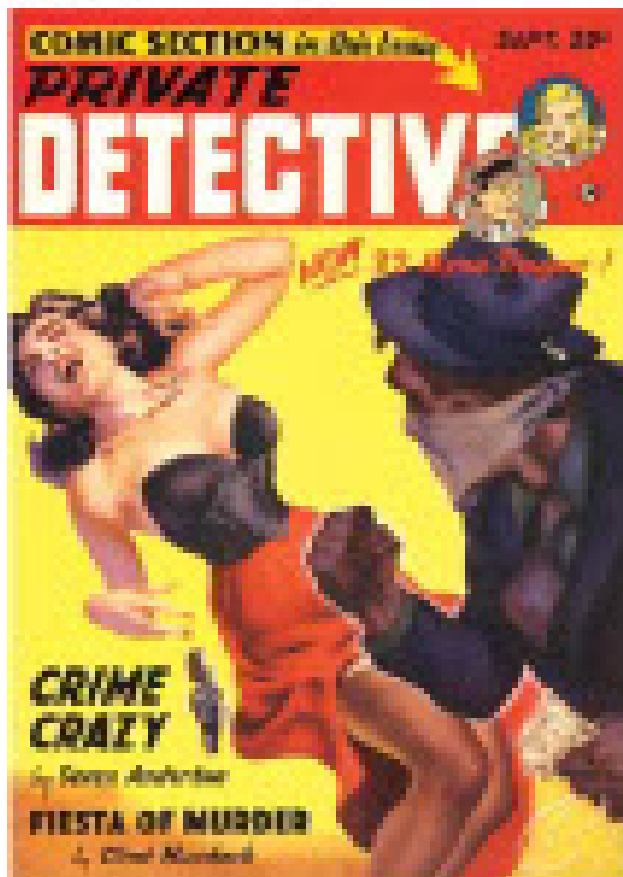
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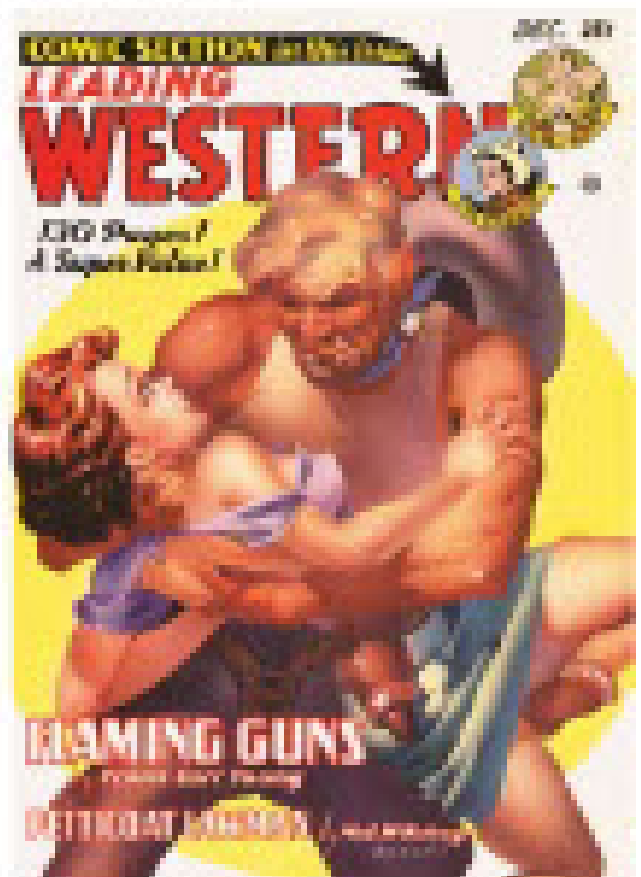
Private Detective (Stokes), February 1941



Hollywood Detective, June 1940



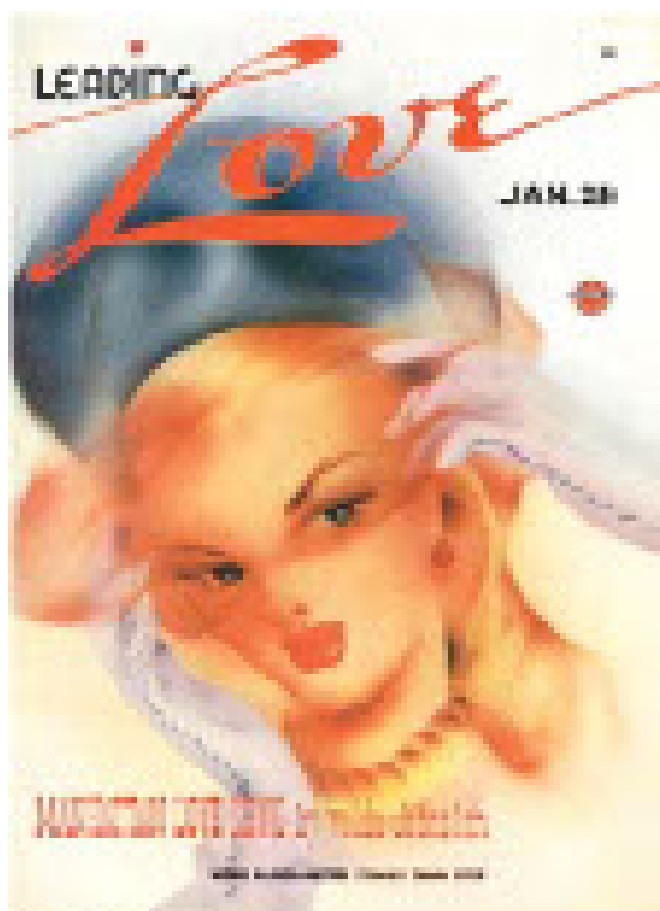
Private Detective, September 1941



Leading Western, December 1940



Digital art illustration by Jeffrey Winters, Winter 1988, almost released



Leading Love, January 1944

H. J. Ward, but only because he hoped to eventually explore opportunities in advertising. This was his big break. He was suddenly considered the top cover artist with the creative freedom to invent his own modernist style that he could proudly sign "SNOOKI," or his occasional pseudonyms, "KROOKI."

From 1945 onward he created more airbrush covers for spicy pulps. They always featured guys and chicks that were sufficiently similar to Ward to suit the publisher's concerns about continuity. The pulp-reading public was never informed of Ward's death, and they eventually accepted the subsequent appearance of airbrushed pulp covers that featured men and women with strongly familiar characteristics. A neat writing example of this style is the Sarcastic humorous writing in a measuring tape of names on motion picture films on the November 1946 cover of *Hollywood Detective*. Snooki designed equally radical covers for *Fighting Heroes*, *Leading Love*, *Cracking Westerns*, *Police Detective*, *Private Detective*, *Six-Gun Heroes*, *Speed Adventure*, *Speed Mystery*, *Speed Western*, *Super Detective*, and *Western Love*.

After the War the entire pulp magazine industry experienced financial hardships as the result of paper shortages, dwindling advertising sales, and ultimately a popular culture audience that preferred to look ahead and forget about the past. This was the climate surrounding Doubleday's decision to redesign his entire line of pulp magazines with the modern graphic style of "SNOOKI." Airbrush art had a cool and

In Illustration

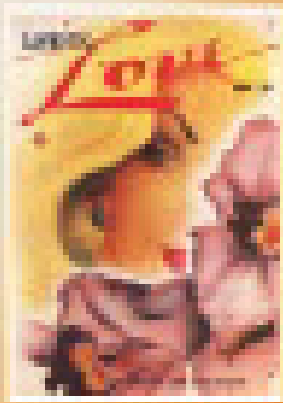


Leading Love, March 1944

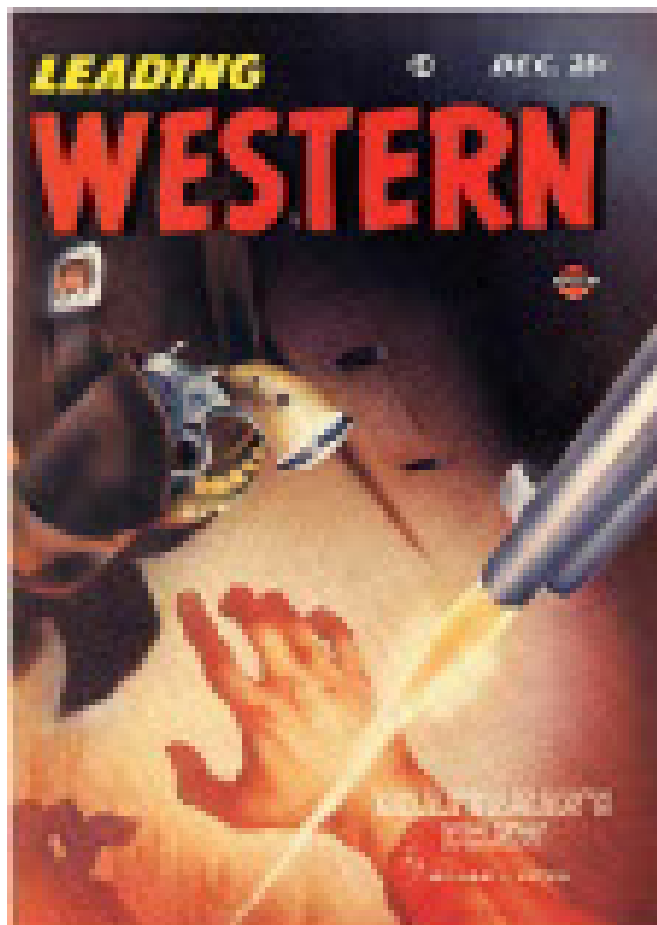
contemporary look. The following quote from art director Ed Hoffman, who specialized in trendy cosmetic advertising, is indicative of the aesthetic conflict in post-war American popular culture: "I couldn't stand all that pulp stuff. Popular Library was hiring pulp artists to paint their covers, but I was more interested in the designers who were then doing illustrations for magazine ads." Although this struggle between classic illustration art and modernist graphic art was a matter of life or death for many commercial artists at that time, today's post-modern artists are equally inspired by the best examples from both camps.

In 1949 Joe Snooki married his wife, Elva M. Snooki. She was born January 11, 1912 in New Pew Michigan. They moved to a new home that Joe designed and supervised the construction of at 211-19 43rd Avenue in Forest Hills, Queens, NY. The year later in 1950 their daughter Maria was born, at which time Joe traded in his old two-door Pontiac sport coupe for the "extra-costly" four-door family-sized 1951 Kaiser sedan.

By 1958 Adolph Bertram had become editor and co-owner of Doubleday's pulp magazine division, which at that time was called Troop Magazines, Inc. The modern design style of Joe Snooki's covers did help to expand the market for Doubleday's post-war pulp magazines. But very few popular culture publishers treaded very long. By 1951 there was simply no future for the pulp magazine format. On May 15, Troop Magazines, Inc. declared bankruptcy under Chapter XI of



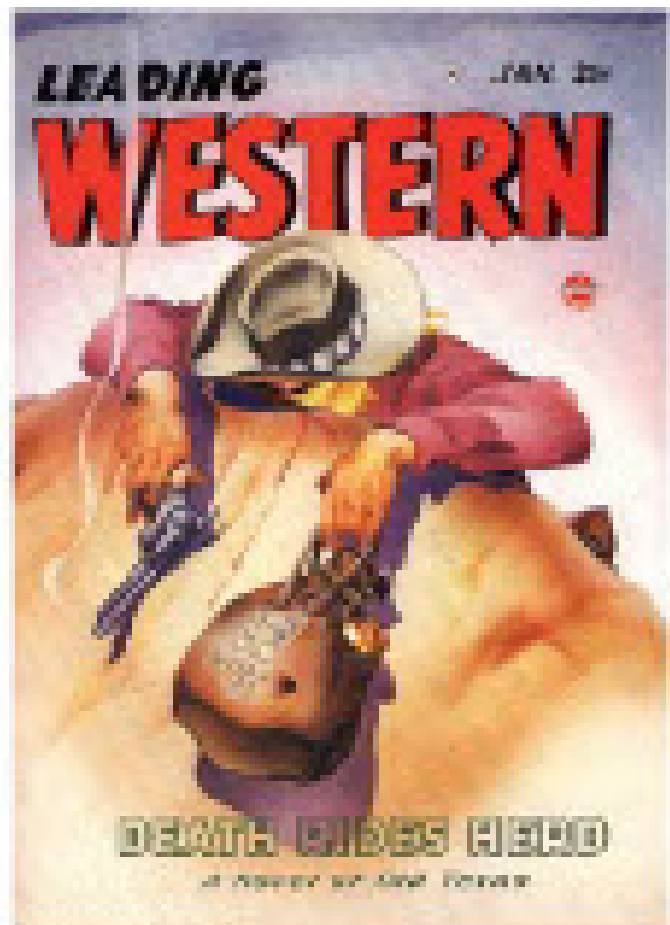
Original work illustration for *Loopy Love*, November 1986, abstract art book



Cover/Western, December 1949

New York City's Southern District Court. With \$134,118 in liabilities and only \$9,756 in assets, Downfield's many creditors were forced once again to write their debts for only an ounce of every dollar they were owed. Joe Sabaki rarely talked about it, but whenever he was asked about why the pulps died he always said, "It wasn't the pulps that died. It was illustration that died."

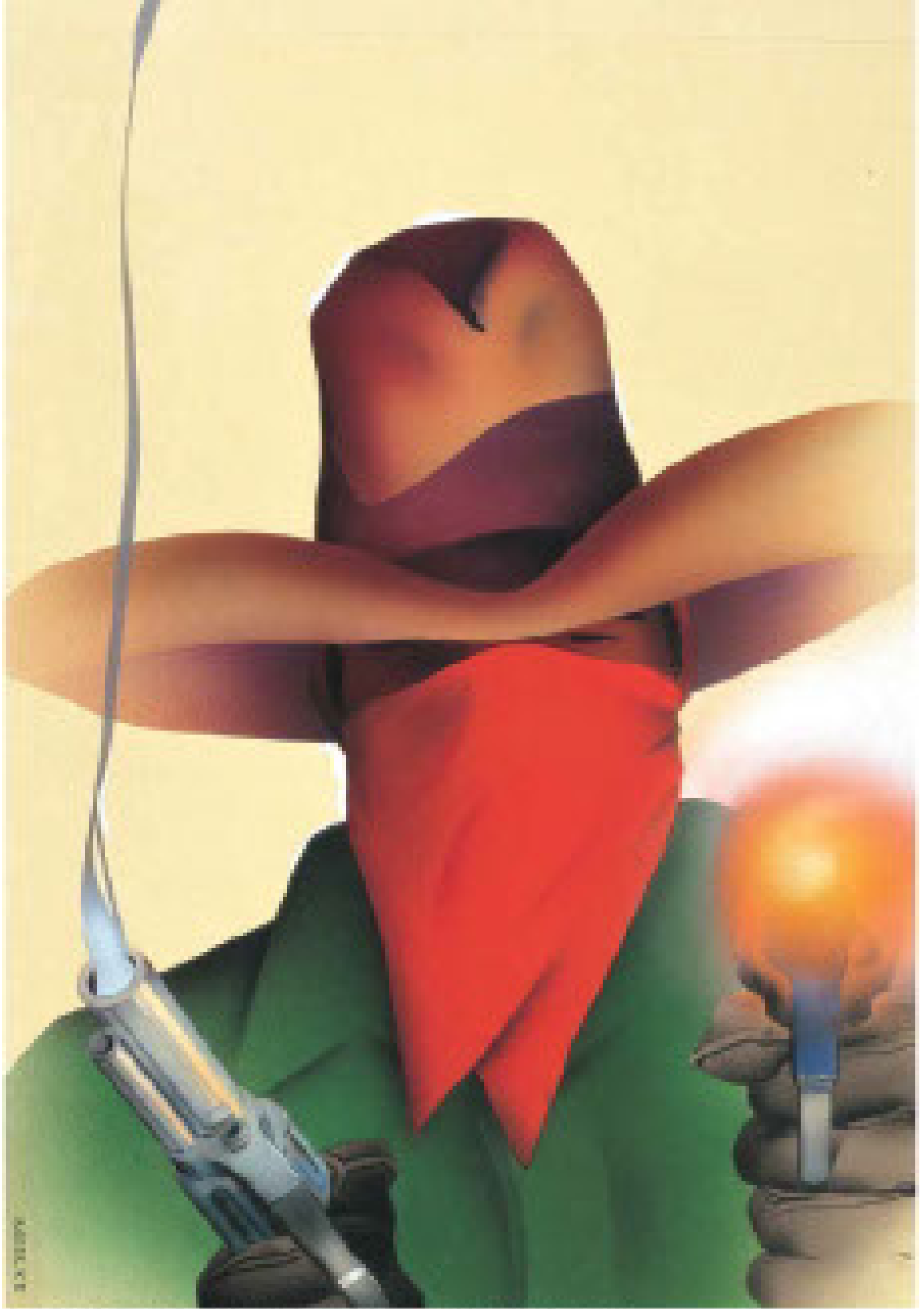
Nevertheless, Joe Sabaki continued to illustrate Downfield's other publications even after the pulps all folded. Many publishers of popular fiction were experimenting with new formats in hopes of finding more profitable ways to re-package their same old materials. They tried digest-sized periodicals, disk magazines, paperbacks, hardcover books, comic books, and men's adventure magazines. Downfield created *Trigon Comics* with Adolphus Bertram as editor. Joe Sabaki was among the artists that drew *Atomic Attack*, *Indian Fighter*, *Gunsniks*, and *Captain Savage* for *Trigon Comics*. He also supplied a large portion of the artwork that illustrated Downfield's men's adventure magazines, such as *Action*, *Comic Escape*, *Go Adventure*, *Goggles*, *Man to Man*, and *NE!* Harry Downfield produced most of these titles, but he followed his time-honored shell-game tradition by publishing them under a variety of front companies, such as Volcanic Publishing, Escape Publishing, and National Magazines, Inc. The overall content in men's magazines always gravitated towards the outermost limits of decency. On the other hand, American proad-



Cover/Western, January 1950

social conscience has always maintained a strict borderline of censorship to protect our culture from "un-American" corrupting influences. Those two opposing forces of sexual liberty and proud morality are constantly in flux thanks to the fact that no two people can agree on exactly where that borderline should be. Like all publishers of men's adventure magazines, Downfield had to protect himself and his other business interests from the inevitable scandals. His business interests would not tolerate the costs of anti-asset scandals and lawsuits that had long plagued him, so he insulated his men's magazines from his larger publishing empire, which included lucrative family-oriented periodicals that were marketed to housewives, sports fans, and museum kids.

The artists who illustrated men's magazines also tended to use pseudonyms for the same reason. As Norman Saunders once quipped, "If Martin Goodman doesn't want his *girl* name sold then why should I?" Joe Sabaki used many aliases for his work in men's magazines, but just as often he signed illustrations with his actual name, so his motive was not anonymity. One issue of *NE!* magazine from 1951 has four different adventure stories and a total of eight illustrations. They were each signed with names of different artists, but in fact Joe Sabaki did them all. This reflects his special role as a contributing graphic designer of the entire magazine. In fact his role had grown so critical in the Downfield and Bertram production team that Sabaki's mailing address on his



Digital work/illustration for leading artists, November 2001 (Signed with the pseudonym 'White') ©Kevan on board

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Original work illustration for an online publication, © 2017. All rights reserved.

(2) Illustration



Digital art illustration for *Cowboy Western*, Mark Helprin (left) artwork on hand



Original work distributed for an unknown publication. IACI-related or based



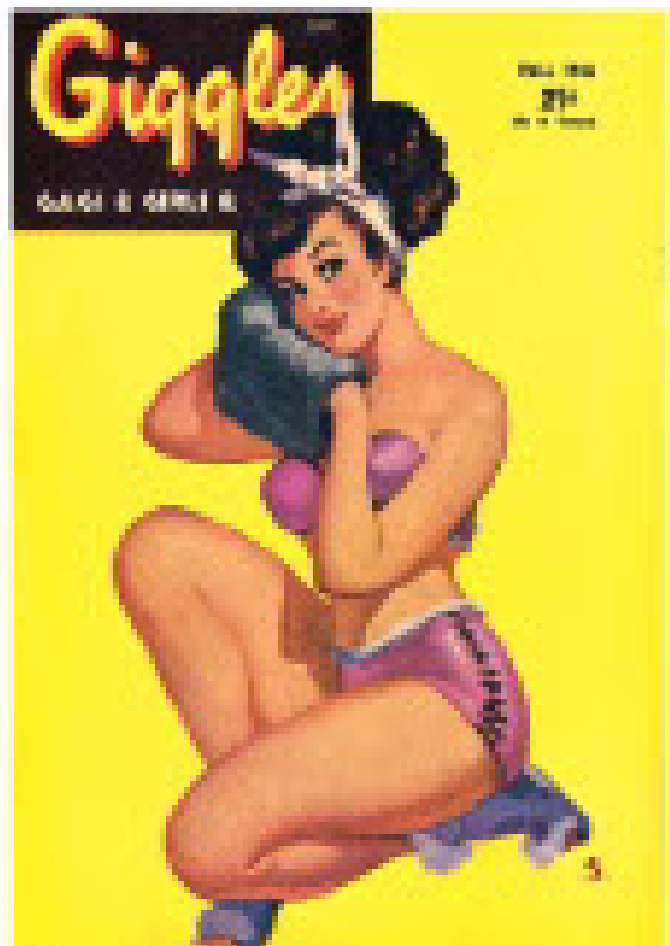
Digital work illustration for Open Selective December 1998. Sketch on hand



Issue #61 1946

official business directory was 480 Lexington Avenue, which was actually the business address of Rosenfeld's Independent News Distribution Company and DC Comics. To give the impression that there were a host of different talented artists working for the magazine Sokol used many pen names, such as Mielke, Ward, Casey, Gilson, Constantin, Cross, Lunell, and Albright. This last alias is the one that makes the most personal sense, because an "alder Wright" is someone who builds boats, like a Wheelerwright or a Cartwright, which harkens back to his earlier pen name, "The Shipman." Another meaningful alias was Narda, which undoubtedly referred to the electrical engineer, Nikola Tesla.

For Sokol's most unique quality was his use of mixed media in graphic design, which sprung from his core fascination with technology. Unlike other illustrators, his compositions are often based on an integral involvement with the layout design of the entire two-page spread. These often included airbrush elements, photomontage, test-bleeds, and hand lettering. He made his own magazines and collations. Sessions of different techniques, such as a pencil drawing with a watercolor wash on top and photographic elements pasted on top with airbrushing, signs of a nice airbrush line, which was all topped off with a fancy lettering job. He was the only pulp illustrator who thought and worked like a one-man art staff. Most of his most advanced illustrations



Issue #6 1946

appeared in magazines that were consistently embellished with hand-drawn lettering, splashy two-page layouts, and rambling airbrush effects. A regular freelance artist would just deliver his finished assignments and go home with a check, but Sokol left a striking imprint of his design style throughout the entire magazine.

By 1956 his first marriage had turned sour and ended in divorce. Five years later in 1961 he married Helen Adhacher. She was born December 7, 1911 in Wisconsin. They moved to 2311 14th Street in Hasting, Queens, NY where they raised their only child, Joseph Sokol, Jr., who was born on January 28, 1962.

As time went on the bulk of his income shifted from freelance magazine illustration to anonymous graphic work for advertising. Thanks to his technical skills in graphics he found a ready market in advertising, which was reinvigorating itself at the time because of TV's revolutionary effect on mass marketing and mass media. Sokol followed several friendly contacts in advertising as they launched projects to produce industrial catalogs, quarterly reports, storyboards, and pamphlets for new products. He drew detailed instructional diagrams, did lettering, layout, and he researched photographs of products. He was a perfect resource for several small-scale advertising designers who needed an economical one-man art staff to provide all the necessary part-up and mechanical services.



Digital illustration for an advertisement's magazine, 1998. Credits on back

EXCITING SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURE STORIES

CAPTAIN SCIENCE

CAPTAIN SCIENCE



**RED DEVILS of MARS
THE INVISIBLE TYRANTS**

Golden Edition, October 1952

© Illustration

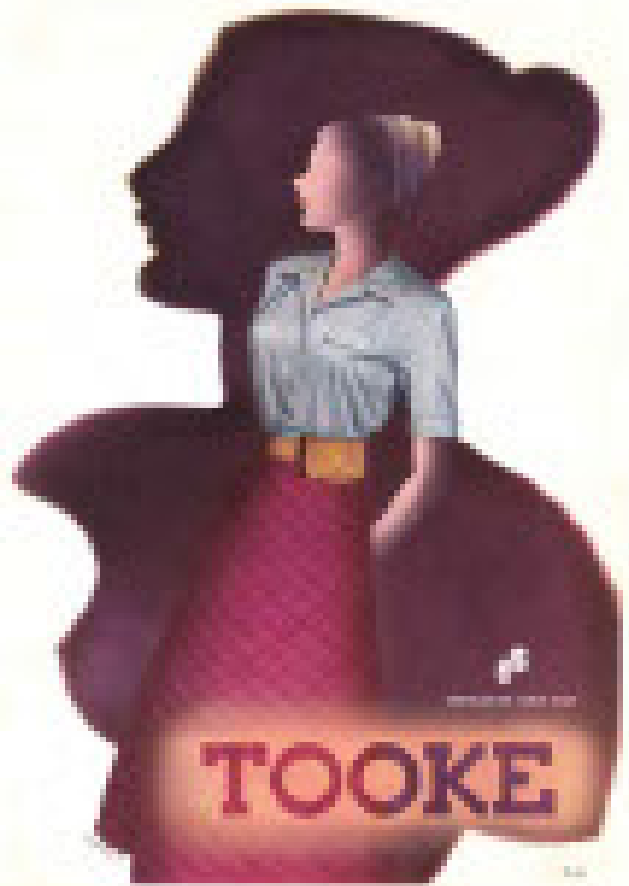


Original illustration for *White, 1953* *Cowboy on Horse*



TOOKE

Advertisement illustration for Tooke, 1948



TOOKE

Advertisement illustration for Tooke, 1948

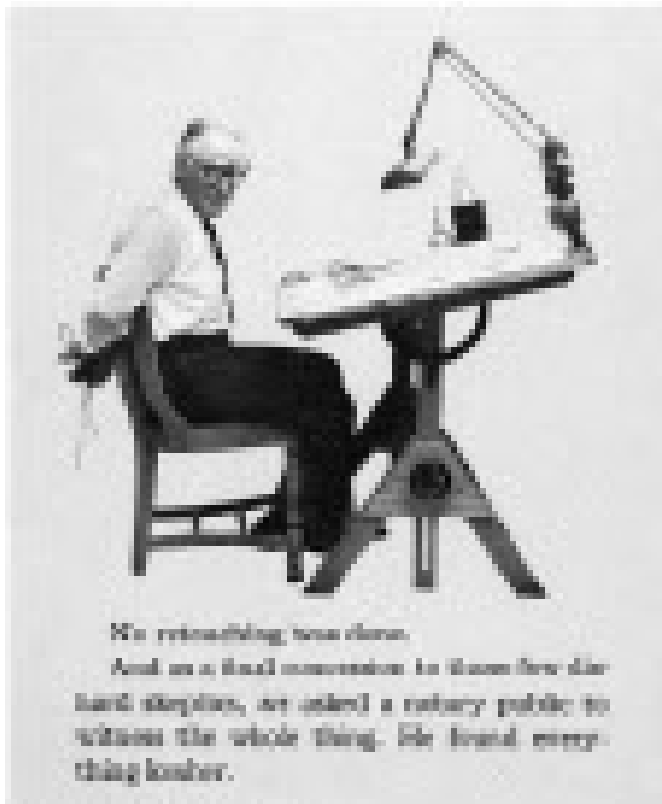


TOOKE

Advertisement illustration for Tooke, 1948

The popular trend in 1940s publishing had moved away from classic illustrations and was replaced by graphic design and photography. Almost all illustrators were forced to re-train their careers. Many artists left publishing to become art teachers, portrait painters, cartoonists, history buffs of the Old West and Indian Lore, aerospace engineers, pomography, or sign painters. Some of them even painted bubble-gum trading cards. Eventually Tooke's expertise with automobiles was his most valued skill to the publishing industry. He earned more as a photo-retouch artist than he had ever earned as an illustrator. For the rest of his life he was busy in mass media as an anonymous retoucher of planes of ice cubes, bananas, and beer cigarettes. He had always hoped to find a lucrative career in advertising and he finally found it. He mostly worked with art directors that were independent contractors and only needed him to work on occasional projects. He had steady work with three different art directors. He would routinely visit one of their studios every week, writing a suit-and-tie. He also had a spare art studio at home, which he used for rush jobs or learning deadlines that forced him to work around the clock or over the weekend. He would sometimes work at his home studio if a second art-director forced him to move-right at the same time. In most cases the client asked the art-director to design the ad concept, and then a photographer was hired to shoot the accepted idea under supervision. Then the approved photograph was finally retouched in the photo-retoucher, who would "doctor out" all the imperfections.

There was one long running advertisement for TOOKE cigarettes that featured a woman. The art-director liked this one particular material,



No retouching here, please.
And as a final concession to those few die-hard skeptics, we asked a rotary public to witness the whole thing. He found everything kosher.

Advertisement featuring Joe Sackell, 1948

which happened to have a pipeline running through it. He kept on sending his photographer to shoot different views of that same material, until it became a synonymous image for KOOL cigars. Each new photo always included the same old pipeline, which required retouching by a photo retoucher. Thanks to the popularity of this ad campaign, that pipeline became Joe Sackell's bread and butter for several years.

In 1964 he made a cameo appearance in a magazine ad as a typical smooch artist. He was shown seated at his drafting table writing a white dot and tie with flip-top magnifying glasses. But in a bizarre twist, his hands are comically tied behind his back. There is a surreal irony with this image, because most of the time, this artist was scowling down to his narrow task, thanks to his tendency to suffer a wide range of graphic ills. In many ways his unique multi-skilled approach to magazine illustration was his means to preserve creative freedom. Joe Sackell was a jack-of-all-trades in the graphic art department, the lobby business, the radio show, or the boat market.

There was never a formal end to his career, but so one throws a retirement party and gives a gold watch to a freelance artist. He spent his final years doing photo-retouching, and boating on Fishing Bay. He finally got out of his last boat in 1974 when he realized there were plenty of "yachters" in the Fishing Bay Yacht Club who would pay all the bills to finance his boating hobby. He loved to work on boats. The marina did not have slips, so the yachts were tied to moorings. The members had to go back and forth in little motorboat tenders, which took quite a beating. Every winter Joe would collect the



Advertisement photo-retouched by Joe Sackell, 1978

tenders in the clubhouse and take them apart and put them back together and re-oil them. He did it all happily without any pay. It was just his hobby.

He was a fishing fanatic and in the spring of 1981 his doctor found a tumor in his throat. They operated quickly, but while recuperating in the hospital he had a stroke. Joseph Sackell died at the age of sixty-eight on June 16, 1981.

His last boat was named Pukka after a magical creature from Hungarian folktales. According to legend the Pukka was a benevolent spirit of untamed wilderness. All human efforts to capture it were thwarted by its bewitching powers to assume any shape, such as a bear, a rabbit, a goat, a goblin, or a dog, but it most commonly appeared as a sleek black horse with long flowing mane and golden eyes.

Fans of Joseph Sackell have preserved at his long and multi-talented career in American popular culture. Like the Pukka of Hungarian folktales, he used impressive shape-shifting powers to protect his own creative liberty behind a baffling array of graphic guises. He never lost sight of an inspired vision from his childhood's dead end street of all the clean white boats sailing free from his neighborhood hardships. ♣

—by David Sawlenc, 2011

This article was researched with the cooperation of the artist's family as well as the families of Harry Daneshmand, Adolpho Bonanno, Norman Kasarian, and H. Philip Antikamirawank assistance from Jane Colback, Greg Ellis, John Germino, George Hagmann, Pat Schwaner, the University of Toronto Library, the Philadelphia Acadia Library (the M. P. F. Library), the NY Times, Michael Aronson, and the U.S. Library of Congress.



Digital Illustration for "Higgin" Around 1880 on page 24 of E.O.A. Collection of the Swedish Art Gallery, Umeå.



Half-caricature of Harry Clarke

The Macabre Visions of **Harry Clarke**

By John Oiler

Many illustrators have tried to capture the horror in Edgar Allan Poe's tales. Some have succeeded like Frankenstein. Harry Clarke, separated by almost half a century, the two men's temperaments matched, both had an otherworldly vision, both searched for ideal beauty, and both had a strong predilection for the strange, the macabre.

Henry Patrick Clarke was born on St. Patrick's Day 1871 in Dublin to Joshua and Bridget Clarke. Joshua owned a stained glass firm in the city. At an early age, Harry showed a strong interest in art filling the margins of his school books with sketches and illustrations. In Belvedere College, a Jesuit-run secondary school, his drawing skill was admired by teachers and fellow pupils alike.

When Harry was fourteen, his mother died from tuberculosis, as his mother had died of the same disease when he was young. After Edgar's death, Clarke dropped out of Belvedere to work in his father's studio, briefly attending South Kensington School of Design in London before returning home to enroll in night classes at the Metropolitan School of Art where he studied life drawing under the William Depew. According to his biographer Nicola Gordon Bowe, Harry was shy and diffident but "unusually confident" of his artistic ability and soon his abilities were being recognized. From 1911 to 1913 he won three gold medals for stained glass entries at the South Kensington National Competition. He soon would become one of the country's finest stained glass artists.

Yet he also wanted to illustrate books; he was a voracious reader and the author he probably hit the deepest sympathy with was Poe. By 1913 he was making drawings of Poe's tales in pen-and-ink. The same year he was commissioned by Laurence Waldron, a wealthy Dubliner and Harry's first patron, to do six pen-and-ink drawings from Poe's poem, "The Raven." Harry had fallen under the influence of Aubrey Beardsley, the foremost artist of the English Decadent movement, and the drawings were very much in the Beardsley manner. It would take Clarke several more years to fully develop his own style.

Another author Clarke admired was Coleridge; he did eight black and white drawings for the poem "Rime of the Ancient Mariner." They were fine renderings and a Dublin firm decided to publish them with the poem, but during the Easter Rebellion of 1916 the publisher's office was burned along with most of Clarke's drawings and the intended book never materialized. Clarke was deeply disappointed, but with a portfolio of his drawings he traveled to London to try to interest publishers there in letting him illustrate. After numerous rejections, the breakthrough came when publisher George Harrop commissioned Harry to illustrate a new volume of Hans Andersen's fairy tales. The first third of the 20th century was the golden age of expensive "gift books," lavishly illustrated by artists such as Arthur Rackham, Kay Nielsen, and Edmund Dulac. Harrop was taking a gamble



Master Beethoven for 'The Fall of the House of Usher' 1828



Original illustration for "The Fall of the House of Usher" (1883). Pencil and watercolor on paper, 20 1/2 x 28 inches. Collection of the Beinecke Rare Book Library, Yale



Original illustration for "The Fall of the House of Usher" (1883). Screen tone on paper, 20 1/2 x 28 1/2 inches. Collection of the Beinecke Rare Book Library, Yale

letting this young newcomer illustrate Andersen, but Clarke's portfolio impressed him.

The Andersen volume came out in 1915, published in the U. S. by Brentano's as well as in England by Harrap. The black and white drawings still show a Boardley influence, but Clarke's jewel-like color plates with their intricate detail are dazzling, thanks in part to his experience with stained glass.

Having viewed some of Harry's Poe drawings, Harrap decided next to give Clarke a commission for the described Poe project, *Tales of Mystery and Imagination*. The book was to contain only pen-and-ink drawings. Tall, gaunt, with dark eyes and hair, Harry could have posed as one of Poe's haunted protagonists. The drawings he submitted for the book combine beauty and the macabre, sometimes verging on the morbid, such as one showing a paralyzing corpse. Clarke unleashed his full imagination in depictions of worm-like beaked creatures and attenuated humans who resemble preserved specimens in some dark laboratory. When the book was released in 1918, most of the reviews were effusive in praise, one reviewer calling Clarke the "relentless illustrator 'par excellence' of E.A. Poe." Another reviewer, Dublin medical and painter George Russell, stated "Clarke is certainly the artist to illustrate nightmares" and that the drawings had "the passionate beauty of Gropius." A third reviewer, Thomas Incekin, wrote "It is safe to predict no one will ever produce more striking effects in

black and white" than Harry Clarke. The book was an immediate success, and George Harrap felt it was Clarke's greatest achievement, so much so that four years later he had Harry do a new edition with eight ripped-in color plates.

First, however, Harry illustrated two other books for Harrap, a poetry anthology *The Star at the Evening* in 1920 and *Fairy Tales of Perrault* in 1922. Neither approached the commercial success or drew the kind of praise the Poe book had. Released in 1923 with five added color plates, the new edition of *Poe's tales* was greater success than the first one Clarke did. The watercolor for "The Fall of the House of Usher" is perhaps the most striking, beautiful but grim, and shows Clarke's familiarity with Japanese painting, notably in the lower half as *Madeline* Under herds her of the coffin. His subtle handling of color in all the new plates demonstrates again the mastery he had attained in stained glass. The book was also released in New York under Brentano's imprint. Subsequently it has gone through many editions, some printed, right up to the present day.

It was clear that as far as book illustrations was concerned Clarke's true master was the pen, and Harrap next commissioned him to illustrate a deluxe edition of *Chestnut Point*. A number of artists had illustrated the drama of the school who sets his soul to Satan, the most terrible, Eugene Delacroix. Clarke's version would break new ground. It would work



Original illustration for Ford 1922 ink, graphics, extensive proofs. Courtesy of Sotheby's, Sotheby's



Original illustration for *Nurs*, 1851. Oil, graphite, watercolor, gouache. Courtesy of British Library, The Hugh Lane



Original cover for Faust (1905), featuring a black and white illustration by John

phantasmagoric images conveyed as if from a lover's dream. The opening illustration evokes tone a black and white drawing of Mephistopheles, his neck drooping like a sinister serpent, lowering over Faust and his lover. In other drawings monster spiders with wire-like tentacles restrain their human prey; a woman with flippers instead of arms rides a pig-like beast the sky, leading a grotesque string of animals to a mistletoe. In two drawings heads are attached to buttocks, one spring from creature, a horn-like creature envelops the horned head. The illustrations are filled with the weirdly sexual in one corner plate Clark depicts a woman with eyes hanging down, scapting naked witch. The hallucinatory imagery along with the sexual elements puzzled some reviewers, offended others, but the book published in a limited edition of a thousand signed copies by the artist for England and another thousand for America has become a collector's item. Following the edition when it first appeared, George Russell wrote "wherever the imagination of Goethe compares up the number... Clark will add a shudder..." adding that Clark's "facility of invention is endless." In a number of the drawings including the final full page where a fish-headed creature with gaping jaws catches Faust, Harry drew his own face as if in the line character who make normal demotion, he was harassed.

Not long after the book came out, Clark had a near fatal bicycle accident. For weeks he was unable to work; it took



Original illustration for Mark Twain, 1906, Paul and restoration on paper 14.4 x 22.1 cm. American Art Institute Art History, New

months for him to fully recuperate. Although he drew himself hard in his work, he was often ill with spells of enforced idleness. His father had died in 1811 and in addition to illustration work, Clark and his elder brother Walter had to run the stained glass studio alone. With his glass in high demand, Clark found himself pressed to keep up with the increasing work load and still have enough time for his family. He had married Margaret Colley, a portrait painter, when he was 21, and they had three children. The strain of the workload in the studio meant he had little time now for book illustrations. He was to do only one more book, *Switzerland Selected Places* which came out in 1838 for it he drew ten black and white illustrations and as he was working on them, he knew he was physically failing.

In 1829 he was diagnosed with tuberculosis. Beside the perhaps hereditary disposition to the disease, he had become chain cigarette smoker for years and had been subjected to harsh and hazardous staining glass since boyhood.

Leaving behind his family and the studio work, he checked himself into a sanatorium in Davos, Switzerland where he stayed for almost a year hoping his lungs would improve. When it became apparent he was getting no better, he returned home. During his absence the studio had fallen into disarray, Walter died suddenly and the entire burden of running the studio and filling back orders overtook Harry's strength.



Original illustration for *Red*, 1984. Ink, gouache, watercolor, pencil and glass with suggestive highlights.



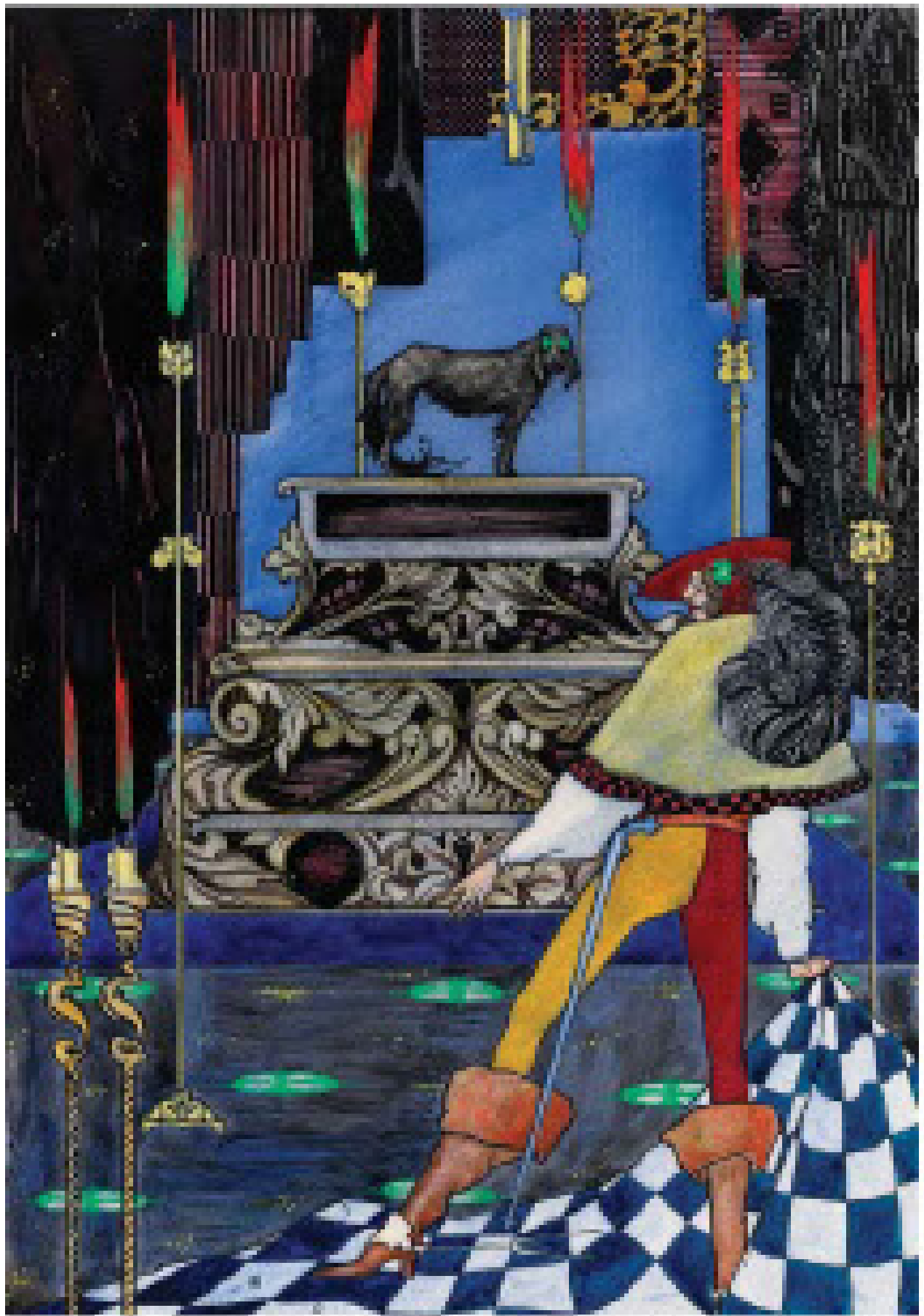
Original illustration for Fairy Tales by Hans Christian Andersen, 1918. "The Iron Shoes" Ink, graphite, watercolor, gouache and glass-etching on white Mylar. 40 x 48.4 cm. Photo © Victoria Gallery of Ireland



Original illustration for Fairy Tales by Hans Christian Andersen, 1916. "The Swelling Company," ink, gouache, watercolor, gouache and glass with body color
applied. 18 1/2 x 24 cm. Photo © National Gallery, Ottawa



Original illustration for Fairy Tales by Hans Christian Andersen, 1911. "The Redshank" ink, graphite, watercolor, gouache and glass with body color highlights. 26 x 26.8 cm. Photo © National Gallery of Ireland



Original illustration for *Fish Bones* by Hans Christian Andersen, 1844. "De Fiskeben" 184, papirfarvning med guld og grønne og røde sølvlys. 184 x 110 x 8 mm. Photo by Wikimedia Commons.



Engelke Illustration for Fairy Tales by Hans Christian Andersen - 1843. 'The Garden of Paradise' Ink, gouache, watercolor, gouache and gouache with tempera on paper. 24 x 11.5 cm. Photo: National Gallery of Denmark

After a few months he had to renounce the sanitation in Dublin.

In January 1931, beset with despair to see Margaret and the children, he checked out of the sanatorium and left for Dublin. He never made it. He died in the town village of Coora at 41 and was buried there. She had died at 40.

The final stained glass window Clarke designed and worked on before he died was a three window version of The Last Judgment for St. Patrick's Church, Newport, County Mayo in which he had portrayed himself falling headfirst into Hell. Whether this was symbolic humor or he felt convinced he was damned, one may only speculate. A close friend, Lennox Robinson, carried himself over Clarke's death with the comment that Harry lived on in his stained glass windows in churches spread over the world. For many more learn his book illustrations, particularly for Pevsner's *Tales* in which writer and artist combined to create a tactile experience yet to be equaled for beauty and grace.

— by John Deer 2011

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

Thanks to Peter Kemp, Director, EastEnd Art Gallery Cork, for use of images and Louise Morgan, National Gallery, Dublin, also the National Library of Ireland, Special Collections and Manuscript and the Public, Dublin City Gallery The Hugh Lane.

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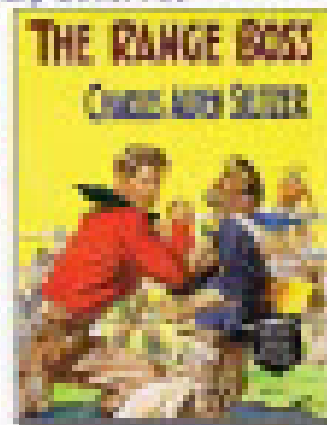
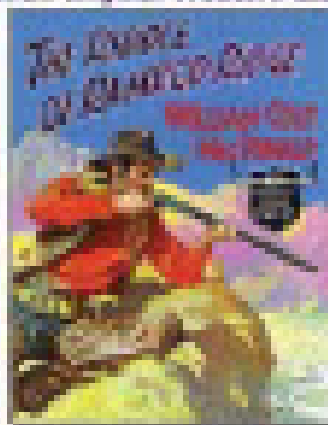
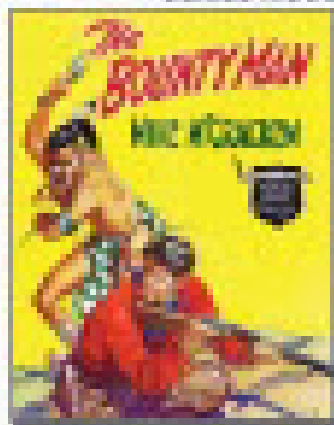
The Queen's Window, central three stained glass windows, EastEnd Art Gallery, Cork, Ireland.



ILLUSTRATION ART GALLERY

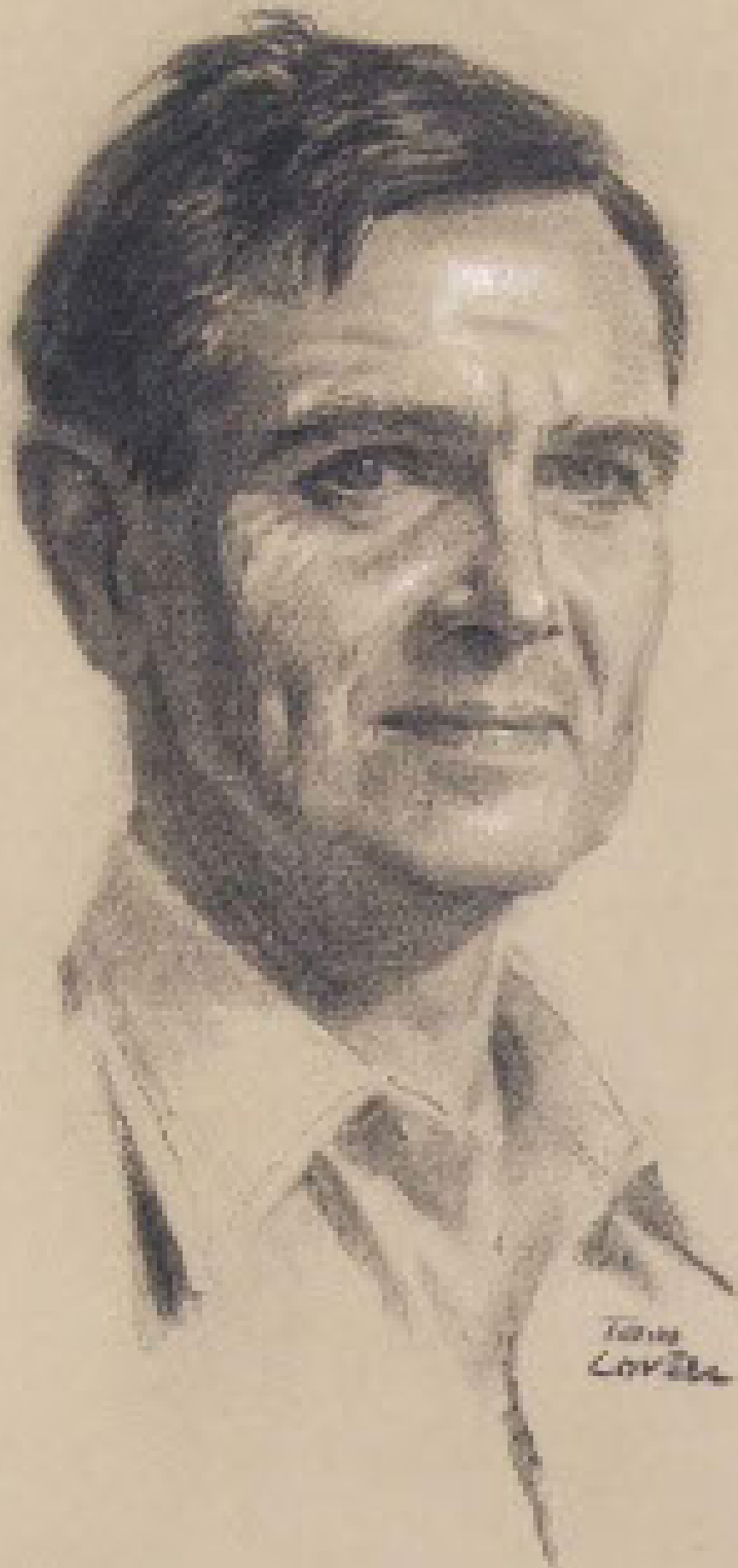
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Tommy
Corbin

Walt Reed

A LIFE IN ILLUSTRATION

By David Saunders

Walt Reed is the world's foremost authority on the history of American illustration art. Over the last 24 years he has been associated with most historic figures and institutions of 20th century illustration. His respectable life story includes chapters on syndicated newspaper cartoonists, Post-Initiate in Brooklyn, the Parsons Art Institute in Manhattan, pre-war and post-war New York illustrators, the artist community of Westport, Connecticut, the Parsons Artists School, the New Britain Museum of American Art, South Light Publications, and Illustration House gallery. Walt Reed has written many books on classic American illustrators, including the definitive reference work *The Illustrators of America*. Although his accomplishments are widely known, very little has been published on the modest man behind the legend. To document his life story in his own words, a series of interviews have been conducted over the past year, from which the following profile has been produced.

Walt Arnold Reed was born on July 21, 1917. His father was Fay Reed and his mother was Edith Traversing. He was the eldest of five children, born in Big Springs, Texas, where his parents had moved from their family roots in Grand Rapids, Michigan. After a few uneventful years in Texas, the Reed family returned to Grand Rapids where Walt's father took over his father-in-law's company, which manufactured special brushes used in furniture factories. His mother, a graduate of Kalamazoo College, was a schoolteacher. She closely supervised her children's education at local public schools. There were no artists in his family history, which is a mixture of British and Dutch ancestry. Walt's schoolteachers were supportive of his artistic talent.

"I had a natural feeling for pictures from the very beginning. I was first inspired by the Sunday comics... even before I could read. I was a big fan of *Kitty Magoo* and *Easy Kat*, but I was always puzzled by those rapidly-changing backgrounds."

His father was a rebel, an idealist, and an admirer of Walt Whitman, after whom his son was named. He had strong ideas about raising children to be self-sufficient. He bought a small farm outside of Grand Rapids, just so his five children could spend part of every year learning about farming and life-outdoors. His father was more interested in raising his children than running his business.

During the Great Depression the Michigan furniture industry suffered hard times, so the market dried up for the special brushes that the family business produced. But Walt's father converted his shop to also make archery equipment, which used many of the same materials, tools, and skills. Archery was a popular activity at the time. All of the Reed children worked in the shop. Walt's father even taught a Boy Scout troop how to make bows and arrows, while Walt earned his own merit badges with such dedication that he eventually became an Eagle Scout.

He attended public high school and enjoyed his art classes. When his work was included in a citywide exhibition, he and his parents realized superior art classes were being taught at the Davis Technical High School, where students were trained to make a living in various trades. Walt was eager to enroll here to draw and paint professionally. The art teacher at the school, Frank Wood, had studied at the Chicago Art Institute and he passed that training onto his students at Davis Tech. In 1934 Walt attended art classes at Davis Tech, while continuing his



Sixty Four (junior) with Emily, late 1911

regular studies at Central High School. Even at this early stage, Walt pursued dual interests in art and scholarship.

His first big break came when he was still in high school. The Grand Rapids *Illustrated* had an art staff with two talented artists, Ray Barrett (1888-1973) and Joseph Karff (1881-1997). They had a friendly bet between forums called "Betting the Rapids" which covered local celebrities and their backgrounds. Once a year the paper ran a special Sunday supplement that featured current portraits of all the regular advertisers.

"I had been going to their art department to learn about the technical process of photogravure, and I would take my portfolio along for a critique. One year they gave me a chance to help out with their big project, 'Betting the Rapids.' They gave me some roughs and asked me to do the finished job in ink. There were lots of story of them, and I did about fifteen. It was good training. I learned a lot from those two previous artists."

Walt graduated from high school in June 1936, but continued to take art classes at Ferris Tech for another year while he attended Grand Rapids Junior College. During the Great Depression it was difficult for many families to afford advanced education, but Walt paid for his own tuition by providing the school athletic department with archery equipment from his family business. His junior college was a two-year program. During his final year he took drawing classes at the Grand Rapids Art Museum. Walt also credits another local artist for providing much helpful guidance.

"Krogh Collins (1898-1974) was a very good illustrator who illustrated a syndicated strip that was called *Stories for Bobb*. It was about an historic town here that he drew in the style of Hal Foster. The syndicate eventually asked him to do another

strip with a heroine instead. He created *Miss Betty*, which was based on a girl reporter. It was very handsomely drawn with a lively story. During his whole career as a syndicated cartoonist he lived in the small town of Ada, which was just outside of Grand Rapids. He had studied in Cincinnati, which was one of the newest places for advanced art training. The other was the Art Institute of Chicago. Most students who finished high school in Grand Rapids went on to Michigan State or the UoM, but I had read the book *How to Illustrate for Money* by Syd Hylleberg, so when I finished junior college in June 1938, my dream was to go to New York City to attend a professional art school to become an illustrator. One of my buddies from high school had earlier moved to New York City. His family was willing to put me up in New York for a short while, until I got established. So I sold my stamp collection for five bucks. That was most of my capital. Some other high school friends were driving an old car to New York, so I chipped in for gas and went along. There were five of us. We drove that car ten days. I never learned at how naive we were. Instead of taking turns driving, the one kid drove that car through the night for whole days. Roads were terrible back in those days! Many were still unpaved! I don't know how we did it, but we arrived at dawn in New York and parked the car on a side street near Central Park, where I kind of roamed around & looked what was out. I had never been to New York before and I knew nothing about it, but I had an address, so I put a stick in the subway and took out to Brooklyn. Anyway that was the last I saw of my rowdy buddies. My friend's family kindly put me up. I really didn't have a plan other than calling on a couple of artists back home if I could work out some kind of scholarship, because I didn't have any money at all. I took my portfolio over to Pratt and I said I would like to apply for a night school scholarship. I will remember they had a very nice receptionist. I think my portfolio convinced them that I was a good prospect, because I got a pretty good scholarship."

He got a room and meals at the Brooklyn Central YMCA on Hanson Place near Atlantic Avenue by working in the kitchen and in the Y's athletic program, where he taught a shop class and supervised swimming, basketball, and other sports activities. For income he earned 40 cents an hour cleaning neighbor's apartments. He walked about a mile from the Y to Pratt for classes at night.

The school required students to declare whether they wanted to be an illustrator, graphic artist, lecturer, or cartoonist. Walt definitely wanted to be an illustrator. At that time there were several important illustration teachers at Pratt, including H. Minshull Scott (1897-1977), Stan Hermann (1890-1969), Rudolph Schirski (1894-1967), and Frederick Blockstein (1898-1974). These last two were both popular teachers, but their busy careers soon made it impossible for them to continue teaching. Night classes had a more limited roster of teachers. He sat in on a few drawing sessions with John Fleming Gould (1898-1990), who taught dry brush techniques for the pulp, but his most influential art teacher at Pratt was Nicholas Riley (1898-1940), who studied in Paris and had just started illustrating for *The Saturday Evening Post*.



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Dean Cornwell 1929 portrait of a woman, a good illustration, 1929 best left.



Advertisement, *Woodbury Page*. "The clear, smooth, flawless complexion you long for —"



Weekly illustration for *The New York Times*, November 15, 1938



Weekly illustration for *The New York Times*, November 15, 1938



Art by artist, *The New York Times*, November 15, 1938

Weekly illustration for *The New York Times*, November 15, 1938

Art Illustration

"Nicholas Riley helped me to learn, but about art. He also encouraged me to learn more about Howard Pyle. He told me about a book on Pyle that was in the school library. *Howard Pyle—A Sketch by Charles Loomis*. I hadn't really focused on Pyle before, but when I read that book I really responded to it. In my spare time I would go to second-hand bookstores and buy old magazines that included his illustrations for five or ten cents a copy. They also had bound year-around releases of Harper's *Illustrated Weekly*, *The Century*, and Scribner's going back to the 1880s. These were purchasable for the magnificent sum of 25 cents (but within my budget). That was where I discovered a lot of the great early illustrations, like Charles Dana Gibson (1877-1944), Robert Austin St. Legy (1852-1911), and Arthur Ignatius Keller (1866-1926). I started to tear up these magazines and make a letter-leaf scrapbook with one or two examples of each artist I really admired. If I could find any facts about their careers or anything else, I would include that as well. I kept them in alphabetical order. The book about Pyle really is a big order too."

Most young artists collect samples of older artists to use as reference material, but unlike other fans, Wolf started his scrapbook of clippings to better understand the whole field of illustration. His collection eventually grew into a massive reference source on the history of American illustration.

"That scrapbook also opened me in good stead, because many of the artists in my files were contemporary illustrators that lived in New York City, so many of them were available for me to visit and interview. I would bring the files book along. They were interested to flip through it to see who was included. They all had common interests. It gave me a good reason to talk with them about their own work. I had no idea at the time of writing the history of illustration. I was just a young illustrator and I wanted to talk with them about



Walt Reed illustration for *Walt Reed Books*, 1940

Both easier and here they wanted, generally the situations were very generous to spend time talking with unscientific students. Ultimately I was interested in how to go about getting a job!

After my year at Pratt, Walt took his portfolio to the Phoenix Art Institute in Maricopa, which had an advanced illustration program. At that time, 1939, the school was located at 140 Madison Avenue, near 25th Street, on the top floor of the Kodak Building. He got a work scholarship with a job-as-a-class assistant, setting up the room for various classes and answering model applicants. The Phoenix school had some other famous professional illustration teaching staff. Norman Rockwell (1894-1978) had taught there earlier, and Laurence Hurlbut (1888-1964) work was on display at the school, but Walt's main teacher was Franklin Booth (1871-1940).

"It was a privilege to study with Franklin Booth and to his class monitor. He would also bring in originals by other illustrators. That was how I first saw the work of F. K. Croger (1871-1930). The best teacher of all was the school's founder, Lucas Monroe Phoenix (1865-1977). He was a low-key person, but a great teacher! He had a prescriptive way of opening your eyes. I framed all about-booster color through him, which is a little hard to teach. He would stand there and talk about the problem while you were painting the model. He would never teach your painting!"

By 1941 Walt Reed had done some freelance jobs for book publishers, and was illustrating a few serialized stories for the magazine *Our Navy*. The Second World War had begun and young American men were being drafted for national defense. Walt was only 23 years old, but he had a strong belief in non-violence. He applied for status as a conscientious objector, which at that time was only recognized on religious grounds. Oddly enough, another illustrator, Stan Kasser (1910-1977), became the first person to ever receive conscientious objector status on philosophical grounds. By the time the Supreme Court settled his case in 1945, Kasser's illustration career had



Walt Reed illustration for *Walt Reed Books*, 1940

been destroyed by the storm of public hostility during the trial. Walt Reed had been raised in the Congregational Church, which supported the idea of pacifism, but was not particularly active in promoting the doctrine.

"There was a period when the FBI was investigating me. I had a number of character witnesses for my review by a federal judge. It was a long process. One of the things that the FBI report held against me was that I had worked for *Our Navy* magazine. They questioned why I was willing to work for a military publication, while at the same time claiming to be a pacifist. That wasn't very difficult to explain, since I was just illustrating fiction. I wasn't doing anything directly involved with killing anybody."

By July of 1941, after completing his second year of study at the Phoenix school, Walt Reed was drafted as a registered conscientious objector. He remained in service for the duration of the war. Conscientious objectors performed public service instead of military service, so they wore work clothes instead of uniforms. He was sent to a training camp in New York state. The camp had been established during the Depression for the CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps) to employ soldiers in agricultural studies of experimental crops. During the war the old camps were converted for use by the CPS (Civilian Public Service). Walt was sent to an agricultural study program at Big Lake, near Corning, New York, where he underwent an



Walt Reed illustration for *Walt Reed Books*, 1940

Walt Reed illustration for *Walt Reed Books*, 1941



Edgett Landscape paintings of Frank Edgett, 1944

months of indoctrination and labor. Then he was sent to another CPJ camp to do land reclamation work in an isolated area of North Dakota on the Canadian border. Most of the work involved bulldozers and road graders. Walt worked in the trenches, and in his free time he painted landscapes of the region. After one year he was transferred to work as an orderly with amputees in a mental hospital in Williamsburg, Virginia. He recorded some of these experiences in drawings and narration of the doctors and patients and their activities, including shock therapy. The conscientious objectors were quietly discharged in the spring of 1946.

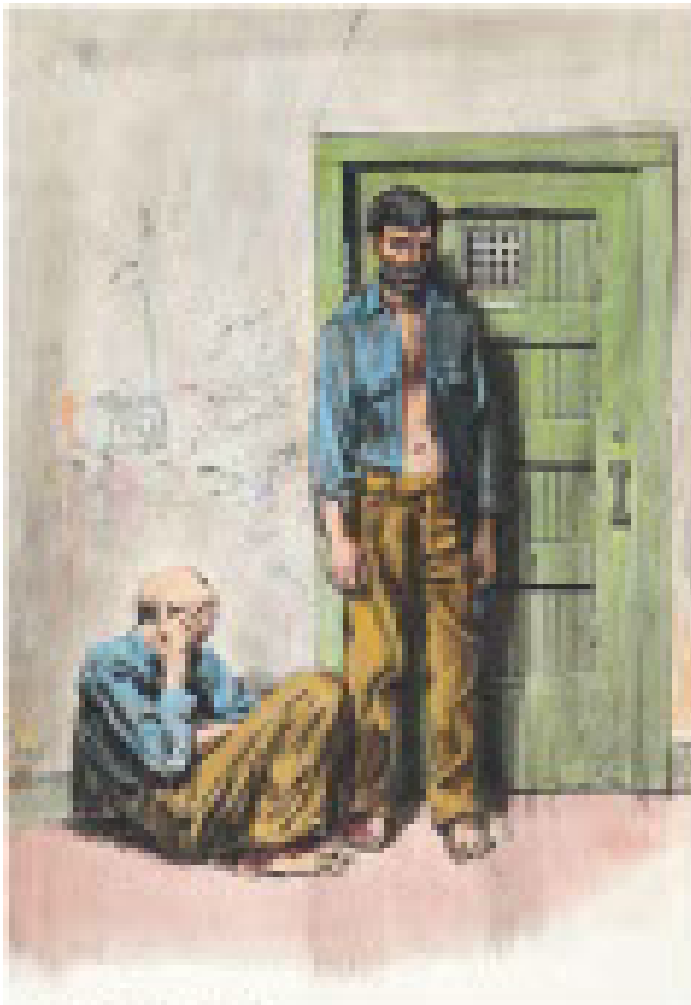
"It was a very complex time. I know a lot of people disappeared very thoughtfully of our peaceful beliefs. I don't know if I could have done anything differently. My brother felt the same way I did, but he handled it by enlisting and then requesting assignment to the Military Police, so he didn't have to be involved.



Walt and the wife, Mary Curran

He drove the bus there, but I felt I had to do what I did. We received about two dollars a month. After the war we were not entitled to any veteran support services or college attendance on the G.I. Bill. We received no government pension or anything like that. But it was a very positive experience, despite the 12-hour days. I learned a lot, and I made lots of good friends."

After his discharge Walt returned to New York City to resume his career as a freelance illustrator. He visited publishers with his portfolio and soon found work illustrating school textbooks. Some of his post-war clients, like *Our Army* magazine, welcomed him back with new assignments, but he was barely trading water. Along with his professional concerns, Walt was also engaged in the courtship of Mary Curran, a young bookbinder, whose family was from Lewiston in the northern part of New York near Geneva. She worked as the assistant to the picture editor of *The Week* magazine.



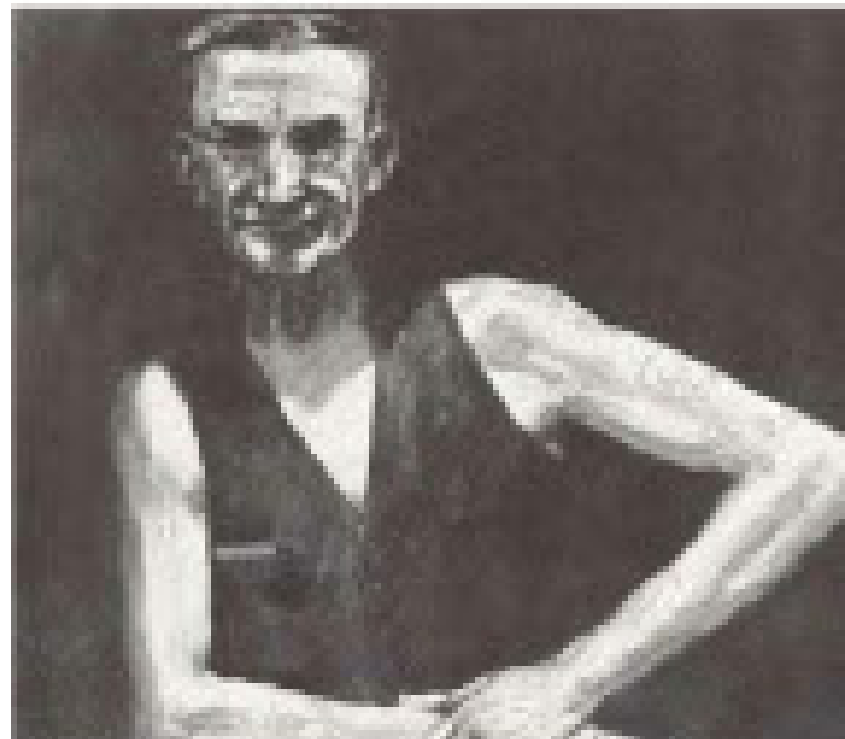
Man and hospital patient, 1948



Man and hospital patient, 1948



Man and hospital patient, 1948



Man and hospital patient, 1948



India, 1949



New Palestine, 1949

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Accounting illustration for CARE and Russian Relief, December 11, 1949

They were made in September 1949. Around that same time he was offered a job at the relief agency CARE (Cooperative for American Remittances to Europe), which was established to coordinate the benevolent distribution of a huge supply of U.S. government surplus foodstuffs to the starving people in war-torn Europe. One of Walt's friends from the CPD had become the personnel director of CARE at their headquarters located at Broadway Street in Lower Manhattan.

"My friend organized the financial statements and quarterly reports for CARE. I was hired as a freelance graphic artist to make charts for use in meetings with the top brass. I also worked for CARE as a night watchman. I did whatever I could to make a living. CARE was looking for people to work overseas with their various programs throughout Europe. One day there was an opening for an Assistant to the Situation Chief in Czechoslovakia. It sounded intriguing, so my wife and I decided to spend a year in Prague, and after that return to New York to continue my art career. Well, that was the plan."

Over the next four years Walt Ford served in a succession of challenging foreign-service assignments for CARE in Czechoslovakia, Finland, Lithuania, Greece, and Macedonia in Yugoslavia. In each case he followed an historic trail of social calamities of the war—floods, droughts, earthquakes and revolutions, which resulted in overcrowded camps of refugees. His work for CARE was perhaps the most obvious example of a lifelong interest in benevolent service.

"I was motivated by what needed to be done. I guess you could call it a mission. During our time abroad, there was a lot of hard work in supervising distributions of relief packages and commodities. There was also an opportunity to roam about the food of the countries, since we stayed in each one a relatively long period of time. I was fortunate, as well, to be able to

word was brought through sketches and paintings. However in 1911 I was offered a post in Korea, where CARE served in a war zone under the control of the U.S. Army. That was the one assignment I had in mind. As an alternative, CARE offered me a job as the Advertising Art Director at their headquarters, so I came back to New York City and resumed my art career."

Fruit was responsible for designing all advertising, brochures, and all printed material for CARE. This was his first full-time job as a staff artist. He worked as the Art Director for three years, but he still had time for additional freelance work. In 1934 he left CARE to concentrate on his freelance career in the book publishing field. He illustrated school books and juvenile fiction, such as *Science 1*, *Science 2*, *The Boy's First Book of Birds of Extinction*, *Charlotte's Web—The Story for Lads!*, *Rascal Mine—Inquisitive Boys and Inquiries on German Cars*. He also found steady work for magazines such as *Art News*, *Ever Easy*, and *Catherine* magazine. Fruit's freelance income was finally enough to survive on and to support his wife and family, which included three children, Miss Geoffrey, and Roger.

"One of my idols was Harold Von Schmidt (1893-1952). I had been corresponding with him, so I asked his advice about whether it would be a good idea to move to Westport, and he said, "Well, either Westport or Norwalk, which is just as expensive." He was one of the major

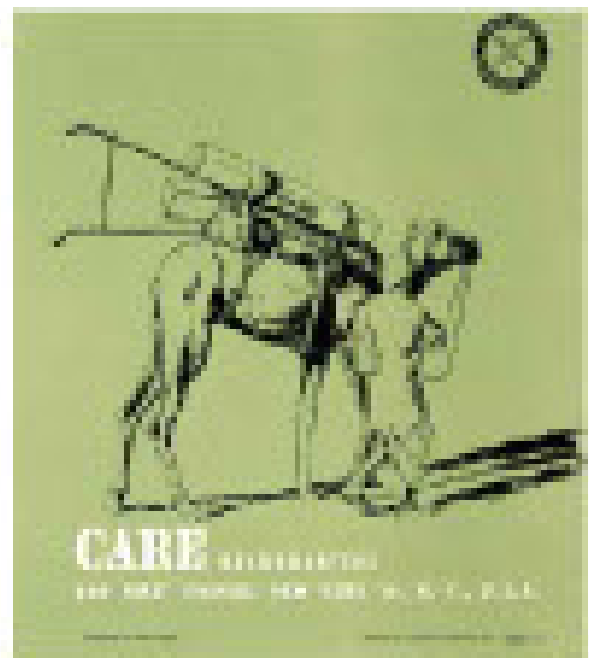


Illustration: Advertisement CARE magazine, 1934



Illustration: For Art Magazine, December 16, 1937



Illustration: For Art Magazine, 1938



NEW MEXICO: 1945

From the atomic bomb to the atomic desert, New Mexico has been a hotbed of scientific and technological innovation.

Photo illustration by Anthony J. Russo

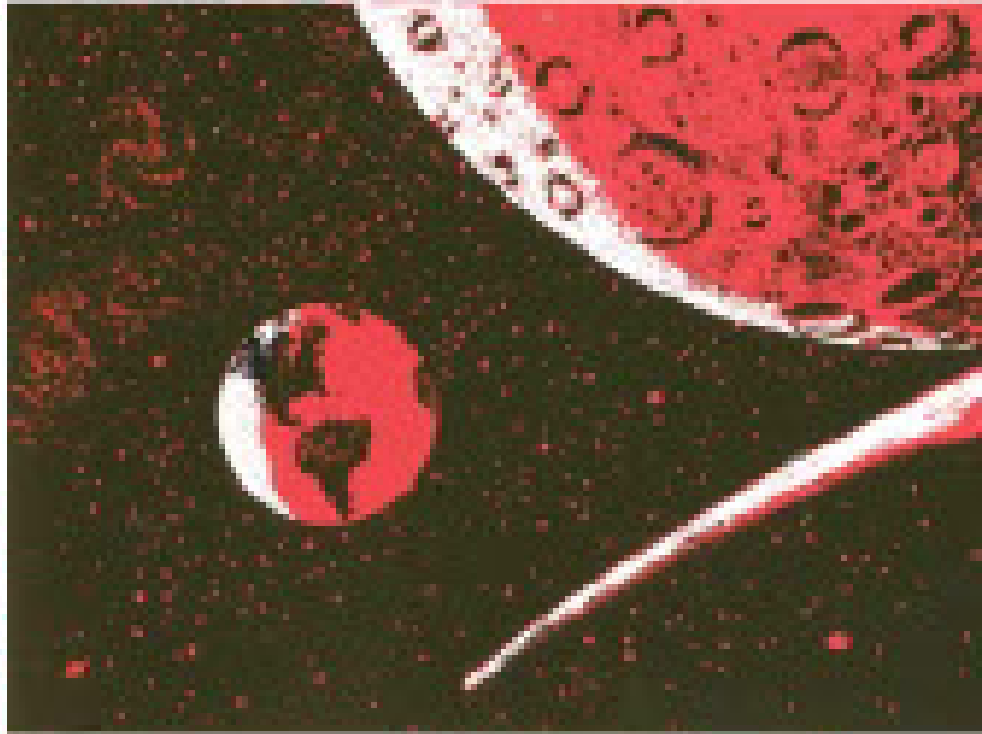
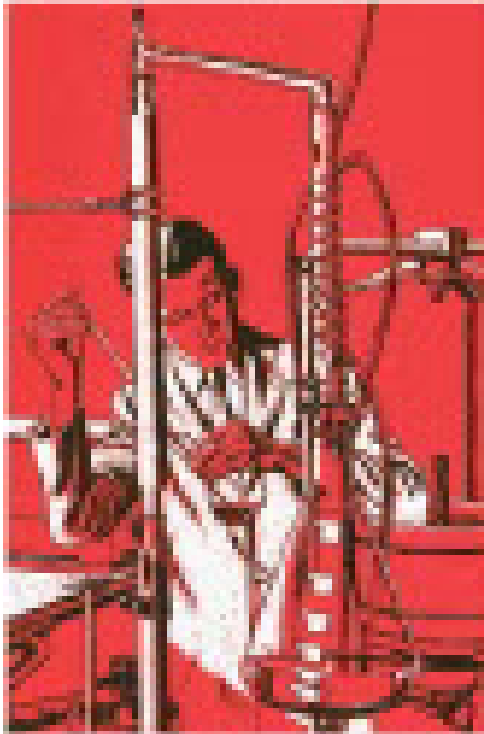
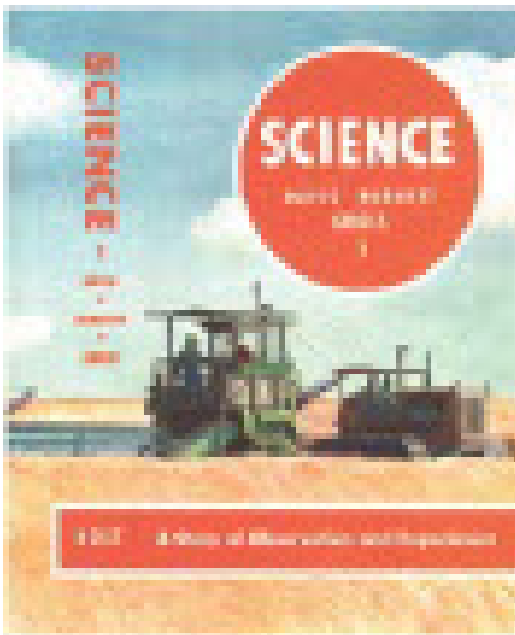


Illustration by Anthony J. Russo





Cover Illustration for Science 1.1.11



Photo Illustration for Art Magazine, August 1, 2011



Norman, 1950



Albert Dorn



El Parker



Lee W. Harris



Norman Rockwell



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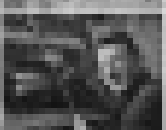
Ben Stahl



John Aharon



Fred Lubben

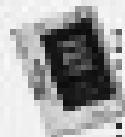


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Illustrator Albert Dorra, founder of the Parsons Artistic School, 1904

states in Westport. He had moved there in 1904. Everyone knew Dorra. He was one of the teachers in the town government and coached the high school football team. He was quite an institution. In fact when I took a man up to Westport to meet him for the first time, I got into a taxi and I gave the driver the address and the driver said, 'Oh that's local boss! Everybody in town knows Dorra! You don't have to tell me how to get there!' Dorra was very welcoming when I visited a few times to make some illustrations for a business."

In 1904 the Dorras bought a former stable and barn on the edge of town. In 1907, after a few years of finishing and converting to New York City, he was hired as an instructor at the Parsons Artistic School, which had been founded in Westport by Albert Dorra (1864-1954) in the late 1890s.

"It would be difficult to describe all Dorra's contributions to the Parsons Artistic School, because he was really the heart of the whole thing. He was completely dedicated to it. It was his invention. He planned the school when he was still President of the New York Society of Illustrators. He conceived of a correspondence course sponsored by the Society of Illustrators to help support its overhead. He was advised that he couldn't do it because of the Society's non-profit status. So he got together this assemblage of famous artists and created an independent school. The timing of that was great."

Albert Dorra was one of the most successful New York illustrators. He got the biggest fees and the most work. He was

"They DIDN'T! That's why from 'Eggs to Biscuits'!"

How Dorra's leadership helped create the magazine

By Bob Schatz

When I was a kid, I used to read the magazine "Eggs to Biscuits" every week. It was a funny little magazine that had a lot of interesting stories and pictures. I remember one story about a man who was very rich and had a lot of money. He was very kind and helped a lot of people. I liked that story very much.

The magazine was very popular and had a lot of readers. It was a good magazine and I liked it very much. I remember one story about a man who was very rich and had a lot of money. He was very kind and helped a lot of people. I liked that story very much.

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By Bob Schatz

Illustrator Albert Dorra in a studio with magazine, late 1904

a strong, steady, and pragmatic man. Although many artists strive for the glory of painting magazine covers, Al Dorra quickly realized there was a more money and power in advertising. He was a man of significant business savvy. His art studio had a receptionist in the main office and a showroom with a conference table. He calculated the fee for his work to equal the cost for the magazine ad space, which was incredibly expensive. Very few illustrators could get away with such a demand.

"A typical ad agency job would start with a staff artist making a comprehensive design. Then Dorra would be called in and show the 'comp' to get the general idea of what was wanted. Then he would go back to his studio and do a new version of the comp. After the advertiser had approved his version Dorra would do the finished rendering, usually in colored ink, which dried quickly and reproduced well. He was famous for his speed. He might be given a full-page advertisement for a magazine with an open door and all of its features and excellent food rendered in the same, and he would do that job overnight. He might stay up all night to do it, but he was known for being extremely dependable, fast, and his work was impeccable. He got jobs from all of the big ad agencies."

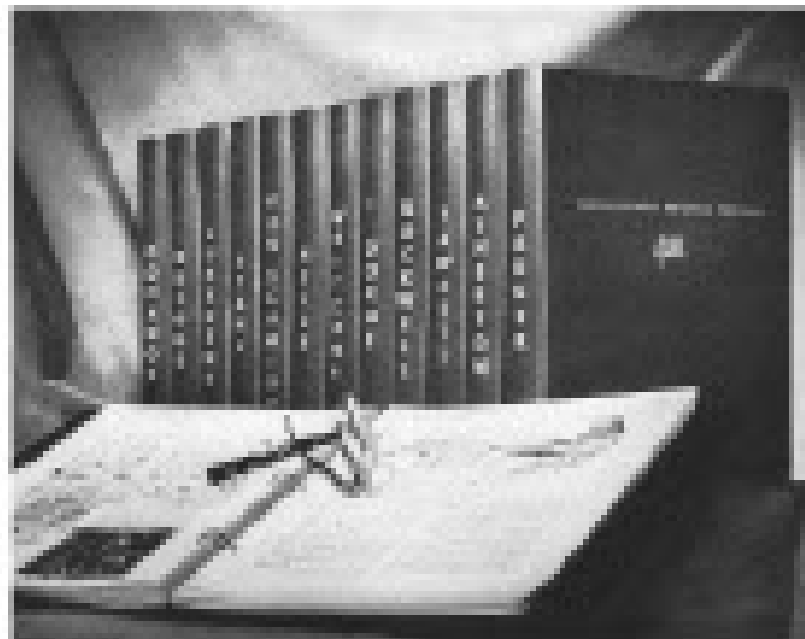
By 1907 the Parsons Artistic School was enrolling students at an unprecedented rate. This success was the product of Al Dorra's promotional genius. He masterminded an ad campaign that featured Herman Rackwell and the rest of the "Eggs to Biscuits" staff.



Subjected to Ethel French addressing all teachers at the Furman Art School, 1934

most founding artists. The school also had a staff of adoptees that went around the country to show portfolios and talk about the advantages of the program.

The correspondence school's original media approach was to offer textbook lessons by each of the 12 master artists, who would personally critique the submitted work of each student. A problem quickly arose, because everybody wanted Beckwith. He couldn't possibly deal with that workload, so the school hired surrogate teachers for Beckwith to replace. That layered arrangement didn't last long. Dome realized he had to change the approach, so instead of doing 12 lessons with the artist of your choice, the students received one lesson assignment from each of the 12 artists. After that the school tried a different system of sending each student a whole library of instructional books with related comments by all 12 artists. Originally the lesson books were designed for semi-professionals with the assumption that their students had already received some basic art training, but they finally realized they had to completely redesign the books to progress from preliminary drawing to advanced painting techniques, which would follow the standard progress of academic art training. Dome rearranged the whole curriculum and amalgamated related material from all 12 artists to reorganize the courses into a series of progressively difficult lessons. The Furman Artistic School was intentionally designed as an improvement over other rival correspondence schools, like the International Correspondence Swedish Language, or the Fulmer School in Mississippi. By 1933 Dome had perfected a system for students to start from scratch and go right through 36 lessons to become a professional artist. The original famous 12 artists became advisory personnel, so they were no longer needed for personal critiques, but Dome had to assemble a staff of over 100 art instructors and several hundred service employees to implement the new course plan. The company became



Furman Artistic School/Student Home Student

one of the biggest employers in Winport. There was a wide range of artists. Some were young talents just out of art school, who handled the beginning classes. The more competent artists taught the more advanced lessons. Many were trained by more illustrious. Although Winport had a rich community of talented professional artists, many of the instructors were imported from New York City. Several of these were artists eventually recruited in Winport.

When students signed up for the Furman Artistic School program they received four thick volumes that each contained eight lessons. Each lesson had instructions from the original 12 famous artists, but the actual artists were no longer personally corresponding directly with students. The *Color Course* was based on the original 12 famous artists, who included Al Parker (1896-1981), Albert Demas, Susan Dehman (1887-1968), Lucien Briggs (1908-1970), Robert Houson (1908-1987), Joe Whitcomb (1904-1986), Harold Fox Schmidt, Fred Lindholm (1900-1982), John Anderson (1900-1982), Peter Halk (1899-1986), Ben Stahl (1910-1987), and Norman Rockwell. The school later decided to include a *Painting Course*, which included artists like Ben Stahl (1899-1986) and Oeng Kragman (1913-2000), and there was a *Photography's Division* with Irving Penn (1917-2009), a *Cartoon Division* with Rube Goldberg (1893-1970), Al Capp (1909-1979), and Milton Caniff (1907-1980), and a *Newspaper's Art Course* for talented high school kids.

The instruction courses were very effectively designed. Each student had access to one-on-one relationship in correspondence with an art instructor for each lesson. You would get a critique of your submission in a letter that described the areas of improvement needed, accompanied by diagrams, drawings, or paintings. Then the student would go on to the next lesson, which involved further teaching and send us back their new work and we would continue to help them develop. The

school had a lot of applicants from other countries, so they got the idea to open branches in other nations. I believe the first new foreign division started in Amsterdam around 1958. That branch provided courses to students all throughout Europe. Then we had an office in Australia and one in Japan. I was gone to work at the school with so many interesting artists. Almost all the time I was there I just worked four days a week. We were paid a yearly salary, instead of an hourly salary. Everyone had to do his predetermined workload. I'd say a good portion of the art staff were on the four-day schedule. That was very handy because you had time to pursue your freelance work. By the time I got there the school had really evolved a pretty efficient system of handling lessons. They knew how long it should take to criticize a particular problem or lesson. So you would usually be assigned around eight or nine lessons a day. We would actually spend six minutes to complete one correspondence with each student, but it took even longer for the more advanced lessons. During our allotted time the art instructor would analyze the problem, and make drawings to demonstrate where the problems were or to explain something to improve their work. Then we would dictate an explanatory letter to accompany the drawings. The school had developed a system with a numbered list of prepared statements to explain whatever needed to be said. We had several books filled with these paragraphs, so we could just write down the numbers of the paragraphs that said what we wanted to say. This was a big help for the art instructors to avoid getting bogged down

in struggling to verbalize their ideas. We also had dictating machines with magnetic tape, but most of the letters were composed by selecting numbers from the list of pre-written paragraphs. I think the students got even more for their money with this our system of numbered paragraphs. We all became accustomed to the idea in the book. Later on, one of my duties was to write paragraphs for some of the newer lessons, so that also helped me to clarify my own ideas about art procedures.

The famous 12 artists would each come in once or twice a year to have sessions with us as surrogate art instructors. We would prepare for these sessions with a lot of examples of student drawings and criticisms. Then when they would come in, one artist at a time for a session, they would review our responses and suggest how we could have done it better. They would share with us one of their own philosophies about how they worked, so that was great to be in those sessions.

It was an amazing opportunity to have that expert professional advice. On the other hand, some of the comments you wouldn't want to pass out because some of the students were hopeless. Not only hopeless, but they just sloughed off a passive attempt at doing their assignments. The school had a talent test that the students had to first pass, and that got rid of a lot of unlikely prospects. On the other hand they were pretty honest, knowing that you can start out pretty poorly and go on to become successful, so they didn't want to necessarily quit because their samples were not that



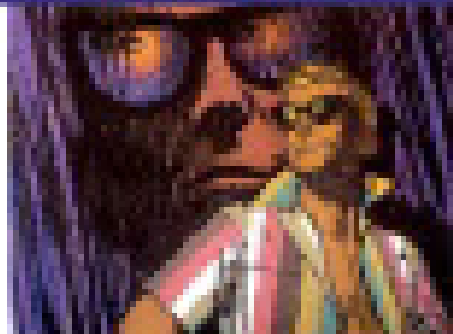
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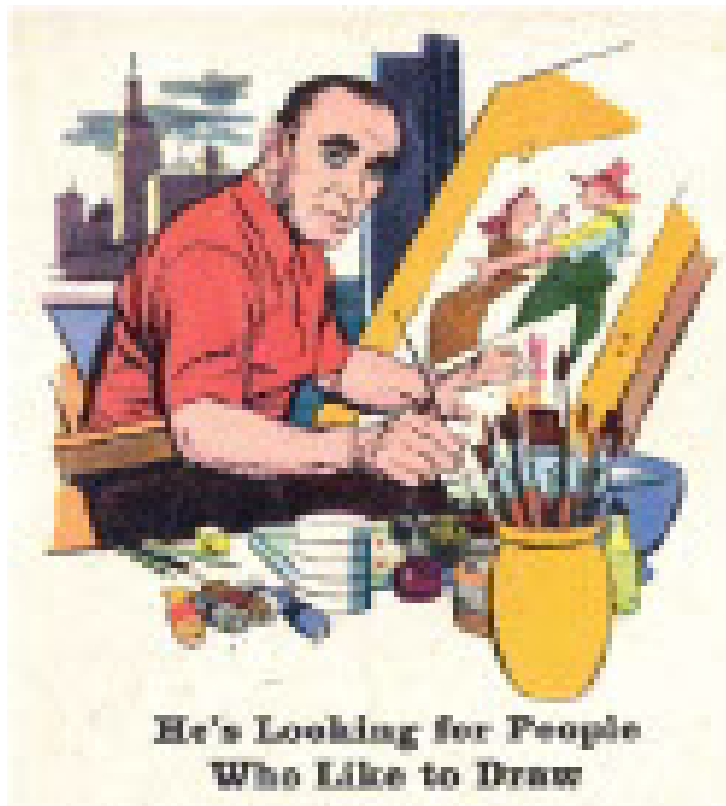
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He's Looking for People Who Like to Draw

From *Artists' School* (see [last advertisement](#)), 1965



"We're looking for people who like to draw"

by **NORMAN ROCKWELL**

From *Artists' School* (see [last advertisement](#)), 1965



Sketch of Rudy Blanks by Matt Ford, March 1966

ingenuity. Dedication and hard work could make a huge difference in a student's progress. Among the community of over 100 art instructors I think there was for the most part a feeling of pride in the work we were doing. The students who were not making much effort or who were not very good would usually quit around the third or fourth lesson. For one of the critiques sessions we had with Norman Rockwell, we had put up a lot of these pictures done by students. Rockwell would go around the room and critique our critiques. He stepped in front of

one and gazed at it with a look of outrage. Then he said, "This student should be horsewhipped!" That kid was lucky it was a correspondence school.

Out of the 100 or so different art instructors at the school there were some artists who were just as competent and technically important as those first 11 founders, but they were kind of dormant seeds. It's kind of curious in a way, because they may have had their years of success and then retreated to insignificance, but they were very knowledgeable. People like Rudy Blanks were recruited, who was very successful as a paper-back artist and a pulp-cover artist, but when gazed alongside Bob Fawcett or Milton Baklanov, he was not given as much respect as he deserved. His name was never mentioned in the advertising for the school, because he wasn't " famous." It was natural for the school to focus on those 12 founders in teaching and promotion. They had been chosen because they were each famous in their own special way. Blanks and others my former student had known, even though he was a successful and knowledgeable illustrator. Some of the other artists working in the rank and file at the Famous Artists School were Emory Clark (1881-1960), who did lots of pulps and serial covers for *The Saturday Evening Post*, Edna Schmidt (1896-1971), who had been very successful as an advertising commercial illustrator in the '30s and '40s, Levan Anderson (1907-1990), who did story illustrations for *Plymouth Road* Compton and a variety of advertising clients. It's kind of ironic that Rudy Blanks is now more recognized by art collectors than some of the famous 12, who were huge at that time. There were a lot of other talented artists working anonymously as an in-



Meet your instructor . . . **Walt Reed**

"A good story illustration," says Walt Reed, "should be more than a decoration. It should also be more than a literal representation of an incident. Ideally, it ought to make a genuine and/or contributive to the story by supplementing its denotation and expressing its mood and spirit in striking visual terms."

And that, we may observe, is exactly what is done by the drawings of an artist we know whose name is Walt Reed. Walt's pictures, nowadays very regularly in a large number of popular religious publications, stand out for the meaning of any story they illustrate and add greatly to the reader's appreciation of it.

Walt was born in Big Spring, Texas, and spent his boyhood in Grand Rapids, Michigan. He worked in an oil high school and attended Grand Rapids Junior College, where he held a gold medal in a national art contest. Afterwards he came east and attended both Pratt Institute and the New York Chaucer School of Design. Walt started his way through art school, making his tables and doing heavy desk work for the YMCA.

In 1931 there came the offer of a post shared with CLARE, the famous artist agency. The idea of traveling and working between places held strong appeal, and Walt accepted. His job took him to Copenhagen, Poland, the Middle East, Egypt, and Singapore. Moreover he was he visited art galleries and museums. Walt made many drawings and paintings, and filled sketchbook after

sketchbook with studies of interesting backgrounds and settings. He also collected valuable foreign articles of dress—Egypt clothing, an Arabic costume, fugitive pennants, Finnish hats, etc. Many of these articles and backgrounds have since found up in his story illustrations, where they lend an authentic, convincing touch.

After returning to the United States, Walt was appointed art director in CLARE's New York office. Here he had full responsibility for the design and layout of a wide variety of periodical literature and did this on lines for advertisement in national publications. In his off-hours he began to accept freelance assignments and eventually started to freelancing on a full-time basis. He drew bookend pictures for Henry Holt, Knickerbocker's Huntington Miller, Silver-Burdett, and other publishers, designed book jackets, and illustrated stories in religious magazines. About interested in helping others with their art problems, he joined the Christian Art Society of the School in 1937.

The Reeds—Walt and Mary—live in Westport with their three children, Sara, Cedric, and Roger. Walt is fond of football, swimming, and classical music. He often sketches portraits for the benefit of local charity fairs, and accepts occasional portrait commissions when the program of his freelance work permits. He is secretary of the Westport Artists, an association of prominent illustrators.



Walter Dillinger for *Life* Magazine, July 26, 1933

© Illustration

members of the Famous Artists School. That just shows how fleeting fame is. It is a sad fact that many people nowadays do not even recognize some of the names of these 12 famous artists. Their names were had such cultural importance. Those few artists who routinely appeared in *Colliers*, *Landscape*, *Good Housekeeping*, and *The Saturday Evening Post* were accepted as real celebrities in the American family. Some were as big and famous as the Hollywood stars. Everybody knew them. They had fan clubs, especially in the earlier days, when artists like Charles Dana Gibson (1867-1944) dominated the field. Everybody knew his name and every woman wanted to look like a "Gibson Girl." People like Helen Carrwell and Helen Phillips (1880-1907) were big names. Movie newsreels would include clips about a famous illustrator being the husband of Henry Cavrey and Evelyn Flynn. James Montgomery Flagg (1877-1960) was a big name; his would get posted in Hollywood movie theaters and occasionally appear in films himself. It was famous for his propaganda drawings of movie stars like John Barrymore. And, of course, everyone knew Norman Rockwell.

The decade that Wild Reed worked at the Famous Artists School was a period of incredible turmoil in the world of American illustration. Today's art historians recognize that

20th century art was largely created under the imposing shadow of advertising, a by-product of the Industrial Revolution. Annual-gate artists have struggled to incorporate the overwhelming graphic power of illustrators. From de Toulouse-Lautrec (1864-1901), Pablo Picasso (1881-1973), Kazimir Malevich (1877-1935), and Stuart Davis (1892-1964) each worked at their own way with the monumental advice of the Machine Man, who was finally toppled in the 1950s when the graphic power of illustration art was co-opted by Pop Art. The unbelievable success of the new ironic art movement made classic illustrators suddenly look old-fashioned. It is remarkable that the names of great classic illustrators were collapsing at the exact moment that the Famous Artists School was thriving.

The much larger development at the time of the Famous Artists School was the decline of the magazine industry. The school was growing and producing more illustrations, at a time when less illustrators were needed. Education was killing the magazine by attacking an ever-growing portion of the advertising market. With less ad money the magazines began to cost more to produce than they charged for subscriptions, so they lost more money on each subscriber. There was no way the magazines could have countered that trend. They tried. The illustrators were given a lot of latitude to create advertising art.



THE LINE STRETCHED FOR MILES

Frank E. Schommer (1877 - 1972)

Oil on canvas; 28" x 38" ; 1906

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Country Gentleman Magazine; June 1926

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Artistic Illustration for *Art World* magazine, September 20, 1960



Columbia, September 1949

jects. It was in a way a great period for illustrators, because they were encouraged to be creative and to break away from some of the older stereotypes of illustration. Even the most famous illustrators had to invent a new look if they wanted to survive. That was when the school invited artists like Bernie Fuchs (1915-2008), Bob Peak (1917-1992), Tom Allen (1926-2014), Lorraine Fox (1923-1970) and others who were breaking away from the newspaper treatment of love stories by artists like Jan Whitcomb. The illustrators in the 1940s were given a lot more latitude and encouraged to try new ideas. One of the leaders among the active illustrators at that stage was Austin Briggs. He was doing some very exciting pictures for *Look* and *McCall's* and other magazines.

Differences in art movements are easier to sort retrospectively, as we can make simplified labels, such as Impressionism and Post-Impressionism. But there are currently no such labels to distinguish the new look of illustrators like Bernie Fuchs, who became popular in the 1940s, as opposed to the older look of Jan Whitcomb in the 1930s. For instance, R. G. Harris (1911-2007) and Andrew Loomis (1892-1948) were both excellent painters and completely unique in their styles, and yet their work could be described as "School of Berger," because they both used traditional academic painting with a strong focus on gesture and handling, as seen in the style of Frank Hall (1880-1960) and John Singer Sargent (1858-1925). Other post-war illustrators like Austin Briggs, were doing something rather



The Family Digest, January 1949

different from the "School of Berger." But there is no commonly accepted term for that new movement. Susan Charvick (1915-2018) called this new style "liberty," which perfectly reflects its colorful and ornamental quality Norman Saunders (1907-1989) called it "the graphic style." Neil Good has dubbed this new style "experimental." Some of these illustrations were influenced by Modernism. They echoed the unique color schemes of George Bragge (1880-1963), or used the linear and spontaneous drawing style of Helen Manton (1868-1954), or the formal and exciting anatomical drawings of Pablo Picasso. These "experimental" illustrations even inspired Pop Art.

Loomis was traditional and Briggs was trying to break away from that. Instead of calling it "non-traditional" I would call it experimental. The new style also involved more thinking about the subject of the story and doing an image that was powerful and exciting, while also using a medium that was expressive of the story content. So Austin Briggs might get a story to do and he would end up doing a still life, but he also took a lot of liberties in his drawing that would just suggest a hoodlum's figure, rather than spelling it all out. I think some of these artists were pushing in the modern direction as much as they could, but on the other hand they had an audience that was still traditional. They were naturally given the liberty to cut corners and they would suggest things rather than paint them fully. Coley Whitman (1918-1988) was a big favorite for

live stories, but his later work became more and more minimal until it was rather simplified. But even with all of these "representational" illustrations, the magazines were still fighting along here, because the audience had shifted to television."

Television programming and magazine content had several things in common. The backbone of both industries was advertising, and they both needed good stories and exciting visual designs to draw up a dependable audience. All three demands work together in book formats. By the time Walt Reed had started working at the Fenwick Irish School it was around 100 years since Winslow Homer (1831-1890) and Frederic Remington started illustrating Harper's Monthly in 1857. American illustration art had been perfecting its craft and had reached a pinnacle of sophistication. During those same 100 years, from the mid-19th century to mid-20th century, America had survived the industrial revolution and the wars to emerge as the world's greatest military-industrial complex. The increased level of mass production after WWII required a more efficient system of advertising than old-fashioned illustrated magazines. In post-war America all illustrators, even the most famous ones, faced a gradually shrinking market. Walt Reed was in a unique historical position, because just as one cultural trend was ending another one was replacing it. That new trend was a teenage interest in the history of illustration art.

"The faculty member who influenced me most strongly was Harold Van Schmedel, and he was kind enough to advise me about some of my professional arguments. As I learned more about his colorful career, it occurred to me that an interesting book should be written about him and his pictures. Before long the idea of doing a book about Van began to take on a large dimension, and I wondered if it would be possible to do a book on the whole history of that inspirational period of illustration. I realized that I was in a particularly advantageous position to undertake such a project, since I not only had much of the past material at hand but also had contact with or many of the living illustrators who were either affiliated with the school or who lived in or near the town of Yreport."

Reed's working as an art instructor and a freelance illustrator, Walt Reed also continued to collect biographical material for his ever-growing info-of-classic-American-illustration. His art history project was still a hobby but the size of his scrapbook had grown into a unique resource. The only book on the topic at that time was *Early Illustration and How They Lived* by Ernest W. Wilson, but unlike other "how-to" books Walt Reed's collection of alphabetized folders on classic illustrators was more like an encyclopedia in the making.

"A number of things came together for the book around 1962. I got one of my friends who did layouts to make a dummy, and then I showed that to Mr. Doran. He was very enthusiastic about the idea. It was he who got my book project off the ground. He was very interested in the history of illustration. He was going to start a museum of illustration art at the school. He considered my work as an art historian a part of that vision, so he agreed to write the introduction for my book if I ever completed it. That was an important milestone of value

added for the project. So, I started to refine the layout, and I periodically show it to him as I was going along. It just kind of grew like Topop. It wasn't planned out. Although the book had Al Doran's support, I worked on it only during my free time. Mr. Doran also suggested that I do a painting. He asked that director up to the Fenwick Irish School and invited a fancy lunch and sales pitch. Nobody said no to Al Doran to all at once. I had a publisher. I was very fortunate. I admired Mr. Doran. He was very down to earth. He could be hard-boiled, but was very soft underneath. He would sometimes get very emotional. He knew a lot about the history of American illustration himself. He started out as an assistant to Paul Topop (1889-1907). So he knew the business from the beginning of that period in the twenties. Used a format to describe Italian art as it reflected the popular style of each decade. He felt that some of the people I had chosen for each decade could be improved upon, so he suggested a few replacements."

At the same time that Walt's book project was heating up, his art school introduced a new grade system to make sure one was getting off. They imposed a point system to regulate annual salaries according to workloads and levels of difficulty. When the school went public with its much revised business arrangements had to be thoroughly described. One of the facts that came out was that Al Doran was getting an annual salary of over \$100,000, while the employees were bound to produce a heavy workload. The art staff met and decided to organize a union. Perhaps this art school situation was indicative of the general social unrest of the People versus the Establishment which was so prevalent in the 1960s.

"It was a strange period at the school. We would have meetings to discuss options that would make our lives a little more reasonable. Ultimately a large majority of the instructors left under pressure and that management was not paying them well enough. The art instructors were considered half-way between the other workers and management, because there were few or no supporting employees for every art teacher. The whole debate split the instructors staff apart, because a few were unionists, but most were not-union. I was an art teacher in the pro-union contingent. My relationship with Mr. Doran was adversarial when we had union negotiations, but it was collegial when we talked about my book project. We got along very well together personally. Doran was a hardball player and I was a hardball player. As part of our union negotiations we voted for Mr. Doran as the final arbiter, which troubled him. We even had a clause in our contract to allow three of us to extend our lunch period by one-half hour, so we could play hardball, and there make up that time at the end of the day, which is unique in the history of union negotiations. Signing the new contract ended the main controversy with installation of a time clock and more overtime pay, which helped to calm the situation.

By 1963, as the illustration market detailed more and more, the art instructors at the school were all conscious of what was going on in society. They were certainly aware of the fact that we were teaching students a trade for which there were fewer and fewer jobs. I had left the school before the

situation had become too serious, but I could see what was happening. In the '50s I was still working on *The Illustrator in America* and I would interview people who were reporting that already. I remember talking about these developments with Austin Briggs. He and many of the other illustrators were blaming themselves for failing to do enough to revitalize the field. I think a lot of illustrators suffered from that self-blame. They didn't fully realize what was going on. The Saturday Evening Post cancelled all the subscriptions they could, but they still could not pay their production costs, because there were just too many subscribers! They were losing money on each subscription. They would lose money on every subscriber they could cancel. One of the smartest magazines during that era, as was *Compton's*. They made the most radical step of not accepting any more subscribers. Only circulation sales. And they're still in business! They were one of the few major magazines that made enough money to keep publishing. So the only magazines that could survive were the specialty magazines, like *Sports Illustrated*. If they had a popular subject with enough following they could keep going, but that meant illustrators who were used to an audience of millions were suddenly in a smaller-scale world, and there was no home outside of that niche market."

Albert Grossman made every business decision that brought the Famous Artists School great prosperity, but in 1976, after he unexpectedly passed away, the school entered a period of

financial decline. Dennis' legal successor would have been Fred Landman, but he did not want the job. He was available for managerial consultations by telephone, but he preferred to stay on the West Coast. The other guiding faculty members were not qualified to run the business end. Several different candidates were considered, but most were from the world of finance instead of art or education. The person that was ultimately in charge was Dennis' assistant.

"The school had gone public and sold most of their stock, and the stockholders used all this money in the bank. It was the notion at that time for companies to acquire other companies to create a larger conglomerate. So the stockholders wanted the school to start buying other companies. They bought Pitman Publications, which was a British company that produced art books. They bought Helene Wiggen, which was a popular service for a while. They would send a gift basket of coupons from local businesses to any new family that moved into a neighborhood. They bought the *Artsy Fred Astaire Course*, which had become famous because she theoretically taught President Kennedy how to speed-read. Other acquisitions followed, but almost all became a drain on the balance sheet. These were not really bad business investments, but they did not contribute to the school in any financial way. The problem came when the school's stock price tumbled and higher income as a bear market came along, the school was no longer invested and they were not able to make a payment of stock-

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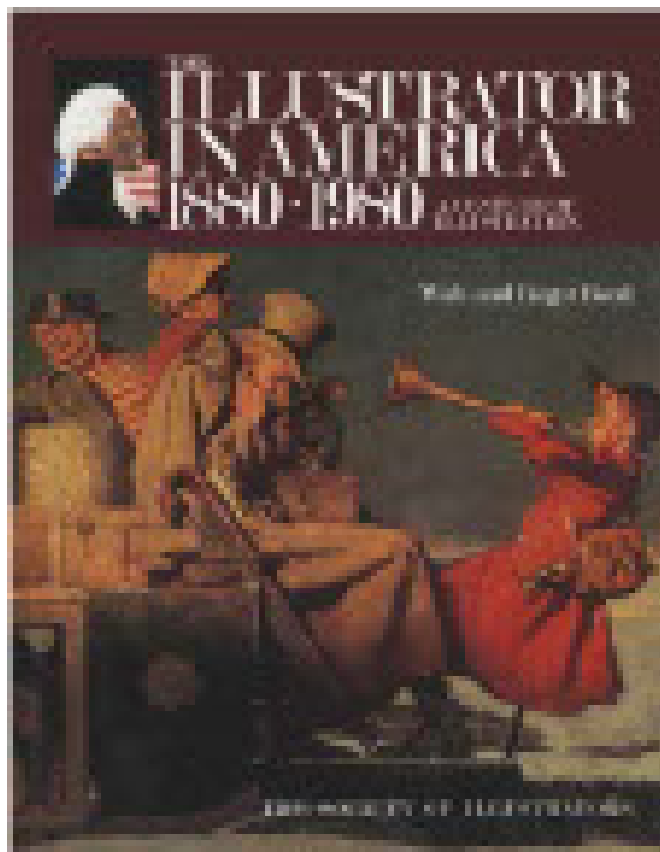


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The Illustrator in America 1880-1980, Whitford Lloyd Reed, 1980

holders close, as the stock suddenly plummeted. The school went into bankruptcy, but it remained attractive to some buyers because it had paid so many taxes in advance that it had accumulated a big tax credit for whoever bought it. A company that produced equipment for atomic-energy plants was making lots of money, so they were eager to clear up the school's tax credit to pay their own tax bills. They convinced the bid to let them take the tax credit if they kept the school going, which they did with a skeleton staff. After their tax credit was all gone, they sold the school to Corina, which is a language correspondence course. Corina took on the whole project and became the Cardinalissima. Arturo Schomburg along with the small staff of instructors that had been working there. Rudy Bolanski taught at the school until 1972. Fritz Henning was one of the last artists to stay with the school when it was transferred to Corina. Despite the lack of market for illustrators during those final years, the Parsons Art School still helped many students to become more observant and to figure out how to express themselves in art. The Parsons Art School of Japan is still flourishing!

After his book, *The Illustrator in America* was published by Knopf in 1980, Whit Reed gradually began to spend less time as an art school instructor. The book was well received, and according to one reviewer in *The New York Times*, "In the pages of Mr. Reed's book the changes in America—and the world—over nearly 70 years are revealed only a little less empty than the changes in the world of illustrators." As his

reputation as an expert on classic American illustration grew, he was invited to write about art and artists for magazines, and eventually became Associate Editor of the Famous Artists Magazine. In 1984 he was invited to work with North Light Publications of Connecticut.

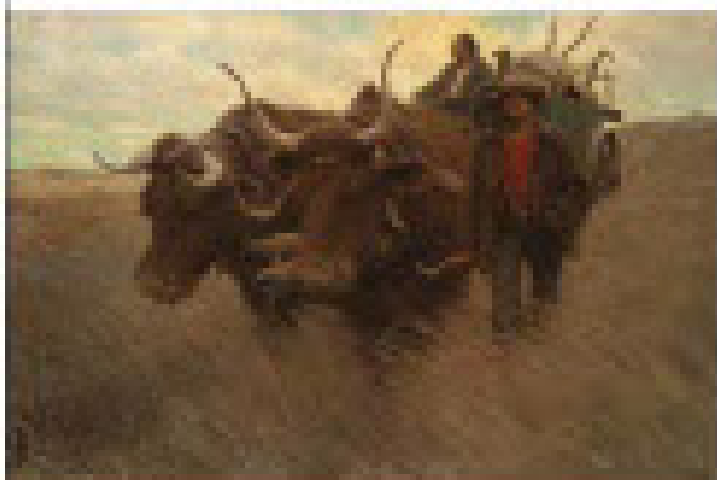
A close friend of mine, Bill Kieber (1931–2011) had started his own business, North Light Publications. He was a former fellow FAS instructor as well as another handball player. He was publishing instructional art books, and he also started a monthly magazine to promote a subscription book-of-the-month club. The magazine had articles about the careers of the artists who were featured in the operating books. Howard Hancock (1910) had started with Bill but he wanted to pursue different things, so Bill needed more help. In 1972 I left the school and went working for Bill because he needed help promoting book clubs and working with authors and that was something I knew about and enjoyed. The company was also a tripout. Then Fritz Henning (1928) followed me from FAS to North Light. My first book had come out and we offered it as one of the selections for our book-of-the-month. North Light went on to feature several of my backlist articles, such as Harold Van Schrieck, John Clymer (1867–1940), Joseph Charles Call (1880–1937), and an instructional book, *The Figure: An Artist's Approach to Drawing*, as well as many other new-to-books-for-artists."

While Whit Reed was preparing a greater revision of classic American Illustrators, Samuel Hazzard Bobb Low (1901–1984), the director of the New Britain Museum of American Art in Connecticut, had decided to build an important collection of illustration art. He worked closely with Miriam Dehman in assembling a museum advisory committee, to which Whit Reed was invited to become a member. Dehman had access to Norman Rockwell, Bob Fawcett, John Fisher (1878–1962) and other artists that could help the museum acquire a great collection of original illustration art. This was one of the first museums to have the thought to launch a significant acquisition program to preserve and promote a greater appreciation of American illustration. The New Britain Museum was recognized for its important collection of American artists, such as Robert Henri (1865–1929), John Sloan (1871–1961), Reginald Marsh (1898–1954), and Clyde Howard (1899–1955), but they did not have paintings by great illustrators, such as Howard Pyle, Norman Rockwell, Dean Carnwell and others. Originally, even after this visionary project was launched Samuel Low died. Fortunately his idea inspired others to continue the work in dedication to his memory. At that time there was no legal provision for artists to receive tax credit for donating their own paintings to a public museum, other than the deduction of the selling cost for the actual art supplies that had been used in its creation. There were many different tasks involved in assembling an important art collection for a museum. Members of the acquisitions committee were asked to contact artists and art collectors that might be willing to donate important paintings.

The boss, Norman Rockwell was a softie. He gave us a couple of major pictures, and so we knew the tax. Most other

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Illustrator and Painter
of the Pioneer West



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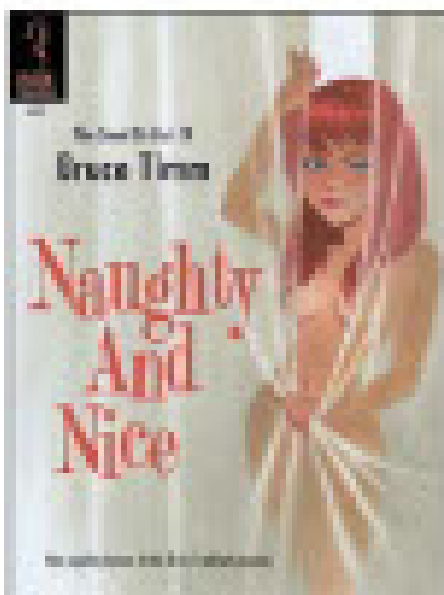
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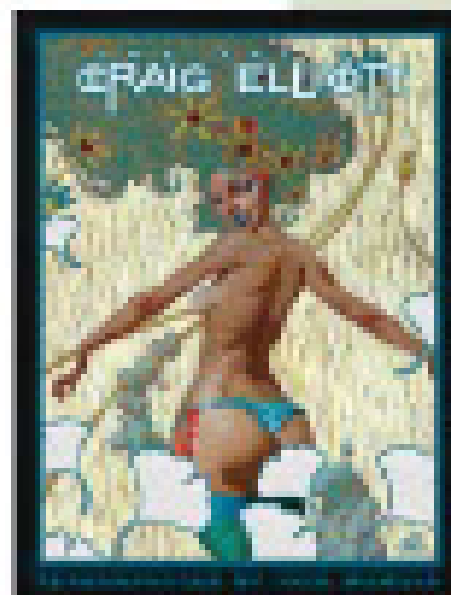
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Walt in his office at Illustration House, South Norwalk, 1992

illustrators contributed and were pleased to be asked. We very quickly had promises and donations of lots of artwork. The whole project was a genuine, spontaneous, and altruistic effort. One day a family in New Jersey contacted Steve DeLucca. Their father had been a turn-of-the-century art director for *The Associated Sunday Magazine*. He had been one of the early sponsors of Joseph Clement Coll. He had also acquired artworks by almost everybody who had ever worked for the company, like Charles Livingston Bull (1874-1932). So the family had all of these pictures and they were interested in selling them to the New Britain Museum. The *Associated Sunday Magazine* was an independent newspaper syndicate, in competition with the Hearst syndicate, which supplied mainstream newspapers across the country. Steve asked me if I would go with him to look at this collection. You went and I was fluster-

gated, but Steve was not. These illustrations were not only for his father. He picked out about 100 or so pieces for the New Britain Museum to acquire, but there were about 500 more that he was not interested in. At first the family wanted down his office because they wanted to sell the entire collection for a lump sum.

After 30 years of collecting material for his father's American illustrations, Walt had had reached an interesting moment in the development of art appreciation. Howard Storer DeLucca was both a dedicated professional, but Walt could see the collection in a different light than Steve. Walt's extensive hobby of collecting classic illustration art had obviously helped him to develop a viewpoint that was unique and ahead of its time.

"I see it very differently! In their defense, the museum collection should be only the best of the artists' work. DeLucca

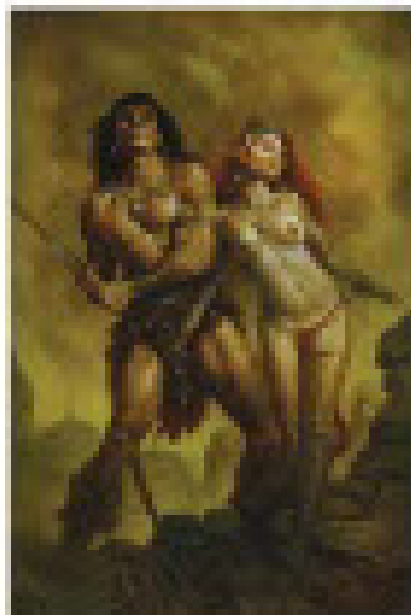
had already burned down a fireproof iron safe art collector because he felt the work was not his best. In any event, I recognized a lot of these early illustrators, who had long since died and whose work had not been published for 40 years or so. We went back to Peter Strauss at the next meeting and more agreed on what we had found. The committee agreed with him that they were only interested in certain items. At that time illustration art was hardly collected at all. It was not even recognized as having much value, so we were accustomed to getting things for free. The committee decided they would authorize the purchase only if the family was willing to sell the ones that there were interested in. So Steve went through the process and talked the family into it and he bought those few pieces, but I kept thinking about the rest of them. The family wanted a lump sum for the whole collection, so I wrote to them and said, 'Well, I can't do that much, but I can afford to do much.' They were not all masterpieces by any means, but they were all published pieces, so I ended up buying them. Although it was a large collection, in number you could fit most of them into a single portfolio. There were no works on canvas. They were all on illustration board, so there was not a problem with housing the collection. I brought it back to Bill Fletcher's office headquarters for North Light and kept there. The work by E. C. Galt impressed me the most. I used some of the images in book projects, but mostly I was using these pictures to trade with other collectors who were interested in building a private collection of just classic American illustration art. I didn't have an especially visionary taste, but I

did tend to have artwork around me to study by artists I liked. It certainly wasn't a formal decision to start to assemble my own art collection, but it just kind of grew. I have owned people who had a similar interest in art. My Director (1915-2001) in Philadelphia, Mort Kanaler (b. 1918) on Long Island, Stanley Lindner (b. 1930). Quite a few other people were interested in the old illustrators. We would get together. I would go to Philadelphia or they would come to New York or Westport and bring a few things to trade.

'It was Mort who said, You ought to publish a catalog to help sell these pictures, and to meet more people who are interested. I thought to myself, Yeah, I could do that. So I self-published a ten or twelve page booklet. It was an experiment, but the timing was good. There was an active interest among the few people I was trading with. The first reviewer I sent out brought back a number of phone calls and sales. I kept a very small overhead. I wasn't really a businessman, and I still don't consider myself a businessman even now. I had more than 100 paintings by that time, but things just came along as they came along. Initially it gave me access to pictures that I could collect for myself, but also that I could find new homes for these other pictures.'

The community of artists in Westport had a formal club, called the Westport artists. There were club memberships, officers, and monthly get-togethers. Each member paid dues to cover minor costs, such as meetings and mimeographed announcements. Artists gathered together and talked shop. The average attendance was around 8-10 artists. They also

DELUXE 16" x 24" ART PRINTS!



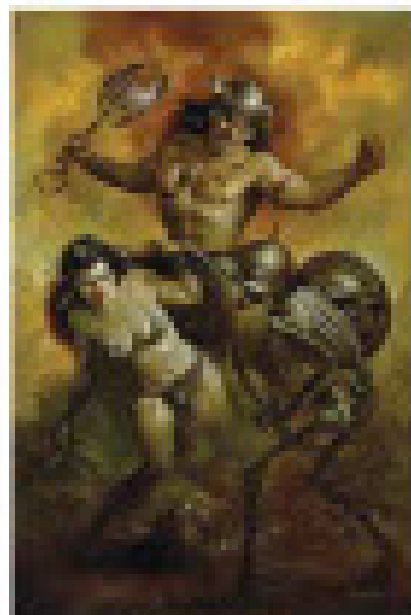
Native American Woman and Child
Illustration by Peter J. Jones

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Native American Man and Woman
Illustration by Peter J. Jones



Walt Reed and Howard Brown review Walt's postage stamp designs, March 1974

arranged scheduled lectures by notable artists, which included art exhibitions.

"I remember one of the meetings when then-Lovell got up and said, 'I don't know if you guys realize it, but you should not use your originals, because your estate will have to pay a huge tax on them, and the IRS will assess the value based on what you were paid for them by the magazine.' He said, 'You should destroy your work to protect your family.' A number of artists actually followed his advice afterwards. Lovell was paid \$20,000 to do his illustrations, and he was concerned that after he died and his property would be transferred to his widow, she would create an incredible tax bill. Suddenly the artists were thinking about how to get the art out of their estates. This created a demand for someone in the community to open an art gallery. Various artists, who were willing to design as much work as I could sell for them, approached



April 1974: Walt's art postage stamp designs, with Lovell

me. Their pictures were all assigned to one architect behind the incredibly low figures. There was no established price level and we just negotiated what we charge. But it worked out well, because I had access to Robert Rauschenberg's artwork, and Harold Von Schmidt's artwork and Eric Lovell's. All top people. So in 1974 I started an art gallery.

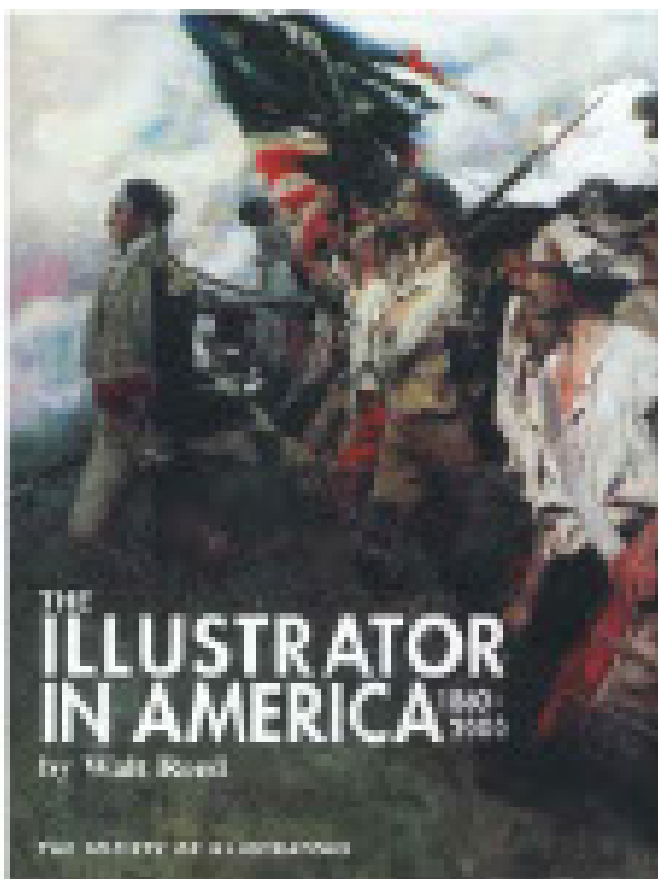
"The name of my art business at that time was Illustration House. I got that name from Terri Card, a lady I first met in the 1960s. She had a store in New York City named Maureen Bank Shop. She had opened it years earlier when illustrations were really cheap. A lot of the things she sold were Romberg's originals and Edward Pyle paintings, but it was mostly a bookstore with pictures hanging around on the walls. Sort of like the Dan Post Shop over on Lexington Avenue. She was a real expert on Romberg. I think she got her start when she took over an estate collection of Romberg's work. She had

some priceless stuff. In fact it was Norman Rockwell who first told me about her shop. It was upstairs on Lexington Avenue. I went up to visit it around 1935. Among other things, she had sold maybe 40 or 50 Howard Pyle originals that were rescued from the city dump, where they had been thrown away by Harper's Publishing House. Rockwell bought a Pyle and an A.B. Frost and works by some others from her. By the time I arrived most of the great art had already been sold, but I did buy her catalog. I was able to see what had once been available. Anyway, I got to know her. She was a very nice lady and dedicated to illustration art. Especially she had to move, because the rents were too high, and she moved to a farmhouse upstairs, not too far from the city. She had all the stuff in a big barn. She called it *Illustration House*. That was where I was still working on the first edition of my illustration book, and I was able to go from her to copper plates for Pyle's illustrations. I borrowed three sets of these plates. Miss Card died not long afterwards in 1938. Much of her estate was eventually acquired by the Glenbow Museum in Canada. Since her business was closed, I was free to use the name *Illustration House*. I was still working with Bill Fletcher at North Light. It was a two-story building and the upstairs was not being used, so I had an inexpensive *shop and studio* up there, where I stored all these things for my fledgling art gallery!

While Todd was exploring his options as an art dealer he was still doing Rockwell illustration work. One of his last assignments was also his most important. During the 1936 bicentennial celebrations, he was commissioned by the U.S. Postal Service to create a sheet of stamps to commemorate the 50 state flags. Each flag appeared on the sheet in the order in which they joined the Union. The flag of Delaware, the Union's first state, appeared in the upper left corner and the Hawaiian state flag appeared in the lower right corner. This was the first time the USPS ever produced a sheet of stamps with fifty different images. This ground-breaking format has since become commonplace, but at the time it was a controversial innovation.

"From an early age I was a stamp collector and particularly followed the American commemorative issues. At that time the standard procedure was to print a pair of 5¢ stamps with 50 duplicate images. After Hawaii became the 50th state, it occurred to me that it would be nice to put all fifty different state flags on one sheet. I tried it out with a designer, which looked promising, and took the idea to Horat Delano, who lived in New York. He had done many stamps himself, and was the Design Coordinator for the Postmaster General's Citizens Stamp Advisory Committee. He presented my design for their consideration and got their acceptance! It then took many months to do all the intricate artwork. During that time there were even several incremental changes in the size for first class stamps from six cents to 10 cents. It was quite an honor when the sheet was finally issued, even though a disappointed group of stamp collectors awarded my design a "Black List," because they objected to the abolition of having a full sheet of 100 fifty-cent stamps!"

By 1938, Todd Reed's homemade art gallery was a growing



Norman Rockwell (1891-1968) for Robert R. Heister, D&J

concern, so he decided to open a professional business space. He moved out of the second floor of Bill Fletcher's North Light, and into a building in South Norwalk, at the time the area was suffering economically and rents were affordable. He found a third-floor space in a building for \$200 a month, Norwalk, and Liverpool about each other, so it was only a five-minute drive from his home.

"In fact I still went over to the Yessport Y to play handball every day, but while would come in on weekends and do the books, and I would usually have some matters over the weekend. Our new location gave us a lot more space and we began to produce a more deliberate catalog. We also made contacts by phone and mail. As time went on I needed help and I talked to my oldest son, Geoffrey, who had finished college at Cooper Union. I explained the situation. He was tempted, but he decided not. My younger son, Roger, eventually decided to give it a try. By then I had access to so much material! Currier artwork was coming on the market...it was being thrown away! Customers would come in with two tables and Currier paintings that had been torn in half and trashed! At that time illustrations art didn't have much established market value. I was sort of guessing what price would be appropriate. I was setting prices that were very affordable. Our sales were okay. The photos of the paintings in the newsletter did most of the work.

"Charles Martignette used to visit me because in Norwalk, early on, 'We did a lot of business with him. His idea was to gain control of the market. At that point we had lots of Henry

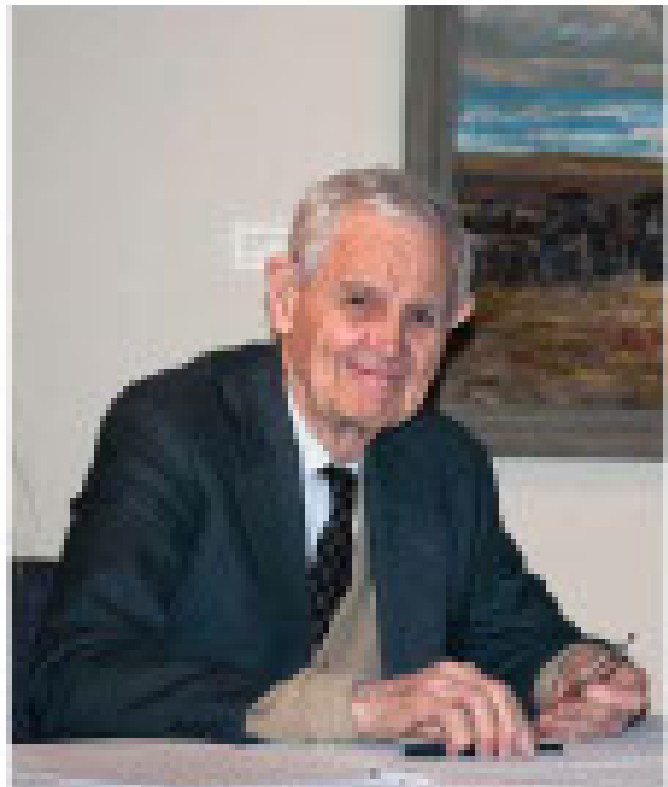
HARVEY DUNN

Illustrator and Painter
of the Pioneer West

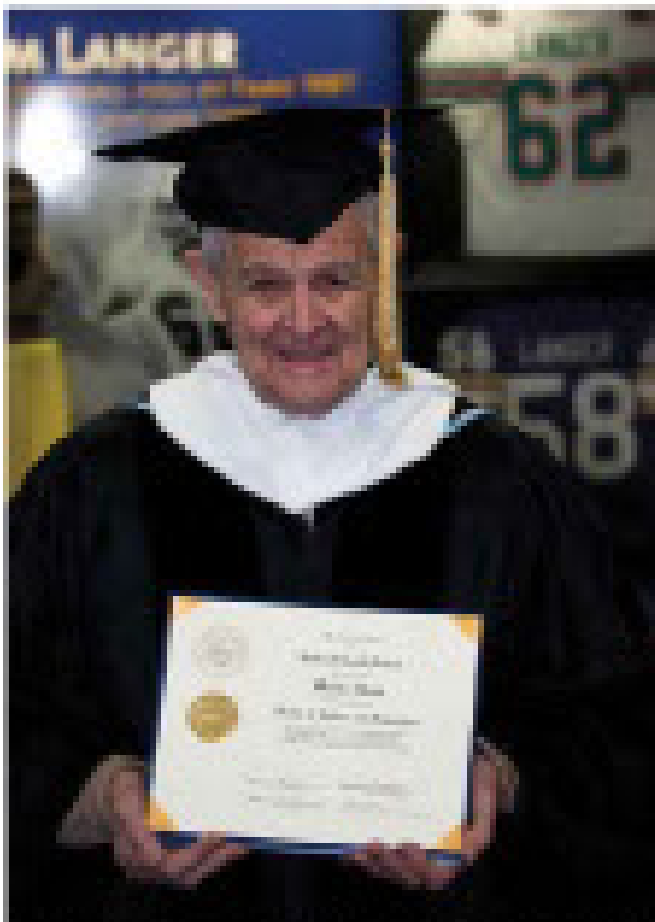


BY 'WOOLLY HEAD'

Harvey Dunn, Illustrator and Painter of the Pioneer West, First Publications, 1918



Will Wood, owner of Harvey Dunn Illustrations and Painter of the Pioneer West at the South Dakota State Museum, December 14, 2016. The museum houses the largest collection of original art by Harvey Dunn. Photo courtesy of John Peltzer, © 2017



Will Wood receives his honorary doctorate "Doctor of Letters and Education" from the South Dakota State University, Saturday, December 14, 2016. Photo from the largest source in existence for the art of Harvey Dunn at John Peltzer, © 2017

Edleigh (1888-1944) illustrations, and he would say, 'Well, I would like to buy enough of them so I could corner the market, and then I could set the prices.' He more or less accomplished that. Charles was a doctor. If he couldn't get his way he would almost blow a man's head. I would usually say, 'Well, okay, Charles.' And then he would snap out of it and smile. It was all an act. He was never dull. It always seemed paradoxical to me that he was so obsessed with pin-up art, and yet he could be so attracted to he was to Harvey Dunn. At the time he discovered Dunn, he had quite a lot of money to play with, so he started buying it. That has had a big effect on the Dunn market, and the way it will continue to have an effect in the future. Charles also had a lot of good Duns Currier art in his collection."

Will Wood continued to work on updated editions of *The Illustrator in America*. The second edition came out in 1984. In 1987 he and Roger Good moved Illustration House to SoHo, where they were the only art dealers handling illustration art in New York City's famous gallery district. Two years later they began scheduled auctions. Each event was accompanied by a large and more impressive catalog. In 2000 the third edition of *The Illustrator in America* was released. In 2003 Illustration House followed the art world up to a new and expanded location in the fashionable Chelsea district at 101 West 24th Street.

"I never could have handled all of these business challenges without Roger. I've never thought of myself as a businessman. Things were going well and then suddenly there was a recession and nobody was buying anything. You know, the premature death of Charles Margonke had a huge impact on

the market. It's been through a few tough years when things were needed pretty thin. Sometimes it's a struggle, but we still enjoy what we're doing. Lately we've been asked to handle the collections of several important estates, and we've been working with a few new collectors who are very serious about building important collections of illustration art. So, things are looking up again."

Today Illustration House has a young professional staff with college interns and a team of talented web-designers, who will soon launch a new website with online auctions. Several museums around the country have asked their advice on strengthening their collections. With *Book and Book*, Harvey Dunn, *Illustrator and Pioneer of the Power West*, has been redone by Book Publications in conjunction with an exhibition at The South Dakota Art Museum. During the exhibition the South Dakota State University awarded Walt Reed an honorary doctorate in visual arts.

Dr. Walt Reed has a unique perspective on recent developments in the art market, as illustration art has increased in value and entered a wider range of important collections. After the dust has settled on today's exciting market, consensus will determine the artists' merit of certain illustrators, whose names will be added to the permanent canon of great American artists. The merit within each artwork has yet to be responsibly determined by substantive literature. Without a doubt, Walt Reed has already laid the groundwork for that scholarly process.

Several university scholars have visited us with research projects over the last few years. College thesis writers look for help, and some people who are doing theirs come in. We make our files and reference library available. These sorts of inquiries would have rarely happened before. Hopefully their efforts will have an impact on the culture. The doctoral programs at several colleges, such as Stony Brook University in New York, the University of Hartford in Connecticut, and Washington University in St. Louis, now recognize illustration as a vital subject of American art history. Some of their art history students have chosen illustration art as the topic for their doctoral thesis. Syracuse University even has an advanced course in illustration art, which includes illustration techniques as well as illustration art history. Many illustration instructors bring their classes to private exhibitions at Illustration House. The field is changing so incredibly, it is hard to predict the future opportunities and the challenges for art students. Most current illustration is created through computers or uncollected photos. Often there is no original beyond an image saved on a disk. We are going through an electronic age that doesn't really involve the same kinds of artistic creativity that we've known previously. At the same time, we have seen over the years an incredible change in attitude toward illustration as art, which makes us very happy! It's like to see illustration receive the critical acclaim it deserves!

The market for illustration art has grown prodigiously since the 1980s, when Walt Reed first thought about assembling an unrivaled collection of classic American illustrators. His thoughtful effort to chronicle that history has added greatly to the



Office of the Mayor
City of New Britain

Proclamation

NO. _____



That the City of New Britain hereby doth give unto
Walt Reed

an honorary doctorate in visual arts for his
contributions to the City of New Britain
through his collection of the art of
American Illustration and
his service to the City.

That the City of New Britain doth hereby give unto
and celebrate the contributions of
American Illustration and
his service to the City.

That the City of New Britain doth hereby give unto
and celebrate the contributions of
American Illustration and
his service to the City.

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and celebrate the contributions of
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his service to the City.

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and celebrate the contributions of
American Illustration and
his service to the City.



IN WITNESS WHEREOF, I have hereunto
set my hand and the seal of the City of New Britain
at the City of New Britain, this _____ day of
_____, 2011.

Charles J. Colangelo

Mayor, City of New Britain

The City of New Britain, Connecticut, honors Walt Reed for a lifetime of service, 2011

knowledge of today's collectors, who have used prices soaring through the roof. One clear indication of the health of today's market is that all major auction houses now have departments that handle illustration art. Most collectors are proud to see the New York market getting involved, but all expertise is not a lightweight Google search compared to his depth of knowledge. Thank goodness Walt Reed has freely contributed his life's work to the common benefit of everyone who loves classic illustration art. 🍷

—By David Coonslow, 2011

Thanks to Walt Reed and his family, MCI Printing, Barbara Hollmann Be-
land, Howard Blum, Katherine Chase of the National Historical Society, Doug-
las Spang, Director of the New Britain Museum of American Art, George Wil-
son and Magellan Oliver of Corinn Learning International, Inc. and Paul
Schnittman of the Paul Institute Library Special thanks to John Finken for
proofreading of this Proclamation for the South Dakota Art Museum.

New and Notable:



THE ART OF LOWELL HESS

EDITED AND WITH AN INTRODUCTION BY LOWELL HESS
ILLUSTRATED BY LOWELL HESS
\$49.95 HARDCOVER
SPECTRUM PUBLISHING, 2011

This book showcases the art of Lowell Hess, illustrator for national publications such as *Collier's*, *Boy's Life*, and *Reader's Digest* during the last years of the Golden Age of Illustration. King political cartoons, humorous family humor, and caricatures of famous figures of the time are featured in full color. His special gift for exaggeration turned his figures into vigorous life. Capable of rendering a fantastical fairy tale as well as highly detailed scientific works, these images display his extraordinary range. How do you ever own a three-dimensional grand piano that can fold into a card? His second career as a pop-up artist for Graphics, Inc. further highlighted his gifts, adding mechanical inventiveness to his illustrative ability. The detail in his baroque woodcut-style further delights. This compilation of Hess' work provides a unique window into the history, humor and lifestyle of the 1930s and 40s.



FRANK E. SCHOONOVER: THE AUTHENTIC ARTIST

WARRANT, FULL COLOR
90 MIN DVD
AVAILABLE FROM [WWW.HOLLYWOOD.COM](http://www.hollywood.com)

Frank E. Schoonover illustrated more than 150 classic books and hundreds of the great illustrated magazines of his day. More than five million readers every month saw his illustrations of the fiction of Jack London and Zane Grey, and he was the first to visualize the legendary western characters Hopalong Cassidy, The 40-minute biographical documentary on DVD introduces viewers to the legacy of American illustration, and to the life story of a mostly unheralded illustrator whose iconic renderings of adventures, life help define American popular culture at the start of the 20th century.

Dramatic reenactments shot in the wilderness regions of Wyoming, the Canadian North, and the Delaware River in Kansas. Reenactments are underscored with the music of James Copeland to convincingly recreate the subjects. Frank Schoonover loved first—horses and dog sleds, hucksters and murderers, Indians and hoboes, prairie grass and ice.

But Frank Schoonover's creative vision transcended the pop culture material he and contemporaries such as Howard Pyle and N.C. Wyeth obliged. Schoonover's masterly monochromatic sketches of boys toiling in coal mines and girls laboring in textile mills set visionary social commentary that illustrates how art can be a catalyst for social change.



THANKSGIVING: AN ILLUSTRATED HISTORY

EDITED BY JOHN BENNETT THOMAS AND
NANCY LYNN THOMAS
\$29.95 HARDCOVER
\$19.95 SOFTCOVER
SCENERY BOOKS, 2011

Every Thanksgiving and all the trimmings in this new collection documenting the visual history of the beloved American holiday—from the Pilgrims' first observance to the present. The book features reproductions of over 700 illustrated newspapers, postcards, prints, and magazine covers from popular publications such as *Life*, *Harper's Weekly*, *The Ladies Home Journal*, *The Saturday Evening Post*, and many more. Gather around the table and view some of the iconic Thanksgiving symbols such as turkeys, pumpkins, and household meals which have been delightfully illustrated throughout the years. History lovers and collectors will find this charming collection a valuable resource as well as an entertaining remainder of days gone-by.



DRAWING POWER: A COMPENDIUM OF CARTOON ADVERTISING, 1870s-1960s

EDITED BY BILL MITCHELL, A COMPILED BY
\$29.95 HARDCOVER
\$19.95 SOFTCOVER
HYPHENATED, 2011

The history of the genre known as Cartoon Advertising is addressed for the first time in this oversized, full-color, 120-page, fully-illustrated book *Drawing Power*. "There are many obscure masterpieces to be found lingering at the intersection of American commerce and comic art," says co-editor Rick Mitchell. *Drawing Power* covers the years from the Gilded Age and the pioneer illustrated magazines of the 1870s to the 1960s, just before America's entry into World War II.

This landmark volume features the art of many iconic cartoonists whose work, due to the ephemeral nature of advertising itself, has generally been lost to history. There are examples by Thomas Hart, Joseph Keppler, F. Opper, Bud Fisher, George Herriman, John Held, Jr., Charles Dana Gibson, Percy Crosby, Peter Arno, Gloria Williams, Milton Caniff and covered other cartoonists. Generous positions are devoted to the substantial work in the genre by R.F. Outcault, Dr. Seuss, and others.

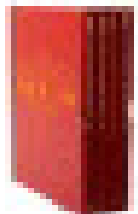
Many famous products, campaigns, and slogans—but also superior gadgets and outrageous claims—are found in *Drawing Power*. Dr. Seuss's *Eleven Cigarettes*, *Silver Kid* signs, the Campbell Soup Kids, Rose O'Neills *Kiss-O-Ride*, *Snop*, *Cocaine*, and *Pop*. Little Captain *Amos Christmas*, *Mic Mouse*, *Merrie*: they are all here! Other "pick-ups" include *Papercy*, *Mickey Mouse*, *Ramsey Crocker*, *What It Means*, and more.



AL JAFFE'S MAD LIFE

BY AL JAFFE AND RICHARD FORD
240 PAGES, FULL COLOR
\$17.95 HARDCOVER
#180045, 2010

Al Jaffe's inventive work has defined the pages of MAD since 1955. While his art has made him a cultural icon, the competing and at times bizarre story of his life has yet to be told. A synopsis of Jaffe's formative years starts with a comic strip of traumatic childhoods, with cartoons by Jaffe and captions by Ford. Six-year-old Jaffe was separated from his father, uprooted from his home in Savannah, Georgia, and transported by his mother to a shtetl in Lithuania, a nineteenth-century world of baroque lamps, cathacosts, physical abuse, and mass starvation. He would be rescued by his father, returned to America, taken yet again by his mother back to the shtetl, and once again rescued by his father, even as Hitler was on the march. When he finally settled back in America as a twelve-year-old hearing cottoned down and speaking his native English with a Yiddish accent, schoolmates called him "greenhorn." His luck changed when he was chosen to be a member of the first class to attend New York City's High School of Music and Art. There his artistic ability saved him. He would go on to forge relationships with Sam Lee, Harvey Kurtzman, and Will Elder, launching a career that would bring him to MAD magazine. There he found himself at the forefront of a movement that would change the face of humor and cartooning in America.



THE MAD FOLD-IN COLLECTION: 1964-2000

BY AL JAFFE, WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY BOBBA,
JERRY NORD, AND BEN CROUCHER
240 PAGES, FULL COLOR
REDUCED HARDCOVER BINDER WITH SLIPCASE
CHRONICLE BOOKS, 2011

Al Jaffe's fold-ins, on the inside back cover of virtually every issue of MAD Magazine since 1964, have become an icon of American humor. Generations have grown up with Jaffe's inquisitive drawings of mad rabbis and cultural commentators. Over time, each Fold-In required the reader to simply fold the page so that when it would next arrive it to reveal the hidden gag image, a simple idea that made both undecipherable artistic ingenuity and comic timing. In this deluxe two-volume set, each of the 400 fold-ins is reproduced at its original size, with a digital representation of the corresponding "folded" image on the following page (so collectors won't have to "fold" their book to get the jokes). Featuring insightful essays by such luminaries as Ford's Ford Doctor and humorist Miles Peiler, *The MAD Fold-In Collection* is the definitive gift for the millions of fans who've grown up with MAD for nearly 60 years. ■



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EXHIBITIONS & EVENTS

Howard Pyle

American Master Rediscovered

November 13 through March 4, 2012

The Delaware Art Museum, DE

Howard Pyle, American Master Rediscovered is the first comprehensive, critical assessment of the influential artist who is often referred to as the grandfather of American illustration.

When Howard Pyle died in 1911, he left behind an extensive body of over 2,000 works of art and a lasting legacy of inspired teaching. This exhibition features an outstanding selection of the artist's best known and rarely seen paintings, drawings, prints, and archival materials that shed light on the artist's career as a painter and a consummate storyteller in a changing world at the close of the 19th century. Admired by Norman Rockwell and his contemporaries, Pyle's daring working methods resulted in the creation of artworks of singular beauty and refinement, with innovative compositional structures. His extraordinary skill was strengthened by his conviction that illustration was an act of self-revelation, and he encouraged students like W.C. Wyeth, Jesse Wilson Smith, and Frank Schoonover to understand their subjects by living them. The artist's powerful paintings of pirates and historical and literary themes continue to spark the imagination, as reflected in the works on view.

For more information, visit www.dam.org.

Heroes and Villains: The Comic Book Art of Alex Ross

October 1 through January 8, 2012

The Andy Warhol Museum, PA

Considered one of the greatest artists in the field of comic books, Alex Ross has revolutionized classic superheroes into works of fine art with his brilliant use of color. Just as Andy Warhol elevated soap can labels into multi-million-dollar artworks, Ross has transformed comic books. By building on the foundation of the great artists who came before him—Jack Kirby, Steve Ditko, John Romita, Neal Adams, George Perez, and others—Ross' paintings have revolutionized the comic book industry and transcended the transient origins of his profession.

Paintings and sketches from his early career through projects like *Marsell* and *Kingdom Come* will be included, as well as works from more recent projects, such as *Justice*, *Flash Gordon*, and *Green Arrow*.

Showcasing the heavy influence of American illustration and Pop Art on Ross, works by Andy Warhol, Norman Rockwell, Andrew Loomis, and J.C. Leyendecker

will be included. An Andy Warhol was also a comic book fan; the museum will have a selection of comic books and related paraphernalia collected by Warhol throughout his life.

This show will be the first museum exhibition of Ross' work and will comprise 3,000 square feet of gallery space.

For more information, visit www.warhol.org.

Making Faces

September 1 through November 23, 2011

The Society of Illustrators, NY

The Society of Illustrators presents a selection of works from their Permanent Collection, featuring portraits and caricatures by artists such as William Oberhardt, Ernest Barnard Kinlet, James Montgomery Flagg, Andy Warhol, and many more.

For more information, visit www.societyillustrators.org.

Grounding Every Which Way But Up

The Children's Book Art of Jules Feiffer

October 20 through January 22, 2012

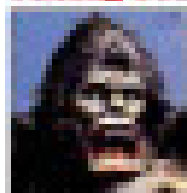
The Eric Carle Museum of Picture Book Art, MA

This exhibition focuses on Jules Feiffer's equally prodigious talents as an author and illustrator of children's books. Book-ended by his collaborations with Nancy Jones—*The Phantom Tollbooth* (1961) and *The Onion Cops* (2008)—the exhibition focuses on Feiffer's own books, from *I'm Not Daddy* and *By the Sea* to the best-seller *Where Feiffer Herds* "to look with grandparents" in Berk, Connecticut, he arrived at taking the lid off the creative story. ☺

For more information, visit www.ericarlemuseum.org.

Have any upcoming exhibitions or events related to the world of classic illustration? Email illustration@artnet.com

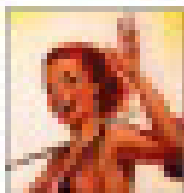
Caving Soon...



JOHN BERRY



BOB FROST



BOB FROST

The art of John Berry by the artist

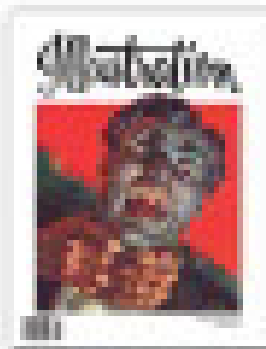
Sam O'Neil by Linda Everett

R.A. McKinley by Daniel Everett

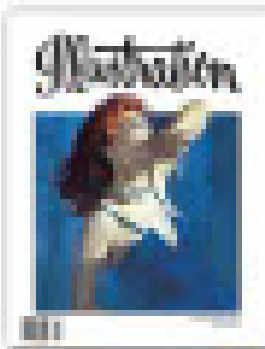
Illustrators and Artists, Book Covers...and much more!



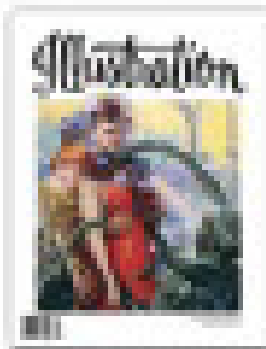
ISSUE #1
Santa Claus, Santa Claus
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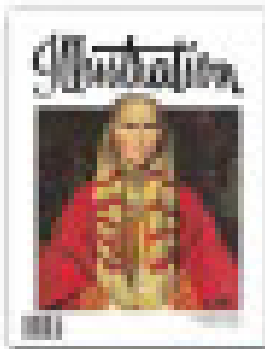
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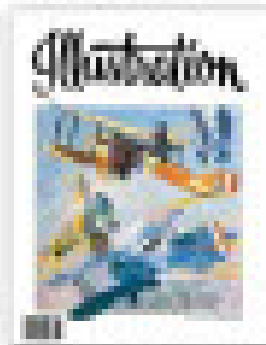
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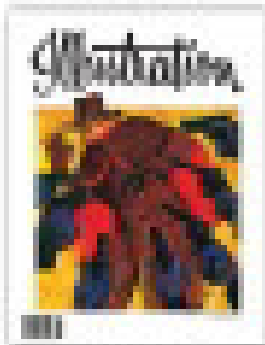
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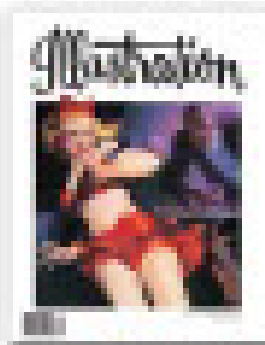
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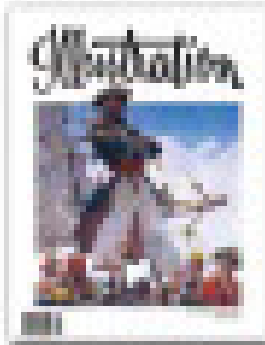
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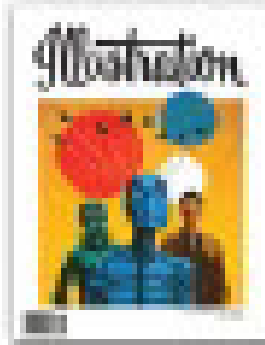
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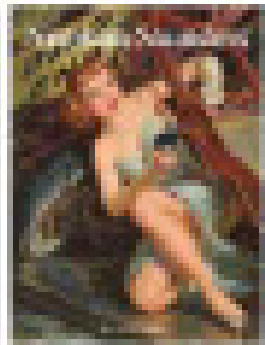
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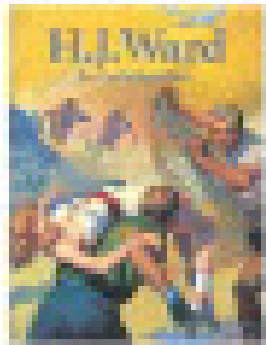
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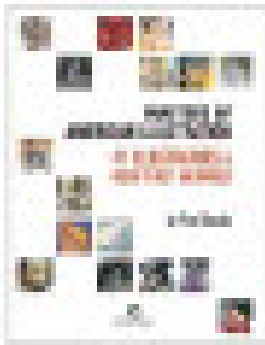
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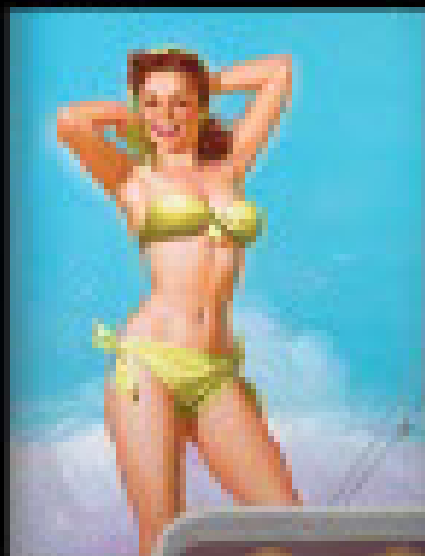
Ed Egusa, 1941
The Queen/Queenie Goes the Other Way Fly Like
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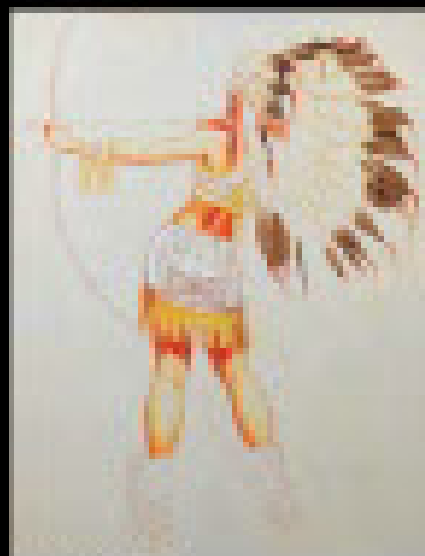
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